

Read "BARRED OUT!"—The Grand Long Complete School Tale in this Issue



SCHOOL AND SPORT 1¹/₂^d



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PREPARING THE BARRICADE! Harry Lovell and Co., of St. Kit's, decide on Stern Measures. (See Inside.)



BARRED OUT

A Magnificent Long Complete School Tale, dealing with the
Exciting Adventures of
HARRY LOVELL & CO. AT ST. KIT'S

Struggling and panting, Rupert Wake was whirled to the window by six or seven of the Fourth. He was jammed on the sill and rolled out, and he went sprawling helplessly to the ground below. (See page 4.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Law and Order?

THE Fourth Form at St. Kit's was in a state of unprecedented excitement. Never before, in the whole history of its existence, had the old school witnessed such an amazing state of affairs.

Less than a week ago Dr. Cheyne, the respected Head of St. Kit's, had been savagely attacked by a ruffian within a mile or so of the school. The Doctor's injuries made it necessary for him to vacate his position at St. Kit's, and Mr. Randolph Carker had arrived on the scene to take his place.

And Mr. Carker was a tyrant of the first magnitude.

His tongue was bitter. His idea of exacting discipline was to rule with an iron hand. Punishment and interference had been the order of the day ever since Mr. Randolph Carker had arrived, and now the tyrant's spell was broken.

The Fourth Form at St. Kit's had broken out into open rebellion.

The bitterness and cruelty of the temporary Head had been too much, and in a moment of anger and forgetfulness the Fourth had turned on the bully and driven him from the class-room in a shower of ink-pots and books and rulers.

Mr. Carker had dashed down the Fourth Form passage with the cries of defiance ringing in his ears.

Harry Lovell, the captain of the Fourth, jumped upon a form. "Gentlemen of the Fourth—!" he shouted.

"Hurray," roared the rebels. "Speech!" yelled Bob Rake. Bob was an Australian, and his voice could be heard above the turmoil.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurray! Go it, Lovell!"

shouted Stubbs, encouragingly.

"Speech, old chap!"

"Gentlemen of the Fourth, we've stood up for our rights and downed the tyrant—"

"Bravo!"

"But we haven't finished yet," continued Harry Lovell. "We've been over the top, but we've got to consolidate the position."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carker has cleared—"

The orator was interrupted by a series of deep groans for Mr. Randolph Carker. He had to wait a full minute before he could resume.

"Gentlemen, we've only made a beginning! Carker has cleared, but Carker is still about. He will come back—"

"Let him!" roared the Fourth, belligerently.

"He may bring the Sixth Form prefects with him—"

"Oh!"

The rebels of St. Kit's had for-

gotten the Sixth Form prefects in the wild excitement of the outbreak. There was a hush in the shouting, and faces became graver. If the prefects of the Sixth backed up the unpopular headmaster, the rebels were not yet out of the wood by any means. And it was very probable that the Sixth would support authority—that was what prefects were appointed for. Much as they might dislike Mr. Carker and despise him, even, and condemn his methods, it was only too probable that the Sixth Form prefects would consider it their duty to put down a rebellion in a junior form.

"Oh, blow the prefects!" said Stubbs, rather doubtfully, however. "We can handle the prefects."

"Phew!"

"They can handle us, I fancy," said Howard. "I jolly well know that I'm not scrappin' with any hefty Six formers for one."

"You're a funk!" roared Stubbs.

"Grder! Gentlemen—"

"Go it, Lovell!"

"It's agreed," said Harry, "that we never give in to Carker. We're willing to obey our own form-master until the Head comes back—"

"I don't know about willing," said Stubbs, dubiously. "But we'll do it."

"We're willing," insisted Harry.

"This affair isn't simply a rag—"

"Isn't it?" ejaculated Stubbs.

"No, you ass."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what is it then?" demanded Percival Stubbs. Apparently Stubbs had been under the impression that this struggle for freedom and right was merely a "rag" of unusual dimensions. It is to be feared that some more of the Fourth shared Stubbs's views.

"It's a vindication—" began Harry.

"A what?"

"A which?"

"Vindication?"

"A vindication of the rights of the Fourth—" said Harry.

"Oh! I see! Good!"

"Carker is a brute and a Hun—"

"Hear, hear!"

"We're not standing him—"

"Never!"

"We're standing up for right and—law and order—"

"Are we?" ejaculated Stubbs, in astonishment.

"Yes, we are, you fathead."

"Blessed if it struck me like that. Still, I don't mind! Hurray for law and order!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Law and order, in the Fourth, are represented by our form-master, Mr. Lathley," explained Harry Lovell. "We're up against Carker. No more lessons for the Fourth—"

"Hurray!" There was a tre-

mendous burst of enthusiasm at that. Even Tracy looked interested at last; and Bunny Bootles brightened up wonderfully.

"No lessons for the Fourth until Mr. Carker has agreed to leave us entirely in the charge of our own form-master until the Head returns. You see, the ruffian—"

"That's right—he's a ruffian!"

"Down with the ruffian!"

"The ruffian has sacked Mr. Lathley, so there can't be any lessons unless Carker handles us himself. We shouldn't stand that."

"No fear!"

"He will get a new form-master, most likely—a fellow of his own kidney—and you know what that would be like."

"Never!"

"So that's our programme," said Harry Lovell. "Law and order—which means that we'll accept no master but Mr. Lathley—"

"Hurray!"

"Toppin', old bean," said Algernon Aubrey, heartily. "Law and order sounds ever so much better than red-hot rebellion. And it doesn't make any difference, either."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's in a name?" grinned Bob Rake. "Shakespeare was off-side when he said there was nix in a name. There's lots."

"Law and order—and down with Carker—that's the watchword," said the Captain of the Fourth.

"Is that agreed? Hands up for yes."

Every hand in the form-room went up. Rex Tracy followed the example of the rest. There was unanimity in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's for once.

"Now I propose a deputation to Mr. Lathley, to ask him to take command," said Harry. "We don't want trouble—"

"Don't we?" murmured Stubbs.

"We don't want to put ourselves in the wrong—"

"No; that's right."

"When the Head comes back we shall have to answer for what we've done—"

"Oh! Ah! That's so."

"Dr. Cheyne isn't likely to approve of Carker's little games. If he learns that we went on strike simply to stand by our form-master, it ought to make a good impression on the Head."

"By gum, you're a born leader, Lovell, old chap," said Bob admiringly. "I shouldn't have thought of that! We're jolly well going to have our own way, and keep in the right all the time. That's good."

"Yaas, toppin'."

"Hurray!"

"We'll go in a deputation of the whole Form to Mr. Lathley," said Harry. "We must keep together—Carker may be up to some trick already. I think he will want a bit of a rest before he tackles us again—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But there's no time to lose. We don't want a scrap with the Sixth—they're rather hefty for us to handle. If Mr. Lathley agrees to take us in charge, that settles it."

"Good!"

"Come on, then."

Harry Lovell jumped down from the form. Bob threw the door open wide. The Fourth streamed out into the corridor with their captain at their head—most of them armed with rulers, or canes, or inkpots, in case the enemy should be lurking without. But they did not see anything of Mr. Carker as they marched to the form-master's study. Mr. Carker was in no state, just then, to deal with the refractory Fourth.

The rebels reached Mr. Lathley's study, and Harry tapped respectfully at the door.

"Come in!"

Harry Lovell, Bob Rake, and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger entered the study. The rest of the Fourth crowded in the corridor, as close to the doorway as they could cram. And Mr. Lathley, as he looked at them, rose hastily to his feet. For a moment the Fourth Form master had the impression that the St. Kit's rebels were extending the "rag" from Mr. Carker to himself, and that it was a hostile invasion of his quarters. But he was reassured the next moment, as Harry Lovell addressed him in tones of the deepest respect.

"If you please sir—"

Mr. Lathley breathed more freely. His form had never been out of hand before; and what might happen in this extraordinary state of affairs he could hardly surmise.

"Yes, Lovell—"

"We've turned Mr. Carker out of the form-room, sir—"

"Kicked him out!" yelled Stubbs from the passage.

"Hurray!"

"Ahem! I—I heard a—a-a disturbance—!" murmured Mr. Lathley.

"We are standing up for law and order, sir—"

"Good old law and order!" murmured Stubbs.

"We want you to take charge of the Fourth, sir, and keep Carker out of our form-room," said Harry.

"That is, until the Head comes back. We're all determined to have nothing more to do with Carker."

"Hear, hear!"

"But we don't want to slack, sir! We want things to go on as usual. Will you take charge of the Fourth Form, sir, and I will answer for it that there will be no disturbance or trouble, so long as Mr. Carker keeps his distance?"

And Harry Lovell paused, like Brutus, for a reply.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Difference of Opinion.

MR. LATHLEY coughed.

He was rather at a loss.

In his heart he was fully in sympathy with the juniors.

As he had chosen to resign his position rather than submit to Mr. Carker's tyrannical dictation, he could hardly condemn the juniors for having refused to submit in their turn.

But the situation was a very awkward one; it was impossible for a form-master to place himself at the head of a school rebellion—and that was practically what it amounted to—though the juniors did not realise it.

He coughed—and coughed again.

"I—I am afraid, Lovell, that I cannot do as you ask," he answered at last. "It would be—hem—impossible. I do not conceal that I disapprove of Mr. Carker's methods. But the fact remains that he was appointed Head of St. Kit's, during Dr. Cheyne's absence, by the Board of Governors duly constituted. Mr. Carker holds supreme authority here."

"But, sir—"

"I can only recommend you, my boys, to submit for the present, and bear Mr. Carker's rule with patience."

"You haven't submitted, sir!" yelled Stubbs from the passage.

Mr. Lathley coughed again.

"Shut up, Stubbs!" called out Bob.

"Well, he hasn't!" persisted Stubbs.

"I have resigned my position, for the present," said Mr. Lathley.

"We can't resign, you see, sir," said Harry.

"N'n-o! I am aware of that, Lovell."

"We should like to keep Mr. Carker in his place, sir, and keep on as before," said Harry. "We are all prepared to obey your orders."

"I fear it is impossible, Lovell. I cannot set myself up against the headmaster appointed by the governors."

The captain of the Fourth was silent for a minute or so. He realised now the difficulty of the form-master's position. But it made no difference to his determination.

"Very well, sir," he said, at last. "I'm sorry. But we don't intend to submit to Mr. Carker. The Fourth Form will go on strike."

"Bravo!" came in a roar from the passage.

"Suppose, sir, that Mr. Carker should ask you to take charge of us again, agreeing not to interfere—?"

"That would be quite a different matter, Lovell. I should consent at once. But Mr. Carker is not likely to make such a request."

"Very well, sir, the Fourth goes on strike until he does," said the captain of the Fourth. "That's all, sir! Clear off, you chaps."

"Hurray!"

The deputation quitted Mr. Lathley's study, leaving that gentleman in a very disturbed and thoughtful mood. The rebels of St. Kit's adjourned to the Glory Hole to debate their next step.

In the form-rooms there was much suppressed excitement. The Sixth were left to themselves—Mr. Carker usually took the Sixth, but he was not taking them now; he was repairing damages. But the Sixth, of course, were much too lofty to dream of such things as "rags"; there was sedate quiet in the Sixth-form room.

The Fifth, being seniors, were almost as sedate as the Sixth—Mr. Tulke had no difficulty with them. But in the Shell room, Mr. Rattrey was hard put to it to keep down the buzz of excitement. And in the Third-Form room, Mr. Sheldon simply could not suppress the excitement of the fags, and lessons were more or less of a farce.

It was known all over St. Kit's that the Fourth were in open rebellion, and in such an amazing state of affairs it was not easy for the other forms to pursue the even tenor of their way.

In the Glory Hole, there was much excited discussion among the rebels. A barring-out was the favourite topic.

Mr. Carker was defeated—for the moment! But when he had time

to rally his forces, the struggle would come.

There was a heavy responsibility on Harry Lovell's shoulders, as leader. But the captain of the Fourth was equal to it.

While the rebels were engaged in excited discussion, Harry Lovell was busy with pen and ink and a sheet of impot paper.

When classes were dismissed at St. Kit's that morning, there was a large notice on the board—and crowds of juniors of all forms gathered round to read it. It was written in Lovell's hand, with plenty of capitals.

NOTICE TO ST. KIT'S! DOWN WITH CARKER!

It is hereby announced that the Fourth Form have decided to SACK CARKER! All other Forms are called upon to BACK UP THE FOURTH! Meeting at 12.30 in the Glory Hole to discuss the Plan of Campaign.

Signed, H. LOVELL.

The Shell, and the Third, and even the fags of the Second, crowded round that notice, and read it, and re-read it, and commented upon it.

"Back up the Fourth!" said Babbie of the Shell. "That's all very well—but the Shell, of course, couldn't play second fiddle to the Fourth."

"Impossible!" said Verney major.

"If they like to ask us to lead—!" said Babbie.

"And obey our orders—!" said Verney major.

"Something might be done—"

"It might."

"We'll go to the meeting, anyhow."

"Oh! yes."

Nearly all the Lower School had decided to go to the meeting, at any rate. Very soon after 12.30 there was a crowd in the Glory Hole—that celebrated apartment was crammed.

Harry Lovell and Co. watched the juniors crowding in with much satisfaction. They were prepared to stand up to the tyrant alone; but if all the Lower School came in, their position would be ever so much stronger. Even the Sixth, if they backed up their tyrant, would find it difficult to deal with the whole Lower Form in rebellion.

The Shell were there to a man, and nearly all the Third, and a swarm of the Second. At 12.45 Bob Rake closed the door of the Glory Hole, and Harry Lovell mounted on the table to address the crowded gathering. Babbie of the Shell mounted on a chair at the same time.

"Gentlemen of St. Kit's—!" began Lovell.

"Gentlemen of St. Kit's—!" began Babbie.

"Order!" bawled Bob Rake.

"Stand down, Babbie!"

"Go it, Babs."

"Shut up, Lovell!"

"Cheese it, Babbie!"

"Gentlemen—!"

"Gentlemen—!"

"Order!"

The door of the Glory Hole opened, and Oliphant of the Sixth appeared, with his ashplant under his arm. And the hubbub died away suddenly.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Desperate Measures!

OLIPHANT strode into the Glory Hole, with a grim expression on his rugged face.

Harry Lovell and Co. looked grim, too.

They liked "old Oliphant"; but they did not intend to let even the popular captain of St. Kit's interfere with them now. If Oliphant backed up Mr. Carker, they were done with Oliphant.

"There's a paper on the board," said Oliphant. "You put it there, Lovell, I think?"

"That's right!" assented Harry.

"Are you going to join us, Oliphant?"

"What?"

"We'll back you up as leader, if you'll stand up against Carker."

"Hurray!"

"Back up, Oliphant."

"You young asses!" roared the captain of the school. "Dry up! I've come here to tell you that this meeting has got to disperse im-

mediately. You are to take that notice down from the board, Lovell, and take it to Mr. Carker in his study."

Harry Lovell laughed. "We're done with Carker!" he answered.

"Quite finished, old bean," said St. Leger. "The excellent Carker doesn't exist any longer, so far as the Fourth Form are concerned."

"Catchy on?"

"Silence—"

"Let's have this plain, Oliphant," said Harry Lovell, quietly.

"Are you backing up Mr. Carker?"

"The prefects are bound to support the headmaster," growled Oliphant. "Whether we like the job or not doesn't matter. We're going to do our duty."

"Then you're against us?" demanded Bob Rake.

"Yes, of course."

"Then you can buzz out of this room," said Bob. "Only sympathisers are wanted at this meeting."

"Take care, Rake—"

"Sorry, Oliphant," said Harry, politely; "if the prefects back up Mr. Carker, we decline to recognise

the prefects any longer. Will you walk out of the room? We don't want to handle you."

"Handle me?" stuttered Oliphant.

"We shall have to, if you don't go quietly."

"Yaas, begad."

"You cheeky young ass!" roared Oliphant, beginning to lose his temper. "I've come here to disperse this crowd. Clear out at once, before I lay my ashplant about you."

"Rats!"

"Lovell—you—you—"

"Rats!" roared Bob Rake.

"Yaas, rats, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "Go and masticate coke."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

Oliphant breathed hard. He had come alone to the Glory Hole, never doubting for a moment that the juniors would toe the line, as usual, at the command of the head prefect and captain of the school. They might "rag" Mr. Carker, Head as he was; but Oliphant had never dreamed that they would venture to rag him. He woke up now, as it were.

"Better go, quietly!" said Harry.

"Go?" repeated Oliphant.

"Yes. Otherwise you'll be put."

"Put!" stuttered Oliphant.

"Yes. Take your choice."

Oliphant's choice was soon taken. He made a rush at Harry Lovell, and grabbed him by the collar.

Then there was a rush of the juniors.

Oliphant of the Sixth was surrounded—hands were laid on him on all sides, and before he knew what was happening, he was on the floor, and a crowd of juniors were dragging him to the door.

The St. Kit's captain struggled wildly.

But there were two or three pairs of hands grasping each arm and leg, and he went fairly whirling and spinning along the floor.

"Here, that's rather too thick!" exclaimed Babbie of the Shell.

But the Fourth did not heed Babbie.

They rushed the gasping, struggling captain of St. Kit's to the doorway, and shot him out into the corridor.

Oliphant went rolling.

The doorway was crammed with belligerent fags, yelling defiance, as the captain of St. Kit's sat up. He

sat up dazedly, with a feeling as if the world were coming to an end.

He blinked at the crowd in the doorway.

"M-m-my hat!" he gasped.

"Clear off!" roared Stubbs.

"Go home, Oliphant!"

"Yah! Down with the prefects."

"Kick him along the passage!" yelled Stubbs.

"Hurray!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Harry Lovell. "Let him alone, you chaps! Sorry, Oliphant—"

"You—you cheeky young villain—!" gasped the St. Kit's captain.

"Sorry—but you've got to go. If you come in here again, you'll be handled rather roughly."

"More than rather!" hooted Bob Rake.

"Yaas. Blow away, old bean," said Algy.

Oliphant staggered to his feet. He made a step towards the doorway of the Glory Hole; and the Fourth closed up grimly to meet his attack. An inkpot flew out and narrowly missed him.

He paused.

It was evident that he could do nothing single-handed, now that the Fourth were in determined revolt. Gasping for breath, the captain of St. Kit's turned away—wondering what on earth things were coming to. The juniors were glad enough to see him go. It went against the grain to handle "old Oliphant," though they would not have hesitated if he had attempted to enter the Glory Hole again.

The victorious Fourth crowded back into the Glory Hole. Babbie

"Juniors, perhaps—but not the same as you are," said Babbie, loftily. "We're the Middle School. We're prepared to take the lead in standing up to Carker—within reason—!"

"Within reason!" assented Verney major.

"But—"

The door opened, and Mr. Rattrey, the master of the Shell, stepped into the Glory Hole. Babbie ceased suddenly.

Mr. Rattrey held up his hand.

"All Shell boys will leave this room immediately," he said, taking no notice of the Fourth.

Babbie hesitated. All eyes were fixed on him, and some of the Fourth were grinning.

Now was the time for the aspirant to leadership to show his quality. Certainly the daring leader of a school rebellion could not step down quietly and walk out at his form-master's order. But Eric Babbie was not cut out for a daring leader of revolt—he was quite mistaken on that point.

Under Mr. Rattrey's calm, cold glance, Babbie felt all his belligerency oozing out at his finger tips.

"You hear me?" said Mr. Rattrey.

And Babbie of the Shell answered, meekly:

"Yes, sir!"

He stepped down from the table, his face reddening under the mocking glances of the Fourth. He walked to the door, and the rest of the Shell followed him. Under Mr. Rattrey's eye, they were shepherded out of the Glory Hole, and the door closed on them. But it was opened again for the Third-form fags to steal quietly away. The Third did not wait for their form-master to call for them. And among the fags, Rex Tracy of the Fourth slipped away unostentatiously.

The cold fit had followed the hot fit. Some of the Fourth looked dubiously at one another—and Bunny Bootles made a strategic movement towards the door.

Bob Rake's grasp closed on his collar and jerked him back, and there was a howl from Bunny.

"Yow-ow!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Bob.

"Checking it."

Suspicious Master: "Now, look here, Johnny, weren't you copying Smith's notes?"

Johnny: "Oh, no, sir. I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

"Only—only—only to the tuck-shop—"

"The tuck-shop can wait!" said Bob, grimly. And he locked the door of the Glory Hole, and put the key in his pocket.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Attack on the Glory Hole!

HARRY LOVELL glanced round over the crowd of the Fourth in the Glory Hole. There was doubt in a good many faces now. Evidently the Lower School was not going to join in the revolt; the Fourth, if they rebelled, had to rebel alone. The prefects were against them—and the rest of the school was indifferent. But there were three fellows who were quite determined still—Lovell, Algy, and Bob Rake. But for that firm and unyielding trio, it is very probable that the Fourth-form revolt would have "fizzled out," and that the St. Kit's rebellion would have proved nothing but a flash in the pan. But Harry Lovell was a leader of a very different calibre from Babbie of the Shell.

His cool, determined face was an encouragement in itself. Looking at him, the juniors could see that he would hold out to the bitter end,

if he held out alone. And that was the kind of leader they needed in this emergency.

And Harry Lovell realised this. He shared a secret with his two chums, Algy St. Leger and Bob Rake—a secret that he was bursting to tell the loyal followers. For Harry had overheard a chat between Mr. Carker and a man named Slaney which condemned the temporary Head as a ruffian of the worst dye. Harry felt convinced that Carker had hired Slaney to make an attack on Dr. Cheyne, so that he could come to St. Kit's and stay there.

The three Fourth-formers had talked the matter over again and again, and it was only because Algy and Bob had persuaded him to say nothing until more evidence could be produced that induced Harry to hold his tongue.

And now, as he glanced over the crowd in the Glory Hole, he found it harder than ever to keep his dreadful secret.

"By gad!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, suddenly, "we've forgotten something!"

"What's that?" asked Smith.

"Foot-warmers."

"Foot-warmers!" repeated several astonished voices.

"Yaas, dear boys," answered the dandy of St. Kit's, amiably. "We ought to have taken some measures against cold feet."

There was a laugh.

"We—we haven't got cold feet, of course," said Stubbs. "But—"

but things don't seem to be going very well. Lathley won't help—and now the Lower School has given us the go-by."

"Lovell's ideas don't seem much good, do they?" remarked Lumley.

"Rotten, in fact!" agreed Verney minor.

The nuts, at least, were weakening.

"Gentlemen!" The captain of the Fourth addressed the crowd.

"We're up against it. I hope nobody here is thinking of surrender."

"Ahem!"

"N-n-no—but—"

"B-b-but—"

"If Carker gets the upper hand now, you can guess what you'll have to go through," said Harry.

"He will take it out of you all for what's happened this morning."

"Ye-es."

"There are three of us who will never give in," continued Harry.

"If the Fourth deserts us, we shall hold the Top Study against Carker, and all St. Kit's, if necessary."

"Hear—hear!" bawled Bob Rake.

"Yaas, that's the game," assented Algy. "By gad! A barrin' out in the top study isn't half a bad idea."

"You won't be three—you'll be four!" said Dick Durance, quietly. "I'm with you all along the line."

"Same here!" said Stubbs, resolutely.

"Count me in," said Scott.

"What about trying to make terms?" asked Catesby, uneasily.

"It's too late to think of that—if it was any good," said Harry.

"We've got to beat Carker, or Carker will beat us. But any fellow who funks going on can clear out."

"Rot!" snorted Bob.

"Better so," said Harry.

"Funks are no good in a scrap—and there's going to be real trouble. Unlock the door, Bob, and let out every fellow who'd rather knuckle under to Carker. Bear in mind, you chaps, that Carker will take it out of any fellow who's fool enough to get into his hands."

Catesby was already moving towards the door—but he stopped at that. Bunny Bootles was moving—and he stopped, too.

"You can bet on that!" said Bob.

"Anybody going?" asked Harry, and Bob Rake took the key out of his pocket. But there were no "takers." The risks of the revolt were better than the certainty of falling into Mr. Carker's ruthless hands. Surrender was not likely to placate that gentleman, and all the juniors knew it.

"We—we're standing by you, Lovell," stammered Catesby. He realised that there was no choice left.

"Yes, rather," said Bunny.

"We—we—we're backing you up, old fellow—right to the finish! No surrender."

The door-handle rattled. At that sound the crowd in the Glory Hole



BASE FLATTERER!

"Go on, strike me, then! Strike me! I defy you!"

"Not me! I'm not going to flatter you by altering the shape of your face!"

NEXT MONDAY. MCKINLEY'S MILLIONS.

A Grand New
Serial Story of
an amazing
new invention.
Do not miss
the opening chapters
of
MCKINLEY'S
MILLIONS.
NEXT MONDAY.



CHECKING IT.

Suspicious Master: "Now, look here, Johnny, weren't you copying Smith's notes?"

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And Harry Lovell realised this. He shared a secret with his two chums, Algy St. Leger and Bob Rake—a secret that he was bursting to tell the loyal followers. For Harry had overheard a chat between Mr. Carker and a man named Slaney which condemned the temporary Head as a ruffian of the worst dye. Harry felt convinced that Carker had hired Slaney to make an attack on Dr. Cheyne, so that he could come to St. Kit's and stay there.

The three Fourth-formers had talked the matter over again and again, and it was only because Algy and Bob had persuaded him to say nothing until more evidence could be produced that induced Harry to hold his tongue.

And now, as he glanced over the crowd in the Glory Hole, he found it harder than ever to keep his dreadful secret.

"By gad!" exclaimed Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, suddenly, "we've forgotten something!"

"What's that?" asked Smith.

"Foot-warmers."

"Foot-warmers!" repeated several astonished voices.

"Yaas, dear boys," answered the dandy of St. Kit's, amiably. "We ought to have taken some measures against cold feet."

There was a laugh.

"We—we haven't got cold feet, of course," said Stubbs. "But—"

but things don't seem to be going very well. Lathley won't help—and now the Lower School has given us the go-by."

"Lovell's ideas don't seem much good, do they?" remarked Lumley.

"Rotten, in fact!" agreed Verney minor.

The nuts, at least, were weakening.

"Gentlemen!" The captain of the Fourth addressed the crowd.

"We're up against it. I hope nobody here is thinking of surrender."

"Ahem!"

"N-n-no—but—"

"B-b-but—"

"If Carker gets the upper hand now, you can guess what you'll have to go through," said Harry.

"He will take it out of you all for what's happened this morning."

"Ye-es."

"There are three of us who will never give in," continued Harry.

"If the Fourth deserts us, we shall hold the Top Study against Carker, and all St. Kit's, if necessary."

"Hear—hear!" bawled Bob Rake.

"Yaas, that's the game," assented Algy. "By gad! A barrin' out in the top study isn't half a bad idea."

"You won't be three—you'll be four!" said Dick Durance, quietly. "I'm with you all along the line."

"Same here!" said Stubbs, resolutely.

"Count me in," said Scott.

"What about trying to make terms?" asked Catesby, uneasily.

"It's too late to think of that—if it was any good," said Harry.

pulled themselves together. The voice of Oliphant of the Sixth was heard outside.

"Is this door locked?"

"Yaas, old bean."

"Unlock it at once!"

"Go an' chop chips."

Oliphant rattled the door again.

"We're not letting you in, at present, Oliphant," said the captain of the Fourth.

"Let me in at once!" shouted Oliphant.

"Rats!"

"Listen to me. All the Sixth-form prefects are here. We have come to take you in hand, at Mr. Carker's order."

"Tell Carker to go and eat coke."

There was a scuffling of feet in the passage. All the prefects were there, armed with the ashplant of authority. Most of the Fourth felt glad that there was a locked door between.

"For the last time, Lovell—"

"Buzz off!"

"We shall force a way in—"

"Bosh!"

"Very well, you cheeky young rascal—wait a few minutes."

There was a sound of retreating footsteps.

"Up against the prefects!" murmured Stubbs. "Oh, my hat! Never mind—in for a penny, in for a pound."

"The giddy die is cast!" grinned Bob Rake.

"Jaeta est alea!" said Scott, putting it classically.

"Look out!" roared Durance.

"They're coming at the windows."

"On guard!" rapped out Harry Lovell.

There were three tall windows of the Glory Hole, looking out on a rather secluded part of the quadrangle, shaded by a big oak tree. At the other end of the long room was a single window that looked out on a passage between the library wall and a portion of the schoolhouse. It was at the three tall windows that the prefects appeared.

All three windows were shut—fortunately. Eight stalwart Sixth-formers appeared against the glass.

Harry Lovell and Co. lined up at the windows at once.

Although the Glory Hole was on the ground floor, the windows were well above the ground, and Oliphant's chin little more than on a level with the sill as he looked in.

"They won't break the glass—"

murmured O'Donoghue.

"Won't they?" said Tracy.

"Look—there's Carker!"

The angular form of Mr. Randolph Carker came round the big oak tree, and joined the prefects at the windows. A yell of defiance burst from the garrison of the Glory Hole. At the sight of their tyrant, with his thin lips tightly drawn, and his lead-coloured eyes glittering under bent brows, all thought of surrender vanished. Only too clearly the juniors could read their fate in that cruel face.

"Open these windows!" shouted Oliphant, probably not in much expectation of seeing his order obeyed.

"Rats! Go home!"

"Shut up, Oliphant!"

"Yah!"

Oliphant turned to Mr. Carker. His manner was formal and cold; he made no secret of the fact that he did not like the new Head, though he tried to keep up a manner of respect towards him. Tradition was strong at St. Kit's.

"Are we to break the glass, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly! The cost of repair will be charged against the parents of the ringleaders in this revolt," said Mr. Carker. "Break in without hesitation."

Oliphant did not hesitate. He signed to his companions, and six ashplants crashed on the lower panes of the middle window.

Broken glass flew in showers into the Glory Hole.

The juniors jumped back from the dangerous shower. Oliphant and Wake, bunked up from behind, clambered on the sill.

They knocked out more fragments of glass to clear a passage through the window. Harry Lovell, with a grim face, picked up a chair. Bob Rake followed his example.

"Back up, you fellows!"

"Yes, rather."

"Stand back!" roared Oliphant, jerking back his head, which he had put in rather hastily.

"You can't come in!" said Harry.

"Stand back, I tell you."

"I shall hit out if you put your head in."

"Yes, begad!"

Oliphant set his teeth, and put his head in, and his shoulders followed. Lovell did not hesitate. It was neck or nothing now—fierce defence or defeat. He swung up the chair and it came crashing at Oliphant. Wake jerked the captain of the school back just in time, and the chair crashed on the broken window.

"You—you young villain!" panted Wake.

"Keep out!" said Harry.

"We're coming in."

"You'll take the risk, then."

"Go in at once, Oliphant!" shouted Mr. Carker. "What are you delaying for? I command you to go in at once."

Oliphant turned a savage glance on the new Head.

"Perhaps you'd like to show the way in yourself, sir," he snapped.

"Don't be insolent, boy."

"Let us alone, then."

Mr. Carker gritted his teeth, but he made no rejoinder. Perhaps even his hard and obstinate mind realised that it was injudicious to add a quarrel with the Sixth to his other troubles just then. And most decidedly he had no intention of putting his head in

Harry Lovell realised that the tide was turning against the garrison of the Glory Hole, and he was desperate. He dashed his clenched fists full into Rupert Wake's face, and Wake relaxed his hold, gasping and rolling over on the floor. Lovell leaped up, with Wake's ashplant in his hand. He sprang to the window slashing out recklessly.

Four prefects were in the Glory Hole now struggling with the crowd of juniors—four more were clambering in hotly. But the reckless slashes of the ashplants drove back the clamberers—the lashes came across their heads and faces with all the strength of Lovell's sturdy arms. Beauchamp yelled and rolled back into the quad—Lucas and Knott jumped clear—Sutcliffe plunged on savagely. But a terrific lash in the face made Sutcliffe yell and dodge back, and he lost his hold and fell into the quad again.

The next moment Harry was grasped behind by Carsdale and dragged back. He kicked out behind savagely, and there was a wild howl from the bully of the Sixth. He released Lovell and staggered back yelling with anguish. Oliphant was still on the floor, and Wake was there, too—six or seven juniors were kneeling or standing on them, keeping them down. Tomlinson, pursued into a corner, was

Harry Lovell panted. Only two of the enemy remained in the Glory Hole, and both were struggling helplessly under a crowd of juniors. The window was clear—the prefects outside, in spite of Mr. Carker's furious objurgations, were holding off from the attack. There was not one of them who was not marked in half a dozen places.

"Hurray for us!" roared Bob Rake. "We've beaten them."

"Yaas, begad."

"Hurray!" gasped Bunny Bootles. "I say, Howard and Lumley have bunked out of the end window."

"Let them go, the funks!"

"They wouldn't help me up, the beasts—I mean I refused to run away, and they—"

"Come and sit on Oliphant."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, he might bite—you know Carker bit—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. "Do you bite, Oliphant?" "Gruunuuuh!"

"Throw them out!" panted Harry Lovell. "The others are holding back—they've had enough! Chuck them out! Wake first!"

"You bet!"

"Out you go, Wakey!"

Struggling and panting, Rupert Wake was whirled to the window by six or seven of the Fourth. He was jammed on the sill and rolled out, and he went sprawling helplessly to the ground below.

"Now, Oliphant—"

"Chuck him out!"

"Will you go quietly, Oliphant, old scout?" asked Harry.

"No!" roared Oliphant.

"Chuck him out, then!"

The enraged captain of St. Kit's struggled furiously; and overwhelming as the odds were against him, the juniors had their hands full with him. But he was whirled to the window.

There he made a desperate stand, clinging to the window-frame in spite of broken glass. But the whole crowd were at him, and under a torrent of blows and shoves and jabs, he rolled out of the window and dropped into the quad.

The rebels had won.

From the broken window of the Glory Hole a roar of cheering rolled into the quad, and echoed from end to end of St. Kit's. And fellows of other forms, looking on breathlessly from a distance, exchanged excited looks and comments.

"They've beaten the prefects!" said Babbie, of the Shell. "Oh, my hat! They've licked the prefects!"

"Cheeky young beggars!" said Gunter, of the Fifth. "They've got pluck, though!"

"Too much for Carker!"

grinned Price.

And some of the Shell and the Third cheered in answer to the roar from the Glory Hole.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Plan of Campaign!

"OW!"

"Yow!"

"Wow!"

"Oh, my eye!"

"Oh, my nose!"

Such were the ejaculations among the heroes of the Fourth after the attack had ceased, and the Sixth-form prefects had retreated. There was a big casualty list in the Glory Hole.

Swollen noses were as thick as blackberries; black eyes were not a few; bruises and bumps were unnumbered.

But they had beaten the prefects! There was glory in that for the rebels of St. Kit's, and it consoled them for their numerous and extensive damages.

Oliphant and Co. had retreated; Mr. Carker having shaken a furious fist at the broken window, and dodged a flying inkpot, had gone into the School-house—defeated, baffled, and in a towering fury. The quad was crowded with excited fellows, but none showed hostility towards the garrison of the Glory Hole—rather the reverse.

The heroes of the Fourth rubbed their injuries and uttered painful ejaculations, but they were not damped in spirits in the least. Success had its usual effect; even Bunny Bootles was valorous now, and glad that he had not succeeded in escaping by the end window with Howard and Lumley.

"Oh, my only aunt!" said Algernon Aubrey St. Leger. "I've got a bump on my napper as big as a roc's egg. I don't know how big a roc's egg is, but this bump is as big, or bigger. I believe my topper will go sideways—ow!"

"Look at my nose!" grinned Bob Rake. "All in the day's work, old top!"

"Oh, gad! Is it a nose?" ejaculated Algy, looking at it.

"It doesn't feel as if it was!" said Bob, rubbing it ruefully.

"We've beaten them!" said Stubbs. "Beaten the prefects! Lucky they couldn't all get at us at once."

"Oh, rot!" said Bunny, loftily.

"We'd have beaten the whole crowd! Did you see the way I handled Carsdale?"

"You did?" yelled Stubbs.

"I did—knocked him fairly flying—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"With one of my straight lefts, you know," said Bunny.

"I saw you bunking," answered Stubbs.

"Oh, I say!"

"Well, we've beaten them," said Durance, with a grin. "Poor old Oliphant! He's got a black eye."

"He'll have another to match it if he comes fooling near me again!" said Bunny, truculently. "I say, let's go after them. Let's go and wreck the Sixth-form studies!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!"

"Let's go after Carker and lynch him!" roared Bunny, bursting with valour in the absence of an enemy. "Don't be funky! Keep your eye on me. What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Righto! Bunny will lead," chuckled Bob. "Come on, Bunny! I'll drop you out of the window!"

"Eh?"

"I think I see Carker in the distance."

"Oh!"

"Ready?" demanded Bob.

"On second thoughts perhaps we'd better stick in the Glory Hole and keep the beasts out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, though!" exclaimed Bunny, struck by a new and really unnerving thought. "What about dinner?"

"Dinner!" repeated Algy.

"Yes, rather—dinner! It's dinner-time! Look out of the window—all the fellows are going in to dinner," said Bunny.

"You can go along with them if you like, old bean."

"Carker would collar me!"

"Yaas!"

"And wallop me, you fathead!"

"Yaas! It would do you good."

"You silly owl!" roared Bunny.

"I say, we can't go without dinner. Carker won't send us any here, I suppose."

"Ha, ha! Not likely!"

"What are we going to do for dinner, Lovell?" asked Bunny, anxiously.

The captain of the Fourth laughed.

"I haven't thought about that yet, my fat tulip!" he answered.

"Then you'd jolly well better think about it now!" said Bunny, warmly. "I'm hungry. Jolly hungry!"

"There isn't any grub here, that's a cert!" said Bob Rake.

"We shall have to do as they do in an open boat at sea, and become cannibals. Bunny's the fattest. I vote that Bunny goes first."

"Oh, I say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Still, it's got to be thought of," said Stubbs. "We've beaten them off, and stalled off the Carker-merchant. But we can't stay shut up in the Glory Hole without any grub. And if we go out they'll collar us."

"Seem to have landed ourselves in a precious fix," remarked Verney minor. "Wish I'd chanced it with Howard and Lumley now."

"It's not too late," said Harry, with a curl of the lip. "The window's open: I fancy Howard and Lumley will be sorry for themselves when Mr. Carker spots them—if not already. I think it's very likely he's taking it out of them in his study now."

"Serve 'em right!" said Bob.

"Yaas, begad!"

"But I say, what about dinner?" persisted Bunny Bootles. "Anybody got any toffee? I could hold out a bit on toffee."

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"Oh, I say!"

"Yes, dry up a minute, fatty,"

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at the broken window and leading the way. Like the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Toro, who led his regiment from behind because he found it less exciting, Mr. Carker preferred to exhort from the rear.

Oliphant turned to the garrison of the Glory Hole again, his eyes gleaming.

Between the snarling Mr. Carker and the rebellious juniors, Oliphant's usual good temper had quite failed him. He was in a towering rage now.

"I'm coming in," he said, between his teeth. "You'll answer for any damage you do."

"You'll take the risk!" said Harry, determinedly.

Oliphant shook off Wake's detaining hand and plunged recklessly in. He caught the chair in Harry's hands, and grasped it as he went plunging in, and rolled on the floor, dragging the weapon from the hands of the captain of the Fourth.

Wake was after him in a moment.

Bob Rake made a spring at Oliphant and landed on him, and Stubbs and Durance backed him up promptly. The captain of St. Kit's found himself pinned to the floor.

Wake was grasped by Lovell and St. Leger, and he staggered to and fro with the two juniors clinging to his arms, till Scott tripped him behind, and he came down with a crash.

But Tomlinson and Carsdale were coming through the window together, and behind them crowded Beauchamp, Lucas, Knott, and Sutcliffe. Behind them Mr. Carker was waving his cane and shouting encouragement.

Prefect after prefect dropped into the Glory Hole, in spite of the defenders at the windows. Wake had a grasp on Lovell, and they were struggling. And Lumley, Howard, and Bunny Bootles were already in retreat towards the other window.

defending himself frantically with his ashplant, as well as he could, against five or six fellows with rulers, chairs, and fireirons. The fray was growing desperate now.

Faces were at the window again—led by Sutcliffe, his face red with rage. Harry Lovell slashed at them recklessly, and again the sill was cleared. The prefects were fully exposed to his blows as they put their heads in, and they felt that it was not good enough. Mr. Carker made a dash at Harry through the window with his cane, and the captain of the Fourth lashed back and caught the tip of Mr. Carker's prominent thin nose. And Mr. Carker jumped away yelling.

"Down them!" roared Bob Rake. "Sorry to tread on your face, Oliphant—"

"Gurrrrrh!"

"Your own fault—"

"You asked for it, dear boy," said Algernon Aubrey. "We are only grantin' your earnest request, old bean."

"Grooogh!"

"Lemme gerrup!" spluttered Wake.

"Keep off!" Tomlinson was yelling in his corner, fairly scared by the shower of blows falling on him from all sorts of weapons. "Scott, you young scoundrel, keep that poker away—yaroooooh!"

"Hook it then!" said Scott.

"Keep off! I—yaroooooh!" yelled Tomlinson, as the poker came home again. He made a wild break for the window, and the juniors rushed victoriously after him.

Tomlinson plunged out, meeting Beauchamp, who was coming on again, half-way. The two Sixth Formers rolled to the ground together.

Carsdale was speeding along to the window at the other end of the Glory Hole. He tore it open and jumped out.

said Harry Lovell. "You fellows, we've got to think this out clear. We've held our own so far—"

"Hurrah for us!" chortled Bob.

"It's come to this—there's got to be a barring-out—"

"Hear, hear!"

"If the rest of the Lower School had joined up we'd have collared the School-house and held it against Carker."

"But they jolly haven't," said Stubbs.

"No; but there's the Fourth-form passage—we can hold that against all comers. There's only the staircase up, and that's a narrow one. We could hold it against all the Sixth if they back up the prefects—as they will very likely."

"Yaas, begad!"

"It's settled," said Harry, looking round. "We've gone too far to retreat now, if we wanted to. If Carker gets the upper hand now, it's floggings all round, and the sack for some of us. Who's for a barring-out?"

"Bravo!"

"Hands up for a barring-out!" shouted Bob Rake. Every hand went up, Bunny's fat paw as prompt as any. All the Fourth realised that there was no retreat open for them unless they could make honourable terms with the enemy—and that was only possible after a successful revolt and resistance. And the idea of a barring-out appealed to the excited juniors.

"Done, then!" exclaimed Harry Lovell. "We bar out Carker and Co., and our motto is no surrender!"

"No surrender!" roared the Fourth.

"But what about dinner?"

"Shut up, Bunny!"

"That's all very well, but dinner—"

"Kick him, somebody!"

"Yow-ow!"

"The fellows will all be at dinner now," said Harry. "The prefects most likely, unless they're too busy with Elliman's."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've got to get to our studies quiet and all together. If we're stopped we've got to fight our way."

"We're ready!" breathed Bob Rake.

The Fourth-formers drew together, every fellow grasping a weapon of some sort—ruler, or poker, or shovel, or chair-leg. Bunny Bootles squeezed into the midst of the array. Bob Rake quietly unlocked the door of the Glory Hole.

The passage outside was vacant. After the defeat of the prefects, Mr. Carker probably thought that the rebels would remain locked in for security—probably he was at that moment devising new means of getting at the garrison of the Glory Hole. As for Oliphant and Co., they were probably not thinking of the juniors at all—they had too many bumps and bruises and swollen noses and darkened eyes to attend to.

From the direction of the dining-room came a sound of knives and forks, and Bunny's mouth watered. But even Bunny did not think of venturing into the dining-room. Some of the prefects, at least, would be there—possibly even Mr. Carker himself.

"Quiet!" breathed Harry.

On tiptoe the rebels of St. Kit's filed out of the Glory Hole and headed for the big staircase. They were prepared to make a rush for it and fight their way if they were stopped. But discretion in the circumstances was obviously the better part of valour. There was a gasp from some of the juniors as they crossed the hall and Mr. Lathley came in sight. But the Fourth-form master passed on into the dining-room without glancing at the juniors, though certainly he saw them. They reached the big staircase.

There was a shout from a distance.

"Why—why—here they are!"

It was Carsdale's voice.

"Hook it!" called out Harry.

And throwing further concealment to the winds, the Fourth-formers scampered up the staircase with a rush. Carsdale, rushing after them, was collared on the stairs and hurled back into the hall, where he sprawled, yelling. And with a breathless rush, the juniors swarmed up the Fourth-form staircase above, and reached their own quarters.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Barred Out!

RANDOLPH CARKER was pacing the Head's study, his brows knitted, his hands clenched, his lead-coloured eyes glittering under his scowling brows. The tip of his long nose, where Lovell's lash with the ashplant had caught it, glowed crimson.

The new Head of St. Kit's breathed fury as he paced the study. His rage at the turn of events was almost beyond words—and he was at a loss. The "strong hand" had not served him; the rebels were still in rebellion; his authority was set at defiance by the Fourth, and weakening all through the rest of the school. His new methods at St. Kit's had not been a success—and the thought of the Governing Board hearing of the present state of affairs filled him with anxiety. The governors had sent him there—but not to turn St. Kit's into pandemonium. His prospects of permanently replacing Dr. Cheyne in the Head-mastership would be remote if this revolt and turmoil became known to the august governors.

It was all very well to contend that rebellious juniors had broken out of hand—that two or three ringleaders were responsible—the fact remained that nothing of the kind had happened in Dr. Cheyne's time. That fact was certain to outweigh all Randolph Carker's explanations and protestations.

He gritted his teeth as he paced savagely to and fro.

The revolt must be crushed—ruthlessly crushed—the ringleaders expelled—the rank and file reduced to submission—but how? The "how" was a perplexity.

There was a tap at the door, and Carsdale of the Sixth looked in—rather dusty and rumpled.

Mr. Carker gave him a glare.

"Well, Carsdale?" he rapped.

"They're out, sir—"

"What?"

"The Fourth have come out—"

Mr. Carker's face lighted up.

"They have come out?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir; I spotted them as I was going to the dining-room—they've come out of the Glory Hole and gone to their studies."

Mr. Carker breathed deeply.

The difficulty before him, which

had appeared almost insuperable, seemed to have rolled away of its own accord! He almost smiled.

"Ah!" he breathed, "they understand that it will not do—they know they cannot keep up this defiance of authority. Doubtless they know how I have already punished Howard and Lumley and Tracy." (A broken cane that lay on the study carpet seemed to indicate that the three deserters had been punished rather severely.) "I thought that this would not last long, Carsdale."

Carsdale took the liberty of doubting that statement, but he did not say so.

"So they are in their studies now, Carsdale?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Carker smiled and picked up a cane.

"I will go to them there," he said; "I have no doubt that I shall find the young rascals submissive enough now—no doubt they are thoroughly frightened at what they have done. Lovell and Rake I shall expel from the school—however, I shall flog them first. I shall flog the whole Fourth Form! Carsdale, you will come with me—tell

Oliphant and the rest that I may require their assistance. It is possible that there may be some slight trouble when the floggings commence."

Carsdale thought it very probable.

Mr. Carker picked up a birch and whisked out of the study. His face was full of bitter satisfaction—his eyes glittered with anticipation. Not for a moment did he doubt that the voluntary desertion of the Glory Hole meant that the revolt had broken down.

Very reluctantly the Sixth-form prefects gathered and followed Mr. Carker up the staircase.

There was something of a din from the Fourth-form passage above—a sound of dragging furniture. It puzzled Mr. Carker a little, and he hurried up the second flight of stairs, and crossed the landing that gave access to the Fourth-form staircase.

That staircase led to the Fourth-form passage and nowhere else. It was a rather narrow one with a curve in it. That staircase was the sacred property of the Fourth; it was an unwritten law that any fellow of any other form found on that staircase could be rolled down on his neck. Mr. Carker mounted the stairs with his "tail" of prefects behind him. He mounted as far as the bend.

There he stopped.

There were heavy oaken banisters on one side of the staircase, a wall on the other. Between the banisters and the wall half-a-dozen study tables were jammed with legs interlocked. Over the top of that barricade, hurriedly jammed into position, appeared the cheery face and swollen nose of Bob Rake. He had a hammer and nails in his hand, and was cheerily driving long nails through the legs and tops of the tables, nailing them together into a mass. Behind him a dozen of the Fourth were busy stacking chairs and desks against the barricade of tables, filling the upper half of the staircase to the level of the passage above.

Mr. Carker stopped—and stared.

It was not surrender after all. That was evident. Bob Rake spotted him looking up, and nodded cheerily.

"Hullo, old bird!" he said.

"Rake!" spluttered Mr. Carker.

"Here's the merry old reptile!" roared Bob Rake.

The barricade was crowded with faces at once. Mr. Carker mounted the stairs till he reached the up-ended tables.

"Lovell!" he shouted.

"Adsum!" said Harry, with a laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Remove this furniture at once!"

"Oh, don't be a goat," remonstrated Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You hear me, Lovell?" thundered Mr. Carker.

Oliphant looked at the other prefects, and the other prefects looked at Oliphant. The same thought was expressed in all their faces. They were fed up! For the present, at least, the St. Kit's prefects had had enough of scrapping with rebels. Without a word the Sixth-formers turned and descended the stairs and went back to their interrupted dinner.

Mr. Carker had laid hands on the barricade.

He gave a wrench, and the barrier creaked. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger reached over with his bonny little walking-cane, and gave a slash at the headmaster's knuckles, coolly and smilingly.

"Yarooop!"

Mr. Carker jumped back, and almost lost his footing on the stairs. He clutched at the banisters for support.

"Have some more, old bean?" asked Algy, amiably.

"You—you young—young ruffian! I shall expel you for this, St. Leger!"

"Dear man!" said Algy.

"I shall expel you, Lovell—"

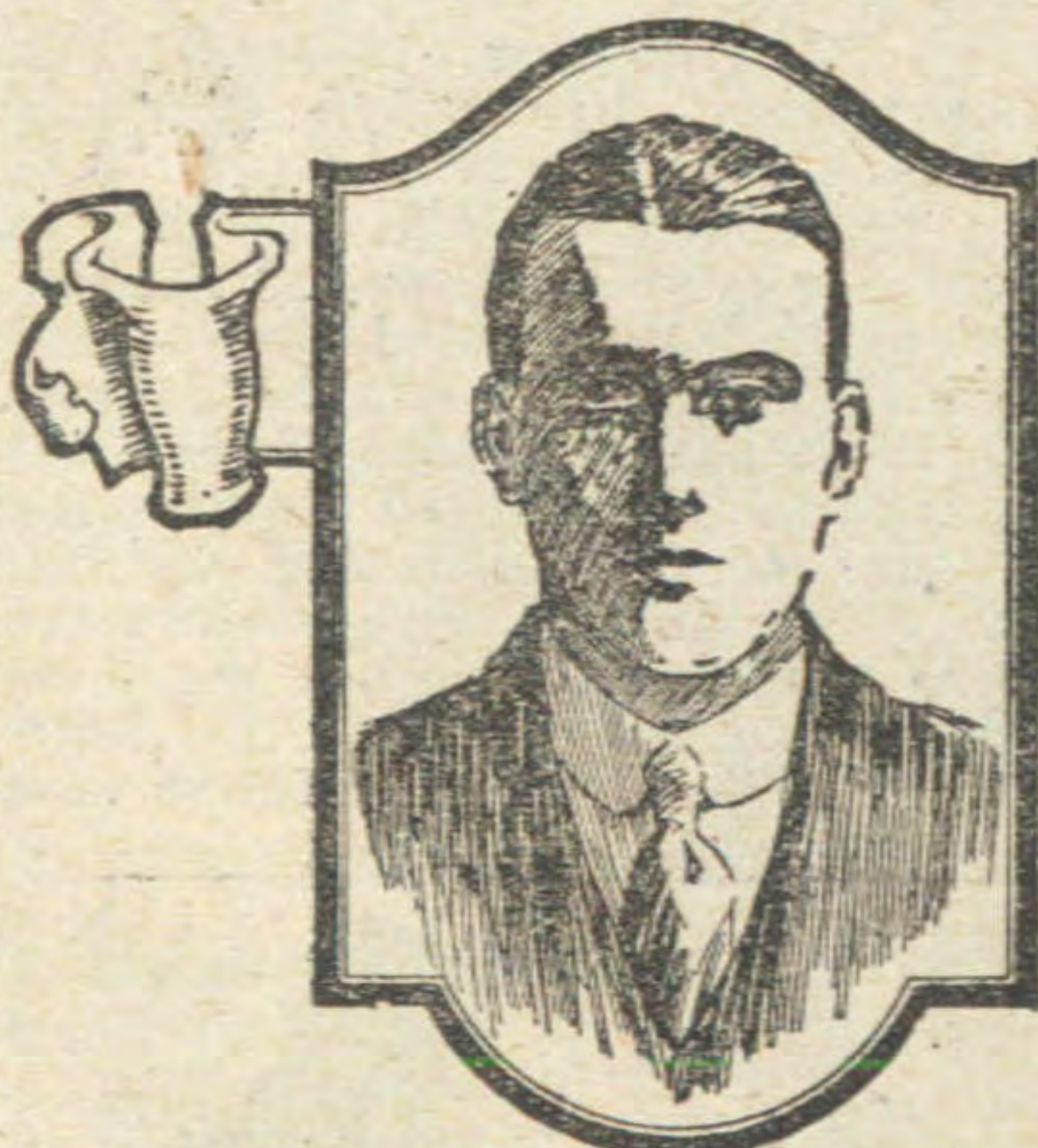
"Rats!"

"And you, Rake—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Give him beans!" roared Stubbs.

An inkpot flew. It was followed by a cushion, and then by an apple in a state of over-ripeness. The inkpot missed, but the cushion caught Mr. Carker under the chin, and the ripe apple landed in his



For Next Monday.

No. 10 of SCHOOL AND SPORT is going to break all records, and I am going to rely upon my chums to do their very utmost in helping along the circulation of their favourite paper. Their task is an easy one. All you need do is to get one new reader, and next week's number is a tip-top week for you to introduce SCHOOL AND SPORT to your chum, for in it will appear the opening chapters of

"MCKINLEY'S MILLIONS,"

by EDMUND BURTON.

The story is the most exciting adventure yarn I have ever read. It deals with a boy's amazing invention, and readers of SCHOOL AND SPORT will be interested to know that whilst the opening chapters of "McKinley's Millions" have been written for several weeks now the following paragraph appeared in the London "Evening News" only six days ago.

As "McKinley's Millions" deals with the recovery of treasure from ships sunk in the Great War the paragraph is of peculiar interest:—

TORPEDOED £2,000,000.

Salvage Man Thinks He Can Get It Up in 21 Days.

A London newspaper contains this advertisement:—

"A salvage engineer of world-wide experience has secured exclusive information of the location of a torpedoed vessel in international waters, containing £2,000,000 of Bullion.

"He has located the wreck and considers salvage operations feasible. A modern salvage vessel has been secured, and the sum of £3,000 is required for preliminary expenses.

"Generous terms offered to anyone finding all or a portion of this amount. Active participation from investor welcomed.

"Given suitable weather 21 days should complete the transaction. Speculative but genuine, and bears every investigation."

The long complete school tale of St. Kit's is entitled:—

"HARRY LOVELL'S SECRET."

and in this story I have persuaded the author to carry out the wishes of many of my correspondents. It would be unfair to reveal the secret, so you must wait until next Monday to find it out for yourself.

"THE CRUISE OF THE TARTAR."

John Winterton's great adventure yarn will appear in the form

"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.

of a long instalment, so altogether my chums will be getting very full value for money when they buy next Monday's issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT.

Footerprobs No. 5.

Owing to the very large number of efforts sent in for this competition, the result cannot be published until next Monday. The prize-winners' names will appear in these columns in No. 10 of SCHOOL AND SPORT.

INTERESTING SPORTS RECORDS.

A few weeks ago I published in SCHOOL AND SPORT a number of "records" performed by athletes during 1921.

A schoolmaster, who signs himself "Rugby," has written me an interesting letter, wherein he mentions records of other years.

"Various remarkable performances are recalled to mind by the writer. Among these is the unprecedented score of Albert Trott, who in 1899 scored over 1,000 runs and took over 200 wickets. In 1900, this same cricketer scored 1,337 runs and took 211 wickets. Mr. C. L. Townsend in the year 1899 doubled the number of runs scored by A. Trott, but did not secure so many wickets. His score was over 2,000 runs and 100 wickets. An exceptional performance is that of a schoolboy—A. E. J. Collins, of Clifton College—who several years ago excited a great deal of interest by scoring 628 not out in a boys' match. The lad was over seven hours at the wicket.

Captains Wanted.

On Page 9 of this issue readers will find details of our great new scheme for a League of Sportsmen, with this paper as its official organ.

Advance reports that have come to hand show that readers in all parts of the country are making great efforts to organise. The scheme is so simple and possesses such vast possibilities that all readers—boys or girls—are urged to get the form filled up.

Next Monday I hope I may have an opportunity of giving you a reproduction of the Certificate of Membership.

A strong point to bear in mind is the fact that every member will receive a beautiful certificate. These certificates will be well worth framing.

Study the scheme on Page 9 now and be a captain. You should have no difficulty in raising a team.

Replies in Brief.

R. Bettley (Thornton Heath).—Acknowledgment of your letter of December 27 last has been

"crowded out" until now. Your idea was a good one, and I hope to carry it out. What about raising an XI? You would make a fine captain.

N. P. Oversly (Liverpool).—Many thanks for your letter. Am glad you think so highly of SCHOOL AND SPORT. Write to me again and let me know how the paper is going in your part. And what about Captain H. P. Oversly?

H. Leggett (Scotswood).—Better late than never, you see. Was delighted with your letter. Write again when you've seen Page 9.

Edward P. Farr (Gidea Park).—Thanks, Edward. Yours was a splendid letter. Write again later. Any new readers down your way?

Alex. Holmes (Glasgow).—Greatly appreciated your letter. Glad you like the stories. Will you raise an XI? See page 9.

Alex. McKinney (Glasgow).—Thanks so much for your help and kind encouragement. How is SCHOOL AND SPORT going in Glasgow? Write again.

Wm. Walker (Tinsley, Sheffield).—It was so good of you to distribute the leaflets. Captain Walker of Tinsley sounds well. See page 9.

Geoffrey Kitching (Sheffield).—I received your letter safely and was so glad to hear from you. Perhaps you will raise an XI.

J. Purser (Ilford).—That's right, my chum. I am always delighted to receive suggestions. I hope to carry out your scheme. You have a lot of friends; why not raise an XI this week? See page 9.

Jack Cotterell (Pontypool).—You will have received your ball by now. I hope. There was a delay in the delivery. Now is your chance to raise an XI. See page 9.

William A. Clements (Sparkhill).—Sorry to hear you have been so ill. Yours was a splendid letter. I am going into the various schemes you mention. You are quite right; we do get better and better. Try to get more new readers. Brum is a big place, and we ought to do well there.

Miss T. Allen (Woolwich).—One of the nicest letters I have ever received. If the majority of my readers asked me to make SCHOOL AND SPORT a smaller paper I should do it. Thanks for your good wishes.

Your Editor

eye. It squashed there, and spread.

Mr. Carker gave a choking howl, and lost his hold. There was a roar of laughter from the Fourth as he rolled down to the landing.

"Oh! ah! ow! yow! I—I will flog you all—I will expel you all—I—I—I will—I—I—I—" Mr. Carker fairly babbled with fury.

"Go home, Carker!" chirruped Bob Rake. "It's a barring-out, old top—a merry barring-out, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. Go home, Carker! Go and eat coke."

"I—I—I—" An inkpot whizzed down the staircase, and dropped on Mr. Carker's head as he sat spluttering. Ink streamed down his face.

"Goal!" yelled Bob.

"Ha—ha—ha!" Randolph Carker staggered to his feet, daubed with ripe apple, streaming with ink, and scrambled away. A roar of hoots and cat-calls followed him.

The St. Kit's barring-out had begun! And nobody at St. Kit's—not even the rebels themselves—could surmise how it was going to end.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Siege Continues.

"LOVELL!" Harry Lovell, the captain of the Fourth, and leader of the revolt against the temporary Headmaster of St. Kit's, put his face above the barricade at the head of the stairs.

"Lovell! I am addressing you!" repeated Mr. Lathley.

"Yes, sir," replied Harry; "I'm listening."

"Now pay attention to me, Lovell," said the Form-master, gravely. "You have kept this up long enough. I must warn you that your conduct in leading this revolt against the Headmaster, and the authority which he represents, may get you into very serious trouble."

"Mr. Lathley," said Harry, standing up, so that his head and upper part of his body showed above the barricade of tables and forms which his companions of the Fourth were still in the act of nailing together. "Mr. Lathley, we're sticking up for justice, for Law and Order—"

"Hooray!" cried Stubbs.

"Good old Law and Order!" bawled Jones minor.

"Down with Carker! Up with Mr. Lathley!" The Fourth-formmaster's face showed a variety of conflicting emotions. He strongly disapproved of the methods of Randolph Carker, the temporary Headmaster of St. Kit's, and yet it was impossible that he should back up the leaders of an open revolt against the School Authority, in which his own position as a master made it necessary for him to take his share. He felt that he was still responsible to the School Governors for the good behaviour of his form. He was very popular with his boys, and he hoped that he might yet be able to induce Harry Lovell and Co. to give in, although the immediate consequences were likely to prove serious, and very painful to the members of the Fourth Form. But still, that would be far better than the consequences, should Lovell and Co. persist with their rebellion.

"Mr. Lathley," said Harry, "we have asked you to take command of us, who are in the Fourth Form, without having anything to do with Mr. Carker at all. We still stick to that—"

"Like glue," put in Durance.

Mr. Lathley looked very grave.

"My boys," said he, "I have already told you that I am unable to do what you ask. I can only trust that Dr. Cheyne will soon return and put an end to this nonsense. If—"

"Oh! do you?"

Mr. Carker's unpleasant voice was heard in the distance. There could be no mistaking it. He was climbing the narrow staircase again. So far Mr. Carker himself could not be seen. Then very gingerly he put his head round the angle of the wall.

"You wish Dr. Cheyne were back here again, do you, Mr. Lathley?" he said, grimly. "Then allow me to inform you that in all probability your wish will never fructify. I heard this morning that Dr. Cheyne is very ill indeed; dying, in fact—"

An ink-pot came whizzing

through the air, narrowly missing the temporary Headmaster's face. Other missiles followed, but the majority of the young rebels were too stunned by the dreadful news of Dr. Cheyne to pay any attention to his successor.

Harry Lovell dropped the ruler with which he had armed himself. It fell from his hand and clattered down the stairs, beneath the barricade. Algy St. Leger stood stock-still, his eyes wide open, an over-ripe orange poised in his hand. For once he forgot to put his famous monocle into his eye. Mr. Lathley seemed very upset.

"Dr. Cheyne—dying?" said Harry, in a whisper.

"Yes," rapped out Mr. Carker, "dying—probably dead by now. At any rate, in the critical state he's in, he'll die as soon as he hears of the havoc you've caused in the school, you—you young criminal!"

Harry Lovell's eyes flashed. "Criminal!" he cried. "You dare to call me a criminal, Mr. Carker! You, of all people—"

The Headmaster turned pale. "What do you mean, Lovell?" he asked, hoarsely.

Harry was rather taken aback. When he had said, "You, of all people," there was a meaning behind the words which he could not conceal. Should he now openly accuse Mr. Carker before his chums of having hired the services of the man Slaney to get Dr. Cheyne out of his way, perhaps for always? But, then, even his chums Algy and Bob Rake had not believed him when he had told them of his suspicions.

While Harry was still hesitating, Mr. Carker recovered his self-possession. Taking no notice of

a spasmodic shower of missiles, he walked openly to the foot of the barrier. With great deliberation he pulled out his watch.

"It is now half-past two," said he. "If you intend to keep up this farce, you must bear the consequences of your ridiculous, rebellious action. Not a scrap of food shall you have until you give in."

Bunny Bootles gave a deep groan.

"When you do give in—"

The Headmaster gritted his teeth and jerked his hand expressively, to indicate what would happen if there were a birch-rod in it. And the action, together with the anticipation of what must actually happen sooner or later, seemed to cause him considerable satisfaction.

Harry Lovell remained silent. He was still standing upright, staring defiance at Mr. Carker.

"You may stay here all night," continued the temporary Headmaster, brutally, "but neither bite nor sup do you get. I shall give orders for this staircase to be strictly guarded at the bottom, so that it will be impossible for anyone to make his escape. If, however, you should still continue to keep up this ridiculous nonsense until to-morrow morning—"

Here Bunny Bootles sighed with relief.

"If you are in exactly the same position to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, I shall communicate with the police."

"Hurrah!" cried Bob Rake.

"What ho! Bandy, the police force of Wicke!" jeered Stubbs.

Mr. Carker frowned.

"The police proceedings will

mean something rather more than Mr. Bandy," said he.

So saying, he turned upon his heel and descended the staircase. A few ink-pots and other missiles followed him, but most of the Fourth-formers were silent.

Mr. Lathley made a last appeal to Harry. The master, who had kept silence during Mr. Carker's harangue, was very upset indeed. His voice almost broke down.

"Lovell," he cried, "do think what you are doing! Think of Dr. Cheyne! Think of your father's grief when he hears what you have done!"

But Harry set his jaw firmly.

"I have thought, Mr. Lathley. You alone can help us now. If Mr. Carker is allowed to go on with his injustices, there is no knowing what the school will come to. For the sake of Law and Order, for the honour of St. Kit's, it is the duty of all of us to resist Mr. Carker's authority."

Mr. Lathley shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and went.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The War Council.

"WHAT'S to be done, old bean?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger fixed his eyeglass firmly into his eye. Harry had retired to the top study with his cousin, to hold a council of war. Stubbs, Myers, and Wheatford, and one or two of the more reliable fellows had been admitted also. Bob Rake had been entrusted with the defence of the staircase, and all the remaining Fourth-formers were with him. No one could be quite sure but that Mr. Carker's threat to leave them without food

until he should communicate with the police the next morning was merely a blind to put them off their guard, so that he might induce the prefects and Sixth-formers to make another rush.

"What's to be done, Harry, old bean?" asked Algy.

"What's to be done?" replied Harry. "Why, stick it out, and if Carker does fetch the police, as he threatens, then we must state our case to them. Carker is a brute—"

"Hear, hear!"

"A brute without a spark of humanity. It is not fair for the parents of the chaps at St. Kit's to go on paying fees when such a specimen is Head."

"Suppose you couldn't write to your pater, Algy," suggested Stubbs, "and tell him all about the doings of the Carker bird? He's chairman of the School Board, you know."

Algy looked thoughtful for a moment or two.

"Fraid not, old bean; you see, the pater wouldn't understand, most probably. The back numbers of his generation have not the powerful brains of us moderns; they can't help it, of course, for they haven't had our education. But unless we could rake up actual evidence that the Carker bird is a m e r r y criminal—forgery, or murderer, or pickpocket, or something in that line, I don't see that I can bring the pater into it."

As Algy pronounced the word "murderer," Harry Lovell again felt very much inclined to relate what he had seen and heard the night before at the window of Mr. Carker's study. But if Algy St. Leger would not believe his suspicions that the temporary Headmaster had hired the man Slaney to attack Dr. Cheyne in the Lynne Wood, then surely none of the others would do so.

At this moment the study door opened, and a fat face peered in.

"Blow away, Bunny," said Algy, "you're not wanted here. Your little brain is not powerful enough to give you a seat on the War Council."

"I believe Lovell said there were some buns left over after the last spread," began the fat junior.

"Run away, Bunny," said Algy, "and don't come here botherin' the war lords. You shall have your brekker to-morrow mornin' all right—maybe in the police station. Catchy on?"

Bunny Bootles turned rather pale.

"They only feed a chap on bread and water, don't they?" he asked, his voice quavering a little.

"Yaas, and it'll serve you right, you fat little boulder!" returned Algy. "That'll get your giddy avoirdupois down a few hundred pounds!"

"Ha—ha—ha!"

Harry Lovell did not laugh. "Perhaps Bunny is really hungry," he said; "I'm getting a bit peckish myself. Bunny, what do you really feel like? You will have to try and hold out till brekker to-morrow?"

Bunny put a fat paw caressingly about his ample waist-line, and groaned.

"Oh, crumbs! I'm feeling so awfully bad, you chaps. I believe I shall be really ill in a minute through having eaten no food for six hours. Oh! it's a dreadful feeling!"

Stubbs snorted.

"Kick the fat boulder out!" he said.

"Make him do a sally on his own," suggested Myers, "and fight his way through the sentries to the kitchen, if he's so jolly hungry!"

"Good idea!"

"Going, Bunny?"

"Nunno!" cried Bunny, hurriedly. "Some of you other fellows go, I'm not feeling well enough. O-o-o-o-oh!"

"Oh! dry up, Bunny," Wheatford chimed in; "let's kick him over the barrier and make him go!"

"O-o-o-o-oh!"

"No; wait a jiffy, you fellows!"

said Harry, as Myers, Wheatford, and Stubbs prepared to carry their plan into effect. "I've been seriously considering the matter. Even should Carker go and fetch the police, is it necessary for us to give in to them?"

"Cert'nly not, old bean," said Algy, cheerfully.

"My plan is this, Algy," Harry continued. "I think you're wrong



Manager: "Ah, I've caught you idling away your time again! How is it?"
Office Boy: "I reckon, boss, it's because of them rubber heels you are wearing."

A SHOCK FOR THE SHOWMAN.

At a seaside fair a tough old salt was gathering in pennies by the exhibition of a peep show which he had rigged up himself—heads of broken ginger-beer bottles for peep-holes, and a queer arrangement of lights and optical illusions within. A little girl with pig-tail braids standing out horizontally behind her head had paid her penny, and on tiptoe gazed at the wonders to be seen through the magic beer-bottles, which the old showman explained in response to her eager questions.

"And what's that blue light?" she asked.

"That's Napoleon crossin' the Alps."

"My! And what's the yaller light?"

"Oh, that's Missus Napoleon."

"But what's the big red light?"

"Red light? There hain't no red light."

"Why, yes, there is a red light, sir; and it's growing bigger and bigger."

"Wot? Here, you stand aside, missy, an' let's have a peep." He looked, then threw up both hands and roared, "Crikey! Me whole bloomin' show is on fire!"

A PRIZE EFFORT.

"I am sorry to say it, Henry," said the teacher, kindly, "but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic weak, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude."

"My!" exclaimed Henry. "Won't my dad be angry when I tell him that?"

"But you can tell him," continued the teacher, encouragingly, "that you did your very best."

"Did my best!" Henry replied.

"Why, dad wrote the whole of it himself!"

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.

HIS HORSE AN ACTOR.

I was performing in Gateshead a while ago, and, on passing up one of the streets, a cabman ran his horse into the footpath, nearly upsetting me.

"Hello, cabby! Where are you going?" said I, sharply.

"Excuse me, guv'nor, but I thinks my hoss knows yer."

"Your horse knows me?"

"Yis; yer're a hactor, ain't yer?"

"Well, a little bit."

"So is my hoss, guv'nor."

"Your horse an actor! Why, what part does he take, may I ask?"

"Why, does yer know that play where the chap says, 'A hoss—a hoss—my kingdom for a hoss'?"

"Oh, yes—you mean Shakespeare."

"Yes, that's the fellow—why, this is the hoss."

NO WONDER!

Farmer (to medical man): "If you get my way, sir, you might call and see the missus. She says she isn't well."

Physician: "What are her symptoms?"

Farmer: "I don't know. This morning, after she had milked the cows, fed the pigs, got the breakfast ready for the men, tidied up the house, built a fire under the copper in the washhouse, and did a few odd jobs about the farm, she complained of feeling tired-like. I can't think what can be the matter with her."

A WASTE OF PAINT.

A well-dressed gentleman was passing along the front of a building where some painters were busy, and an apprentice splattered some paint on him.

"See here, sir!" said the gentleman to the foreman, who stood by.

"Look how that young rascal of yours has spoiled my clothes!"

"I'm saying, Johnnie," called out the foreman, "if ye waste any mair of that paint, I'll come up and cuff yer ears for yer!"



Uncle: "What! Your hands cold! Put them in your pockets."
Tommy: "I can't; they're full of snowballs!"

THE SORROWS OF A TWIN.

"Yes," said the twin, who was so marvellously like his brother, "Jim has been a trial to me all my life. When we were a month old they had to tie a piece of ribbon round the arm of the one who'd been fed, or else they'd have busted Jim and starved me. But it was worse when we got older. Jim made nasty remarks about Brown's wife, and the following day Brown horsewhipped me. Then I got engaged to be married, and, while I was away for a week, Jim met my girl, and she married him. But I'll get the better of him some day," said the twin, in a spirit of gloomy prophecy. "Ten to one when I die they'll bury Jim, and that'll about square things up!"

TOO MANY RESTS.

An Englishman was rowing against an Irishman in a race at the Yarmouth Regatta. The Englishman was winning so easily that he stopped two or three times, and shouted to Paddy to come along.

After the race everyone was chaffing Paddy on the beating he had received from the Englishman, but he simply shrugged his shoulders and remarked:—

"If I had had as many rests as he had, I could have beat him quite easily!"

A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Gentleman (in railway train):

"How did this accident happen?"

Guard: "Someone pulled the cord and stopped the train, and the boat express ran into us. It will take five hours for us to clear the line for us to go ahead."

Gentleman: "Five hours? Great Scott! I was to be married to-day!"

Guard (a married man), sternly: "Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?"

in not letting Lord Rayfield know how things stand at St. Kit's. I told you and Bob this morning that I have grounds for a dreadful suspicion with regard to Carker, and I stick to it. At any rate, I intend to write to my pater, here and now."

Algy put his monocle to his eye, and considered.

"All right, old bean," he said at last. "Have it your own giddy way. P'raps you're right. But how do you propose to get the letter posted, dear boy?"

"Yes, how?" asked two or three of the Fourth-form War Council. The idea of resisting the police until such time as Lord Rayfield might come to the school and put things to rights—if, indeed, he should take such a step—was rather perplexing, even to the faithful Stubbs.

"Well, it's like this," said Harry Lovell. "Last night I escaped from the punishment room by climbing down the ivy. I've played that game once, and there's no reason why I shouldn't play it again."

The juniors looked very solemn. "You mean that you will climb down the ivy outside the study and post the letter?" asked Myers.

"More than that," Harry replied. "I mean to get into the kitchen under cover of darkness, and bag enough food to carry us all through until my pater, or Algy—or both—arrive. The police would have to fire on us, or burn the school down, to dislodge us from our position, and they're hardly likely to do either."

Bunny's eyes beamed.

"You mean to say that you'll really go and get some grub, old top?" he cried. "Of course, I'd go myself gladly, but—"

"But you funk it," put in Stubbs. "There's still time to repent, Bunny. You'd be doing Lovell a great service—"

"Look here, my old bean," said Algy St. Leger, "if you go down the ivy to do the giddy Raffles stunt and bring up the grub, of course, you'll want me to help you carry it up—?"

The Fourth-form captain shook his head firmly.

"No, thanks, Algy," he replied. "I'd sooner go alone. Besides, I want you to help Bob to defend the stairs; it's quite probable the prefects may attack us when it gets dark. I'll tie a clothes-bag round my waist to carry the grub in."

For a moment Algernon Aubrey looked very disappointed; he pondered deeply for a little while, and then, as if struck with a sudden determination, his face cleared.

"Righto, old bean!" said he; "of course, I'll do what's best."

And so, having determined to sacrifice his personal safety by entrusting himself to the ivy which reached the Fourth-form rooms on the second storey, Harry Lovell dismissed the War Council.

Tea-time came, and then supper-time, and still the rebels held out, taking turns, in parties of six at a time, to watch at the barrier.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Slaney Again.

"SH-sh-sh!"

"All serene?"

"Yaas; all right, old bean. Now for it!"

Harry Lovell quietly opened the middle window of the top study. He climbed upon the sill. For a few moments he stayed there, listening; then he felt for and grasped the gnarled trunk of the dusty old ivy, which had spread all over the walls of St. Kit's, within the memory of the great-grandfather of the oldest inhabitant of Wicke.

All was quiet. Fortunately the night was a very black one, for there was no moon. When Harry had got about half-way down the ivy-trunk, a dog began to bark in the yard of old Cootie's lodge. The sudden noise of the school porter's dog almost unnerved Harry Lovell for a moment, and he nearly fell, but he recovered himself immediately. Then he heard a sound above him, from the direction of the study window. He paused to listen, but the sound was not repeated. Perhaps it was only the wind! It was as well for Harry that he had taken stock of the position of the ivy trunk. It was also very fortunate for the junior

that it ran within a foot of the window of the Top Study of the Fourth.

Harry reached the ground in safety. He was rather scratched, but otherwise unhurt. In his pocket he carried two precious letters, which he intended to post in the village of Wicke itself; he was not going to entrust them to the pillar-box which might or might not be cleared next morning, according to the energy of the village postman. One of these letters was from himself to his father, Colonel Lovell; the other was from Algy to Lord Rayfield. The substance of both letters was the same: the injustice and cowardly bullying of Mr. Carker.

Harry intended to creep round to the quadrangle, and thence gain his way to the road by clambering through the shrubbery and scaling the wall, which was not very high. Naturally, the gates would be locked. Anyhow, he would have to pass in front of Mr. Carker's study. It was close upon midnight, and practically certain that

It was Slaney!

The junior's first impulse was to untie the clothes-bag which he carried around his waist, fling it over the man's head, and alarm the school. But Harry Lovell had read enough about the law and its ways to know that this would be a very fruitless proceeding, for without witnesses nothing could be proved; besides, Carker might come to the rescue of his nocturnal visitor before help should arrive.

So Harry had to content himself with watching and listening.

Slaney was the first to speak. His voice was far from pleasant, and when Mr. Carker answered him, it was clear that the nocturnal visitor was not welcome, and this midnight meeting not of the Headmaster's choosing.

"I've come as I said I was going to," said Slaney, in a gruff whisper. "To make you pay your extry instalment for me bein' so obligin' as to get the old Doctor out of the way so 'as to get you 'Eadmaster 'ere. So out with the

Dr. Cheyne's life had been saved only by the intervention of Harry Lovell and his chums of the Top Study. At any rate, it appeared as if Slaney would use to the full his hold over Mr. Carker, even to the extent of blackmail.

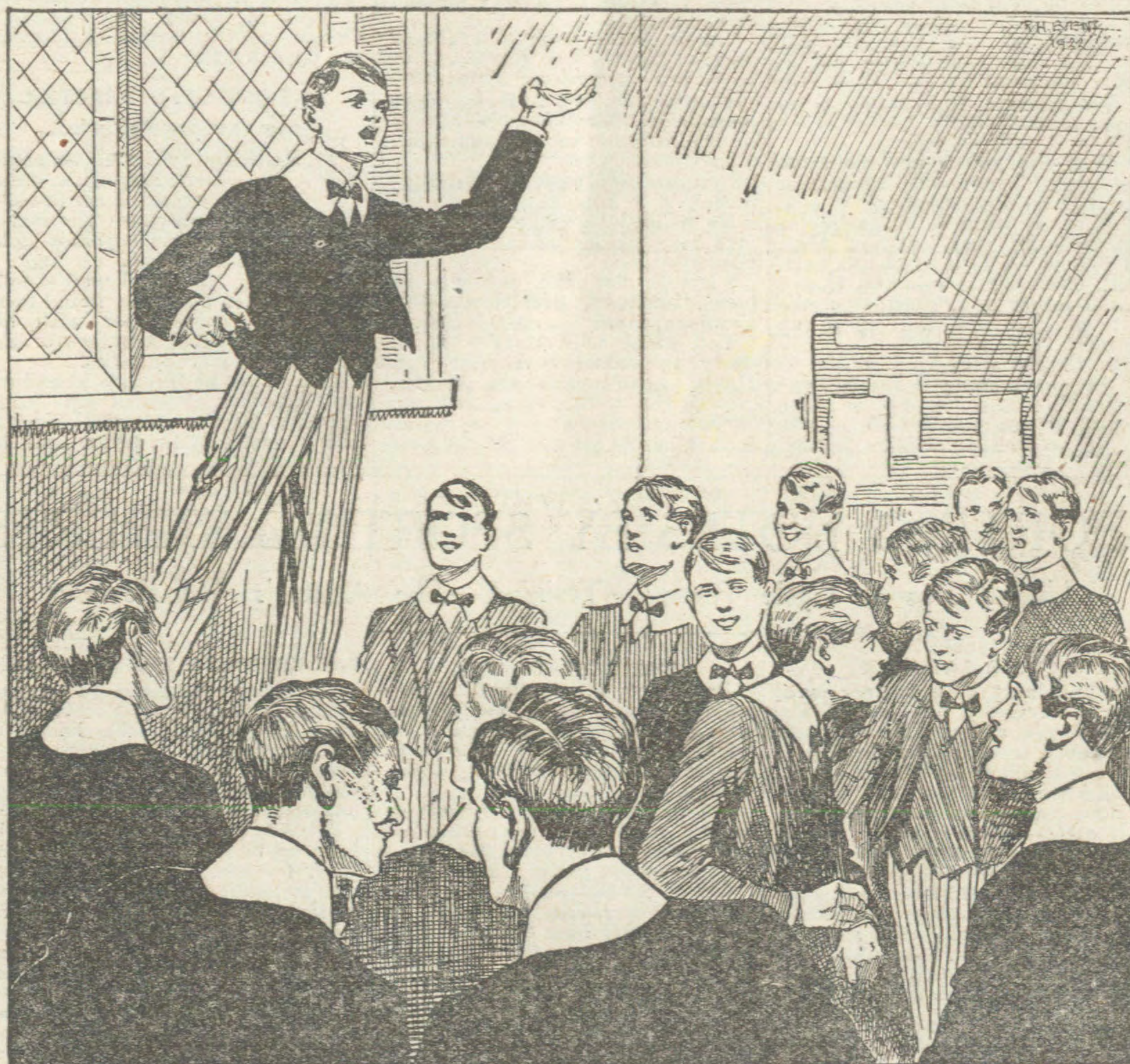
Mr. Randolph Carker was back in a few seconds, however, and it seemed as if he were counting out some treasury notes in his hand.

"That's the style, Carker, old feller!" said Slaney, in a hoarse whisper. "Now p'raps you would oblige me with the other three quidlets? That'll save me the bother of callin' on you to-morrow—"

Mr. Carker drew himself up angrily.

"You scoundrel!" he gasped. "Not another farthing of my money do you have—"

"Gently, Carker, gently! Remember I laid out old Cheyne for you—yes, and would have done 'im in as you wanted me to, if it 'adn't been for those boys—bless 'em! You're 'Eadmaster 'ere—that's a practicly fixter now, as you sez



"Gentlemen of the Fourth-form at St. Kit's," cried Harry Lovell, "we've stood up for our rights, and downed the tyrant!" (see page 2).

the Headmaster would have retired to bed.

Harry gave a glance at the study windows. There was no chink of light shining at the sides of the blinds. The room was in darkness. But suddenly, as Harry crept stealthily along the grass by the side of the pathway in front of the Head's study, he imagined that he heard the sound of a man's heavy breathing, coming from the deep shadow of the wall. At this moment the clock of Wicke Church struck twelve—the deep notes sounding loudly in the stillness of the night.

Hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away when Harry Lovell distinctly heard a stealthy movement from the direction of Mr. Carker's study window. The next moment the blinds were illuminated by a faint glow, and one of them was raised a little. A shadow came between the window and the blind, then very slowly and quietly the window was opened from the bottom. Harry laid himself flat on the ground and watched.

A man came out from the shadow of the wall, and approached the open window in which was silhouetted the tall, thin figure of Mr. Carker.

Harry Lovell had no difficulty in recognising the man. It was the same individual he had seen the night before, while escaping from the punishment room.

Bradburys, Carker, or I'll know the reason why."

Mr. Slaney had one of his hands behind his back, and Harry saw that he held a great, thick, knotty stick in it.

"According to our original bargain," said the temporary Headmaster, in a low tone, "you said that you would do what I required of you for ten pounds. I gave it to you last night, but you insisted on having more. I had not sufficient at the time, so you must needs come for it to-night."

"Right you are, old feller!" returned Slaney, cheerfully. "You always was a oner for graspin' facts! Dole me out five quidlets, and I'll only arske you for three more to-morrow!"

"What?"

"Shurely you ain't deaf, Carker? I said as 'ow I'd only stick yer for three quid to-morrow."

As he said this the amiable Slaney made a slight motion with his right hand which held the stick. Slight as it was, the movement of the arm did not escape Mr. Carker, who evidently guessed that his unwelcome visitor held a weapon. With something very like a sigh, the Headmaster returned from the partly open window. Perhaps he now regretted his criminal action in hiring the villain Slaney to attack Dr. Cheyne, the rightful Headmaster of St. Kit's in Lynne Wood, when

'e's dyin', and all through me; and 'cos I arske yer for a bit more o' the necessary to 'elp me starvin' wife an' fam'ly, yer cuts up rough!"

"Look here, Slaney," said Mr. Carker, now thoroughly angry; "I tell you what I'll do, you blackmailer! I'll detain you here until the morning. I've arranged for the police to send a large detachment at seven o'clock!"

"Whew!" Mr. Slaney whistled. "Wot for? Goin' back on yer word to me last night, are yer, Carker?"

The right arm moved above his head this time. He stood with stick poised in a threatening attitude.

"It's nothing to do with you," replied the Head. "Some boys at this school, led by the one who struck you, if it gives you any satisfaction to know it, have caused a slight disturbance. I threatened to call for the police if the boys should not have given in by to-morrow morning; but I thought it advisable to act in any case, and so I have actually made arrangements."

By the light from the study window, Harry saw that Slaney grinned.

"Wot, fetch me old college chum Bandy?" he asked.

"No," retorted Carker. "Although not serious, I fear that the disturbance is more than Mr. Bandy is able to deal with single-

handed. And so he has telegraphed to the nearest town for a large detachment."

"Whew!" said Mr. Slaney. "Well, Carker, you always knew the way to 'andle a ticklish situation. I don't doubt as 'ow I could knock yer backwards, down and out, with the greatest of ease; but I'll not be so crool to a poor old gent like you. So if you'll just 'and me out the three quidlets—"

"Yes?"

"I'll go an' I'll never come back agin—until you want me. Old Cheyne might recover!" he added, brutally.

Without replying, Mr. Carker again disappeared from the window. He came back again with the extra notes in his hand.

"Go, then," he said, "and never come back again. At least, not until I should send for you," he added, as an afterthought.

Mr. Slaney took the notes.

"Thankee kindly, sir," said he, with mock civility. "And now, since you've bin so gen'rous, I'll wish you a very good-evenin', Merry Chris'mus, and 'appy New Year, an' go 'ome an' take the missus and kids to the theayter. Good-night, Carker!"

Slaney left the window and jumped like a cat on to the grass, where his footsteps would be noiseless. He landed very near to Harry's head, but fortunately did not touch him.

Mr. Carker stood silhouetted between the window and the blind for a full minute, quite motionless. Evidently he was thinking—thinking deeply. Then he turned, pulled back the blind, and put his hands on the window to close it.

This was Harry's opportunity, and he took it. He rose to his feet quickly and noiselessly, and sprang towards the window.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Witness.

BEFORE Mr. Carker had time to close the window, Harry had wriggled through the opening. The Headmaster retreated before him with a terrified expression on his face. The Fourth-form junior had taken him completely unawares, and his guilty conscience caused him to turn deathly pale.

Harry Lovell confronted him in the study. For at least a minute the two stood and faced each other, the one with flushed face and determined jaw, the other pale, with teeth chattering.

At last Harry broke the silence.

"Mr. Carker," he said, "this morning, on the staircase, you called me a criminal. I have listened to your conversation with Slaney from beginning to end, and I know that it is you who are nothing less than a most despicable criminal. The man who could hire a rough to injure Dr. Cheyne in order to get his job is only fit for prison. And you had the awful cheek to send for the police to take me into custody! You!"

Mr. Carker blinked at Harry Lovell, undecided how to answer. For a few moments he stood irresolute, and then, as if struck with a sudden thought which caused him great relief, his features became composed, and his thin lips shaped themselves into a cunning smile.

"You—you impudent young rascal! You dare to accuse me of attempting the very worst crime it is possible to commit—you, a boy! A boy who has led an open mutiny against the authority of his school! I defy you to prove that crime of which you accuse me!"

His smile grew more and more cunning. "You think you have learnt sufficient from a certain conversation, when you were eavesdropping outside the window, to accuse me of the attempted murder of Dr. Cheyne—a man I like and respect." He used Harry's own words with a faint suspicion of mockery. "I must warn you, my boy, that although you imagine that you know everything, there is one thing you seem to know nothing about, and that is the law of this country. You might swear to a British jury until you were blue in the face that what you have seen and heard to-night is true, but nobody would believe you unless there were another witness. The law requires two witnesses, you—you young Jackanapes!"

For a moment Harry Lovell was taken aback. He had not thought of this. He blamed himself

bitterly for having set out on his midnight adventure alone. If only he had allowed one of his chums to accompany him. If only Algy was here now—

Randolph Carker's face wore a look of triumph.

"You see!" he cried. "You are rather too clever, my boy. Like most law-breakers you have forgotten one essential point which was necessary for the success of your plan. I can only repeat that no juryman will take your word against mine. The word of a single witness is of no use whatever, thanks to our just laws!"

Mr. Carker had completely regained his self-confidence. Feeling himself safe he began to resume his bullying attitude.

"As for you, Lovell," he continued, "I am going to make an example of you. You shall be publicly birched before the whole school! And you will then be handed over to the police for inciting rebellion and riotous conduct."

Mr. Randolph Carker paused for a moment, and he fixed the Fourth-form junior with a steely look.

"Yes," he continued, "and I shall take personal proceedings against you for defamation of character."

Harry Lovell stared back unflinchingly.

"Witness or no witness," he said quietly, "I know what I have heard to-night. I know enough that you have been bargaining with that scoundrel Slaney. You may even make use of him again should Dr. Cheyne recover."

Mr. Carker gave a grim chuckle. "Prove it, you insolent young rascal!" he cried. "I say you have no witness and—"

"Yaas he has, Carker, old bean!" came a voice from the window. "There's little me. I've followed Lovell, and I've heard everything!"

Mr. Randolph Carker gave a jump as if he had been shot. He turned quickly towards the window. Harry Lovell was as quick.

There, holding back the drawn blind, studying the strange scene before him through his famous eyeglass, stood the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bad for Carker!

"CARKER, old bean, your number's up!"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger came forward as he spoke, and Mr. Randolph Carker's face became deathly pale. The next instant two hectic spots showed on his cheeks, and his eyes glittered like those of a wild animal. With a sudden movement he seized a heavy chair and raised it above his head.

"Look out!" gasped Harry Lovell. "Go for him, Algy!"

Before Carker could strike the two Fourth-formers were upon him. Algernon St. Leger seized the infuriated man's wrists, so that the chair toppled in his grasp and fell harmless to the floor, whilst Harry Lovell gripped him tightly round the collar.

"Hands off, you impudent young demons!" cried Mr. Carker, struggling violently in the grasp of the two juniors. "Let me go! Let—oh!"

Mr. Carker became suddenly quiet.

"Boys!" he muttered. "This must cease at once. I have something to say to you. Something of great importance."

Harry Lovell kept his hold, while Algy went deliberately to a well-known corner of the study and fetched Mr. Carker's cane. He swished it before the Headmaster's face.

"If you attempt any treachery, dear man," said Algy, "I'll lay this giddy stick across you. Do you catch on?"

He raised the cane to be ready for an emergency, and the Fourth-form captain released his prisoner. Randolph Carker tried to straighten himself out a bit. He was very dishevelled. He cleared his throat.

"Now, you boys," he exclaimed, "this outrageous affair must stop—it can go on no further. Perhaps there has been some—some slight misunderstandings on both sides. I am willing to admit that I have been a little hasty in my actions. It will perhaps be better if we both forget everything that has happened. If you can give me an undertaking to say nothing about to-night's unfortunate scene I will

take no further steps in the matter of the rebellion—"

"And leave you at large!" interrupted Harry Lovell, angrily. "You want us to leave you to carry on your foul work. No, Mr. Carker, this must be put into the hands of Lord Rayfield!"

Mr. Carker's eyes narrowed. For a moment he seemed to be considering whether it would be safe to make another attack upon the two determined Fourth-formers; but the sight of St. Leger's cane poised above his face cowed him.

"Now, Algy, old chap!" continued Harry. "Would you mind going to the village and posting the letters? But wait a jiffy—I've got a brain-wave! There's a West-country up-train which stops at Wicke at about 1.30 a.m. If the guard has notice in time, how would it be for you to tell the stationmaster to phone to Chichester—the last stop—to get the train stopped? You could then get to town and knock your pater up at once. Father's staying with your people; ask him to come along, too. Get 'em to come in the car, if you can, right away."

"Good biz!" cried Algy, enthusiastically. "Harry, I must say this for you—you've got a pretty powerful brain. Must run in the family, you know, since you're my cousin!"

Harry Lovell smiled.

"Why did you follow me from the study window?" he asked.

"I told you not to come."

"But I didn't promise I wouldn't, old bean," replied Algy. "I told you I'd do what was best. Well, obviously it was best that I should follow you, considerin' the sort of bounder we were up against! Catchy on?"

Mr. Carker smiled grimly.

"As you're going to the railway station," he said, "I shall be much obliged if you would take a note for me to Police-constable Bandy.

I have already given instructions for a force to present itself here at seven o'clock, and I—I now feel I ought to countermand the order."

Mr. Randolph Carker began to move towards his table, but Algy flourished the cane in front of his face.

"No you don't, Carker!" he said. "You've given orders for the merry police to come; well, let 'em! P'raps it's as well they are comin', old scout—it'll save the pater the bother of fetchin' 'em!"

Mr. Carker bit his lips. His eyes were like those of a caged lion. He was beginning to realise that these two Fourth-formers had hopelessly outwitted him.

Harry Lovell took over the cane from his cousin, snatched the two letters out of his jacket pocket, and gave them to Algy.

"Good luck to you, old chap!" said Harry.

"Yaas, I hope so," drawled Algy. "A merry go wakin' the giddy family up in the middle of the night! Wonder what the dear old aunts will say when they hear the door-knocker bangin' and rattatin'. Think the merry house is bein' burgled!"

"Well, hurry along, old fellow," laughed Harry, "or the train will have left Chichester before the stationmaster has time to 'phone from here. Remember you've got to drag him out of bed, and that'll take time!"

"Righto, old bean!" said Algy, hastily.

He walked to the window. Before he went out he turned to the Headmaster.

"By-bye for the present, old bean!" he said, cheerily, and then he disappeared into the night.

Left alone with Carker in the study it suddenly dawned upon Harry Lovell that the original reason for undertaking his nocturnal adventure was to obtain food from the kitchen for the bene-

fit of the rebels. But the question was, how was he to carry out this project and at the same time keep Randolph Carker under guard?

The only possible way was to alarm the house. Harry hated to do so, especially as Algy was no longer there. Besides, perhaps his story would be disbelieved. Mr. Carker would most certainly deny everything, and escape at the first opportunity.

Suddenly, with a spring like a tiger, Mr. Carker was upon him. The Fourth-form junior had been so deep in thought that the other had seized his advantage, and a chair as well. Before Harry could dodge the infuriated Carker had raised it above his head and brought it down with tremendous force on the Fourth-form captain.

Instinctively Harry put out his elbow to break the force. It did so a little, and probably saved his life, but all the same, that savage blow was not entirely warded off.

The world seemed to go black and spin around before the eyes of Harry Lovell. He sank to the carpet with a deep groan. The last thing he was conscious of was a blurred vision of Randolph Carker moving hurriedly towards the open window.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

How the Pursuit Ended.

WHEN Harry Lovell returned to consciousness, a faint white streak showed at the border of the blinds of the Headmaster's study, and a yellow light filtered into the room.

Gradually Harry Lovell's wits came back to him. He found himself lying on the floor, with his head near one of the legs of the Headmaster's study table.

And then he became conscious that his head and arm were aching. He felt his forehead. It was burning with fever, and he

found that there was a big bump on it.

Suddenly he recollected the incidents of the night before, and his first thought was for Carker. Had the man slipped through his fingers? He remembered that he had seen him make towards the window.

Harry looked at his watch. It was now ten minutes to five. So he had been lying there unconscious for more than four hours! And he was alone.

Harry thought it wonderful that nobody had been awakened by the noise which must have proceeded from the study, especially when Carker had struck him down with the chair.

Harry Lovell scrambled to his feet, using the table-leg as a lever. He was weak, and tottered; but Carker must be found. That was the chief thing. He went to the window and looked out. On the soft loam of the flower-bed beneath were the unmistakable impressions of Carker's feet. Some marks of big, clod-hopping boots were also there—evidently they were Slaney's.

The window was open at the bottom, and Harry clambered through it.

Everything seemed strangely quiet as the Fourth-former walked along the grass by the side of the path leading to the main gates.

The gates were slightly ajar. Randolph Carker must have had the key, and in his hurry failed to close them.

The Fourth-form captain halted when he reached the roadway. Which direction had Carker taken? It was useless to look for footprints on the hard roadway. The temporary Headmaster had heard him suggest to St. Leger that he should have the night up-train stopped at Wicke station. Carker had not been long in following Algy out of the study. What if he should have followed, intending to hide himself from Lord Rayfield's son until the train was actually in the station, and he would board it unseen by the Fourth-former?

With these thoughts in his head, Harry Lovell turned in the direction of the station, which was some two miles from St. Kit's.

Harry stopped to bathe his forehead in a running brook. The injury was not as severe as he had thought at first, and the bump had gone down considerably.

His way led him across the high bridge which spans the River Wicke. As the junior approached it in the early morning, with the birds twittering, and the cocks crowing in the farmyards around him, Harry could not help recalling the circumstances of his first crossing of that bridge, when he had dived from it to save his cousin Algy, who was drowning.

Now everything looked very peaceful in the early morning light—the sheep grazing in the meadows, through which the broad river ran.

Just before he came to the bridge, Harry had to turn round a bend in the road. On one side of the road was a thick hedge, on the other a thick wood. It was a very lonely spot. The Fourth-form captain turned the corner, coming almost immediately upon the bridge.

At the nearer end, standing by the parapet, were two men apparently in earnest conversation. They seemed to be in the midst of a violent discussion, for the voices were being raised at every word. Both were trying to talk at once, and they were too busy to notice the St. Kit's junior.

Harry Lovell recognised them at once. One was tall and thin and straight, and the other tall also, but much bigger in proportion. His face was an evil one, with foxy eyes.

It was Carker and Slaney! "No good you 'angin' on to me, I tells yer!" said the amiable Slaney, at length. "I've put up with you in my 'idin'-place in the woods since one o'clock, and I ain't the merry codger to run the risk of bein' caught by the cops through you. Not this chicken! It's daylight, I say, and you must 'op it from 'ere, Carker. This 'ere wood's my little preserve, it is."

"I tell you I shall be seen and recognised in this neighbourhood," remonstrated Randolph Carker. "You must let me stay in the wood. I realise my mistake now. May God forgive me. I'm not a common criminal, man. It's hard times which have made me resort

SPORTING NOTES BY SPORTING EXPERTS

Useful Tips on Cycle Racing.—Training.—The Athlete's Will-Power.

CYCLE RACING.

A prominent cycle racer recently gave some useful hints at a junior athletic club, and a reader of SCHOOL AND SPORT very kindly made notes of his remarks and sent them up for publication in his favourite paper.

Here are some of the "tips":—
If you value your health and all that health means, do not on any account continue cycle racing if you find yourself unsuited to the pastime. If you persist in racing when you are not really physically strong enough to stand the strain, then you cannot fail to do yourself serious injury, so serious, indeed, that it may become permanent and set you back in health for the rest of your life.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The position of the body which cycle racing demands lends itself in a constitutionally weak junior to lung and heart affections, and it is a risk which I most strongly urge you not to take.

WHEN YOU ARE TRAINING.

Many young athletes when they are training for cycle racing make a big mistake in taking the matter too strenuously to start with. You should not change your mode of living suddenly.

If you make a sudden and radical change in your diet, for instance, it cannot possibly be good for you.

The one thing, however, which you can give up suddenly—and benefit by it from the very start—is smoking. Smoking undoubtedly harms the "wind," and it is a thing you should give up at once when you start training.

The young sportsman must remember that in training the endeavour is to get into form—in other words, to get fit—as quickly as possible.

But you must do all things within reason, and not, as I have said, be in too great a hurry to completely change your whole mode of living.

THE WILL TO WIN.

During my life I daresay I have attended more athletic meetings than any other man, and, while I am addressing you, I think I should tell you of one important thing I have noticed.

I have observed the power of self-control which our most successful athletes have at all times shown when they have been put to the test.

One of my mottoes has been: Race till you drop rather than be beaten, and time after time I have seen the man or the boy who has made up his mind at the commencement of the race to win stick with grim resolution to his task, and by exercising will power wear down the rest of the contestants.

You cannot do better than resolve from the beginning of a race to win through. It will bring you success.

TWO SIMPLE EXERCISES.

Here are two good exercises for the legs and back. You can carry out these in your bedroom night and morning:

First Exercise.

Stand erect, head up, knees firm and straight, and heels together, hands closed at sides. Raise the arms slowly, straight out, and up to a line with the shoulders, while taking in the breath through the nose. Count three, and slowly bring the arms round in front of the chest, till the thumbs meet; then slowly sink the arms into position at the sides, holding the chest up, until the hands have to separate, when the chest is allowed to flatten completely. Repeat five times.

Second Exercise.

Stand on tiptoe, with the fingers resting on the back of a chair; sink slowly down on to the heels, but without letting the heels touch the floor, and then slowly rise to full height. Make the toes and legs do the work, using the chair as little as possible. Repeat five times.

THE NATIONAL SPORTS GROUND

Work has commenced on the new National Sports Ground at Wembley Park, where the Cup Final is to be played next year.

The newspapers recently published the following facts about this huge undertaking:—

One side of the arena is going to be built up in a series of three magnificent terraces, with exhibition stalls and restaurants, and with staircases leading from them to the sports ground at various levels.

On the other side of the ground huge stands are being erected, and underneath these there will be up-to-date training quarters, changing-rooms, gymnasiums, bathrooms, committee and recreation rooms and offices.

There will be seating accommodation for 30,000 spectators, whilst 125,000 will be able to comfortably gain admission to the spacious ground and witness these great games on the finest turf procurable.

BACKS AND DRAWBACKS.

Leigh Richmond Roose, the great goalkeeper, had a pretty wit. On one occasion he was playing behind a back who was notorious for blaming others for the consequences of his own mistakes. In the course of the game the back miskicked right in front of goal, and the ball sidled into the net before even Roose could get to it. "Humph," snorted the growler as Roose retrieved the ball, "there are goalkeepers and goalkeepers." "Yes," answered the Welsh international, "and there are backs and drawbacks."

WHAT ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL?

The Editor of SCHOOL AND SPORT invites responsible members of school and other junior football teams to send in reports of matches, etc. When space permits, these reports will be published.

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to all this. And all to secure a position! Let me stay in your hiding-place until to-night. I'll be quiet enough."

Slaney gave a brutal laugh. "Quiet enough, sez you! You can be a ve like a thumpin' lamb, Carker; but that ain't the point. You must 'op it from 'ere, and 'op it quick!"

Randolph Carker looked at the big, burly ruffian before him, and an ugly glint—that glint which Harry Lovell knew meant trouble—was in his eyes.

Then almost instinctively his gaze travelled from the man to the bridge parapet, and from the parapet to the River Wicke, swirling and eddying some forty feet below them.

At this point the attention of the two disputants was suddenly diverted in another direction.

Harry, too, instinctively turned his head and looked along the road on the other side of the bridge.

A motor-horn had sounded. It was an unusual thing to hear in this lonely spot at a little after five in the morning. A car was coming in a cloud of dust along the road. It was a large open car, and it had gained the bridge, and begun the mild ascent of the curve, when the struggle between Carker and Slaney commenced in earnest.

Harry Lovell saw it coming; but it was too late to interfere.

"Help! Help!" The Fourth-form captain shouted at the top of his voice, and waved frantically to the people in the motor.

There was a grinding of brakes and a splutter of sparks as the wheels skidded along the surface of the roadway. The car stopped dead in the centre of the bridge.

"Harry! Here we are!" A voice came from the motor, and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger jumped from his seat next the driver.

Randolph Carker and Slaney had broken off their argument to watch the approaching car. Evidently Slaney had more curiosity than the temporary Head of St. Kit's—which made him look the longer—or, perhaps, his wits were not so keen. Be this as it may, Randolph Carker could not resist the opportunity offered by his enemy's diverted attention. Regardless of the fact that a St. Kit's junior—the very one who had caused his downfall—was standing within a few yards of him, and that a motor was rapidly approaching, he made a desperate spring at Slaney, and gripped him round the waist.

Carker seemed endowed with superhuman strength, for he lifted the ruffian on to the parapet as though he were a baby. Slaney gave a roar of alarm.

He grasped Randolph Carker in a grip of iron. Slaney was a powerful man, and he realised he was fighting for his life.

He resisted Carker's pressure, striving to throw all his weight forward, to avoid toppling over the parapet of the bridge.

The struggling pair were in this position when the motor-car came to a halt on the bridge. Slaney saw the car, and threw out an appealing look to the occupants of the motor-car running towards the struggling pair.

Would they be in time? "Elp! 'elp! I can't swim!" gasped Slaney.

In a desperate effort—his last hope—the ruffian gripped Carker around the throat. Just at that moment the schoolmaster, his face pale, but determined, put out all his strength. Gradually, gradually he was pressed backwards from the parapet.

"Oh, look! look! Oh—begad!" cried Algy St. Leger.

He had run from the car, and had arrived first. The others followed after him. Then Algy St. Leger stood petrified, like his Cousin Harry, fascinated by the sight which they beheld.

"They're over!" cried Algy again. "Both of them! Look!" And the fact that Algy had forgotten to put up his famous eye-glass spoke volumes for the interest and excitement which he felt.

They were over—both of them—as Algy had said. For so strong was Slaney's grip on Carker's throat, that when he toppled backwards over the parapet, the other followed, and the two fell downwards into the rushing river below.

Splash!

"Oh, my hat!"

Harry, who had run to the parapet, looked from the ever-increasing rings in the water to those who were with Algy. At first he saw three people, and he felt an inexpressible pang of relief when he recognised in them Lord Rayfield, Stumson, the chauffeur, and his own father, Colonel Lovell. But judge of his utter astonishment when yet another figure leant forward over the parapet—a figure which had been previously screened by the colonel's burly frame. For in that figure he recognised—Dr. Cheyne!

For the moment Harry could not stop to think about the wonderful chance which had brought back the old and rightful Headmaster of St. Kit's, in company with his own father and uncle. His attention, like that of everybody else, was far too much riveted upon the drama which was being enacted in the river below. He felt an impulse to dive over the parapet and try to rescue one or both the men, blackguards as they were. But for a moment something seemed to hold him spellbound. In fact, all the spectators of the tragedy, leaning over the parapet of the bridge, were like stone images, gazing at the bubbles in the water, and the ever-widening rings.

But it was only for a moment. Colonel Lovell was the first to pull himself together.

"Begad, the men are drowning!" he cried.

These words seemed to break the spell.

"My hat!" yelled Algy St. Leger.

"To the rescue!" bawled Harry, and the two juniors dashed to the end of the bridge, and rushed down the steep bank to the river's brink. Colonel Lovell was still an active man, and he was not far behind his son and nephew. Lord Rayfield and Dr. Cheyne, however, had not led the strenuous life of the old soldier, and it was some time before they arrived upon the scene, very much out of breath. As for the gallant Stumson, he seemed not to have recovered from the "spell" at all, but continued to lean and gaze over the parapet of the bridge, his capacious mouth wide open, and a look of the most unfeigned surprise and wonder depicted upon his ample features.

When Lord Rayfield and Dr. Cheyne reached the river's brink, they saw what was apparently a mighty struggle going on in the water, about thirty feet from the bank, for Harry and Algy had waded into the rescue. Colonel Lovell stood upon the bank, watching eagerly, ready to dive in and help should his assistance be required.

"Look—look!" cried Lord Rayfield, excitedly clutching Dr. Cheyne's arm; "there's Algy! See, he has got the villain by the head, and is trying to drag him—"

"Harry's got Carker by the scruff of the neck," cried the colonel's deep voice, quivering with excitement—a wonderful thing for the redoubtable old soldier.

The two Fourth-formers were gallantly struggling to drag ashore their unwieldy burdens—no easy matter for a couple of juniors.

Harry Lovell was the first to succeed.

At last he dragged Randolph Carker safely to the bank. "Take—take him, sir!" gasped Harry. "I—I'll help Algy."

Algernon Aubrey was still a good twenty yards out in the stream. He was finding the effort too much. There was an anxious cry from the spectators on the bank when they suddenly saw Slaney break away from St. Leger's hold, and the man sank like a stone.

"They—they say a fellow rises three times, don't they, sir?" asked Harry Lovell, turning to Dr. Cheyne.

The Fourth-form captain was quite prepared to go in again.

"It is usual," replied the Head, gazing out into the stream. "It is usual, my boy, but the Wicke is very dangerous. Still, he may—Ah! there he is!"

Sure enough the shock head of Slaney arose nearer the bank. The current had evidently carried him in.

Algy, who was still swimming about in the river, made a few rapid strokes in the direction of Slaney.

"Rescue. St. Kit's!" shouted

Harry Lovell. He slid down the bank and waded towards his chum. Between them Slaney was dragged to safety.

Slaney was the first to come to. The ruffian opened his eyes and blinked, then gradually he returned to consciousness. Randolph Carker soon followed, recovering more rapidly.

They both sat up and shivered. "You're—you're not going to give me over to the police, are you?" stammered Mr. Randolph Carker, turning with a face full of alarm towards Dr. Cheyne.

The rightful Head of St. Kit's thought deeply for a few moments. "No," he said, at last, "I am not going to do that, Mr. Carker. It would only still further disgrace St. Kit's. You will have your freedom on one condition."

Randolph Carker staggered to his feet.

"What is that?" he muttered. "That you leave this country before another week. You and your low companion. To think that you could so debase yourself. The crime you—"

"Both scoundrels should be sent for trial!" snapped Colonel Lovell. "They neither deserve a scrap of mercy."

"I shall take no further action, Colonel Lovell," replied the old Head, "on condition they leave the country."

"I will leave it!" murmured Randolph Carker. "I must start again. May—may Heaven help you, Dr. Cheyne. This lesson has—has—"

"Go!" cried Dr. Cheyne. "I wish to hear no more."

The two ruffians clambered up the bank, and disappeared into the woods.

"Well, that's got rid of the Carker bird, Harry, old bean," said Algy, turning to Harry Lovell.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER. Peace with Honour.

"NOW, my boys, jump up into the car," said Dr. Cheyne, kindly, when greetings had been exchanged. "You will return to St. Kit's with us. We can do no good by staying here, and from what St. Leger has told me, I think my presence is required at the school. Especially if Police-constable Bandy has been instructed to report."

Harry Lovell gave a start.

Dr. Cheyne evidently knew all about the rebellion by now. The Fourth-former cast a hurried look at the Headmaster, full of apprehension. But Dr. Cheyne only smiled the more kindly. He was looking quite strong and well again.

"Dr. Cheyne," said Harry Lovell at length, "Mr. Carker told us all that you were very ill indeed—dying, in fact."

"Did he?" replied the old Headmaster, wistfully.

In his voice there was no anger against Carker, only a kind of pity. "Well, Lovell, you see that he was wrong. I am strong and well again. And it is indeed a wonderful stroke of Providence which caused me to be staying at Lord Rayfield's house in town last night."

"You see, Harry, my boy," continued Colonel Lovell, "Dr. Cheyne had recovered very much sooner than we had expected, and we had been having a meeting of the Board of Governors at Lord Rayfield's London house, in order to decide upon his reinstatement as Headmaster. An inkling of the truth that Mr. Randolph Carker was not satisfactory had reached us. From what source I will not say; but we decided that Dr. Cheyne should resume his duties next term. But now—"

"Now I hope to resume them at once," interrupted the old Head, beaming over the top of his spectacles.

Harry Lovell and Algernon Aubrey exchanged glances.

"Well, that's all right, Algy!" laughed the Fourth-form captain. "Toppin', old bean," agreed the dandy of St. Kit's. "I think we can call this one up to the Top Study. Catchy on?"

Harry Lovell laughed.

"Rather," he said. "But, I say, we shall have to apologise to old Oliphant and the rest of the Sixth-form duffers. We've given them a jolly good ragging."

"That's all right, old bean," replied Harry Lovell.

(Continued on page 10.)

CAPTAINS WANTED AT ONCE

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CAPTAINS
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2	
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"SCHOOL AND SPORT" LEAGUE OF
SPORTSMEN. No. 2 COUPON.
Read the rules given above very carefully.

No. 2

BARRED OUT

(Continued from previous page.)

plied Algy. "That can be left to your uncle Algernon."

The car was running through the old streets of Wicke village, and had almost reached the tuck shop at the end of the main street.

Harry Lovell leaned forward and touched Lord Rayfield's arm.

"Can we stop here for a minute, sir?" he cried. "There's a whole crowd of Fourth-form fellows who have had nothing to eat since yesterday, and—and I promised I'd take back some food. You see, sir, they may be getting a bit hungry."

"Bunny Bootles, frinstance!" laughed Algy St. Leger. "He's probably faded away by now."

Lord Rayfield gave a chuckle.

"Very well, then," said his lordship. "Stumson, pull up here for a minute."

Colonel Lovell had pulled out his pocket case as the car came to a halt outside Mr. Duff's pastrycook shop.

"We cannot allow your companions to starve, Harry, my boy," he said, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he handed Algy a crisp currency note.

"Hallo, there's old Duffy!" cried Harry Lovell, as he and Algy leapt from the car.

The two Fourth-formers looked up at the open window over the shop front. Mr. Duff was staring down at the occupants of the car, very surprised.

It was most unusual for Mr. Duff to have customers at six o'clock in the morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Duff!" cried Algy. "Would you mind opening your shop for us? Very sorry to trouble you."

"Why, certainly, Master St. Leger," replied the proprietor. His head disappeared from the upper window, and in a few moments the shop door was flung open.

Evidently the beautiful car, with Lord Rayfield and Colonel Lovell and Dr. Cheyne seated impressively within it, had done much to influence Mr. Duff to depart from his usually regular business habits.

No time was wasted by the two grinning juniors. The tuck was taken aboard the car—as much as Harry and Algy could carry in four journeys.

Then, just as the sun was rising above the hills in a wealth of golden splendour, the car, with its important passengers, approached the gates of St. Kit's.

Harry Lovell and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger were the heroes of the hour, especially in the Fourth-form.

The unexpected arrival of the two juniors, in the presence of Dr. Cheyne and two of the Governors of St. Kit's, came as a bombshell. The barring-out was over.

The barricade at the top of the Fourth-form staircase had been removed, and there was a festive scene in the studies of the Fourth.

The news had spread throughout all the dormitories, and there was a steady stream of visitors to the Top Study. Harry Lovell grew weary of recounting the night's adventure. And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger at last refused to say another word.

The dandy of St. Kit's flung himself on to the sumptuous sofa and dozed off.

"Lock the door, Bunny," he yawned.

Bunny Bootles rose from the table. He had a fat and shiny look as he rolled across to the door and turned the key.

And then he rejoined Harry and Bob Rake, and resumed his attack on the pile of good things which the two heroes of the hour had brought back with them from Wicke.

"My hat!" murmured Bunny. "I thought I was going to starve. A barring-out is all very well if it ends like this. Thank goodness that Carker beast has gone."

Harry Lovell gave a hearty laugh.

"Stick it, Bunny," he said. "Here you are. Have another dough nut."

THE END.



Captured!

TO the boys it seemed that a perfect menagerie of lions were prowling amongst the sandhills.

The great fires of brushwood that were flaring rosy red about the walls of the ruined city of El Kor were casting long blood-red shadows over the dunes. And in the hollows the boys could see the slinking shapes of short-maned lions and lionesses prowling restlessly and disturbed by the glare.

The two lions they had shot lay on the slope of their little fortress on the high sand-dune, and from all round them came the deep, harsh roaring of the beasts which had seen them, but which hardly dared to approach them in the increasing glow of the fires. And from the city they could hear sounding the dismal roar of Towser, the caged lion, of which Albert had spoken.

Towser could evidently scent his wild brethren of the hills, for he kept up an angry challenge that was echoing through the mighty walls of the ruined temples and bastions of El Kor like the braying of a gigantic donkey.

"Say, boys," said Bucko, looking around him, "we've struck the Mappin Terraces all right! And I bet these lions are not bun-eaters! They have come down from the hills because they are hungry!"

A roar and the bleat of a goat tethered on the sandhills outside the city showed them that at least one of the hungry prowlers had found his supper.

They had a glimpse of a great form bounding over the hills carrying away the goat as a cat carries a mouse. Then a fusillade of shots sounded, and rows of flickering torches showed from the city gate. The inhabitants of El Kor were coming out in force to scare away the intruders.

"Get down, boys!" ordered Bucko, as a stray bullet or two whined over the sand-dunes.

"These chaps are doing what they call powder play, or a razzia. They will be firing all over the place, and we don't want to get a packet from one of their old gas-pipes. Here they come—the lads of the village!"

And sure enough through the fires came the dancing flames of hundreds of torches carried by niggers, who howled as fiercely as the lions, and who fired their long matchlocks right and left, perhaps on the off chance of hitting a lion by accident. Some were beating drums, others blew hoarse-toned conches, which gave forth very much the same roar as the lions.

"My word!" exclaimed Bucko. "What a Saturday night! They are making enough song over it to frighten all the lions into the next county!"

The boys crouched low as the huge party advanced over the sand-dunes, their dancing torches making a pretty sight as they rose and fell over the uneven ground.

Bucko was quite right about scaring the lions. As the torch-light procession advanced with its

ruddy glow and its sparkling of rifles and guns banging away like a string of crackers, the slinking shapes of the lions drew off. They were evidently finding the noise too much for their nerves.

Bucko seated himself calmly and lighted his pipe to await the coming of the procession.

"Now, boys," said he, "this is where we want our nerves. Don't show fear of any of these chaps and don't be saucy. It never pays to be saucy when you are in the minority. If you are a little chap and you meet a big policeman it's no good breasting up to him as if you was a Bonanza Champen. So mum's the word!"

The little group sat in silence as the long lines of flaring torches advanced towards them.

The boys had perched themselves on one of the dead lions. And they were glad that, as the procession approached them, the niggers of El Kor ceased firing, having used up all their ammunition in scaring lions as English ploughboys scare sparrows.

The head of the procession rose upon the neighbouring sandhill to that on which they were seated. Then the torches bunched, and a yell of wonder went up from the motley white-robed crowd. For they could see the two dead lions and the three boys and the man who sat there calmly.

Then a huge nigger, armed with a glittering scimitar, strode forward and approached Bucko.

"Espanoles?" (Spanish?) he demanded, holding up a torch and staring at Bucko and the dead lions as if they had dropped from the clouds.

"Guess again, Fred!" replied Bucko, calmly.

"Ingleses!" cried the nigger, his eyes rolling.

"You've won the booby prize, Archibald," replied Bucko.

"You've guessed right."

"What you do here?" demanded the nigger, who evidently spoke a little English.

"We've come for an evening stroll—to see the fireworks, Reggie!" replied Bucko, unmoved.

The big nigger scowled suspiciously.

"You kill lion?" he asked.

"D'ye think we did 'em in with rat poison?" asked Bucko.

"Intshee! Begone, Percy, with your silly questions. You make me tired. Haven't you ever seen a dead lion before? We killed the lions because they attacked us. If they are your lions you ought to keep 'em under proper control. If they aren't your lions you ought to be obliged to us for settling the vermin!"

It was plain that the nigger could hardly believe his eyes as he looked at the great brutes, and that the inhabitants of El Kor were better hands at lion scaring than they were at lion hunting.

"Yes, Cecil!" continued Bucko. "It was us that killed these pussies."

"Where you come from?" asked the nigger.

"We come from the sea," replied Bucko, jerking his thumb over his

THE CRUISE OF THE "TARTAR"

A Great Story of Sport and Adventure
By JOHN WINTERTON

Featuring
JACK FEARLESS of Great Yarmouth
JOE LAWLESS of Bradford
BILL CARELESS The Trapeze Artist
AND
CAPTAIN BOB OAK 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. The "Tartar" sails south, and a party is made up in order to capture a pirate's stronghold. Nick Grief, a detective, accompanied by a negro guide, lands independently, and then Bucko and the three boys go ashore at night. They proceed towards the ruined city of El Kor.

shoulder. "We come from the sea like the kippers. We are shipwrecked sailors. All that is left of the crew of the good steamer *Never Mind*, which went down at sea a week ago and left us tossing in our little boat upon the briny!"

The big negro was evidently afraid of these easy-going sailors who killed lions like rabbits.

His crowd had come creeping up rather slowly, and with spears and matchlocks in hand, surrounded the group, their eyes rolling in the light of the torches as they tried to gather what was going on.

They were a rough-looking mob, the dregs of Morocco and the Sahara in all shades of black and brown and nigger.

It was plain that the dead lions impressed them, and that they were exceedingly suspicious of these mysterious strangers.

"Where your boat?" asked the nigger, with a sudden flourish of his scimitar.

"Look here, Claude," said Bucko, "keep that bacon cutter to yourself. I don't want my nose cut off, because it's the only one I've got. If you want to know about our boat, we've lent it to a couple of swells we met on the beach. They thought they'd like a sixpenny sail. So we let 'em have it for a nice little blow on the briny."

A sudden suspicion shot into the nigger's ugly face.

"Two white men take your boat?" he demanded.

"Yes, dear boy," answered Bucko. "We lent it to Albert and Harry. I hope to goodness they are all right!" he added, with well simulated alarm. "I hope they aren't crook?" They said that the gentleman up in El Kor would pay. They said that he'd promised to treat them. El Toob is his name!"

A Present from Bradford.

THE nigger gave a sudden howl and flopped into the sand.

He tore off his turban and picked up sand in his hands and poured it on his head.

"Woe is me, brethren!" he cried in Arabic. "Woe is me and ruin is upon my house. I have allowed the white slaves to escape. Great will be the anger of our lord, El Toob! Ai! Ai! I am undone!"

Bucko did not understand these lamentations. But he saw that there was something seriously wrong, and guessed the import of the nigger's words.

"Cheer up, Archie!" he said, consolingly. "Try to look on the sunny side of things. After all, what's a couple of white sailors?"

"There is mud upon my head!" wailed the nigger. "Our master will be wrathful, and his tongue will be as a whip of scorpions."

"I can't see what you are making all this crack-a-boo about!" exclaimed Bucko, slapping the disconsolate nigger on the shoulder.

"If you've lost two sailors you've got four back again, and if you are the lad that cut up Albert's back with the dog whip, I don't wonder

that he cut his stick and hopped it!"

The same thought seemed to strike the nigger, for he ceased to howl, and sprang to his feet.

"Seize these white men!" he howled.

His followers closed round Bucko and the boys, laying rough hands on them.

"What about the lions?" asked Bucko, calmly. "Surely you aren't going to leave those lions behind. Ain't you going to have them stuffed?"

The lions were not going to be left behind. Their feet were lashed over long poles, and the ugly crowd surged round them, lifting them and marching along with songs of triumph.

The boys were hustled along with rather less ceremony by their captors.

A horrible looking man with a yellow face and a head like a cat had got hold of Joe Lawless, and, throwing a cord of raw hide round his neck, was dragging him along like a dog.

"Here, lad!" remonstrated Joe, "not so fast. Ah'm from Bradford, Ah am, and Ah don't stand being hauled along like a terrier pup!"

But the yellow-faced man, yelling at the top of his voice, continued to haul him along, half strangling him.

Then Joe lost his temper.

"Stop wringin' my neck, you ugly rat!" he exclaimed, "or—"

And, lifting his foot, he hauled back and gave the yellow-faced man such a kick in the shins with his heavy sea boot that he let go the leash and rolled on the ground, rubbing his shins in agony.

There was an immediate shout and rush. The boys were surrounded by angry faces and brandished weapons.

But Joe spoke reasonably to them.

"Look here, lads," said he, "we'll go quietly if yo' taake us along proper. But if yo' think we are dogs we'll behave dog an' we'll bite. Stand back an' don't breathe on me!"

And he lifted his boot again.

The crowd fell back, muttering angrily.

They did not like this English boy who fought with his feet. But they seemed to understand his meaning, for nobody laid a hand on him, and his chums were released by those who were holding them, as they marched onwards towards the gate of the city, the yellow-faced man following them up, howling threats in fluent Arabic.

Joe Lawless grinned.

"These niggers can't abear being kicked over the shins, Jack," said he. "Always remember that, when you are in a rough house with a nigger crowd. It's no good hitting them over the head, not even with a stick. You might as well hit a bank safe. But give 'em a good hack on the shins and they are done!"

"What do you think they are

going to do with us, Joe?" asked Jack.

Joe grinned. "Ah should say, from the noise that la-ad is makin' behind, they'll cut all our throats for us. He's telling the tale of what he's going to do with us when we meet his big brother, the policeman!" he replied.

They marched on through the fires which were burning in a great circle about the huge city gate, and a loud Lu-lung of welcome went up from crowds of veiled, sheeted women who were gathered on the housetops of the low, white-walled hovels that were built against the city walls.

This was applause at the sight of the dead lions hanging on their bearing poles.

"Crikey!" muttered Joe, "any-one would think that this circus mob had killed the lions... not us!"

Jack and Bill looked up with awe at the enormous gateway and walls of the city of El Kor.

These massive structures were plainly visible in the red glare of fires. And never had the boys seen such building. The mighty stones had been riven and cracked by the earthquakes of the centuries which had passed since their building.

The wind-driven sand had fretted away the carving. But above the mighty arch of the gateway there were still showing the faint outlines of a Roman triumphal inscription.

"Crikey!" said Joe Lawless. "It's like the Marble Arch, but a hundred times bigger. Ah thought Bradford was a fine city, but we haven't got the like of this in Bradford!"

They were hurried through the gate of the city where wild groups of tribesmen, with their long gas-pipe guns ranged against the walls of the arch, were smoking their pipes of kiff or cooking suppers over charcoal fires.

These glared at the prisoners as their guards gathered more closely round them in the archway.

One huge nigger beat on a brass gong with a beef bone and howled. He was evidently the watchman.

And, if the walls of the city were wonderful, the narrow streets inside the walls were equally wonderful, for everywhere rose huge buildings and single columns which showed where buildings, as mighty in their framing, had fallen through neglect and earthquakes.

There was one huge building that resembled the Royal Exchange of London, save that its walls had fallen, and only the columns and plinth remained. But it was ten times larger than the Royal Exchange.

"That must have been the Stock Exchange!" muttered Bill Careless.

He was not really far out. In the ancient city's days of civilisation this had been the temple of Ceres, and the corn exchange of this, the chief city of Mauretania. Here the galleys had loaded up their freights of corn for Rome, for this and Egypt had been the great granaries of the Roman Empire in her most powerful days.

Perhaps from that very temple and granary the corn had been taken to feed the Roman legions of London, and St. Albans, and of Colchester in the days when the fight had been waged against Queen Boadicea.

But the boys knew little of this. They realised, however, that at some time or another this had been a mighty city of a mighty civilisation.

But the life had gone from the place. The public fountains were dry, and the great aqueducts which had tapped the hills behind and which had brought plentiful water to the city were all dried up.

In the open spaces amongst the shapely Greek columns which still stood were built the flat-roofed mud hovels of these degenerate pirates. There were also the skin tents of the wanderings Arabs, and huts of reeds cut from the salt marshes further down the coast.

The boys kept their eyes about them as they were hurried through these mighty ruined streets.

They had to watch their steps, for the great paving stones were broken and missing, and the sand had drifted everywhere.

Here and there pariah dogs, the scavengers of the place, half dog, half jackal, snarled and slunk out of the way of the torchlight of the procession.

The whole place buzzed like a hornet's nest. Old women came rushing out of the hovels, barely taking the trouble to hold their veils across their ugly black faces. Mysterious veiled figures screamed at the sight of the white men, and an evil-looking rabble of young boys and louts tried to push in amongst the guards, raising threatening shouts.

"My word!" called Bucko to the boys, "we've struck Ugly Alley all right. Keep civil tongues, boys. We've stirred up the wasps, and they don't look as if they want to kiss us!"

But the procession wheeled round the corner of a great ruined temple, behind which rose great lava cliffs, rugged and perpendicular.

Here was a sort of lighted square, illuminated by cressets of flaming bitumen, and at the end of the square showed the white, blank walls and arabesque arches of a real Moorish building.

The Tyrant of the City.

THE crowd fell back here, for the entrance was guarded by four great lions, which roared and slunk back at the sight of the torches.

These were the guardians of the palace of El Toob, Viceroy of Sidi Bu Hamara and governor of this evil city.

They were secured by chains and rings which ran along iron rails which passed across the front of the palace, so that none might approach it stealthily.

But they snuck back and gave passage to the mob which carried so many flaming torches, and which also carried two dead lions.

"Crikey!" exclaimed Joe Lawless, greatly interested, as they passed through this barrier of lions. I have heard of 'em tying up cats like that in orchards to keep the birds off the currant-bushes. But I never heard of tame lions being used as watch dogs!"

"They aren't so tame, either!" said Jack Fearless, as the lions tugged and jangled at their chains, roaring angrily and giving notice of the arrival.

The gates of the palace were flung open, and the boys were marched in between lines of dusky warriors armed with swords.

They found themselves in a great marble-floored room of fretted ceilings, painted and gilded in the Moorish style.

In the centre of the floor a small jet of water played in a fountain which rose from a basin of red stone.

The nigger who led the procession struck a great gong of bronze, and a pair of doors, inlaid with mother of pearl, swung open.

Bucko and the boys were pushed forward, and found themselves in a great open courtyard or garden in which tinkled the sound of running waters. Here was a big tank lined with tiles and bordered by bushes of myrtle. The tank was fed by a fountain which played at the far end of the court.

And, behind this, in an open room lit by jewelled lanterns, seated on huge piles of cushions of yellow and red leather was the fattest nigger they had ever seen.

He was smoking a jewelled narghili pipe, and at the sight of these white men, he started and took the great amber mouthpiece from his fat lips, staring at them as they were shepherded along the marble paths of the courtyard to his presence.

This was El Toob, the tyrant of the city.

The crowd of officious, shouting bottle holders shoved Bucko and the boys, jostling them till they stood before the tyrant.

The dead lions were dumped down on the marble floor, a trickle of blood running from the muzzle of the brute which Bucko had shot.

Then El Toob lifted a fat, black hand for silence.

"Who are these?" he demanded, in a hoarse, guttural voice.

"Speak, O Munkir!"

Munkir was the nigger in charge.

He dropped on his face before El Toob.

"O Light of the Sun!" he howled, dismally. "Have mercy on thy slave. We have discovered these Inglesi without the city walls. They have landed in a boat, and they say that they are shipwrecked sailors!"

El Toob blew a puff of blue smoke from his thick lips.

"Say on, O Munkir!" said he.

"Whose dogs are they that they land on the coasts of my master, the great Kaid Sidi Bu Hamara, without permission?"

"O Beautiful One!" roared Munkir, "I know not whose dogs they are. But they have allowed the slaves El Ari and Alberti (Harry and Albert) to escape!"

El Toob dropped the amber mouthpiece of his pipe and wheezed angrily.

"What is this?" he roared, huskily. "My white slaves have escaped? And how?"

"They have taken the boat in which these men came, and they have gone to sea!" howled Munkir.

"O unhappy One!" roared El Toob, his voice echoing like thunder round the courtyard. "Where wast thou who allowed these men to go down to the shore alone to bring sea-water for my bath?"

"I was not there, O Excellent One!" wailed Munkir. "Wah! Wah-wah! I was not there. I was afraid of the lions that were prowling about the city after sunset, and so I let these English dogs go alone. And they have run away!"

El Toob grinned angrily, showing his yellow teeth like a sick dog.

"Call the ferashes!" he yelled. "Whose dog am I that my slaves shall run away at their will?"

The ferashes needed no calling. They were four huge niggers whose duty it was to spread and beat carpets, and to do any other beating that might be necessary.

And it was plain, to judge by grins on their ugly faces, that they

TELL YOUR CHUM!

MCKINLEY'S
MILLIONS

STARTS NEXT
MONDAY.

It is a story dealing with a boy's amazing invention.

were glad enough to get a chance of getting a bit of their own back on the unhappy keeper of the slaves.

They dragged out a thick stick which had a couple of leather thongs attached to it. And in a second they had thrown Munkir on his back, and fastened his ankles to the stick with the thongs, and pulling off his slippers, had hoisted his legs in the air.

"Beat him on the soles of his feet till he howls like a jackal!" snarled Toob. "I will teach him to lose my valuable slaves!"

Two of the grinning ferashes held the stick on their shoulders, whilst the other two armed themselves with canes of the variety which are known in the East as "Penang lawyers."

"Mercy, O Star of Justice!" yelled Munkir. "Beat rather these English dogs who let thy slaves go. But do not beat me!"

But El Toob lifted his hand, and the carpet-beaters started to lay their blows on the soles of Munkir's feet.

Howl after howl rent the air as they laid on.

The boys were horrified, but Bucko was interested as he stood there.

"Serve the tug right!" muttered Bucko. "He was the roustabout that cut up the backs of poor Harry Hobbs and Albert. Now he's getting a dose out of the same bottle!"

The lions outside the palace picked up the howling and howled in concert, and, from the back of the palace, sounded the howling of another lion.

This was Towser, the mangy old lion who was chained up next to the camel stables at the rear of the Palace.

"Wah—ha—hee!" yelled Munkir. "Mercy! Mercy!"

His howling seemed like music to his ugly, fat master.

El Toob sat there smiling and puffing at the amber mouthpiece of his narghili, keeping time to the howls of his victim by beating the air with his hand as though he were conducting a musical performance.

At last Munkir had had enough. His legs were lowered, and he crawled away on his hands and knees, loudly calling down blessings on the master who had chastised him, but at the same time vowing to take it out of these English prisoners who had got him into trouble, as soon as he got the chance.

Then El Toob's fat, greasy face was turned on his prisoners.

With characteristic Moorish indifference, he had hardly noticed them till now.

"Who are thou?" he asked of Bucko in English.

Bucko smiled affably.

"I'm Bucko Scott, my lord dook," he replied. "I come from the sunny land of Australia where the Sons of the Golden South chase the kangaroo amongst the blue gums, and the wallaby howls all night for his supper. I'm one of the proper ole cobbers from the Sydney side, where you can get a stoush in the neck for the asking. I am a peb, off the beach of the Austral Continent and a nut off the Big Nut Tree of the world. That's me!"

Most of this was lost on El Toob. He looked rather surprised at this hard-faced Englishman who stood so straight before him, and who showed no signs of throwing himself at his feet and howling for mercy.

"Whence comest thou?" he asked.

"We have come ashore in a boat, O King," replied Bucko. "We were shipwrecked and were sailing in our little boat for Gibraltar. But hearing of the greatness of El Toob, we thought we would have a look ashore here and ask after your Nobility's health. Then we ran into these lions, and they tried to bite us. So we slew them—yes, we slew them!"

El Toob looked rather disturbed. It probably occurred to him that these shipwrecked sailors, who shot lions as though they were rabbits, might not make much trouble about shooting him.

"Search them!" he cried suddenly to his guards.

The boys found themselves seized roughly.

"Don't resist, boys," said Bucko in a low tone. "It's no good arguifyin' with these plug uglies. They are the King Pins here, so let 'em jump the joint in peace!"

Their revolvers were taken from them and placed before El Toob. But they did not touch Bucko's pipe and tobacco, and as for the bags of green silk which Nick Grief had given them, these were restored to them with the greatest respect.

El Toob looked quite amiable when the four revolvers were placed before him. Every Moor loves firearms. But it was plain that El Toob had no great acquaintance with revolvers.

"So these are the little guns of the white men which speak many times," said he, handling Bucko's revolver in a way that sent cold chills up that gentleman's spine.

"Yes, Dook!" replied Bucko. "But you handle that pepper-box a bit more carefully, or someone will get shot and, it's most likely to be your Reverence!"

A Near Thing.

"ALLAH IL ABKAR!" exclaimed El Toob, examining Bucko's weapon with admiration. "But these Christian dogs are good gunsmiths."

Then he looked at Bucko with piercing eyes.

"Canst make guns, O dog?" he asked.

"I should smile!" said Bucko. "Why, I was an Arm'r'r Sergeant once. I can make anything from a pocket pistol to a cannon—if you give me the tools!"

El Toob was impressed.

He was looking for a man who could make guns. He had kept and flogged Harry Hobbs and Albert Hall because they could not make or repair guns.

He had his own gunsmiths. So had Bu Hamara in his secret fortress in the hills. But these were Moorish plumbers, hopeless workmen who could just botch one of their native muzzle-loaders by

tying it up with brass wire and roughly burring defects with a shoeing file.

"And these English boys?" demanded El Toob.

"Ah come from Bradford, Nigger," replied Joe Lawless. "We make lots o' goons in Bradford. And Ah worked in munitions in t' war. Ah know all 'bout goons!"

"Ah doan't think!" he added, under his breath. "Tell the black-face chaap that yo can make guns, Jack," he whispered to his chum. "It's no good singing small!"

So all the boys said they could make guns. And El Toob was well satisfied.

He wanted to send a European gunsmith up to his master, Sidi Bu Hamara, above all things. His own credit with his chief was getting rather shaky, and he was afraid that another and more zealous governor might be found for El Kor.

And Kaid Sidi Bu Hamara had a short way of relieving his Governors of their duties. He would whisper a few words to his pet attendants, and two of these would depart carrying with them a silken camel cord.

They would not stop night or day, but would travel till they arrived at the home of the Governor, indicated by their master. Then the Governor would be found dead in bed with the silken camel cord turned thrice round about his throat.

That was the way Sidi Bu Hamara disposed of his assistants.

And El Toob was not feeling energetic or up to his job. He had allowed his few pirate boats to rot on the beach till they were quite unseaworthy. He had not plundered a caravan for more than a year, and had captured only one lame camel travelling south with a load of dates.

He was not well. His enormous fatness stopped his breathing, and the only relief he had found for the rheumatic pains that attacked his legs was the salt water which the two white slaves had carried up for his footbath.

A European doctor would have told El Toob to cut down his enormous meals by three-quarters and to give up sitting on the cold marble floor in hot weather.

But El Toob knew no European doctors. He was attended by his own hakims or magicians, and they dosed him with broth made of vipers and other nauseous mixtures of the same description.

"Tis well!" said El Toob, surveying his captives. "Ye make guns. And can ye make powder?"

"That we can!" replied Bucko. "We make good powder, which will fire without smoke—powder that will allow you to shoot your man from the rocks and the hill-sides so that he will not know what killed him!"

El Toob was delighted at his find.

He had heard of the smokeless powder of the white man—very different stuff from the coarse, adulterated black powders which kicked his followers' guns to pieces and which fouled them so that they would not carry more than a few hundred yards.

"In a fortunate hour ye came, white men," said he, grimly, as he played with the revolver. "I will look to it that ye shall not escape so easily as those other two white dogs who have given me the slip to-night!"

He twirled Bucko's revolver on his finger by the trigger guard as he spoke.

"Look 'ere, Uncle," began Bucko in protest, "I don't know what sort o' Socicide Club you belong to, but if you handle that gun much more like that it'll—"

Bucko had no time to say more. He had eased the trigger of his revolver till it was a hair-trigger pull.

The trigger caught on a ring that the fat, black ruffian wore on his forefinger, and the revolver exploded.

It seemed to fire straight into El Toob's black face. His turban flew up in the air, and the straying bullet crashed through a lamp of coloured glass and brought it down with a crash from the roof.

A yell went up from El Toob's bottle-holders and courtiers as the fat ruffian tumbled backwards.

"Spare me days!" cried Bucko. "But ole Jack Johnson's done 'imself in! E's blown his attic off! I told 'im he would, holding a gun like that! The silly coot!"

But El Toob was not hurt, though he had gone within an ace of blowing his brains out.

The Cruise of the "Tartar"

(Continued from previous page.)

He rolled his blood-shot eyes in a ludicrous fashion, which almost made the boys laugh as his guards and ferashes rushed to him and hoisted him up on his pile of cushions again.

Then the tiger which dwelt in the ferocious nature of this superstitious ruffian awoke.

"Seize these white men!" he yelled, pointing to the little group, regardless of the fact that the niggers were already holding them.

"They shall die!" he yelled. "Behold their magic guns have fired in my face, so that fire rushed up my nose and my brain is consumed. They shall die!"

The ferashes rushed upon Bucko and the boys.

"Hit out, boys!" cried Bucko. "We are in the tight corner!"

And doubling his fist, he tore his right arm from the grasp of his captors and hit out at the head ferash as he leaped upon him.

It was a splendid punch on the jaw.

A nigger will stand a lot of punching about the head; but this blow which Bucko landed was a pile driver.

It lifted the nigger from his feet in a somersault, and his woolly head came down with a crack on the marble pavement that sounded through the whole courtyard.

"That's one for his nob!" cried Bucko.

"And two for his heels!" echoed Joe Lawless, as he hacked another nigger on the shins and sent him limping and howling, dancing round his angry master.

"Take that, Coffee Cooler!" said Jack, and wrestling himself free of his captors he sparred up to a big nigger who was flourishing a Penang lawyer in his face.

Jack drove home in the nigger's stomach, doubling him up like a penknife, and, snatching the cane from his hands, laid about him right and left.

For a minute or two a fierce fight raged to and fro before the astonished and frightened El Toob.

Nick Grief Arrives.

THE tyrant was shaking like a jelly, his huge black body trembling from head to foot, for he was sure now that this was some cunning attempt to assassinate him. He was afraid of these eaters of lions who came so calmly into his presence, and who fought his niggers with mighty blows of their hands.

But he made a sign to several lurking figures who were dodging behind the marble shafts of the fairylike tracery of the arches.

These were yellow, flat-headed men, incredibly sinister of aspect, for, just as his master, Kaid Sidi Bu Hamara, had his assassins, this lesser ruffian had his own little gang of stranglers, armed with silken cords.

Bucko could fight most anything that used fists, knives, or guns, but he was not up to these lithe, half-naked, oiled men, who came catlike through the crowd and, with infinite skill, flung the nooses of their cords about the necks of fighters.

He and the boys had not time to put up their hands before those serpentlike cords encircled their necks, tightening up in a preliminary squeeze till they could hardly breathe.

They expected to be strangled there and then; but El Toob, rising from his cushions, pointed to them, choking with rage.

"Kill them not yet!" he yelled. "First they shall be bastinadoed. Then to the lions!"

The four were helpless in the relentless grip of the stranglers.

They were jerked back on the marble floor. Their boots were pulled off, and the ferashes, running forward with the thonged yokes, strapped up their feet, ready for the stick.

This was no joke.

They had seen the nigger Munkir receive a light dose of the stick, but Munkir had never worn a pair of boots in his life. His feet were as hard as iron.

The bastinado would be a different matter for them, whose feet

were soft and tender. In a few blows they would be crushed and bleeding. For a white, boot-wearing man the bastinado is one of the most cruel of punishments.

But just as the niggers had their sticks upraised to start, there was a drumming at the end of the courtyard. The doors were thrown open, and a shrill voice cried aloud:

"In the name of Allah, the Most Merciful! Room! Allah la il Allah! Room for the great Hakim Ali El Koos, who comes direct from Medinah and the Holy Places to cure all disorders. He has medicines of the bones of santons and dust from the Holy Places. He has the water of the well of Zem Zem and all the cures of the cursed Nazarenes from rheumatism and ophthalmia and for eruptions of the skin. Room! Room!"

And in the shadows of the courtyard there marched a huge negro, beating a small drum and blowing fire from his mouth.

Behind him came a hooded figure—a small negro, whose hood was drawn well over his face and whose hands were hidden in the folds of his bournous.

"Room, room for the great Doctor, Ali El Koos, the most holy man, who is purified by his visit to the holy places, and who comes to spread healing to the mighty-Kaid El Toob. Room! Room!"

Bang! bang! bang! went the drum.

The boys, as they lay on the ground, expecting every second that those terrible canes would fall on their feet, were able to look back at the two strange figures as they stepped close behind the spot where they lay and put off their shoes at the edge of the carpet where El Toob was seated.

And they all three breathed a great sigh of relief, for they saw that the negro giant who breathed fire was none other than Yussuf, and that the shrouded negro figure of the famous Hakim Ali Koos was Nick Grief, the detective.

The nigger ferashes still stood with their sticks upraised, staring at the strangers.

There was no doubt in their minds but that the great Ali El Koos was a very holy man. He wore the green turban that betokens a hajji or a pilgrim to the tomb of the Prophet and to the Sacred Places of Islam. But he wore something more than this, and this was a distinctive amulet which hung upon his chest and back, two squares of worked green silk, which are only worn by those who may claim descent from the Prophet.

And little did these ruffians dream that the dark, clear-cut negro face that looked out gravely from under the hood, was that of Mr. Nicholas Grief, late of the Foreign Intelligence Department of Scotland Yard, and one of the keenest detective officers in the British service.

Nick Grief took no manner of notice of Bucko Scott and the boys as they lay there on the marble floor before the carpet of El Toob, the tyrant master of El Kor.

El Toob was so taken aback by the entrance of this holy man and his attendant that he had quite forgotten to give the signal for the bastinadoing to start.

And the negro executioners were all eyes for the strange native doctor and his huge attendant, who blew flames from his mouth and called with a loud voice for a place for his master, Ali El Koos, descendant of the Prophet.

Nick Grief, stained black as any nigger, had taken them all in. His manner as the travelling santan, or holy man, was perfect in its correctness.

He had put off his outer shoes at the edge of the carpet on which the cushions of the tyrant were spread. But he still retained his green

undershoes of fine leather. And though he hid his hands modestly in the sleeves of his white bournous his fingers were busy clicking over the ninety-nine beads of his coral rosary or subah, reciting under his breath the ninety-nine prayers or invocations of the Throne Verse, or the "A Yet el Kursee!"

El Toob saw that he had to deal with a santan of undoubted sanctity. He rose from his cushions and made a deep salutation, placing his black hand to his forehead and kissing it thrice.

And his eyes looked round furtively. For in the shadows behind the pillars of the hall were stowed certain bottles of drinks which are forbidden to the true followers of the Prophet.

It was plain that El Toob did not wish his distinguished and learned and revered visitor to see those wine bottles stoppered with flowers.

But his mind was eased when he saw that his trusty slave, who waited on him when he ate and who tasted all his dishes lest he should be poisoned, had had the presence of mind to remove the bottles on the announcement of the doctor.

"Room for the holy Hakim, Ali El Koos!" shouted Yussuf at the top of his tremendous voice.

OUR GREAT LEAGUE OF SPORTSMEN

See Page 9.

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BEAUTIFUL CERTIFICATES FOR EVERY MEMBER.

"Hail, holy one," said El Toob, grinning rather nervously. "Thou art salve to the eyes. Thy place has been empty."

And he pointed to a big pile of cushions.

"Rest thyself, O great Hakim!" said he.

The supposed Ali El Koos stepped across the carpet, and, making three mystic signs of blessing, seated himself.

Nick Grief made no mistakes in ceremony where a single error might spell death. He seated himself facing the kaaba, or the sacred point of the compass which indicates distant Mecca.

Then he signed to Yussuf to bring him a water-pot and a brass basin which stood by, and performed his ablutions, Yussuf pouring the water from the water-pot on to his hands, Nick Grief allowing it to flow over his palms and to trickle from his elbows, as he recited the eshe or nightfall prayer in a shrill, sweet voice, bowing upon the carpet which Yussuf laid out for him.

The mob of ruffians and their master were plainly impressed by the strict devotion of this wandering doctor, and they shrank back from him, for it is deemed to be

wrong to interrupt or to overlook a person at prayer.

And Nick Grief did not leave out a single word or bow in the long-drawn nightfall prayer.

And on his forehead still remained the dust of the maghrib or sunset prayer, so it was plain to all beholders that here was a Moslem of the strictest.

And, all the time he prayed, the supposed Ali El Koos took not the slightest notice of Bucko and his chums, who were upended, with their feet lashed in the thongs of the poles ready for the bastinado.

Always facing the mehrab, or the niche towards Mecca, Nick Grief recited all the supplementary prayers that could be recited by the strictest follower of the Prophet.

He was evidently playing for time to save his friends, for the bastinadoing could not go forward whilst so holy a personage as Ali El Koos was engaged in his prayers.

And Yussuf, standing by his master, occasionally reciting "Allah il Akbar," or "God is great," did not as much as glance at the victims who were destined for the flogging and the lions.

At last the prayers were finished, and, with great dignity, Nick Grief seated himself on the cushions by El Toob.

"Peace be upon thee and upon thy house, El Toob, servant of the Prophet," said he politely, in the purest Arabic.

"Peace be upon thee, O great Doctor. Happy is thy coming!" replied El Toob, who had been for some time waiting for his supper.

"We will eat, O holy one!" he added, and he clapped his hands. "Thou wilt be fasting after thy great journey, and the empty stomach becomes full of wind."

At the clapping of his hands, servants ran forward and placed the small table and tray which are used for eating in Eastern countries between their master and his distinguished visitor.

Then a negro brought a huge pile of mutton kabobs and rice tinged with saffron.

El Toob's eyes shone in his fat face. He did not worry about making his ablutions according to custom.

"Bi-smi-llah" ("In the name of God"), he muttered, cutting short his grace, and, plunging his black hand into the pile, he commenced to eat greedily.

But Nick Grief played his part as the ascetic and holy man. Though, before his prayers, he had just performed the rite of wuddoo, or purification, he signed to Yussuf to wash his hands again.

Then, drying these carefully with a white cloth, he muttered, "Bi-smi-llahl-r-rahmani-r-raheem" ("In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful").

And the whole crowd looked on most respectfully as, turning his face away from them, the supposed Ali El Koos ate sparingly of the dish.

El Toob, however, wired into the great pile, occasionally picking out dainty bits and handing them to his guest with a muttered "Bi-smi-llah."

And after this came a dish containing a great fish baked in oil. Nick Grief refused this, so El Toob ate the lot.

And after this followed a boned fowl stuffed with raisins and pistachio nuts.

Nick Grief passed, but El Toob, tearing the fowl apart with his huge hands, ate the lot.

It was easy to see why the ruffian suffered from rheumatic pains.

Then followed a pudding of wheat meal, flavoured with honey, stuffed cucumbers, pilaff of goat, and many other dishes, all of which Nick Grief politely refused in his character of a hard living, abstemious pilgrim, and which El Toob gobbled up greedily as a duck.

To Bucko and the boys, spread-eagled on their backs, it seemed as if El Toob was never going to stop eating.

But, presently, talk began between him and his guest. Water

was poured over their hands, and the servants brought the thick, sweet coffee that the Moors love. Then El Toob, in a grumpy, wheezy voice, began to tell the strange doctor about his ailments, the pains in his legs and in his back and in his head.

The hakim drew out his pencease and called for a cup of water. Then he wrote a verse of the Koran on a slip of paper, and, dropping it into the water, allowed the writing to soak off. He also dropped in two tablets of aspirin from the palm of his hand; but he did not allow El Toob to see these.

He handed the dose to the tyrant, who gulped it down greedily. It had the immediate effect of relieving his headache, which he at once put down to the potent magic writings of the holy man.

Then he began to tell Nick Grief of the great injuries which the accursed Christians who lay there on the floor had done him. He told him how they had released two of his slaves, and how they had fought with his guards and had come near shooting him. And he invited the holy one to see them well broken up with the stick before they were thrown to the lions.

But Ali El Koos shook his head.

"Beware, El Toob, of beating these Nazarene dogs," said he. "They bring ill-luck with them, for when they go amissing, their ships of war follow looking for them. And if there be aught that can be brought against the Faithful in the matter, these ships have great guns which throw mighty explosions for miles. And, in their country, the slave is as great as the Kaid. But first I will consult the fates in the water pool."

El Toob nodded rather sulkily.

He had looked forward to smashing up these impertinent Christians as an after-supper diversion, a sort of little entertainment for himself and his guest.

His eyes followed the strange doctor furtively as he advanced to the fountain, muttering certain incantations and spreading his hands out over the pool.

Of a sudden it boiled and fizzed. Then little spurts of fire leaped from the troubled water. Then the whole pool turned blood red.

El Toob gave a cry of horror when he saw the water turn to the colour of blood, for at this very fountain had been murdered, in an old feud, three-quarters of the inhabitants of the city.

And it was said that, when the fountain ran blood red, ruin was going to fall upon the people of El Kor.

"Lo!" said Ali El Koos, calmly. "It is as I said—the omens are not propitious that these Nazarene dogs should be killed and thrown to the lions. Come with me!"

He signed imperiously to the trembling nigger to rise from his cushions and to follow him through the courtyard to the front of the palace.

And, there, El Toob came to a standstill with a cry of wonderment, for there lay his four guardian lions wrapped in profound slumber.

"Lo, El Toob! Even the lions sleep!" said Ali El Koos. "It is a sure sign that thou shalt do no hurt to the Nazarenes. But thou shalt send them to thy master when the next caravan departs for the Secret City of the Atlas."

And El Toob trembled at this miracle. Densely ignorant, it did not occur to him that the supposed Ali El Koos had anything to do with four lumps of meat heavily dosed with a strong narcotic which had put the lions to sleep or with the chemical mysteries of the fountain which ran blood.

In the courtyard Bucko and the boys were getting very tired of lying on their backs with their bound feet held in the air.

Bucko spoke, and he was careful to speak in English that was well wrapped up in Australian slang, so that by no chance could their captors understand.

(This exciting story will be continued in next Monday's issue of SCHOOL AND SPORT. Readers are urged to place an advance order with their newsagents.)

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