

POWERFUL COTTON-MILL STORY STARTS TO-DAY!

B.H. Watch Coupon.  
No. 11.  
Not available after  
Mar. 17.

# The Boys' Herald 1<sup>d</sup>

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

No. 243, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 14, 1908.

Great New Serial Starts To-day!

Don't Miss the Long Opening Instalment!



# CLOGLAND

A Tale of the Cotton Cities.  
By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE WILD SCENE IN THE SPINNING-ROOM.

“Come on!” screamed the lanky youth. “Blazes and flames! Blazes and flames!” Bang! went the crowbar, wrecking half the spindles and threads in the nearest frame.

“SEXTON BLAKE AT SCHOOL” Is Just Commencing. (See Inside.)



# The Cliveden Redskins

Another of Charles Hamilton's Rollicking School Stories.

## The 1st Chapter.

### The Old Firm Have Their Suspicions.

"THEY'RE up to something," said Pankhurst, with conviction.

"Quite so," said Price.

"I haven't the faintest idea what it is."

"I haven't either."

"But, of course, it's some wheeze up against us."

"Of course."

"And we're going to scent it out."

"Quite so."

"I do really wish, Pricey," said Pankhurst irritably, "that you'd find something else to say sometimes, and not always answer like a confounded parrot."

"Quite so," answered Price, from force of habit. "There you go again! I may be an unreasonable ass—"

"Quite so."

"Oh, don't be a silly cuckoo. The question is, how are we going to find out what the Combine are doing?" said Pankhurst.

"Quite—I mean, exactly."

Pankhurst ran his fingers thoughtfully through his red hair. The chums were sitting in No. 10 study at Cliveden, thinking it out and talking it over. Something was on, that was certain. Pankhurst, with his usual keenness, had discovered that mysterious whispers and nods were passing among the chums of No. 4 study, Poindexter, Flynn, and Neville, known in Cliveden as the Combine. They had received lines from the French master, M. Friquet, for whispering together in class. They had not seemed to care in the least. True, the good-natured little French master seldom asked to see the lines he imposed. But it was clear enough that the Combine had some scheme in mind which rendered them indifferent to impositions anyway.

What was the scheme? That was the question which troubled the minds of Pankhurst and Price, as they sat in council in No. 10 study.

What new device were Poindexter and his chums planning to bring about the discomfiture of their rivals for supremacy in the Fourth Form at Cliveden? For that such was their object, Pankhurst did not doubt for a moment.

"We've got to get on to the wheeze," said Pankhurst, after a moment's silence.

"Quite—exactly!"

"Hallo! what's that confounded row?"

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the passage outside. The door of No. 10 was half open. Pankhurst stepped to it and looked out. Then a look of excitement came into his face, and he signed to Price to join him.

"What is it, Panky?"

"Come and look," whispered Pankhurst. "It's those bounders going into No. 4, and they're carrying big parcels of something. What on earth does it mean, I wonder?"

The red-haired chums of the Fourth stared down the passage. Three lads had come upstairs, and were going into No. 4 study, and they were the three known as the Combine. Poindexter, the athletic, keen-eyed American chum; Dick Neville, the captain of the Fourth Form eleven; and Micky Flynn, the descendant—according to his own account, of the ancient kings of Ireland. Three of the best, as Pankhurst would have been the first to acknowledge; but they were the rivals of the Old Firm, and, therefore, deadly foes.

Poindexter had a bundle under his arm, from which long sticks protruded. They were not golf-sticks or walking-sticks, and exactly what sticks they were Panky and Price could not determine. Neville had a bigger parcel on his shoulder. Micky Flynn carried a bulging bag. The three chums wore happy grins, which alone were sufficient to prove to Pankhurst that there was a big scheme on.

The Combine passed into their study, too occupied to notice that the Old Firm were looking at them along the passage. The door closed, and Pankhurst, listening keenly, heard a faint click as the key turned in the lock.

He looked at Price in helpless amazement.

"What the dickens does it all mean, Pricey?"

Price shook his head.

"Blessed if I know, Panky."

"What have they got in those bundles?"

"It can't be grub for a feed," suggested Price.

Pankhurst gave him a withering look.

"No," he replied. "Unless they're going to invite the whole school to tea in the study. It's not grub."

"Then I give it up."

"We've got to find out. I know it's up against us."

"But I say, we were going up the river this afternoon, remarked Price. It was a Wednesday afternoon, a half-holiday at Cliveden School.

"Blow the old river," said Pankhurst.

"Oh, I don't mind!"

"Come along, and let's get on the track," said Pankhurst desperately. "This thing will turn my hair grey if I don't get on to the mystery."

Price looked at Pankhurst's hair. It was of such a deeply, deeply auburn tint that it seemed as if it would require a miracle to turn it grey. But he made no remark, but followed his leader from the study.

Pankhurst stopped at the door of No. 4. He tried the handle gently, but the lock did not budge. He listened for the sound of voices within.

There was a subdued murmur. The Combine were talking, but in cautious tones. Once or twice the chuckle of Micky Flynn was audible.

"What can it mean?" murmured Pankhurst.

"Quite so—I mean, I wonder?"

"I'll make them open the door."

"They won't!"

"Well, we'll see."

And Pankhurst gave a sudden terrific kick at the door which made it creak. There was an exclamation inside the study.

"Hallo, who's there?"

"I am."

"Is that you, Panky?"

"Yes, it is."

"Do you want to come in?"

"Yes, confound you. Open the door."

"Not this afternoon. Some other afternoon."

"Open the door, you tinned-beef ass."

Lincoln G. Poindexter chuckled.

"Come again later, dear boy; we're not opening any doors just at present."

Pankhurst kicked at the door again.

"Go away and play!" called out Poindexter. "I guess that if I come out to you I'll give you beans."

"Come out then, I'm ready!" shouted Pankhurst.

"Not just yet."

"Yah! You're a funk."

"You can't get the door open by talking, Panky."

"Yah! Tinned rats! Funk!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Pankhurst, with a face as red as his hair, gave

it up. Price was grinning, and his grin irritated Pankhurst.

"Oh, let's get off!" growled the leader of the Old Firm. "We can't get the door open, and it's no good sticking here. I'll give it a kick or two for luck."

He pounded at the panels with his boot. There was a yell from the direction of the staircase.

"Stop that row up there, will you!"

Pankhurst grinned.

"That's Grahame. Perhaps we'd better chuck it. All right, Grahame, keep your wool on, kid. Come along, Price."

The Old Firm reluctantly left the spot. But Pankhurst was not beaten yet.

"We'll keep watch on the study, and as soon as they open the door we'll rush 'em," he said vengefully. "I'm going to know what's going on, Pricey, or bust something."

"Quite so," said Price.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### The Redskins.

LINCOLN G. POINDEXTER chuckled as he heard the footsteps of the Old Firm recede along the passage.

"They're gone," he remarked. "Poor old Panky! He reckoned he was going to bluff me into unlocking the door to whop him! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Neville and Flynn.

"I guess he'd open his eyes if he could see into this room now," grinned Poindexter.

"Sure and he would, darling, Faith, it's surprised they'll be," chuckled Micky Flynn. It's a new wheeze at Cliveden intirely."

"The best of it is that Panky was talking of getting up something of the sort for amateur theatricals," said Neville. "We've got the idea from him really, and that's the cream of the joke."

"Faith, and it's right ye are."

"I guess so."

The Combine were busy in No. 4 study. Pankhurst and Price would certainly have opened their eyes if they had seen the Combine at that moment. The bundles the chums had brought into the study were open now, and their contents littered over the room.

They contained hunting-shirts, fringed leggings,

feathered headgear, spears, and tomahawks; all the paraphernalia of the make-up of Red Indians. The Combine had hired the costumes at the costumier's at Clivedale, and they were now busy in making themselves up as redskins.

The idea had originally come from Pankhurst and Price.

Pankhurst was rather given to amateur theatricals, and he had a quantity of stage properties in his possession, including the garb of Texas cowboys, in which he and Price had sometimes clad themselves, in the privacy of the Fourth Form dormitory, much to the admiration of the Cliveden juniors.

The idea of getting some Red Indian costumes, and getting up a Wild-West drama some evening in the common-room; had been mooted by Pankhurst.

Nothing further had been heard of it; but the suggestion had remained in the fertile mind of Lincoln G. Poindexter, with the outcome now to be seen in No. 4 study.

The Combine, with the greatest secrecy, had procured the Indian costumes, and smuggled them into the school, and were now turning themselves into full-fledged Comanche braves.

Their intention was to execute an Indian raid upon No. 10 study, and take the Old Firm prisoners, and give them a "high old time" generally. Micky Flynn suggested putting them to the torture in the common-room, to make the thing realistic, but Neville pointed out that that could not be done without hurting them. And Micky, who had the tenderest heart in the world, agreed to give up that idea.

"But we must make it realistic," he said anxiously. "Indians generally kill somebody when they go on the warpath—"

"I guess we won't kill anybody," said Poindexter, as he painted his face before the glass. "You see, it would make such a muck."

"Faith, and I—"

"Besides, what could we do with the body?" said Neville solemnly. "It would be a fearful trouble to have to attend to the funerals—"

"Sure, and it's rottin' ye are, Dicky darling! But we shall have to make it realistic, somehow. Couldn't we set anything on fire?" said Micky Flynn thoughtfully.

"Yes, there's Panky's study; we could shove his head against it and set it on fire—"

"Ha, ha, ha! But sure—"

"How does this look, Dick?" asked Poindexter.

"Ripping! I've never seen such a savage-looking chivvy in my natural. Your face would stop an eight-day clock at the present moment."

"I guess I can say the same of yours!" grinned Poindexter, looking at him. "My hat! It's taken a long time for us to get the colours on. Hand over those leggings."

"Faith, and aren't ye going to undress first, Pointpusher?"

"No, only the collar off. Our own clothes will make us look fatter under these, ye see, and we want as much bulk as possible, I guess. We're not exactly the full size of Comanche warriors."

"Besides," said Dick Neville shrewdly, "we may happen to want to change back all of a sudden. This kind of a joke may not exactly meet with the approval of some unreasonable prefects and masters, ye know."

"Sure and it's a janius ye are, Dicky darling; ye think of everything!"

"I guess we'll do," said Poindexter, looking round when the dressing was completed. "We should take in Buffalo Bill himself, I reckon, in this rig!"

"Now about the plan of campaign," said Dick Neville. "It's pretty certain that Panky and Price aren't very far away from our door."

Poindexter grinned. "That's so, I guess. We've let them see enough of our whispering together to make them aware that something's on, and Panky gave himself away by hammering at the door. They're watching and waiting for us to go out, I expect."

"Faith, and we won't disappoint the darlings!" said Micky Flynn, going to the door and putting his hand on the key.

"Stop that!" howled Poindexter.

"Faith, and what's the matter now?"

"Don't unlock the door till we're ready, ass!"

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

"Wait a bit. Look here, we're not going out—we're going to entice the Old Firm into this study."

"Good wheeze," said Dick Neville approvingly, "if it can be worked."

"I guess it can. They were trying hard enough to get in awhile back."

"Righto; but how—"

"If we let them hear the door unlock, they'll know that they can come in if they like—and I guess they'll like—"

"Rather!"

"Then the trick's worked. Pull the curtains over the window, so as to make it a bit shadowy in here."

"Sure, I'll be sure they hear me unlock the dure—"

"No, you won't, Micky; you'd make such a row they'd get suspicious at once," grunted Poindexter. "Let me come there!"

"Faith, and it's meself can do it, Puntdodger—"

"Ass! I'll do it!"

"Sure, and it's bumptious ye are, Pound-pincher! It's being brought up on tinned beef in Chicago, I suppose! Sure, and I tell ye—"

Poindexter took the Irish junior by the shoulders and jerked him away from the door. Micky's voice was raised in protest.

"Pointplunger, it's a bumptious ass ye are intirely, and if it wasn't for spoilin' the illigant make-up, it's a lickin' I'd give ye!"

"Oh, dry up, Micky—"

## A SPECIAL INVITATION TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

No doubt most of the stamp-collecting readers of THE BOYS' HERALD are looking forward with the greatest interest to the coming great Exhibition of Postage Stamps, at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on March 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1908.

The exhibition will be the largest of its kind ever held, and will be an exceptional opportunity for collectors to see what a really comprehensive collection of stamps is like.

Your Editor is glad to be able to announce that, by special arrangement with the exhibition committee, he is able to present a ticket of admission to every one of his readers. The ticket is printed in the form of a coupon below, and all you have to do is to cut it out and present it at the door of the Caxton Hall to secure admission. THE BOYS' HERALD coupon ticket will admit you at any time while the exhibition is open without any charge whatsoever.

Cut this out. It will admit you FREE to the Stamp Exhibition.

**JUNIOR PHILATELIC SOCIETY, LONDON.**

ADMIT ONE

TO THE

**Stamp Exhibition,**

**CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER (nearly opposite the Army and Navy Stores),**

**MARCH 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1908.**

Open	Thursday	March	12th	from	3.30	p.m.	till	10	p.m.
"	Friday	"	13th	"	10	a.m.	"	10	p.m.
"	Saturday	"	14th	"	10	a.m.	"	9	p.m.

Orchestra Daily,  
5—9.30.

Lantern Lectures  
Each Evening.

"Faith, and I—"  
 "My only panama hat! That chap will never leave off talking—"  
 "Sure—"  
 "Shut up!" roared Poindexter. "Now get into your places, just inside the door, ready to collar them as soon as they pop in. Keep out of sight till they're in the study."  
 "Right!"  
 "Now I'll unlock the door."  
 "Sure, and I—"  
 "Shut up!"  
 Poindexter turned back the key. The click it made as it turned in the lock was borne clearly to the ears of two juniors watching the door from a short distance up the passage.

The 3rd Chapter.

In the Hands of the Redskins.

PANKHURST nudged his chum. The Old Firm were half-hidden in a doorway very near to that of No. 4 study.  
 "You heard that, Pricey?"  
 "Quite—yes, rather."  
 "They're coming out."  
 "We'll collar them as they pass—"  
 "No; better wait for them to go, and then we'll nip into the study and see what's the little secret there."  
 "Good!"  
 And Pankhurst and Price waited for the Combine to come out. But the door of the study did not open. Several minutes elapsed, and Pankhurst looked puzzled.  
 "They're not coming!" he muttered.  
 "Quite so."  
 "What does it all mean?"  
 "Blessed if I know."  
 "I suppose they've put the things away, whatever they are, and they think it's all safe now, so they've unlocked the door."  
 "Looks like it!"  
 "Well, one thing's certain; if they don't come out, we shall go in," said Pankhurst determinedly.  
 "Quite so!"  
 Five minutes passed, during which the impatience of Pankhurst grew to boiling point. Still no movement was made from No. 4 study. Pankhurst stepped lightly along the passage to the door, signing to Price to follow.  
 In a few moments the auburn-haired chums were outside No. 4 study. Pankhurst listened for a sound from within. He heard the singing of the kettle at the grate, but no other sound. His wonder and curiosity intensified.  
 "I'm going in," he muttered. "Are you ready for a row?"  
 "Quite so!"  
 Pankhurst threw the door suddenly open, and dashed into the study with a shout. Price shouted, too, and followed him. The next moment three wild figures sprang into view, and the red-haired chums gave a howl of amazement. They had no time for more, for each was seized by a strong pair of hands and borne to the floor, while the third figure slammed the door shut again.

Pankhurst went down in a heap, with his assailant on top of him. He gazed up in terrified wonder at a dark painted face, surmounted by a feathery head-dress, and a flourishing tomahawk.  
 "What the—who the—how the—" gasped Pankhurst.  
 "Paleface dog!" roared a familiar voice.  
 "My hat! It's Puntdodger!"  
 "Dog of a paleface—"  
 "Well, of all the giddy asses—"  
 "You are my prisoner."  
 "Rats!"  
 "Paleface dog!" said the red warrior, flourishing the tomahawk. "I will slay you, and your scalp shall hang in my wigwam!"  
 And he made a terrific slash at Pankhurst's head with the tomahawk.  
 Pankhurst involuntarily dodged.  
 The tomahawk crashed on a chair.  
 "Look out!" yelled Pankhurst. "You'll brain me with that thing, you ass!"  
 "Die, paleface!"  
 "You utter idiot—"  
 Crash!  
 The tomahawk came down again—again on the chair—and the concussion was terrific.  
 "Let me gerrup!" roared Pankhurst.  
 "Quite so," gasped Price.  
 "Wah, you are our prisoners—braves of a hostile tribe," said the Indian chief sternly, but with a slight Chicago accent. "You shall burn at the stake to amuse our squaws and papooses."  
 "My hat! I didn't know you were a married man, Puntpusher," exclaimed Pankhurst.  
 Poindexter coloured under his paint.  
 "Silence, prisoner! We have captured you—"  
 "Sure and we—"  
 "Shut up, Sitting Bull!"  
 "Shan't, Chingachgook! Faith and I—"  
 "Shut up! I'm chief—"  
 "Sure and I don't see it. As an Irishman I naturally take the lead—"  
 "As a silly ass you naturally shut up; or else get your head knocked against the wall," exclaimed Chingachgook excitedly.  
 "Faith, and it's meself that would like to see you or anybody else knock me head against a wall!" exclaimed Sitting Bull.  
 "I guess I'll—"  
 "Peace!" exclaimed the third warrior.  
 "Peace, my children—"  
 "Rats to you, Dick Neville!"  
 "Peace—"  
 "Faith, and I want Puntpainter to knock me head against the wall—"  
 "Shut up—"  
 "Rats—tinned rats—Chicago beef, which is saying the same thing!" cried Micky Flynn

excitedly, jumping up and forgetting all about Price in his excitement. "Sure, and I want you to knock me head against—"  
 Price jumped up.  
 "Buck up, Panky!" he yelled.  
 Pankhurst made a tremendous effort; but Poindexter held him pinned down.  
 "Collar that fellow!" he shouted. "Micky Flynn, you utter ass, collar him! Neville, do you hear?"  
 "Sure, and I want you to—"  
 Dick Neville seized Price, and they struggled desperately.  
 "Lend me a hand, Micky," he yelled.  
 "Faith, and I—"  
 "Lend me a hand, you ass!"  
 Micky Flynn at last lent a hand; and Price was got down again.  
 Pankhurst, gasping under the weight of the American chum, gave up the struggle.  
 "Got 'em!" grunted Poindexter breathlessly. "They might have got away through that utter duffer's idiocy."  
 "If it's referin' to me ye are—"  
 "Oh, dry up! Get the ropes out and fasten up these kids. They have to be bound before we burn them at the stake in the common-room."  
 "Sure, and I'll soon have 'em fastened up."  
 And Micky Flynn dragged several lengths of rope out of the cupboard.  
 Pankhurst wriggled desperately.  
 "Don't you dare to tie me up!" he roared.  
 "Wah! The great chief of the Comanches has spoken. Bind fast the paleface dogs!"  
 "The great idiot of Cliveden, you mean—"  
 "Silence!"  
 "Rats—canned rats! If you tie me up, Micky Flynn, I'll give you the thickest ear you ever heard of!"  
 "Sure, and I'll risk it, Panky, me boy."  
 "Lemme gerrup!"  
 "Hould him tight, Puntbuster, darling!"  
 "I've got him. Get the rope on; he's wriggling like a beastly eel."  
 Micky Flynn made a loop in the cord and attempted to pass it over Pankhurst's wrists. Panky tore one hand free and hit out. Flynn reeled away with a yell. The blow had come home on his nose with a terrific thump.  
 "Arrah! Ow! Arrah!"  
 "Tie his hands up, Micky."  
 "Wait a tick. Sure, and me nose is broken."  
 "Rats! Do get a move on you."  
 "Faith—"  
 "Bind his wrists!" roared Poindexter. "You ass, don't waste time! We shall have the prefects down on us if this row goes on much longer."  
 Micky Flynn grasped Pankhurst's wrists again, and this time succeeded in pulling them together and getting the loop over them. He knotted the cord, and then with the loose end of it he shackled Pankhurst's ankles, leaving them loose enough for the chief of the Old Firm to walk but not to kick.  
 "Good!" exclaimed Poindexter, getting up as soon as Pankhurst was secure. "The paleface is a prisoner, ready to be burned at the stake—"  
 "Don't be an ass, Puntbuster!" growled Pankhurst. "You know jolly well—"  
 "Wah! The great chief has spoken."  
 "The great ass has."  
 "Tie up the other prisoner, Sitting Bull."  
 "Faith, and it's me that will do it in a jiffy, Chingachgook!"  
 And Price was soon rendered as helpless as his leader.  
 The two prisoners were writhing with rage. Pankhurst realised how he had been trapped into entering the study, and how blindly he had run into the trap laid for him.  
 Micky Flynn opened his pocket-knife and began to strop it.  
 "What's that for, Micky?" asked Dick Neville.  
 "Sure, and me name's Sitting Bull."  
 "Well, what's that for, Sitting Bull?"  
 "Sure it's to scalp the paleface prisoners."  
 And Micky Flynn turned towards Pankhurst, knife in hand. He looked so realistic in his paint and feathers, and he held the knife in so business-like a way, that Pankhurst gave a shiver. He eyed the Irish redskin very nervously.  
 "Keep that maniac off!" he howled. "He'll do some damage with that knife."  
 "Faith, and it's a scalpin' job I'm goin' to do, Panky darling!"  
 "Keep him off!"  
 Poindexter winked at his chums.  
 "Wah! The scalping must be done in the sight of the whole tribe!" he exclaimed. "Put up your knife for the present, Sitting Bull. Bring the prisoners along to the great council wigwam."  
 Poindexter threw open the door of the study. He marched out; and after him, forcing the

shackled juniors along, came the two braves. Thus they marched into the common-room; and, needless to say, the sight of three redskins in full warpaint was quite enough to attract the juniors of Cliveden from all quarters to the spot.

The 4th Chapter.  
 The Scalping of Pankhurst.

PANKHURST and Price were red with rage. The common-room was crowded, and the Cliveden juniors laughed themselves hoarse at the sight of the Old Firm in the hands of the redskins.  
 But the three red braves preserved a solemn gravity suitable to their characters. No Indian chief told of by Fenimore Cooper could have preserved a more owl-like gravity than the Combine at this moment.  
 The prisoners were marched into the room, and still held by Neville and Flynn.  
 Lincoln G. Poindexter addressed the curious, laughing crowd.  
 "Braves of the Blackneck tribe," he exclaimed, "behold the prisoners which your chiefs have brought home to the torture!"  
 "Who are you calling Blackneck?" demanded a voice.  
 "I mean Blackfeet," corrected Poindexter. "Behold the prisoners—"  
 "Rats!"  
 "Canned rats!"  
 Poindexter's eyes gleamed.  
 "If the gentleman who made an allusion to canned rats will kindly step forward, I shall be pleased to wipe up the floor with him," he said.  
 The gentleman did not step forward, apparently having no desire to be used as a duster; and Poindexter proceeded.  
 "Behold the prisoners whom your chiefs have

tied there. Poindexter placed Panky's head so that it overhung the edge. The juniors looked on curiously.  
 "Lend me your knife, Micky—I mean Sitting Bull."  
 "Sure and here it is, Puntdodger."  
 "Say, Chingachgook, you ass!"  
 "Chingachgook, you ass!"  
 There was a roar of laughter. Poindexter gave Micky a withering look, which made his painted face look absolutely ferocious. He took the knife, and began to feel the edge with his thumb.  
 "This will do," he announced. "We shall want a basin to catch the blood, as we don't want to make the floor in a muck."  
 "I'll get you a basin," said Green obligingly.  
 "Good!"  
 Poindexter whispered to Greene, who grimed and departed. In a few minutes he returned with a basin, which was half-full of water, and handed it to Neville.  
 "Hold it under the prisoner's head!" directed Poindexter.  
 Dick Neville obeyed. Pankhurst was wriggling uneasily in his bonds. He wondered dizzily for a moment whether he was really in the hands of Indians, and was going to be scalped, Poindexter's disguised face looked so fearfully grave and determined.  
 "Are you ready, brave of the Coppertop tribe?"  
 "Canned rats!" replied the brave of the Coppertop tribe.  
 "Then die the death! If you survive the scalping, we will burn you at the stake. Silence, braves of the Blackneck tribe, while the prisoner is tortured! He will soon be making row enough himself!"  
 The giggling of the juniors died away.  
 They looked on with keen, almost breathless interest. The affair seemed to have a serious aspect now. The three warriors were as solemn as owls about it. Poindexter drew a sheet of notepaper from his pocket, keeping it carefully out of sight of Pankhurst, who was rolling his eyes wildly in the vain endeavour to see what went on over the top of his head.  
 With the edge of the notepaper Poindexter drew a line along Pankhurst's forehead, just below the roots of the auburn hair. Pankhurst fully believed that it was the knife he felt, and he gave a convulsive wriggle.  
 "Stop it!" he gasped. "You'll do some damage! Oh—ow! I'm bleeding!"  
 There was an audible sound of dripping liquid!  
 It was made by Dick Neville picking up the sponge that floated in the basin, and allowing the water to run off into it that below; but to Pankhurst's excited brain it was the dripping of blood.  
 "Ow!" he roared. "Murder! Chuck it, you villains!"  
 The juniors burst into an irresistible roar.  
 "Stop them!" shrieked Pankhurst. "I tell you it's no joke; I shall bleed to death! I can feel my veins getting cold already."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "The scalp is not half off yet, brave of the Coppertop tribe," said Poindexter.  
 "Stop it!"  
 "Do you beg for mercy, and acknowledge yourself conquered by the warriors of No. 4 study?" demanded the American chum.  
 "No," roared Pankhurst, "never!"  
 "Quite so!" gasped Price.  
 "Then off goes your scalp."  
 Poindexter drew the edge of the notepaper along above Pankhurst's ears. The drip-dripping of the water was renewed. Pankhurst writhed madly.  
 "Ow! I shall bleed to death like a pig!"  
 "Well, you are a pig, you know!"  
 "Help, help!"  
 "Lemme see, I think the scalp will come off now with a jerk," said Poindexter, grasping Pankhurst's hair firmly by winding his fingers in it.  
 "Now, then!"  
 He gave a sharp jerk. Pankhurst yelled as though his scalp were really coming off. A junior put his head in at the door with an excited shout.  
 "Cave! Here comes the captain!"  
 The three Indian warriors jumped.  
 "My hat!" gasped Chingachgook. "There's a row coming now!"  
 "Bunk!" gasped Sitting Bull.  
 They dashed to the door. Right along the passage they went with a rush. Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, gave a startled yell as the three terrible-looking figures passed him, and were gone before he could put out a hand.  
 "Wh—wh—what was that?" he gasped.  
 He strode into the common-room. The Cliveden redskins were gone, but the yells of laughter within warned him that something was still going on in the room.

The 5th Chapter.  
 Turning the Tables.

TREVELYAN was accustomed to some wild ways among the juniors of Cliveden, but he had never seen anything like what he now saw. The room was crammed with juniors, shrieking with laughter, and on the table were two bound figures. Below Pankhurst's head, on the floor, was the basin with the sponge floating in it.  
 "What does this mean?" demanded the Cliveden captain.  
 "I'm bleeding to death!" moaned Pankhurst. "My scalp is nearly off."  
 "What are you talking about?"  
 (Continued on the next page.)



MONSIEUR FRIQUET HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE.

"Wah! Seize the paleface master and scalp him!" grinned Poindexter. And Indians and cowboys yelled in chorus. The little Frenchman stood petrified for a moment, gazing at the wild figures; then, as they made a motion towards him, with tomahawks flourishing, he turned and fled at top speed.

brought home to the torture. They are of the great Coppertop tribe—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I'll give you coppertop, you tinned beef fraud!" howled Pankhurst.  
 "Wah! Let the prisoners be silent."  
 "Be silent yourself, you Chicago export!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Silence, the Coppertop brave!" said Poindexter sternly. "If he speaks again, let him die the death, or push the handle of your tomahawk into his chatterbox. Gentlemen of the Fourth Form—I mean braves of the Blackneck tribe, we are about to put the prisoners to the torture—"  
 "Hear, hear!"  
 "Yes, hear," said Poindexter—"here on the spot. It would be inconvenient to burn them at the stake, as it would make such a smother—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "So we are going to scalp them."  
 "Go it!"  
 "Bind the paleface dogs to the table!"  
 "Lemme alone!" roared Pankhurst.  
 "Rats! I mean wah! Bind the paleface dogs to the table."  
 The Old Firm were helpless to resist. They yelled to their friends in the crowd, but the juniors made no motion to help them. Poindexter had quite as many backers there as Pankhurst, and any interference would have led to a free fight, without doing Panky much good. Besides, it was realised that it was only fair to leave the rivals of the Fourth to settle the matter between themselves; and the joke was too funny for anyone to want to interrupt it. The juniors were wondering what Poindexter was going to do. They soon knew!

## THE CLIVEDEN REDSKINS.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"The top of my head is nearly cut off!" Trevelyan gave him a rap on the top of his head.

"That's all right," he said. "The top of your head is in no danger of coming off at present, Pankhurst."

"I've been nearly scalped!"

"Don't be an ass!"

"I tell you I felt the knife sawing into my skin!"

"Well, there is no blood!"

"What are you talking about, Trevelyan? Do you mean to tell me that there is no blood, when I heard it dripping into the basin myself?"

"It was water!" shrieked Gatty.

"Water!"

"Yes, and it was a sheet of paper he was scalping you with. Ha, ha, ha!"

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

And the air rocked with laughter. Pankhurst's face was a study.

"My word, what an ass I've been!" he murmured.

"Quite so!" murmured Price, sotto voce.

"Oh, shut up, Pricey."

"Well, I say!"

"Will somebody undo these ropes?" said Pankhurst calmly. "I think the joke has gone far enough. Of course, I knew all along that it was only—"

Another yell of laughter interrupted him. Trevelyan smiled, as Pankhurst went crimson. He took up the pocket-knife Poindexter had dropped in his hurried departure, and cut the Old Firm free.

"Thank you, Trevelyan," said Pankhurst, getting off the table and stretching his limbs. "Of course, I knew!"

Trevelyan laughed.

"Well, not so much row next time you're scalped!" he said. "I shall come down heavy on you next time, so mind!"

And the captain of Cliveden quitted the room. Pankhurst and Price looked sheepishly at the howling juniors. It really seemed as though the Fourth Form at Cliveden would never leave off laughing.

"Oh, stop your cackling!" growled Pankhurst. "Of course, we were perfectly aware all along that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, we—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or if we didn't exactly know, we—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, come along, Pricey, and leave the silly asses to cackle!" said Pankhurst.

And the Old Firm quitted the room, followed by renewed yells of laughter.

Pankhurst and Price lost no time in getting to their study. The laughter of the Fourth Form was getting on their nerves. Price was looking dismayed as they entered their quarters, and Pankhurst was looking furious.

"This is a come-down, and no mistake!" Price remarked. "The whole Form is yelling. It will be all over Cliveden."

"Can't be helped now!"

"You were a giddy ass, you know, to think that Poindexter was really scalping you!"

"It felt as if he were using a knife!"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, hang it, what's the good of grousing now? Why couldn't you tell me what he was doing?"

"Because I haven't eyes in the back of my head."

"Or sense in any part of it."

"Look here, Panky—"

"Oh, ring off; is this a time to start ragging one another?" exclaimed Pankhurst. "We have got to get even with those redskinned rotters before the Form have laughed us to death!"

Price brightened up a little.

"Have you got an idea how to do that, Panky?"

"Of course, I have. What price those cowboy costumes of ours; and the lassoes, eh? We've practised with the riatas enough to be able to use them. The Indians have captured us; it's about time we captured the Indians!"

Price stared for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"By Jove, what a ripping wheeze!"

"Glad you think so! It will turn the laugh against the Combine, at any rate!"

"But we're only two against three in a tussle—"

"That's all serene, if the lassoing business comes off!"

"Well, it's worth trying, anyway!"

"Buck up and get the costumes out!"

It did not take the Old Firm long to get ready for the warpath. It was really a brilliant idea of Pankhurst's, and if it worked it was certainly likely to turn the laugh against the Combine.

The two juniors were speedily arrayed in the buckskin shirts, leather breeches, and top boots, with the sombreros on the backs of their heads. Pankhurst browned his face and stuck on a curling moustache, and Price added an artistic sunburned hue and a small pointed beard. The two juniors bore a remarkable and really striking resemblance to a pair of Wild-West cowboys; of a medium size, of course, but decidedly dangerous looking.

Pankhurst surveyed the result in the glass with a great deal of satisfaction.

"I reckon that will do, pard!" he said, assuming a nasal drawl. "I kinder calculate we're about fixed for the trail!"

"Ha, ha! I mean, quite so! That is to

say, I guess you've about hit it, pardner!" giggled Price.

"Where's them lassoes?"

"Here you are!"

"Come on, then!" grinned Pankhurst. "I reckon we're goin' to rope in them redskins, pardner!"

The Old Firm quitted the study. They carried the coiled lassoes in their hands, ready for business. Ever since the "props" had been in their possession Pankhurst and Price had been practising with the riatas, and had become very proficient in the use of them. They had no doubt of their ability to carry out the scheme they had formed, given a fair chance.

Pankhurst kicked at the door of No. 4 study. Several juniors caught sight of the strange figures in the passage, and the word ran through the house that more fun was on the tapis. There was a shout from within the study.

"Who dares to disturb the great chief in his wigwam?"

"I do," replied Pankhurst, kicking the door open.

The Old Firm stood in the doorway. The three red braves were still in their costumes, and the red in their faces that showed under the paint, and the tears that stood in their eyes seemed to indicate that they had not yet finished laughing over the scene in the junior common-room.

Poindexter, Neville, and Flynn stared at the invaders in amazement.

"My word, if you're not off!" gasped Neville.

"What sort of animals do you call yourselves—"

"Faith, and—"

"I guess—"

But Pankhurst and Price were rushing to the attack. The lassoes were cast as they came, and the whirling ropes collected up about every-

The chief of the Old Firm took fresh loops of the rope round their limbs, and multiplied knots, in spite of their spasmodic wriggles. Pankhurst was working under difficulties, but it could not be said that he did not do his work thoroughly. Neville and Poindexter soon lay, absolutely helpless, unable to move a limb. Then Pankhurst rose panting to his feet.

Micky Flynn was the next to receive his attention. Price held him fast while he was bound, and then the Old Firm executed a sort of waltz of triumph round their furious prisoners.

"I kinder reckon we've captured the great chiefs of the Tinned-Beef tribe!" exclaimed Pankhurst. "What do you think, Puntshifter?"

"Lemme go, you beast!"

"Ha, ha! Bring 'em along—we're going to exhibit our prisoners, and then—"

"Quite so!"

"Drag 'em up!"

The Combine were jerked to their feet. Their ankles were loosened sufficiently to allow them to walk, and then Pankhurst and Price laid hold of the ropes, and in spite of their vain struggles, the Combine were dragged through the doorway.

### The 6th Chapter.

#### Monsieur Friquet is Startled.

THE passage was crowded with juniors. The sight of the three Indian braves, with their feathers ruffled and broken, their Indian garb in wild disarray, and the endless ropes wound and knotted about them, staggering drunkenly along with shackled feet, seemed to have a comical aspect for the Cliveden juniors, though the Combine could see nothing funny in it. Shrieks of laughter rang along



The door suddenly burst open, and three wild figures sprang into view. "Paleface dog!" said the red warrior, flourishing the tomahawk. "Look out!" yelled Pankhurst, "you'll brain me, you ass!"

thing that was movable in the study. The clock and ornaments off the mantelpiece, the books and inkpots and make-up materials on the table, all went crashing to the floor, knocked down on all sides. There wasn't much room in a junior study for lassoing, but then the Combine were not prepared for anything of the sort, and before they realised what the Old Firm were at, Poindexter and Neville felt the loops over their bodies instantly drawn tight. They struggled, but jerks on the rope threw them on the floor among the ruins of the articles swept there, and the knots jammed tighter. Micky Flynn, with a wild yell, hurled himself upon Pankhurst and bore him to the ground, but, unfortunately, floored him right on top of Poindexter, knocking all the breath out of the American chum's body.

"Woollooh!" gasped Poindexter. "Get off me neck!"

"Arrah, ye spalpeens—"

"Collar him, Pricey!" gasped Pankhurst.

"I'll look after the others!"

Price was already grappling with Micky Flynn. He dragged him off Pankhurst and rolled him over on the floor, and sat heavily on his chest. Micky, struggling wildly, was pinned down quite helpless.

Dick Neville staggered to his feet. But Pankhurst had hold of both ropes, and a sharp jerk brought Neville tumbling over again. The loop was tight round him, pinning his arms down to his sides, and he could not get it loose. Pankhurst took a turn of the rope round Poindexter's body, dragging the two juniors together, and in spite of their resistance began to knot it.

Micky Flynn was struggling wildly underneath Price, but Price kept him down. Both Neville and Poindexter resisted as hard as they could, but Pankhurst's advantage was too great.

the passage, and every study door was blocked with heads looking out.

"Make way!" shouted Pankhurst. "We have captured three bloodthirsty redskins, and—"

"Lemme go!"

"Don't drag me along like that."

"Faith, and ye're rotten spalpeens intirely!"

"I guess—"

"Come along!" said Pankhurst, jerking on the rope. "You've had your turn, and now this is where the cowboys come out strong!"

"Quite so!" said Price.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. The sight of the two cowboys dragging the reluctant braves along was too comical. Poindexter lurched and fell, but he was dragged on all the same, skating along the linoleum in a sitting posture, more or less gracefully. A renewed yell burst forth.

"Come on, braves of the Blackneck tribe!" grinned Pankhurst. "We're going to give you a wash in the bath-room yonder, to see whether your paint comes off. A wash will do you good, anyway!"

"Quite so!"

"Lemme gerrup! I guess I'll make mince-meat of you—"

"Canned meat you mean, don't you, Puntpusher?"

"Ha, ha, that's more in your line, Puntdodger."

"I guess—"

"Here, come along—"

There was a sudden shout up the passage. The juniors were making din enough to wake the dead, almost. A cry of warning rang out.

"Cave!"

"It's Mossoo!"

"My word!" murmured Pankhurst.

The grinning juniors scattered like sheep. But it was not so easy for the Old Firm and

the Combine to get away. The prisoners were helpless, and, after a second's hesitation, the Old Firm stuck to them.

The fat little figure of Monsieur Friquet, the French master at Cliveden, was coming down the passage with the well-known trot. His little fat face was red with indignation. The passage was growing dusky, and the gas had not yet been lighted. The Frenchman saw dimly the figures ahead.

"Ciel! How you dare make zis noise?" he shouted. "I—I—Ciel! Mon bleu!"

He stared at the strange figures before him in amazement.

Pankhurst was desperately cutting the ropes that bound the prisoners; to untie them was impossible in the time.

"Pax!" he whispered. "We've got to get out of this somehow, or it means a caning and a gating. Is it pax?"

"I guess so!" whispered Poindexter.

The three red braves were free in a few seconds. Monsieur Friquet stared at the group with his eyes starting from his head.

"Ciel! Vat is zis zat I behold? Is zis a dream, or are zese ze vild savages zat I see vizin ze valls of Cliveden?"

Poindexter grinned; and then he gave a wild yell.

"Wah! Seize the paleface master and scalp him!"

And Indians and cowboys yelled in chorus. The little Frenchman gave a gasp of utter terror.

He stood petrified for a moment more, gazing at the wild figures; then, as they made a motion towards him, with tomahawks flourishing, he turned and fled at top speed.

The redskins and the cowboys gave another fearful yell, which seemed to lend the Frenchman wings, for he simply flew along the passage.

Down the stairs he went at top speed, and bumped right into Trevelyan at the bottom. The captain of Cliveden, shrewdly suspecting what the terrible uproar was about, was coming to see into it, and had thoughtfully brought a cane along with him. He went over like a ninepin as the little Frenchman rushed into him, and Monsieur Friquet sprawled across him.

"Help! Ciel! Help!"

"What's the matter?" yelled Trevelyan.

But Monsieur Friquet was too frightened to recognise his voice, or to see, or to understand anything. He imagined that he had fallen into the clutches of one of the fearful-looking savages he had seen in the upper corridor, and he struggled wildly, kicking and punching at Trevelyan.

The captain of Cliveden received a good many hard knocks before he pushed the Frenchman off and rose to his feet. Mossoo stared at him.

"Ah! Mon bleu! It is you, Trevelyan! I am sorry zat I haf punch you—"

"So an I," growled Trevelyan. "Will you kindly look and see whom you are hitting next time, Monsieur Friquet?"

"Oui, I have great sorrow—"

But the Cliveden captain did not wait to hear the Frenchman express his great sorrow. He went up the stairs three at a time.

"Come back!" yelled Monsieur Friquet. "Come back! Zere are dangerous savages—ze fearful-looking barbarians, zere! You will be keel!"

Trevelyan took no notice of the warning. He guessed pretty accurately whom the fearful savages were. But when he reached the upper corridor it was empty. Save for a few feathers scattered on the floor, there was no sign of the redskins who had startled Cliveden by their appearance.

Trevelyan went straight to No. 4 study. He threw open the door, but it was empty. He passed along the passage to No. 10 study, and looked in. That study was empty, too; and the captain of Cliveden could not help grinning. The Combine and the Old Firm had known better than to return to their own quarters till the storm had blown over.

It was an hour later that Trevelyan met the juniors. They were walking in the lower passage, nicely dressed and cleanly washed, and looking as though butter would not melt in their mouths, and the most complete amity seemed to be reigning between the Combine and the Old Firm.

Trevelyan looked at them severely.

"I see you have got changed and cleaned!" he exclaimed.

Five separate looks of innocent surprise were turned upon the captain of Cliveden.

"Eh?" said Lincoln G. Poindexter. "What are you getting at, Trevelyan?"

"You know perfectly well what I am getting at, Poindexter. Where are the Indians who frightened Monsieur Friquet?"

"Indians," said Poindexter reflectively. "I've seen Indians in my own country, but I haven't seen any since I came to England—"

"Sure, and ye've been readin' lurid literature, Trevelyan, and it's got into your head," said Micky Flynn, wagging an admonitory finger at the Cliveden captain.

"Looks like it," said Pankhurst. "He'll be telling us next that there have been Texas cowboys knocking about as well as Indians."

"Quite so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trevelyan looked as if he did not quite know whether to be amused or angry for a moment. Finally he laughed.

"Well, don't let us see any more Indians or cowboys at Cliveden, that's all!" he said, walking away.

The juniors grinned.

"I guess he's about right there," said Poindexter. "But the wheeze was a good one, and I guess we've had some fun out of the redskins at Cliveden."

"We have," agreed Pankhurst, "and out of the cowboys, too!"

And Price said "Quite so!"

THE END.

(Two complete stories next week.)