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SCHOOL AND SPORT 1¹/₂^d



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LONG COMPLETE
SCHOOL STORY

ST. KIT'S *versus* LYNCROFT.—EXCITING INCIDENT IN OUR LONG STORY IN THIS ISSUE.



Oliphant made no comment, but nodded and passed on, with his face very stern. (See page 10.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Eavesdropper.

A LGY!" Harry Lovell, the captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, looked up from his work as he spoke, and stared across the study at the recumbent figure on the sofa.

"Blessed if the dummy hasn't dozed off again!" he laughed. "Just shake him up, Bob!"

Bob Rake, the Australian junior, grinned.

"I'll wake him up," he replied. "Algy! Algy!"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger woke up with a start from a nap on his new sofa in the top study as Bob Rake bawled out his name.

"Hallo, old things!" he yawned. "I'm afraid I dropped off. Has the fat Bunny come back with the tea? What's the trouble?"

"Bunny isn't back yet. It's the footer accounts," laughed Harry Lovell. "I've been going through the books, and from what I can gather there's mighty little money in the concern, if any."

"Oh!" "In fact, Compton seems to have let the whole thing go to the dogs. I can't find a shilling in hard cash."

"We shall have to have a whip round for you, old bean!" said Algy.

Harry Lovell frowned. "I'm not very keen on having a whip round," he said, after a pause. "I've only just been elected captain of the Fourth, and it seems a pity to have to beg for money to start off with. Perhaps there is another way of raising the wind."

Bob Rake turned his trouser pockets out.

"Nothing doing here," he laughed. "It won't be much good coming to me for the money."

"I'm afraid I'm in the same boat," said Harry Lovell. "In fact, I'm quite stony. I heard from old Jack Straw this morning. He brought me up, you know. In fact, he's been a father to me since I was a kiddie. I wish the dear old man would not be so stubborn."

"Why, what's the trouble, Harry?" said Algy.

"It's rather serious, really. The poor old man is still awfully seedy, and he is having the doctor in and has to meet all sorts of expenses; but he is much too proud to let my father help. It is such a pity, as the poor old chap will have his creditors down on him like a load of bricks. I can tell you it's jolly worrying. However, I don't want it talked about, as I daresay it will come all right in the end."

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was on the point of making a remark, when the dandy of the St. Kit's leapt up from the sofa and uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Bunny, you fat scoundrel!"

He made a spring to the door, and grasped Bunny Bootles by the collar. Bunny came headlong into the study amid a shower of parcels. "Yaroooo!" roared Bunny. "I wasn't listening!"

"You fat rascal!" exclaimed Harry.

"I never heard a word—I don't know anything about it," roared Bunny, as Algernon Aubrey bumped his head on the Persian carpet. "Leggo! Leave off! Oh, crikey! I tell you I wasn't listening—I didn't hear you speaking, and never tiptoed up to the door—yarooooo!"

Bump! bump!

"Begad! I'll—I'll—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! I don't know anything about Lovell's old father having the doctor in—yow-ow-ow! I haven't heard a word about it, and I'm not going to tell anybody—yooooo!"

"Give me that fives bat, Harry."

"Yow-ow-wooooo!"

Bunny Bootles tore himself away and fled. The door of the top study banged after him.

Even the "spread"—scattered in parcels on the floor of the study—did not tempt Bunny to return immediately. There were three very grave faces at the tea-table in the top study when, ten minutes later, Bunny cautiously opened the door and peered in.

"I say, Algy—"

"You eavesdroppin' cad," said Algernon Aubrey, in concentrated tones. "Just step in, will you?"

"Wh-a-a-at for, Algy?"

"So that I can kick you out."

Bunny grinned feebly.

"I say, Algy, old top, I—I want my tea."

"Come in, then."

"You—you won't cut up rusty?"

"Yaas."

"I—I say, Lovell—"

"Don't speak to me, you listening worm," said Harry, angrily.

"You're as big a beast as Algy!" wailed Bunny Bootles.

"I say, I'm awfully hungry. I—I say, old tops, you can trust me, you know—I'm silent as the tomb. I—I won't tell anybody your relations have got the bailiffs in, Lovell."

Evidently what Bunny had overheard was growing already in his fertile brain.

Algy jumped up.

He made one spring for the fives bat in the corner and another spring for the door. But the door banged before he could reach it, and Cuthbert Archibald Bootles was gone. And this time he did not return.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Tracy Has a Bright Idea.

GET out!" Rex Tracy snapped out the words savagely as the door of No. 5 study opened cautiously and Bunny's fat face looked in. The tea things were still on the table, and the remains of a very handsome spread. Tracy and Co. always "did" themselves well. Tracy, Durance, and Lumley, the three "Goats" of the Fourth, were smoking cigarettes round the fire, and they had looked up, rather startled, as the door opened. Cigarettes in the study were "no end doggish," but such doggishness had to be kept from the knowledge of masters and prefects.

Instead of getting out, Bunny Bootles insinuated himself slyly into the study, keeping a wary eye on Tracy and Co. The big cake on the table made Bunny's round eyes glisten.

"Are you gettin' deaf, Bunny?" asked Tracy. "Do you want me to get up and give you my boot?"

"Don't get up for me, old top," said Bunny, affably, affecting not to hear the latter part of the query. "Don't stand on ceremony with an old pal. I thought you'd be interested to hear about Nameless—I mean Lovell—"

"Hang Lovell!"

"Well, it's rather hard cheese on him, isn't it?" said Bunny.

"What is, you chump?" grunted Tracy.

"Having the bailiffs in at home."

"Wha-a-at?"

Bunny had succeeded in interesting Tracy and Co. They removed the cigarettes from their mouths and stared at him.

"By gad!" ejaculated Tracy, his face lighting up. "Is it so? Just what might have been expected to happen to that kind of rotter. But how can Colonel Lovell be hard up?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to mention it, as Lovell really confided it to me," remarked Bunny, musingly. His eyes were on the cake.

"Spoof!" growled Durance. "Nameless wouldn't have told Boffles! He's only pullin' our leg."

"Get out, you fat fraud!"

"Not exactly confided it to me," said Bunny, hastily. "He confided it to Algy, you know—"

"And you listened?"

"Not at all. I hope I'm incapable of such a thing. I was bringing some tuck to the Top Study, and the door was partly open and I stopped to—to—"

"Listen!" said Durance.

"Nothing of the kind! I stopped to—to—to make sure I'd got all the tuck," said Bunny. "I couldn't help hearing what they said in the study, could I? Not that I'm inquisitive, you know."

"And what did you hear, you fat worm?" asked Tracy.

"I heard Lovell say—Do you mind if I try the cake, Tracy?"

"Let it alone, you fat rotter!"

"Oh, all right! I'll go to some study where I'm welcome," said Cuthbert Archibald Bootles, with dignity. "I can't say I like your manners, Tracy."

"Hold on, you fat ass! Tell us about Lovell!"

"I don't want to hear," grunted Durance.

"I do. Go it, Bunny. You can sample the cake."

"Thanks, old top! I don't care much for cake, but I'll sample it, as you're so pressing." Bunny took a large sample, which made it a little difficult for him to continue his narrative for some moments. "I say, Tracy, this a—groogh!—good cake—"

"Get on, you fat duffer!"

"I'm getting on," said Bunny, with his mouth full. "Do you mind if I finish it?"

"I'll finish you if you don't come to the point!" exclaimed Tracy.

"Now, what is it about Lovell?"

"His father," Bunny munched and mumbled; he did not mean to get to the end of the story before he had got to the end of the cake—"not his real father, of course—that disreputable old sailorman, you know"—munch, munch, munch—"who brought him up—dragged him up, I should call it—this is good cake! Man named Oats—"

"What!"

"I mean Straw—Jack Straw,"

munched Bunny. "Well, he's been drinking—"

"Drinking!"

"That's it!" said the cheerful Bunny, apparently with the idea of giving Tracy full value for his cake. "He's been drinking again and got into debt, and has had to have a doctor—you know how people of that class drink—"

"I know!" Tracy's eyes were glistening. "Get on."

"Now he's awfully in debt, and he's got the bailiffs in," said Bunny. "They're going to take the furniture—specially the piano—"

"The piano!" ejaculated Tracy. "A piano in a sailorman's cottage!"

Bunny felt he had made a little slip—in his anxiety to give the goats their money's worth.

"Oh, you know what the lower classes are!" said Bunny, brazening it out. "They're bound to have a piano if they don't pay their baker. I heard one of my uncles say that—I remember it—it was the morning he had to go to the county court—"

"Bother your uncle! So they're selling up the boozy old longshoreman?"

"That's it," said Bunny. "The piano's gone already, and all the other things are going, and Lovell wants some money to send to pay the bailiffs out. Nice, isn't it? Quite ripe, in fact! Lovely for St. Kit's, and all that! Do you mind if I sample those biscuits? They look good."

Tracy was grinning now with great glee.

"The fat brute's lyin', most likely," remarked Durance.

"Look here, Durance—"

"There's somethin' in it, though," said Tracy. "Bunny hasn't brains enough to make it all up out of his own silly head."

"Look here," roared Bunny. "Shut up! I don't know how much is true, but there's somethin' in it."

"It's all true, every word," said Bunny, busy on the biscuits now. "I refused to have tea with the fellow—simply turned up my nose at him and walked out of the study—"

"Now do the same here!" suggested Durance.

"Hold on!" said Tracy, closing one eye at his comrades. "This is too good a thing to lose. This bouncer, Lovell, is hard up. It's touchin'—his desire to pay the bailiffs out at home, and all that, I mean—pathetic, in fact. Isn't it up to his dear schoolfellows to help him?"

"Help him!" repeated Lumley, with a stare.

"Certainly. What about a subscription?"

"A subscription!" howled Durance.

"Yes—passing round the hat, you know, to help a lame dog over a stile," said Tracy, coolly. "Fellows would throw in pennies, I'm sure, for such a deservin' case."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lumley. Durance looked rather sombre.

"Dash it all, it will make the fellow as mad as a hatter—"

"Which, of course, we don't desire in the least," said Tracy, blandly. "After all, he's only turned us out of the top study, and been made captain of the Fourth. Our intentions are to be kind and charitable to him now. Bunny Bootles is the man. Bunny, are you goin' to take round the hat for Lovell?"

"I'll see him blowed first," was Bunny's emphatic reply. "He called me names for listening—I mean—I wasn't listening—"

"Well, heap coals of fire on his

head," said Tracy, encouragingly. "You can do that by passin' round the hat for him. It will show that you forgive him."

"But I don't."

"Never bear malice, Bunny," said Rex Tracy, gravely. "It's—it's not like you—a manly fellow like you."

"Eh?"

"This idea of yours of helping Lovell is splendid—"

"Of mine?" stammered Bunny. "Why—I—I—"

"I don't mind beginning the collection with half-a-crown," said Tracy, feeling in his pocket. "Got anything to collect it in?"

Bunny jumped. "You—you'll shell out half-a-crown—?"

"Certainly, if you undertake the collection."

"Of course I will," said Bunny, eagerly. "I—I—I—I'm awfully sorry for poor old Lovell, now I come to think of it—being sold up to pay the doctor's bill—I mean the bailiffs. I'll take a collection for him with pleasure. Hand it over, Tracy."

Bunny Bootles extended a fat hand. Certainly he was keen enough to take a collection, though whether anybody but Cuthbert Archibald Bootles would benefit by the collection was another question.

"You have to make out a written list," said Rex Tracy. "Here's a sheet of impot paper. Fellows put down their initials and the amounts—"

"I—I might lose the paper afterwards," murmured Bunny.

"Never mind that. Put down your own name first for a shilling—"

"No fear—I—I mean, I'm rather short of tin—"

"I'll lend you the shillin'."

"Oh, all right."

Bunny Bootles spread the impot sheet on the table, investigated his pockets for a pencil, and set to work. Tracy and Co. watched him with grinning faces.

SUBSKRIPSHUN FOR HARRY LOVELL.

	s.	d.
C. A. Bootles	-	1 0
R. Tracy	-	2 6

"How much from you, Lumley?"

"Oh, sixpence."

"Hand it over. You, Durance—"

"Go and eat coke," growled Durance. One of Tracy's pals at least did not seem wholly pleased with the scheme.

"Don't be mean, Durance. Remember the poor fellow's fearfully hard up—"

"Cheese it."

"Bootles will be in entire charge of the funds," said Tracy, gravely. "If you make as much as a pound, Bunny, I'll add another ten shillins to it."

"I'll try jolly hard!" said Bunny.

And he quitted the study in great glee. There was no doubt that the subscription for Harry Lovell would be heard of from one end of St. Kit's to the other—if Bunny was to get a bonus of ten shillings on making a pound. Bunny meant to gather in that pound though the skies fell.

As the door closed on Bunny, Rex Tracy chuckled loud and long. He felt quite compensated now for the recent happenings in the election for the captaincy.

"It's rather a shame," muttered Durance; "it will cut the poor devil fairly to the heart—"

"Good."

"Not that any of the money will get out of Bunny's fat paws—if it

did, you know Lovell wouldn't touch it—"

"I know that, of course."

"It will make his affairs talked of all through the school, and make him ashamed to show his face—"

"That's what I want," said Rex Tracy, coolly. "I'll get through his thick skin somehow. After this he mayn't be so keen on being captain of the Fourth."

"It's a dirty trick!" muttered Durance, uneasily. "Now you've started that fool Bunny—"

"My dear old man, sermonising doesn't suit you," said Tracy, with a yawn. "What about poker?"

And Durance said no more. Tracy locked the door, and the three young rascals were soon deep in the fascinations of draw-poker.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Harry Lovell.

HARRY LOVELL did not learn very soon of the kindly efforts Bunny of the Fourth was making on his behalf. He did not show up in the common room or the Glory Hole that evening; although he had played hard at football in the afternoon he was prepared to put in some work in the evening. There was no preparation on Saturday nights at St. Kit's, excepting a few verses of Milton, which had to be gone over in the morning with Mr. Lathley; and Harry took the opportunity of a "grind."

Algernon Aubrey announced that he was going to keep his chum company while he worked, and see that he wasn't disturbed. And he reclined on the sofa in the top study, while Harry sat at the table and made a succession of cheery remarks. Remarks, however cheery, were rather out of place when a fellow was "grinding"; and perhaps that dawned upon the noble Algy at last when the "swot" failed to answer them.

So Algy took up a book, and yawned over it, but he remained in the study, ready to kick out Bunny Bootles if he ventured there. Bunny did not come in—he was very busy elsewhere. And as Harry and St. Leger did not emerge from the study till close on bedtime, when they took a rapid trot round the quad to freshen up before going to the dormitory, they remained in complete ignorance of Bunny's proceedings.

In the dormitory Harry noticed that several fellows glanced at him rather curiously, and that some were smiling among themselves. He put that down to his evening's "swot," and gave it no thought. He slept soundly enough that night, and dreamed of South Cove and old days, and turned out bright and fresh enough in the morning.

In the morning there was a "Sunday walk" with Algy, and then service, and then Milton with Mr. Lathley. In the afternoon there was another walk. And so all through Sunday Harry Lovell remained in ignorance of the generous efforts Bunny was making in his behalf.

Bunny did not mention the matter to him.

Perhaps it was modesty on Bunny's part. Perhaps he preferred to do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. More probably, he had a secret misgiving on the subject. It was not the excellent Bunny's intention to hand over much, if any, of the cash he collected—he was already drawing "loans" out of it for his own behoof at the tuck-shop. Those gaps in the fund he intended to make up when he received a pound note from his uncle. The exact date when that pound note would arrive, Bunny could not specify; but he almost believed that it was coming.

What Harry Lovell would say, when he knew, Bunny couldn't quite guess. He ought to be grateful—Bunny felt that. But he felt, too, that the captain of the Fourth wouldn't be grateful.

He couldn't help feeling, somehow, that Harry would be "waxy" when he heard of the subscription, although it was for his own benefit. All rot, of course, Bunny's opinion—there was no reason why a school-fellow shouldn't be willing to accept charity.

But Bunny felt some natural hesitation in saying so to the captain of the Fourth. He had a strong suspicion that he might be kicked.

Anyhow, the collection was going on. It was going strong. Seven or

eight fellows had put in a shilling each, still more had contributed coppers. The total sum was approaching the pound. It was true that Bunny had only a few shillings of it left in his possession; but he had the initials on the subscription-sheet to prove that the sums had been contributed, and he was going to claim the ten-shilling bonus, without fail, as soon as the pound was reached. Rex Tracy could not have thought of a better means of getting the matter known from one end of St. Kit's to the other.

It was on Monday that Harry received the first inkling of the affair. Lickie of the Fourth spoke to him as they were going into lessons, blinking solemnly at Harry through his spectacles.

"Sorry to hear the old gentleman's in a bad way!" said Lickie.

"What?"

"Your first father—I mean, who is it—Straw or something—"

Harry knitted his brows. He could guess that Bunny Bootles had been chattering about what he had overheard at the study door.

"He's ill," said Harry, curtly.

"Sorry—awfully bad to have the bailiffs in when you're ill, I should think," said Lickie, sympathetic.

HARD LUCK, BUNNY!



"Hullo, Bunny, what's the matter?"

"Oh, dear! I've run five miles to get an appetite, and now I'm too tired to eat."

ally; "I hope you'll get enough to pay them out."

"What?" Harry almost yelled.

"I'd have put up something, you know, but I've blewed all my tin paying instalments off my microscope," said Lickie. "Otherwise—"

"What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Harry, angrily.

"Do you think I want your money, you ass?"

Lickie gave him another blink through his glasses.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"No, you silly ass."

"Oh, I say!" ejaculated Lickie, in aggrieved astonishment.

Mr. Lathley arrived at the Form-room door just then, and the dialogue had to cease.

Harry's face was clouded during lessons that Monday morning. Every nerve in his body tingled with irritation at the thought of the tattling Bunny making his affairs the talk of the school. And he did not yet know the worst, by any means.

In the quadrangle, after lessons, Hilton of the Fifth called to him. The cheery Bunny, having exhausted the charitable resources of the Fourth and the Shell, had started on the senior forms.

"A word with you, Lovell," said Hilton, grimly.

"Yes," said Harry, in wonder. He had little to do with the Fifth; but on the few occasions when they had come in contact, Hilton had been civil enough to him. There was a change now.

"This sort of thing won't do," said Hilton, gruffly.

"What sort of thing?"

"What you're up to. You may be short of cash and all that, but you should ask Colonel Lovell to see you through. Begging—for that's what it amounts to—won't do."

"Begging!" exclaimed Harry, his eyes blazing. "Who's begging?"

"Well, what do you call it?" snapped Hilton. "I'm speaking to you in kindness, because you don't seem to know the ropes. If Oliphant hears of it, you'll get something much straighter, I can promise you."

He was turning away, but the Fourth-form captain caught hold of his sleeve and stopped him forcibly.

Hilton stared at him.

"You cheeky young sweep, let go my arm," he wrapped out, in angry

amazement. "What the dooce do you mean?"

"I mean to know what you mean," retorted Harry, savagely. "You've accused me of begging. I want to know whether you're only talking like a fool—"

"What!" roared the captain of the Fifth.

"Or whether somebody's put it into your silly head. Tell me."

"Do you know you're talkin' to the head of the Fifth, young jackanapes?"

"I'd say the same to the head of the Sixth, or the Head of the School, if he insulted me as you've done," said Harry, between his teeth. "I want to know what you mean by it, Hilton."

"You know as well as I do," said Hilton, angrily. "I was alluding to that precious subscription—"

"What subscription?"

"The subscription Bootles is taking round for you."

Harry almost staggered.

"Subscription—Bootles—for me!" he stammered. "Are you mad?"

Hilton looked at him blankly.

"Do you mean to say you didn't know?" he exclaimed in wonder. "Is it a stunt of that fat little idiot, and he's never told you?"

"Of course I don't know, you dummy." Harry did not measure his words just then, even to the captain of the St. Kit's Fifth.

"Why, I'll—I'll—" He choked with wrath.

Without another word to Hilton of the Fifth, he rushed away in search of Cuthbert Archibald Bootles. Hilton whistled. The look on Harry Lovell's face indicated



Why is this space blank?

This space has been left blank because your Editor is waiting to receive a humorous drawing from any one of his readers. The drawing must be funny. The joke must be good, and the sketch itself must be on drawing board and done with Indian ink. Payment for sketches used will be at usual rate. Contributors must enclose a stamped envelope in case of rejection.

that there was a bad time in store for Cuthbert Archibald.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Black Ingratitude.

"HOLD ON—what's the row, old bean?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger met the captain of the Fourth as he came hurriedly into the house. The expression on Harry's face startled the dandy of St. Kit's.

Harry panted.

"Where's Bootles?"

"In the Glory Hole, I think," answered Algy. "He's got some sort of a meetin' there—tryin' to get money out of the fellows for something, I believe—what—"

Harry Lovell ran on.

"Begad!" murmured Algy. "There's somethin' up. The dear boy seems to have his merry rag out."

And he hurried after Harry Lovell to the Glory Hole.

In that apartment, sacred to the juniors, there were five or six of the Fourth, with Lickie. They were members of the junior debating society, and Lickie had succeeded in getting them there after tea. Bunny Bootles had taken advantage of the gathering; he was there with his slip of impot paper and his stump of pencil.

"It's a good cause, old tops," Bunny was saying, as Harry Lovell loomed up in the doorway. "Poor

old sailorman, you know, just going to be turned out of his cottage—sold up by the bailiffs, you know—I think you ought to rally round and back up the poor rotter—"

"I've stood sixpence already," said Wheatford.

"I've put in three D. and it's all you'll get out of me," said Jones minor. "Roll away, Bunny."

"But I say—"

"Look here, this is a debating society, not a charitable institution," exclaimed Lickie. "You're interrupting the business, Bootles. Just clear off. The dashed theatrical club will be here for a rehearsal presently—"

"Yes, but—"

"Hullo, here's Lovell!"

Harry, with his face white with anger, was bearing down on the happy Bunny. Bunny spun round to face him, and the next moment was grasped by the collar and shaken like a rat in the jaws of a terrier.

"You fat rascal!" panted Harry.

"Yaroooooh."

"What have you been doing—"

"Here, let Bunny alone, Lovell!" exclaimed Stubbs, warmly. "Do you call that grateful?"

"You silly idiot!" roared the captain of the Fourth.

"Oh, my hat!"

Shake—shake—shake!

"Bootles! You fat rogue; you've been using my name—you've been—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo!"

"You've dared to ask fellows for money for me!" shouted Harry, his eyes blazing with rage and excitement.

"Yooop!"

"Begad!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey. "Keep your curly wool on, old bean. Bunny wouldn't—"

"He has!" gasped Harry. "Hilton of the Fifth told me—the fat brute's been round the school—begging—in my name—"

"Oh, gad!"

"Didn't you know?" howled Stubbs.

"Oh, don't be a silly ass! Do you think I shouldn't have stopped him if I'd known?"

"But we—we thought—" stammered Stubbs.

WEAK IN THE HEAD.



Absent-minded One: "Say, old man, is to-day Monday or Tuesday?"

Friend: "It's Friday."

Absent-minded One: "Ah—er—yes, of course—of this week?"

"We thought—" mumbled Lickie.

Harry's eyes flashed.

"You'd no right to think anything of the sort."

"Oh, I say—!" murmured Lickie.

"You—you see, Bunny told us about your—your first father having the bailiffs in—"

"The lying rogue!"

"Oh, I say! Isn't it true?"

"Of course it isn't, you ass."

"Pshaw!"

"Spoofed!" said Wheatford; "it's just one of Bunny's tricks for raising the wind! We ought to have known."

"And Bunny's going to pay for his tricks this time," said Harry, between his teeth; "you fat rotter, I'm going to thrash you—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Yaas, give him a jolly good hidin'," said Algernon Aubrey; "anybody got a stick, or a stump, or anything?"

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"I'll lick him till—"

"Yaroooooh! It wasn't me!" howled Bunny.

"What?"

"I—I—I was only doing what Tracy told me—"

"Tracy!" shouted Harry.

"It was Tracy's idea," gasped

Bunny; "of—of course, I didn't know you'd be waxy, old chap. I shouldn't be waxy if someone started a subscription for me, I can tell you."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Tracy told you to play this caddish trick?" demanded Harry, releasing the fat junior, and staring at him blankly.

Bunny Bootles gasped for breath, and re-settled his collar.

"Don't you be such a rough beast, Lovell. We don't want any of your bullying at St. Kit's, I can tell you."

"Answer me, you fat fool."

"As for caddish tricks," said Bunny, in an injured tone, "I don't see it. Jolly generous and kind-hearted of me, I think, to go round passing round the hat for you because you're hard up—here, keep off, you beast."

Bunny dodged behind Algernon Aubrey. "Keep him off, Algy! I don't know what the beast is waxy about."

"Keep cool, old sport," murmured Algy; "no good blowin' off steam. If it was Tracy we'll make Tracy sit up."

"I'll see to that!" said Harry, grimly; "but I want to know the facts first, and I'll have them out of that fat fool or thump them out."

"You needn't get excited about it, Lovell," said Bunny; "there's no secret about it. Knowing you were hard-up—"

"Come to the point, you fool."

"I wish you wouldn't call me names, you know. I don't see how I can discuss matters with a fellow calling me names—here, keep off—I'm telling you as fast as I can, ain't I?" howled Bunny. "Tracy suggested passing round the hat for you—he subscribed the first half-crown—I've got his initials here, if you don't believe me—"

Harry glanced at the precious subscription list.

There were Rex Tracy's initials, without doubt, followed by those of Lumley and Durance.

"I think it was jolly kind of Tracy, considering that you're not on good terms with him," said Bunny.

"How much money have you raised?" asked Harry, controlling his temper with great difficulty.

"I'm going to account for every penny, of course," said Bunny, in his most dignified manner. "I'm honourable, I hope. There's fifteen shillings so far—and when I make it up to a pound, Tracy is going to put a whole ten-bob note—he promised—"

"You're going to give that money back to the fellows you spoofed it from," said Harry, quietly; "do you understand?"

"Certainly, if you don't want it."

"And at once."

"Well, it can't be done actually at once," said Bunny, cautiously; "you see, I've had to use some of it for—current expenses. I'm going to make it up out of my uncle's pound note—"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at in that, you fellows. I'm going to account for every sixpence—"

"You've been begging for money in my name and spending it at the tuck-shop!" said Harry, breathing hard.

"Not begging, you know—it's a subscription. As for spending the money in the tuck-shop, I hope I should disdain to do anything of the kind. That's what you can't understand. I may have used some of it as an advance on a pound-note I'm receiving to-morrow—yaroooooh! Help! Fire! Murder! Help!"

Bunny was seized in a powerful grasp, and planked down on the big table of the Glory Hole—scattering, as he landed, a pile of notes that Lickie had intended to inflict on the hapless debaters. There was a howl from Lickie—and a louder howl from Bunny Bootles—for Lovell's open hand was rising and falling, landing every time on the tightest part of Bunny's garments with a loud smack.

Smack! smack! smack! smack! smack!

The smacks rang like pistol shots through the Glory Hole, and the yells of the unhappy Bunny rang louder still.

"There!" panted Harry; "that will do for you—you're not worth licking—"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow-wooooo!"

"It's Tracy—Tracy I've got to see, I'm going now."

Harry Lovell hurried from the Glory Hole. He was bound for

Tracy's study in the Fourth. With one accord, the debating society rushed after him to see what would happen. Lické bellowed after them, in great consternation; but they were deaf to Lické's frantic voice. What was going to happen in No. 5 study was obviously more interesting than any debate in the Glory Hole. Lické was left alone with Bunny Bootles—and Bunny sat on the table and roared. Yow-ow-wooooo! Oh, dear! Oh, my hat! The cheeky beast—I've a good mind to go after him and thrash him—ow-ow-ow! Catch me raising a subscription for him again—ow-wow! I jolly well won't give him what I've raised already—ow-wow!—dashed if I will! Ow!

And Bunny didn't.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Rex Tracy Apologises.

BANG! A little poker party in No. 5 study was suddenly startled.

There came a rattle at the door-handle, and as the door was locked, there came a bang on the panels—a terrific bang.

Rex Tracy started to his feet, his "hand" of cards slipping from his fingers in his alarm.

"What the dooce—"
Durance and Verney, Lumley and Howard, were all on their feet. That loud and imperious summons at the study door meant only one thing to their minds; that a prefect or master knew what was going on in the study, and had come to see about it.

"What dashed luck!" breathed Tracy; "quick—get the cards out of sight—"

Bang! thump!
"The smoke—we can't clear off the smoke—" hissed Lumley; "hang it all! What can have brought—"

"Keep the door locked, Tracy!" whispered Durance; "tell him you've dropped the key, to get time—"

Bang!
"All right, sir," called out Tracy, in a shaky voice, while his comrades were frantically hurrying cigarettes and cards out of sight; "I—I've dropped the key—"

"Let me in at once!"

Tracy jumped.
It was not a master's voice—it was not the voice of Oliphant or Wake, of the Sixth. It was the voice of the new captain of the Fourth Form.

"That cad!" hissed Tracy; "it's all right, you fellows—"
"Confound his cheek!" growled Howard, in great relief.

"Don't let him in, anyhow."

"No fear!"

Bang!

"Do you hear me, Tracy?" shouted Harry Lovell.

"I hear you, you cad!" retorted Tracy; "get away from my door."

"Let me in."

"I don't let tramps into my study."

Bang!
"You rotten hooligan, stop kickin' up that row at my door!" shouted Tracy, in amazement and anger; "What the thump do you mean by it?"

"I mean to come into the study, to see you, Tracy, you cad!" answered Harry, and his voice rang out for all to hear who cared to hear; "if you don't open the door I'll smash in the lock."

"Good old hooligan!" said Tracy; "is that the kind of manners you learned minding boats on the beach?"

Bang!

"Is the fellow mad?" exclaimed Lumley; "what the thump does he want? Better let him in, Tracy—we shall have all St. Kit's up here at this rate."

"I won't let him in."

Bang! bang!

"Will you open the door, Tracy, you coward?"

"No."

"Then I'll break the lock."

Footsteps were heard retreating; and there was a buzz of excited voices in the passage. Nobody at St. Kit's had seen the captain of the Fourth in a passion like this before. Stubbs remarked that he hadn't thought he had it in him. Tracy's face was a little pale, in the study. He could guess that Bunny Bootles's passing round the hat had come to Harry Lovell's knowledge; and that this was how he was taking it.

Just then, Rex Tracy preferred to keep a locked door between him and the junior he had humiliated. "Go easy, old bean—" came Algernon Aubrey's voice, in the passage. But even Algy's voice had lost its power to calm.

Crash!

It was a heavy stool thudding on the lock. The five "nuts" in No. 5 study stared at one another, blankly. Harry was keeping his word; a few more thuds like that, and the lock would not last long.

Crash! crash!

"Oh, begad!" came Algy's voice; "this is gettin' excitin'. Tracy, you ass, why don't you open the door? The prefects will hear this."

"I fancy they must have heard already!" grinned Scott.

Crash!

Durance made a step towards the door to unlock it, but Tracy caught at his arm and stopped him.

"Let it alone."

"The whole house will hear that din, Tracy—"

"Let 'em."

Durance shrugged his shoulders. "Better get the study to rights then—the prefects will be up here, no mistake about that."

Crash!

It was evident that Harry Lovell was in deadly earnest. Tracy's chums hurriedly cleared away the last sign of the cards and the smokes. The hammering on the door had certainly reached the prefects' quarters below, and it was certain not to pass unnoticed. Tracy threw open the window, and waved a newspaper to clear off the smoke. It was a sudden and unlooked-for end to a happy little poker-party.

Crash!

"Cave!" murmured Stubbs; "here comes Oliphant, Lovell."

Harry paused. Oliphant of the Sixth had come up the stairs two at a time, with his ashplant in his hand, and a deep frown on his rugged face. Oliphant was wrathful. It was not uncommon for a prefect to be called up to the Fourth-form quarters by some uproar; but such an uproar as this was quite out of the common.

The captain of St. Kit's strode on the scene with an angry brow. "What's this thundering row?" he exclaimed gruffly.

"I'm breaking in Tracy's door!" said Harry Lovell, quietly, though he was breathing hard.

Oliphant stared at him.

"Breaking in Tracy's door—"

"Yes."

"And why, you young rascal?"

"Because he won't unlock it."

Oliphant looked at him again, and then tapped on the door of No. 5 study.

"Tracy! Let me in at once."

The door was unlocked immediately then. There was no disobeying the captain of the school, and perhaps Tracy felt more secure in opening the door, now that Oliphant was present.

He threw the door wide open.

Harry Lovell made a movement to pass into the study, but Oliphant's stalwart form barred the way.

"Not so fast," he said curtly; "I'm going to look into this. What is the row about?"

Harry Lovell opened his lips, and closed them again. He did not want to have interference with the St. Kit's captain in the matter.

Oliphant turned to Tracy.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Tracy, in an easy drawl; "we were chattrin' here about the footer when that fellow suddenly started hammerin' on the door. Better ask him why."

"I've asked you, Lovell."

"I had to see Tracy," said Harry.

"Tracy doesn't seem to have wanted to see you."

"He was skulking like a coward behind a locked door," exclaimed Harry, scornfully; "he knows what I wanted to see him about."

"And what is that?"

Harry Lovell hesitated.

"Better tell Oliphant, dear boy," said Algernon Aubrey, quietly; "probably he's heard of the merry subscription already."

Oliphant started.

"The subscription! You mean that collection for Lovell? I've heard of that, and I was going to speak to Lovell about it—but what has that to do with Tracy?"

"Nothin'!" said Rex Tracy.

Harry's eyes glazed.

"It was his work!" he exclaimed; "He put Bootles up to

it—to humiliate me—to make fellows believe that I was asking them for money—" His voice choked. "It was rotten—cowardly—"

"Do you mean to say that you weren't?"

"Weren't what?" exclaimed Harry, fiercely.

"Asking the fellows for money. That's what the subscription amounts to, and that's what I was going to speak to you about pretty sharp."

"How dare you ask me such a question?" exclaimed Harry, passionately.

"Dare!" repeated Oliphant, with a stare; "do you happen to know whom you're talking to, youngster?"

"You've no right to ask me if I have been begging for charity," exclaimed Harry; "nobody has a right to ask that."

Oliphant breathed rather hard. He began to understand; but his dignity as head of the Sixth was ruffled.

"You'll take care how you talk to the captain of the school, Lovell," he said gruffly; "now, answer me this—you did not know that Bootles was passing round the hat for you?"

"No!" shouted Harry.

"Quietly, please. What has Tracy to do with it?"

"It's all his doing—Bootles confessed that Tracy put him up to it," said Harry, between his teeth; "Bootles is a fool—but Tracy knew what he was doing—"

Oliphant made him a sign to be silent, and turned grimly to Rex Tracy. That youth was quite cool.

"Is that the fact, Tracy?"

"I did put somethin' in the collection Bunny was makin'," said Tracy; "he came here with a yarn of Lovell bein' hard up, and I think we all stood a bob or two."

"Did you suggest the idea?"

"I hardly know who suggested it. There was some talk about helping Lovell to pay the bailiffs out of his old home, and we all agreed to help."

Oliphant stared very hard at Rex Tracy. The expression on his honest, rugged face, was grim, and growing grimmer.

"You didn't ask Lovell first?"

"Never thought of it—the matter was in Bottles's hands, you see. I concluded that Lovell had fixed it up with him."

"That is false!" broke in Harry.

Tracy shrugged his shoulders.

"You didn't think the scheme was humiliating to Lovell—you didn't intend it specially for that purpose?" pursued Oliphant.

"Not at all! I hardly thought a fellow of his class would be humiliated by it. I suppose he's had charity before," said Tracy, amiably.

"That's your opinion, is it?" asked Oliphant.

"Oh, yes."

"Now, I'll tell you my opinion," said Oliphant, in his slow, decisive way; "I think you did this as a dirty trick, Tracy, to bring humiliation on Lovell because he beat you in the election for the Form captaincy."

Oliphant reflected for a moment, and then let his ashplant slip down into his hand, from under his arm.

"Lovell, I can understand your feelings, but you can't batter in a study door, however much you are provoked. You will hold out your hand."

Harry Lovell drew a deep breath. It was on his tongue to refuse, and put his hands behind him. But even in his anger, he realised that Oliphant meant to hold the scales of justice even, to the best of his ability. After one moment's pause, he held out his hand, in silence.

Swish!

"That's for you," said Oliphant; "you must keep your temper under a bit better control, my boy, though I grant you had very serious provocation. Tracy, you have acted like a cad, and I am going to cane you, and then you will apologise to Lovell, in my presence."

Tracy started back, as if an adder had stung him.

"Apologise to him!"

"Yes."

"I won't!"

"We shall see," answered Oliphant, calmly; "first of all, hold out your hand. You're going to have four cuts—six if you keep me waiting."

Tracy's hands came out in turn, and four loud swishes sounded

through No. 5 study. They were hefty swishes, too, and Tracy's face was pale when he had received them. The passage was crammed with juniors now, and they all looked on in silence.

"Now apologise to Lovell."

"Oliphant! I—I—"

"I'm waiting."

Tracy's face was like that of a demon. The pain in his smarting palms was acute; but he could not bring his lips to utter the words required of him.

"I—I won't!" he hissed, at last.

"Very good," said Oliphant, quietly; "Lumley—Durance—take Tracy and lay him face down on the table. He is going to be licked till he coughs up that apology."

Rex Tracy trembled with rage and apprehension.

He knew that Oliphant was in earnest; and he knew, too, that before the licking had gone very far, his resolution would be overcome, and the apology would be forthcoming.

"I—I—" His voice was thick and choking. "I—"

"Well?"

"I—I apologise!" stuttered Tracy.

"I thought you would," said Oliphant, equably; "that settles the matter. Lovell, you are not to carry this affair any further?"

"I don't want to," said Harry, quietly; "the matter's set right, now that everyone knows it was only a trick."

"Quite so. Clear out."

Harry left the study, followed by the captain of St. Kit's. Rex Tracy threw himself into a chair. He did not speak.

The rage and humiliation that possessed him made him tremble from head to foot. He hardly felt the pain in his hands.

His comrades looked at him, and looked at one another. Nobody suggested re-starting the poker game. Quietly, the Goats of the Fourth left the study, and Rex Tracy was left to himself.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Three Out of Bounds!

THE Head!

"Oh, rotten!"

"Horrid, dear boys!"

sighed Algernon Aubrey St. Leger; "it's a fair catch."

The three juniors of St. Kit's, who had been looking quite merry and bright a few seconds before, wore expressions of dismay.

It was the sudden sight of Dr. Cheyne, the reverend Head of St. Kit's, that caused the change.

Even in the Quad at St. Kit's the Head was an awe-inspiring figure. Now he was a terrifying one.

For Harry Lovell and Co., of the Fourth, were a good mile from St. Kit's—and out of bounds.

They had never dreamed, for one moment, of encountering the Head on the footpath in Lynn Wood. But there he was!

They sighted him quite suddenly, at a turn of the footpath.

They knew that the Head was absent from the school that afternoon. Naturally, they couldn't guess that he would return by way of Lynn, and walk through the wood to St. Kit's. Still less could they guess that he would happen along just when they were following the path towards Lyncroft.

But there he was—and the three juniors blinked at him in dismay.

For it was quite a serious matter.

There had been so many rows and "rags" of late between the heroes of St. Kit's and the Lyncroft fellows that the Head had placed Lynn Wood out of bounds for a week as a lesson and a warning.

Obviously, both the lesson and the warning had been lost on Harry Lovell and Co., for here they were, progressing cheerily along the footpath towards Lyncroft, just as if the Head's notice had never been placed on the board.

They had not meant any disrespect to the Head! They had not meant anything but a "rag" on Turkey and Co., of Lyncroft. But it rushed into their minds—as they beheld Dr. Cheyne—that the Head would take quite a different view of the matter.

They halted—staring at the advancing figure, still at a good distance. They waited for the thunderbolt.

Then it suddenly dawned upon Bob Rake that the Head had not seen them yet.

The old gentleman was walking along very slowly, his hands folded behind his back, his eyes fixed on the ground—an expression of deep thought on his clear-cut, kind old face.

Bob caught Harry Lovell by the arm with one hand, Algernon Aubrey by the ear with the other.

"Cover!" he breathed; "he's not spotted us yet—"

"Ow!"

"Cover, you ass!"

"Quick!" breathed Harry.

The three Fourth-formers backed hurriedly into the underwoods.

"Hold on a minute—!" gasped St. Leger.

"Quick—"

"I've dropped my eyeglass—"

"You thumping ass—quick!"

Algernon Aubrey was dragged out of sight. He cast a regretful glance at his celebrated monocle, lying in the grass. But evidently it was not safe to attempt to retrieve that celebrated monocle. The Head was coming on, slowly but surely; and if he looked up—

"Safe as houses!" breathed Bob Rake, peering through the brambles. "He won't see us as he passes."

"Suppose he—?" began Algernon Aubrey.

"He won't!"

"But suppose he—"

"Quiet. It's all right."

"Suppose he treads on my eyeglass—"

"He won't notice it if he does, fathead."

"Begad! I wasn't thinkin' whether he would notice it or not! I was thinkin' of my dashed eyeglass."

"Ass!"

Harry Lovell peered out of cover. The Head was still ten yards away, and he had not looked up. He had heard nothing; the juniors' footsteps had been quite noiseless on the carpet of fallen leaves that covered the footpath. Evidently Dr. Cheyne did not dream that he was anywhere near three juniors of the Fourth Form, who had recklessly disregarded his lesson and his warning!

"What a giddy relief!" murmured Bob Rake; "I suppose he came back by train to Lynn."

"Looks like it!"

"Looks as if he's thinking out some merry mathematical problem," said Bob, with a grin.

"He's been to see my pater, I believe," remarked Algy. "There's been some jaw among the governors, and the pater is chairman of the governing board, you know. P'raps that's what he's thinkin' out. The governors must have bored him fearfully."

"Hallo!" ejaculated Bob, in suppressed tones; "there's another johnny on the footpath! Look there!"

"Oh, gad!"

The juniors simply stared.

The Head was quite near now, walking slowly, wrapped in thought.

Behind him, on the footpath, another figure had appeared.

It was the figure of a thick-set man, dressed rather loudly, with a red, beery face, and narrow, sharp, cunning eyes. The man looked like the worst class of racing "tout."

He was evidently following the Head; he was running, but so cautiously that his footsteps made no sound, and gradually overtaking the old gentleman.

There was a short, thick stick grasped in his right hand, and his whole look told of his intentions.

The juniors gazed at him dumb-founded.

It was evident that the red-faced, narrow-eyed rascal was following the Head of St. Kit's with hostile intentions, and that a brutal attack was about to take place.

It did not look as if the man's object was robbery, for it was clear that he was stealing behind Dr. Cheyne to knock him down from the rear, without a word spoken.

For some seconds the juniors were rooted to the spot in their utter amazement.

Why anyone, even a ruffian, should meditate such an attack upon a kind-hearted old gentleman who could not be supposed to have an enemy in the world, was an amazing mystery.

But there was no doubt of the man's object, and Harry Lovell quickly recovered himself.

There was no thought in his mind now of concealment—"out of bounds" did not matter now. His only thought was to save the Head from the blow that was about to descend upon him. He made a

sudden spring out of the brambles into the footpath, shouting as he did so, and racing towards the Head.

"Look out, sir!" yelled Bob Rake, dashing into view after his chum. And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger followed fast, without even thinking of stopping to pick up his eyeglass.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Struck Down!

DR. CHEYNE gave a jump. The sudden sight of three excited juniors racing up the footpath towards him and yelling a warning brought him out of his deep meditations—whatever they were—with a violent start.

"Why—what?" he ejaculated.

"Look out, sir—behind you!" yelled Harry, desperately.

"What?"

"Danger—look—!" shrieked Bob.

The narrow-eyed man had paused for an instant at the sight of the schoolboys.

But it was only for an instant. A hard and desperate look came over his stubby face, and throwing concealment to the winds, he rushed right on Dr. Cheyne, with his cudgel uplifted.

The Head spun round, half-realising his danger.

He gave a startled cry at the sight of the ruffian, rushing on him with uplifted cudgel, and threw up his arm to ward the blow.

Harry Lovell and Co. were tearing towards the spot at frantic speed to intervene.

But the blow fell before they could reach their headmaster.

It was a savage, crushing blow, and Dr. Cheyne uttered a sharp cry of pain as he caught it on his arm, saving his head.

His arm dropped numb to his side, and the cudgel swept up again for another blow.

"Stop, you villain!" panted Harry.

He put on a desperate spurt and came up. The ruffian struck again, but the junior was so close to him now that he struck wildly, and the blow landed on Dr. Cheyne's shoulder, glancing off.

Before he could recover the cudgel to lift it again, Harry Lovell was upon him.

The captain of the St. Kit's Fourth struck out with all his strength, and his clenched fist landed full in the red face.

The ruffian spun back and rolled on the footpath.

Dr. Cheyne staggered against a tree, his face white as chalk, his lips compressed with pain.

Bob Rake ran to him to support him, and St. Leger lent his aid.

The narrow-eyed man was on his feet again, glaring savagely at the group, and for a second he seemed about to hurl himself upon Lovell.

But the other two juniors were ready to back up their chum; and the ruffian changed his mind and darted away into the wood.

His nose was streaming crimson as he ran.

"After him, you fellows!" shouted Harry.

He was springing into the wood in pursuit when the Head called out faintly:

"Lovell! Stop!"

Harry turned back.

Bob and St. Leger were supporting the Head, and he needed their support. It was evident that he was hard hit.

"Come back, Lovell," said the Head, "I forbid you to go into danger—come back at once."

"Very well, sir," said Harry, returning to the footpath.

"The police will deal with that—that ruffian," gasped the Head.

"I—I need your help, my boys."

He leaned on the tree, panting for breath. His terrible experience, brief as it had been, had almost overcome him.

It was some minutes before he spoke again.

"I—I am afraid I must ask you to help me to the school," he said, at last. "I—I—feel very faint! My arm is hurt! Thank you for coming to my help as you did."

"Shall I cut off and get the hack from Wicke, sir?" asked Bob Rake.

"I can get it on the road by the time these chaps help you to the end of the footpath."

"A very good thought, Rake! Go at once."

Bob Rake dashed off down the footpath at top speed towards the village. He disappeared from view in a couple of seconds.

The Head, leaning heavily on Harry and St. Leger on either side of him, moved slowly in the same direction.

The juniors helped him dutifully. By the time they reached the end of the footpath, where it came upon the Wicke road, Bob Rake was there with the hack from the station.

The juniors gave a sigh of relief as he sank upon the seat on the old dusty vehicle.

"Drive to the school as fast as you can," said Harry Lovell to the driver. He looked in at the door.

"Shall I go for the doctor, sir, and send him up to the school?"

"Please do, Lovell," said the Head, faintly, "and call at the police-station and give information of this outrage."

"Certainly, sir."

The hack drove off towards St. Kit's, and Harry Lovell and Co. turned their steps in the opposite direction towards the village.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. The Heroes of the Hour.

HEARD?" gasped Bunny

Bootles.

Cuthbert Archibald

Bootles was in a state of great ex-

citement when Harry Lovell and Co. came into the "top study" in the Fourth-form passage at St. Kit's.

"Heard what, dear boy?" yawned Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, as he sank into the armchair.

"About the Head—"

"Anything about the Head?" asked Algy, negligently.

Harry Lovell and Bob grinned. Bunny Bootles always prided himself upon being the first with news.

Evidently Bunny was going to tell them about the attack on the Head in Lynn Wood.

"Yes, rather," said Bunny.

"You fellows went over to Lyn-

croft this afternoon, didn't you?"

"We started," said Harry.

"Why, you might have passed quite close to where it happened!" exclaimed Bunny.

"We might!" agreed Bob Rake.

"The whole school's wild about it," said Bunny. "I say, the Head was attacked in the wood by a

gang—"

"A gang?"

"Yes, a gang of masked ruffians."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I saw him come in, in the

hack," said Bunny. "Looked as

white as a sheet, bandaged all

over—"

"Bandaged?"

"Yes, smothered with bandages," said Bunny, thrillingly. "Covered with blood—"

"Phew!"

"He had to be helped into his

house," said Bunny. "Mrs.

Cheyne was awfully upset. She—

she fainted in my arms."

"Go it!"

"Then the doctor came buzzing

in his motor-car," said Bunny,

"and then there was a policeman—

and it got all over the school. You

fellows never hear of anything,"

added Bunny, patronisingly.

"Still, I know all the facts, and

I'll tell you."

"You seem to me to know a good

deal more than the facts," said the

captain of the Fourth, laughing.

"Oh, I say! I'm telling you

exactly what occurred," said

Bunny. "Six or seven masked

ruffians—"

"Not eight or nine?" asked Bob.

"No, six or seven! They robbed

the Head of his gold watch and his

banknotes—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And left him for dead," said

Bunny. "Some fellows happened

to come along, and they carried

him on a hurdle to Wicke."

"Who were the fellows?" asked

Bob.

"That's not known yet, I think;

some chaps say they were St. Kit's

fellows; I can't say as to that,"

said Bunny. "I know they found

the Head expiring in the wood,

and carried him home on a

gate—"

"Did they carry him home

twice?" asked Algy.

"Eh! No! Only once, of course."

"Then how did they carry him

on a hurdle and a gate as well?"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"I—I mean they—they carried

him on either a hurdle or a gate,"

said Bunny. "There's a trail of

blood left all along the footpath.

The revolver—"

"What revolver?"

"The one the Head was shot

with."

"Oh! Was he shot?"

"In five places," said Bunny,

impressively. "Riddled with

bullets. The revolver is in the

hands of the police now, I under-

stand. It seems that dum-dum

bullets were used."

"Oh, my only hat!"

"Pile it on, old infant," said

Algy, admiringly. "Begad! You

ought to write up the account for

the papers. You'd make your

fortune as a journalist, Bunny."

"If you don't believe me—"

roared Bunny.

"Believe you! Oh, gad!"

There was a step in the passage,

and Oliphant of the Sixth, the cap-

tain of St. Kit's, looked in.

"Oh! you fellows are back,"

said the Sixth-former.

"Yes, here we are again, Oli-

phant," said Bob, cheerily.

"Any of you damaged?"

"Only my knuckles," said

Harry, with a smile. "I've barked

them a little on that villain's

nose."

"You have?" ejaculated Bunny.

"Why—what?"

"I've seen the Head!" said Oli-

phant.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed Bunny,

eagerly.

"Dead! You fat young idiot,

why should he be dead?"

"Well, he was riddled with

bullets, wasn't he?"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"Dry up, you young ass," said

Oliphant. "Tell me just what

happened, Lovell."

Harry explained succinctly.

Bunny Bootles listened with great

astonishment. It dawned upon his

fat brain that the Co. had, for

once, had the news even before the

Peeping Tom of St. Kit's!

"It's jolly queer," said Oliphant,

when Harry had finished. "The

rascal doesn't seem to have in-

tended to rob the Head."

"It didn't look like it," said Bob.

"The brute just rushed on him

and attacked him, like a dashed

hooligan."

"What on earth for?" ejacu-

lated Oliphant. "Was he drunk?"

"Oh! no."

"Must have been a lunatic, then,

I should think."

"He didn't look like one."

"Ever seen him before?"

Harry Lovell shook his head.

"No; he's a stranger in these

parts, I think. He looks like some

rough from a racecourse."

"Well, it's a dashed queer busi-

ness," said Oliphant, greatly

puzzled. "Why anybody should

want to pitch into the Head is a

mystery to me. I suppose you gave

the man's description at the police-

station."

"Oh! yes."

"You played up well, you fags,"

said Oliphant, and he nodded to

the Co. and left the top study.

"Cheek!" murmured Bob Rake.

Oliphant's praise was quite wel-

come; but the heroes of the Fourth

did not enjoy being described as

"fags."

"So it was you chaps?" ex-

claimed Bunny, when the captain

of St. Kit's was gone.

"Little us!" grinned Bob.

"You spoofing bounders, why

didn't you let on when I was tel-

ling you all about it?" demanded

Bunny, indignantly.

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"But wasn't there a revolver,

really?"

"Not the ghost of one."

"Or—or a masked gang—"

"Ha—ha! No."

"Just a dashed tramp!" said

Bunny, greatly disappointed. "I

say, though, why didn't you catch

him?"

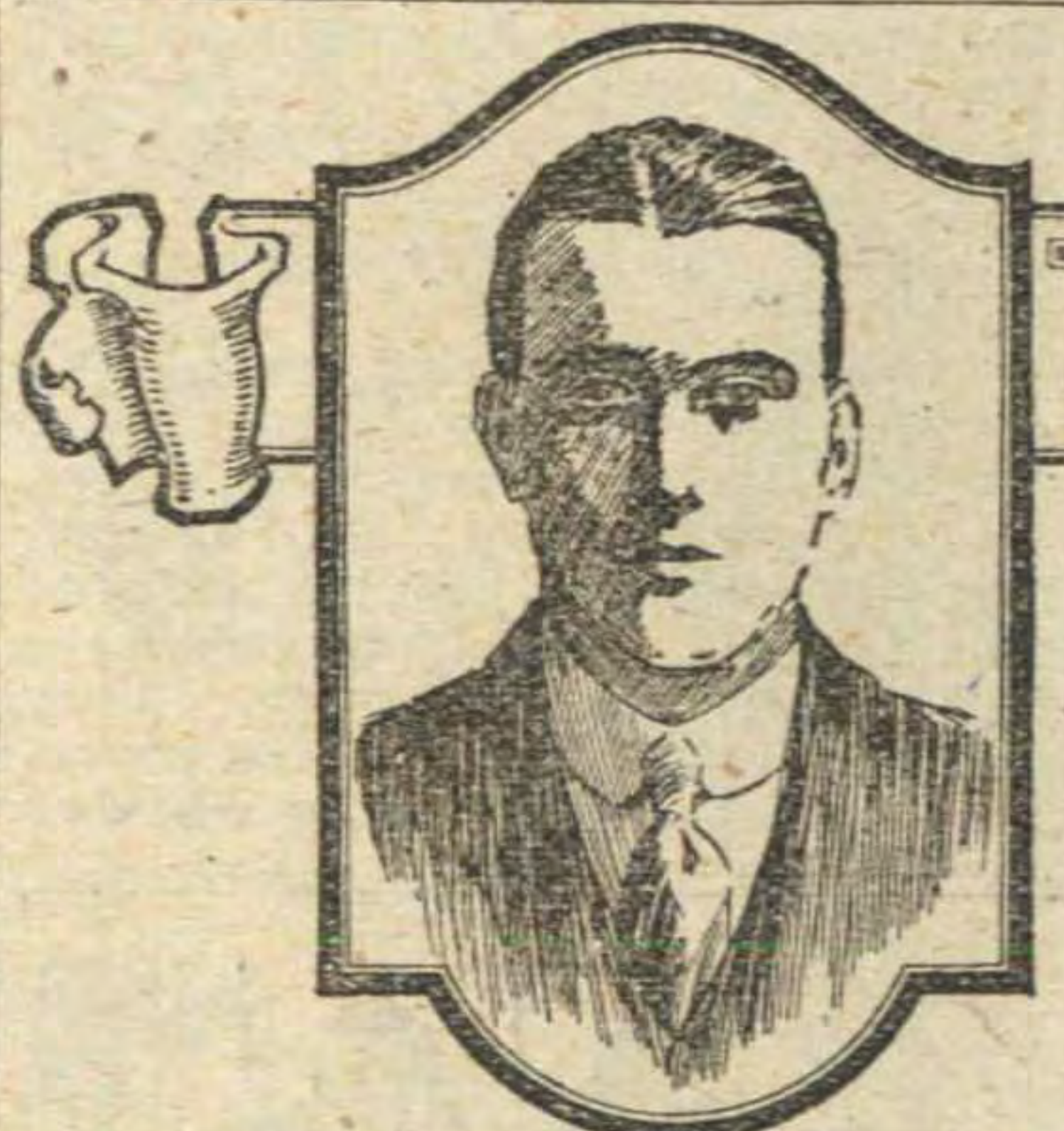
"Because he got away."

"I should have caught him,"

said Bunny, with a shake of the

head. "You fellows have been a

bit remiss. Pity I wasn't there."



"SCHOOL AND SPORT," 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. A prompt reply is sent when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Other correspondence is dealt with in these columns.

NEXT MONDAY.

Our next story dealing with the adventures of the chums of St. Kit's is entitled

"THE ST. KIT'S REBELLION"

and is another long tale simply packed with exciting scenes from the first line to the last. As this story is by way of being a sequel to the one in this number I want all my readers to hand their copy of No. 7 to a non-reader so that a record demand will be made for next week's issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT.

"THE CRUISE OF THE

"TARTAR."

By JOHN WINTERTON.

There will be another magnificent instalment of our great adventure story in next Monday's issue, and I promised my chums to say something more about the new serial which I am preparing for them. Next week I shall be able to give you the title of the story and the date of its first appearance.

The early chapters are now complete, and I have no hesitation in saying that this story will prove the most popular yarn that has ever been written.

One thing more: My reader-friends can really assist me by ordering their weekly copy of SCHOOL AND SPORT in advance. Will you please oblige?

Replies in Brief.

Your Editor has received a huge number of letters from his readers, and in future as much space as is available will be taken up in my

chat with brief replies and acknowledgments.

"James" (Bolton).—Thanks very much for your kind assistance. Push SCHOOL AND SPORT whenever you can.

"You!" ejaculated Bob.
"Yes—if I had been there, I should have—"
"Buzzed off?"
"No; I should have—"
"Fainted?"
"No!" yelled Bunny; "I should have—"

"Never mind what you would have done," grinned Bob. "Let's have tea. Why haven't you got the kettle boiling, you fat bouncer?"

The chums of the top study sat down to tea, but they were not fated to have their tea in peace. St. Kit's generally had learned that Harry Lovell and Co. had been on the scene when the Head was attacked. And as soon as that was known, there was a procession to the top study to hear all about it. Stubbs and Myers, Wheatford and Catesby, of the Fourth, came first; then came Tinker Smith and Verney minor, and then Tracy and Durance and Lumley and Howard. They all wanted to know. And before the Fourth-formers had been satisfied, Babbie and Co. of the Shell came along for information, and Fisher and Jones minus an army of the Third.

It was a very interrupted tea in the top study.

Having related the story about a dozen times, Harry Lovell and Co. grew fed up with the subject, and the door of the top study was forcibly closed and locked.

Further applicants for information howled through the keyhole and departed unsatisfied.

There was a respite, and then a heavy tread announced the arrival of Gunter of the Fifth. Gunter thumped on the door.

"You fags in here?" he roared.

"Hallo, old Gunter-bird!" sang out Bob Rake.

"Let me in, you young sweeps."

"Fed up!"

"I want to hear about that affair—"

"Ask next door."

"You cheeky young rotters, do you want me to wade in and thrash the whole study?" roared Gunter, indignantly.

"Yes," chuckled Bob.

"Open this door!"

"Rats!"

Gunter of the Fifth bestowed a terrific kick on the door and departed. And then, at last, the chums of the top study finished their tea in peace.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Surprising News!

THERE was some excitement—and a good deal of concern—at St. Kit's the next day. It was known that the Head lay ill in bed, with the doctor in attendance. Police-Constable Bandy, of Wicke, was seen at the school, and Inspector Chater came over from Lynne and had a rather long interview with the Head. Harry Lovell and Co. observed the inspector when he left, and they read the puzzled expression on his face.

The attack on Dr. Cheyne perplexed the police-inspector, as it perplexed all St. Kit's, and the neighbourhood generally.

Unless the assailant had been out of his senses, there seemed to be no accounting for it. The Head had told the inspector frankly that so far as he knew he had never made an enemy. But the chums of the top study were quite positive in their evidence on one point—the man who had attacked the Head was no lunatic—they remembered only too well his savage, dogged face; and from the way he had tracked Dr. Cheyne on the footpath, it was obvious that he had deliberately followed his victim from Lynne—perhaps before that had followed him by train to Lynne station.

The assault was, in fact, inexplicable. Inspector Chater, after leaving the Head, had a talk with Harry Lovell and Co. They could tell him no more than they had told already. Mr. Chater took his leave at last, in a state of great perplexity, but determined to do his very best to run down the miscreant.

The topic was endlessly discussed at St. Kit's, and there was a great deal of sympathy for the Head.

To most of the fellows, especially the juniors, the Head was a sort of distant and awful figure—something like a god on cloudy Olympus. His disaster brought him down, as it were, to common earth, and they felt for him not as a headmaster, but as a man. There were few fellows at St. Kit's who would not have given a term's pocket-

money to lay hands on the rascal who had injured Dr. Cheyne.

That day the Head did not appear in the Sixth-form room as usual, neither did he appear on the following day. By that time, the first keen interest in the affair had died away a little, though several dutiful fellows made it a point to inquire at the Head's house twice a day.

The top study had heard nothing about having been out of bounds. The Head, on reflection, must have recalled the fact that he had met the three juniors beyond the limits prescribed for that especial week. But the meeting had been so very fortunate for Dr. Cheyne that it would not have been very graceful to visit the transgressors' sins upon their heads.

"We're not goin' to hear anything 'bout bein' out of bounds," Algy remarked to his study-mates. "That's all to the good, what?"

"Lucky for the Head we were out of bounds," said Bob. "Couldn't very well rag us for being on the spot just when we were wanted."

"Yaas."

"I was thinking of Saturday!" remarked Bob. "I'm new here, and haven't punched a Lyncroft nose yet. But—but—" Bob hesitated.

"Hardly the thing while the Head's laid up!"

"That's so," said Bob. "I don't know how we shall survive it, but I think we'd better be good while the Head's on the casualty list."

"Good as gold," said Harry Lovell, with a smile. "We'll set an example to the Form."

"Good egg!" said Bob.

And when he went downstairs, Bob sailed down the banisters as usual, and landed with a terrific

crash at the bottom, forgetting for the moment that it had just been agreed to set an example to the Form!

On Saturday the Head was not seen, and on Sunday he did not take the service as usual in school chapel.

On Monday Bunny Bootles had news. He burst into the top study at tea-time, full of it.

"Heard, you fellows?" he spluttered.

Algernon Aubrey groaned.

"More news?" he said.

"Yes, rather."

"Go and tell somebody else, old bean."

"Look here—"

"Run off to No. 5—I believe Tracy and Durance would be awfully interested, Bunny."

"You silly ass—"

"Blow away, old bean! Don't I keep on tellin' you that you talk too much, Bunny?" said Algy, reproachfully.

"Oh, I say! Is that the way you thank a chap for coming to tell you the news—the great news?" demanded Cuthbert Archibald Bootles, warmly. "I say, the Head—"

"Worse?" asked Harry, looking up.

"No—better, I believe—"

"That's good."

"Yes—I'm rather sorry for the old bird," said Bunny. "Really, you know, though he's our headmaster! But the news is that he's too crooked to keep on his duties at St. Kit's—"

"Poor old Head!" said Bob.

"The doctor's ordered him away," said Bunny. "He's going off to Bournemouth to-morrow with Mrs. Cheyne—"

"Did he tell you so?"

"Ahem! I heard Mr. Lathley

saying so to Mr. Rattery. I say, you chaps don't seem very interested," said Bunny. "If the Head goes away there'll have to be somebody in his place. The question is, who will it be? Old Tulke, the master of the Fifth, is senior master."

"Old Tulke's not a bad old sparrow," remarked Algernon Aubrey. "We can do with him—as headmaster—especially as we shan't have anything to do with him."

"But it won't be Tulke!" said Bunny.

"Why not?"

"There's a new man coming in the Head's place!" announced Bunny Bootles.

Harry Lovell and Co. "sat up and took notice," as it were, at last.

"What rot!" said Bob. "If the Head's only going away for his health, it's pretty certain that Mr. Tulke will carry on in his place."

"So the masters thought!"

grinned Bunny. "So old Tulke thought! I fancy old Tulke feels his nose rather put out of joint. But the Board of Governors have decided—"

"How do you know, fatty?"

"I happened to hear Lathley and Rattery talking. I was behind the door—I mean I was stooping in the passage to tie up my boot-lace. Some of the governors think a lot of Carker—"

"Who the merry thump is Carker?"

"Carker's the new man—he's coming to take the Head's place while he's away. I say, there's been a lot of jaw about it," said Bunny. "Fancy us never hearing a word! But I heard it all from Lathley—he's ratty. So is Rattery. They don't like it. You see, the governors have been discussing whether

the Head ought to retire—some of them are so keen on this man Carker. It was only Lord Rayfield standing up for the Head so strongly that kept them from asking him to retire! Fancy that!"

"My pater?" said Algy.

"Yes. Your pater backs up the Head through thick and thin. The governors had to drop the idea—he got a majority," said Bunny. Lathley and Rattery know all about it. But now the Head's crooked, and going away; they've fixed it up, and Carker is coming here as temporary headmaster."

"Then that brute attacking the Head was rather a stroke of luck for this Carker merchant," remarked Bob Rake.

"Couldn't have happened better for him," said Bunny. "I hear that Carker is a bit of a goer—strong on discipline—the iron hand, you know. That was how Lathley put it."

Algernon Aubrey yawned.

"Bunny, old man," he said, "you seem to me to hear a thunderin' lot when you stop to tie up your boot-lace."

"Yes, and I heard—"

"Ease off now, old bean! Don't tell us any more."

"But I heard—"

"Dry up!" roared Algy.

"But I heard—" gasped Bunny, fairly bursting with his news.

"Oh, gad! Is that chap wound up?" moaned Algernon Aubrey. "Isn't there any way of stoppin' him?"

"I heard—"

"Blow away, Bunny!"

"I heard Lathley say that there'll be trouble if Carker tries to introduce his methods at St. Kit's," gasped Bunny. "And Rattery said that he could not count upon the support of the masters in introducing any innovations—old Rattery always spins out the giddy syllables. He meant that there's going to be a shindy."

"Yaas. I can see Rattery punchin' the new Head's nose—in my mind's eye, Horatio!" grinned Algernon Aubrey.

"Of course, it won't come to that," said Bunny. "But there's going to be trouble when Carker comes. The Head don't like it, and the masters don't like it, and I don't approve of it myself."

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Bob.

"Better let Carker know that, Bunny, and he will keep away."

"And I heard—" resumed Bunny, apparently not yet at the end of his budget of news.

But at this point Algernon Aubrey St. Leger exerted himself to the extent of rising from the arm-chair, taking Bunny by one fat ear, and leading him out into the passage.

"Blow away!" he said.

"Look here, you ass—"

"Go and tell Tracy! Go and tell Lickie! Go and tell Gunter of the Fifth! Don't come back till you've blown it all off. Catchy on?"

"You silly owl!"

Algernon Aubrey closed the door on Bunny. That fat youth snorted, and rolled away to impart his news along the Fourth-form passage.

Bunny's news was not always well-founded; but on this occasion Bunny was right, for the next day the St. Kit's fellows saw the Head drive away in his car, and they capped him with great respect and sympathy as he went. And there was official news that Mr. Carker was to arrive the next day to take up the headmaster's duties at St. Kit's. And enough was known, or rumoured, about Mr. Randolph Carker to make the whole School, from the captain to the smallest fag in the Second Form, keenly interested in his arrival.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Interfering Stranger.

WHAT about this afternoon?

Rake propounded that query after lessons on Wednesday.

It was a half-holiday, and a fine sunny day. That day the new Head was to arrive at St. Kit's; but the top study were not specially interested—not to the extent of staying within gates to see him when he came, at all events.

"Football?" suggested Harry.

Algernon Aubrey groaned.

"Oh, let's get out of the gates!" said Bob. "There's no match on, excepting a Sixth-Form match—"

"Oliphant would be flattered!" said Harry, laughing.

"Well, we don't want to waste time watching Sixth-Form football."



Wiggs: "Very sad about the organ being burned down, wasn't it?"
Miggs: "Why couldn't they put it out?"
Wiggs: "None of the firemen could play on it!"

IN THE SOUP.

An American was travelling on an English railway with a Scotchman and an Irishman. They were comparing this railway with their native ones.

The American said that when one was in a Yankee train the telegraph posts flew past like railings.

The Scotchman said, "Aw, that's nothing. Why, one day in Scotland we went round a bend so quickly that the guard saw the back of his neck."

Then the Irishman said that one day an Irish train passed first through a field of turnips, then one of onions, and then one of carrots. Lastly it passed a pond of water. "And, begorra!" added the Irishman, "we were going so quickly that it looked as if we were travelling through soup!"

(Sent in by R. HICKSOTT, 12, Newland Road, Banbury.)

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLE.

A school teacher once asked her class to bring some small thing that represented a song, and the one who brought the most puzzling article would be rewarded with sixpence. The following morning everyone brought something. Freddie brought a piece of coal which represented "Don't go down the mine, daddy." Winnie brought a piece of soap which represented "Bubbles." But Tommy mystified everybody by bringing his father's unemployment card.

"Well," said the teacher, as no one could solve it, "what song does the card represent, Tommy?"

"Oh, you beautiful dole (doll)," replied Tommy, proudly, as he pocketed the sixpence.

(Sent in by Miss EVA F. MOTTRAM, 2, King Street, Royston, Herts.)

QUITS.

Two Yankee miners were playing cards, and found their amusement rather a dull one, for neither could

STORYETTES

Readers are invited to contribute to this feature. If you know a funny story send it to your Editor, and he will pay you half-a-crown if it is good enough to be published.



Manager, to old Garge, seeing pictures for first time: "Well, what do you think of it?"
Garge: "They be fine, sir; but I'm that deaf I couldn't hear a word."

overreach the other. At last one of the precious couple pushed his chair back, arose, and said:

"I'm tired of this; let's have a change. I'll jest bet yer an even 1,000 dollars that I kin take them keards and cut the Jack o' Hearts the very first time."

"I'll take yer," replied the other, a very quiet fellow.

Stakes were deposited with an on-looker, and a pack of cards was produced and laid on the table between the gamblers. The layer of the bet thereupon drew his bowie knife, and neatly sliced the cards in two from top to bottom.

"Thar," said he, "I cut the Jack o' Hearts th' fust time, mister, an' I reckon I'll freeze on to that thar cash. Fork her over, mister! The agreement was that I were t' cut th' Jack th' fust time, an' I done it. I cut it, didn't I?"

"Wal, no," said the other, "I rather think not, for th' Jack were not there. Yer see, stranger, I thought it wiser, under th' circumstances, to take the precaution of placing that there card up my sleeve!"

IT WON THE CASE.

At a point on a certain American railway line where it crossed a prominent highway there was an old negro watchman whose duties consisted in warning travellers of the approach of trains.

One night a farmer's wagon was struck, causing a bad accident. The railway company was, of course, sued for damages, and at the trial the old dandy was the chief witness for his employers.

He answered the questions put to him in a clear, direct manner. Among them was the query as to whether he swung his lantern across the road when he saw the train coming, to which he replied:

"Deed I did, sah."

The railway company won the suit, and the lawyer took occasion later

to compliment the witness on his excellent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted bluntly said:

"Deary me, Marse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lawyer 'gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeared he was goin' to ax me if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it had give out some time before de axdent."

WHY HE LIMPED.

"Yes," said Jones, "Blenkinsop does limp. It is because he would sleep in a haunted room about a year ago. All went well till about two o'clock in the morning, when he awoke with the knowledge that the flickering gas-jet was filling the room with weird shadows and that a blast of cold air was sweeping through the room. It was uncanny; but there was worse to come. Glancing at the foot of the bed he saw the dim outline of a hand on the bedrail.

"Even his iron courage failed. Grasping a revolver he had provided in case of accidents he pointed it at the hand.

"Whatever ghost you may be," he quavered, "take your hand from the bedrail, or I fire!"

"There was no reply and no movement of the hand. Only the wind howled in the trees outside.

"Then bang! bang! went the pistol.

"And that, sir," finished Jones, "is why Blenkinsop limps. He shot off two of his own toes."

"IF YOU—"

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
How will you stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick?

The Lyncroft fellows come to Wicke sometimes on half-holidays," said Bob. "I haven't seen any of that crowd yet, and the fellows are always talking about Turkey and Co. What about a trot down to Wicke?"

Algy gave another groan.

Apparently the idea of a walk to Wicke afflicted him as much as the idea of playing football. The dandy of the Fourth was stretched upon the sofa in the top study, and he seemed disposed to stay there.

"Feeling tired?" asked Bob.

"Yaas."

"Don't feel equal to exerting yourself this afternoon?"

"No."

"You'd rather stick to the sofa?"

"Yaas."

"I thought so," said Bob, cheerily. "I'll give you something to cure all that."

And the stalwart Cornstalk grasped Algernon Aubrey by his elegant shoulders and rolled him off the sofa.

Bump!

"Oh, gad!" gasped Algernon Aubrey, as he landed on the carpet.

"Feel better?" asked Bob.

"You howlin' idiot—"

"Like some more?"

"You dangerous maniac—"

Algernon Aubrey scrambled to his feet.

"Now we're ready," said Bob.

"Come on, Algy, old pippin. Take my arm."

"Keep off!" yelled Algy.

"Then I'll take yours."

"Leggo!"

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared Lovell,

as he followed Bob and Algy. With Bob's powerful grip on his arm,

Algy was progressing along the Fourth-form passage at a great rate. As a rule, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger cultivated the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. But in the presence of the exuberant Bob, there was not much room for repose.

In the quadrangle, Algy succeeded in detaching himself, breathlessly. He regarded Bob through his eyeglass, probably with a doubt in his noble mind as to whether he had done wisely in chumming with this exceedingly exuberant youth from "down under."

Bunny Bootles rolled up to the three in the quad.

"Staying in to see Carker?" he asked.

"No jolly fear."

"Where are you going?" demanded Bunny.

"Wicke."

"Good; I'll come. They've got some jolly decent cakes at the village shop," said Bunny.

"Come on," said Bob. "Glad of your company, Bunny. We're going to look for the Lyncroft rotters—"

"Eh?"

"There'll be a scrap—"

"What?"

"And we want you in the forefront of the battle, like giddy old Uriah!" said Bob. "Come on."

Bunny Bootles backed away.

"Now I think of it, I promised Oliphant I'd turn up to see the senior match!" he said, hurriedly.

And Bunny Bootles scuttled off to Big Side, not, perhaps, very keenly interested in Sixth-form football, but very keen indeed to keep at a distance from a scrap with Turkey and Co. of Lyncroft.

Harry Lovell and Co. walked down to the gates and strolled off, Algernon Aubrey, with a sigh, dismissed the study sofa from his mind.

The dandy of St. Kit's was finding life much more strenuous than of old. His friendship with "Harry Nameless" had caused him to get a move on, as it were. But the arrival of Bob Rake had been something like an earthquake. Algy had a tremendous admiration for Bob's high spirits and superabundant vitality. But he wondered sometimes whether he could live up to Bob Rake.

Algy looked thoughtful as the chums of the Fourth sauntered down the lane, across the old stone bridge, where, the term before, Harry Lovell had dived in to save St. Leger. But Algy was not thinking of that narrow escape of his near the old bridge. He was thinking of the strenuous afternoon Bob Rake had mapped out for the three.

"I'll tell you what, you chaps," said Algy, confidentially; "Bunny's quite right about those cakes at Uncle Shrubbs. We'll jolly well go in and sample them, what?"

His comrades chuckled. Algy's sudden enthusiasm on the subject

of Uncle Shrubbs' cakes was a little too "thin."

"We jolly well won't!" said Bob.

"We'll root through Wicke in search of Lyncroft bounders."

"By the way," said Algy, still thoughtful, "there's a jolly old ruined castle near Lynne, Bob. You don't have that kind of thing in New Zealand—"

"Australia, fathead."

"I mean Australia, fathead. I'm sure you'd be no end interested in those giddy old ruins—"

"Ruined castles will keep!" said Bob, with a chuckle. "I say, is that a Lyncroft cap?"

"Begad! I hope not."

But it was! A Lyncroft junior was strolling down the lane, and he halted at sight of the St. Kit's trio. Without waiting for them to come nearer, the Lyncrofter turned and ran back towards the village.

"Tally-ho!" roared Bob.

He broke into hot pursuit at once, and Harry Lovell rushed after him. Algernon Aubrey gazed after his comrades through his eyeglass, and considered. Algy feared no foe, and he was a great fighting-man when his noble blood was roused. But he preferred the primrose path of ease. He sauntered on at his leisure, and in a few seconds Bob and Harry

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"Fancy meeting you!" said Buster Bunce, with a fat chuckle.

"We came along to look for St. Kit's cads!" grinned Topford.

"Trot in! Don't be bashful! Can't you see we're glad to see you?"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

Lyncroft were two to one, Algy being far behind. Bob and Harry Lovell exchanged a glance, and backed out of the village shop.

Uncle Shrubbs peered at them across the counter.

"Walk in, young gentlemen," he said. "I've just finished serving these young gents. Please walk in."

"They don't seem to care for our company!" grinned Turkey.

"We were only going to anoint them with soda-water, and put a few tarts down their necks! Sure you fellows won't come in?"

"Thanks, no," said Harry.

"Then we'll come out."

Four Lyncrofters came out with a rush. Turkey had a soda-siphon in his hands, and it was only too clear that he intended to use it on the St. Kit's fellows.

Sizzzzzz!

Lovell and Bob jumped back.

There was a box of eggs exposed for sale outside Uncle Shrubbs' establishment. Bob Rake grabbed at the nearest egg.

with long, vigorous strides towards the scene.

"Stop this disgraceful disturbance!"

His sharp, metallic voice rang out loudly. The juniors did not heed him, even if they heard him.

Harry Lovell was struggling with Bunce and Fowler, and Bob was keeping his end up against Turkey. Topford, fortunately, had sat in the box of eggs, and he was in a horrid state, and *hors de combat* for the present.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the tall gentleman with the Roman nose. "Stop this uproar at once."

Still he was not heeded.

But he was heeded the next moment, as he strode up to the scrapping juniors, and laid about him with his walking-cane.

"Yaroooo!"

"What the thump—!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors separated then and jumped away. They were wild with wrath and indignation, and they fairly glared at the Roman-nosed gentleman.

"Confound your cheek!" roared Bob Rake; "what the thump do you mean, you beaky old bounder?"

The three juniors crossed the street and stopped by the trap. Old Coote still eyed them, and there was a lurking grin on his weatherbeaten countenance. "Good afternoon, Coote," said Algernon Aubrey, politely. "Afternoon, Master St. Leger." "Waitin' here for Mr. Carker?" "Yes, sir." "The train's in, isn't it?" "Been in ten minutes," grinned Coote.

"Begad! Mr. Coote seems to be enjoyin' some little joke all on his own," remarked St. Leger. "Where does the grin come in, Coote?" "Oh, my eye!" was Coote's answer. "Nice goings hon! I never did."

"Anybody know what he's drivin' at?" asked Algy.

"Blessed if I do," said Bob. "Has Mr. Carker arrived, Coote?"

"Which he has, Master Rake." Harry felt a sudden misgiving.

"Has he been outside the station yet?"

"Yes, Master Lovell."

"Did he see us—?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. "Great pip. Did he see us scrap-ping with the Lyncroft bounders, Coote?"

"Jest so, he did, sir."

"Just our luck!" groaned Bob. "But where is he now?"

"Gone in to wash off the heggs, I expect."

Lovell and Bob Rake stared at Coote. For the moment, they could not fully take in the dread import of his words.

"The—the eggs!" repeated Bob, faintly.

"The heggs!" assented Coote.

"But—but—what—how—why—?" stuttered Bob.

"You've done it now, young gents!" said Coote, comfortably.

"Such goings hon I never did 'ear of, never."

"You don't mean to say," gasped Harry Lovell, "you—you—you don't mean to say that that beaky bounder—the meddling ass we pelted, was—was—?"

"Mr. Carker, sir!" grinned Coote.

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Algy.

"Have you been peltin' somebody with eggs—oh, you frabjous asses."

"An interfering ass—" gasped Bob, "a silly jossler who butted into our row with Turkey. It—it—it couldn't have been Carker."

"It was, sir," chuckled Coote. "Never seed such a thing in my life—peltin' a 'eadmaster with heggs, never."

"Oh, dear."

"Oh, crikey!"

The utter dismay in the faces of the juniors touched even old Coote's crusty heart. He bent from the trap.

"Cut orf, young gents," he whispered. "I aint saying anything. Praps he won't recognise you agin. 'Ook it."

"Good man," said Algy. "Come on, you chaps."

Coote's advice was too good not to be taken. The chums of the St. Kit's Fourth, like the gentleman in Macbeth, stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

They vanished from the station entrance—they disappeared down the old High Street at a rapid trot.

Old Coote grinned as they vanished. They were none too soon.

A tall, thin gentleman with a Roman nose came out of the railway station. He was cleaned up now—newly swept and garnished, so to speak. But his hard face was harder than ever in expression, and his pale grey eyes had a flinty glint in them. He was quite cool and self-contained, but it was quite clear that volcanic rage was burning under his icy exterior. Old Coote touched his hat to Mr. Carker. He did not like the gentleman's looks, and he did not like his curt, sharp manner—very different from Dr. Cheyne's look and manner. Possibly old Coote had enjoyed the episode of the eggs.

Mr. Carker was about to step into the trap, when he paused, and fixed his flinty eyes on old Coote.

"You saw that disgraceful disturbance across the street?" he asked, or rather asserted.

"I was looking arter my 'orse, sir," said Coote.

"But you saw it?"

"More or less, sir."

"You knew the boys by sight?"

"I bleeve I knowed some of 'em, sir."

"Their names?"

Old Coote seemed to make an effort to remember.

"One was named 'Awke, sir, if I remember rightly," he said.

"Hawke! In which form at the school?"

"Oh, he aint a St. Kit's boy, sir—belongs to Lyncroft School, more'n a mile from 'ere, sir," said old Coote, cheerily.

Mr. Carker bit his lip. He was going to be monarch of all he surveyed at St. Kit's. But Lyncroft was out of his reach—which was a fortunate circumstance for Turkey and Co.

"Were there no St. Christopher's boys in that disorderly crowd?" he asked.

"Mebbe, sir," said Coote, guardedly. "My eyes aint so young as they used to be, sir, and it's a good step across the street."

"You are prevaricating," snapped Mr. Carker.

"Wot?"

"You know perfectly well that there were several St. Christopher's boys mixed up in that disgraceful affray."

"Ho!" said old Coote.

"I am quite well acquainted with the St. Kit's caps and colours, and I saw that there were at least two St. Christopher's boys there," snapped Mr. Carker. "I should not have intervened otherwise. I require to know their names. I am quite convinced that you know, my man."

Old Coote looked squarely at the new headmaster.

Mr. Coote was a crusty old gentleman, and he had his own troubles with the St. Kit's juniors sometimes. "Chipping old Coote" was a recognised form of entertainment in the Lower School; and "reporting 'em" was often a solace to Mr. Coote. But old Coote had his good points; he had told Lovell and Co. that he would say nothing, and he intended to say nothing. And he liked the new headmaster's manner less and less.

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Old Coote flicked an imaginary fly from the horse's ears. Mr. Carker's almost colourless eyes glinted at him like cold steel.

"I am waiting for you to give me the names of those boys," he said, in a grinding voice.

"I aint nothing to tell you, sir," said Mr. Coote stolidly.

Mr. Carker compressed his lips. He stepped into the trap, and only said:

"Drive to the school."

Old Coote drove off stolidly. He realised that he was in the new headmaster's bad books already. But old Coote had not lived over half-a-century without becoming something of a judge of men and manners. He had a shrewd idea that before long nearly everybody at St. Kit's would be in Mr. Carker's bad books. So old Coote would be in good company. He drove in silence to the school, Mr. Carker sitting bolt upright and looking straight before him, his hard face set like iron. And five or six St. Kit's fellows who sighted the trap in the lane, and guessed that this thin, stiff gentleman was the new headmaster, looked at him, and stared after him with long faces. Not one was favourably impressed by the looks of Mr. Randolph Carker.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Carker Takes Control.

HARRY LOVELL and Co. kept on the trot till they reached the gates of St. Kit's.

There they dropped into a walk, and strolled in at the gates with all the carelessness of manner that they could muster.

They sauntered across the quad to the schoolhouse with an elaborate air of leisurely unconcern.

But when they were safe within the walls of the top study, they looked at one another—and they did not look unconcerned.

"We've done it," Bob Rake remarked.

"Looks like it," said Harry, ruefully.

Jack Hobbs is a perfect wonder!

A BOY BILLIARDIST.

Young Ellison, the sixteen-year-old son of the steward of the Ilford Conservative Club, may easily become an English champion in the course of time. His execution, particularly at the red ball, is strongly reminiscent of George Gray.

LEARN TO DRIBBLE.

"Andy" Ducat, of Fulham, says that a centre-forward must be fast, clever, able to dribble well, which means the last word in ball control. There are many who can trap a ball well, but cannot make progress with it at any speed. It is the finest attribute of a class player, so if you have any ambition to become a great centre-forward, learn to dribble.

A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY.

Tom Clay, the Tottenham Hotspurs' full-back, was the unlucky player who scored a goal against his own side, which gave Aston Villa victory over Tottenham Hotspur in the Fourth Round of the Cup two seasons ago.

This was a real football tragedy, and after the game Tom Clay took off his football things in a tearing rage, vowing he would never kick another football as long as he lived. Of course, he repented later on. After all, accidents will happen.

JAN DICKSON, Aston Villa's centre-forward, is only twenty years of age. He comes from Dumfries, and got his first professional engagement with "Queen of the South Wanderers."

Under Isthmian League rules, a player who is injured may, with the other club's consent, be replaced by a substitute.

Nils Middleboe, Chelsea's famous amateur, stands over 6 ft. 3 in. When he, Wilding, and Cameron are playing together they form the tallest half-back line in the country.

He has scored six centuries against Australia, one against South Africa, five against the "Gentlemen," four successive hundreds for his county in

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JAN DICKSON, Aston Villa's centre-forward, is only twenty years of age. He comes from Dumfries, and got his first professional engagement with "Queen of the South Wanderers."

Under Isthmian League rules, a player who is injured may, with the other club's consent, be replaced by a substitute.

Nils Middleboe, Chelsea's famous amateur, stands over 6 ft. 3 in. When he, Wilding, and Cameron are playing together they form the tallest half-back line in the country.

He has scored six centuries against Australia, one against South Africa, five against the "Gentlemen," four successive hundreds for his county in

1920, and in 1912 he and W. Rhodes made a first-wicket record—323—in a Test Match at Melbourne.

Jack Hobbs is a perfect wonder!

A BOY BILLIARDIST.

Young Ellison, the sixteen-year-old son of the steward of the Ilford Conservative Club, may easily become an English champion in the course of time. His execution, particularly at the red ball, is strongly reminiscent of George Gray.

LEARN TO DRIBBLE.

"Andy" Ducat, of Fulham, says that a centre-forward must be fast, clever, able to dribble well, which means the last word in ball control. There are many who can trap a ball well, but cannot make progress with it at any speed. It is the finest attribute of a class player, so if you have any ambition to become a great centre-forward, learn to dribble.

A FOOTBALL TRAGEDY.

Tom Clay, the Tottenham Hotspurs' full-back, was the unlucky player who scored a goal against his own side, which gave Aston Villa victory over Tottenham Hotspur in the Fourth Round of the Cup two seasons ago.

NEWS FROM ALL THE SPORTING CENTRES

Chatty Paragraphs about Sportsmen Both Old and Young.

"BY JOVE! THAT FELLOW CAN HIT!"

could hand out a rather hefty licking," he said; "Head's licking will be a joke to it. Never mind—it's all in the day's work!"

In a rather subdued mood, the chums of the top study joined the crowd going into Hall at five-thirty.

Harry glanced at Oliphant, in the ranks of the Sixth, and noted that the captain of St. Kit's had a grim look. Several other prefects had much the same expression. All the masters were very grave, and one or two of them were a little irritable. Evidently Mr. Carker's arrival had disturbed the even tenor of things at St. Kit's. That the new Head was a "tartar" was common knowledge at St. Kit's by this time, and the assembled school was very quiet and orderly. Nobody wanted to catch Mr. Carker's eye, as Stubbs had put it. When Mr. Carker entered by the upper door there was a deep silence.

Mr. Carker looked over the assembled school with a searching eye, not at all disconcerted by the steady stare of over two hundred pairs of eyes. His own eyes were very searching—it seemed as if he was noting specially every face there. Each fellow had an impression that Mr. Carker was taking special note of him. Any hope Harry and Bob Rake had had of escaping recognition faded away now. They fully expected Mr. Carker to call them out before the school on the spot. But that did not happen.

Mr. Carker addressed the assembled school in what he would doubtless have considered a few well-chosen words.

He stated that he had been appointed by the Governing Body to take control during Dr. Cheyne's absence. He intended to take control—full control. He had an impression that discipline was slack in the school. That would be remedied. He had an impression that there was some reluctance, in some quarters, to afford him the loyal support he had a right to expect. He hoped that that was not so. He hoped that he could count upon masters, prefects, and the school generally, to support him. He hoped so sincerely; but if it did not prove to be so, he would know what measures to take.

St. Kit's fairly blinked at Mr. Carker during his short but very pointed speech.

Lack of taste and lack of tact were very evident in Mr. Carker's speech, and Hilton of the Fifth ventured to murmur to Price a wondering query as to where Mr. Carker could possibly have been brought up.

The speech was followed by a dead silence.

Every word had jarred upon somebody.

Mr. Carker had implied that he was not satisfied with the state in which Dr. Cheyne had left the school, which was a reflection on the absent Head. He had hinted that he expected trouble, and was ready to be very unpleasant about it—about the most tactless thing he could have hinted.

Everybody present was anxious to escape from Mr. Carker's flinty eye. But they were not to escape yet.

After a brief pause, he resumed:—

"There is another matter to which I must refer—a matter that must be inquired into and disposed of at once."

"Little us!" Bob murmured in Harry Lovell's ear.

"On my arrival in Wicke this afternoon I saw several juniors of this school engaged in a disgraceful disturbance. Eggs were hurled at me by these juniors when I interposed and commanded a cessation of the disgraceful scene. Every boy who was in Wicke this afternoon will now stand forward, so that I can discover the culprits."

Harry Lovell drew a deep breath.

"It's all up," he murmured; "better get it over, Bob."

"Right-ho!" groaned Bob.

And the two juniors stepped out of the ranks of the Fourth.

now that they stood out of the crowd.

He signed to them to advance up the hall.

Several other fellows who had been in the village that afternoon were coming forward, but Mr. Carker waved them back.

"These two boys are the boys concerned!" he said; "come here! Your names?"

"Lovell, sir."

"Rake, sir."

"Your form?"

"The Fourth."

"You are the two boys who were fighting with Lyncroft boys near the station?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who refused to obey my command to cease, and pelted me with eggs?" said Mr. Carker.

"You see, sir!" stammered Bob.

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Carker; "very good."

"Will you let us explain, sir?" asked Harry.

"Certainly, if you have anything to say!" answered Mr. Carker, with a very unpleasant smile.

"We did not know you at the time, sir," said the captain of the Fourth; "we took you for some stranger interfering with us—"

"That is no excuse."

"But, sir—"

"Enough!"

Harry was silent, compressing his lips. Mr. Carker glanced across to Mr. Tulke, the master of the Fifth.

"Kindly lend me a cane, Mr. Tulke."

"I did not bring a cane into the hall, Mr. Carker," answered the master of the Fifth, coldly.

"Lovell!"

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch a cane from my study—the headmaster's study."

"Very well, sir."

Harry Lovell walked down the hall and disappeared. Bob Rake stood where he was, silent and uncomfortable. There was a dead silence until Harry returned, with a cane in his hand.

He handed it to Mr. Carker, who swished it and tested it, as if to make sure that it was in good condition for a severe castigation.

There was little doubt that Randolph Carker was anticipating the punishment with pleasure; the man had a cruel strain in his nature, and he was going to gratify it.

"You first, Lovell! Hold out your hand."

Harry obeyed quietly.

Swish!

There was a deep-drawn breath in the crowded hall as the lash of the cane rang through the long, lofty apartment.

It was a savage cut, such a cut

as Dr. Cheyne would never have dreamed of delivering. Harry Lovell compressed his lips to keep back a cry of pain.

"The other hand, Lovell."

Swish!

"Now the other again!"

Harry Lovell hesitated. Mr. Lathley, who was standing with his form, frowned darkly, and made a movement, but restrained himself.

"You hear me, Lovell?"

The hand came out again, and the cane lashed on it.

"Now the other again!"

Swish!

"You may go back to your place, Lovell."

The captain of the Fourth returned to his place, his face quite white.

"Now your hand, Rake."

Swish! swish! swish! swish!

Bob Rake was made of tough material; but his ruddy face was quite pale when he had received the four cruel lashes.

He stumbled as he went back to his place in the Fourth.

"By gad!" murmured St. Leger, setting his teeth; "by gad! The dashed ruffian! There'll be trouble if this goes on."

"Oh, dear!" squeaked Bunny, quite alarmed. "Oh, I say! Suppose—suppose he should ever come me! Oh, crumbs." That alarming possibility quite startled Bunny, and left him no leisure to feel

sympathy towards those who had already fallen victims.

Mr. Carker's flinty eye roved round the assembly. It was really as if he were looking for some sign of resentment or disapproval, which would give him a pretext for further use of the cane. With lowered eyes, and in dead silence, St. Kit's endured his inspection.

"Dismiss!" snapped Mr. Carker.

He left the hall by the upper door.

Still in silence, the St. Kit's fellows crowded out of hall. But in the corridors a buzz broke out.

Oliphant of the Sixth tapped Lovell on the shoulder. Harry looked at him silently.

"Let me see your hands," said Oliphant.

Harry held them up without speaking. The captain of St. Kit's glanced at the palms, already swelling.

He made no comment, but nodded and passed on with his face set. Harry Lovell and Co. went up to their study at once. Lovell and Bob wanted to be out of sight just then. Their hands were very painful, and they were not in a mood for the rather noisy sympathy of the Fourth. Algernon Aubrey followed them into the study—and closed the door on the fat nose of Bunny Bootles. Bootles was not wanted.

CAN YOU "KICK" A GOAL?

Our Splendid Indoor
Football Game
reprinted by request.

When SCHOOL AND SPORT was launched last month your Editor was enabled to print a novel indoor football game on a leaflet, hundreds of thousands of which were distributed in all parts of the country. As many of my readers, however, were not lucky enough to get a leaflet, I have since been asked by a vast number of my chums to reprint the game within the pages of SCHOOL AND SPORT. This week is the first opportunity I have had, and I hope that the game will give plenty of amusement to those readers who see it for the first time.

First of all the whole game should be pasted down on to stiff paper or cardboard. The pieces giving the four players and the football are then cut out separately.

To play the game, one player takes the four "men" and places them on the four black squares on his goal line.

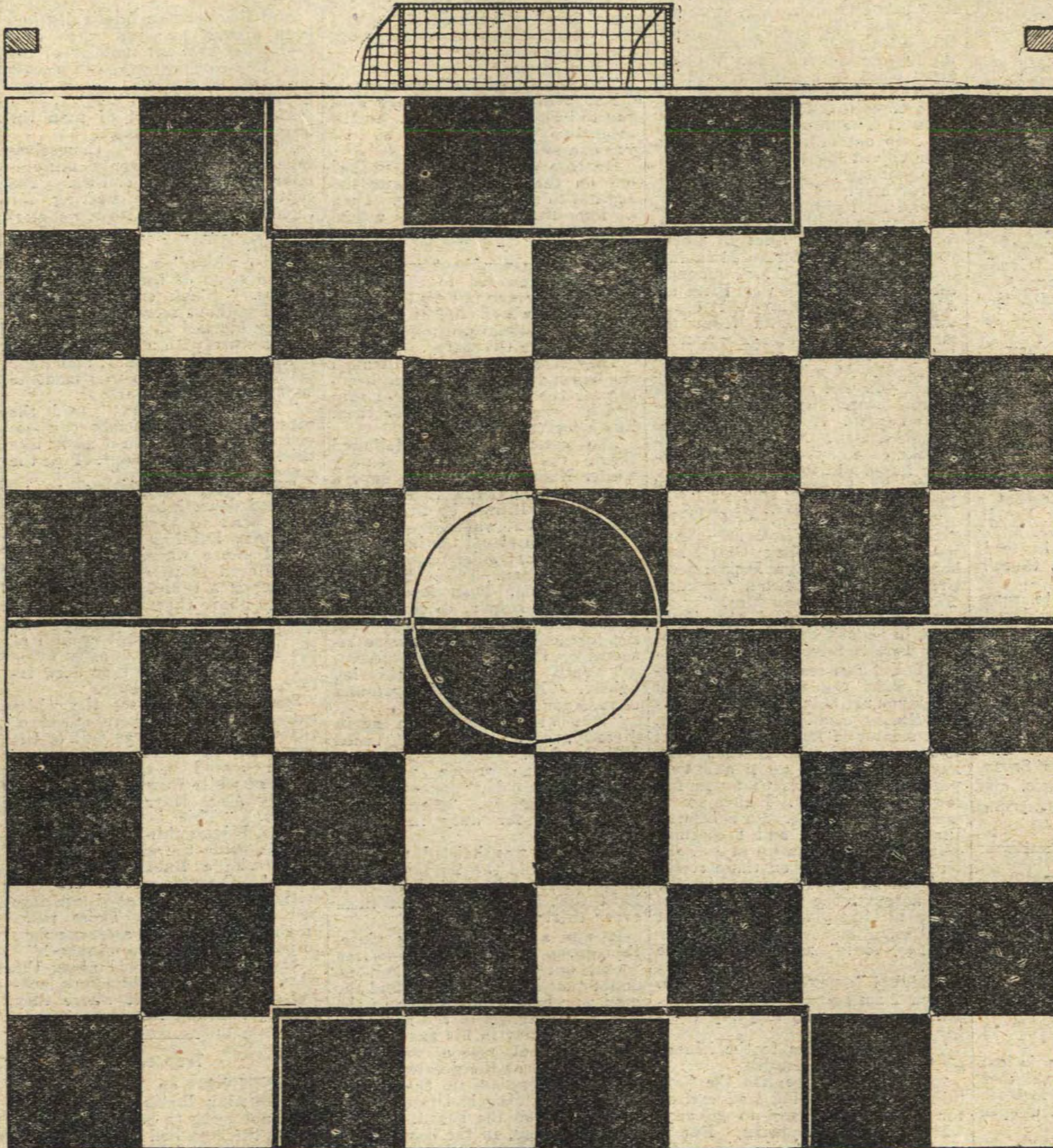
The other player takes the ball and starts from any black square on his goal line.

Either side can start the game. One move at a time is taken. The "men" must only go forward. The "ball" can be moved backward or forward; but both players can only move from black to black diagonally (in the same way that one plays draughts).

Each one of the four "men" must be moved forward in the first four moves.

The "men" have to prevent the "ball" from breaking through the line, and thus having an uninterrupted run into goal and winning the game.

The "men" cannot jump the "ball," nor may the "ball" jump the "men." If the "ball" finds two "men" directly opposite him, and it is for the "ball" to move, the "ball" will have to move back. If he cannot, then, he has lost the game.



Paste down the whole
Game on stiff card-
board, and cut out
the four players and
the football separately.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

RANDOLPH CARKER fixed his eyes upon Lovell and Bob Rake, and a glitter came into them. It was evident that he recognised the two juniors at once,

The Tyrant of St. Kit's.

(Continued from previous page.)

There was a long silence in the top study.

Algernon Aubrey looked utterly miserable.

He blamed himself for not having been present in the "rag" in the village, and having thereby escaped where his chums had suffered, though the thought of such an infliction upon his delicate palms made the dandy of the Fourth shudder.

"By gad!" said Algy, at last, "this is awfully rotten."

"Ow!" murmured Bob.

"The man's a tartar, and no mistake."

"A dashed hooligan!" muttered Bob.

"If this goes on—!"

"There'll be trouble," said Harry Lovell. "This sort of thing wouldn't be allowed in a County Council school. And it's not good enough for St. Kit's. I suppose he had a right to kick us for pelting him, though he might have made allowance for our not knowing who he was. But the man's a cruel brute—he likes caning chaps."

"I could see that in his eye!" groaned Bob.

"We shall have to try to give him a wide berth," said Algernon Aubrey. "Luckily, the Head doesn't have much to do with the Fourth. I shouldn't care to be in the Sixth while Carker is here."

"Lucky for the Sixth they can't be caned," said Bob, with a faint grin. "But I'll bet that he'll make them sit up some other way."

There was a tap at the door, and Durance of the Fourth looked in. The sight of a member of the "St. Kit's Goats" made the top study frown. But Durance had not come to be unpleasant.

"You fellows have been through it," he said.

"Yes," answered Harry, shortly.

"The man's a brute," said Durance. "I'm sorry you've had it like this." He hesitated a moment. "We're not friends, Lovell, but I'm really sorry. If there's trouble to come with that ruffian, I'm ready to back you up. That's all."

And Dick Durance withdrew.

"Trouble, to come!" repeated Algernon Aubrey. "By gad! there will be trouble if that tyrant keeps on as he's started. What?"

"Yes," said Harry, quietly.

"But—" said Bob. "But—what can we do?"

"I don't know—yet! But I'm not going to be caned like that a second time," said Harry Lovell. "I'd rather clear out of St. Kit's. We'll keep clear of the brute if we can—but if we can't, there'll be trouble."

And the trouble was to come much sooner than Harry Lovell and the members of the Fourth thought.

THE END.

(There will be another magnificent, long complete story of the chums of St. Kit's in next Monday's issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT. Order your copy in advance, and tell your chums about this grand new paper.)

RESULT OF FOOTERPROBS COMPETITION

NO. 3.

The following competitors in our third competition have each been awarded a full-size match football. They are to be congratulated upon the skill shown.

The correct figures were

4, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 9.

Ronald Naylor, 43, Dunton Street, Woodgate, Leicester; Norman K. Shackleford, 10, Wellfield Road, Roath Park, Cardiff; Arthur Smith, 23, Crabbe Street, Ipswich; Joseph McLean, 217, Sauchiehall Lane, Glasgow; Herbert Watts, 2 Cheltenham Terrace, Bridgend, Glam.; Ralph Watson, 40, Lilley Terrace, Rowlands Gill Station, Durham.



A Great Man.

"I KNOW the place you mean, sir!" replied Jack Fearless.

"What do you know about it?" asked Captain Oak, swiftly.

"I was down here the year before last, sir," replied Jack. "In the trawler *Never Mind*. We were after soles and halibut, and we hung up off the eastern shore, and some of us took the boat and went ashore. The ribs of an old ship stick up out of the sands in that little bay at low tide."

"Good boy!" said the Captain, approvingly. "You know the ground all right, and if you know it by day you will know it at night, for there are no trees to worry you. Now, you will go down into that little bay and hide amongst the rocks. You will wait there till a Portuguese fishing-boat comes sailing to the island from the mainland. She is on her way now, I hope. You will wait there till midnight. At midnight, if no one comes, you will return to this side of the island, and we will take you off again. If someone comes, it will be a man. And you have got to take care of that man, for he is very important to all my plans."

"Is he English, sir?" asked Jack.

"Yes," replied the Captain. "He is Mr. Nicholas Grief—otherwise known as Nick Grief, late head of the Foreign Department, Criminal Investigation, Scotland Yard. Ever heard of him?"

"No, sir!" replied the three boys, in chorus, greatly elated that they were to meet a real detective.

"Yes, I can see your eyes bulging," said the Captain. "You think you are going to meet a Sherlock Holmes or a Nick Carter. But, as a matter of fact, you are going to meet a bit of hotter stuff than any of the penny plain and twopence coloured 'tees that you follow the movies for. I have got to meet Nick out here. He is coming through Portugal, and I couldn't rely on picking him up at sea. So he has got to land on those rocks, and you have got to show him the way across to the place where I am going to land you. Have you got it all set?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the three boys.

"Right!" answered the Captain. "Now I am going to stop the ship, and you are going to jump overboard."

"Are we to swim to the island, sir?" asked Jack, readily.

"Not exactly," replied the Captain, dryly. "I think I advertised for three boys ready to go anywhere and do anything. But I don't expect you to swim six miles, and that's how far we stand off that light just now. But I want to see that you can swim. So I shall stop the ship, lower the emergency boat, and you will swim round her twice, in your clothes."

"Yes, sir," replied the three.

Captain Oak's eyes twinkled.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" he echoed. "I believe that if I told you chaps to jump into a volcano you would say 'Yes, sir!'"

"Yes, sir!" replied the three boys.

"You are the chaps I was looking for. This is only a little show to-night—a sort of trial trip for your nerve. If you do all right I shall use you on a more dangerous expedition later on."

"Yes, sir!"

"Right!" said Captain Oak. "Bucko here will go ashore with you to look after you a bit. In the meantime you shall show us how you can swim."

He rose from the table, walked out on the bridge and rang the engines to slow and to stop. Then a few turns half-speed astern brought the *Tartar* to a dead standstill.

The emergency boat was piped away and lowered to the water, and a ladder was unrolled over the side down which the three boys lowered themselves, dropping with a splash into the water.

They struck out boldly through the warm current of the sea, heading for the bows of the great ship which seemed to tower over them like a fortress.

The emergency boat followed them, the men rowing slowly whilst Bucko in the bows kept a close watch on the three forms that were outlined by fire in the phosphorescent water.

They swam round the bows, then down the port side, passing close under the stern. Twice this circle was completed. Then they climbed out on the ladder, dripping and puffing and made their way up to the foredeck, where they were received by the captain.

"You'll do, boys," said he, briefly. "Now be off with you and change your clothes."

"But we are going in again directly, aren't we, sir?" asked Bill Careless.

"That's no reason why you should catch cold," answered Captain Oak, briefly. "Get a shift and report for duty in twenty minutes."

The boat was hoisted up from the water, and the *Tartar* started to steam towards the bright white light that blinked ahead of them every thirty seconds.

It was a queer meeting place, this group of savage, surf-beaten rocks, but Captain Oak had no doubt that he would there find the man who had, of all people in the world, the strings of the new German conspiracy in his fingers.

Not without reason was Nick Grief known as the greatest international detective in the world. Years of training had taught him every move on the board. It was Nick who had, in the days of the Great War, walked the streets of Kiel itself, transferred to the Admiralty every movement of the German High Sea Fleet. And to do this, Nick had impersonated the Commander of U Boat 032 himself, having kidnapped the real commander, and had for a whole week fought against the British Fleet, taking very good care never to hit anything. On returning to port he had somehow managed to run his U Boat aground on one of the

THE CRUISE OF THE "TARTAR"

A Great Story of Sport and Adventure
By JOHN WINTERTON

Featuring
JACK FEARLESS
JOE LAWLESS
BILL CARELESS
CAPTAIN BOB OAK
AND
Master of "The Tartar"

Captain Bob Oak, of the s.s. "Tartar," advertises for three boys to join his ship. They must be willing to do anything and go anywhere. Out of thousands of boys who go down to the docks to join up are Jack Fearless, Joe Lawless, and Bill Careless. These three boys are chosen because they rescue Captain Oak from drowning. The "Tartar" sets sail, and the three boys soon make friends with the various members of the crew. There is Mr. Dark, Ching, Kingaloo; Bucko, Viscount Swishington, Wilfred the seal, Harold and Clifford the penguins, and Whiskers, a leopard. Their first stop is on the coast of Spain, where the crew of the "Tartar" come into conflict with an outlaw German submarine officer and his band of brigands. The "Tartar" puts to sea again, and Captain Oak tells the boys that he is going to send them off on a secret mission.

dangerous sands at the mouth of the River Elbe. And there he had left her a total loss, making his escape over the borders of Denmark.

And the German Admiralty had been greatly annoyed when they found the real commander of the lost U Boat tied up and nearly dead of starvation in his own house.

This was the sort of man the boys were going to meet.

They presented themselves eagerly on deck twenty minutes later in their dry clothes. The captain was there waiting for them. There was also a quartermaster with a pot of lampblack and oil.

"Too white," said the captain, at the sight of the three ghostly figures. "Black 'em out, Smith!"

And without mercy the quartermaster blacked them out, rubbing his mixture with a big brush over their faces, their hands, and their clothes. And Bucko was made to submit to the same ordeal.

"That's the ticket!" said the captain. "Now nobody can see you at three yards on a night like this. You are wiped out. Pipe the emergency boat away."

The three boys and Bucko climbed down into the boat. The crew bent to their oars in the darkness, heading for that rock-bound shore where the Atlantic swells even in this calm sea were beating in a thunderous roar.

High above them on the crest of the ridge flashed out the Burlings light. The dark, shadowy hull of the lightless *Tartar* quickly faded into the darkness as they drew in to the rock-bound shore.

Soon they could see the white masses of the breakers ahead of them, and the air was full of the ozone of the thundering surges which covered the sea around with acres of white foam.

"My Aunt Harris!" exclaimed Bucko. "This is where we go ashore, I don't think! Pull along, boys, outside the ginger-beer, and we'll take a Buckley Chance of gettin' through this smother without gettin' smashed up into red raspberry jam. Those rocks in there would turn a strong man to potted meat in two minutes!"

And the boat skirted along the edge of the roaring breakers looking for the one spot where they could get through.

Trapped!

LANDING on the savage Burling Rocks at night was not going to be such an easy job as the boys had anticipated.

Though the night was calm, the eternal ground swell of the Atlantic was thundering in in heavy sullen rollers which burst through the outer rocks in masses of spray, arousing the echoes of the rugged cliffs like a perpetual cannonade of the sea.

"Spare me days," muttered Bucko; "but this is a proper Suicide Bay."

But the boat, skirting along the surf of this savage backwash, suddenly opened a clear spot where

deep water ran in through the rocks.

"Here's the Alley!" said Bucko, eagerly. "Pull in, my white-headed boys. Once through the arch and we are all Sir Garnevo!"

The boat's crew bent to their oars and the boat headed in towards a wall of rock, hedged on both sides of her by the roaring breakers. But under her keel the water was deep.

The chasing rollers lifted her stern high and tossed her up like a cork.

"Ship oars!" said Bucko, suddenly, as he swung to the steering oar.

The crew shipped their oars. They had every confidence in Bucko, whose eyes were like the eyes of a cat in the darkness.

But, all the same, each man gave a long breath as the boat charged, apparently, against the base of the cliff.

But Bucko had made no mistake.

There was a hollow thump as the following wave caught and hurled her forward through a narrow arch of rock into a small and partially-sheltered bay where the force of the great pounding seas were much broken. And here the oars were dropped into the water, and they held her off the rocks.

The boat was turned and Bucko rose in the stern.

"This is where we jump the joint!" said he, taking up a coil of line, and, dropping over the stern into the water, he swam for the rocks, paying out the line behind him.

Soon those in the boat heard a whistle in the darkness.

"I've landed lucky," called Bucko. "Get hold of the line, boys, and follow it along. It leads to the soft place in this landing. One at a time!"

Jack was the first to slip into the water. The plunging boat swung high on a roller and came near dropping on his head and braining him. But a quick dive saved him.

Then he caught the line in the darkness and half swam, half pulled himself along it till Bucko's hand, reaching out, dragged him on to a shelf of rock that was so thickly padded with huge masses of seaweed that it was quite soft.

Then followed Joe Lawless and Bill Careless, who was a good deal more careful than his name, as he crawled out of the water on that rough ledge.

"I stay here to watch the boat," said Bucko, in a low voice, "and you cross the island according to captain's instructions. If you are not back at a quarter after midnight I shall come in search of you! But mind you are back, or I'll get the fair joes about you, thinkin' you are killed! So long, boys!"

He gripped their hands and away they went, climbing up amongst the rocks till they reached a grassy upland, out of which great masses of weathered rock cropped up like the pillars of some old Druidical remains.

The dry, salty grass, damped

down by the flying sprays, was very slippery, but the boys made good progress.

High above them the brilliant light of the powerful lighthouse opened and shut every thirty seconds, and keeping this well on their left, they made their way up a rugged path that led to the crown of the great ridge of the island.

Of a sudden Jack came to a standstill and gripped Joe's arms.

"What's that?" he whispered. A white shape showed in the darkness ahead of them. It was a ghostly shape that was jumping lightly from rock to rock in a queer, jerky motion.

"Ah! from Bradford!" muttered Joe. "An' if Ah wasn't from Bradford, I should say 'twas a ghost. But we Bradford tykes, we aren't superstitious. But, my word, it's coomin' this way. I do believe it is a ghost!"

The boys bunched together as the shape approached them. Jack laid his hand on the revolver that was strapped to his waist.

But the white shape suddenly stopped short. They had a glimpse of two fiery eyes, and then, with a sudden grunt and a turn, the supposed ghost wheeled round, and in enormous bounds leaped up the hill, disappearing over the ridge, leaving an unmistakable scent of ancient billy goat in the air.

"Why, it's only an old billy goat," said Jack, in a whisper of relief. "I remember now, there's a lot of half-wild goats, which the light-keepers shoot sometimes, wandering about amongst the rocks. Come on, boys."

There was a slight thickening in the air as they crossed the ridge, for a light sea mist was beginning to drift over the heights of the Burlings.

And, under cover of this, they crept past the lighthouse, their path sloping downwards towards the little bay on the eastern side of the island.

Here the rocks were very rugged, but the boys, guided by Jack, who remembered the lay of the land, found themselves climbing down into the bed of a little chine or valley which finally brought them out on to a sandy shore.

"There's the old wreck!" said Jack, pointing to a dark, jagged row of timbers which stuck up like a row of washing posts, out of the dry sands. This is the place all right!

"We'd best get among the rocks and hide ourselves," said Bill Careless. "There's no sign of a boat."

The low cloud, or high mist, that was wrapping the top of the island, made the night very dark, and they could see nothing save the slight phosphorescence where the waves broke gently on the sands.

There was no sea running on this, the lee side of the island, and the small waves which plashed on the shore of this sheltered bay would not have interfered with the landing of a small row boat.

The boys crouched amongst the rocks, watching with straining eyes and waiting with straining ears for any signs of the boat which was bringing Nick Grief, the detective, out from the distant mainland.

And never did time seem to pass so slowly for them.

It was a quarter-past ten when they reached their hiding-place. And every now and then Jack Fearless would take a squint at the luminous dial of his wrist watch which showed faintly under its waterproof case. The hands seemed to move with leaden slowness.

Eleven o'clock passed.

At ten minutes past eleven Jack's heart gave a sudden jump, for, out there in the darkness, he seemed to see the blur of a sail a little darker than the surrounding gloom.

"Look out, chaps," he whispered. "There's something coming. If I'm not mistaken that's a sail out yonder."

His chums could not see the sail, for their eyes had not had the sea training which had come to Jack in many long spells of night watches.

They heard the sounds of oars before they could make out the dark triangle of a lateen sail approaching the shore.

Then came muffled voices, and the light of a lantern showed in the gloom.

The keel of the boat grated on the sands, and her sail was lowered.

The dark shadows of four men jumped out of her, and pulled her up on the rising tide.

Then the shadow of a fifth man rose in the boat under the looped-up sail, and climbed out from the bows on to the sand.

He lit a cigarette, and the glimmer of the match showed the boys the face of the man they were to meet as described by Captain Oak.

He was clean-shaven and dark, and wore a soft Homburg hat and a smart, light overcoat.

They saw him pull out his watch and consult it by the dull glow of a smoky lamp that one of the Portuguese fishermen had taken from the boat. Then he peered round the dark bay as though expecting someone to meet him.

"It's Mr. Grief," said Jack, greatly relieved. "Come on, boys." He rose from amongst the rocks and stepped forward, walking across the sands.

It was plain that the newcomer did not see them because of their blackened clothes and faces, and it was not till they walked suddenly into the radius of the dull lantern that he gave a start at the sight of them.

"Good-evening, young gentlemen!" said he. "I presume you are the three little nigger boys come to meet me?"

"That's it, sir!" said Jack. "I was getting very anxious to see you!" said Mr. Grief. "Is the captain with you?"

"No, sir!" replied Jack. "The captain is on the ship. We landed on the other side of the island and came across the ridge. We know the road now, and we can easily guide you."

Mr. Grief gave an exclamation of disappointment.

"That is a pity," said he. "I very particularly wanted to see him. I suppose there is no chance that you can signal to him to come ashore from your ship?"

Jack was rather mystified.

"Perhaps we could signal to him, sir, from the other side of the island," said he. "But we have got to be careful, and—"

He paused. The detective had drawn out his watch and was consulting it again by the light of the lamp.

A sudden doubt ran through Jack's mind.

The watch was not an English or American type. Jack had seen such watches before, with the queer flat dials and the coarse-cut keyless wind. It was a German watch, and the light of the lamp gleamed on the flat, round gold ring that the man wore on his finger.

"Where has your ship come from?" asked the stranger.

"London, sir!" replied Jack, promptly.

"And you did not put in anywhere?" asked the detective.

"Excuse me, sir," replied Jack, politely, "but before I answer any questions I would like to ask you one question."

"And what may that be, young man?" asked the stranger, sharply.

"Before I left the ship the captain gave me a password," replied Jack. "He said that you would know it."

The stranger started angrily.

"What's this nonsense about passwords?" he asked, in a bullying tone. "There was a password, but I have forgotten it. I don't deal in passwords. I am Mr. Nicholas Grief, of Scotland Yard."

Jack was not slow to notice the guttural in the stranger's voice when he pronounced the name "Grief." He could not manage the "r," for, no matter how well a born German may speak English, this guttural remains with him, and will show up, especially when he is agitated.

And, further, Jack noticed that the hand which held the glowing cigarette was shaking slightly, either with anger or with nervousness.

"So your captain demands a password?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"Then go and tell him to come ashore himself, and alone," replied the stranger, abruptly. "Tell him I have not come all this distance to make talk with blackamoor ship boys about passwords."

Jack's suspicions were redoubled. "You can come with us, if you like," he replied, boldly. "But you will come alone."

"So"—exclaimed the man, angrily—"so you dictate to me, my young cockerel!"

"I don't dictate anything," replied Jack, stubbornly. "But I have my instructions, and I am going to have that password."

The man gave a sudden snarl of anger.

Jack's hand went to the revolver in his belt, but before he could draw it two of the Portuguese fishermen suddenly threw themselves on him, bearing him to the ground and pinning him there.

And from the boat sprang four other figures, which surrounded Bill and Joe before they could make a move to escape, collaring them with rough hands.

"It's a trap, boys!" gasped Jack. "Run!"

But it was too late. They were in the hands of the enemy. The man laughed.

"Quite right, young Englishers," said he. "It is a trap, but the wrong people have fallen into it. I was hoping that your captain himself would have come ashore to keep this appointment. I should like to have sent you back to him with the compliments of Hugo Stenk, telling him that I am sorry to have missed him this time, but that he shall not escape me. But if we can't catch the big bird we will make sure of a few of the small birds. And you shall die in good company!"

He muttered a few words in Portuguese to his men.

The boys' hands were lashed behind them, and their feet bound tightly. Then they were dumped on the sands to watch proceedings, helpless and panting.

The Portuguese lifted out of the boat a heavy sack of canvas. This they dumped down in the shallow water.

"Now, young Englishers," snarled the German. "I dare say you have heard of the Monte

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Cristo sack trick. If you can perform this trick you will escape with your lives. There is no need to gag you, for you can shout for help all night without anyone hearing you. And you won't need to shout all night, for the tide is on the turn, and all will be over with you in a half hour or so."

Three sacks were pulled out of the boat and roughly pulled up over the boys' legs. They could feel that each sack was heavily weighted with the old firebars that served the boat as ballast.

The sacks were tied about their necks and lashings run round them so that they could not move. Then they were dumped in the edge of the rising tide alongside the first sack which had been brought ashore.

The German lit another cigarette and grinned at that dismal row of sacks.

"This is a little example of what happens to those who interfere with the plans of Hugo Stenk and Company, of Hamburg," said he. "The gentleman in the fourth sack is bound and gagged, so he will not disturb you with his cries when the tide rises. And you will be interested to hear that you will die in the company of Germany's enemy, Herr Nicholas Grief."

He made a sign to the Portuguese, and climbed into the boat with a mocking laugh. The ruffians surrounded the boat and pushed her off. Her head was pulled round and the sail hoisted, and soon she disappeared into the darkness, leaving the boys trussed and bound in the sacks to await their death.

"That's what I call a real dirty German trick," said Bill, ruefully. "And just to think of it, boys, it was Hugo Stenk himself. If we'd only known—"

"We've got half an hour, at any rate, before we are drowned,"

said Jack, hopefully. "And a lot can happen in half an hour."

"And a lot can happen after half an hour," put in Joe, rather gloomily. "Never mind, lads! Can only die once, and ah'm from Bradford, ah am. Ah'm not goin' to complain."

"We'll try shouting, boys," said Jack Fearless. "It is a good job the scoundrel did not gag us. Altogether: Lighthouse ahoy!"

"Lighthouse ahoy!" shouted the three boys in chorus.

Something like a grim chuckle came from the fourth sack.

"If that's you in that sack, Mr. Grief," called Jack, "we'll do our best to get you out of it before the tide rises."

And he fought desperately with his bonds.

"Any chance of you getting free, Bill?" he asked of Master Careless, who with grim insistence was working his bound hands.

"We'll keep on shouting, Jack," said Bill. "I'm not certain about it. I can get free of most knots and bindings, but these chaps have worked in some Portuguese knots that I don't know the pull of, and it takes time. I don't know whether I can get my hands free in time to save us."

The boys shouted again, searing up the gulls that were roosting among the rocks.

And soon these began to fly round those four dark sacks, screaming and piping, flying closer and closer with all the curiosity of their kind.

To the boys they seemed to shout "Hi! Hi! You are going to be drowned! You are going to be drowned! Hi! Hi! Hi!"

"That's right, boys!" said Jack, encouragingly. "Get the gulls on the move and maybe the light-keepers will notice them. They can't hear us, that is certain. The lighthouse is too far away."

There was quite a stir amongst the sea birds, and a cloud of gulls were soon wheeling round the heads of the boys as the tide came lapping in all round them with ominous rapidity.

Luckily, the sea on this side of the Burlings was quite calm. But there was enough movement in the wavelets to send little surges flopping against the boys' chests.

"How are you getting on, Bill?" asked Jack, anxiously, for he knew that in Bill's acrobatic skill lay their only chance. His wrists were supple and his hands were small, and some years of practice in music-hall shows had given him a wonderful and uncanny knowledge of getting rid of all sorts of lashings and bindings. "I've got the run of the knots," muttered Bill, with a grunt of exertion. "It's only a matter of time now. Keep on shouting, you chaps. I must save my breath."

Higher and higher rose the water about them. Sometimes a spiteful little wave would dash against their faces now. They could not last much longer.

If that silent form in the fourth sack were Nick Grief, the famous detective, he would be the last to die. He was taller than they, and the shore on which he was placed was a few inches higher.

A wave ran clean over Jack's head causing him to splutter and choke.

"Keep your heart up, Mr. Grief!" he called, bravely. "We'll have you out of that in a minute or two!"

Then another wave washed over him.

But there was a sudden cry of joy from Bill Careless.

"Hands free!" he cried. "Hold your breath, boys!"

He was busy in the sack for a second or two. He had freed his hands and had got his claspknife. In a few seconds his feet were free, and the sack was ripped from top to bottom, allowing the heavy iron weights to fall out of it.

And with the wet sack still flapping about his shoulders, Bill jumped up in the water, seizing his two chums by the lashings of their prisons and dragging them swiftly out of the water.

He rushed into the sea again. The sack which contained the detective was nearly submerged now; but Bill, getting hold on it, found, to his delight, that it was still full of air, and dragged it up into the shallows, ripping it rapidly and unwinding the lashings about its neck.

The sack fell away, revealing a man dressed only in trousers and shirt, trussed and bound so that it was quite impossible for him to free himself.

His mouth was forced open, and Bill, slipping his fingers between the teeth of the stranger, discovered two neat little fly nuts, which operated a dentist's gag which kept the jaws apart and held down the tongue.

In a few seconds he had this out of the stranger's mouth.

Then he ran back and released his friends from their sacks ere he cut the stranger's bonds.

Further South!

THANK you, young gentlemen," said the stranger in muffled tones. "You have helped me out of as tight a place as I have ever been in in all my practice. I am Nick Grief, the detective, and the password you want is 'Scissors.'"

He rose, slowly and stiffly, rubbing his wrists and arms to bring back the circulation.

"Those scoundrels have nearly dislocated my jaw," he mumbled. Hugo Stenk had scored a trick. He was the *padron* of the boat which I had engaged to bring me out here. I thought I had thrown the rascals off the scent coming through Spain and Portugal. But they must have picked up my trail in London and have followed me all the way down to the Portuguese coast. Still, a miss is as good as a mile, and I won't forget this good turn. What are your names, young gentlemen?"

"I am Jack Fearless, sir," said Jack.

"I am Bill Careless," said Bill, modestly.

"And Ah'm Joe Lawless, and Ah coom fra' Bradford," added that worthy. "And Ah'm full o' sea water!"

Nick Grief smiled as he surveyed the three dusky figures that showed dimly in the darkness.

"Give me a minute or two to get back the use of my limbs, boys," said he. "They set on me soon after we had left the Portuguese coast, and I got a bit bruised in the fight. There is one dead in that boat, but the rest were too many for me. They came on in the hope of bagging Captain Oak as well."

He lay down on the dry sand.

"Now, boys," said he, "rub my arms and legs and pummel me as hard as you like to get rid of the cramps. Don't be afraid of hurting me, but I can't climb over the ridge till I have got the use of my limbs back."

The boys threw themselves upon him, rubbing and pummeling till at last the blood began to circulate through his limbs and he was able to stand up and walk stiffly.

"Now for the ship, boys," said he. "And now I have got back the use of my tongue, I thank you for saving my life. Maybe I'll have the chance of returning the compliment before long. This trip of ours is not going to be exactly a pleasure cruise."

Slowly and painfully they climbed over the ridge of the island, and as they descended towards the Atlantic side they came upon Bucko, who, growing anxious, had started in search of them.

"Hullo, boys!" he whispered, at the sight of them. "So you've nabbed the tee!"

"And came very near getting nabbed ourselves," replied Jack. "We fell into the hands of Hugo Stenk, and he'd got Mr. Grief here tied up in a sack ready for drowning."

Bucko whistled. "Hugo Stenk, eh?" he exclaimed. "Then you struck the King Pin of the outfit. But tell us the story when we've got you all in the boat."

And he hurried them down into the little cove where the boat was pitching and tossing in the long rollers.

They plunged into the water and were hauled aboard. Then the crew, bending to their oars, drove her out through the narrow channel in the roaring breakers, and pulled for the open sea.

Bucko listened with admiration as he heard Nick Grief's story of his adventure, and glowed with pride when he heard how the boys had saved the situation.

"Say, but these are three real white-headed kids!" said he. "They are the real ginger stuff! But it's a pity they did not manage to shoot Stenk. I'd have liked well to have brought his carcass aboard and to have fed him to the leopard. But we'll get him later, on, sir!"

A light showed in the darkness. "There's the ship, yonder," said Bucko, and taking an electric

The Cruise of the "Tartar"

(Continued from previous page.)

lamp from under the thwart he flashed its light thrice.

Soon the *Tartar* bore down on them out of the blackness. A line was thrown to them and they were made fast. The boys climbed stiffly up the side ladder with their rescued companion, well pleased that in their first venture on their own they had succeeded in saving that world-famous detective, Mr. Nicholas Grief.

It was Captain Oak who met them at the head of the ladder, slapping them on the back approvingly. Then he led the detective off to his own quarters, and the boys were pounced on by the crew, who were full of questions and inquiries.

But Ching bore down on them and rescued them from their friends.

"You boy devil come along me to galley," said he. "Washee face along dirt, an' me give you good slupper—me an' Kingaloo!"

The boys were nothing loth to accept this invitation, and it was a very cheery party that gathered in the snug galley to partake of the splendid Chinese supper which Ching had provided in honour of the occasion.

In front of the little painted joss on the bulkhead sticks of incense were burning.

Seated in a row in front of the ruddy glow of the fire were Whiskers, the leopard, stretching and blinking like a great cat, purring as though he had swallowed the engine of a motor-bus. Next him sat Harold and Clifford, the penguins, also blinking at the fire. They had come out of their cheese-box in honour of the occasion.

And, beside these, was stretched Wilfred, the seal, making a nice sofa for the boys to sit on as they began to relate their adventures.

Kingaloo was squatting at the corner of the kitchen-range.

He grinned till his eyes disappeared in his fat, yellow face, and pointed to the joss sticks that were smouldering in blue spirals before Ching's joss.

"Ching, him make magic!" said he. "Me make magic too! You not tell too much!"

And from behind his back he produced a walrus tusk on which he had been scratching. The boys had so far only told how they had got ashore through the breakers.

They looked at the faint scratches on the white ivory, but these were barely discernible.

"You wait," said Kingaloo, smiling mysteriously. "Chingey, ole bean, you gib me ink!"

Ching grunted, and produced a fine stick of Chinese ink, which he made himself out of bamboo charcoal and covered with gold leaf.

Kingaloo rubbed a little of the ink in a saucer and laid it over his walrus tusk, so that the black ink filled the scratches on the smooth ivory.

Then he handed the tusks to the boys with the smile of an artist who is well pleased with himself.

Jack gave a gasp of astonishment as he looked at the tusk, for on it, neatly engraved in fine lines, were tiny drawings of the whole of their adventures since they left the ship.

Kingaloo had traced with the fine steel point of his knife their landing through the rough surf, their meeting with the goat, and the last picture showed the fishing-boat sailing away, leaving them with the sacks tied about their necks to drown.

Jack stared at the tusk of walrus ivory and then at Kingaloo.

"Why, Kingy," he exclaimed, "how on earth did you know all this? We haven't told you what happened yet."

Ching was as mystified as the boys, and his yellow face bore rather a disconcerted look as Kingaloo showed his magic. He had put it down to his joss that they had escaped the peril which threatened them.

As a matter of fact, Ching had burned three shillings' worth of joss sticks before his joss whilst the boys had been absent from the ship, and had, furthermore, pro-

mised the painted image that, if anything happened to them, he would pitch him overboard and get a more efficient joss.

He was quite upset that Kingaloo should be able to do such magic as this, and when the boys told the whole story and pointed out the incidents on the engraved walrus tusk, Ching was quite crestfallen.

"Kinee him too hot stuff!" he grumbled. "Him know too much!"

Kingaloo grinned mysteriously. "Me big magic man!" said he. "Me angakok (magician). My papa big angakok, too, an' his papa."

This was quite true, for the rank of magician amongst the Eskimo tribes follows from father to son. But Kingaloo steadily refused to tell how he had made those drawings on the tusk.

"Huh!" grumbled Ching. "S'posee you so big magic man you tell us what we got along for slupper."

But this was more than Kingaloo's art was capable of. And the boys did not ask too many questions as Ching laid out all sorts of mysterious dishes for their delight. There was shark's fin soup off the shark which had been so near getting Jack; there was bird's-nest soup made from the nests of the sea swallow; there were strips of pickled fish, also from Jack Shark; there was an enormous sea pie with a pastry dragon sprawling across the top, pickled bamboo shoots, and many other strange delicacies.

There was only one dish that the boys would not touch. These were dormice pickled in honey.

"No thanks, Ching, old chap," said Bill Careless, firmly, when Ching pressed this great Chinese delicacy upon them. "We don't ask any questions about your pie, but Kingy can have the dormice."

Kingaloo was not so fastidious as the boys. He ate the pot of pickled dormice and a bunch of tallow candles and a pound of margarine.

And Clifford and Harold also had some dormice. But the scrup in which these were preserved did not agree with them. It made them ill, so they were put back into the cheese box to sleep whilst the boys and their strange friends sat round the cosy fire with the leopard and the seal.

"Tell us our fortunes, Kingy," urged Jack, when the supper had been cleared away; and Kingaloo seated himself on his pet seal, carving himself a pipehead out of a piece of soft stone.

But Kingaloo only shook his head.

"Him not good to tell too much fortune," said he. "But soon you boys go again in little boat and you catch black man, and him give you plenty trouble. But you come back all right."

And that was all Kingaloo would say as the boys sat by the fire and the *Tartar*, with her engines running at full speed, headed southwards towards Cape St. Vincent.

On the following day they made the long line of the cape with the queer pinnacle of rock at its end. Then they bore away for the southwest over a smooth sea, sighting the high land near the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, and following the Morocco coast.

Then for a whole day they steamed southward, the weather growing hotter and hotter, for a hot easterly wind was blowing from the African coast.

They saw very little of Nick Grief, he seemed to be shut up in the chart-room all the time with Captain Oak.

The Duchess only showed on deck occasionally, attended by her two Spanish maids.

But now and then she would restlessly walk the deck, gazing through her glasses at the rugged

coast which sometimes showed up above the skyline.

That there was something doing on board the *Tartar* was shown by the cleaning of arms that was going on. Rifles were overhauled, machine-guns were brought up from below and tested, greatly to the annoyance of a big shark that was leisurely cruising astern, for he was the target.

The water about the shark was torn up into a white patch by the bullets as each gun went through its test, and finally he sheered off.

Bucko said that he must be stuck all over with bullets like almonds in a tipsy cake.

And, as the sun set towards the west, the captain set his course closer into the land, which showed up in a savage, lonely shore backed by rugged blue mountains.

Speculation was rife on the ship, and great was the excitement when the ship passed within a few miles of a rugged cape, or headland, which was crowned by a tall old Moorish watch-tower.

The crew said that they were going to land and attack this, and that it was a famous Moorish fortress held by a real stiff.

Bucko was full of hopes of adventure. He could hardly drink his tea for excitement, and refused bread and butter altogether.

"It's a cert that we are going to make a rough house for some tug or other on this coast," said he. "It will be the Pirate wot's got the Swell Jane's brother in custody. I expect he lives in yonder castle. Bet he'll be a bit taken off his perch when he finds us shoutin' 'Whot ho, within' there! Lower the portcullis!'"

But Bucko's hopes were dashed as the castle on the headland faded astern, and the coast of the Land of Maghreb—or the Setting Sun, as Morocco is called by its inhabitants—faded in a dove-coloured mist.

"Nothin' doin' on Cape Leewin!" he sighed. "The trouble is further south."

By Order of Captain Oak.

DARKNESS fell, and the *Tartar*, reducing her speed, waddled on through the warm, sticky sea.

Bucko was nearly dying of curiosity, more especially when Chips, the carpenter, started overhauling one of the quarter-boats, the oldest and shabbiest boat in the ship.

"What's the little game, Chippo?" he asked. "We are nearly dyin' of curiosity. It's like one of them films that breaks off just when the hero is in the stranglehold. Do you know anything?"

But old Chips only shook his head.

"I only know that I've got to get this boat ready, and that the bo'sun sees that she is properly fixed up with boat compass and provisions and water for three days. Don't you ask no questions, Bucko, and you won't get no stories told you!"

It was about nine o'clock at night when the look-out hailed the bridge that a light was showing straight ahead at intervals.

There was tremendous excitement. A light on this lonely coast was something out of the way, for there were no fishing craft and no boats with any business in these waters, save the rather doubtful coasting feluccas which made a practice of never showing lights at night.

The engines slowed still more till the ship was barely moving through the water.

Then the flare of a torch showed in the gloom and a husky hail greeted the ship. The engines stopped and went astern, and the crew, leaning along the rail, saw a small lateen rigged boat floating in the circle of light about the ship.

It was a rough native boat, and holding a torch high above his head there stood a magnificent coal-black negro attired in the

white turban and bournous and yellow slippers of the country.

He hailed the ship in Arabic, and a line was thrown to him which he deftly caught, sticking his torch in a ring of iron and bringing the boat alongside the ship where he made her fast.

Then a ladder was rolled down to him and up he came, six foot three of magnificent manhood.

"Why, it's ole Jack Johnson himself!" cried one facetious member of the crew.

The niggers lips parted showing a set of ivory white teeth as he swung a massive leg over the rail.

"Good-evening, sir," said he, in perfect English. "I am not Jack Johnson, but I suppose you are Charlie Chaplin. Good-evening, gentlemen all. Will someone kindly take me to the captain."

The joker fell back aghast. Here was a savage inhabitant of Sahara, coming out of nowhere—for the ship was twenty miles from the land—talking English perfectly, and up to all the latest wheezes—a strange customer to meet off the most savage coast in the world.

The captain's steward came running down to lead the man to the chart-room, and the mystery deepened on the ship.

Bucko looked down into the boat which was towing alongside. There was nothing in it but a few pots and a flat loaf of native bread.

"Well," he exclaimed, "if that ain't the dizzy limit! 'Ere we are thirty mile off the croolest coast in the world, we pick up a nigger floating about in a wash-tub—a real ribuck proper savage, and 'e talks as pretty and la-di-da as if he belongs to a Social Club. Spare me days, look in the boat, boys, and see if 'e's got 'is golf clubs stowed away there!"

But Mr. Chips was solemnly climbing down into the boat in which this stranger had come out of this waste of waters. He carried in his hand a sharp axe. "Hello, Chippo!" called Bucko. "What are you going to do? Goin' to scuttle that pirate craft?"

And greatly to Bucko's surprise this was just what Mr. Chips was going to do.

With a few heavy blows of the axe he started the bottom planks of the crazy old craft which was evidently rotten in every plank. Then when it commenced to sink he cut the line and let it go.

Then the hearts of the three boys jumped within them, for the word was passed for them.

"Bucko and the three boys wanted on the bridge at once," announced the quartermaster.

"That's the ribuck talk!" exclaimed Bucko, eagerly. "There's somethin' on the cards for us. We're goin' to be told off for special service. This way for the Council Chamber!"

And he ran up the bridge ladder as fast as his legs would carry him. The chart room door was open.

There, seated at the table, was the negro, his black face almost hidden in the white hood of his bournous. He was talking rapidly, in guttural tones, to the captain and to Nick Grief, who were listening intently.

In the background sat the duchess, rolling her handkerchief in her hands. She had been crying, and it seemed to the boys that this negro was the bearer of bad news concerning her brother.

"Come in, Bucko! Come in, boys!" called the captain, cheerily. "This is Yussuf."

The negro looked up at them, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"Agent for the British Government in these parts," said Captain Oak, briefly. "But you must not let that out ashore, or Yussuf's life would not be worth a bagful of buns. He has come off the coast to meet us, and to get acquainted with you, for he's going to shepherd you and Bucko here through a dangerous job."

"And what is that, sir?" asked Jack Fearless, eagerly.

"Well," said Captain Oak, slowly, "do you know how they catch tigers in India?"

"They tie up a goat to a tree, sir!" replied Jack, readily.

"That's the game!" assented Captain Oak. "I'm glad to see you've been dipping into the ship's library and improving your mind. I'm going to use you the same as the Indians use the goat—I am going to use you as bait for a tiger."

"And who may the tiger be, sir?" asked Bucko.

"Kaid Sidi Bu Hamara, a pirate who lives ashore there, and who has got this lady's brother in charge," replied Captain Bob Oak. "Yussuf brings the news that he has left his town on the coast and has gone to his stronghold inland amongst the mountains, taking this lady's brother with him. And he is like to be killed if we don't get him quick."

"Why, sir?" asked Bucko.

"Because the Tiger's only son was killed in the fighting last week outside Melilla," answered Captain Oak. "The old pirate has not got the news yet. But he has sworn that if anything happens to his son he will cut the throat of his prisoner. We were coming down here to offer a ransom for him. But all the ransoms in the world won't save him if he gets that bit of news about his son."

The duchess, listening to the talk, suddenly rose, and, running forward, threw herself at Bucko's feet.

"The poor lady had great faith in Bucko ever since he had saved her from the hands of Satan the Bandit."

"O, Mr. Bucko," she cried, "O, distinguished cavalier, save my brother! Save my brother from zese wicked mens!"

Bucko stooped and lifted the distressed lady gently to her feet.

"Lady," said he, "I'm not yet on to the particular lark which the captain is chalkin' out for us. But you just rest your mind easy. These kids are the Bonanza boys. And I am the plug ugly of Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, Australia, where the pebs come from. I am ready to bet your Highness a supper of fish and chips that we'll have the young dook out o' the castle and stoush the tug that's got him in the coal-cellar, even if we have to pull his turkey buzzard's nest down with our hands. Cheer up, lady; dry your lamps. It makes me feel cheery in the neck to see a real swell dame like you taking on. Trust us lads to keep out of the rain, and if we don't run the rabbit on this stiff an' pull his kipsie about his ears my name is mud. Lady, I have spoken! Turn off the waterworks and smile—smile—smile!"

Naturally enough, the duchess did not understand a word of this comforting address, but none the less she was comforted.

"The lark is this," said Captain Oak, smiling. "You and the boys, Bucko, together with Nick Grief here, are going to be shipwrecked sailors. You will take the old quarter-boat, and you will make the coast as near as possible to the old ruined city of El Kor. That is about fifteen miles the other side of Cape Mulai. This is the coast city of the Kaid. And I promise you it won't be long before some of his black and tan gang find you."

Bucko nodded.

"That's where the goat comes in, I suppose, sir?" said he.

"Exactly!" replied the captain.

"These people will collar you at once, and they will send you up as soon as they have some camels going that way to the stronghold in the hills, where this old rascal lives. Now, boys, that's a secret trail which no man knows. Even Yussuf here, who knows most things for a thousand miles along this coast, does not know the road into Sidi Bu Hamara's lurking place. And the few bold people who have tried to find it have lost their lives over the job. So you will mark the way, and we will follow."

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(What is going to happen to the chums of the "Tartar"? You must on no account miss next Monday's splendid long instalment of this great story.)

**Order "School and Sport" in advance
and tell your chum to do likewise.**