LIKE A HIGH-CLASS WATCH? Guaranteed for 12 Months. See Inside.

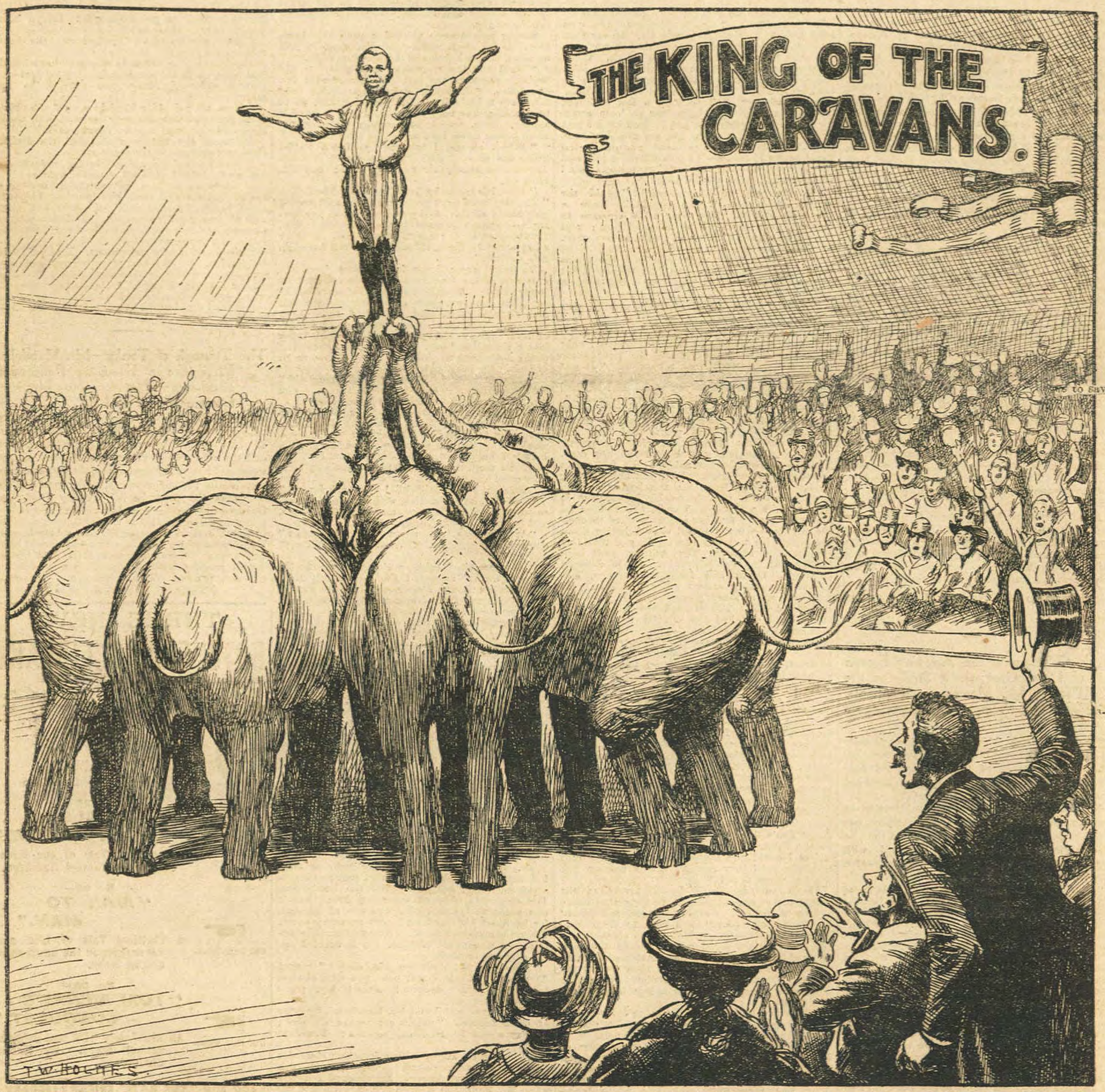
B.H. Watch Coupon. No. 1. Not available after Jan. 7.

The Boys' Herald 1d

EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

No. 233, Vol. V. EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY. Week Ending January 4, 1908.

# THE KING OF THE CARAVANS.




The mighty elephants, shoulder to shoulder in a close ring, circled slowly round and round. Their trunks formed a living pedestal, and on its summit stood a bare-legged, bare-footed nigger lad, in a tattered flannel shirt and a pair of worn knickerbockers held up by braces patched with string.



# Philpot's Plot

**Another Most Laughable Tale of all the Chums at Cliveden College.**

## The 1st Chapter.
### Trouble in the Class-Room.

THERE was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement in the Fourth Form class-room at Cliveden.

Monsieur Friquet was taking the Fourth Form in French, and—as not infrequently happened on such occasions—he was fast getting into a state of exasperation.

In the first place, Poindexter, Neville and Flynn, known in the Form as the Combine, had roused Mossoo's wrath. They devoted more attention to pelting their rivals, Pankhurst and Price, with paper pellets, than to the instruction imparted by Monsieur Friquet. And they had earned fifty lines apiece.

Then Philpot, the sharpest boy in the Fourth, had simulated stupidity with wonderful skill for the amiable purpose of "ragging" the already annoyed little Frenchman. He had succeeded in his object. His stupid answers, his apparent inability to comprehend the simplest things, drove the excitable little man to the verge of distraction.

Monsieur Friquet was the most conscientious of masters, and the fact that a pupil was dull did not seem to him a reason for neglecting him. But when he came to Teddy Trimble, the thickest-headed fellow in the Fourth, he was in despair. The simulated stupidity of Philpot was a mere nothing to the real stupidity of Teddy.

"I zink," said Monsieur, looking round as he wiped his perspiring brow, "I zink zat zis class is ze most stupid I efer see, and zat Trimble is ze most stupid of ze class."

"Hear, hear," murmured Philpot.

"Mon bleu! Even ze boys who are not stupid play ze tricks in ze class to annoy zare master——"

"Sure and we're sorry, sir," said Micky Flynn, speaking up impulsively and without thought, as he always did. "We didn't mean any harm, sir."

"I guess that's so," said Poindexter.

"We're sorry, sir," said Dick Neville.

"Zat is very right, mes garcons," said Monsieur Friquet, more placably, "I know you do not say zat to be let off ze punishment. It is different viz Philpot. I zink to myself zat he pretend to be ze fool zat he is not. And as for Trimble—but I vill make Trimble understand——"

"You'll have all your work cut out to do that, old son," murmured Philpot.

"Did you speak, Philpot?"

"I? Oh no, sir."

"I zink zat I hear you."

"Not at all, sir," said Philpot, who had no scruples on the subject of prevarication. "I assure you, sir. I wouldn't interrupt you, sir. I respect you too highly."

Monsieur Friquet gave him a suspicious glance, and then turned to Teddy Trimble again.

"Now, Trimble, I devote ze time to you to make you understand, for your own sake——"

"I wish you wouldn't," groaned Teddy, "I mean, sir—yes, sir, thank you, sir."

"Take zat sentence over again—zat simple sentence——"

"Which one, sir?"

"Mon Dieu! he forget already. Zat sentence I will repeat. Votre cousin et votre tante sont arrivés."

Teddy Trimble scratched his head.

"Now, Trimble, zink over zat, and tell me what it mean," said Monsieur, persuasively, and manfully suppressing his impatience.

"Yes, sir. I—I——"

"Fancy asking Trimble to think," said Philpot to Gatty. "It's like asking a stone image to sing."

"You talk again, Philpot."

"I, sir? Oh, no, sir."

"Zat is an untroot'," said Monsieur Friquet severely. "You will take fifty lines for ze talk, and fifty lines for ze untroot'."

Philpot looked sullen. Teddy Trimble was still thinking, but apparently without any result.

"Zen I vill tell you, Trimble," said Monsieur at last.

"Thank you, sir."

"Your cousin and vour aunt haf arrifed," said Monsieur Friquet, translating the sentence for him.

Teddy Trimble looked astonished.

"Have they, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Aunt said that she would come down to Cliveden to see me before the end of the term," said Teddy, "but I didn't know she was going to bring my cousin."

"Vat is all zat, Trimble?"

"Where are they, sir?" went on Teddy, "I suppose I may leave the class now?" And he made a movement to go.

"Trimble!"

"Yes, sir."

"Stay vere you vas."

"Certainly, sir. But mayn't I go and see my aunt and cousin."

The whole class was giggling, much to the amazement of Teddy, and the annoyance of the French master.

"Trimble, I zink you are playing ze joke viz your master. Vat do you mean?"

"If my aunt and cousin have come down to see me I think I ought to be allowed to leave the class," said Teddy in an injured tone. "Mr. Lanyon would let me do so, sir, I know."

"Vat is ze boy talking about? Haf your aunt and cousin come viz zemselves to see you?"

"Why, didn't you just say so yourself, sir."

Monsieur Friquet looked as if his head were turning round and round.

"Trimble! I zink you vas mad."

The class were in convulsions. Teddy Trimble looked round at them in amazement. He could see nothing to laugh at himself.

"I don't know why there's all this cackling," he said, "Mossoo Friquet said my aunt and cousin had come."

"I say noting of ze kind——"

"Oh, sir! How can you say so, sir! I appeal to the class."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Poindexter. "You'll be the death of me, Teddy."

"Ochone!" gasped Micky Flynn. "My word! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence in ze class!"

It was not easy to restore silence, but something like order was restored at last. Teddy still looked indignant, and Monsieur Friquet was in the last stage of exasperation.

"Trimble! I not know how to make you comprehend——"

"How can I comprehend, sir, if you say one thing one moment and another thing the next. You tell me my aunt and cousin have come to see me, then you say they haven't, then you say you didn't say so, then——"

"Silence, Trimble!"

"I don't care! I only go by what you say, sir, and you said my aunt and cousin——"

"Silence! I vill cane ze next boy zat laff. Trimble, I say, 'Votre cousin et votre tante sont arrivés'——"

"Yes, sir, I know you did, and then——"

"Listen to me! I translate zat sentence to you——"

"Oh, I see, sir," said Teddy. "Why didn't you say so at first, sir? I'm not good at guessing things, sir."

"Trimble! I not know vezer to cane you——"

"The fat old oyster will burst in a minute," murmured Philpot.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Teddy, who heard the remark.

Monsieur Friquet turned red with anger.

"Trimble! You dare to laff—I zink zat you not so stupid as you pretend—you laff at your master! Stand out here."

"I—I wasn't laughing at you, sir, only Philpot said—gerroooooooh!"

"Philpot said what?"

"He said—gerroooooooooh! Ow!"

Teddy's ejaculations were caused by vicious pinches Philpot was bestowing upon his leg, as a hint to shut up, but Mossoo could not see that.

"Did you say such a ting to Trimble, Philpot? Did you say 'geroooh! ow'?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"How dare you tell me an untroot', Trimble?"

"I didn't say he said so, sir," mumbled Teddy, rubbing his leg. "He—he said something funny, sir, that's what made me laugh. Stop it, Philpot. If you pinch me again I'll tell Mossoo, so there!"

"So you vas pinch Trimble, Philpot," said Monsieur Friquet, coming nearer the desk. "Now Trimble, tell me at vunce vat Philpot say to you."

Philpot gave Teddy a terrible look. Trimble mumbled and turned crimson. He didn't want to sneak, but he was in a difficulty.

"Philpot, stop looking at Trimble zis instant. Now, Trimble, vat did zat boy say?"

Philpot pressed his foot on Teddy's, and Teddy gave a gasp.

"Ow! Stop it! I'm not going to sneak. I know Mossoo would get his wool off if he knew you called him a fat old oyster——"

"Vat!" screamed Monsieur Friquet, "Vat! He call me vat?"

"Nothing, sir," said Teddy.



**"He didn't call you a fat old oyster," said Trimble. "Besides, he didn't mean you to hear, and I'm not going to tell you what he said, as that would be sneaking." The French master gripped Philpot by the collar. "So zat is ze name you haf for your master, eh?" he said. "Take zat, and zat, and zat!"**

"Mon bleu! You say zat he call me ze fat oyster."

"I didn't mean to, sir," said Teddy, as the alarmed Philpot pressed his foot again. "I wouldn't sneak for the world. He didn't call you anything of the kind, sir, and I'm not going to repeat his words, as that would be sneaking."

"Philpot, did you use that rude, vulgar expression?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"My eye!" gasped Trimble, "fancy a chap telling a—I mean, it's quite right, sir. He didn't call you a fat, old oyster, sir. I've never heard anybody call you a fat, old oyster, sir. Besides, he didn't mean you to hear, and I'm not going to tell you what he said, as that would be sneaking."

The Fourth Form were shrieking from end to end. Teddy, when he was frightened, was more simple than ever, and he was so confused now that he hardly knew what he was saying. The French master gripped Philpot by the collar, and jerked him out before the class.

"So zat is ze name you have for your master!" he exclaimed. "Fat old oyster! Mon Bleu! Fat old oyster! Take zat! and zat! and zat! and zat!"

With every "zat" Monsieur Friquet laid on a thwack with his pointer, and he had given a round dozen of them before he desisted. Philpot was howling lustily before he had finished. He crawled back to his seat when he was allowed to go."

"Let zat," said Monsieur Friquet, "be a lesson to you, Philpot. Ze class is dismissed."

## The 2nd Chapter.
### A Bully Well Licked.

THE juniors were almost hysterical with laughter as they poured out of the class-room. The only one who was not laughing was Philpot, and he was squirming.

"Hard cheese!" said Gatty. "Mossoo was wild that time, and no mistake."

"I'll make that young sneak pay for it, you see!" snarled Philpot. "I'll give him a hiding for giving me away!"

The Combine were passing, and they stopped at once.

"What's that, Philly?" said Poindexter.

"Mind your own business!"

"I'm going to make this my business," said the American chum quietly. "You're not going to bully young Trimble, I guess."

"I shall do as I like."

"I guess you won't! Mind, if you lay a finger on that kid, I'll whip you right out of your boots," said Poindexter impressively.

Philpot scowled savagely. Lincoln G. Poindexter, the chum from Chicago, was the best fighting-man in the Fourth, his only possible rivals being his chum Dick Neville, and his old enemy Pankhurst, of No. 10 study. Philpot could not have tackled one side of him.

"It was all your fault," went on Poindexter. "You ought to have had more hoss-sense. Teddy couldn't help giving you away. He's a silly young ass; but you know he never meant to sneak, and you're not going to bully him. So mind."

"Sure, and it's right ye are!" said Micky Flynn, as the Combine walked on. "Philpot is a baste intoirely. But I say, what a howlin' young ass Trimble is!"

And the three chums laughed again at the recollection of the scene in the class-room.

Philpot watched them out of sight, a savage scowl on his face. Philpot was not a pleasant-natured lad, and envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness were ever rife in his breast.

"You beast!" he muttered, apostrophising the departing Poindexter. "All the same, I'll make that young cad squirm for giving me away."

Then he gave a sudden squeal. A hand had gripped his collar, and he was jerked back against the wall and pinned there, wriggling. Two red-headed juniors had come out of the class-room after the others, and overheard his muttered words. The auburn-haired youths were Pankhurst and Price, the "Old Firm," and the deadly rivals of the Combine.

"Will you?" said Pankhurst pleasantly. "Now, I don't think you will, you know, Philly. If he goes for young Trimble, Price, shall we scalp him?"

"Quite so," said Price.

"Shall we snatch him bald-headed, and strew the hungry churchyard with his bones, as Shakespeare so feelingly puts it?"

"Quite so."

"You hear, Philly? Mind, and keep off the grass."

And Pankhurst and Price, wagging their forefingers warningly at the cad of the Fourth, turned away.

"Hang you!" muttered Philpot. "Beasts!"

Teddy Trimble was feeling rather nervous of Philpot at that time. When he went out into the Close, he decided that he had better avoid Philpot till the latter had got over the effects of his thrashing. With this object in view, he withdrew into a solitary corner, ignorant of the fact that Philpot's eye was upon him all the time, and that the smarting junior was extremely pleased to see him withdraw from the public gaze.

Teddy, feeling quite secure, strolled under the old elms behind the chapel. He gave a sudden yelp as a finger and thumb closed on his ear from behind.

"Ow! Don't! Leggo! Philpot, leggo!"

"You young cad!" said Philpot, compressing his grip on Teddy's ear till the junior wriggled with pain. "You got me a licking just now, and now——"

"I didn't mean to, Philpot; I didn't really!"

"Well, you did, whether you meant to or not! And now——"

"Ow! Don't! I'm sorry! You're hurting me!"

"Am I?" grinned Philpot, twisting the junior's ears till Trimble writhed with anguish. "Well, I'm going to hurt you a little more. And if you say a word about it to those cads in No. 4 or No. 10, I'll wring your neck. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Philpot—oh, dear—ow! Please don't! Ow! Ow!" Teddy was blubbering and gasping. "Philpot, please don't—ow! ow!"

"You rotten cad!"

A sharp, angry voice broke in, and Philpot turned round suddenly. Pankhurst and Price were coming round the corner by the chapel rails. The bully was caught in the act!

Pankhurst came up with a run. His face was as red as his hair with indignation. He did not stop to argue. He hit out the instant he was within hitting distance, and Philpot rolled over on the grass.

"Never mind, Teddy. Don't blub," said the chief of the Old Firm. "I'll give this beastly cad something for himself now. Get up, Philpot."

"I—I can't!" groaned Philpot, who would just as soon have faced a wild bull as Pankhurst at that moment; "I've sprained my ankle."

"Get up, you lying coward!" roared Pankhurst. "If you don't get up and fight, I'll lick you on the ground! You're going to be licked anyway."

"Quite so!" said Price.

"I—I can't—I—won't——"

"Very well. Take his ankles, Pricey, and I'll take his shoulders, and we'll flop him into the pond."

Philpot was on his feet in a twinkling.

He made a desperate attempt to run, but the Old Firm were too quick for him. He was caught in a moment, Price hurling him into the arms of Pankhurst. Then, finding there was absolutely no escape, he fought like a wild cat, scratching and tearing and kicking.

"My hat!" gasped Pankhurst. "Nice animal, ain't it? But I'll give him a lesson."

And he proceeded to get Philpot's head into chancery, and give him a lesson. It was a painful lesson to Philpot. He felt when Pankhurst had done as if he had been butting a steam-roller with his face. Squirming, gasping, and snapping his teeth, he was flung on the grass, and Pankhurst glowered at him.

"Want any more, beast?"

"No!" gasped Philpot. "But—but I'll pay you out for this!"

Pankhurst laughed disdainfully.

"I don't think a toad would be afraid of you," he said. "Come on, Pricey. If that cad touches you again, Trimble, tell me, and I'll give him some more."

"Righto!" grinned Trimble.

The Old Firm walked away. The Combine met them in the Close, and the three chums stared at Pankhurst's face in amazement. There were two or three scratches on it, and from one of them the blood was smearing his cheek.

"Been wrestling with a lawn-mower?" asked Dick Neville.

"Or a wild cat?" queried Micky Flynn.

"Or a traction-engine?" asked Poindexter.

Pankhurst grinned.

"Not exactly. I found Philpot bullying young Trimble, and gave him a dressing, and these are his little tokens of esteem on my chivvy."

"The cad! But I told him I'd warm him if he worried Trimble. I guess——"

"You needn't trouble," grinned Pankhurst. "I've given him all he wants at present. He's going to be fearfully revenged, according to his own account; but I don't feel very nervous, and I'm not going to insure my life. I think I'll go and wash some of his clawmarks off, though."

"You're a decent sort, Panky. As head of the Fourth Form I approve——"

"Head of your grandmother!" said Pankhurst.

"Now, Panky, I guess you'll have to admit——"

"I'll admit that you're an ass, Pointplunger. What price tinned beef?"

"Look here," began Poindexter, who always grew warm when that subject was broached, "I don't want any——"

"You don't want any tinned beef? Well, I'm not surprised, considering what you make it of. Any of your relations disappeared lately in Chicago?" asked Pankhurst pleasantly. "Look for 'em in the canned beef! Ta, ta!"

And the Old Firm walked away, laughing.

"I guess we shall have to take those kids down a peg," said Poindexter. "They're getting too cocky by half."

And Neville and Flynn agreed.

## The 3rd Chapter.
## Philpot Plots Mischief.

"TRIMBLE!"

Teddy Trimble shrank away as Philpot came into the Fourth Form room. A couple of days had elapsed since the scene with the French master, and Philpot's thrashing seemed to have done him good, as he had not troubled Teddy since.

Teddy was detained this afternoon, and he was writing out an exercise all alone in the Form-room when Philpot came in.

"Yes, Philpot," said the youngster nervously.

He naturally imagined that the cad of the Fourth had sought him out with hostile intentions, and Teddy was far from help. But Philpot's face was twisted into as agreeable an expression as he could muster up, and his manner was most friendly.

"Are you busy, Teddy?"

"I've got this rotten thing to write out," said Teddy dolefully. "I'm detained, you know."

"Oh, don't worry about that! I'll write it out for you, if you like?"

Teddy opened his eyes in amazement. It was the first time he had ever known Philpot to do a generous thing.

"You—you'll write it out!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

Surely the world was coming to an end, when the Shylock of the Fourth offered to write his imposition for him.

"Yes, Teddy, if you like. You know Mr. Lanyon never looks at the impots, and he won't know the second half's in my writing."

"I say, it's awfully good of you, Philly! I do want to get out. I'm such a slow writer, I know I shouldn't be done before tea."

"That's all right," said Philpot, taking his pen. "Fact is, I'm sorry I ragged you the other day, Teddy. I was wild, you know, after Mossoo laying into me like that."

"Oh, never mind!" said Teddy. "I've got over it, and—and Panky gave you a fearful licking, didn't he? He, he, he!"

Philpot scowled savagely.

"You young—I mean, never mind! Shall I write this for you?"

"Rather!" said Teddy Trimble, jumping up. "I'm awfully obliged! I didn't know you were such a good sort, Philly. Everybody in the Fourth calls you a rotten cad, and I've always agreed with them; but now I think you're not such a beastly rotter as you look."

"Eh?" Philpot controlled his temper with difficulty, and sat down in Teddy's place. "You young ass! Never mind! Get out!"

"Righto! I'm off!"

"Oh, wait a sec.! Pankhurst spoke to me just before he went to Clivebank——"

"Did he?" said Teddy, pausing.

"Yes. He asked me to get that cardboard box out of his study. It's lying on the shelf behind the books. Will you go and get it?"

"Certainly."

"Bring it to me here. There's no hurry, as I have to give it to Panky when he comes in."

"Right you are!"

"If Price is there, tell him it's for Pankhurst, you know, not for me."

"I understand."

Teddy Trimble was glad to get his imposition done at such a cheap rate. He hurried off to No. 10 study, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" called out Price.

Teddy went in. Price was busily engaged with his diabolo, practising. There was a diabolo match coming off ere long between the Old Firm and the Combine, and Pankhurst and Price had been practising hard lately. Panky being away, Price was now improving the shining hour in the study.

"Don't stop me!" he exclaimed. "Don't get in the way, or I'll massacre you! What do you want?"

"Pankhurst wants the little cardboard box on the bookshelf."

"What the dickens does he want with fireworks now? Take it and go!"

"Are there fireworks in the box, Price?"

"Yes. Get out with it!"

Teddy Trimble took the box and left the study. He left Price counting.

"Hundred and fifteen, hundred and sixteen, hundred and——"

The door closed, and Teddy Trimble hurried back to the Fourth Form class-room.

"Got it?" asked Philpot, eagerly, as Teddy came in.

"Yes, here you are!"

"Was anybody in the study?"

"Only Price."

"You didn't mention me?"

"No. He was playing diabolo, and wouldn't have listened anyway. But why shouldn't I mention you?" asked Teddy, showing some curiosity.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I'll finish this impot for you, and leave it on the desk. You can cut along!"

"Thank you, Philly! You are a decent fellow, and not half such a cad as the fellows make out. Of course, that money-lending wheeze of yours was beastly, and Poindexter was quite right to come down heavy on you over that."

"Cut along!"

"And your bullying, too—that's beastly caddish, and it served you right to get that licking from Pankhurst."

"Get out!" roared Philpot.

"Oh, don't be annoyed, Philly! I'm only telling you that I don't think so badly of you as the others do, that's all! They think you're an unmitigated cad, but I can see you've got your good points, though not many of them, and——"

Philpot picked up a ruler, and Teddy Trimble fled.

The cad of the Fourth finished the imposition. Then he strolled out of the room with the captured box under his arm.

"Sure and what have ye got there, Philly, old son?" asked Micky Flynn, meeting him in the passage. "Is it anythin' to ate it is?"

"Yes, chocolates," said Philpot, "and I'm not going to give you any."

And he walked into his study.

"Pig!" said Micky. "And I don't belave they're chocolates at all, at all. He looks as if he were up to some dirty mischief by the expression of his eyes, the spalpeen! Faith, if I were the head of the coll., I would give that baste the order of the boot."

## The 4th Chapter.
## Pankhurst in Hot Water.

"QUIET!" whispered Poindexter.

It was very dark in the passage. The gas at the corner had been turned so low that there was scarcely a glimmer of light, and the three forms lying in ambush could not be detected by the keenest eye.

The Combine were on the warpath.

Poindexter's view, that the Old Firm required being taken down a peg or two, had been discussed in No. 4 study and approved. With the Combine the action always swiftly followed the word. They were waiting for the Old Firm now. Pankhurst had been to the village to give an order for a new diabolo set, and Price had gone down to the gates to meet him on his return; and the Combine were waiting for them in the passage. Dick Neville had turned down the gas to a mere speck of light. In the darkness the three juniors were ready to rush upon the foe as they passed on their way to their study.

"Beastly dark in the passage!"

It was Pankhurst's voice at a distance.

Poindexter nudged his comrades.

"Quiet!"

"Sure, and it's quiet we are!"

"Shut up, Micky!"

"Faith, and I'm——"

Poindexter's hand closed over Micky's mouth, and silenced him. There was a footstep in the darkness of the passage.

"Some ass has turned the gas down for a joke!"

Pankhurst's voice was heard again.

"Silly ass!" said Price.

Micky Flynn gave a chuckle. Poindexter pinched his arm.

"Will you keep quiet?" he hardly breathed.

"Sure, and it's quiet I am!"

"Look out!" shouted Pankhurst, hearing every word Micky spoke now. "It's an ambush! Run!"

There was a patter of feet in the gloom.

"You howling ass!" roared Poindexter, jumping up. "You've spoiled the whole show!"

"Faith, and it was yourself intoirely!"

"After them!" yelled Neville.

The Combine dashed down the passage. Pankhurst and Price, not knowing how many foes were there, or what was prepared for them, were running for their lives. They went side by side towards the stairs, and then downstairs with a rush, and by the greatest of misfortunes met Monsieur Friquet coming up.

Right into the little fat Frenchman they dashed.

There was no withstanding that impact. Mossoo rolled down the carpeted stairs, and landed on the rug at the bottom, gasping like a newly-landed fish; and Pankhurst sprawled across him, Price caught at the banisters and saved himself.

"Faith!" ejaculated Flynn, at the top of the staircase. "I belave there's been an accident!"

"I guess there has!" grinned Poindexter. "And Panky is in for it!"

Pankhurst certainly was in for it.

Monsieur Friquet had scrambled to his feet, and seized the unfortunate chief of the Old Firm by the collar.

He didn't ask for any explanations. He just started on Pankhurst, and showed a surprising amount of energy and activity for so little and stout a gentleman.

"Take zat!" he roared. "And zat!"

"Ow!" gasped Pankhurst. "I couldn't help it! Pull him off! Ow! He's dangerous! Ow! Ow!"

The little Frenchman was breathless when he let Pankhurst go.

"Let zat be a lesson to you!" he panted. "Let zat——"

But Pankhurst was gone.

"Hard cheese!" said Poindexter, overtaking the unfortunate Panky in the common room. "You should really keep your peepers open, you know, and not go downstairs as if you were charging down a football field."

Pankhurst rubbed his ears ruefully.

"It was your fault, you bounders!"

Poindexter grinned.

"I guess we didn't know it was going to turn out like that!" he said. "Micky Flynn gave away the ambush, and——"

"Faith, I like that! It was yourself that spoke first!"

"Rats! You ought to be put in an asylum!" said Poindexter, in disgust. "A thing like you isn't safe to leave lying about!"

"Sure, and it's unrasonable ye are!" said Flynn. "What do you think, Dicky, darling?"

"I think you're the champion ass!" said Neville.

And Poindexter and Neville walked away.

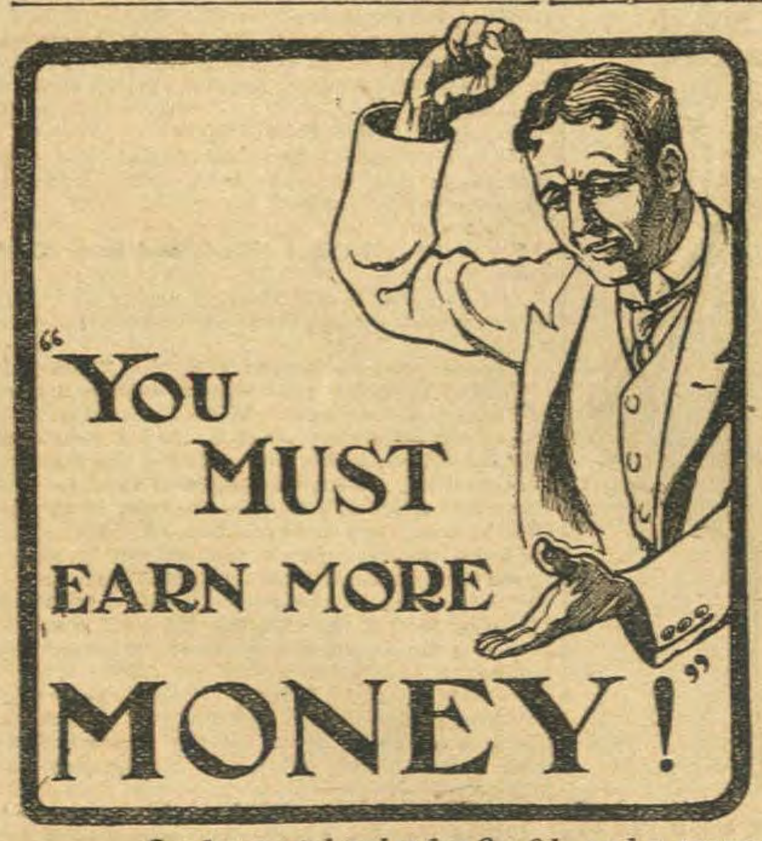
Micky scratched his curly head.

"They're about right!" Pankhurst remarked. "My hat! how my ears burn. Little Friquet can lay it on when he's riled."

"Serve you right!" said Philpot. "You cackled enough the other day when I got it from the beast, didn't you?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Pankhurst was still feeling rather sore when the Fourth Form went up to bed. So was Monsieur Friquet. A little fat man could not be knocked down the stairs by a weighty junior without feeling it, and Mossoo felt it. He had


*What is the first word you say when you look at this picture? It is a word of three letters with a mark of interrogation after it:*

**HOW?**

"HOW Can I Make More Money?" is the question you ask yourself. The Principal of THE BOYS' FRIEND CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE says you must earn more; he also says he will show you HOW! If you are an Engineer, or serving your apprenticeship to that trade, remember that the whole point of your future success is that you have your head trained whilst you are training your hands. To every ten thousand men skilled in the use of tools there are probably not more than ten who have expert brains.

If you want to make more money, you must be an expert in your work. BY BRAIN WORK YOU CAN MAKE MONEY, if you will add expert training to your present knowledge. Wash the dust of the old way from your hands, and start now to do your work with your head. All the great men, from Stephenson to Edison, have done that. The way is open to you, for THE BOYS' FRIEND CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE will give you a complete course of the best training in—

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING - - - for 2s. 6d.
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING - - - for 2s. 6d.
MOTOR DRIVING and ENGINEERING - for 2s. 6d.
CABINET-MAKING AND CARPENTRY - for 2s. 6d.

Or SIXPENCE for the First 2 Lessons in either course.

Send a postal order for 2s. 6d., and a penny stamp, for one of the above courses to the Principal, BOYS' FRIEND CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 2, Carmelite House, London, E.C. If you prefer it, you may send sixpence (postal order) for the first two lessons in either course. Each course consists of 12 lessons, which are illustrated with diagrams by men who are right at the top of their professions.

several bruises, and felt quite dizzy. He went to his room early, and rubbed his bruises with embrocation, and tumbled into bed. But he felt too knocked up to sleep.

He was still lying awake long after the Fourth had gone up. He heard the clock chime out the half-hour after ten from the tower. The chime had scarcely died away when he heard a sound at his door.

He started slightly. Little Mossoo was a nervous man, and always afraid of burglars. He listened intently, and heard a creak, and then a distinct sound of the handle of his door being turned.

The little man huddled himself in the bedclothes in a state of terror.

Often and often the mysterious midnight creaking or echoing of the ancient buildings of Cliveden had made him feel that the long-dreaded burglar was at hand at last. Now, there could be no possible mistake—the door of his room was actually being opened from the outside!

Monsieur Friquet palpitated.

There was no light either in the room or in the passage, and blackness reigned; he could see nothing, but he knew that the door was wide open. He felt the cold draught from the passage creeping into the room. Was some stealthy figure creeping in also—some dread visitant with life-preserver—knife—pistol—ugh! The terrible pictures his scared imagination conjured up were unendurable. Monsieur Friquet sprang up in bed with a yell of fright.

"Help!"

There was a startled exclamation at the door.

"My hat! he's awake!"

It was a muttering voice, and the Frenchman did not recognise it, but the words, and the tone, told him that it was a boy who muttered.

Excited as he was, he realised the truth in a moment.

The mysterious visitant to his room was a boy—some young rascal probably bent upon playing a trick on him—perhaps Pankhurst, still sore from his licking.

The Frenchman sprang from the bed.

As he did so, something red and gleaming whizzed through the air and fell with a light thud on the bedclothes, and lay there fizzing.

Mossoo's eyes fixed themselves on it with utter amazement and terror.

He thought of bombs, of dynamite cartridges, of slow fuses, of gunpowder explosions—as that unknown horrible thing sputtered away on his bed—but he had little time to think and none to act.

"Mon bleu! I——"

Bang!

A sudden, startling explosion made the little man jump a couple of feet clear of the floor, with a wild yell of terror.

It was a loud report, but to the Frenchman's terrified ears it seemed like the roar of a huge cannon.

"Help! A moi! Ciel!"

Bang!

A second explosion crashed through the silence of the night.

Monsieur Friquet gave a gasp of utter horror and dashed from the room. Careless of the fact that he was clad only in the light and airy garments of the night, he raced along the corridor, letting out an ear-splitting yell at every step.

## The 5th Chapter.
### Who was the Culprit?

"HELP! A moi! a moi! Help!"

Monsieur Friquet dashed blindly along, and ran right into a figure issuing from a room, candle in hand. He clutched at it, and, with the courage of extreme terror, struggled desperately to hurl it to the floor. He was too frightened to know foe from friend at that moment. The candle went down with a crash and was instantly extinguished.

"Help! Help!"

"Hold on!" gasped a voice. "Is that you, Mossoo? What's the matter? Hold on!"

It was the voice of Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden. Monsieur Friquet recognised it, and ceased his frantic struggling. The captain of Cliveden tore himself away.

"Is that you, Monsieur Friquet?"

"Oui! Yes! Help!"

Trevelyan picked up the candlestick and lighted the candle.

"What's the matter? I heard you yelling and was coming, when you ran into me? What has happened?"

"Burglars! Anarchists! Thieves! Murder!"

Trevelyan smiled.

"Calm yourself, Mossoo——"

"What is this disturbance about?"

It was the deep voice of Dr. Rayne, the Head of Cliveden. He came up the passage in dressing-gown and slippers, looking very annoyed.

"I don't know, sir," said Trevelyan. "I heard Mossoo shouting for help, and came out, that's all. He seems frightened out of his wits."

"I heard an explosion," said the Head. "We had better go to Monsieur Friquet's room."

Mr. Lanyon, the master of the Fourth, came out with a lamp in his hand. They hurried along to the French master's room. Monsieur Friquet was still in a state of palpitation, muttering about murder and anarchists and explosions.

The Head sniffed as he entered the bed-room.

"Dear me! There is a decided smell of gunpowder here! Do you not notice it, Mr. Lanyon?"

"Decidedly!" replied the Fourth Form master, sniffing too.

Trevelyan stooped and picked up an object that was lying beside the bed.

"That was the cause of it, sir," he said quietly, holding it out for the doctor's inspection.

The doctor's brows contracted with anger.

It was the empty, torn case of a firework—a huge "double cracker." It had evidently been ignited by a mischievous hand and hurled deliberately into the French master's room.

"It is a trick," said Dr. Rayne. "A cowardly, dastardly prank. I could forgive a practical joke, but this is worse than that. The effect of such an action upon a man of weak nerves might be very serious. The perpetrator of this rascally action shall be severely punished."

Monsieur Friquet was calming down somewhat.

The sight of the empty shell of the firework showed him that he had not after all been exposed to the attack of an anarchist or a desperado; but at the same time that his alarm subsided, his anger rose.

He had been frightened out of his wits, and made to exhibit himself in a ridiculous light, and the best tempered of little men could hardly forgive that.

"It is ze prank!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with anger. "Doctair, I appeal to you! Ze rascal should be flog!"

"You may rest assured that his punishment will be severe," said the doctor, with ominous quietness. "I shall even consider whether I shall not expel him from the college. Have you any idea as to the identity of the rascal, Monsieur Friquet?"

The French master pondered.

"I know not," he said. "I like not to zink zat any of ze boys do such a zing. Yet I zink I hear ze voice of a boy."

"Have you lately inflicted any severe punishment which might induce——"

Monsieur Friquet started.

"Yes, zere vas Pankhurst."

"Pankhurst," said Mr. Lanyon. "He is in my Form. He is a mischievous lad, but I should hardly think him capable of a cruel and callous action like this."

"We will proceed to the Fourth Form dormitory," said the Head grimly.

The four of them went at once to the sleeping quarters of the Fourth. The lamp glimmered upon the long row of white beds, every occupant of the same being apparently buried in a profound slumber. But the Head knew the juniors too well to be much impressed by appearances.

"Boys! Wake up!"

The Head's deep voice awakened the whole dormitory. The Fourth Form sat up in bed, blinking at the doctor in amazement.

"I am sorry to disturb your slumber, my boys," said Dr. Rayne, "but a dastardly trick has been played upon Monsieur Friquet this night. Someone has hurled a lighted cracker into his bed-room, causing him to be startled by the explosion. I have reason to believe that the culprit belongs to this dormitory. Has anyone here left the room since lights out?"

There was an eager chorus of denials.

"Was anyone awake before I came in?"

"Yes, sir," said Teddy Trimble. "I mean no, sir."

"Were you awake, Trimble?"

"I—I——"

"Answer me truthfully. You have nothing to fear, unless you committed this outrage. Were you awake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you leave the dormitory?"

"No, sir."

"Did anyone else?"

"I—I——"

"Answer me instantly."

"Well, sir, I heard someone moving about, and the door shut, but I think it was somebody coming in, not somebody going out. It was too dark to see anything."

"Do you know whom it was?"

"No, sir; it was too dark."

"Pankhurst!"

"Yes, sir," said the chief of the Old Firm.

"Did you leave the dormitory?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"You were not awake when I came in?"

"No, sir; your voice woke me."

"Have you any fireworks in your possession."

"Yes, sir, I have a box down in No. 10 with one in it; a double cracker, sir."

"H'm! Take this candle, and go and fetch that cracker, please."

Pankhurst rather unwillingly got out of bed. The night was a cold one. He drew on his trousers hastily. Price whispered to him from the next bed.

"I say, Panky, what do you mean! You know you had the——"

"Don't whisper to Pankhurst, Price."

"No, sir," said Price, colouring.

Pankhurst took the candle, and left the dormitory. The form waited in suspense for his return. It was perfectly clear that the Doctor believed Pankhurst to be guilty, and most of the juniors were inclined to agree with him. The fact that Pankhurst had been licked by Monsieur Friquet that evening, and that he had a cracker in his possession, was enough for them as for the doctor! The Combine took a different view.

"I guess Panky didn't do it," said Poindexter, in a whisper to Dick Neville. "He's too cocky, considering his place in the form, but he wouldn't play a silly and dangerous trick like that, especially on such a nervous little beggar as Mossoo."

Neville shook his head.

"Faith, I'm sure he wouldn't," said Flynn, "the Head's on the wrong track. Anybody might have taken Panky's cracker."

Pankhurst re-entered the dormitory. He came empty-handed, and looking very red and flustered.

"Well, Pankhurst?" said the doctor, coldly.

"It—it isn't there, sir," stammered Pankhurst.

The Head smiled grimly.

"I thought you would not find it, Pankhurst. Do you still deny that you committed this outrageous, cowardly prank?"

"I don't know anything at all about it, sir."

"Very well. I shall leave my decision till the morning. You will come to me in my study after prayers, Pankhurst."

Dr. Rayne quitted the room, with Mossoo and Mr. Lanyon. Trevelyan followed. Pankhurst slowly got back into bed again.

There was a buzz of questioning from the Fourth-Formers.

"I say, Panky, did you do it?"

"No, I didn't, growled Pankhurst. "Do you think I told the Head a lie, confound you?"

"But I say," said Price, "you know you——"

"Oh, rats!" said Pankhurst, "I know you don't think so, Price."

"Of course I don't, if you say you didn't do it, Panky. But it was your cracker."

"I suppose it was."

"Then whom did you give it to?"

"I didn't give it to anybody."

"But you had it out of the study to-day——"



THE FRENCH MASTER HAS A FRIGHT.

**The Frenchman sprang from the bed. As he did so, something red and gleaming whizzed through the air, and fell with a light thud upon the bedclothes, and lay there fizzing. Then came—"Bang."**

"No, I didn't."

"But——"

"I tell you I didn't, and that ends it."

And Pankhurst turned over, and buried his head in his pillow, and the subject dropped for that night.

## The 6th Chapter.
### In Disgrace.

DR. RAYNE'S brow was very stern when Pankhurst came into his study after prayers the following morning. He had a cane lying on the table before him, evidently ready for use. He took it up as Pankhurst came in. The chief of the Old Firm did not flinch.

"Pankhurst," said the Head, quietly, "I shall punish you severely for this action of last night. You are old enough to know how dangerous it is to play such a trick. It shows a callousness of nature I am shocked to find in any boy. An ordinary practical joke I could pardon. But you know very well the difference between a practical joke and a dangerous trick like this. But for your previous good record I should seriously consider about allowing you to remain at the school. Hold out your hand."

"May I speak first, sir?"

"Have you anything to say?"

"Only what I said last night, sir. I am innocent."

"I can only regard this as effrontery, Pankhurst. You do not deny that the cracker that was used was yours?"

"No, sir; I suppose it was."

"Did the boys generally know where you kept it?"

"No, sir, only Price. Of course he wouldn't have done this, any more than I would."

The boy's look and tone were so frank that the Head was puzzled. It was hard to believe that Pankhurst was telling a lie, and hard to believe that he was innocent, in the face of the evidence.

"Heaven forbid that I should punish an innocent boy," he said, after a pause, "I am loth to believe you capable of deliberate deceit, Pankhurst. Yet the proof seems conclusive."

"I can't help it, sir. I didn't do it."

The doctor looked at him searchingly, and slowly laid down the cane.

"You may go, Pankhurst," he said quietly. "Mind, you are not pardoned. I shall inquire further into the matter, and seek further proof, before I punish the culprit. That is all."

"Thank you, sir."

And Pankhurst left the study. He was very thoughtful during morning school. Monsieur Friquet took the Fourth in French that morning, and his manner to Pankhurst was cold and frigid in the extreme. When the juniors were dismissed, Pankhurst went out with Price. The latter was looking very worried.

"I say, Panky, I wish you'd explain," he said, nervously.

"Explain what?" said Pankhurst, irritably.

"About that cracker."

"What is there to explain? Some cad pinched it out of our study, and played this trick on Mossoo, and left me to bear the blame. I wish I knew who it was," said Pankhurst, savagely. "The Head hasn't forgiven me; I'm just to hang on waiting till he finds proof, in disgrace all the time. Mossoo thinks I did it, and lied about it, and so does Lanyon, and they're both down on me. Trevelyan looks at me as if he thinks I'm not fit to speak to."

Pankhurst made a passionate gesture.

"I wish I could find the cad."

"But—but you sent young Trimble to the study for the thing yesterday."

"I tell you I didn't."

"But I was there, practising diabolo for the match, when he came in."

Pankhurst gave a jump.

"Do you mean to say that young Trimble came and fetched that cracker, and said he came from me?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that's how it was."

"The young villain! I never sent him."

"Never sent him!" echoed Price, in astonishment.

"No. If he had the cracker, he knows who did this. Come on."

The Old Firm soon hunted out Teddy Trimble. Pankhurst took him by the collar, and Teddy looked at him in alarm.

"Look here, Trimble, you fetched a cracker from my study yesterday, and told Price I sent you for it!" exclaimed Pankhurst.

"No, I didn't!" exclaimed Teddy, promptly.

"Why, you young cram!" exclaimed Price, indignantly, "didn't you come in and say Panky wanted the cardboard box off the bookshelf."

"Oh, yes, that's a different matter. So he did."

"You dare to say that I sent you!" howled Pankhurst.

"Well, it was the same thing; you asked Philpot to get it, and as he was doing my impot for me, I went instead."

"Philpot!" exclaimed Pankhurst and Price simultaneously, a light breaking on their minds.

"Did you give the cardboard box to Philpot?"

"Yes, to give to you."

"You young ass! He never gave it to me; I never asked him to get it."

"Why, he said——"

"Oh, I daresay he's said lots of things! Come on, Pricey."

The Old Firm rushed off in search of Philpot. They found him in the five's court. Pankhurst pinned him to the wall in a twinkling.

"Now, you cad, what do you mean by it? You sent young Trimble to my study yesterday for my cracker, and——"

"What are you talking about?" said Philpot, jerking himself away. "Did he say so?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, he's lying, or he dreamed it. I never did anything of the kind. Now, hands off, Pankhurst, or I'll yell to that prefect."

"Do you deny——"

"Yes, I do; every word of it."

Pankhurst and Price looked at each other. Then they quietly left the five's court.

## The 7th Chapter.
### Bowled Out.

"GUESS you look as if you were going to a funeral, Panky" drawled the voice of Lincoln G. Poindexter, of Chicago.

"I'm worried," grunted Pankhurst. "So would you be if you were in disgrace till a rascal was found, and couldn't find him."

"Then you didn't do that firework business?"

"Of course I didn't! Do you think I would tell a lie?" flashed out Pankhurst.

"I guess not. Keep your whiskers on. I know you didn't, Panky, if you say you didn't!"

"Righto!" exclaimed Dick Neville.

"Faith, and sure we all believe in Panky," said Micky Flynn. "But who did it, that's the question?"

"I believe it was Philpot, but I can't prove it."

"What makes you think it was Philpot?"

Pankhurst explained. The Combine listened attentively.

"He says Teddy made it all up, but I'd rather believe Teddy," said Pankhurst. "But I haven't any proof."

"Let's go and question Teddy," said Poindexter. "I guess we'll soon see whether he's telling the truth or not."

The five juniors—all their rivalry in abeyance at a time like this—proceeded to find Teddy Trimble. Teddy looked a little nervous at the sight of Pankhurst, but Lincoln G. Poindexter soon reassured him.

## PHILPOT'S PLOT.

*(Continued from the previous page).*

"I guess we're not going to hurt you, Teddy," said the American chum. "We want the facts, that's all. Mind, the whole story straight, from beginning to end."

"That's what I've told Pankhurst," said Teddy. "If Philpot was telling crammers, how was I to know?"

"That's so!"

"He offered to do my impot for me. I might have known he was up to some game," said Teddy. "But I never thought. And he said I was to go and get the cardboard box out of Panky's study, and not mention that he had sent me."

"And you brought the cardboard box and gave it to him?"

"Yes, I'll swear I did, Poindexter."

"I guess I believe you," said the American slowly. "But to prove it—— Hallo, hallo, what's the matter with that wild Irishman?"

Micky Flynn gave a sudden jump into the air, with a loud, excited yell.

"Arrah!"

"Sure, and it's a blockhead I am."

"We all know that, but——"

"What kind of a cardboard box was it you had the cracker in, Panky?"

"What the dickens does that matter, ass?"

"Jist tell me, and don't ask questions. What kind of a box was it?"

"Oh, just a cardboard box. I had a pair of tennis shoes sent home in it once——"

"Arrah! I knew it! And the label was still on the box?"

"Yes; but what——"

"Shut up while I'm talking. Now, Teddy darling, what was the exact time when you gave that box to Philpot?"

Teddy Trimble reflected.

"The clock had gone six a few minutes before." he said.

"Arrah! Begorra! Tare-an'-'ounds!"

"What does the ass mean?"

"Ass? Asses yourselves! I'm the witness—I'm the giddy spalpeen of a witness! I tell ye that just after six yesterday I saw Philpot come out of the Fourth Form room with an old tennis-shoe box under his arm, looking as if he was up to mischief. I asked him what was in it, and he said chocolates, which, of course, I knew was a lie."

The Combine and the Old Firm stared at the Irish lad in silence for a moment. Then they realised what his witnessing meant, and they rushed upon him and hugged him.

"Arrah, don't break me back intoirely! Don't suffocate me, the last descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland!" exclaimed Micky, in a muffled voice.

"Here comes Philpot," chuckled Teddy Trimble. "Make him own up!"

With a rush the Combine and the Old Firm surrounded the cad of the Fourth. Philpot turned pale.

"Arrah!" roared Micky, giving Philpot a terrific thump on the back. "It's bowled out ye are, intoirely. Where did you get Pankhurst's box yesterday, hey? Bring him along to the Head, kiddies, and we'll show him up."

"I didn't—I did——"

"You can say all that to the Head," grinned Poindexter. "Come along!"

Philpot's knees knocked together. He realised now that there had been one weak spot in his rascally scheme; there was a witness against him, and he was bowled out.

"Let me—let me off!" he gasped. "I—I meant to own up. I did it as a joke against Pankhurst, to get him licked, and——"

"You cad!"

"Don't take me to the Head!" screamed Philpot. "Let me go, and I—I'll own up! I will really. The Head'll let me off more lightly if I own up of my own accord."

The juniors hesitated. The fellow was such a wretched coward that he seemed more worthy of contempt than of punishment.

"I guess we'll let him have his way," said Poindexter, at last. "He'll get a licking, anyway, and we don't want to get him expelled, though he deserves it."

"Faith, we'll escort him to the Head's study, though, and see that he goes in," exclaimed Micky Flynn.

"Quite so!" said Price.

And the cad of the Fourth was marched up to the Doctor's door, and bundled in, and left to make his explanation, and the juniors remained outside till they were sure he had done it. Then they went their way. Philpot came out of the Head's study a little later twisting himself into the most remarkable attitudes.

He had had the caning of his life. The Doctor was shrewd enough to guess that the confession was not wholly voluntary, and he laid it on well. It was long before Philpot could think of that thrashing without a shudder.

Pankhurst was cleared. The Doctor himself said before the whole school that he was sorry he had suspected him, and Monsieur Friquet was extremely kind to him after the proof of his innocence. The only sufferer was the cad of the Fourth, and he deserved more than he received.

"All's well that end's well," said Poindexter. "I'm glad we've set you to rights, Panky—and now, look out for squalls, you bounders! We're going to knock you sky-high in the diabolo match on Saturday!"

To which Pankhurst and Price made the cheerful if not elegant reply:

"Rats!"

THE END.

*("The Cliveden Diabolo Match" next week.)*

# OUR WORKSHOP CORNER.

**A Collection of Instructive Articles Written by Members of the Hobby Club.**

### A Novel Money Box.

When finished, this article represents a bank with a miniature messenger outside, who is holding a tray. A penny being placed on the tray the messenger moves rapidly in a semi-circular direction through one door and out of the other, minus the coin, to his old position.

First, make the bank out of a cigar-box and shape it like Fig. 1, any size being suitable.

For the works, which are very simple, a glance at Fig. 2 will show how they are made. First, fix the rod (*a*), and near the top make a small slit. In this fix a pliable piece of wire, care being taken that it can move with the rod without catching the sides. Bend one end of the wire and pass it through the semi-circular cut (*b*). On this end place a doll made to represent a bank messenger with a small tray in his hand. The other end of the wire should be weighted.

At the top of the model fix a pulley (*c*), and also one at the bottom. Around these and the rod a piece of twine should be fastened. For the arrangement of this see Fig. 2.

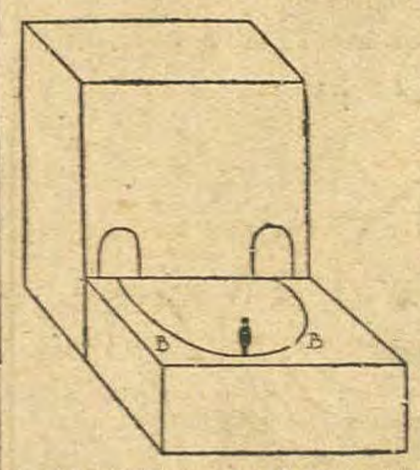
Near the top pulley fix on the twine a stone (*d*) with the aid of a clip, and lastly, fix a nail (*e*) at the bottom of box. This will prevent the wire from moving when not wanted to.

To work the model put a penny on the tray, which, if the wire has been properly set, will lift the other end clear of the nail. The weight of the stone will now cause the pulleys and rod to revolve, and the messenger to move. When he goes through one door the penny should be swept off the tray. He will now come through the other door to resume his position where he will stay till another penny is put on the tray.

It is advisable to have a door at the back of the model, as the stone will occasionally want resetting, and it will come in handy for getting the money out.—*C. G. Boult, 26, Turner Road, Walthamstow,* who is awarded this week's special prize of five shillings.

### The Silver-Grey Rabbit.

The silver-grey is a well-known breed and one that is very useful from every point of view. It is a compactly built rabbit, with stout limbs, and covered well by flesh. The head is small in comparison with the size of the animal. Another important point is the ears, which should be short and erect.




**"A Novel Money Box."** *(See article on this page.)*

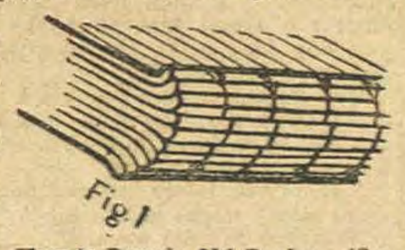
This rabbit can be bred up to eight or nine pounds—this is about the weight for table purposes.

Show animals are bred more for coat and colour than for weight. The coat should receive careful attention. It should be short and thick, and velvety, and free from any softness. The colour should be bright silver, ticked sharply and evenly with black hair, and the under colour should be a rich blue-black.

One of the greatest difficulties is to produce animals with a good colour. Young silvers are born black and keep that colour until about a month old, when they slowly begin to change so that by the time they are six months' old, the full value is attained, and not until then can the value of animals be determined for show purposes. They are good regular breeders and good mothers; but require careful handling, however, when they have youngsters, as they are bad tempered as a rule. The silver grey thrives much better out of doors than in, and this helps to make the breed all the more popular. —*B. Russell, Colne Road, Earith, Hunts.*

### An Æolian Harp.

Let a box be made of thin deal, the length of which had better correspond exactly to the window in which it is to be placed, four or five inches in depth, and five or six inches wide. Glue at the extremities of the top two pieces of oak, about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, to serve as bridges for the strings, and at each end, directly below these bridges, glue two pieces of beech, about an inch square, and of length equal to the width of the box, which is to receive the pegs. Into one of these fix as many pegs (similar to those used in a pianoforte, though not so large) as there are to be strings, and into the other fasten as many small brass pins. Then string the instrument with small catgut, or first fiddle strings, fixing one end of the string to one of the pins and twisting the other round the opposite peg. These strings should be tuned in unison. To procure a proper passage for the wind, a thin board, supported by four pegs, is placed over the strings, at about three inches distance from the sounding board. The instrument must be placed at a partly open window; and the force of the current of air increased by opening a door or a window at the opposite end of the room. When the wind blows, the strings begin to sound in unison; but, as the force of the current increases, the sound changes into a pleasing mixture of all the notes of the diatonic scale, ascending and descending, and these often unite in the most harmonic combinations.—*R. Carter, 18, Russell Street, Scarcroft Road, York.*




**How to Repair Old Books.** *(See article on this page.)*

### A Punctureless Tyre Band.

Go to your cycle dealer, and buy a steel tape—sold for protecting the tube from the spokeheads, or you may get a strip of tin, half an inch wide and the correct length. Next, get a strip of canvas two inches wide and three inches longer than the piece of tin, the last three inches being two and a half inches wide. Take some gum paper and cover the edges of the strip of tin. Then get someone to stitch the canvas together; now insert the tin band into the canvas bag and your puncture proof band is complete. Keep seam of canvas against the outer cover. The extra three inches of the canvas being wider you can overlap, and secure the opposite end.—*T. Ashworth, 285, Great Ancoats Street, Manchester.*

### Care of Thrushes.

A cock may be distinguished from a hen by a darker back, and the more glossy appearance of the feathers. The belly also is white. Their natural food is insects, worms and snails. In a domesticated state they will eat raw meat, but snails and worms should be procured for them. Young birds are hatched about the middle of April, and should be kept very warm. They should be fed with raw meat, cut small, or bread mixed in milk, with hemp seed well bruised. When they can feed themselves, give them lean meat cut small, and mixed with bread; plenty of clean water, and keep them in a warm, dry, and sunny situation.—*E. W. G. Newlyn, 172, High Street, Ramsgate, Kent.*




**How to Repair Old Books.** *(See article on this page.)*

### Lettuce Grown While You Wait.

If you want to do a really remarkable thing, get a handful of lettuce seeds, and soak them overnight in alcohol. Take a box or flower pot about six inches deep, in the bottom of which put two inches of well-mixed loam or florist's soil. Then take your soaked seeds, and after putting two more inches of soil in the box, composed of one part loam and one part quicklime, scatter the seeds all over the top.

Now put a little more fine loam over them, water the whole, and stand it directly in a strong light, gas if possible. In ten minutes the seeds burst, in twenty there are two leaves, and at the end of an hour, if sprinkled a couple of times, the lettuce leaves will have attained the size of half crowns, and will be found, if served at table, freshly crisp.—*John Lovie, 12, Northfield Place Aberdeen.*

### The Zebra Finch.

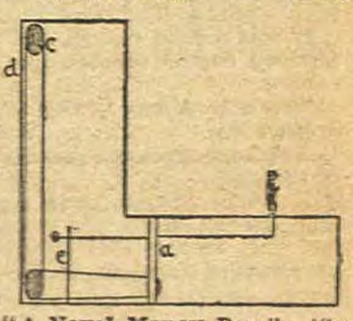
The Zebra finch is a perky little bird, no larger than a redpole, and clad in a pretty grey coat having reddish sides speckled with white, and a coral-red beak. The hen is recognised by being all grey, so it is easy to know a genuine pair.

This finch hails from Australia, where it feeds on seeding wayside grasses, and livens the woods with its shrill call-note, which is its only vocal ability.

*Food.*—All that is necessary is millet seed, both white and spray; but cracked canary seed and a few ant's eggs will not come amiss. Grit and fresh water are necessary additions.

*Breeding.*—Let the breeding cage be as large as possible. I suggest one of the box pattern, wired down the front only, and hung so as not to face a direct draught On no account should it be less than 21in. long, 15in. high, and 10in. deep. The water vessel should be earthenware, and fixed inside the cage. Sawdust is the best cage-bottom covering. It should be spread rather thickly, raked over daily, and renewed weekly. Grit or coarse sand must be supplied in a small box, near the wooden seed holder. Two perches of different thicknesses are necessary, and also another fixed close to the nest. The nest is a cocoanut husk, with a hole near the top, or a cigar-box, with a similar hole, will be quite as suitable.

Nesting material (soft hay, moss, and small feathers) should be supplied, with which the birds will proceed to line the nestbox. Shortly afterwards, the eggs will appear, generally about six in number, and no larger than peas. Refrain from handling the precious treasures, or bad results may follow. Do not disturb the sitting hen, and only go to the cage to supply food and water. Patience will be rewarded by the sound of muffled squeaks from within the nest. Restrain your curiosity and do not even touch the nest until about four days after "the event," and don't be too sudden in looking at the young, or the precocious youngsters will leap from the nest in terror; hence the advantage of a deep nestbox.




**"A Novel Money Box."** *(See article on this page.)*

Leave everything to the parent birds. They will rear their family, and bring them on to hard seed, without human assistance. A little bit of sponge cake is eagerly devoured by the young, but should only be given sparingly. If you are content to leave the breeding birds well alone, your reward is assured. Sixteen young birds is no uncommon number from one pair in one season.

A pair may be bought at from 3s. to 4s. Zebra finches have much to recommend them. First, their beauty; second, their grace and vivacity, and third, they are easily catered for. They are very easily tamed and, as they lend themselves to cage life so readily, you will search far to find a more entertaining alien-bird, than the Zebra finch.—*Malcolm W. Dye, 34, Murraygate, Dundee.*

## THE HANDYMAN AT HOME.

**By G. F. R.**

### How to Repair Old Books.

PROBABLY most of the readers of this paper have books in their possession which require mending or cleaning. Book renovation is neither difficult nor costly, and is within the powers of all who possess a little patience and neatness in manipulation.

The first thing to do in repairing an old book is to secure the loose leaves. Odd ones can be fixed in with paste or glue. If a whole section is loose, first sew it with stout thread, leaving frayed ends at intervals along the whole length, then glue them to that part that goes before and the part that follows (Fig. 1). A sheet of thick paper or cloth glued on the back will keep it in position.

If the book has slipped out of the cover, leaving it intact, the best thing to do is to strip all the paper off the inside of the back (not ends) of the cover, leaving the cloth bare. Then glue the back of the book and cover with good glue and put under pressure. This will make what is called a tight back, but the book will open well, and if all the padding is taken out, as directed, it will make a strong body.

If only one cover is torn off, it can be fastened on thus: Raise the cloth of the cover from the millboard with a penknife to about half an inch, and glue the half of a piece of cloth one inch wide into the opening made; do the same at the back of the book, and place in the remaining half inch and fix with glue, which completes the job (Fig. 2).

In the case of a tear across a page, it may best be mended by sticking a narrow strip of thin but tough tissue paper along the tear on each side of the leaf. It occasionally happens that a page has received such severe damage that it is practically in fragments. In such a case a piece of the thinnest transparent Japanese paper may be pasted all over and under the damaged page.

In the case of worm holes and other small holes, they may be mended by boiling down some paper in size until it is of a pulpy consistency, filling in the holes, and so re-making the paper as it were in those places. Experiments must be made to ensure it drying the same colour as the page on which it is used. The damaged page during the process is laid on a smooth solid support, applying enough of the pulp to fill the hole, and being then placed under heavy pressure.

The most common damages to the pages of books are stains of various kinds. Herewith we give directions for their removal. Beneath the page to be treated a thick piece of white blotting paper should be laid, and the stain treated in one of the following ways, according to the cause.

*Writing Ink.*—Employ equal parts of oxalic or citric acid and water, or a solution of muriate of tin, of which take one part and water two parts.

*Grease Spots.*—First place some pieces of clean paper underneath the spot to be operated upon. Two sheets of white blotting with a sheet of grease-proof paper, such as used for wrapping butter, would do admirably. Then place blotting paper over it and press a hot iron on the spot until the grease melts.

This will absorb most of it. It need scarcely be said that if the spot be caused by the dripping of a candle as much of the grease as possible should be scraped away before applying the iron. If any stain remains, and to remove oil, ether or turpentine should be used. Pour a little round the spot. Then apply a warm iron through blotting paper.

*Finger-marks* are rather obstinate, but a little white soap jelly placed on the spot and allowed to remain for some hours, and then removed with a fine sponge or brush and pure water will generally be found efficacious.

*Fruit and Medicine Stains.*—If dealt with at once they may usually be completely removed with a pad moistened with cold water, frequently renewed. In the case of long-standing stains a weak solution of a vegetable acid, such as citric or lemon juice, should be employed.

*Iron-mould.*—To remove this, employ with care salts of lemon or chloride of lime in solution.

*(Another of these grand articles shortly.)*