

THE REVOLT AT ST. BASIL'S. (See this Week's Instalment.)

THE Boys' Herald 1d

A Healthy Paper for Manly Boys.

No. 152, Vol. III.

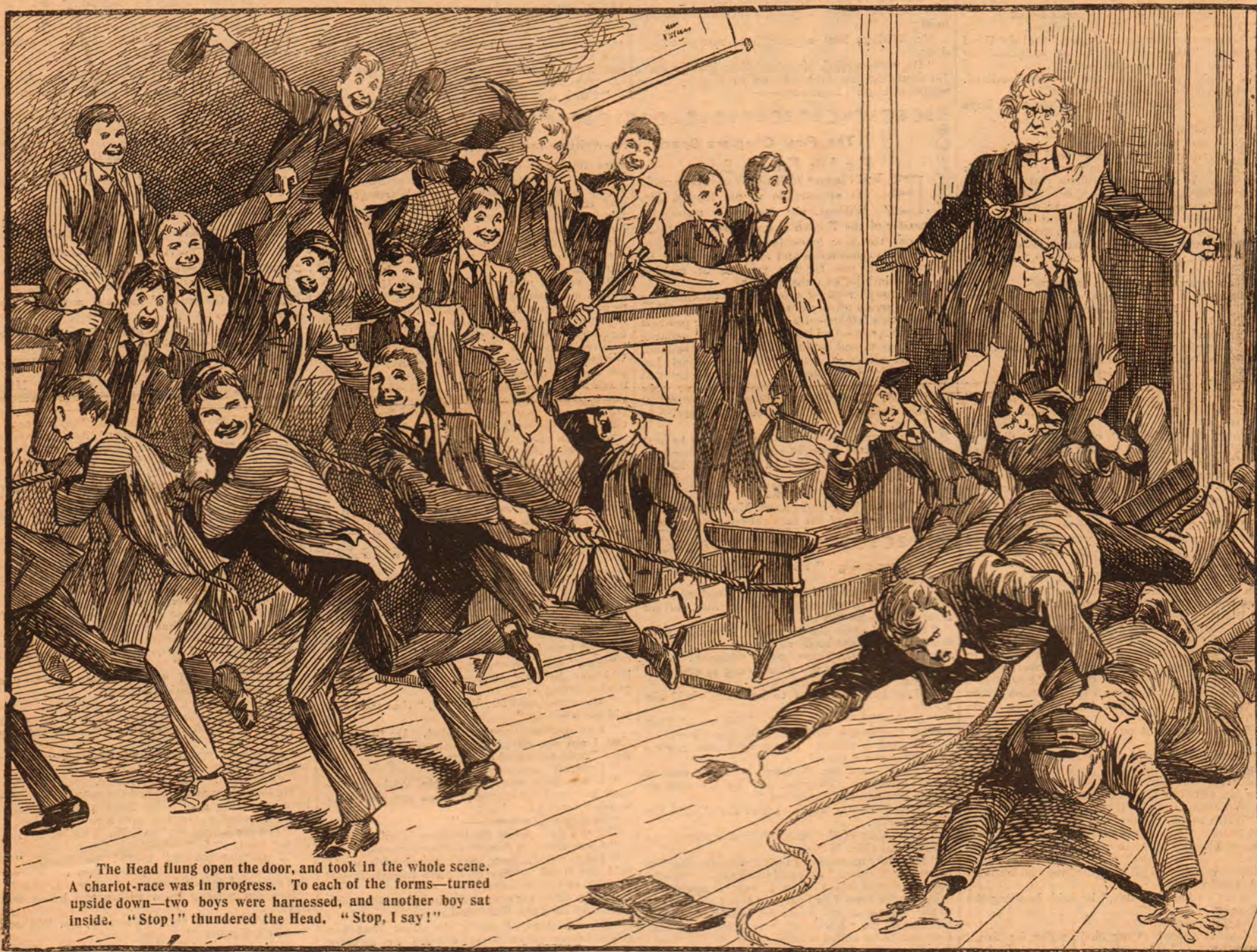
EVERY THURSDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1906.

TRUE AS A DIE.

An Enthralling Tale of St. Basil's School.

By Popular HENRY ST. JOHN.



The Head flung open the door, and took in the whole scene. A chariot-race was in progress. To each of the forms—turned upside down—two boys were harnessed, and another boy sat inside. "Stop!" thundered the Head. "Stop, I say!"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS, SPECIALLY RE-WRITTEN, WILL BE FOUND ON THE NEXT PAGE.

A Fruitless Journey—The Messages—The Head is Put Out.

"SUPPOSE," said Dewsbury, "we shall get some sort of an answer, unless he is going to do the stand-off's, and leave us alone for a bit. It's about time that nipper was back with—"

"Oh, my sweet aunt!" gasped Hilyard, who was standing by the window.

"What's up?"

"It's the Head himself and Withers coming along like Billy-o! Coming straight here! He'll be here in a brace of shakes!"

Consternation fell upon them all. To defy

the Head from a distance was something, but now, in cooler moments, to defy him to his face was another. What was to be done?

"What the dickens are we to do?" demanded Hilyard.

"We ain't going to have him in here," said Dewsbury excitedly. "We ain't got time to call a meeting to decide, so let Earle say. Go it, Earle, you are chairman; what's going to be done now?"

"Hanged if I know," said Earle. "Bar him out, I suppose. Betts, bunk down and tell the landlord that the Head is coming; say it is someone we don't want to see, and tell him not to let him up; but say that he will bring any message—that's the best thing."

Betts hurried out, and went down to the bar, where the landlord was serving his customers.

"Oh, I say," said Betts, "he mustn't come in, you know! We have decided that he mustn't come in, but you can take a message."

"What's up?" asked the landlord.

"He is coming," said Betts, "and Withers with him; but they mustn't come in. The Head, I mean—Dr. Headford. Don't you see?"

"If you'd be good enough, young gent, to say what you are talking about, we'd get on more comfortable. Now, what's the matter?"

"The Head," said Betts. "Dr. Headford, the headmaster from the school, is coming to see us; we don't want to see him—see? Don't let him come up. Say—say anything; only—There he is!"

There was no time to escape, so Betts darted behind the counter, and crouched down among the bottles.

The swing-door opened, and the Head came in, followed by Mr. Withers.

"Good-morning!" said the Head hurriedly.

"Tell him he can't get up," gasped Betts, from the floor.

"You can't get up," said the landlord.

"I beg your pardon!" said the Head.

"Granted!"

"Tell him," whispered Betts, "that we won't see him, but you'll take any communication."

"That's it," said the landlord. "We won't see you in case you take the infection!"

The Head looked bewildered.

"I—I called here, as I understand that some of my boys, who have been foolish enough to leave the school without permission, have taken lodgings here. Naturally, I cannot allow them

(Continued on the next page.)

"How are you progressing, Mr. Withers?" demanded the Head.

"Not at all," said Mr. Withers. "It is at once dangerous and unpleasant. I should infinitely prefer to come down."

"You must not. Proceed, I beg."

Mr. Withers proceeded. How he got to the top of the gate he never knew. He scrambled and slipped, and scrambled again, and then slipped, and finally grabbed at the top of the gate and dragged himself up.

"Be very careful how you get over," said the Head.

"I intend to be very careful," said Mr. Withers.

"These spikes are particularly—"

"Do be careful," said Benson. "Don't hurt your precious self!"

Mr. Withers put one of his long legs very carefully over the top, and then remained motionless for a time.

"I scarcely know how to proceed," he said, in an agonised voice.

"You can't get down on the other side, sonny, unless you get that other 'oof of yours over as well," said Benson.

"Do not interrupt. I wish you would go away," said the Head. "Now, Mr. Withers."

Mr. Withers groaned. He lifted his long leg, waved it in the air for a moment, then slowly, carefully, very, very carefully tried to get it over the top.

"There," said the Head, "you are all right—you are over now. Descend and—Why don't you go down, Mr. Withers?"

"I—I can't!" gasped Mr. Withers. "I am caught. The iron—the spike has—"

Benson broke into a roar of laughter. One of the spikes had made a forcible entry into the seat of Mr. Withers's garment, and there Mr. Withers was, helpless and terrified.

"Can't you do something?" shouted the Head, losing his patience. "Try and help yourself."

"How can I—how can I possibly? Don't you see my position?" said Mr. Withers.

"I see perfectly well. But surely you can get back?"

"I can't; I am quite helpless, I can do nothing. You will have to get a ladder."

"Don't talk nonsense—how can I get a ladder? Do try and be sensible, Mr. Withers."

"I should have been a great deal more sensible if I had refused to allow you to persuade me to this foolish act. If I fall I shall break my neck or my limbs, or possibly both."

"What a lovely prospect," said Benson.

"Try and turn round, Mr. Withers. Follow my advice; now turn round and take hold of the spikes with both hands."

"Please don't be absurd," said Mr. Withers heatedly. "If you were in my position you would understand how utterly impossible it would be to turn round. I hold you responsible, Dr. Headford, for anything that may happen!"

"Including damages and repairs to his thirteen-and-a-tanner's," said Benson.

"Well, what is to be done?" said the Head.

"I don't know; but you must do something at once. If you do not—"

Mr. Withers paused, his heart seemed to stand still; there was an ominous sound—a crackling, ripping, tearing sound—a sound of riven cloth.

Mr. Withers uttered a piercing shriek, and made a wild effort to clutch at the iron bars, but failed, and down he went with a run, and landed on the ground in a sitting posture, while from the topmost spike of the gate a large fragment of cloth waved triumphantly in the breeze.

"Get up and open the gate," said the Head.

"No," said Mr. Withers faintly, "I refuse to—I refuse. I will not move!"

"I beg you not to make yourself ridiculous! Do what—"

"I have no intention of doing so. For that reason I shall remain here," said Mr. Withers.

"Well, the question is, what are we a-going to do about it?" said Benson.

"There is no need for you to do anything but to go about your business," said the Head.

"I should greatly prefer you to take your departure. You may probably think that you are of some assistance to me, but you are nothing of the sort!"

"Say not so, Charlie," said Benson.

"Oh, really, this is absurd. Go away! I will not be worried by you for—Ah!"

The Head paused. The door of his own house had opened, and from it emerged Mrs. Headford.

"My dear!" shouted the Head excitedly, putting his arm through the bars and waving his hand.

"My darling!" yelled Benson. "Come, my darling dear, and let your old bloke in."

Mr. Withers groaned. Then an idea struck him, and slipping off his coat he put it round him, tying the two sleeves round his waist.

"Well, this is a nice thing," said Mrs. Headford, coming out panting.

"It is, ain't it?" said Benson cheerfully.

"If you arst me, I can't make out what you ever see in him to marry him for."

"Who is that person?" said Mrs. Headford.

"A low fellow," said the Head. "A servant of General Greator, who pesters me and annoys me exceedingly."

"Go away, man!" said Mrs. Headford.

"Really, Mr. Withers, do you usually wear your coat in that manner? It seems to me that everyone has gone mad to-day."

"I wear my coat—ahem!—sometimes in this style," said Mr. Withers. "It—it is, so to speak, a fad—a fad of mine."

"You look a perfect idiot," said Mrs. Headford pointedly. "Augustus, why do you not come in and quell this tumult?"

"Why don't you do it, Gussie?" said Benson.

not been going on. I think all the boys have gone mad!"

"What is Mr. Rayle and Herr Spielbaum doing to allow it?"

"I have not seen Herr Spielbaum. Mr. Rayle is keeping the Fifth class in check. I must say that if the rest of the school was managed as Mr. Rayle manages the Fifth class we should not have all this trouble."

"Oh, tut!" said the Head impatiently. "My dear, I beg you to open this gate. Mr. Withers, why don't you open this gate?"

Mr. Withers opened the gate, and the Head strode in.

"Now, my love, tell me all about it," he said.

"What has happened?"

"Tell us all about it," said Benson, who had followed the Head in.

"Go out at once! Go out, or I will have you arrested for trespass!"

"You old silly! I've come to help," said Benson. "What's the use of getting angry? I am only here for your good, I am."

"Then get outside! Mr. Withers, put that fellow out!" said the Head.

"Now, my love, explain please."

"I have nothing to explain at all. Ever since you and Mr. Withers went out this noise has been going on. You did not consider, I suppose, that you left no one in charge of the Fourth Form."

"But the prefects—"

"Ah!" The Head paused. "I quite overlooked the matter."

"Of course you did," said Mrs. Headford. "You always do; you have no head, Augustus."

"That's what I say; it's only a pimple," said Benson.

"Mr. Withers, why did you not turn that man out?"

"Go out at once!" said Mr. Withers feebly.

The Head and his wife hurried across the courtyard.

"It must be stopped instantly, Augustus!" Mrs. Headford said.

"The Fourth Form is mainly responsible for the disturbance. See that disgraceful drawing on the wall there?"

She pointed to a large piece of paper that had been pinned on to the wall of the playground. It was a rude—a very rude—caricature of the Head in his cap and gown.

He was depicted in the act of pointing to an open door and expelling the whole school.

Molly Headford was at the door of the Head's house bubbling over with laughter.

"Oh, you have come, father. It is awfully funny. If you—"

"Funny!" roared the Head. "Funny! How dare you? I see nothing funny in this, I can assure you, miss! Go inside at once and don't dare—Where are those boys?"

"In their class-room, I believe."

"Very well. Come, Mr. Withers."

"Yes, in one moment. If you will allow me, I will first go up and—"

"Oh, Mr. Withers, what a funny way to wear your coat!"

"Molly, mind your own business, and go inside at once! Don't presume to interfere with what does not concern you. Mr. Withers, come at once. There must be no delay."

Straight to the Fourth class-room the Head marched, his rage getting more terrible with every step. From the direction of the class-room came a most awful din. First yells and shouts, then a rushing scraping sound, then a crash and a bump, then howls and yells loud enough to waken the seven sleepers.

"Mon-strous!" gasped the Head. "Unheard of!" He flung open the door and took the whole scene in.

A chariot race was in progress. Three forms turned upside-down acted as chariots. To each of the forms two boys were harnessed, and another boy sat inside. The forms slid along the ground like sleighs, but if one happened to bump another there was an upset and general confusion.

"Stop!" shouted the Head. "Stop!" He rushed into the room and caught the nearest boy to him a sounding box on the ears. "You—you unutterable young—"

"How dare you—how dare you? To your places all of you—everyone of you! You shall suffer for this!"

The Head's voice and the Head's presence had its effect. The boys slunk to their places, and once more silence reigned.

"I shall make an example of this form," the

Head said. "Every boy in it shall be severely punished. I scarcely know what to think. To my mind it seems that the entire school has gone mad. Mr. Withers, I leave you here to keep order. If one boy misbehaves bring him to me at once."

"I will do so," said Mr. Withers.

The Head went out and closed the door after him.

"You understand, all of you," said Mr. Withers. "I demand implicit obedience and perfect silence. I—ah—ahem—"

For a few moments I am compelled to go to my room. I shall leave the door open and I shall hear every sound. You understand me all of you? The time has come to end all this nonsense!"

Mr. Withers stalked to the door with his coat dangling behind him. "Not a sound," he said, as he went out.

Mr. Withers changed his clothes. It was necessary, and Mr. Withers performed the operation in the least possible amount of time. The boys had certainly been very quiet, he thought, as he came hurrying downstairs. Very quiet indeed. Mr. Withers pushed open the door of the class-room and went in. It was empty!

Mr. Withers stood thunderstruck.

"Empty! They must have sneaked out. Where were they now? Where—"

Mr. Withers paused. Muffled voices fell upon his ears.

"Led id oud. If I wasn't led oud I soon aind god no bref! Gef oben der door or somevon, meinsel, ged suffocation!"

"Who is there?" said Mr. Withers. "Who speaks?"

"Vidders, Vidders, I vas drown mitoud bref. I vas der cupboard in. Himmel, donder, millionen, blitzen!"

Mr. Withers hurried across the room and opened the door of the cupboard where the slates and odds and ends were kept, and Herr Spielbaum stumbled out.

"Herr Spielbaum!" he said, in amazement.

"Yah, meinsel! I vas saved! You haf preserved mien life! Ach, does Teufel kinder, dose wrecges!"



Benson broke into a roar of laughter. One of the spikes had made a forcible entry into the seat of Mr. Withers's garment, and there Mr. Withers was, helpless and terrified, hung up on the gate.

Withers paused. Muffled voices fell upon his ears.

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A Wild-Goose Chase—Wilshin's Waterloo—The Head is Much Annoyed.

"GOODNESS gracious me, Mr. Spielbaum! What has happened to you?" ejaculated Mr. Withers.

"Vat as 'abbened? Ain't you god nod senses dot you gant see? I vas loged up mit oud any bref, soh! I vas almost drowned!"

"But who has done it?"

"Who has done vat? But me in der cupboard?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Ach! I ged indo der cupboard do find some books, und den der key vas durned, dots all!"

"But where are the boys—the Fourth Form?"

"Der Teufel Form I dinks id is; I don't know. Gone mit, I obspect."

"Gone mit—with, I mean! Gone with who?"

"Der Teufel, as likely as nod," said Herr Spielbaum.

Mr. Withers went out. There was not a boy to be seen. He looked round the playground, and then over the wall into the Head's garden. Not a boy.

"They have no doubt—those young ruffians—gone to league themselves with the Sixth," Mr. Withers decided. "The doctor must be told of this at once."

"Well, Mr. Withers, what is it now?" the Head demanded, when Mr. Withers presented himself. "Have you come to make any complaints about the behaviour of those boys?"

"Not—not exactly a complaint," said Mr. Withers. "The fact is, sir, the boys have—that is to say, they are not—"

"Well, Mr. Withers?" said the Head impatiently.

"Well, sir, it was like this. You will remember the—ahem!—the slight accident I met with—an accident that necessitated my changing—ahem!—some part of my garments?"

"What on earth have your trousers got to do with the matter or with me? Really, Mr. Withers, I wish you would speak out plainly."

"I was about to do so; in fact, I will do so now. I went to change my—as I said, and on my return, judge of my astonishment—"

"I cannot," said the Head. "How can I judge of your astonishment or anyone else's? You are most annoying, you are really. I say, has anything happened?"

"I am sure I don't know; that remains to be found out. At any rate, if you only will permit me to speak, if you will only give me time in which to explain myself, I will point out to you—"

"Mr. Withers, your verbosity is irritating to a degree. You have something to tell me; tell it briefly. Well, sir?"

"I am sure it is utterly impossible for any man to explain a thing more lucidly than I do; the only thing is you cut me so short!"

The Head stamped on the floor.

"Go on!" he said, in an exasperated voice.

"Well?"

"The boys have decamped; the entire Fourth Form has decamped!"

"They have what?" thundered the Head.

"I said most distinctly decamped!" said Mr. Withers. "Gone—that is, vanished—during my absence, while I was changing—"

"You mean to tell me that they have gone—that they are not in the school?"

"Distinctly they are not. On my return to the class-room I beheld—"

"I don't care what you beheld! You say that they are gone. Where?"

"I am at a loss to know!"

"Then, sir, let me tell you that you have been very remiss in your duty. Now, more than at any time, you should have kept a very close watch on those boys, and instead of doing—What did you do?"

"I merely went to change my trousers."

"Confound your trousers, sir!" said the Head angrily. "This is a nice thing, more trouble just as if I had not got enough to put up with as it is! Come!"

The Head jammed his mortar-board down on his head and dashed out.

"Which way did they go?"

"I have not the very faintest idea," said Mr. Withers.

"Then you ought to have! You are most irritating, Mr. Withers, you are indeed. No doubt those young—young wretches have gone to join those other miscreants. We shall see. My patience is very nearly exhausted—very nearly!"

The Head gasped and spluttered with rage—"very nearly exhausted, Mr. Withers. Why don't you say something, sir?"

"I—I can't; I am really out of breath," said Mr. Withers, who had been obliged to run to keep up with the Head. Fortunately for him, in a very little while the Head was out of breath, too, so much so that he could only snort and gasp. They gained the road. There was no sign of the fugitives, and then, forgetful of the fact that he wore his mortar-board and his gown, and that Mr. Withers was hatless, the Head dashed off down the hill towards the village.

At the bend in the road he paused, and looked down the sweep of hill to the bridge. No sign—not a vestige.

"They have got a good start of us. Beyond a doubt they are there now almost. Come, sir; do hurry! Hurry, can't you?" yelled the Head.

"I—I am hurrying!" said Mr. Withers breathlessly.

"What the dickens have they gone scuttling off for like that?" muttered Bimby, peering after the two flying figures.

Bimby stood by the gate for some moments, till the Head and Mr. Withers were quite out of sight; then he returned to the others.

"I say you chaps, the Head and old Withers have done a bunk down to the village. I'll bet they think that we have gone there to join the Sixth. Never saw such a rush in my life! It strikes me that that little joke has come off."

(To be continued in a specially long and attractive instalment in next Thursday's issue of THE BOYS' HERALD.)



The Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.)—
Controller of
THE BOYS' HERALD—Thursday.
THE BOYS' REALM—Saturday.
THE BOYS' FRIEND—Tuesday.

YOUR EDITOR'S ADVICE

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you send a stamped addressed postcard or envelope.
Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.
All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' HERALD, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Realm" next Saturday, or "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday.
It will pay you to get a copy of each and see.

OUR NEW PROGRAMME.

DURING the next few weeks my friends will find many marked improvements in THE BOYS' HERALD. For some time past I have been preparing a new programme for our paper—a programme which includes new serial stories, new complete stories, and new articles; in fact, I am going to give THE BOYS' HERALD a smart spring clean. I am going to have it taken down, brushed clean, and put up fresh and smart again; so much so that my boys will hardly recognise their old friend THE BOYS' HERALD, with all the new attractions which it will possess, and yet it will be the same dear old paper to which they have always been accustomed, because, although the stories will be new, it will still be the same old size and the same colour, and, if I may be excused egotism, it will still have the same old editor, although his new portrait now appears at the head of this Chat.

The first new departure will be in the form of a splendid new serial story by Martin Shaw, entitled "The Far, Far North." I am not going to say a great deal about this story, save that my friends are bound to like it, because it is going to be one of the very best stories the HERALD has so far had.

My chums, of course, may say: "But you always say that whenever a new story starts." To which I would retort: "Well, that may be, but I always endeavour to go one better with every new story which I get for our paper; and, after all, you surely wouldn't expect me to admit that the story which is taking the place of the one coming to an end is worse than its predecessor?" However, to drop argument, I can honestly say that "The Far, Far North," which starts next week, will be a really grand tale.

The week after that I have another strong story to place before my friends. This is a tale entitled

"THE THREE DETECTIVES,"

and it is on an extremely novel and attractive line. I schemed the story out myself, and I have obtained the assistance of one of the most popular writers of detective stories to work out the idea. The notion in brief is this: There are three detectives in the world who are at the head of their profession. One of these is Dr. Messina, the celebrated scientific crime-investigator; the second is an extremely clever and athletic young detective known as Stanley Dare; and the third is a marvellous Chinese, a secret agent of the Empress of China. The three men are brought together in this country by the commission of an extraordinary crime. What it is you will read about in the first instalment of "The Three Detectives," which

starts in THE BOYS' HERALD in a fortnight's time.

Following these two new stories I have also arranged for a breezy sea tale, a new school story, and a new series of complete tales of prison life. With regard to our articles, I am commencing almost at once a new series of practical articles on the keeping of rabbits, pigeons, and so forth, so that altogether the HERALD can claim to be just as bright and just as good as its older brothers, "The Boys' Friend" and "The Boys' Realm."

How to Become a Commercial Traveller.

"Ambition" tells me that he wishes for a few hints on how to become a commercial traveller.

Commercial travellers as a rule are selected from among the young men of promise in the houses of manufacturers and their agents. There is no special preparation for the work. The young man who impresses one of his principals with his appearance and enterprise may be selected to call on several of the firm's customers to solicit orders, and if he proves successful his round of calls is enlarged until his position becomes a very important and responsible one.

The chief requirements for success in travelling are appearance, address, and tact. Tact is one of the most essential talents any commercial traveller can possess. To know the right time to call, to know when to press for an order, or when to allow the matter to stand over is very vital to success.

The payment of a commercial traveller is generally by a small salary and commission. Many houses, in fact, are abandoning salaries altogether, simply paying expenses and giving the traveller a commission on results. This, of course, is no hardship to the enterprising, pushing traveller, who usually prefers to work on these terms.

My reader who desires to become a traveller should therefore get employment in a manufacturing house or in the house of manufacturers' agents employing travellers, and by attention to business and general smartness endeavour to get himself promoted to the "road," as it is called by travellers.

Ironmonger or Electrical Engineer.

H. E. is an Edinburgh reader of THE BOYS' HERALD since No. 1, and he wishes me to decide for him a question which is troubling his mind. He cannot quite decide whether to become an ironmonger or an electrical engineer, and he asks me to tell him which is the better occupation to follow.

The answer to some extent depends upon my reader's tastes; but I think of the two occupations which he mentions electrical engineering is likely to prove more profitable in the long run.

There are three courses open to a lad desiring to become an electrical engineer. He may either proceed to a technical school or be apprenticed on leaving his ordinary day-school to a firm of engineers, or he may, if time and means will permit, avail himself of the combination of these two courses.

The latter is the most desirable, and, when possible, the course at the technical school should precede the apprenticeship. It is most important in electrical engineering that the theory of the craft should be mastered—so important, in fact, that where the choice lies between apprenticeship and technical instruction, the latter should be preferred at all hazards. A fair knowledge of mathematics and a taste for them is essential. Modern languages should also prove useful.

Undoubtedly the best school in the country is the Central Institution, South Kensington. Three-years' course—workshop, and dynamo-room. Fees, £25 per annum.

Another good school is the Polytechnic School of Engineering, 309, Regent Street, W. Here a sound practical training is given, coupled with sufficient scientific training to render a young man capable of employment by a firm. The course may be for two or three years. Fees, 12 guineas a year.

For apprenticeship the usual premium is £100 a year.

From a Reader in Northern India.

The following interesting letter comes to me from a friend who is serving in Northern India. It is a very interesting letter, and I am sure my friends will all peruse it with pleasure. Therein they will find a suggestion to alter the title of THE BOYS' HERALD to that of "The Young Man's Herald," in order that young men can read it as well as juniors.

"Dear Editor,—I really must write to congratulate you upon your successful paper, THE BOYS' HERALD. I get it sent to me from Manchester, and you can have the pleasure of knowing that your paper goes to the frontier of India, and into Tibet.

"Now, I don't think any other boys' paper has been there. The troops often read its grand stories. I hope that you will publish another tale like 'The Ordeal of Hugh Vane,' and a good old Lancashire mill story.

"Now I have a proposition to make. A lot of fellows in my battery say that because THE HERALD is a boys' paper I should not read it. Well, in a sense they are right. I am a man, and a non-commissioned officer, and have my studies to do. Now, why not call it 'The Young Man's Herald'? I am sure it would be acceptable to all then.

"Of course, I am only proposing this, but I am sure the title sounds better; then we can say we are not reading boys' literature.

"I am in a mountain battery on the Himalayas. I should like to see this in THE HERALD, as I only get that paper.—Yours sincerely, H. A."

I am afraid that although there is something in what my young friend says, I cannot at present see my way clear to alter the title of our paper.

A Charles II. Farthing.

A Nottingham reader tells me that he has a farthing dated 1674, and he wants to know what it is worth. The farthing in question, if it is in good condition, is worth sixpence.

How to Get an "Answers" Bonus Ticket.

I dare say that some of my friends have heard of the great scheme which "Answers" has just started—that of giving away numbered tickets, to some of which handsome gifts have been allotted.

Now, the editor of "Answers," in order to spread the fame of his Bonus Ticket Scheme far and wide, has promised that if any of my readers send a stamped addressed envelope to "Answers" Bonus Ticket Editor, 7, Waithman Street, London, E.C., a bonus ticket will be sent them by return of post. It is not necessary to put a penny stamp on the envelope which is enclosed. If a halfpenny stamp is stuck on, this will be sufficient, because the ticket can be sent through the post for a halfpenny.

I have no doubt that many of my friends would like to take advantage of this generous offer, by which they may possibly secure one of the splendid gifts, which include a money award of Five Hundred Pounds, which the editor of "Answers" is giving away.

To Sell Old Postage-Stamps.

H. G. tells me that he has a lot of old postage-stamps which he is desirous to dispose of, and he wants me to recommend to him some dealer in postage-stamps who would treat him fairly.

I can recommend my friend to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, of 391, Strand, London, W.C., or to Messrs. Whitfield, King & Co., of Ipswich. Either of these firms will treat fairly with my young friend, but before sending the stamps to them I would advise him to write and make inquiries as to whether they are open to purchase those he has. I would also advise him when sending the stamps to them to register his letter, so that he can save himself any annoyance, and prevent his letter from going astray.

A Missing Boy.

I am asked by a Glasgow reader to publish the following announcement:

"Bob, come home or write to Dada or Cousin A. Logie has written a very nice letter. Splitt is sorry. Don't be afraid to come home."

I trust that the lad to whom this message is addressed will see it, and will at once realise the folly of his way, and will return home immediately.

A Boy Who Speaks Through His Nose.

G. C. tells me that he is troubled by the fact that he speaks through his nose, and he wants me to give him a cure for it, as he confesses to experiencing a sense of discomfort when he is in the company of other people.

If my reader's trouble is not due to a growth in the nose—in which case a surgeon must be consulted—speaking through the nose may arise from catarrh. Even in this case it is wise to see a doctor on the subject, for catarrh is often an extremely obstinate complaint to cure. On the other hand, thousands of people suffer from it, and never bother about it at all. The usual method of treatment is to wash out the nasal passages with a warm injection. Another very excellent plan is to make a solution of half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Pour a little of this into the hands, and sniff it up. The injection should be warm—sufficiently warm as to be felt when the liquid is poured into the hand. Having sniffed up the water through the nose, my friend should spit it out through the mouth. If this plan is followed night and morning for a few weeks, and smoking is strictly avoided, considerable improvement will be found to have taken place.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Daily Mail.

THE LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH. FOR "BOYS' HERALD" READERS ONLY.

Briefly, the object of this important New League is the encouraging of boys to grow up into strong men physically and morally—true specimens of the great race and Empire to which they belong. To this end Your Editor has laid down the five following rules, with which every boy who wishes to become a member must comply:

**NO SMOKING (TILL 21).
NO DRINKING OF INTOXICANTS AS
BEVERAGES.**

**NO SWEARING.
NO GAMBLING.
NO EVIL HABITS.**

In connection with this League of Health and Strength there is a SECRET PASSWORD, which is known **ONLY TO MEMBERS**, a handsome CERTIFICATE, and a beautifully-designed BADGE, which every boy should get and be proud to wear:

Conditions of Membership.—All one has to do to become a Member of this League is to fill in the following Application Form, and send it, with ONE Penny Stamp to cover the cost of posting certificate to Member, to the Secretary, BOYS' HERALD'S League of Health and Strength (Room 27), 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. If, however, you desire the handsome League Badge, in addition to the Certificate, then you must enclose TWO of these Application Forms—cut from the current number of THE BOYS' HERALD, with your ONE penny stamp to cover cost of posting Certificate and Badge to you. Boys who are already League Members, but have not yet sent for their Badges, must enclose ONE Stamp and ONE Application Form only, with letter stating that they are already Members, and require the Badge alone.

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, being desirous of becoming a Member of THE LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH, do solemnly promise to keep every one of the rules stated above, namely: To Refrain **ALTOGETHER** from Smoking until 21 years of age; To Abstain from Drinking Intoxicating Liquors as Beverages; Not to Use Bad Language; Not to Indulge in Any Form of Gambling; and To Steadfastly Keep from all Bad Habits.

This Coupon is available until
JUNE 20th.

Name.....
Address.....
Date.....

THE BOYS' FRIEND Correspondence College.

(AND BOYS' HERALD)

2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

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- (3) **English Composition and Essay Writing.**

A New Class Begins Every Week.
Twelve Lessons in each course. The first lesson is obtainable with twelve of the following Coupons, all cut from this week's paper:

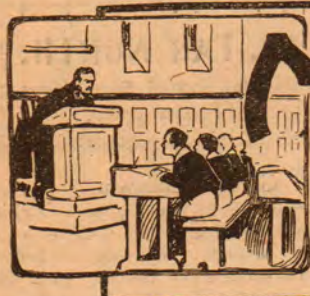
Address all communications to "The Principal, B.F.C.C., Room 25, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite St., London, E.C."

The Lessons are the Copyright Property of the College, and must be returned with Papers for Revision.

COUPON No. 17.

Twelve of these Coupons, or six of these and six from next Tuesday's issue of "The Boys' Friend," entitle a reader to the first lesson (if he is a new student), or any other lesson due if he is already a student of the B.F.C.C. The Coupons must be sent in within a week from date of issue.

Name.....
Address.....
B.H. Vol. 3, No. 152.



MASTER' and PUPIL

TRUE STORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE
by GECIL HAYTER

THE SWIMMING LESSON.

The 1st Chapter. Arnold's Plan.

It was a blazing hot afternoon, and the river down by the swimming pool looked tempting. Rawson major turned away his head with a grunt of disgust, remembering that there was no chance of a dip before four, and that the early summer swimming races were to be held within a fortnight.

There was another thing which was troubling him, the House Fours were to be rowed off on the three days before the swimming, and Potter's House, of which he was captain of boats, was still without a cox.

Brandle, last year's cox, had been putting on flesh in a way that was absolutely appalling. He weighed close on nine stone, and Potter's were a light crew, though fast.

The only really light youngster was a new boy, called Stiffe—"a red-headed little worm, who had swatted for a scholarship"—the expression was Rawson's. When not doing other fellows' Latin exercises under compulsion he was generally found whimpering in a corner, someone having had a spare moment in which to kick him.

It was considered on all hands that Stiffe was by no means an acquisition to Potters. The house was athletic, they frankly discouraged scholars—generally with a fives bat. It was Rawson's last term, and he wished to leave Potters at the head of the river.

Last summer sheer luck had dropped them back three places. This year they had a fine crew, well together, and exceptionally fast, but they were light and certainly not prepared to handicap themselves with nine stone dead weight in the stern.

Stiffe weighed a bare seven. His head was the heaviest thing about him. But there was one fatal objection, he couldn't swim, and there were the most stringent regulations that a boy who could not swim should on no pretext whatever enter a boat.

Steering, which in a racing shell—especially bumping ones—is a fine art, could be hammered or kicked into him in a week, but the swimming was the stumbling-block. Stiffe had an absolute horror of the water. He was a nervous sickly little worm—again the expression is Rawson's—and so far no one had been able to coax him down to the swimming pool.

Rawson was so perturbed in spirit that it was not until he had been ordered to construe for the third time that he even heard the master speaking, and then he was ignominiously hauled up at the second line.

He met Stiffe after school, and grabbed him by the left ear.

"Come here, you little beast!" he said, giving it a twist. "You've got to cox our four, do you hear? Now don't be a young idiot and look as if someone was going to kill you. There are a dozen youngsters who would jump for joy at the chance. You'll get your house colours, and your cap, but you've got to learn to swim, and learn jolly sharp, too. Cut off and get your towel and come down with me. No skulking!"

Stiffe looked glum. "Please Rawson I'd rather not, really I would. I—I've got a lot of things to do. Gible told me that he wanted his Latin exercise by tea-time, and—and—"

"And you're a beastly little funk," interrupted Rawson, with contempt. "Haven't you the decency to take a little pride in your house. I tell you you've got to learn to swim, whether you like it or not, and jolly quickly, too."

Stiffe looked as if he were going to cry, and Rawson, who was in deadly earnest, tried diplomacy.

"Look here, I'm sorry if I jawed you. It's not half bad fun swimming; there's nothing to be scared about. I'll teach you myself, and I'll promise honour bright not to duck you. Now cut off and get a towel. Mind you," he added as an afterthought, "if you don't come there'll be trouble. I shall be back from a trial inside an hour."

Rawson turned off, and Stiffe on the verge of tears, bolted to his study and sported his oak. He had not the faintest intention of being dragged to the river by wild horses even. He had been spoilt at home by a well-meaning aunt and a weak-minded though learned tutor, and having been accustomed to have his own way so long, it had still not been hammered out of his head that a fit of sulks was not a universal remedy.

The afternoon passed and no Stiffe appeared. Rawson fumed and raged after waiting a whole half-hour; but he kept his own counsel.

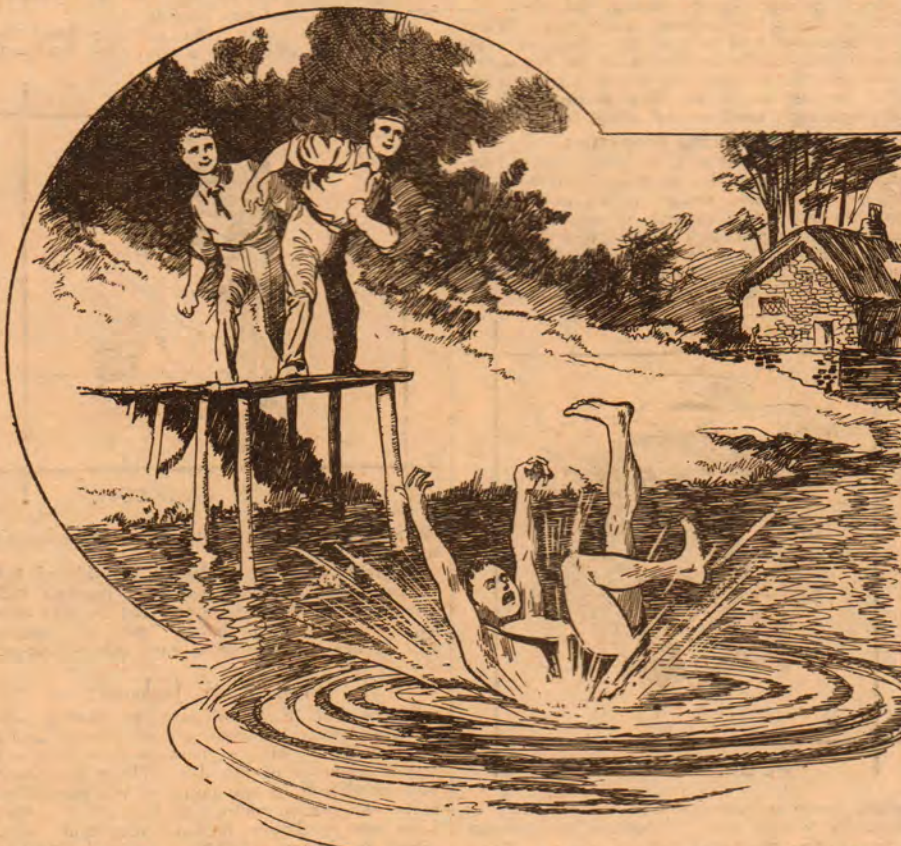
At tea-time Stiffe emerged, hoping that the worst was over. He saw Rawson walking towards school with the house-stroke, but neither of them paid the slightest attention to him. Convinced that his sulks had been effective, Stiffe assumed an almost jaunty air after chapel. But unfortunately for him he was not present to overhear a conversation in Rawson's study, at

which six other senior members of Potter's attended. Rawson was spokesman.

"We've got to have him, you chaps, so it's no good arguing about it, and if he won't learn by kindness he must be driven. We can't very well carry him to the bathing place by force, it's close on half a mile. You're senior prefect, Arnold, you must send him down with a message—anything 'll do. He can't refuse to do that, it would mean a study lickin' to begin with."

"Unpatriotic little smug!" said Arnold with a snort. "I'll fix him! It means all the difference between being top of the river or losing another place, and it's the last time you and I will have a chance of rowing, Rawson, old man. I've got it! Look here, Radishes"—the junior master—"takes river roll this week, and young Stiffe sucks up to him no end. I'll fag him down to Radishes every afternoon with the roll call. The rest you chaps must look after. As prefect I can't very well mix up in it officially. But I'll guarantee that he's down there each afternoon at four-thirty."

Next afternoon accordingly he called Stiffe just



"Now swim," said the stroke. They let him go out with a final swing. Stiffe being light, travelled well through the air. There was a fine, fast drop from the diving-board, and he landed, mostly anyhow, clear in the centre of the pool.

at the end of school, and handing him the printed roll, bade him take it to Radishes—he called Mr. Mullins, since it was an official and prefectorial order—and mind you're not late," he added.

The one thing in his short school life which had thoroughly cowed and oppressed Stiffe, was a fear of the masters, and an unholy respect for prefects in general, and a desire to conciliate them.

He took the roll reluctantly, but without dreaming of disobeying, and trotted down the half mile path to the river.

Mr. Mullins, who was an enthusiast on the subject of flint arrow-heads and other similar treasures, bade him wait till call over. This meant that Stiffe himself would be obliged to attend river roll, a fact the wily Arnold had been fully aware of and which Rawson and the others had calculated on.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Regeneration of Stiffe.

Exactly the half-hour Radishes, a mild-mannered man in glasses, and with a pocketful of muddy flints, came hurrying up and mumbled through the roll whilst the boys clustered round him. As Stiffe lingered near to answer his name, Rawson and three or four others gathered unostentatiously but lovingly round him, whilst Arnold from a distance watched matters with an apprehensive eye. Stiffe, all unconscious of impending fate, squeaked adsum to his name and prepared to bolt.

He hadn't taken two steps, however, before Rawson's strong arm wrapped itself round his shoulders, and at the same moment a towel was flung over his head—a very wet towel with strong stifling properties. Radishes being short-sighted, noticed nothing—even if he had, he would only have regarded it as a piece of horse-play.

Rawson and the rest frogs-marched the luckless and unpatriotic youngster to the bank near the header board. Three of them were gracefully attired in bathing slips, and these sprang one after the other into the water—Rawson first.

"Now then," he shouted, "off with his sweater and shoes, and chuck him in. I'll soon teach him to swim."

One of the conspirators wrenched off the sweater; another yanked away the canvas shoes. Then they took him by the head and heels and swayed him to the edge of the bank.

"When I say three," called Rawson, popping up seal-like from an under-water dive. "One—two—three!"

"All for the good of the house, ducky," said the fellow at his head.

"Now swim," said the stroke of the four who was engineering the other, and they let him go out with a final swing.

Stiffe being light, travelled well through the air. There was a fine, fast drop from the bank as well, and he landed, mostly, anyhow, clear in the centre of the pool.

He emerged spluttering and clawing like a cat. Rawson stretched out a long arm, and placed a hand under his chin.

"Now strike out, you young varmint, or I'll let you drop. Ah, you would claw, would you?" The supporting hand was swiftly withdrawn, and Stiffe's red head momentarily disappeared.

Someone on the far side bolstered him up to the surface again. Again he clawed, and again his agonised soul yearned for the river bed. When next he returned to light and air, jerked upwards from below by Rawson, a vestige of

"Britain Invaded!"

A Grand New War Story
in this week's

BOYS' FRIEND.

DON'T MISS IT.

Several Other Splendid New
Serials Now Starting.

Now on Sale, Price One Penny.

only result was that he became half strangled by the grip on his sweater; and once again, as soon as roll was over, he was ignominiously chucked in and made to struggle along as best he could. They were careful not to hurt him, but they were most determined that by hook or by crook he should learn to swim.

Whether their methods would have succeeded in the long run or no is open to doubt, had it not been for a piece of pure luck. He was scurrying back to school very wet and white with rage, when he happened to pass Brandle, the ex-cox, swaggering in the full glory of house colours. The latter hailed him.

"Here you Stiffe—you lucky young dog. Arnold tells me you're picked to cox the house boat—and you a first term kid, too! They make out that I'm too heavy, which is rot; besides, I can always save them half a length at the bend. However, Arnold tells me I'm to coach you next week—you'll get your cap. I never heard such luck in my life. I was in my second summer when I got mine—a fourth term chap!"

Stiffe checked and stared. Brandle to him was a very important personage, entitled to speak to the seniors on terms of equality—a boy who till then, had scarcely considered it worth while to do him the honour of smacking his head.

He listened, wet but respectful, whilst Brandle enlarged on the mysteries of the art of steering, all the way back to school, and incidentally on his own particular skill.

"Never be afraid of shouting at 'em, and never touch your rudder if you can possibly help it—see!—unless that is you want to give the boat behind your wash"—and so forth and so on with much earnest repetition.

That night Stiffe went to bed with a hazy notion that it must be rather a pleasant thing to be able to swagger about in the house colours—pale blue and white—and to patronise other chaps.

Next afternoon, to Rawson's huge delight, he deliberately went in off the bank without waiting to be clutched.

"That kid'll turn out all right yet," he confided to Arnold. "I gave young Brandle the tip to talk to him a bit."

Stiffe passed the test just after the swimming races were over, and passed fairly easy, for he had got rid of all feeling of funk.

It was a nervous moment for him perched on his narrow seat on the first of the three nights of the racing, his arms strained out behind him on the crossed rudder strings, the fingers of his right hand cramped with the tension on the cork; the next boat a short sixty feet in front of him, another the same distance astern.

The counting of the seconds seemed an eternity—ten—five—four—three—two—one! Then bang!—a deafening report just over his head, the cork released, and the rush and heave of the initial spurt. Potters made their first bump inside the half distance that night; and Stiffe, for the first time in his life, tasted the sweets of popularity, for he had steered well—uncommonly well. Even Brandle admitted as much.

Partly owing to his light weight, and partly because his initial nervousness over, he proved himself an adept in the art. Potters bumped on each succeeding night, and ended up top boat. Never once did Stiffe undergo the feeling of seeing the bow of the next boat astern creeping up past his elbow.

Nowadays he tries to patronise Brandle, and talk him down, but he is still a light weight, and has learnt to know a danger signal when he sees one. Brandle's hitting powers are improving with practice.

(Another of these grand tales next week.)

ANSWERS
ONE PENNY.
Every Tuesday.

POSTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

A Splendid New Series of Articles dealing with Appointments Open to HERALD Readers.

The Coastwise Lights.

FOR the execution of their duties, a large staff of officers is employed in the light-houses, lightships, and steam-vessels of the Corporation. The strength of each branch is approximately as follows: Lighthouse keepers, 200 to 250; light-vessels' staff, 550; and steam-vessels', 150 men, excluding officers. The conditions of entry into this service, and the rates of pay obtaining in it, are as follows:

Lighthouse Keepers.

Candidates must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and unmarried. They are required to produce certificates of birth, health, character, and education—the last requirement comprising reading, writing from dictation, and a fair knowledge of arithmetic. In the selection of men for employment preference is given to artisans and sailors. On entering the service, officers are classed as supernumeraries, and are paid 2s. 6d. a day. When qualified for appointment to a lighthouse as assistant-keepers, they receive 3s. a day, with dwellings, coal, and light (or a money allowance in lieu thereof), and their uniform, and are entitled to medical attendance at a nominal charge. Their daily pay increases by gradual increments to 4s. 2d., the maximum pay of a principal keeper. By a wise provision the life of every keeper is insured by the Trinity House for the benefit of those who may be dependent on him. For this purpose the Corporation pays a fixed annual premium of £3, the value of the policy depending on the officer's age on entering the service.

For the light-vessel and steam-vessel branches applicants must be seamen under the age of thirty-two, and must provide certificates of birth, character, and sea service in the A.B. class. A member of the crew of a lightship receives 4s. 1d. a day on entry, rising through various grades to 6s. 1d., the maximum pay of a master. On the steam-vessels the rate of pay for seamen starts at 4s. 4d., and rises to 5s. 8d. a day, the maximum wages of carpenters. Officers in the steam-vessel branch are appointed from those who have been apprenticed to the service as youths. Vacancies for such apprentices are not frequent. In either branch the seaman's uniform is furnished free, but every man has to provide his own food. After three years' service the life of each seaman is insured.

Men in the lightship service are afloat for two months at a spell, and are then allowed a month ashore. During the shore turn, however, they must report themselves for duty at the district depot, and are occasionally required to form part of the crew of the district steamer, in which case they receive extra pay. Masters and mates of light-vessels spend alternate months afloat and ashore.

Officers of the Trinity House are granted pensions proportionate to their service, forty years' duty entitling them to the maximum allowance of two-thirds pay.

The Tramways Service.

There are some fourteen municipal tramways in Great Britain, conveying every year over their 1,150 miles of metals more than 1,000,000,000 passengers. Employment is thus afforded to a huge industrial army on terms which are generally more liberal—in respect alike of higher wages and shorter hours—than those exacted by private companies. The Tramways Department of the London County Council, which is only rivalled in size by that of the Glasgow Corporation, numbers 3,500 workers, from general manager to trace-boy. Apart from administrative officers, its employees are remunerated at the following typical rates: Drivers and conductors, mechanical or horsed cars, 4s. 9d. a day; after six months, or on obtaining a service, 5s. 3d.; 5s. 9d. after six months on a service, and at the end of another half-year the maximum rate of 6s. 3d. a day. An overcoat, uniform coat, and two caps are allowed yearly.

Foremen, £2 to £3 10s. a week.
Regulators, £2 2s. to £2 4s.
Ticket inspectors, £2 2s.
Night inspectors, £1 10s. to £2 2s.
Point fitters, £1 15s.
Horsekeepers, £1 6s. to £1 9s.

There are also a number of car-washers, track-cleaners, and point-shifters, earning between £1 and £1 10s. a week, as well as carmen, permanent-way men, and labourers, at standard rates of pay.

Vacancies in the municipal yards are usually filled by the chief officer of tramways. In the case of the L.C.C., applications for employment should be addressed to that official at 303, Camberwell New Road, S.E.

(For this splendid series of interesting and instructive articles, I am indebted to the Editor of the "Harrow Self-Educator," published in fortnightly parts, price 6d. each part. Every boy who wants to get on should possess himself of this fine work.)

POULTRY KEEPING.

A New Short Series of Articles on an Interesting and Remunerative Hobby.

No. 3.—The Feeding of Fowls.

THE feeding of fowls is a matter that requires no small amount of thought and attention. You may feed the birds in one way, and get very poor results; you may feed them another, and everything, from the fowls themselves to the eggs, and the number they lay, will be satisfactory.

It is not a difficult matter to feed fowls properly; on the contrary, it is quite easy if only a few simple rules are observed. The first and perhaps most necessary condition to be observed is the purchasing of good, sound grain. You may experience, when you go to the corn-chandler to purchase food for your pets, the offer of a lot of cheap poultry food, or a quantity of sweepings at a very reduced cost. Take my advice and don't have anything to do with these cheap purchases. Buy the best and soundest food you can possibly get, and you won't have much trouble with your fowls.

In addition to the grain, which can be purchased reasonably at any corn merchants, the birds may be given

prepared household scraps

which have been well boiled and mixed with such a quantity of meal that the whole is formed into a fairly dry but not cloggy mass. During the winter months this food, given early in the morning, should be moderately warmed; in the hot weather it may be given in the ordinary state. In lieu of this food, barley-meal or ground oats might be substituted.

Some young poultry-keepers fall into the error of giving the birds too much maize. When they have plenty of space at their disposal, a fair quantity of this food will not do the fowls any harm, but in the case where only a limited run is at the disposal of the birds, maize should be very sparingly used, owing to its heat and

fat-producing properties.

Now and again it will be found very advantageous to change the morning feed from the ordinary household scraps, boiled and worked up with meal, to a mixture of rice boiled just sufficiently long enough to swell and soften the grain, with potatoes subjected to the same process. As an occasional morning meal this will be found to be much appreciated. Other vege-



"PLUM" WARNER.

tables, such as parsnips and swedes, may be similarly treated, and will form a welcome addition to the scheme of diet.

As soon as the birds have fed, it is a good plan to take from the run all superfluous food. On no account should vegetable matter be allowed to lie about on the ground. It will only decay, and if in this condition it is eaten by the fowls—and, as every reader knows, a fowl is none too particular about what it eats—illness and disease are liable to result.

With regard to the time when the birds should be given

the second, or evening meal.

I think if the young poultry-keeper makes it a general rule to give the second lot of food as soon as the sun goes down, or perhaps a little earlier, he will find that his fowls thrive. Like human beings, to keep in health they must be fed regularly and at stated times. This rule should be rigidly adhered to. For the evening meal whole grain—either buck wheat or barley, the best that it is possible to obtain—should be given. A few sunflower seeds occasionally will also be found nourishing.

Where a lad finds he can afford it, he will serve a good purpose by now and again purchasing some of the reliable made-up patent food for fowls. As a rule, this is very palatable, and will be much appreciated. Mind you, I do not recommend the use of these

patent foods

as anything like a regular thing, for, given too frequently, they are liable to make the birds discontented with their ordinary fare. A judicious use of them, however, will produce good results.

In winter and damp weather generally, it may now and again be necessary to resort to the use of such heating and stimulating things as chillies and cayenne. Given in strictly moderate quantities, they will tend to improve the condition of the birds.

FAMOUS CRICKETERS.

Brief Character Sketches of the Most Notable Players of our National Summer Pastime.

"Plum Warner."

M R. P. F. WARNER is thirty-five years of age. He never in his early days showed that he had any notable ability as a cricketer, and when he was at Oxford nobody ever dreamed that some day he would captain the English Eleven. But he did. A great reason for his not shining at the University in the matter of cricket was not so much lack of skill as bad health, and the game has found a warm place in Plum Warner's heart just because it was through it he once more set his foot on the royal road to health. He has played cricket in the United States, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Spain, in Portugal, in Australia, in the West Indies, and in South Africa. It may not be generally known that he was born at Trinidad. Of course I needn't tell my boys that Trinidad is in the West Indies; they all know that.

It is probable that Warner did not play more than a dozen games of cricket in his native land before he was sent to England to be educated, yet when he returned to the West Indies as a famous cricketer, to play in a great match, he was surprised as he entered the pavilion to be greeted by a burly nigger, who rushed up to him and caught him by both hands.

"Glad to see you back, sah!" he exclaimed. Warner mumbled something about the man having the advantage of him.

"What," said the nigger, "you don't remember me! I taught you cricket, sah!"

He was the man who used to bowl for Warner when Plum was a youngster, although



Hon. F. S. JACKSON.

he had quite vanished from the great cricketer's memory.

On this page we publish a portrait of Mr. Warner. He has on his head a panama hat, otherwise my lads would see that he is as bald as a plum, that probably being the reason why he has been endowed with that sobriquet.

Hon. F. S. Jackson.

In the Hon. F. S. Jackson we have a good captain, a good batsman, a good bowler, and a good fielder. He is perhaps the best all-round cricketer of the day. There are many who excel him in one point of the game, but none who can compete with him in all points. Like most cricketers, he has a nickname, being called on the cricket-field "Jacker." Unlike Warner and other men we have dealt with in this series, he did not leap into sudden fame in the cricket world. As long ago as when he was eighteen years of age he began building up his reputation, being then much talked about as a cricketer. He appeared in his first public match nineteen years ago, when he played for Harrow against Eton. Later on he went to Cambridge, and took his place in the eleven, eventually becoming captain. Less than two years later he was invited to join the English Eleven against Australia. In that match he was run out for 103; his age was then twenty. It was this wonderful innings that brought Jackson into the front ranks as a cricketer, and only a year later he added yet another remarkable feat to his record. He was playing for the Gentlemen against the Players, at Lord's, and he and Woods managed to get all the Players out for 108 and 107. No other bowlers were put on.

Since Jackson took his place in the match against Australia, at the age of twenty, he has never missed a Test Match.

Let me close with an anecdote told of him whilst in South Africa. He was going the round of the sentries on one occasion, when one of them, forgetting duty in his enthusiasm, came a little way from his post, saluted him, and asked, in unmistakable Yorkshire dialect, whether it was true that Somerset had beaten Yorkshire. It seemed that he had a half-crown bet on it.

Jackson first broke the news to the man that his native county had been beaten, and then seriously reprimanded him for having left his post. And, indeed, this was necessary, for the sentry had committed a serious breach of military duty, and the enemy were only a few miles distant.

THE FAR, FAR NORTH.

Some True and Interesting Facts About The Land of Eternal Snow.

The Great Unknown.

AS is announced in another part of this week's issue of our paper, there commences in next Thursday's BOYS' HERALD a remarkable story dealing with the adventures of a popular character, Larry Tring, who, to solve a great and apparently impenetrable mystery, leaves England and journeys to that great silent land of mystery and peril the Far, Far North.

On the great American continent, stretching away into the dim solitudes as yet hardly trodden by the feet of man, is a vast expanse of land roamed over by wild and fierce animals; a land of huge mountains and glaciers, of wide lakes and roaring torrents, of endless forests of fir and pine, and of trackless wastes of moorland and swamp, which, during the greater part of the year, is buried deep beneath an unbroken mantle of snow.

Part of this land is known as Alaska, and as it is in Alaska and the famous gold-mining district of the Yukon that Larry Tring, the central character of the new story starting next week, experiences many of his most thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, a few particulars concerning this generally but little known but nevertheless extremely interesting region will doubtless be welcomed by every lad who is eagerly awaiting the commencement of the new story.

Pioneers of Civilisation.

Now, Alaska proper belongs to the United States, having been ceded to that country some years ago by Russia, but amongst its sparse population may be found many men of British nationality. A reference to the map of North America will show them that it is a very large area, a huge and, for the most part, desolate expanse as large as Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, and France together. It is into such an immense and wild region as this that these two boys, Larry Tring and his chum, Bliss, penetrate and travel, despite every drawback and difficulty, every obstacle that rises up against them, through this wilderness of moor or tundra, broken here and there—more especially in the south—by mountain spurs.

But these were not the only perils that faced this pair of dauntless youngsters. Between them and their goal lay countless swamps, lakes, and water-courses, to say nothing of the dangers which beset them from the fierce native animals—the reindeer, the moose, bears and wolves.

The climate, too, of this vast region is one which might appal the heart of the stoutest. In winter it is most severe, being terribly cold, whilst in the short summer it is made almost unbearable by clouds of mosquitoes and gnats which assail the traveller both day and night.

Among

the native peoples

themselves the white men are not always sure of receiving a very welcome reception. On the contrary, the natural cupidity of some of the more northern Eskimo tribes constitutes a perpetual menace to the safety of the lonely voyager who penetrates their lands. Far, far away from his fellows, he is liable, unless he can show a very brave front and render a good account of himself, to meet with hostility that may cost him his life. Besides the Eskimos there is also a fierce Red Indian population. Bands of redskin nomads wander from one place to another, often pillaging and slaying, looting and thieving whenever an opportunity occurs.

Then, again, there is that

land of mystery and gold

which up to a few years ago possessed as the sole representatives of its authority a detachment of twenty North-West Mounted Police, who were sent up to their far-away post by the Canadian Government to maintain order as best they could. These hardy pioneers—for so in truth they may be called—built a fort about twenty-five miles on our side of Alaska, not far from a scattered mining settlement. In this way did the Dominion Government take actual possession of this gold-mining country. Very shortly after—to be precise, in the summer of 1896—the whole world was electrified by the news of rich discoveries of

gold in the Yukon—

a name which up to that time was almost unknown; in fact, but very few people knew whether the Klondike was in British Columbia or Alaska. Nobody thought of the vast region stretching far beyond the Rockies; yet within a couple of years so quickly had the fame of this wonderful eldorado—where fabulous wealth, it was reported, was to be had but for the collecting—spread, that it boasted a force of police more than two hundred strong, with detachments throughout the whole basin of the Upper Yukon.

That lawlessness and crime were rampant cannot for one moment be doubted; men of every nation under the sun gathered at the diggings, and life became one endless round of danger and excitement. Into such parts—where a man's life often depended upon the celerity with which he could draw his gun—these two boys—Larry Tring and his chum—penetrate.

Of their many hairbreadth adventures and escapes, the new serial, "The Far, Far North," starting next week, will deal.

The Romance of the Road.

A Tale of the Days of Claude Duval. By Morton Pike.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Seeking His Fortune.

JACK OLDACRE, a sturdy lad of fifteen, was one winter's day of the year 1667 trudging through snow-covered lanes to London Town—where he hoped to make his fortune—when he was set upon by two hired ruffians, who attempted to kill him to gain a reward of fifty guineas offered by a lawyer named Snatchall. But the plot became known to the celebrated highwayman, Claude Duval, who frustrated it.

Then, in company with Duval, Jack reached London, where the highwayman interviewed Snatchall, the lawyer, who was anxious to secure Jack's death in order that, by forging a will, a huge fortune left to the boy should go to Jack's cousin, who was in Snatchall's power. Duval meant to wring from Snatchall a confession of his rascality. He was, however, betrayed, and forced, with Jack Oldacre, to take to flight, hotly pursued by a company of Foot Guards.

Meanwhile Jack Oldacre rode on alone to Oldacre Hall, where he was trapped by his father's treacherous servant, who had discovered the Oldacre treasure and meant to appropriate it to his own use. This piece of rascality was, however, found out by the steward's honest son, Kit Careless, who revealed the plot to Jack. But a greater surprise awaited the boy, for Duval found a packet of papers proclaiming Jack to be heir to the Oldacre fortune and estate.

One night Jack Oldacre, Kit Careless, and several others were listening to Duval's life story when a company of Life Guards, under Sir Harry Claydon, surrounded the highwaymen's retreat. A stiff fight followed, in which all except Jack got away. He alone remained a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Very little time elapsed before he was inside Newgate, but you may be sure Duval did not mean to leave his young friend to his fate without making an effort on his behalf. Accordingly he contrived a plot to secure Jack's release—a plot which was successful.

But no sooner was Jack outside the prison, and mounted on a horse, when the alarm-bell announcing his escape was rung.

Jack, however, with Duval, got clean away. Shortly after, our hero had the good fortune to come face to face with King Charles II., whose life he saved from the attempt of an assassin. Jack is warmly thanked by the Merry Monarch for his courageous deed.

(This enables my new friends to start reading this story to-day.)

Claude Duval and the Merry Monarch.

IN the garden of a house near the New River head at Clerkenwell, while they had waited in vain for Kit Careless to join them, Oliver had produced a suit of clothes and a pair of riding-boots, which his forethought had provided.

Jack was now dressed in doublet and breeches of blue cloth, a grey beaver, and yellow leather riding-boots, and they had taken the precaution to rub his face and neck with a little walnut juice, which made him almost as swarthy as the King himself.

Poor Jack's heart thumped away with a variety of strong emotions, and perhaps the strongest of them all was the fear that Sir Harry Claydon should recognise him.

"Odds fish, man!" cried Charles, laughing now that the danger was over. "And pray how did you know that I was the King?"

"Nay, sire," said Jack, "your Majesty is too like your picture on the coins for a loyal subject to mistake you for anyone else."

Then I must be an ill-looking dog," laughed the King. "But mark well, my young friend, I am travelling incognito, and, moreover, this attack upon my life must not be made public—not, at least, until my Council has learned of the matter, and have taken steps to find out if there be a plot on foot. Know you the dog, Rochester?"

"No, I know him not," said the earl, who had turned the dead man over with his foot and examined his features closely. "I suspect he is some fifth monarchy man, and he does not seem to have any followers."

"Your pardon, my lord," said Jack, sheathing his rapier. "There were two of them; and I doubt not my companion below has the other in grip."

Jack felt Sir Harry Claydon's eyes upon him as he spoke, and saw a perplexed look come into the young Lifeguard's face.

"So," said the King, frowning, "the thing is more serious. But tell me, young sir, by what name must your grateful Sovereign call you?"

Jack flushed scarlet to the roots of his hair, and was on the point of flinging himself at the King's feet, when a very dramatic interruption took place.

The highwaymen had arrived, and leaving Tom Bun in the stable-yard to look after the horses, and to cut the stirrups of those of the other party, they stole up the staircase bent on, perhaps, the most daring project they had ever undertaken.

From the shadow of the landing into the sunlight of the room sprang a handsome figure clad in yellow satin, and Claude Duval, followed by

Oliver, and Roger Gaston the Frenchman, and, Jim Bartholomew, ranged themselves in a row, each armed with a pair of glittering pistols.

"Gentlemen," said Claude, "your money or your lives! Stir not hand or foot, or it will be instant death to you all!"

Jack had jumped backward to the wall with his hand upon his rapier, and he looked quickly at the Earl of Rochester and Sir Harry Claydon, as if for instructions how to act.

He felt a quiver of indignation at the double part he was just called upon to play, but Charles himself laid a finger on his sword-arm.

"Draw not, my valiant young champion," he said, with a smile. "I cannot think my life's in any danger from Master Claude Duval."

"Ma foi, sire!" cried Claude, with a marvellous affectation of astonishment, at the same time lowering his pistols. "Had I known it was your Majesty—"

"You would not have left us so long undisturbed, you dog," laughed Charles. "I know you very well by report, Monsieur Claude, but up to now I have not had the pleasure of your intimate acquaintance."

"Sire," said the highwayman, again bowing low, "I am delighted to find that you take as a pleasure what seems to mightily offend the Earl of Rochester and Sir Harry Claydon. But how, may I inquire, does your Majesty know me?"

"Ask Sir Harry," said the King. "We were even now laughing our sides out at his recital of the dance on Hounslow Heath; and I trust you will let us off as lightly as you did Sir Harry's brother-in-law."

THE FAR FAR NORTH.

OR,
LARRY'S QUEST IN
THE KLONDYKE.



A GRAND NEW SERIAL OF ADVENTURE IN THE REALMS OF
ETERNAL ICE AND SNOW, BY MARTIN SHAW,
STARTS IN

NEXT THURSDAY. THE BOYS' HERALD NEXT THURSDAY.

"Nay, indeed, sire," said Claude. "As for that, we ever cut our coat according to our cloth," and he removed his hat and mask as he spoke. "This young gentleman here"—and he pointed to Jack—"being apparently of but poor estate, shall pay one guinea. Sir Harry Claydon ought to stand handsomely, if the world did not know that he spends every penny of his fortune, and is even now in the hands of the 'chosen people.' The Earl of Rochester would not demean himself, I am sure, to offer a poor, hard-working gentleman of the road less than a purse of fifty pounds; and then, sire, think how much higher in rank is a king than a mere nobleman."

"Odds fish, you talk like a lawyer," said Charles, with a twinkle in his eyes. "But 'tis a difficult matter to get blood out of a stone; and to say truth, my good rogue, the King of England has not so much as a penny piece in his fob this bright June morning."

With a mock grimace, the Merry Monarch turning his hands into his breeches pockets, and thrusting them inside out, proved the truth of what he said.

Everyone laughed, none more heartily than the King himself.

"Your Majesty had best take to the road!" cried Claude.

"Nay, nay, man!" interrupted Charles quickly. "I have not forgotten my travels after Worcester fight, nor, I dare swear, has the earl there."

"No one forgets a day spent in your Majesty's presence," said the earl; "but I think I must give up associating with Royalty, for I find it leads me into bad company." And Rochester winked at the highwayman.

Sir Harry Claydon alone seemed to treat the matter seriously. The recollection of the way Duval had worsted him in their duel had galled the young soldier exceedingly, and now, once more, Duval was master of the position, for the King's companions had foolishly left their pistols in their holsters; and Sir Harry was boiling with indignation.

Jack, in the meantime, stood with his sword drawn, not knowing how it was all to end; when Duval suddenly turned to his men.

"Carry this away," said he, pointing to the dead rogue on the floor. "His companion is safe bound below stairs. Remain some of you within earshot, and bid the landlord send up of his best wine. 'Tis not often that a king and a gallow's-bird drink a toast together; and perhaps my Lord of Rochester, whom everyone knows to be a poet, may find the occasion to be a fitting one for his verses."

"I can only bethink me of one rhyme for the moment," retorted the earl, "and that is 'Claude' and 'cord,' and I shall like you better, you impudent scoundrel, when I see you dangling at the end of a stout one."

"A sorry jest, my lord," laughed the highwayman; "but since his Majesty is in his chair again, I pray you all be seated." And bowing with all the impertinence in the world, Duval laid his pistols on the table and sat down.

At an almost imperceptible movement of Duval's thumb beneath the table Jack Oldacre took up his position behind the screen, which had been replaced in rear of the King's chair, and there he stood listening to the strange conversation that followed between Claude and the King and the King's companions.

As Roger left the room Claude had whispered quickly to him, and Jack saw him nod in reply, and wondered what it was all about.

"Gentlemen both," said Claude, when he had filled four glasses with the ruby wine, "you will refuse my toast at your peril! Here's a health unto his Majesty!"

Neither Rochester nor Claydon could decline it, and rising to their feet they toasted the King, holding their glasses out towards him as they did so.

"Ma foi!" cried Claude, as the pair sat down again, "you may yet learn courtesy from France," and throwing his glass over his shoulder, he shivered it to atoms on the wall behind him. "No lips shall profane the leaker that held that loyal health!"

"Odds fish, man," said Charles, "I would not have missed this meeting with you for a hundred pounds, useful as that sum would be to me, with my beggarly Commons grudging every shilling they grant, and my servants clamouring

King Charles lacked the wherewithal to pay a tavern score."

"Zounds!" cried the earl and the Guardsmen in one breath, springing up and laying their hands on their swords. "This is too much!"

"Nay, gentlemen," said Claude, instantly picking up his pistols and covering them both, "you are wrong; 'tis not enough. But his Majesty may accept it without hesitation, since it came from the pockets of his niggardly subjects who keep him so short."

"Egad!" cried the King. "Sit down both of you. I have not laughed so much since the Restoration. If you had lived in the time of my grandfather, King James of blessed memory, he would have made you a baronet, friend Claude, for he dearly loved a jest."

"Yet, sire," said Duval, suddenly becoming serious, "there is something more than jest in what I do to-day, and I am bold enough to beg a boon—not for myself," he added quickly, "but for one who would make your Majesty a brave and loyal soldier."

A quiver of excitement and expectation rang through Jack Oldacre's frame, and he knew now why Claude had bade him ride forward to the inn.

But the generous words that had trembled on the highwayman's lips were not destined to be spoken at that time. Two shots and a shout rang out from the yard beneath the window, followed by a cry of "Look out, captain! They are upon us!" in French.

Claude bounded to the window, and one glance showed him an alarming state of affairs, but before he could speak there was another peril close at hand. A door at the other end of the room was thrown open, and a square-shouldered peck-marked man, well known to every law-breaker of London, came into the room.

It was Solomon Scruff, the celebrated thief-taker, and behind him were half a dozen dismounted troopers, who covered the highwayman with their carbines.

The 35th Chapter.

The King's Gratitude.

"TRAPPED!" exclaimed Claude Duval.

"Yes," said the Earl of Rochester with a mocking laugh. "Trapped by Master Solomon Scruff, whose very good health I have very much leisure in drinking at your expense, scoundrel!"

Solomon Scruff was a man who never minced matters; the business of his life was to take thieves when he was told to take them, and the rest of his time was occupied by keeping a general eye on all the rogues and vagabonds who might be likely to come his way, so that when word went forth that a certain man was wanted, Solomon Scruff was seldom at a loss where to lay his hand upon him.

He recognised the King instantly, but made no sign beyond taking off his hat and giving a clumsy bow.

"The soldiers have orders to shoot you down without mercy, Duval, if you attempt the slightest resistance!" said the thief-taker, advancing straight towards the highwayman, at the same time drawing a pair of handcuffs from his skirt pocket.

For an instant Claude had flushed scarlet and raised his pistol, and everyone thought he was about to make a death fight of it. To their surprise, however, he lowered the weapon, and as Oliver, Roger, and Gaston the Frenchman threw the other door behind him wide open, he made a gesture with his arm, and said bitterly:

"Put up your weapons; there is nothing to be done."

His brief glance through the window had shown him his faithful followers retreating into the stable, the door of which they were no doubt then barricading against the troopers.

Of these latter there seemed to be at least a score for Solomon Scruff never did things by halves.

Perhaps if the King had not been present Claude would have died there and then fighting, for it was well known that he had made a vow never to be taken alive.

"My frolic has ended in a different manner than I intended," he said, bowing low to Charles. "Come, Master Scruff, I am at your service."

Solomon Scruff was within one pace of him, and he looked sharply at him, suspecting treachery.

"Put out your wrists," said Solomon roughly. "I shall feel safer when I have clapped the darbies on them."

"Stay, Master Scruff," said the King, who had sat with a curious expression on his dark face, as he drummed "Prince Rupert's March" on the table top. "What is the charge against your prisoner?"

The Earl of Rochester raised his eyebrows a trifle and looked at Charles.

"I hold a warrant, your Majesty, signed by your own Royal hand well nigh a year ago."

"Thou hast been a long time serving it," interrupted the King drily.

"Begging your Majesty's pardon," said Solomon Scruff, "but the Frenchman fled to his native country, from whence he landed this week, and pretty busy he has been since his arrival."

"What mean you?" said the King.

"Why, your Majesty, there are two charges of robbery on the highway, and what is worse, the assisting of a prisoner to escape from Newgate this very morning—a notorious young ruffian, Oldacre by name, who was lodged there by Sir Harry Claydon."

"Oldacre?" said the King. "That name is familiar to mine ear."

"And to others, your Majesty," said Solomon Scruff; "for though he be but young in years, he hath four times attempted the life of Master Daniel Snatchall, who is prepared to swear against him if he can be retaken."

"It is a lie!"

Everybody in the room started, for the words rang out like a trumpet-call, and dashing the screen aside our hero sprang into view.

"How now—what is this?" said Charles. "Here is our young champion to the fore again! But what know you of this business?"

"Too much to remain silent, your Majesty," said Jack, his eyes flashing fire and his face as white as marble. "I am John Oldacre, of whom this man has spoken. Sir Harry Claydon there will bear me witness that he did lodge me in Newgate; but that I am guilty of any crime, or that I did ever raise hand against Daniel Snatchall save in my own defence, is lie as foul as Daniel Snatchall himself!"

"Soft, soft, boy," said the King. "You have already done us so much service to-day that our ear leans kindly towards thee. Thou art surely brother to that sad young dog Sir Frank, your namesake."

"Cousin, your Majesty," said Jack. "My father was Colonel Oldacre." "And a right lusty Cavalier too, to whom our family owes more than they have repaid."

"Tis too late, sire," said Jack in a choking voice. "My father is dead, else were I not in this plight to-day."

"Indeed, your Majesty," said Sir Harry Claydon, "I carried this young gentleman to Newgate, it is true, but for no other reason than that I found him in the company of Duval and his band. Had he but waited his trial there should have been no difficulty in proving his innocence, and I would have been among the first to have offered him all the amends in my power."

"Kindly spoken, Sir Harry," cried Claude. "And though I fear my testimony will carry slight weight in his favour, yet do I here most solemnly declare in the presence of your Majesty that Jack Oldacre has been the victim of a foul conspiracy, robbed of his fortune by some unknown person, and persecuted almost to death by Lawyer Snatchall. Furthermore, I say that he has had neither art nor part with us save only in so far that we have sheltered him when he had no shelter, and helped him for his own sake."

The King's face betrayed nothing of what was passing in his mind, but as Claude spoke the highwayman advanced a step towards him, and Solomon Scruff, who had been biding his time, made a movement to clap the handcuffs upon him.

"Back, Master Thief-taker!" said Duval haughtily. "Let me stand unshackled a moment longer. I promise you I will make no resistance."

"Yes, stand back, Master Scruff," said Charles. "You will not execute your warrant to-day. Nay, man, look not at me in that fashion—for the thief-taker's face had turned purple and his eyes blazed—"unless you wish to return to London the prisoner of your own escort. We will consider your case, Master Oldacre, at our leisure when you present yourself at our Palace of Whitehall. In the meantime, we shall remember two things concerning you. First, that you have done us yeoman's service to-day; secondly, that we find you in bad company, which will require minute explanation. As for you, Monsieur Duval, I fear me thou art a sad rogue, but for all that a right merry one. When we hunt the hare we give puss some law, and to you and your rascals I am going to allow one hour's start."

All eyes were turned on the King, and astonishment was written in every face.

"There is work for you here, Master Scruff. My life has been attempted this morning; you will find the dead man below stairs, and his confederate in safe custody. I charge you to make what investigations you can. At the end of an hour you are at liberty to follow upon the track of these gentry, but not before. And now, friend Claude, and you, Master Oldacre, get you gone! If you are taken, some of you will undoubtedly hang!"

An audible gasp went round the room. Jack stood like a stone; and the soldiers lowered their carbines, stupefied with astonishment.

"Go—go!" said the King, pointing to the door. "You have lost one minute already!"

Duval caught his eye, and saw in it a right merry twinkle.

"To your horses, lads!" he cried. "God save the King!"

The shout went up lustily, and hardly knowing whether the whole thing was not a dream, the highwaymen sped down the staircase, carrying our hero with them.

"Be not downhearted, boy," said Claude, in a low voice. "I know perhaps better than you what is in the King's mind. Mark my words, in less than a twelvemonth you will be mounting guard at Whitehall in a scarlet coat and a glittering breastplate; but I—perhaps I shall not be alive to witness your happiness."

Poor Claude, although he spoke seriously enough, did not realise how true his words were to prove.

As they went out into the stable-yard they heard Solomon Scruff's voice above them:

"You are to let those men go free," he called, "by the King's orders, all save a crop-eared knave, who was taken with a sword in his hand."

The corporal in charge of the party of horse stared blankly at these commands, and with several good round oaths, he took the dead man's confederate from the grasp of the respectable looking gentleman who had been holding

him tightly by the neck-band, and who was none other than honest Kit Careless.

"What in wonder's name has happened?" cried Kit to our hero.

"Time enough for the story," said Claude. "It is spur, not speech, with us now!" And he mounted in haste.

As he settled himself in his stirrups, Solomon Scruff appeared in the doorway with a curious smile on his face and his watch in his hand.

"A pleasant ride, Master Duval," said the thief-taker; "but I warn you to make the most of it, for I shall have you as sure as Fate."

"That is as may be, Master Scruff," cried Claude, whose spirits had risen as he felt the saddle once more between his knees; and as the crowd at the archway of the stable-yard opened to let them pass, they rode out into the sunshine and galloped away towards the North.

The 36th Chapter.

A Friend and an Enemy.

THROUGH Anwell they galloped, taking the road to Ware, none knowing their leader's intentions until they had clattered through the latter town at a pace that brought all the inhabitants running to see.

Duval drew rein for a moment as some yokels crowded to a tavern door.

"Which is the way to Royston?" he cried.

The yokels indicated by voice and gesture that the travellers must keep straight on, and so they did until they had left Ware a quarter of a mile behind.

Then Claude turned his horse to the left and took the road that led to Hertford.



From the shadow of the landing into the sunlight of the room sprang a handsome figure clad in yellow satin, and Claude Duval, followed by his men, ranged themselves in a row, each armed with a pair of glittering pistols.

"'Twill put them off the scent," he said; "and now for London town."

There were eight of them, and eight mounted men riding in a body is a thing calculated to attract attention, so avoiding the county town, they made a circuit through byways, which at last brought them to the high-road, but it all took time, which meant playing into the hands of the enemy.

A very artful man was Mr. Solomon Scruff. He had all the instincts of a bloodhound, only a bloodhound can be put off the scent, and no obstacle ever deterred Solomon Scruff.

Ten minutes after the escape of Jack from Newgate prison a panting messenger had sought him at his lodgings in Chick Lane; another ten, and he was dressed, booted and spurred and in the parlour of the keeper of the prison; ten minutes more, making half an hour in all, Solomon was on his way, taking with him twenty troopers of a regiment of horse which chanced to be billeted hard by.

From that moment he had practically never lost sight of the highwaymen; he had his spies everywhere; and Claude having been seen and recognised by one of the prison warders—a horseman in yellow satin was the game Solomon Scruff followed—and he heard of him at every mile.

Master Solomon was a fairly loyal man—as men went in those days—but when he had run his man to earth, and the King himself set him free again, he almost wished Charles back in exile.

Swift and short was his examination of the wretched fanatic whom he had taken into the stable.

The terrified maids of the inn stuffed their aprons into their ears at the screams of agony that presently issued forth.

A loop of cord placed round the miserable wretch's thumbs and twisted on a pistol barrel produced those screams and obtained all the information that Solomon Scruff deemed it necessary to extract at that time. Then the man was handcuffed; and Mr. Scruff made his report to the merry monarch above stairs.

"There was no plot," he said; "still, it would be as well to send the fellow to Newgate, where they had similar ways of getting information out of prisoners when they wanted."

I am not exaggerating; some hideous things were done in the good old days of our Stuart Kings—ay, and even much later.

Having seen the wretched creature tied behind the back of a trooper, Solomon Scruff despatched two men along the road northward, and sent the rest back to London.

As for himself, he got on his horse and rode away in quite a different direction until he came to the highway at Potters Bar. There he concealed himself behind a leafy hedge, lit his pipe, and waited patiently.

He had not long to wait. The clatter of hoofs made him lie low upon his horse's neck, and peering through the leaves, he saw the little cavalcade go by.

They were laughing now; and he caught some words as they passed which made him smile.

"I doubt not the old ferret is fuming at Royston now," said Claude, "and I wish him joy of his search. We can draw rein at the next hostelry, and then take our time on the road, since we do not wish to reach London until night has fallen."

"The old ferret" laughed noiselessly as the speaker's voice died away and the dust settled down on the hedgerow. But he still waited, and after a while the two men he had despatched

"I think we have baffled them, lad, at last," said the taller of the two, "but 'twas a narrow shave at Holborn Bars. We have but one street more, and then across the fields to the river. Ma foi, what is this?"

His last words were in a whisper, and, pulling out their rapiers, they shrank into the shelter of a doorway.

They had turned the corner to find a combat in progress, common enough in those times; one man, with his back towards them, defending himself desperately against the onslaught of two more.

"Back, you cowardly hounds!" they heard him cry.

And the voice made them both start.

"Tis Hawk and Scurvy!" whispered Jack. "But why should they attack Sir Harry Claydon? We must help him, or he will be murdered!"

"All in good time," whispered Claude Duval. "I have no fear for the gallant Guardsman; and since they fight under a lamp, he has light enough to finish his own affair."

Although he spoke quietly, Claude's nervous fingers had taken firm grip of his hilt, and scarcely had the whisper passed his lips when he leaped forward like a tiger, followed by Jack.

Sir Harry's spurs had become entangled in a heap of garbage, and he measured his length on his back, and was at the mercy of the assassins.

Hawk and Scurvy darted upon him, but before the unfortunate baronet could make any attempt to rise he found himself bestrode by a lithe, active man, who said sharply, "Lie still!" as his rapier turned aside the murderous thrusts that in another instant would have met in Sir Harry's heart.

At the same moment a second figure dashed to his assistance, missed Simon Scurvy's cheek by an inch, and ran his keen rapier completely through the scoundrel's right ear.

He clapped his hand to his head with a squeal as his confederate's sword described an arc in the air, falling with a clash against the shutters of the opposite house.

"Tis the captain!" cried Hawk.

And the pair raced neck and neck towards the open fields.

"Egad, sir," exclaimed Sir Harry Claydon, rising to his feet, "I owe you eternal gratitude!"

"You owe me nothing, Sir Harry," said his rescuer, in a strange voice. "I promised to teach you that twist of the wrist, but did not think to do so soon; and now, sir, I am here at your mercy!"

"Odds life!" cried the young baronet as Duval's cloak fell open and showed the yellow satin coat beneath. "Is this possible? Give me your hand, man! Nay, do not withdraw it! I care not who overhears my words, you have made me your friend for life!"

"I knew I had not judged you wrongly, Sir Harry," said Claude. "But soft, Solomon Scruff is following us, and though I care little for my own safety, for Jack Oldacre it is different."

"Not a word, man—not a word!" said Sir Harry quickly. "Lace your cloak and draw your hat down, and come both of you to my lodging, which is hard by. Scruff would not dare to stop you in my company; an' he did, by heavens, I am in a mood to run him through!"

One or two windows had opened at the sound of the fray, and, wishing to avoid rather than to attract publicity, the trio set off at a quick pace, threading various unsavoury streets as Sir Harry led them in the direction of Whitehall.

One or two shadowy figures appeared and disappeared as they went—ruffians, no doubt, watching for their prey, and not daring to attack three men at once.

Sir Harry Claydon drew out a large key, and opened the door of a house close to the gate which in those days spanned King Street.

"Forgive me if my lodging be somewhat awry," he said, with a laugh, as he ushered them into a handsomely furnished apartment.

"Pray be seated," said the officer, opening a cupboard and setting wine upon the table. "We shall not be disturbed to-night; and 'tis as well, for our talk must be serious."

"Long before the morning," said Claude, with a sad smile at our hero, "I must be far away. I'll make no secret in your hearing, Sir Harry, for I know you will not betray me, but even now two of my lads are bargaining with the skipper of a Dutch sloop lying opposite the King's palace, and if the wind holds good I hope to land at Dunkirk to-morrow night."

"Egad, you are wise, Master Duval!" said Sir Harry, pushing a silver box full of tobacco and a bundle of clay pipes across the table. "His Majesty may laugh at your escapades, but the judges and the law are all against you, and I doubt very much, if you were laid by the heels, whether the King himself could save you."

"Have no fear for me," said Claude, lighting his pipe at the candle. "Tis of Master Jack Oldacre I would speak to you to-night."

And in a few well-chosen words, delivered with an earnestness that carried a conviction of their truth, Claude Duval told our hero's story and all that he had suffered at the hands of Snatchall and his hired braves.

(This story will be continued in another fine instalment next Thursday, when our grand new serial, "The Far, Far North," commences.)

By Camp Fire and Wigwam.

*Stirring Tales of Peril and Adventure
Among the Indians.*

HOW RED BULL WAS TURNED OUT TO DIE.

The 1st Chapter.

Long Arrow Goes to Visit the Pale- faces—The Badger's Warning.

THE silence was broken by the murmur of many guttural voices, when at length the deerskin flaps of the lodge were thrown open, and Red Bull, the chief of the tribe, appeared, in company with Long Arrow, who was the straightest and handsomest youth among all the Teton Sioux. Side by side they stepped forth into the bright autumn sunshine, that flooded the Indian village, where the warriors had been standing in groups for an hour, and the coal-black mustang had been fretfully pawing the ground while he waited for his young master, who was going on a long journey.

"The days will pass slowly," said the old chief, as he took his son's hand, "and I shall miss you at the evening fire. But I know that you will return to us unchanged, for once you dwell with the palefaces, and they did not spoil you. Therefore, I do not fear to let you go among them again."

"I am a Sioux," declared Long Arrow, "and my paleface friends can never make me anything else."

"It is good," said Red Bull. "My heart will not be heavy."

"But mine will be sad until I come back to my own people," replied the lad. "My love is all for them. And now, father, farewell."

"Farewell, my son," said the old chief. "Go—before my eyes turn dim."

Long Arrow sprang lightly to the saddle—a splendid picture of a young warrior in his new hunting-shirt and breeches of tanned buckskin, which the squaws had made for him, and ornamented with beads and fringe.

As he urged his mustang to a trot, he looked back, and that farewell glimpse stamped itself on his mind. He saw his father standing proudly erect on the threshold of the lodge; saw the assembled braves waving their hands in farewell; but he did not observe the furtive, meaning glance that passed between Elk Horn and Tonawanda, the medicine-man. The trees hid the view from his sight, and he rode on to the south, down through the hills, to the undulating plains beyond.

The chief's son was in low spirits at first, depressed by the parting, but he soon grew cheerful. He was on his way to Fort Cheyenne, whence a stage-coach would take him to a distant railway-station, and then the snorting iron horse would carry him across the wide continent, hundreds and hundreds of miles, to the Carlisle Indian School in the Far East. He had been a pupil there for more than a year, and he had been forced to return to the reservation in a time of peril. The Sioux were about to declare war on the palefaces, and Long Arrow, summoned home to fight, had, instead, persuaded his father to make peace. And now he was going back to the Government school for a visit of a week or so—going to see his paleface friends and to lead his old football team, of which he had been captain, in a match between the school and a rival team. They had sent for him, and Colonel Remsen, at the fort, had kindly arranged the matter.

It was the month of October, and there was a wintry sting in the crisp air. The grass was parched, and among the evergreen foliage of the hills flamed the crimson leaves of the sumac and the gold of the maple. For half an hour Long Arrow rode leisurely on—he was in no haste—and then, as the wind brought the faint patter of hoofs to his ear, he looked back, to see a mounted figure approaching. He drew rein, and shortly there galloped up to him his friend the Badger, a young Indian who was a few months older than himself.

"What is it?" asked Long Arrow. "Do you bring a message?"

The Badger was silent for a moment, fumbling awkwardly with his blanket and averting his eyes.

"I bring no message," he replied. "They do not know that I have left the village."

"Yet you are here! How is that?"

"It is to tell you that you will be wise not to dwell long among the palefaces," was the hesitating answer.

"Why would that be wise?"

"I have ears, and I have kept them open. I have listened to things that were not for my hearing. There are some who think that Red Bull is growing too old to be a chief, and there are others who do not forget that he made peace with the paleface soldiers. And Tonawanda, the medicine-man, is of both minds."

Long Arrow had heard something of this before,

but it had caused him no anxiety then, nor did it now.

"Not until my father has been taken by the Great Manitou will I succeed him!" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Red Bull is strong and vigorous. Is there any warrior bold enough to tell him to his face that he is no longer able to rule his people? If there is such foolish talk, let it be said openly."

"It is secret talk," replied the Badger; and his face showed that he was concealing something. "My heart bade me overtake you," he added, "and I have spoken what was in my mind. But fear nothing. Go to your paleface friends, and I will keep watch until you come back."

With that the Badger turned his pony and galloped away, and Long Arrow, as he rode on towards the fort, was not inclined to take the warning seriously, though it vaguely troubled him for a time. He remembered an ancient custom of the tribe—a hideous and ghastly thing—and for an instant it brought a lump to his throat.

"They shall never do that!" he vowed, with a shudder. "Never while I live! When the call of the Great Manitou comes to my father, his last hours shall be spent in his own lodge, in peace and comfort."

The 2nd Chapter.

The Strange Illness of Red Bull—Turned Out to Die.

LONG ARROW had been absent for a fortnight, and he was not expected to return for another week. A few days after the lad's departure, strangely enough, Red Bull had been taken ill. He who had been so hale and hearty, in spite of his three-score

years, now felt that the hand of death was upon him. It was a mysterious illness, but the Indians did not regard it as such. The old chief did not improve, though tom-toms were beaten and the medicine-dance was performed. He could not eat the food that was brought to him, but his thirst was never satisfied, and he greedily drank the bitter potions prepared for him by Tonawanda, the medicine-man.

He grew slowly worse. Day by day, as he lay in his lodge, his strength decreased, and his limbs shrank, and the skin tightened over his cheekbones. Day by day the warriors passed to and fro, telling one another that old age had brought Red Bull low, and none of them looked so sad as Elk Horn, who was a relative of the chief and a great favourite. As for the Badger, he wished with all his heart that Long Arrow would return, and often he gazed towards the east, half hoping to see a solitary horseman appear. He was not aware that a furtive watch had been set upon him. He did not know that Elk Horn always followed him when, after nightfall, he was wont to creep close up to Tonawanda's topees, and peer curiously at the medicine-man as he brewed the decoction of herbs for the old chief to drink.

Thus the two weeks of Long Arrow's absence went by, and there came a morning when a solemn hush was on all the village. A crowd of redskins were gathered outside the council lodge; but the Badger was neither among these, nor was he inside. He had vanished during the night, and it was supposed, if anybody spared him a thought, that he had gone on a hunting trip. Within the lodge sat a score of the oldest and wisest warriors, ranged around the wall, and in the middle of the circular space, near the smouldering council fire, Red Bull was huddled on a litter of boughs, propped up by a pile of buffalo-rugs. A blanket covered the lower part of his body, and his lustreless

eyes were deep-sunk in his withered features. Whatever his feelings were, he did not show them. Yet he knew why he had been brought here—why he had not been left in peace in his lodge. It had not been necessary to tell him.

For a time there was silence. Elk Horn lurked in the background with a sorrowful countenance, and the medicine man's eyes sparkled through the sockets of his wolf-head mask. The big ceremonial pipe was lit and passed around, all taking a whiff of it, and the Grey Beaver, the veteran of the tribe, rose to his feet. He could not speak for a moment, he had a painful task to perform, and when he began his voice shook with emotion.

"My heart is heavy," he said. "Let my friend Red Bull forgive the words that he must hear. The laws of the Teton Sioux are as ancient as the hills. They are sacred, and they may not be broken, though there is one law which will seem harsh to some of us. But it came to us from Great Manitou, and he would be very angry if we disregarded it. That law we must obey, though we do it in sorrow. For many years our beloved chief has ruled us well and wisely, but now his end is near, and old age has come upon him suddenly. He is beyond the skill of the medicine man, and the call to the Happy Hunting Ground is in his ears. It is time for us to have a new chief, one who can lead us to the chase, and give us wise counsels. Therefore it is the will of the tribe, as the ancient custom bids, that Red Bull should be carried to the Lone Rock, where none may see his last moments, where his closing eyes may linger on the hills and the sky, which are the things nearest in spirit to the Great Manitou. I have spoken. Is it well?"

"It is well," every voice answered.

Grey Beaver sat down, covering his face with his blanket, and one by one the others spoke, saying much the same thing. Their words were gentle and sympathetic, but the barbarous, naked truth lurked beneath them. The old chief was a burden, no longer of any use. He was to be turned out to die, to be flung aside like a stricken dog, or a wounded buffalo that is abandoned by its fellows on the march.

Again there was silence, and all waited for Red Bull to speak. His heroic spirit had been shaken while he listened, and the look of anguish in his eyes might have melted a stone to pity. Yet it was not for himself that he suffered, though it was bitterly hard that he must come to this in his old age. He glanced at the circle of grave faces as if he would read what was in the mind of each.

"I do not complain," he said in a low and unsteady voice. "Illness has befallen me, and my strength is gone. I am like a broken reed, bowed with the weight of years. I can no longer hunt the deer or chase the buffalo. Never again will I raise my voice in counsel or lead my young men on the war-path. The call of the Great Manitou is in my ears, and it is fit that you should carry me forth to the Lone Rock and leave me there to die. Such is the sacred law of the tribe, and it must be obeyed. But I would ask one thing. There is still life in me, and I feel that I am not yet near my end. Therefore leave me in peace, in my own lodge, for seven days, and by then Long Arrow will have returned from his visit to the palefaces. I wish once more to see my son, to bid farewell to him who will rule over you in my place."

The request caused something like a sensation. Elk Horn and the medicine man whispered together, sharing a guilty secret that was theirs only. They called Grey Beaver to them, and there was more whispering. The truth of the matter was—Red Bull had no suspicion of it—that his son was not meant to succeed to the chieftainship. Long Arrow had learned the ways of the pale-faces, he was too much like a pale-face himself, and so it had been settled a week ago that Elk Horn should be chosen chief. He had cunningly sought this honour, with the medicine man to back him up, and he had promised that at some future time he would take the war-path against the white men, and also against the Comanches, who were the foes of the Teton Sioux. Such was the plan, and it was to be kept from the old chief.

"Have my young men heard me," he asked, "or are their ears deaf?"

"We have heard," replied Grey Beaver, "and my answer is like a barb tearing my heart. Red Bull deceives himself. He is very near his end, and should he die in the village the Great Manitou would punish us for letting the law be broken. He must be taken to the Lone Rock before the setting of the sun."

"Long Arrow—my boy!"

The cry burst from Red Bull's lips, wrung from a heart that was tortured by fatherly love. Two big tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks.

"It is well," he said firmly. "I obey my people. And with that he bowed his head and drew his blanket over it."

The council broke up, and the old chief was taken back to his lodge, to wait for his last sad journey. The village rang with wailing and lamentation, and the grief of the Sioux was genuine. They believed that they were doing the right thing, and there was no thought of evil in their hearts, with the exception of Elk Horn and Tonawanda.

The noonday meal was eaten, and early in the afternoon the journey began. A score of chosen warriors, set out with faces painted black. The old chief was carried in a litter, and his white mustang was led behind him. The mournful procession passed out of the village, towards the north, and the sound of weeping, the sobs of the sorrowing Indians who remained, faded into silence.

The distance was between six and seven miles, and it was late in the day when the party reached the Lone Rock, which was a rugged column of granite perched on the crest of a grassy knoll in the middle of a valley. It was a dreary, desolate spot, and a frosty wind was blowing. The setting sun, veiled by gathering clouds, cast an angry red glow on the bare trough of the valley, and on the



Sitting against the Lone Rock, weak though he was, Red Bull made terrible use of his weapons. Strength seemed to have returned to his right arm. One by one, striking right and left with his knife, he kept the wolves at bay.

wooded hills to the right and left. Red Bull spoke but once, and that was when the litter was put down.

"Let me look towards the south," he said.

He wished to gaze in the direction of the village, where for many years he had ruled his people, where Long Arrow would in a few days return to find an empty lodge awaiting him. It was a pathetic request, and it was granted. The old chief was wrapped in blankets, and propped against the base of the rock, facing to the south. He groaned aloud as his white mustang was slain with a knife, so that it might bear him company to the Spirit Land. Beside him were placed his pipe and tobacco-pouch, his tomahawk and spear, a quiver of arrows and an earthen bowl filled with a dark liquor that the medicine man had brewed from his mysterious herbs.

The parting moment had come. One by one the warriors filed by, speaking their last farewell in voices that were husky with emotion. They were gone now, and as they strode across the valley Red Bull watched them wistfully with a look of agony that was too deep for words. A mist dimmed his sight, and when he looked again his companions had vanished in a cleft of the hills. There was only the gloomy sky, and the desolate landscape. He was alone, forsaken, turned out to die in solitude, like a homeless, friendless cur.* Tears gathered in his eyes and rolled faster and faster down his cheeks.

The sun dropped below the horizon, and darkness fell. As the long hours of the night wore on coyotes barked, and a panther screamed afar in the forest, but Red Bull heard nothing, saw nothing; he did not stir, nor did his tortured brain let him sleep. When morning dawned, showing the ground white with frost, he was sitting in the same attitude, with his sad eyes looking to the south. He drew his blanket closer around him, for he was shivering with cold. But strangely enough he did not feel quite so ill as he had been.

He was thirsty, and he reached for the earthen bowl, then remembered that he had knocked it over on the previous evening, when about to take a drink. But what was this? A few yards from the bowl, stretched on the grass, a coyote lay stiff and stark in death. He did not suspect that the animal might have been poisoned by drinking what was left in the vessel, nor did it occur to him that his improvement might be due to the fact that he had not tasted the medicine man's brew. But he certainly felt stronger, though he was still weak and helpless. His head no longer throbbed with pain, and the numbing sense of lassitude was leaving him. A thrill of joy flashed to his heart.

"Perhaps I shall not die," he told himself. "It may be that the Great Manitou is going to make me well again."

But his relief was short-lived. Soon he was wishing, longing for death again, as he remembered that life would mean a burden of disgrace too bitter to be endured. For in the eyes of the tribe, according to the ancient law, Red Bull was already regarded as dead. He would not dare to go back to his people. He knew that they would hoot at him and drive him away, send him forth to wander in shame on the face of the earth. No, he had no right to live.

"I must die," he reflected. "Long Arrow, my beloved son, is now the chief of the Teton Sioux. Let the Great Manitou be merciful, and take me speedily to my fathers in the Spirit Land! Yet, if I could see my boy but once more, if I could feel the touch of his hand—"

The thought was anguish, and he tried not to think. The rising sun warmed his chilled limbs, and presently, crouched against the rock, he sank into a state of drowsiness, from which he was roused by a shrill noise. He opened his eyes, and saw that he was no longer alone. Within a dozen yards of him, ranged in a half circle, fully two score of gaunt, grey timber-wolves were squatted on their haunches. Their heads were lifted, and they were yelping in chorus at the old chief, not knowing if he was dead or alive.

"The Great Manitou has sent them," muttered Red Bull. "He has heard my prayer."

Game having been scarce that autumn, hunger and the frosty weather had no doubt driven the pack down from the northern wilderness. They had discovered the chief as they crossed the valley, and they meant to devour him and the slain mustang, but at first they were timid. For a few moments they continued to howl, and then, growing bolder, they began to slink near. They came to within six yards, and stopped again, showing dripping fangs and evil, flaming eyes.

"They will tear me limb from limb," thought Red Bull, "and my bones will be scattered to the four winds. I shall have no grave to lie in."

He had been resigned to his fate, but now he rebelled against it. The instinct of life was still strong in him, and he shrank from such a horrible death. He looked at the weapons by his side, and tested the power of his arms. He was too weak to make a good fight, and hope turned to despair.

"Be off!" he cried. "Be off with you!"

His voice was hoarse and croaky, and the answering chorus of yells seemed to mock him. The wolves retreated a little, and again and again, as the chief shouted at them, they advanced and fell back. Then hunger got the better of them, and suddenly they came on with a rush. Some pounced upon the dead coyote, some fell upon the carcass of the mustang and began to rend the flesh, while the greater part of the pack, snarling horribly, set at Red Bull.

"Will the Great Manitou leave me to perish?" he cried, forgetting how he had prayed for a speedy end to his misery.

By desperate efforts he kept his assailants off. Sitting against the Lone Rock, weak though he was, Red Bull made terrible use of his weapons. Strength seemed to have returned to his right

* This custom of leaving the aged to die in the wilderness was actually practised by many of the Red Indian tribes.—EDITOR.

arm. One by one, striking right and left with his knife, he kept the wolves at bay. The tomahawk broke off at the head, and he seized his spear. With that he killed two of his foes, and then, as he buried the iron tip between the ribs of another, the wounded animal sprang back and jerked the weapon from his grasp.

Red Bull snatched the bunch of arrows, but they were flimsy things, and of no account. As the wolves closed in he dropped the arrows, and held his blanket before him. It was torn away from him, rent to fragments by foaming jaws, and then, as a snapping, snarling brute leapt at his throat, there was the sharp crack of a rifle, and the wolf rolled over dead.

"I reckon I'm in this fight now!" shouted a hearty voice. "Whoop her up! Give 'em beans, and never say die!"

The speaker was at first invisible, hidden by the angle of the rock. Crack! Crack! And two more wolves fell, in the act of springing upon the chief. The shooting went on rapidly, and the volley from a Winchester rifle was followed by the bark of a revolver. For a few seconds a hail of bullets was poured into the pack, killing many, and then the rest turned tail and fled, howling with disappointment.

As the last of the savage animals scuttled away the rescuer appeared, coming from one side. He was a bronzed, sandy-haired young fellow of twenty or so, in the picturesque attire of the Western cowboy. He stood gazing in astonishment at the old chief, with his smoking weapons in his hands.

"That's the way to settle the pesky critters!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't any too soon, eh? I seen the pack scurryin' about, and I reckoned I might be wanted. You're a Sioux, I take it. Hev you been campin' here for the night?"

The old warrior shook his head. He had exerted himself beyond his strength, and he felt very ill.

"I am Red Bull, the chief of the Teton Sioux," he said in a tone of simple dignity. "Age and sickness came upon me, and I was of no more use to my people, so they brought me here to die."

"The heartless fiends!" cried the cowboy, flushing with anger. "Kicked you out like a dog, did they? I've heard something of that barbarous custom, but I never believed it."

"It is the law of our tribe," Red Bull answered. "Law be hanged! You don't look like a dying redskin. I'm goin' to break that law, chief, as sure as my name's Dosh Brenton."

"I am dead to my warriors, and I can never return to them," replied Red Bull. "I must die, paleface. Leave me in peace, that the Great Manitou may take me to my fathers in the Spirit Land."

"Not much I won't!" vowed Dosh Brenton. "I'm goin' to take you to Bill Carter's ranche, where I belong. I've been lookin' fur a stray horse fur the past two days, and by good luck I found it a bit ago. Then I see the wolves over here, and I thought I'd best tackle them on foot, so I tied both horses yonder in the timber. They ought to carry us to the ranche by sundown, if we cut across the Comanche country, and I reckon there won't be any risk in doin' that."

He glanced doubtfully at the chief, however, knowing that he and the Comanches were old enemies. But Red Bull had not understood. He was weak and faint, too ill to resist when the cowboy lifted him to his feet. Side by side, one leaning heavily on the other, they crept away from the Lone Rock, crossing the sunlit valley towards the wooded hills.

The 3rd Chapter.

Long Arrow's Return—Following the Trail.

ABOUT the middle of the morning, on the day after Red Bull had been taken to the Lone Rock to die, the stage-coach from Dry Fork drew up by the big gates of Fort Cheyenne, and the one passenger that it carried jumped to the ground. That passenger was Long Arrow. He had stopped at the Carlisle Indian School long enough to win the football match for his team, and then, troubled by vague fears, remembering the Badger's warning, he had insisted on returning to his Western home with all speed.

Several officers and soldiers had seen the coach arrive, and among them was Colonel Remsen. He drew the Indian lad aside.

"How's this?" he asked. "I didn't expect you for another week."

"I wanted to be back among my people," said Long Arrow. "I have been worried about my father, fearing that he might be ill."

"That's queer," muttered the colonel. "You had better hurry on to the reservation," he added.

"Why?" demanded the lad. "Is there anything wrong? What have you heard?"

"Well, the fact is that one of our scouts was over by your village yesterday," Colonel Remsen replied reluctantly, "and when he returned last night he reported that he had heard a lot of wailing and mourning, and that he had seen a couple of warriors who were painted black—"

"My father!" gasped Long Arrow. "He must be dead!"

The next instant the officer was alone. Long Arrow was running towards the stables, and not two minutes later, astride of his black mustang, he dashed across the parade-ground, heading North.

"It would be a pity if Red Bull is dead," reflected Colonel Remsen. "The lad is sure to succeed him, however, and he will hold the tribe in the ways of peace. I'll let matters take their own course."

Long Arrow, already a quarter of a mile from the fort, was vanishing in a cloud of dust kicked up from the dry ground. He never forgot that

ride, every minute of which was fraught with torture and anxiety, with alternate hopes and fears. On and on he galloped, feeling as if his steed was shod with lead—as if it was crawling. For mile after mile he swept over the plain in the chill October air, and it was late in the afternoon when he entered the pass that wound up among the hills and caught the wind-blown scent of the camp-fires of his people.

Another mile brought him to the village, and directly he was seen, there was a swelling clamour of surprise. The warriors flocked from all sides, with consternation stamped on their faces, as Long Arrow rode like a whirlwind through the teepees, not drawing rein until he reached his father's lodge. The skin flaps were closed, and he was afraid to dismount and open them, dreading what he might see within. He turned to the encircling crowd, on whom an ominous hush of silence had now fallen.

"My father?" he asked huskily. "Where is he? Why does he not come to greet me?"

Grey Beaver stepped forward, grave and sad.

"Red Bull is no longer with us," he said. "After your departure, old age laid a heavy hand upon him, and he became very ill, even to death. So we held a council to decide what should be done with him, and yesterday, in accordance with our ancient custom, we carried him to the Lone Rock and left him there, that he might die peacefully in the presence of the Great Manitou."

"You did this evil thing?" cried Long Arrow in grief and rage. "You flung your chief aside—turned him out to die as you would abandon a crippled horse?"

"It is the law—the sacred law of our tribe," put in Tonawanda, the medicine-man. "The palefaces have made Long Arrow to think as they do."

"It is a wicked law, and it is not sacred," declared Long Arrow. "You should not have done this had I been here! You are worse than the wolves that devour their own kind. If my father is dead, the Great Manitou will punish you; but he may be still alive. Come, we will bring him back to the village, that he may spend his last hours in peace and happiness!"

"It is impossible!" said Grey Beaver. "Red Bull is dead to us. Let Long Arrow be wise."

"Obey me!" the lad shouted fiercely. "Am I not your chief, since I am my father's son?"

A mocking laugh answered him, and with that, as the flaps of the old chief's lodge were thrown open, forth stepped Elk Horn.

"How dare you?" exclaimed Long Arrow. "What right had you in there—in my lodge?"

"It is my lodge," calmly replied Elk Horn. "Red Bull has departed to the Spirit Land; and I am the chief of the Teton Sioux."

Long Arrow swayed in the saddle, and set his teeth hard. He glanced at the bronze faces, and read the worst.

"Is this true?" he demanded.

"It is true," said Grey Beaver. "You are welcome to remain among us, but you cannot be our chief. You have dwelt much with the palefaces; and they have made your heart like that of a squaw, so that you have no love for war. Therefore, we have chosen Elk Horn to rule over us, because he is a great warrior, and will gladly lead us against the paleface soldiers should we ever wish to take the war-path."

Loud murmurs of assent followed Grey Beaver's words; and Long Arrow could scarcely restrain his passion as he looked at the evil, smiling face of Elk Horn.

"Where is the Badger?" he asked, striving to be cool. "I do not see him here."

"We do not know," said Grey Beaver. "He went on a hunting-trip two days ago, and he has not returned."

The lad pondered for a moment. Suspicion had flashed to his mind as he recalled the Badger's promise to keep watch, but he could not conceive of any worse treachery than had been already admitted.

"Will not my brother dismount?" said Elk Horn. "A lodge awaits him, if he would rest after his journey."

"I will not rest," cried Long Arrow, his eyes blazing with wrath. "I go now to the Lone Rock, to seek for my father. If he is alive, I will bring him back to you, back to his own lodge; and if the Great Manitou lets him get well, he shall rule over you again. If I find him dead, then I will have my rights! I will yet be your chief, and then I will punish my enemies! I have spoken."

"Dog of a liar, it shall never be!" yelled Elk Horn.

"Stop him!" urged the medicine-man. "Do not let him go!"

But the Sioux, who had no idea how they had been deceived, both respected and pitied the son of their old chief. Nor did they fear his boastful words. They curiously rebuked Elk Horn and Tonawanda, who suddenly lowered the weapons that they had raised. And then, kicking his mustang in the flanks, Long Arrow rode through the parting throng and out of the village. The clamour faded behind him as he pressed on to the North, urging his steed as fast as it could gallop.

The sun was low in the sky—within an hour of setting—when Long Arrow rode up to the Lone Rock and swung from the saddle. As he drew near he had seen the grey, motionless forms on the grass. He had shouted, but no voice had answered him. For a time, with a swelling heart and tears in his eyes, he gazed at the dread signs—at the broken tomahawk and the trampled arrows, the blanket torn to shreds, the slain bodies of the wolves that were scattered about, stiff and stark. But there was nothing else. No bones had been left by the hungry pack, and this puzzled the lad. He observed that most of the wolves had been shot, and when he had picked up a couple of empty cartridge-shells a ray of hope cheered him.

He searched here and there, and soon found the footprints of two persons. He studied them closely, and his knowledge of scouting told him that they had been made soon after sunrise.

"One was a paleface," he said to himself, "and the other was my father. This morning the paleface saved my father from the wolves, and then led him away."

That Red Bull had been able to walk was another cheering sign. Leading his mustang, Long Arrow tracked the footprints across the valley, and in the timber he discovered where two horses had been tied. The print of hoofs was plain, and they guided him up the hill to the north, and down again to the rolling prairie. He mounted and rode on for several miles, along the path that he knew his father and the paleface had taken, until it was too dark for him to see. Then he tethered his steed, made a pillow of his saddle, and presently fell asleep, wrapped in his blanket.

At the first flush of dawn Long Arrow was on the way again. He had an army revolver and plenty of cartridges, but he did not expect that he would have need of a weapon. He had no food, and he had eaten nothing since the previous day, but he bore the pangs of hunger bravely as he followed the trail westward for hour after hour, until late in the afternoon, when he discovered with a sense of uneasiness that he was within the borders of the Comanche reservation.

He went on for another mile, then suddenly drew rein and dismounted at a bushy spot, close to a trickling stream. Here the marshy ground had been trampled by moccasined feet, and within a few yards, behind the dense cover of pine-trees, a number of horses had been obviously concealed. The signs were so clear that a child could almost have read them. A band of Indians, lying in ambush, had leapt out from the thickets, seized Red Bull and his paleface companion, and carried them off. Long Arrow felt sick with horror, for he knew what this meant.

"The Comanches have got them, and they will show no mercy," he told himself. "They have hated my father for many years, and they will put him to death by torture. And they will kill the paleface as well, so that he will never be able to tell the soldiers what they have done."

The lad was alone, in a hostile country, but he did not hesitate. Time was precious, and he was more than sixty miles from Fort Cheyenne. No aid from there. He looked to the chambers of his revolver, swung to the saddle, and set off along the trail.

The 4th Chapter.

The Rescue of the Prisoners—How the Comanches were Baffled.

THE sun had long since set, and the dark night had fallen. A bitter wind was blowing through the deep hills that shut in Buffalo Cañon, which was a narrow valley less than two hundred yards in width, partly wooded and partly strewn with rocks and bushes, and stunted timber. Long Arrow, riding at a walk over a swell of ground, caught a glimpse of a ruddy light that vanished as quickly as it was seen. In a trice he was out of the saddle, and a moment later, having tied his mustang in a clump of saplings, he was pushing ahead on foot.

For a quarter of a mile he threaded his way in the darkness among the bushes and rocks. He advanced slowly and warily, pausing now and then to listen, and at length he stopped by a large boulder. Close in front was a dense mass of trees reaching from side to side of the valley, and through the network of trunks he could see the fitful gleam of a camp fire. From a distance vague sounds floated to his ears, the echo of guttural voices, the muffled patter of hoofs, and an occasional whinny.

There was no Comanche village within a dozen miles, but the situation was nevertheless perfectly plain to the young Sioux. The band of redskins had been hunting, and after capturing Red Bull and the paleface, they had brought them to this remote spot, to Buffalo Cañon, that they might put them to death leisurely, and without fear of having their sport interrupted by the wiser warriors of the tribe, who would at least have insisted that the white man should be spared.

"My father and the paleface have not been harmed yet," reflected Long Arrow. "But I must get them safely away before morning, or they will surely be tortured and burnt at the stake."

To attempt to rescue two prisoners single-handed from not less than a score of Indians would seem to be a mad and impossible task. But the lad was hopeful of finding a way, and he vowed that he would either succeed or perish. In that temper he went on again, stealing from bush to bush until he was close to the verge of the trees, and then, without warning, a squatting sentry sprang to his feet and faced the young Sioux. A raised tomahawk gleamed in his hand, but before he could strike, before he could utter the startled cry that rose to his lips, the butt of a revolver, wielded by Long Arrow, descended on his skull. With a stifled groan the Comanche pitched forward, toppling to the ground like a log. For half a minute Long Arrow listened, his heart thumping with excitement, and as the silence continued, as no alarm was raised, he bent over the body of his victim, who was apparently dead. Then he straightened up, and with that a hand touched his shoulder.

"What is this, Lone Eagle?" asked a guttural voice. "Have you slain a skulking foe? Can it be a Sioux?"

Long Arrow's nerves were like steel. He was quick to perceive the mistake that had been made, and as quickly he answered, playing his part.

"It is a dog of a Sioux," he said in a low tone. "He was creeping towards the camp, and I waited until he was within reach."

"You have done well," was the reply. "The Teton have been on our trail, and they know I will send some of my young men down the valley to scout."

Some of his young men? The truth flashed upon Long Arrow, and with it came a cunning, daring inspiration. He knew that the speaker could be no other than Yellow Bear, the young chief of the Comanches. His fingers tightened on his weapon. He turned swiftly, threw up his arm, and struck like lightning. Yellow Bear, hit between the eyes by the butt of the revolver, had no time to open his mouth. He reeled and fell, sprawling headlong across the body of the sentry.

Again Long Arrow listened, and again the silence was unbroken. He was not bloodthirsty, but he felt no regret for what he had done, since he had struck down both victims to save his life, and to open a possible way for the rescue of his father and the paleface. It was too dark to see anything clearly, but the identity of the young chief was fully proved by his bonnet of eagle feathers, which no ordinary warrior would wear. "I will do it," vowed Eagle Arrow, thinking of the plan he had formed. "It is the only chance."

He was about the same build as the Comanche chief, and but a year or so younger. He transferred the plumed bonnet to his own head, wrapped himself in Yellow Bear's gaudy blanket, and then dragged the two limp redskins—he believed that he had killed them both—into a clump of bushes.

He was now ready for his daring venture, which called for unflinching nerve and courage. He strode noiselessly forward, as if he feared nothing, and when he had penetrated a short distance into the wood he found a drove of hobbled mustangs that were nipping the short grass. He crept through them, went on for another twenty yards, and stopped, hidden by the darkness and by a fringe of thickets.

He had reached the verge of the enemy's camp, and what he saw there, close in front of him, roused both pity and anger. He was looking into a round, grassy glade, overhung by masses of foliage. At one side of it was a single lodge of painted skins, and at the other side, near a bark fire that had fortunately burnt low, were squatted a score of Comanches, some smoking silently, and others talking in low tones. In the middle of the glade, between the fire and the lodge, was the trunk of a dead pine-tree, and tied back to back to this, bound with many coils of rawhide, were the two prisoners. The paleface seemed to be half asleep, for his head drooped on his chest; but Red Bull's eyes were open, and from his defiant, upright attitude it was hard to believe that he could be seriously ill.

"That is the lodge of Yellow Bear," Long Arrow told himself. "It is waiting for his return, and it shall not be long empty."

His reckless purpose did not falter, though he knew he would be taking his life in his hands. He hesitated for a moment, while his gaze swept the scene, and then he stepped boldly through the bushes into the camp. He was wrapped in his blanket, and the glow of the fire was too dim to cast any light on his features. With a firm stride he walked straight to the lodge, entered and seated himself on the buffalo-robe that was spread on the ground. The warriors had barely glanced at him, and none had spoken. It was a simple incident to them. Their haughty young chief had returned to his lodge, after giving the sentry instructions for the night.

The trick had succeeded by sheer audacity, and so far all was well. As Long Arrow squatted on the robe, in the deep shadow within the lodge, he could see his father's proud profile etched against the gleam of the fire. For a time he listened to scraps of guttural conversation, which confirmed his fear that the two prisoners were to be put to the torture in the morning, and then he began to grow uneasy, realizing that the situation was critical.

"When the Comanches are asleep," he reflected, "it will be easy to cut my father and the paleface from the tree. Then we will make a dash, seize three mustangs, stampede the rest, and ride away. But meanwhile, should the guard be changed, the bodies of Yellow Bear and of Lone Eagle the sentry, will be discovered. And they may not be dead, though I struck them hard. One of them may come to his senses, and raise an alarm."

It was an awkward dilemma, and the young Sioux could see no way out of it. He did not know what to do. There was grave risk in delay, yet how could he hope to release the captives while the warriors were alert and awake? For some minutes he sat brooding over the problem, and then it was solved by the very thing that he had dreaded. A piercing yell suddenly rang from a distance, and another and another followed. Either Yellow Bear or Lone Eagle had recovered consciousness, and was giving the alarm.

At once every Comanche sprang to his feet, weapon in hand, and just as quickly Long Arrow perceived the opportunity that was thrust upon him. In a trice he was out of the lodge, his face averted from the fire-glow as he pointed down the valley.

"The dogs of Sioux are here!" he cried. "They have followed our trail, and they would rescue their chief! Come, let us drive them off!"

Bloodthirsty whoops answered him, and he led the rush. At the head of the screeching warriors he dashed away, but he was no sooner in the thick darkness of the trees, where he could not be seen, than he sped to one side and dropped in the bushes. The Comanches hurried by him, eager to attack the supposed foe, and directly they had passed he jumped up and darted back.

In his haste Long Arrow now made a blunder, for when he ran blindly into the camp, expecting to find it empty, he perceived two warriors who had remained behind to guard the prisoners. With angry yells they instantly drew their tomahawks and leapt at the lad, seeing that he

was not Yellow Bear, though he wore the young chief's plumed bonnet.

There was only one thing to be done, and Long Arrow did it promptly. Out came his revolver, and bang! bang! went two chambers of the weapon. Both Comanches fell. The lad snatched a knife from one of the fallen, and then, dashing to the tree, he slashed with rapid strokes at the ropes that bound the captives. In a few seconds they were free, and Red Bull was in Long Arrow's arms.

"My son, my son!" he cried. "Surely the Great Manitou sent you!"

"Redskin, you're a brick!" exclaimed Dosh Brenton. "You played that game mighty well! But I reckon we'd better be lighting out of here!"

He was right. The pistol-shots had been heard by the Comanches, and the swelling clamour told that they were already returning. Long Arrow at once emptied the remaining four chambers of his revolver in the direction of the mustangs—he knew that there was no time to seize any of them—and at least one bullet did not miss. There was a scream of equine agony, then a heavy fall, and from the noise that followed, by the squealing and kicking and drumming patter of hoofs, it was evident that the whole drove had taken fright, and stampeded down the canyon.

"Come!" bade Red Bull. "I can travel fast, my son, for I am no longer ill. The Great Manitou has given me my strength back."

The next instant they were in hot flight, tearing side by side up the valley, with the shrill tumult ringing in their ears. Presently there was silence behind them—it was an ominous sign—and for a mile they heard nothing as they sped on among the rocks and thickets. Then the canyon grew much narrower, and the ground became more open, covered with grass and sagebrush that had been parched to tinder by the

soon. They wheeled round, whooping with rage, and rode back for their lives towards the camp that they would have to abandon.

"We are safe," said Long Arrow, "unless they ride around to cut us off."

"Not much fear of their doing that," declared Dosh Brenton.

And so it proved. The fugitives went on for a couple of miles, and, on the following day, fell in with a party of men who had set out from Carter's ranch to look for Dosh Brenton. And by then, having learned all that had happened, Red Bull was in no further mind to go to the spirit land.

"The Great Manitou does not wish me to die," he said, "for he has made me well. Therefore, I will return to my people, and my wrath shall fall heavy upon them because they have chosen Elk Horn to rule them instead of my son."

The 5th Chapter.

Elk Horn's Insolence—The Return of the Badger.

IT was the middle of the afternoon, and since early morning there had been dancing and feasting on the grassy meadow that adjoined the village of the Teton Sioux. The fires had burnt low, the masks had been flung aside, and the venison and succotash had all been eaten. The king is dead; long live the king! In that spirit the warriors had made merry, forgetting the old chief whom they had cast out to die like a dog; and now, well-fed and content, they were listening to a speech from Elk Horn, who stood on the crest of a little knoll, with the royal plume of eagle-feathers nodding in his scalplock.

"Let the young men hear my words," he said loudly. "You have done well to choose

he opened his lips before the words would come.

"Red Bull is a ghost," he said; "and ghosts should not return from the spirit land to speak to living men. He was taken to the Lone Rock to die, and by the law of the tribe he is now dead."

"It is well," croaked the medicine-man. "Red Bull is dead. It is his spirit that we hear."

"Answer me!" thundered the old chief, shaking his fist at Elk Horn. "Why have you slept in my lodge? Why are you wearing the eagle-feathers that are mine?"

"They are no longer yours," Elk Horn replied insolently, with increasing courage. "The young men are wise; and the Great Manitou whispered to them that Long Arrow would never be a great warrior—that he would never lead them on the war-path. Therefore, they chose me for their chief, because I am not a cur that bows to the yoke of the palefaces." He turned, stretching out his arms. "I have spoken," he added. "Let my people judge. Will you have me to rule you, or will you have the ghost of Red Bull that comes from the grave to mock us?"

There was a deep pause, broken by a murmur that rose to a low, ominous tumult, as voice after voice broke in. The advantage was with Elk Horn. The noise swelled louder, and the old chief and his son, sitting quiet on their steeds, knew that their errand was in vain—knew that in another moment they would be driven away with blows and jeers, banished for ever from their people.

But it was not to be, as it happened. As the crisis was reached, as the first threatening move began, a new arrival appeared on the scene, elbowing his way through the crowd.

It was the Badger, and all stared at him in astonishment, as well they might, for he was caked with earth, one arm was hung in a rude sling of bark, and his head was wrapped in bandages of wild-botton tied with grapevine.

"Where have you been?" exclaimed Long Arrow.

The Badger pointed to Elk Horn, and then to Tonawanda.

"They tried to murder me—those two!" he replied; "but the Great Manitou spared my life."

"It is false!" cried Elk Horn, whose face was grey with fear.

"The dog lies for some evil purpose!" vowed the medicine-man.

"I do not lie!" the Badger said fiercely. "Let the young men hear the truth. Five nights ago, when I was watching Tonawanda in his lodge, I was stunned by a cowardly blow from behind. When I recovered my senses, a gag was in my mouth, and I was in the grasp of Elk Horn and the medicine-man, who were dragging me through the hills. They carried me to the edge of the Black Pit, and hurled me down to perish on the rocks below. But I fell upon a ledge, and there I lay until the Great Manitou gave me strength to climb to the top, and to return to the village to punish the guilty ones as they deserve."

"It is a strange tale," said Grey Beaver, with a suspicious glance at the two accused warriors. "Why should they have sought to kill you?"

"I will tell you," replied the Badger—"I will tell you why I set a watch on Tonawanda. I have known for a long time that Elk Horn wished to be our chief; and that the medicine-man was plotting with him to accomplish his wicked purpose. My ears were open, and I heard much, but I did not speak. Many nights I have watched in vain, but that one night, when I peered into Tonawanda's lodge, I beheld a terrible thing. The medicine-man was mixing a drink of herbs for Red Bull, and I saw him stir into it the poison berries of the sumac-plant. That is the truth—I swear it! Red Bull's sickness was not a natural one sent by the Great Manitou; he was purposely made ill by his enemies. It was the slow poison of the sumac, given him daily by Tonawanda, that dimmed his eyes, and took the strength from his limbs, and laid him low. I have spoken, and my tongue is not false. Now you know why I was dragged to the Black Pit—"

A frenzied clamour drowned the Badger's voice. His story was believed; none could doubt it, for if ever there was convincing proof of guilt, it was seen in the livid, ghastly faces of Elk Horn and Tonawanda, who were dumb with horror and fear. They would have fled had it been possible, but there was no chance of escape, no mercy for them.

"Spare them!" shouted Red Bull. "Let them be tried in council!"

The appeal was vain. There was a rush from all sides, the flash of scores of weapons, and with mad howls and yells of rage the warriors flung themselves upon the two trembling, raving poisoners. It was quickly over. Knives and tomahawks struck home, and when the crowd fell back, the bodies of Elk Horn and the medicine-man lay on the sword of Elk Horn and who can say that they did not deserve their fate?

Grey Beaver knelt humbly before the old chief and his son.

"Let Red Bull forgive his young men," he pleaded. "They were deceived by lies, and they knew not what they did. Their hearts are heavy with sorrow and fear."

"It is well," replied the chief. "Your eyes have been opened to your folly; and my wrath has died within me. It shall be peace with all."

Thus the guilty plotters were punished; and Long Arrow's devotion and bravery brought their reward; and Red Bull came into his own again, back from the grave. A few days later, in solemn council and after much discussion, it was agreed that the ancient and barbarous law should cease to exist. So when the old chief hears the call to his fathers in the spirit land, his last hours will be spent in the comfort of his lodge, and not in the desolate shadow of the Lone Rock.

THE END.

(Next week's issue will contain a splendid long, complete tale by John E. Finmore, entitled "Plantation Perils.")



Dashing to the tree, the young redskin slashed with rapid strokes at the ropes that bound the captives. In a few seconds they were free, and Red Bull was in Long Arrow's arms.

long spell of dry weather. And now in the distance was heard the muffled galloping of horses.

"Here the varmints come, hickety split!" declared Dosh Brenton. "They've been busy catchin' the mustangs while we were hoofin' it. I reckon they've got us, fur the cliffs yonder are too steep to be climbed."

"If we must die, let it be like warriors," said Red Bull. "We will fight to the last!"

"We are not going to die, father, nor will there be any need to fight," cried Long Arrow, who had seen what a fine chance there was of outwitting the pursuers. "The wind is blowing straight down the valley, and the grass is parched. We will set fire to it."

"By ginger, that's the stuff!" exclaimed Dosh Brenton.

He had plenty of matches with him, and so had Long Arrow, as it happened. A moment later half a dozen little fires had been started, and Brenton and the lad, and Red Bull as well, with a bunch of blazing grass in his hand, were hurrying across the narrow valley, applying their torches as they ran. The strong breeze did the rest, and did it quickly. The flames spread with giant strides through the dry grass and sagebrush, leaping together, and as the ruddy light streamed higher and farther, it showed the band of Comanches approaching at full speed, urging their ponies to a gallop.

But they were too late, cut off from the fugitives by a barrier that could not be passed, for now the whole bottom of the valley was one crimson blaze, and from wall to wall was a roaring, crackling sheet of flame, fanned and driven by the wind. The baffled redskins stopped, and none too

me for your chief, for Red Bull was old and feeble; and Long Arrow had the heart of a squaw. I am young and strong, and I do not forget those who have injured us. Ere many moons have passed we will hang Comanche scalps in our lodges, and some day, unless the palefaces give us more land and let us roam where we please, I will lead you on the war-path against them. We have too long endured their—"

A sudden commotion interrupted the speech. It swelled to loud murmurs, and then died slowly away, as two warriors, mounted on black horses, rode through the parting throng and drew rein by the knoll.

The Sioux were struck dumb and breathless, and for a moment there was silence, while the old chief scanned the bronzed and startled faces that shrank from his look. Elk Horn, pale and shaking, shot a terrified glance at Tonawanda, the medicine-man.

"Behold!" exclaimed Long Arrow. "I have brought my father back!"

"I am here," said Red Bull. "You cast me out, and left me at the Lone Rock to die, but the Great Manitou made me well again, and I have come back to you. But I do not read a welcome in your eyes. I hear that strange things have happened while I was away, and I do not understand them. Was not my son Long Arrow your rightful chief? Why, then, did you spurn his claim, and choose Elk Horn to rule over you? Why is this?"

"Speak!" urged Long Arrow. "My father's ears are open!"

But only Elk Horn could find voice, and twice

THE CHOICE OF POSITION.

A CRICKET ARTICLE BY
ROBERT ABEL.

AS a coach, what impresses me very much about cricket is that when the time comes for fielding a great many young fellows say to me, "Where shall I go?" and unless they be bowler or wicket-keeper they are, unfortunately, quite content to go where they are told, and take it very much as a matter of course.

Some years ago it was a matter of great anxiety, so far as the captain was concerned, as to where he should put his men; but to-day, I am afraid, things are changed—not for the better. A captain sets, and rightly so, great value on a dashing bat and a good bowler, and often neglects the field. But you cannot win matches without good fielding, and a matter of very great importance is the place the cricketer should occupy.

The Slip.

Although for seventeen years my position in the Surrey team was that of slip, yet my choice would have been cover-point, extra-cover, or mid-off, for the simple reason that this place offers so many opportunities for proving one's prowess. The slip is, of course, near the wicket, and the fieldsman has to stop balls and throw them in smartly. It is difficult to tell the exact distance that you should stand out, and the state of the ground will have a very great deal to do with this. When the ground is hard, stand well out, for the simple reason that the ball will come to you easily; but if the ground or the wicket is bad, or is soaked after a great deal of rain, stand close in.

If you are fielding at mid-off or cover-point, and know what it is to be able to start at once in pursuit of the leather, you have many opportunities of running a man out. Take, for example, Sydney Gregory, the Australian, G. L. Jessop, and some others. When a new player comes in they stand a little further out, and the striker then perhaps thinks they are somewhat fresh, and do not know their work. The bowler takes in the situation at a glance.

THE LIFE AND DUTIES OF A SHIP'S STEWARD.

By "One Who Has Been to Sea."

Qualifications.

MANY boys have a quite natural and healthy desire to go to sea, so that a few particulars on a calling which attracts many lads may appeal to BOYS' HERALD readers. I refer to that of a ship's steward.

The applicant for this post must, of course, be of sound and strong constitution, and without physical defects, and must be prepared to encounter plenty of hard work. With regard to the average rate of pay, the novice must not expect more than about 30s. to £2 per month for his first trip. After about two voyages this is raised to £3 a month. Then

the general scale of wages

is, roughly, as follows: Second waiter, £3 10s.; head waiter, £6; second steward, £6; store-keeper, £6 to £8; pantryman, £6; deck and smoke-room stewards, £4 to £5; chief steward, £8 to £14 per month. A purser's clerk gets from £4 to £6. Those who desire a post as purser's clerk will find it advisable, if not necessary, to make a few trips as an ordinary steward before applying for it, as it is essential that the applicant should have some seafaring experience. He should also possess a fair knowledge of bookkeeping and accounts.

There are, of course, other branches which offer an opening to those who may have any special knowledge; for instance, the writer was ship's dispenser and hospital steward on a certain line of mail boats. The wages varied from £3 10s. to £5 per month.

The only expense

that is absolutely necessary is that of uniform and this is supplied at cost price by the company and usually deducted from the first month's wages. The work of the general steward—rated as G. S.—is not so hard as might be supposed. The "boys," as they are called, turn out at 5 a.m.; half an hour is allowed for hot coffee and bread-and-butter, and at 5.30 they "turn to." The saloon stewards sweep and dust the saloon, clean the brass-work, and "lay-up" for breakfast. The bed-room stewards scrub their alleyways, clean the brass, and do as much as possible before the passengers leave their rooms. Breakfast is usually served at 8.30.

The saloon men,

of course, do the waiting, each man having about five passengers—whom he calls "bloods"—to look after. The number assigned to him varies according to circumstances. The bed-room stewards assist in the pantry, help carve, &c. Immediately after the meal is over in the saloon, and the tables are cleared, the boys

A Trap for the Unwary.

The bowler sends down a medium-pace ball, and it is hit to cover-point, who goes slowly after it, and then the batsman, thinking to steal a short run, calls to his partner to "come on," and they start. Perhaps the partner hesitates, and cover-point, who has been moving slowly, but all the time on his toes, displays a startling agility, picks up the ball, tosses it to the wicket-keeper, and gets the man out.

Gregory has often done this, and men who did not know of the reputation the little fellow had felt "sold" as they marched back from the wicket.

Mid-off has even more opportunities. The batsman is able to see him quite plainly. When the ball is picked up by mid-off, he has only to throw it in straight, but he must be sure he can do this. It looks far easier than it is.

It is important to remember that the captain is perfectly within his rights in placing the men in the position he likes, and in the one that he thinks will be best suited to them.

Every wise captain will, of course, place a man in the position that he is suited for, because it will be to the advantage of the side, as well as to the player himself.

At Lord's I saw a wicket-keeper injured, and a gentleman who was fielding at mid-off had to take his place. He accepted the duty cheerfully, and certainly tried to do his best. Every lad should be prepared to do this. I have said I had to take a place, but very often not the one I liked. It has been said that if you are used to fielding near the wicket you cannot go anywhere else. What I think is this. If you are accustomed to

stand close in,

you find it very difficult to go to one of the places in what is called the "country," by which is meant long-on or long-off. But there are opportunities for some beautiful work if you have the necessary qualifications. In the long-field you must have nerve, good sight, and be able to throw well.

Now, as to fielding in the slips. You must know where and how to stand. If short-slip stands too wide and near, he gets a catch which comes faster than he expects to his left hand, and he may miss it. Short-slip must be all attention. Only a bad slip will stand with legs apart and his hands by his side. A good slip will have his knees bent, after the fashion of a wicket-keeper, and his hands close together.

have their breakfast, and then do the "strap-up" (washing-up).

For this purpose they divide into "gangs," there being the crockery gang, the glass gang, and the plate gang.

This over, the bed-room stewards clean out their rooms, make the beds, clean the ports, fill up tanks, &c. The saloon and other stewards clean the plated work, wash paint-work, and dust, &c., ready for inspection, which usually takes place about eleven. The captain, doctor, and chief steward go round and inspect the cabins, saloons, galley, pantries, &c., and woe to the steward whose brass or paint work is dirty. From 11.30 to 12 there is generally time to go below and have a smoke, and at 12 the table is laid for lunch, when most of the stewards "pass in" (carry the food from the galley to the pantry). After this they have dinner and "strap up." Those who are not

the afternoon watch

then go below to the "glory hole"—steward's-room—till about 6. The watch "run" the tea-biscuits, cake, and bread-and-butter, and tea. At 6 preparations are made for dinner, and this, with the final clear up, concludes the day's work, except the watch, who are relieved by the night watchman at 11, who is on duty till 6 the next morning.

The watches are, of course, arranged in turns, and those who have misbehaved themselves or whose work was unsatisfactory, usually find themselves down for double watches. The work of the engineers' stewards is very much the same, except that it is more free and easy than the saloon work, though the hours are sometimes longer. As a rule, they take no watches. Most vessels have

fire and boat drill

on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning there is a general muster of all hands, except those on duty below. They are "lined-up" on the promenade deck, and inspection takes place by the captain, chief officer, doctor, and chief steward.

From "tips" the steward derives his real income, and many people would be astonished if they knew to what they sometimes amounted. To the young fellow who keeps his eyes open, there are several ways of making a little extra money, as, for instance, in the Eastern Chinese, and West Indian ports, curiosities can be bought very cheaply, and when brought back to England fetch a very good price.

To refer back to the question of the best means of obtaining a berth, let the aspirant beware of nautical employment bureaux and such like. The most satisfactory way is to write to any of the well-known shipping companies for an application form, wherein will be found all the requirements and particulars. Those who live in, or near, seaport towns, are advised to go on board any ship that may be paying off and ask to see the chief steward, (called the "boy"). If the ship has been on a long voyage there are usually one or two vacancies, and if the applicant satisfies the chief that he is prepared to do his best and not "stiff"—shirk—he will not have much difficulty in getting on.

EX-STEWARD.

"Honesty Wins."

A Great New Story of Human Life. Sequel to "Always Honest."

By HAMILTON EDWARDS (YOUR EDITOR) AND ALLAN BLAIR.

The Following Play Leading Parts in this Great Story of Real Life:

BOB WELFORD	A poor but honest lad who has been robbed of a fortune legally his.
Ex-P.c. CAVE	
Rev. ARNOLD VERNEY	Bob's friends
Mr. BERNHEIM	
THE VAMPIRE	
RUDFORD	The leaders of a gang engaged in victimising Walt Dyson.
MARTIN CRANE	
Sir SETON RENFREW	
WALT DYSON	A one-time friend of Bob's, who has been substituted for him as heir to the Dyson fortune.

In Which we Learn of an Interview Between the Vampire and Those he had Wronged, and of the Carrying out of the Sentence of the Law.

OF the justice of Bob Welford's claim to the Dyson fortune Bob's friends had long been convinced; but there were many links missing still in the long chain of proof required by the laws of England and New Zealand. Chief among the things which threatened to prolong the legal proceedings and to retard a just and final settlement of the whole complicated business were the inability to discover the documents held at different times respectively by Samuel Bellersby and Martin Crane, and the altogether inexplicable disappearance of the wrongful heir, the so-called Walt Dyson.

What had become of the documents was at present unknown, though the police shrewdly and correctly guessed that the Vampire could, if he liked, throw some light on the matter.

The most puzzling thing of all was the whereabouts of Walt Dyson. Since his disappearance that night from the company of Foxy Pike and Grandfather Butterworth, no trace of him had been discovered.

The days and weeks moved on, and the witnesses to the will arrived from New Zealand. With them they brought photographs of the deceased Henry Dyson, and documentary, as well as verbal, evidence which certainly went some way towards proving that Bob Welford was actually the rightful heir.

Thanks to the unremitting efforts of the police, another and very important witness was forthcoming. Bartholomew Deeks, the erstwhile proprietor of the Lavender Lane doss-house, submitting to pressure brought to bear upon him, came forward at last with some most valuable information, which finally established the great fraud that had been perpetrated by Martin Crane.

Deeks's story went back to a time preceding the death of Mother Gurdle. He told how Crane—then an occasional lodger at the doss-house—had come to him one night with a startling proposal. The ex-lawyer had produced documents bearing on his executorship of the Dyson property and his trusteeship of the heir. He had explained that that heir was one of the two boys residing with Mother Gurdle at that very time, in that very house.

Gradually Crane had unfolded to Deeks a scheme he had formulated to substitute a wrongful for a rightful heir. This he had done because, for his purposes of misappropriation, Walt, as the less scrupulous and intelligent of the two boys, was likely to prove a more pliable and amenable subject than Bob.

But in order to safeguard himself to some extent, it was necessary to persuade Mother Gurdle, who alone was fully aware of the real identity of the two boys, to swear that Walt and not Bob was the child committed to her charge by Henry Dyson years before.

Such a statement from Mother Gurdle had been duly procured from the old woman, and witnessed by Bartholomew Deeks and his wife. But though Deeks might have concealed the information, he made no secret of the fact that he was well aware—from Crane's own lips—that Bob was in truth the heir to the property.

So one by one the links in the chain of proof were being forged. Others were yet wanted, but they, too, were in time to be forthcoming.

The end was approaching. The law had taken its course. Rudford and the Vampire had stood their trial at the Old Bailey, and they had been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. No need to reproduce the comments of the grave and learned judge as, in a masterly review of the charges after the verdict had been given, he urged the prisoners to use the rest of the time remaining to them on earth in making their peace with God.

That was all over, the trial, the verdict, and the sentence. And now, in two condemned cells in Newgate, the guilty men awaited the punishment they had so richly merited.

Even now that their days were numbered, and time was gliding past them swiftly, the difference in the demeanour of the Vampire and Rudford was most marked. Rudford remained gloomy and sullen, never complaining of his lot, rarely uttering a word, and awaiting his end with a courage and resignation worthy of a spirit and character far higher than his.

With the Vampire it was different. At frequent intervals his cell would echo with loud and bitter lamentations, with railing and curses against everything and everybody in the world; with weeping, not of sorrow or repentance, but of chagrin and anger at his lot, and violent hatred against those who had brought him to his present pass.

Warders and other prison officials, with wide experience of every class of criminal, spoke of him as the most wicked and depraved man with whom they had ever had to deal.

Yet the Vampire was not violent all the time. His cunning remained with him even in this evil and desperate hour, and when the Jewish priest who was specially sent to him, came with kind and gentle inquiries regarding the welfare of his soul, the Vampire would cringe and fawn and play the hypocrite so well as to make the good priest believe him almost incapable of the wicked deeds ascribed to him.

Yet it was all hypocrisy, as those who remained and watched beside him at other times could testify. If the Vampire offered up any prayers, it was to an evil spirit to send forth flames to destroy his prison and to consume his enemies.

But there came a day when all the gross bitterness seemed to pass out of his nature, and humility and contrition to take the place of them. He spoke to his gaolers in a low tone, with a tremor of sadness in his voice and a suggestion about his manner that whatever they did for him was more than he deserved.

In broken tones he expressed his sorrow for his many misspent years. He wished to make what amends he could, so he said, and asked that, as a special favour, Sergeant Prinder, Jim Cave, and Bob Welford might be sent for.

His request was granted, and duly the three people he had asked for arrived. In silence they were conducted to the condemned cell. Upon his bed, in his ordinary clothing, the Vampire sat. His hands were clasped; his head was downcast; his eyes, with all the fire of life faded out of them, seemed fixed upon the floor. He kept them there for two or three minutes, as if he were oblivious of the presence of his visitors.

"You sent for us," Sergeant Prinder said presently.

Slowly the old Jew turned his head and looked up. His eyes appeared to brighten momentarily, and he wrenched his hands apart, throwing them out with a trembling shake, as if in supplication.

"You have come!" he cried out. "Ah, yes, you have come to see me before I die! Come to see the old man! All the world's against me—all—except you! All the world's against poor old Vampy! You'll have mercy on me if I tell you all I know!"

"Why have they put me here? Why did the man in the wig speak to me so solemn? Why me more than others? What was it he said? 'That you be taken to the appointed place and be hanged by the neck until you are—' Oh, they won't do it! I'm an old man. If they let me go I can't live many more years. I shall— Oh, don't let them hang me!"

"I'll tell you everything. I didn't kill Crane; it was Rudford did that! And it was Rudford who killed Crooks as well; not me—not me! Don't let them hang me!"

"Crane deserved it—deserved everything! He should have been hanged by the neck until he was dead. He killed Bellersby. He threw him into the river in Paris. And when Rudford killed Crane, I took—oh, have mercy on me and I'll tell you everything—I took his papers; I took them and hid them. You'll save me, won't you—you'll save me?"

He broke off in his wild and rambling appeal. Bob Welford stood trembling near. The sight of this old man, now nearly at the end of his wicked life, took hold of his heart and nerve. Sergeant Prinder stepped forward and bent down towards the Vampire.

"The papers?" he said. "You mentioned the papers. Where are they? Where did you hide them?"

The Vampire was ~~mean~~ meaning, and rolling his head from side to side. He stopped suddenly.

"They're all together—all complete," he answered. "Just as I took them from Crane. We went to Canvey Island—me and Rudford—and I hid the papers in the hut there, under the beam in the loft. Hush! No one knows except me. They're worth money—a lot of money! Rudford mustn't know, or he'll want his share. We'll go halves—you and me—and when I'm set free I'll go away and enjoy myself with the

money. You'll make them set me free, won't you? You'll—"

He stopped again, and started to his feet violently. His whole manner changed in a moment.

"What have I said?" he shouted out, his face going livid with intense excitement. "I'm to be hanged by the neck, the judge said—hanged by the neck until I am—"

He threw up his hands above his head, then dropped them and smote his breast. For a moment he rocked to and fro, then, with face going ghastly white, he fell forward. Sergeant Prinder caught him ere he reached the floor, lifted him up gently, and placed him unconscious upon the bed.

"He's swooned," he explained to the warder, who looked in at that moment. Then he added to Bob and Jim Cave: "We'll be going. We can do no good by staying here."

Not another word did either of them speak as they turned, quitted the condemned cell, and left the precincts of the prison.

That very night Sergeant Prinder and Jim Cave went down to Canvey Island. They found the hut—deserted now—without any difficulty. Forcing open the locked door and entering the place, they ascended the ladder leading into the loft. Beams ran along the ceiling on either side, but it only required a search of a few minutes to find one that had been loosened from the joist. In this latter an oblong hole had been cut, and the papers thrust in one big packet, the beam having then been replaced.

A cursory examination showed that these papers were beyond doubt the documents of which they had so long been in quest. Quite satisfied, then, with the result of their journey, the two officers returned to town, and deposited the papers with Mr. Chatwood—the solicitor who had been instructed by Levi Bernheim to act on Bob's behalf.

Exactly one week later the end came to Rudford and the Vampire. At eight o'clock in the morning they were led forth from the cells and taken to the place of execution.

A minute or two afterwards the knot of morbid sightseers who had gathered in the street outside saw the black flag fluttering over the grim prison, and they knew that all was over.

At the same court and about the same time Foxy Pike and Grandfather Butterworth each received a sentence, which, if it did nothing else, served to keep them out of mischief for a couple of years.

Which Proves the Truth of the Old Saying, "Honesty Wins."

"A H, good-evening, sergeant! You're the first arrival, but the others will be here presently, I have no doubt. What a pleasure and relief it is to have come to a settlement at last, and to find that, after all his troubles, our young friend Bob Welford—somehow or other I can't think of him as Wilfred Dyson yet—has come into his extensive property. Sit down, sergeant—sit down!"

Mr. Bernheim, having thus greeted Detective-Sergeant Prinder, pointed to a chair beside the fire, and himself sat down in another.

"It is a relief, sir," answered Prinder, making himself comfortable. "It's been a long job and a tough job; but since we are in a fair way of seeing the right party come into his own—why, there's nothing to grumble at. By the way, sir, you haven't heard the latest news about two of Walter Dyson's old friends—or perhaps I ought to say enemies—Sir Seton Renfrew and Stephen Lambridge."

"What, news of them at last, sergeant? Have they been found and arrested?"

"There's no need to arrest them, sir," answered Sergeant Prinder, with a shake of his head. "They are beyond the power of the law now."

"What, dead?" exclaimed Mr. Bernheim.

"Yes, sir, dead—killed—shot out of hand in an American gaming saloon! There aren't many details at present, but it seems that Sir Seton and Lambridge were detected in the act of cheating at cards. Somebody present charged them with it. There was a row, and some blows were struck. It ended—according to the account I saw—in a free fight, in which four men were killed. Two of them were identified as Sir Seton Renfrew and Lambridge."

"Dear me—dear me! What a sudden ending to two such lives!"

"Yes, it was sudden, sir; but maybe it's all for the best. Both of them were wanted here in England on many charges, and if they had once been caught they would have been sent to penal servitude."

"I wonder," ruminated Mr. Bernheim, "if by any possible chance that lad Walter went to America with them? Poor lad! Weak and erring though he was, I always feel sorry for him. From what I have always heard about him, he was weak in will and easily led away, and the temptations which those adventuring friends of his put in his way were too much for him. If ever the lad does turn up again, I for one shall do what I can for him. I would most willingly help him to make a new start in life. But there's a knock at the door. Ha!" he said, a few

seconds later. "Here you are then, Bob. How do you do? And how are you, Cave? And Mr. Verney! This is a surprise. I'm glad to see you, sir."

"And I you," answered the Rev. Arnold Verney, taking Mr. Bernheim's proffered hand.

"Mr. Chatwood will be here in a very few minutes," went on Levi Bernheim. "Half-past seven was the hour fixed, and he is among the most punctual of men. Ha, I thought so! There's a knock. That, no doubt, is he."

The solicitor acting for Bob Welford was shown in a minute afterwards by Liz Mason. The girl was about to retire from the room when Mr. Bernheim called her back.

"You need not go," he said kindly. "We are all assembled here to discuss Bob Welford's business. You know a good deal about that, for you have known Bob a long time. You knew him in his times of hardship. Now stay here, and presently congratulate him on his prosperity."

Liz, a little bashfully, sat down on the chair which her employer indicated with a wave of his hand. Then Mr. Chatwood, taking out a big bundle of documents from a black bag which he had brought with him, spread them out before him on the table.

"Everything complete now, Mr. Chatwood?" asked Mr. Bernheim.

"Everything quite in order, sir. I have now a complete history of the case, and all the necessary affidavits have been filed. There is no opposition to the will, and the case will come before the probate judge in chambers within the next few days. I have seen counsel this afternoon, and he is quite certain there will be no hitch or trouble at all in the matter. Now, with your permission, and for your information,

months before had he sunk to a condition of starvation and rags?"

Poor lad!—for, more sinned against than sinning, he was an object of pity—his had of late months been a hard lot. Exactly where he had been or what he had done since that night when he had disappeared from the company of Foxy Pike and Grandfather Butterworth, it is unnecessary to relate. Let it suffice to say that since that night he had struggled hard to turn over a new leaf. He had in one moment cut himself adrift from the associates who would have led him deeper into crime, and had striven to lead an honest life.

How had he fared? Badly. Unable to obtain regular work, he had wandered all over the country, getting odd jobs now and again, and subsisting as best he could on his small earnings and the broken food which charitable people gave to him.

At length, with the approach of winter, he had got a hankering to come back to London: to see once again the old scenes of wretchedness and hardship—yet dear to him now by comparison—amid which he had moved with his friend Bob in the years that were gone.

Often—nay, almost continuously—had Bob been in Walt's mind during these latter months. Over and over again he had remembered the many kindnesses which he had received at Bob's hands, and with many bitter self-reproaches had recalled how he had repaid those kindnesses by persecution and insult during his spell of temporary prosperity.

He was thinking of Bob now as he walked—or, rather, tottered—along the slushy street. What if he should run face to face against his old friend? Would Bob welcome him as a friend or would he treat him as the contemptible out-



Walt, with his hand upon the sill, peered through into the room. Of a sudden his heart gave a wild leap. Of the people within that room he had only eyes for one—and that one no other than Bob Welford, who was being warmly congratulated by his friends on his great good fortune.

I will go through the whole case in proper order. With many of the details you are acquainted already; the rest you will learn as I proceed."

And forthwith the lawyer started to unravel to his hearers the tangled legal skein referring to the Dyson property and its rightful heir.

Leaving for the moment Mr. Chatwood and the party assembled in Levi Bernheim's house to the discussion of their intricate legal business, let us betake ourselves to the streets outside.

It was a winter's night—for several months had passed since that eventful day at Newgate prison. Now, on this December night, the snow was falling from a dull, leaden sky, making the streets of London cold and miserable, and covering the pavements and roads with thick brown slush.

Of all the shivering and disconsolate figures that were passing along Shoreditch at this particular hour, none looked more unhappy and forlorn than a youth who was slowly trudging towards Bishopsgate Street.

His clothes were rags, and his boots in holes; his shoulders were bowed, and his narrow chest cramped. His face was white and pinched, while his eyes were without lustre, and had in them an expression like that of a hunted, half-starved animal.

He moved along, keeping as close to the houses and shops as he could for shelter from the driving sleet. Presently he paused and looked with ravening eyes into the steaming windows of a cookshop. The light from within fell upon his thin, drawn face.

It was Walt Dyson!

He, and no other, despite the great changes in his appearance. How had he come here, and how from his position of affluence a few

cast that he was? Bob had always been gentle and kind; yet now—now after his—Walt's—long absence, and after all that he had done, was it possible that Bob could forgive him?

Headless of the way he went, Walt turned to the left, walked along a narrow street, and arrived presently in Spital Square. Big houses—old-fashioned for the most part—towered up around him. The majority of them were used as warehouses; but the one lighted up over yonder was a private residence. How warm and comfortable it looked, with the bright light shining through the red blind!

Walt crossed the square and paused in front of the cosy window. The blind was not fully drawn. Between the bottom of it and the sill was a space of several inches. Walt, with his hand upon the sill, peered through into the room.

He saw the cheerful fire, and his heart ached to share its warmth. He saw the pictures hanging on the walls and the comfortable chairs dotted about the room.

Last of all, he saw the people sitting in some of those chairs. One by one he looked at them idly. Then of a sudden his heart gave a wild leap.

Of the people within that room he had eyes only for one—and that one no other than Bob Welford. For although he knew it not, the house into which he was gazing was Mr. Bernheim's; and at that very moment Bob's friends were all busy congratulating him on the great good fortune which, after experiencing many trials, was now his.

For several minutes Walt kept his eyes fixed upon the face of Bob within. He would have remained there longer, but the sound of a heavy tread behind him made him look up. It was a

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policeman approaching. With a deep sigh, Walt moved away from the window, and then, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, walked away once more to face the bitter night.

How much of mental distress Bob would have been saved had he but known of Walt's presence outside the very house in which he was sitting! But he knew nothing of that, and at the moment his whole attention was centred on the solicitor's intricate explanation and the congratulations which one or other of those assembled periodically showered upon him.

It was a long statement which Mr. Chatwood had to make, but he got through it at last, and finished with these words:

"So you see, gentlemen, that our young friend Wilfred Dyson—or Bob Welford, as you have always called him—has now fully established his claim to the fortune which his father bequeathed him. Left, as Wilfred was, to the care of a nurse who, as we know, sank lower and lower, and was at the end known as 'Mother Gurdle'—left as Wilfred was, I repeat, at so tender an age that he never knew his father,

he naturally has never felt the loss of his father as he might otherwise have done; while his mother, as we have discovered, died before he was many months old. Consequently, he may rejoice in having proved his right to the fortune of which Martin Crane tried to deprive him.

"As you are perfectly well aware, Martin Crane, in his capacity as executor, put forward another boy as heir, and by the documents he held obtained large advances by fraudulent means. Those advances amount in the aggregate to an enormous sum. Receipts, all signed by the lad who went by the name of Walter Dyson, are in existence, acknowledging indebtedness to an amount approaching the huge total of two hundred thousand pounds.

"Those receipts, as I have already told you, are valueless to those who hold them. They are not worth the paper they are written on. It is, indeed, amazing to me how the moneylenders were prevailed upon to make such big advances as they did. It is only to be accounted for by the exorbitant interest which was promised.

"Of the two hundred thousand pounds' value which the receipts show, I am justified in saying that only about a third of that amount was actually advanced. The rest, amounting to a huge percentage, was by way of interest.

"Now, in the ordinary course of things, we might have felt some pity for the men who advanced the money; but in this case we can with perfect justice banish all feelings of compassion. One of the principal sufferers was Samuel Bellersby—a solicitor now dead. Another creditor is a man resident in Paris until recently. His name is Jules Gallow. That both Bellersby and Gallow were aware of the fraudulent

scheme that Martin Crane was working, I have obtained virtual proof; and, therefore, whatever money they advanced was at their own risk. Their eyes were open, and if they suffered it was through their own fault.

"And this brings us back to the bed-rock fact with which I started. The huge Dyson estate is intact. The large claims which might otherwise have been made against it have no foundation either in law or morality. They are fraudulent, and will never be urged. They are bogus, and may be dismissed.

"That is all, gentlemen. It only remains for me to do what I have already done more than once this evening, to congratulate Wilfred Dyson most heartily on his accession to such great wealth. It is almost impertinent in me to say it, but I feel sure that Wilfred Dyson, when he comes to administer his own property, will do so in a wise and prudent way."

"I know he will," said Mr. Bernheim, his voice ringing through the room. "Our young friend Bob here has passed through many trials and tribulations. Young as he is, he has learned much by bitter experience. He will not, I am sure, mind my saying that in days past he has suffered from hunger and cold; that he has been without the shelter of bed or roof; that he has been assailed with many temptations, but through them all has passed with unblemished honour. He has been honest all his days, and honesty has in his case won the victory and brought him a great reward."

(This fine tale will be concluded in next Thursday's BOYS' HERALD, in which will be found the opening chapters of Martin Shaw's great new story of Larry Tring, "The Far, Far North."



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The Orchid Hunters.

ACCOMPANIED by his bosom friends, Rupert Thurston and Ching-Lung—the inimitable Chinese prince, conjurer and ventriloquist—Ferrers Lord, the multi-millionaire, sets out on a quest into the heart of Brazil, by way of the mighty Amazon, to search for a wonderful and priceless flower known as the Blue Orchid.

Engaged also in this quest is a rascally German named Hans Hausmann, Ferrers Lord's rival and enemy. The hunt for the Blue Orchid is to be an exciting, adventurous race between these two men and their followers.

Engaged in the service of Ferrers Lord are Prout, Maddock, Barry O'Rooney, and a much pampered Eskimo, Gan-Waga by name.

Finding the Blue Orchid.

The tiny launch of Ferrers Lord—christened the Blue Orchid—is steadily ploughing her way by night through the yellow waters of the broad Amazon, when Hausmann's yacht, the Medea, opens fire on her. The Blue Orchid continues her way. Hausmann gives immediate chase.

Meanwhile, Ferrers Lord's party having landed, they strike inland and come upon a strange race of people governed by a beautiful woman known as Althara the Merciless.

For some time the orchid hunters stay amongst the strange people, and witness many peculiar rites and ceremonies. Hausmann and his men, however, discover the whereabouts of Ferrers Lord's party, and makes preparations to attack them.

(This brings us to the latest incidents in this fine story.)

Ferrers Lord's Scheme—More Grief for Tarface—On a Perilous Quest.

THE Queen calls you, sares!" Tarface only put his head into the cave to shout his message, and then darted back behind an escort of armed warriors. The little, squint-eyed traitor knew that it would be highly dangerous to get too close to Ching-Lung.

"Just as I guessed," said the prince. "That little brute has given the show away!"

"Bedad, Oi'd have done ut myself," said Barry feelingly. "av Oi'd had to work at the same pace! Well, well! Oi've come to the stage whin Oi don't care phwat happens, as Mick Mulvaney said whin they were going to hang him. And ut's wonderful how long we shall be dead."

Ferrers Lord rose, and Thurston looked anxiously at him. His thin, bronzed face betrayed nothing. Rupert had half an inch of bristles on his chin, but the millionaire had shaved in some mysterious way, and looked spic and span and smart, as he always did.

"The high office of commander-in-chief is quickly transferred in this country," he said.

"You're right," said Ching-Lung. "I held it for about five minutes, and then resigned. You've got the sack."

"I'm afraid I have."

"Better be quick," piped Tarface. "Akarni much savage temper. No like wait."

A gong sounded impatiently. Ferrers Lord went out, followed by the others.

"If I get near you, you little beast," said Ching-Lung, catching sight of their betrayer.

"I'll pull your ear off!"—suing the action to the word. Tarface whined dismally.

"Take care not get near, den. Had to do him. No like work—kills me," said the native

frankly. "Why I worry by you? No ax you come here. I fat and happy fore you come; now all thin, and ribs stick out. I tell Queen what other white mans say. No want all get killed for you."

"There's a certain amount of reason in the argument," Ching-Lung admitted. "Now for the fun!"

Althara's army was drawn up in a semi-circle. Surrounded by guards, they were placed in front of the column to await the arrival of the Queen.

"By honey, they ain't fond of us!" said Prout, watching the sullen, threatening faces.

"No, they ain't desperately in love wi' us," said the bo'sun. "What a lot of ugly mugs! I ain't particular nervous, Tom, but I'd give more'n a year's wages to be a 'undred miles away, souse me if I wouldn't!"

"Unless a blessed airship comes along, your wages is as safe as a bank!" said Prout.

The absolute silence that reigned was even more ominous than the threatening aspect of the men. It seemed prophetic of tragedy. Nor was it broken when the Queen appeared. There was no crushing salute, no deafening roar of "Althara! Althara!" no hammering of shields.

"We're done, Ru, I fear," said Ching-Lung.

"The Queen has lost her influence."

Ferrers Lord stepped forward and bowed. Akarni scowled at him over the Queen's shoulder.

"Stranger," said Althara, in a low voice, "my heart is full of sorrow. Well, indeed, did Charkoni, the devil-man, prophesy that your coming would bring evil upon me and my people. And yet, stranger, I cannot hate you. You are wise, I know, and you are honest and speak truth; but you carry a curse with you."

Ferrers Lord was rolling a cigarette calmly, and thousands of eyes were fixed on him.

(Continued on the next page.)

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"Blame not us, oh Queen, for the cruel thing that has come about this day," he said. "It has brought sorrow to me, as it has brought sorrow to you. I warned you, Queen; I told you that these white men would eat you up if you attacked them. I have kept faith with you. Our lives are in your hand, and you have given your word to us. I can say one thing, Queen, and it is no boast. Never did I give my word to a man and break my promise. Need I ask you to keep faith with us? Surely to do so would be an insult!"

"She's on our side, Rupert," said Ching-Lung. "I can see that by her face."

Althara stood in silence for a second, and then Akarni impudently touched her arm. Blazing with passion, she turned upon him.

"Dog!" she hissed. "Cur!"

The old man recoiled in terror, but not in time. Ferrers Lord's fist struck him between the eyes and he dropped like a log.

"I thank you, stranger," said Althara.

There was an odd rustling sound, caused by the slight movement of more than a thousand men, and then silence again. Akarni lay quiet on the grass. Barely twenty-four hours ago the man who had dared to even speak to Althara except on bended knees would have been hacked to pieces by the infuriated warriors. Now not a spear was raised to avenge her. One white man alone, a stranger who stood on the very brink of death, had done it. Althara looked at him, her dark eyes full of admiration and wonder.

"Stranger," she said, "I have commanded two thousand warriors, all brave and warlike, and yet till this very hour I have seen only one man. You are that man, stranger. It was a brave deed, and I thank you."

Again her dark eyes blazed with fury as she faced the warriors and poured out a torrent of burning words. They could only guess at what she was saying. As Barry remarked: "She was giving them beans, bedad, and hot wans!" But her words seemed to make no impression. The tragedy of the morning had told its tale.

"We've lost the game, souse me!" growled Maddock.

And Joe and Prout nodded.

"White man," said the Queen, "these warriors of mine are but a pack of beaten hounds!" Her tone was one of bitter scorn. "They have lost heart. Evil news—for you it is evil news—runs like fire on a hill. They say that the men yonder do not seek our goods and our cattle; that they do not wish to slay us. All they ask is that you and your comrades be given up to them, and for that they will reward us with gifts of many firesticks."

"If you give us up, you give us up to death, Queen."

"Do you fear death, stranger? Nay, by the smile on your lips I see you fear nothing."

"Life is a precious thing," said Ferrers Lord, lighting a cigarette. "I am not even yet in its prime, and my comrades are young. The world is a good place for those with health and strength. Our lives are in your keeping."

"Yet it is hard," said Althara. "My warriors ask for their homes. They say you came unbidden, and brought evil with you. They say they are many and you are few. They say you have cost us many lives."

"It is true, Queen."

"But after the deed you have done in striking down that cur, stranger, in the face of death," said Althara, "I would save you even at the expense of my throne! A Queen without power is but a jest. Perhaps I am throneless already."

"Do they, then, insist on this?"

"Yes."

"That we be given up?"

Althara inclined her head sadly. Once more came the strange rustling. The warriors were growing impatient.

"Think, stranger, think!" cried Althara. "You are wiser than I. Surely, I have pledged my word, and I would give my life to save you. I stand helpless, for, alas, a Queen is but a woman! Think—think!"

"All you have heard is true, Althara. The white men are hunting us; but do not trust their words. Once they have gained what they want, they may turn and slay you all. This is my plan, Queen. Send—"

"Tarface is listening, old chap," said Ching-Lung.

It was one of the prince's marvellous inspirations. He did not understand a solitary word, and yet he seemed to know intuitively that the millionaire was going to say something that it was safer for the little traitor not to hear.

"A very useful hint and a timely one, Ching," said Ferrers Lord. "I'll have him sent out of earshot."

Tarface retired at a sharp order from Althara. "This is my plan, Queen. You must tell the warriors that the white men are cunning rogues, and very treacherous. You must send the interpreter and some of your soldiers to them, saying this: 'The Queen has taken the firesticks from her white prisoners, and the Queen needs many firesticks. She has still a powerful army, but she wishes for peace. Send her, then, twenty firesticks and the things to shoot out of them, and then the Queen will know that you are honourable men. If the Queen thinks the gift worthy, she will give up the white prisoners to you.'"

Althara's face brightened.

"Truly," she said, "the cunning of a thousand serpents is within you. And what then?"

"Then we will escape. We ask only for six hours' start. Tell them that we have escaped and their hatred of us is so great that they will leave the village and pursue us. Tell your warriors only of the firesticks."

It was a clever plan. Like all savages, no better bait could be offered than a gun. If Hausmann parted with only a dozen rifles it would arouse the cupidity of the warriors. If they obtained a dozen guns, the value of their

prisoners would suddenly increase, and they would probably demand fifty guns.

"Hullo, the beggars are interested at last!" said Ching-Lung. "I wish I understood the lingo."

As the Queen spoke the warriors seemed to awaken. She spoke well. She told them that it would be folly to trust the white men without some proof that they meant to deal honourably, and that the prisoners were very valuable. If they must sell them, they must sell them for the highest price. When she ended, the sullen silence was broken by a burst of cheering, and the thunder of spear-butts against the shields.

"Althara! Althara! Kill the dog who insulted the Queen!"

Akarni had just recovered his senses. In another instant a dozen spears would have pierced his body, but the angry warriors fell back as the Queen raised her hand.

"Nay," she cried, "he is an old man, and to-day he lost his only son. Old men are often foolish like young children. Let him live. Bring that man to me."

Even Ching-Lung forgave Tarface. His face was green with terror, and his knees knocked together. His face turned greener still, and his knees shook more violently when he heard what he had to do. And when Ferrers Lord had briefly explained his scheme, Ching-Lung seized the miserable interpreter by the ear.

"Tell us the joke, gentle Tarface," he grinned. "What are you laughing about? Don't keep it all to yourself."

He got no reply, except the music of chattering teeth. Tarface seemed to be always in trouble.

"Do you think Hausmann will part with the rifles?" asked Rupert.

"I hope so, Rupert. A few rifles more or less can make no difference to him. When he finds out how strong the natives are and that they mean to show fight, he'll begin to barter. Besides, I mentioned that they had taken away our weapons, but he does not know that these fellows haven't got them. It is also probable that he will send some of his men back, and when he learns that the place is impregnable he will be even more eager to deal."

"Wait a moment, old chap. I think you've missed a strong point, though I'm almost afraid to say it."

"What point?"

"He's the man in possession," said Thurston. "He may use threats—burn down and loot the village, for instance."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Rupert," said the millionaire, smiling. "It was a point I did not overlook. People who are in such a tight place must overlook nothing. It is almost impossible to burn down the village without burning down the palace."

"That's true; but I don't quite follow you, said Thurston."

"Rupert, thou art a goat," said Ching-Lung. "Let me unfold the dreadful mystery. Hausmann isn't altogether as well in health as he'd

like to be, and I'm the cause of it. The palace is a pretty comfy sort of show, and if it got burnt down he'd be out in the cold, cold street, a long, long way from a hospital. It's a million to nothing the palace would go with the rest—the whole place is as dry as tinder. That's why—seest thou? Any more points, please?"

"Wild ducks that swim and floy and quack, don't give us any more points, for the love of marcy!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Ut's all points—spear-points! There's fifty of 'em outside the cave this blessed moment ready to jab us av we throy to run away! Bedad, it's worse than a knife-factory in Sheffield! Oi wish Oi was in Sheffield!"

"I wish you was, by 'oney," put in Prout, "and then we shouldn't 'ear so much of your jaw!"

"You've dropped somethin', Tommy."

"What 'ave I dropped, Irish?" asked Prout, looking about him.

"Only a couple of h's, me bhoys. Bedad, ivery toime yez open your mouth yez murder the King's English."

"Ho, ho, hoo! Him faces murders anythings, Barry," said a weak voice.

They all cheered. Gan-Waga's smiling face was thrust between the curtains of the litter.

"Blessings on the swate mug of ut!" cried Barry. "Isn't ut loike sunshine in a fog to see that chivvy smoolin' at yez? And the little button of a nose in the middle of ut loike a tincture in a Dutch cheese! And the mouth of ut, and thim little black-currant oies twinklin', and the whiskers throyin' to grow on aich soide of ut! Oh, Gan, Gan, me darlint Gan, whin yez grow up yez won't be a man. But don't sthert to worrit, and don't sthert to wape, bekase ut isn't your fault, me poor suet-dumplin' of an Iskimo, that whin yez arrove at the age whin most people think they're men yez'll only be an ape!"

"Yo' goes and fry cinders!" said Gan cheerfully. "Yo' goes and scrub yo' faces on the door-knocker!"

Gan was getting better; and they cheered again.

"Av Oi owned a fac, loike yours, sonny, d'yez know phwat Oi'd do?"

"Yo' be so prouds yo' go offs yo' nut."

"He's been off that for years, souse me," grinned Maddock.

"What's yo' do, hunk, Barry?"

"This is phwat Oi'd do!" said the Irishman.

"Bedad, ut was yoursif gave me the oidea, and there's a fortchun in ut. Oi'd go to some big brass-foundry, d'yez see, and see the loss and ax for a job at fifty quid a week. Wid your face he'd jump at the offer. The work would be loight and aisy. All yez would do would be loie down and keep shovin' your face in sand—makin' moulds for brass dure-knockers. Phwat?"

There was a burst of laughter, which brought the old crone who nursed Gan hurrying into the cave. She uttered a volley of abuse, which they luckily did not understand, and Gan's

face vanished. Then a warrior entered and handed Ferrers Lord a ring. It was the ring he had left in Althara's cup, and he guessed that it meant that the Queen needed him.

"I'm wanted, lads," he said.

Althara was walking up and down restlessly under the column. She turned swiftly to the millionaire.

"Stranger," she said, "Akarni seeks thy life. Foes spring up around thee like grass after rain. He is but a worm whom I can crush under my tread, but he has many friends, and I cannot watch all the spears that may be lifted against thee. Stranger, you must go."

"And where must I go, Queen?"

"You must go to the village. The men I send I can trust. Even the interpreter who betrayed you is to be trusted now. I will pick out Akarni's men and send them to the forest to guard the women. That cannot be done at once, and a spear-stab is a swift thing. Truly, I thought Charkoni had come back from the grave when I saw thee that night. As a warrior, you must go, for I would save you if I can."

"Then I will go," said Ferrers Lord.

Again Althara gazed at him in wonder and admiration.

"All things are prepared," she said, after a pause. "Farewell, stranger! At last have I seen a man! May good luck attend you!"

Ferrers Lord went to the mouth of the cave.

"Ching!" he called.

"Hullo!"

"You have Vasco's revolver, I think," said the millionaire. "Please let me have it. I'm leaving you in charge. I am going—This revolver is loaded, I hope? Ah, I see it is! I am going to interview Hausmann—as warrior."

"All right."

They shook hands. Ching-Lung entered the cave whistling, and the millionaire walked into the tunnel.

The Finding of the Blue Orchid—Face to Face with Hans Hausmann.

FERRERS LORD kept his hands in his pockets, and his right hand held the revolver ready for instant use. The tunnel was not guarded. He reached the middle of the plank and then wheeled round. A warrior was creeping along like a cat behind him; but the millionaire's quick ears had heard the sound. He levelled the weapon.

With a hoarse grunt, the man drew back, and a spear rattled against the rock and went clattering into the well.

"You barked your knuckl's for nothing, friend," thought Ferrers Lord. "It was good advice the Queen gave."

He went on again. Two natives were on guard where the path turned. Were these Akarni's friends? Ferrers Lord advanced unhesitatingly.

The men little guessed how close they were to death. One suspicious movement would have sealed their doom. Even the iron-nerved millionaire experienced a queer sensation as he passed between them, as they leaned on their spears. They took no notice, and he breathed more easily.

The stone had been moved aside. Tarface was there, and on the ground squatted a dozen warriors.

"Are these the men?" asked the millionaire.

"Yes, sare."

"And what are your orders?"

"Go forest," stuttered the little native. "Got paint and warrior dress. You put on. We wait sun go down, and then go village see white men. You not kill me? Queen say you kill me."

"I'll kill you at the first hint of treachery!" said Ferrers Lord grimly. "That is what Althara meant. I have a revolver here, and I never miss. Be faithful, and you are safe. If I die myself the next minute, I'll shoot you down as soon as I suspect you to be playing a double game."

"Oh, me play fair—me play fair! What else do?"

"Well, mind you do play fair. What—!"

A push sent Tarface staggering; and Ferrers Lord ducked down. A spear stood quivering and trembling in the ground in front of him, after almost grazing his back.

Two of the warriors leapt to their feet and rushed back. Presently there was a shrill scream of agony, and then silence. The men returned and wiped their reddened spears on the grass, and Tarface cried out of sheer terror. It had been a near thing, but vengeance had followed swiftly.

"I shall quarrel with Akarni," said the millionaire. "Come, come, man; pull yourself together!"

A prod from a spear brought the interpreter back to his senses. He jumped up with a yell of pain and anguish. The native who had administered this gentle reminder grinned.

At a glance, Ferrers Lord saw that his escort consisted of the very flower of Althara's army. They were all chiefs and officers, and the prompt justice the attempted assassin had met with at their hands told him that he could trust them implicitly.

They marched across the hot plain and entered the forest. No one offered to relieve Tarface of the bundle containing the fur robe, paint, and head-dress, and he was in a state of perspiration and semi-collapse long before they gained the welcome shelter of the trees. The warriors promptly made a fire of damp wood to keep away the flies.

"The orders are that we do not leave until sundown?"

"Them Althara's orders," answered the panting interpreter.

"And very wise orders," thought Ferrers Lord.

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The man began to climb swiftly. Something came rustling and rattling through the leaves and fell close to the millionaire's feet. "The blue orchid!" said Ferrers Lord.

time he leaned against a tree thinking. If this plan failed, their only hope that remained would be to take to the forests. If they returned without the rifles, even that hope might be a vain one, for the infuriated and disappointed warriors might insist on handing them over to Hans Hausmann. And the refuge of the caverns was as difficult of egress as of entry. Even Althara might not be able to smuggle them out. Gan-Waga, too, would be a dead weight.

"Interpreter," he said suddenly, plucking an orchid, "do you know these flowers?"

"Oh yes. Fool white men come get 'em and take 'em way. No come here, but far there," Tarface waved a perspiring hand in the direction of the Amazon. "All white men fools."

"Thank you. Did you ever see a blue one?" "See all kinds, but blue. Red, yaly, white, stripey, and spots on," said Tarface, shaking his head. "No blue, no blue."

"Show those fellows the flower and ask them if they ever saw one like it, only blue." "Ask 'um yourself. No, I ask, I ask."

Ferrers Lord had merely reached for a spear, and the action made Tarface hurriedly change his tone. The bloom passed from hand to hand and there was much shaking of heads. Suddenly one of the warriors nodded.

"Chap say see 'um, but big liar," said Tarface. "He no see 'um. He get drunk and dream it. He bad lot."

"Ask him where?"

"Say plenty—not mile away—take you if like. They in forest on big tree. You feel if go. He big liar."

"Tell him I'd like to go," said Ferrers Lord.

The warrior stretched himself and stropped his spear on his shield, giving the weapon an edge like a razor. Ferrers Lord was prepared for a disappointment. He knew that the natives could see nothing beautiful in flowers, and it was more probable than not that if the blue blossoms were found they would prove not to be orchids at all, but some worthless forest plants of the creeping type. Still a ramble in the forest would be more amusing than standing still.

"Ask him again if the flowers are that shape," he said to Tarface.

"Him say yes, but him big liar."

"It's a good thing for you that I don't know his language," said Ferrers Lord, "or I might repeat the flattering things you are saying about him. Tell him I am ready."

The warrior took off his plumes and discarded his shield, for both would have hampered him. He gave the spear another sharpening, and felt its edge with his thumb. Then he beckoned to the millionaire and a moment later they were plunging into the green gloom of the vast forest. A forest Indian, not a plainsman like the rest, thought Ferrers Lord.

He could see it by the flashed to and fro in the man's hand, and cutting a path as if by magic for them both. Not once did he hesitate. He twirled the heavy spear as if it had been a Malacca cane.

"What is your name?" asked the millionaire, not expecting a reply.

The native looked round with a smile.

"Douravo!" he answered sharply.

The spear cut down like a flash of light and a headless snake lashed and writhed in the undergrowth.

"So I have learned something. 'Douravo!' means beware. Friend Douravo I shall call you

Douravo, if we get out of this corner I should like to take you with me. You are an excellent woodman, and I like everything that is excellent. Cleverly done!"

The deadly spear had transfixed a parrot that had risen with a loud scream. The native turned again and smiled. Ferrers Lord smiled too, and pointed to a high branch on which a squirrel was perched. His revolver cracked, and the little animal toppled down. It touched ground in two halves, cut asunder by the unerring spear. Ferrers Lord shook hands with his guide and patted him approvingly on the shoulder. The undergrowth grew denser and denser.

Suddenly the man stopped and gave the millionaire the spear. Overhead the lianes and mighty creeper hung like a network of green cables. It was impossible to see more than a third of the way up the tree.

Seizing a dangling liane, the man began to climb swiftly. Like all forest-bred Indians, he could climb like a monkey.

He disappeared into the green wilderness, but great

beads of moisture kept falling, which told the millionaire that he was still climbing. Presently a shout came from above.

"Douravo!"

Something came rustling and rattling through the leaves and fell close to the millionaire's feet. "Odontoglossum Lordii, the blue orchid!" said Ferrers Lord.

He picked it up. It was a true Odontoglossum, but such a one as no European, except poor Oscar Whiteman, had ever set eyes upon. That one plant, if sold in the London auction rooms, would draw buyers from all parts of the world to fight for its possession. Millionaires would bid for it frenziedly—more frenziedly than ever they had bid for priceless jewels or priceless paintings.

Ferrers Lord picked it up. It had not been broken in the descent. There were twenty-nine blooms on the spike, and not one alike. They were all blue, blue as sapphires, and wonderfully large. The bulbs were of dull crimson hue, very fleshy, and slightly pointed. He examined the amazing orchid with quiet curiosity. At what cost had he purchased this eighth wonder of the world? He had seen it, he had taken it in his hand, perhaps that was all. So far as its value went in pounds, shillings, and pence, to him it was valueless, for he was rolling in wealth. The vain-glorious boast of a man he despised, a threat, an insult, and this had come of it. Hans Hausmann, writhing under the defeat of his horse, had boasted that he would sell blue orchids for sixpence each, knowing that Ferrers Lord alone possessed one. And this had come of it!

"You are very beautiful," said the millionaire; "but you have cost many a life already. Bah!"—he shrugged his shoulders—"it was not your fault but mine. Whatever the price is, we must pay it."

He lifted one of the blossoms to his nostrils. The days of miracles were not past. The orchid had a scent!

Ferrers Lord let the plant fall as if it had stung him. The scent was faint, delicious, but utterly strange to him. Beautiful as it was, it gave him a sensation of horror and loathing. The man of iron winced as if he had picked up some poisonous reptile by mischance. The next instant a humming-bird was hovering over each blossom like a living gem. Then the native slid down the liane and Ferrers Lord again took up the blue orchid.

"Douravo!" he shouted, and sprang aside.

A tiny green snake slid over his sleeve with a hiss. It fell on the native's foot. The man gave a cry and dropped backward. Down came Ferrers Lord's boot, crushing the snake. The native lay shivering.

"Did it bite you?"

Ferrers Lord grasped the man's ankle and examined his foot. There was no mark. He knew that the bite of that snake meant certain death. He knew now also why he had flung down the orchid in loathing and disgust. Though he had not seen the venomous thing lurking there, its colour craftily matching the colour of the bulbs, instinct had warned him of the danger.

"Come," he said, "you are safe. I do not blame you for being frightened. It was enough to shake the nerves of any man. Here, take your spear and let us go back. I have seen enough."

Tarface was almost drunk when they returned, and that explained why carrying the bundle had made him perspire so much. He had carried

more than robes, paint, and plumes, for he had carried a jar of wine. Still, there was no hurry. Ferrers Lord emptied out the rest of the wine and ordered the interpreter to go to sleep. Then he undressed. In half an hour he was a native. To all appearance, and the warriors nodded their approval. Althara had enclosed a small mirror once the property of Mr. McNish, and small as it was, the millionaire felt confident when he looked at himself in it, that, with the shield to cover half his face, it would take a keen eye to detect him. He sat down and smoked. The sun sank lower, and Tarface's nose and the flies kept up an incessant hum between them. At last Ferrers Lord shook the sleeper.

"It is time," he said.

The plain was bathed in crimson light. Tarface was practically sober now, but very timid. Ferrers Lord hurried him along and schooled him with many threats in what to say. There was need for haste, for the brief twilight of the tropics vanishes like the blowing out of a candle. The village came into view, every roof looking as if it had been soaked in blood. And there two men in khaki uniforms were busily throwing stones at a bottle stuck on a stick, while six other men looked on with true German seriousness, and made small bets with each other about which of the stone throwers would hit it first. The tall savage—Ferrers Lord—laughed behind his shield. There was a yell and a rush for rifles.

"Speak to them, fool!" cried the millionaire.

In an instant spears were in the ground, and the warriors had raised their empty hands. After a glance at them the stone-throwing went on again. Ferrers Lord bit his lips. By a fluke one of them smashed the bottle, and after waiting to light his pipe and collect the bets, he swaggered forward.

"Which of you pigs speaks German?" he asked in that language.

"Speake English," stammered Tarface. "Not know what say, but me English."

"Himmel! You look English. 'Vot you vant? You come do surrender?'"

"Come see chief," said the trembling Tarface. "Got message from Queen."

"Dot all right. March on den." He pointed to the village. "You get buried dere. Ha, ha, ha!"

Another bottle was placed on the stick, and they resumed their game. It was the same old story, the same mistake Germany always makes. The tall warrior laughed again behind the shield. They despised the natives, and he knew they would suffer for it. He was pleased, and yet he was sorry. He noticed that all the warriors drew back, and he heard them breathe more quickly. He knew what they were thinking and what they would tell their comrades. There would be a massacre, but whether of blacks or whites he could not tell. It was madness. They walked into the village without a soul to oppose them. The millionaire touched Tarface.

"Hide these flowers," he said, "and when I kick your heel let them fall."

"I get kill if do dat," whined the interpreter.

"All white men fools 'bout dese tings."

"You'll get killed if you don't."

Tarface pushed the blossoms into his belt and pulled down his robe over them. As they took the turn into the main street of the village a man came sauntering along, smoking a pipe. He was quite unarmed. He stopped, looked, and then ran as if for life. Then a bugle sounded.

"Tell them hands up," said Ferrers Lord, "and walk more slowly. Halt, halt! Tell them to halt!"

The interpreter was only just in the nick of time. Rifles cracked, and the leading native

dropped as a hail of bullets swept past. He got up unhurt, for the bullet had only struck his shield, but his arm was tingling. Then the sun sank, and it was dark. The crash of rifles died away.

"Stand still!"

"Stand still!" gasped the terrified interpreter. Ferrers Lord caught his arm. He heard a rush of footsteps. Two men only were with him, the man who had guided him to where the blue orchids grew and Tarface. The others had fled. Voices sounded behind them, gruff and guttural. The Germans who had been playing at throwing at bottles were returning.

"Call 'help, help!'" said the millionaire.

"Call loud or I'll kill you."

"Help, help!" The interpreter's voice was a terrified squeak. "Help, help, help!"

Somebody struck a match and a loud burst of laughter followed.

"All run away but you," said a man in German. He gave Ferrers Lord a kick. "Get on, pig."

Ferrers Lord looked at him out of the corner of his eye, and photographed his picture on his mind. Torches gleamed brightly above the barricade, and eager voices shouted to one another. Almost before they knew it, they were in the palace. They had been absolutely thrown over the barricade between two maxims.

"Keep quiet," whispered Ferrers Lord. "I will speak, dog. If you open your mouth I'll shoot you dead."

Tarface was past speech. He sat down with a flop and blinked vacantly at nothing.

"I see chief," said Ferrers Lord. "Queen send message."

"Shoot them, Rudolf, and come and play cards," shouted a drunken voice. "Those black brutes smell."

Rudolf was the man who had spoken to them outside the village.

"I must tell Hausmann first," he answered.

"When he's done I'll shoot them if you like."

"Oh, for my lads, each with a weapon," thought Ferrers Lord. "My lads and a revolver each to-night!"

It was a scene of riot. The floor was strewn with cards and empty jars of native wine. The place reeked of tobacco smoke. One fat German was sitting on the floor trying to make a pretty little fox-terrier dog stand on its hind legs and hold a pipe in its mouth. The man was drunk and the dog, exasperated beyond endurance, snapped at him. With an oath he snatched it up and hurled it at Tarface. The poor dog alighted on the interpreter's head.

The terrified interpreter shrieked and jumped up. He was utterly dazed with fright. He saw the open door, and fled for it, only to tumble forward with a great hoarse sob, roll over twitching, and then lie still never to stir again. Poor Tarface had paid the great debt.

"Good shooting, Fritz! Good shooting!" came the shout. "Try another. Take off the big brute's nose."

Fritz bowed and put the revolver back into his belt amid screams of laughter. The blue orchid lay beside the dead interpreter, and his blood was trickling closer and closer to the fatal blossoms. Then came a hush. The millionaire and Hans Hausmann stood face to face, eye to eye.

"You chief? Got message from Queen Althara," said Ferrers Lord. "It 'bout white men."

(This grand story will be concluded shortly, when it will be followed by a marvellous new tale of mystery and adventure entitled "The Three Detectives." A more enthralling yarn than this has never been penned.)



Ching-Lung's arm shot out and his hand seized the ear of the native who had betrayed them. Tarface wriggled and whined dismally.