

GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending
March 6th,
1915.

PUBLISHED
EVERY
MONDAY.

No. 717.
Vol. XIV.
New Series.

THE BOYS' FRIEND

The Object
of
THE
BOYS'
FRIEND
is
To Amuse,
To Interest,
and
To Advise
British Boys.



HEALING THE BREACH!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School
Tale of

JIMMY SILVER AT ROOKWOOD.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Trouble for Three.

There was trouble in the end study. Excited voices could be heard proceeding from that famous apartment. Apparently four fellows were talking at once, and each doing his best to drown the voices of the others. Grinning Fourth-Formers came along the passage, and listened to the row. "It's that new kid," remarked

Topham, of the Fourth. "Lovell & Co. can't stand him at any price. He's got too much nerve. Gather round, my infants, and see him come out on his neck!"

And quite a crowd of Fourth-Formers gathered round to wait for that interesting event. They fully expected to see Jimmy Silver, the new junior, come out of the end study "on his neck." For a whole week, ever since

Jimmy Silver had arrived at Rookwood, in fact, there had been more or less trouble in the end study. And it had evidently reached a head at last.

Inside the study, Jimmy Silver was seated on the corner of the table with his hands in his trousers pockets. He was the coolest there. Lovell and Newcome and Raby, his study mates, were highly excited. Lovell, in fact, was brandishing a clenched fist in the air, to lend additional emphasis to his remarks. Not that they needed emphasising. They could be heard at the other end of the passage.

"I tell you, you—" Lovell was shouting.

"And I say the same!" exclaimed Newcome. "A new kid that hasn't been a week in the school—"

"I tell you it won't do!" vociferated Raby. "And we're not going to stand it. And we're not going to stand you! We're fed up!"

"Fed right up to the chin!" roared Lovell.

"And the long and the short of it is, we won't have you in the study

"And if you don't get out—"

"We'll make it too hot to hold you

"And we'll begin now—"

Jimmy Silver took his hands out of his pockets. It looked as if he would need the use of his hands soon.

"Oh draw it mild!" he protested.

"You can go and dig with somebody else!" shouted Lovell. "Go over to the Modern side if you like! I dare say they'd take you in! You're their sort!"

"Yes, you'd just suit the Modern cads!" chimed in Raby. "Anyway, you're not staying here. We're not taking any. Now, what do you say?"

Jimmy Silver grinned. He did not seem very much put out by the excitement of the Fistical Three. He was as cool as a cucumber. Indeed, it was his remarkable coolness which, as much as anything else, had an exasperating effect on his study mates.

"Oh, I say rats!" he replied.

"What!"

"Rats!" said Silver.

"That's done it!" howled Lovell. "Out he goes!" And outside the study, Topham and his companions chortled; "Now watch!"

Lovell & Co. made a rush at the cool new junior sitting on the table.

Jimmy Silver's hand was resting on the inkpot. His hand came up as the three exasperated juniors closed in on him. The inkpot was full, but it was empty in a second, as a stream of black fluid met the oncoming three.

Lovell caught the first splash with his mouth, which was open, and he staggered away gurgling frantically. Raby caught it with his eyes, and Newcome with his nose. Then the inkpot was empty, and the three warlike juniors were coughing, spitting, gurgling, and gasping hysterically, smothered with ink.

"Gro-oo-o-ogh!"

"Gur-rr-rgg-g-rgg-gh!"

"Oh crumbs! Oh, yow!"

Jimmy Silver slid off the table. He made a quick step to the door. The end study was not a salubrious spot for him after that.

"Tata!" he said cheerily. "See you later, and I hope you'll be a little more reasonable. I'm sticking to this study!"

"Gur-rr-rgg!"

Jimmy Silver opened the door, and stepped out into the passage. There was a murmur of expectation among the crowd as the door opened. Then they stared, as Silver came coolly

The entire contents of THE BOYS' FRIEND are copyright in the United States of America.

The subscription rates for this paper to any part of the world are: 7s. per annum; 3s. 6d. for six months; or 1s. 9d. per quarter, including all double and special numbers.



Published in town and country every Monday morning. To ensure getting a copy on the day of issue, readers are recommended to order in advance.

When finished with, please hand this grand number to a friend, and oblige—
YOUR EDITOR.

HEALING THE BREACH!

(Continued from the cover.)

out, and walked down the passage. Then they roared, at the sight of the three inky juniors in the room, dabbling wildly at the streaming ink on their faces.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groo-o-gh! Oh, I'll slaughter him!"

"Yow! My eye! I'll massacre him!"

"Oh, crumbs! Let's get after him and smash him!"

The inky trio rushed out of the study, shoving their way through the laughing crowd, in pursuit of the new boy. But Jimmy Silver had not lingered. He was already downstairs. If they had been a little calmer, the Fistical Three might have hesitated to show themselves in public with their faces and collars streaming with black ink. But they were not calm. They wanted vengeance, and they wanted it at once.

They rushed furiously down the passage, and as they caught sight of Silver in the Lower Hall, they rushed down the stairs. A yell of laughter from a crowd of Modern juniors greeted their appearance.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Look at those Classical niggers! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell & Co. did not heed. They hardly saw their old rivals of the Modern side. They had eyes only for Jimmy Silver, who was sauntering out, coolly into the quad. They dashed after him at top speed. In their hurry, they almost dashed into Bulkeley, of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, who was in the doorway.

Bulkeley stared at them, and gave a shout.

"Stop! Do you hear? Come in at once!"

The inky three reluctantly stopped. There was no gainsaying Bulkeley. The big Sixth-Former glared at them.

"You young sweeps! A pretty state to come out in! What do you mean by it—what!"

Lovell & Co. blinked at him through the ink. They could not deny that they were in a very unusual state for appearing in public.

"Oh, don't mind them, Bulkeley," chirped Tommy Dodd. "These Classical kids never wash themselves! I dare say it's a week since they spilled that ink on their chivvies!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go in at once!" said Bulkeley, frowning at the dismayed three. "Go in and wash yourselves, you mucky young rascals! And take fifty lines each, and show them up by tea-time, do you hear? Not a word. Get out of my sight, you sweeps!"

Lovell and Newcome and Raby went disconsolately in. Vengeance on the obnoxious boy evidently had to be postponed. The Modern juniors sent a volley of laughter and chipping after them, as they sneaked upstairs and got out of sight. In the Fourth Form dormitory there was a sound of splashing, as the heroes of the end study proceeded to remove the ink.

It was not easily removed. There was plenty of it, and it clung. By the time they had cleaned it off, and changed their collars, Lovell & Co. were crimson with exertion, and stuttering with rage.

"That—that new boy!" gasped Lovell. "We'll slaughter him for this! We'll massacre him! We'll boil him in oil!"

"Hullo!" exclaimed Topham, as they came back to their study. "Have you slaughtered the new kid? Why—what—yaroo!"

Topham, to his surprise and indignation, was collared by the exasperated three, and bumped in the passage. The three badly wanted to bump

somebody, and Topham had come along just in time with his awkward question. They went on to their study, leaving the Fourth-Former sitting on the floor and spluttering with indignation.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver was sauntering cheerfully round the quadrangle. At tea-time, he went into Hall. He preferred tea in the study, as a rule. But under the circumstances, he safely decided that he would give the end study a wide berth for the present.

The 2nd Chapter. A Splendid Catch!

"Soot!"

"And plenty of it!"

"Hear, hear!"

The chums of the end study were busy. They had had tea, without seeing anything of their irritating new study-mate. But, as Lovell wisely remarked, he was bound to come up to the study to do his evening prep.

And when he came, his kind study mates had a surprise in store for him. Lovell was holding open a large paper bag. Raby and Newcome were industriously scraping soot out of the study chimney. The three juniors had not done the lines Bulkeley had imposed. They were too busy to think about lines just then. Lines could wait.

The bag was crammed with soot to bursting point. Then it was fastened up with pins. Lovell mounted on a chair, and Raby held the door a few inches ajar, and Lovell carefully arranged the bag on top.

Whoever pushed that door open from the outside would inevitably receive the bag of soot full upon his head. It was a flimsy bag, certain to burst with the shock. And the state of the person who received it would not be enviable.

Having completed their preparations for Jimmy Silver, Lovell & Co. dusted off the soot that had adhered to their persons in the process, and sat down to their prep. They sat with their backs to the door. At any minute now Jimmy Silver might come along; he had to do his prep.

If he looked into the study through the crack, he would only see three industrious juniors working away at the table. He would push the door open, and then—the trio chuckled gleefully at the prospect. The ink would be more than paid for.

So Lovell & Co. started on their work in good spirits. All the Fourth were in their studies now, at prep, excepting Silver. He seemed to be a little late to begin. Perhaps he was nervous about his reception in his study, after the ink episode. But he was sure to come.

"The rotter!" murmured Lovell. "He'll get it right in the neck. And that's only a beginning. We'll make life not worth living for him if he sticks in this study."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Raby and Newcome.

"We'll give him something new every day till he makes up his mind to it and clear off!" said Lovell. "That's the only way."

"The only way!" concurred his loyal chums.

Lovell & Co. were determined, with a deadly determination.

Not that there was anything specially disagreeable about the new "kid." Jimmy Silver was a pleasant fellow enough in his way. But somehow he had rubbed the heroes of the end study the wrong way and trouble had never ceased. He was altogether too cool for a new kid, that was one thing. He didn't know his place, that was another.

Before Silver appeared in the Fourth-Fourth at Rookwood on the Classical side of the school, Lovell had been monarch of all he surveyed there. In all the alarms and excursions against their rivals of the Modern side, the chums of the end study had been the acknowledged leaders of the Fourth. Silver, as a mere new kid, ought to have taken the place of a humble follower. But he hadn't.

Silver had made his mark from the start. It was Silver who on his very first day at the school had "bagged" the Modern senior brake at the station, and beaten Tommy Dodd & Co. in a race to the school. It was Silver whose vote had turned the scale at the election of the junior football captain. It was Silver who had had the chief part in discomfiting a Modern raid on the Classical dormitory. And Silver had been "planted" in the end study.

The three chums wanted to keep that study to themselves, but as it was the most roomy and comfortable in the passage, Silver had very naturally decided to stick.

Even that wouldn't have been so exasperating if he had "stuck" with the humility becoming in a new kid. But humility didn't seem to be in Jimmy Silver's line at all. He even seemed to question the undoubted right of Lovell to regard himself as monarch of all he surveyed.

He proposed japes on the Modern fellows, oblivious of the fact that it was his place to follow, and not to lead. Worse still, when his proposals were sniffed at he proceeded to carry them out "on his own," and a good many of the Classicals were found backing him up. It looked as if the end study, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, would fall from their high estate.

So Lovell & Co. agreed unanimously that putting the cheeky new kid in his place was even more important than "downing" the Modern bouncers. They proceeded to devote all their attention to Jimmy Silver, letting Tommy Dodd & Co. slide for the present.

Lovell's latest idea of ragging the new kid without mercy till he quitted the study in despair seemed to promise success. And the campaign was not to end there. Whenever he bobbed up, he was to be ragged till he bobbed down again—that was the idea. Sooner or later he would understand that it wouldn't do, and would drop into his proper place as a humble follower of the Fistical Three.

That was the programme. It only remained to be seen how it would work out.

The booby-trap was a beginning. It would be rather a drastic beginning, but the more drastic it was the better they liked it. Indeed, Lovell declared that if there wasn't any other way he would take the cheeky bouncer by the scruff of the neck and pitch him into one of the Coombe Quarries.

Steps came along the passage, and Lovell & Co. exchanged a grin over the study table. The steps came from the direction of the stairs, and right along the passage. Evidently the new-comer was heading for the end study.

"Behold he cometh!" murmured Raby.

"Shush!"

"Work my cherub, work!" murmured Newcome. "Pile in!"

The three grinning juniors bent over their work. There was nothing to excite Silver's suspicion if he peeped in first. They waited in breathless anticipation.

Right along to the end study came the footsteps, and there they paused. The juniors almost held their breath. The psychological moment had arrived. They heard a hand on the door-handle, the door was pushed open, and then—

Crash!

"Oh, what—what—Gerrrrrr! Atchoo—atchoo—chooooo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell and Newcome and Raby in chorus.

They leaped to their feet.

In the open doorway a figure stood,

coughing and sneezing, smothered with soot from head to foot. The paper bag had burst on his head, and he was simply smothered. He was quite unrecognisable, only the whites of his eyes gleamed through the black. He coughed and sneezed, and sneezed and coughed frantically.

"Gug-gug-gugggh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Then the laughter suddenly died away. The blackened, sooty figure was totally unrecognisable. But the fact dawned upon the festive juniors that he was at least five or six inches taller than Jimmy Silver.

It was not Silver!

It was a senior.

Lovell & Co. gazed at him, frozen with horror. What on earth had a Sixth-Former wanted to come to their study for at that moment? Lovell remembered the lines Bulkeley had given him. They were to be handed in by tea-time, and tea-time was long past. Was it possible—

"Gerrrooogh! You young villains! Ow! Oh! My word! Yow! Atchoo—choo—choo!"

"Bulkeley!" stammered Lovell, in a weak voice.

The Fistical Three stood rooted to the floor, their knees knocking together. The booby-trap had been an eminent success. Only, instead of catching Jimmy Silver in it, they had caught the captain of the school!

There was a frozen silence in the study, broken only by frenzied sneezes from the unfortunate Bulkeley.

The 3rd Chapter. Turning the Tables.

"Atchoo—choo—choo—chewww!"

"Oh, dear!" groaned Lovell.

"Groooooch!"

"Oh my hat!"

Bulkeley dabbed furiously at the soot. His handkerchief was soon a sooty rag. He blinked at the juniors with a black face. He was almost incapable of speech.

"You—you young villains!"

"I—I say, Bulkeley, it—it was an accident!" moaned Lovell.

"We—we meant it—"

"For somebody else! Oh, crikey!"

"G-g-go to my study!" stuttered Bulkeley. "Go to my study at once. Wait for me there!"

The captain of Rookwood strode away, breathing fury. Bulkeley was a good-tempered fellow as a rule. But the best of tempers might have been tried by such an experience. Lovell & Co. looked at one another dolorously. They knew what they had to expect—the licking of their lives. It was horribly unfortunate that Bulkeley should have come along just then. Blow his old lines! The luck of the Fistical Three was out.

"Oh, come on!" said Lovell wretchedly. "We've got to go through it. Tain't much use explaining—you see, he got the soot!"

"Oh, dear!"

In the lowest possible spirits the three juniors proceeded to Bulkeley's study. Bulkeley himself had gone to a bath-room. The trio had to wait half an hour for him, enlivened with unhappy anticipations of what was to happen when he came in. He came in at last. The soot was gone, but his brow was thunderous.

What followed was painful in the extreme. Lovell tried to explain—that the soot was meant for a kid, that wild horses wouldn't have dragged him into playing such a trick on Bulkeley, that he'd rather have played it on the Head, or his own grandfather, than on Bulkeley.

The Rookwood captain allowed him to explain, while he selected a very stout cane. Then he licked the unfortunate three. The licking was a record. By the time he had finished they were fairly doubled up. Somehow Bulkeley didn't seem to approve of sooty booby-traps, even if they were intended for fags. His disapproval was intensified by the fact that he had caught this one instead of the fag.

While the hapless three groaned in chorus, Bulkeley explained that their lines were doubled, and that if they ever laid a booby-trap for anybody again he would send them in to the

Head. Then he kicked them out of his study.

Lovell & Co. crawled back to their own quarters, feeling as if life wasn't worth living. A cheery junior was seated at the table, working at his prep. He gave them a nod as they came in.

"Hallo, you fellows! Been through it? You look rather sick. I say, what's all that muck on the floor? Has the chimney-sweep been here?"

Lovell & Co. did not reply. They did not feel equal to dealing with Jimmy Silver then. They sat down gloomily at the table, and did their work as well as their smarting hands would permit them. To Silver they did not speak one word.

Silver finished his preparation, and rose cheerily from the table.

"You fellows coming down?" The new junior spoke as amiably as if trouble had never been dreamed of between him and his study mates.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" groaned Raby.

Jimmy Silver walked out of the study whistling.

The Fistical Three exchanged looks. "What a ghastly sell!" mumbled Newcome. "Ow, my hands! I—I think that awful beast must have suspected we had something in store for him, Lovell, and kept away from the study on purpose."

"Lot of good thinking of that now!" snapped Lovell. "But—but this ain't the finish. We're going to down the beast all the same."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co., but they said it very feebly. That awful licking had not left them much energy.

When they came down to the common-room they found Jimmy Silver reading a book by the fire. Silver gave them a cheery nod. As a matter of fact, he wished that his study-mates would take him a little more reasonably, and he would have been glad to be on better terms. So long as they chose to keep on fighting terms he was ready to keep his end up. But he was quite willing to extend the olive-branch.

Somewhat to his surprise, the three came over to him. A good many grins greeted them in the junior common-room. The unlucky adventure of the booby-trap was known to all the Fourth by this time. But the Fistical Three were determined not to see the smiles.

"I say, you don't funk those Modern cads?" said Lovell, as a beginning.

"No fear!" assented Silver.

"You're jolly keen to shove yourself into things, though you're a rotten new kid here," went on Lovell. "Well, if you ain't a funk, you can come with me now."

"What's on?"

"I'm going to muck up Tommy Dodd's bed in the Modern dorm."

"I'm on," said Jimmy, rising to his feet at once.

"Come on, then! You chaps stay here. We'll see what the new kid can do," said Lovell.

Raby and Newcome stayed in the common-room, grinning.

Jimmy Silver followed Lovell cheerily down the passage. Hitherto, in their warfare with the Moderns, the three had left him severely in the cold as much as they could. Jimmy was glad of the change. And he was willing to run any risks to show that he was as keen a Classical as any fellow on the "old side" at Rookwood.

He followed Lovell down passage after passage. The part of Rookwood in which the Classicals had their quarters was the old building, which dated from time immemorial. There were draughty old passages, with ancient wainscots and stained-glass windows, of which the Classicals were very proud. True, the Classical side was a little old-fashioned in its arrangements; modern comfort was more to be found in the new wing, where the Moderns were accommodated.

But the Classicals sniffed at modern comfort. What did they want with electric light and hot-water pipes? Gas was good enough for them, and they had rejoiced with a great rejoic-

LOOK OUT FOR OUR GRAND BUMPER ISSUE—

ing on one occasion when the Modern side was short-circuited, and for a whole evening the Moderns had been reduced to candlelight.

There was a wide passage from the old house into the new wing which was frequently a battleground for the rival factions. However, it was deserted now, and Lovell and Silver reached the enemy's quarters undetected. They were soon in the dormitory passage. There was a curious grin on Lovell's face, perhaps in anticipation of the trick on the Moderns.

"Here we are," said Lovell, as he opened a big door and turned on the electric light. "They have electric light on this side, the Moderns! Now, you begin at one end, and I'll begin at the other."

"Suppose they come up—"

"If you're afraid you can scoot." "Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver proceeded to the end of the Modern dormitory. Lovell carefully closed the door, and Silver heard a slight scraping sound. He grinned to himself. What was Lovell changing the key to the outside of the lock for?

Silver kept a keen eye on Lovell after that, though without betraying his knowledge of the Classical leader's little manoeuvre.

Lovell set the example with the beds. He jerked off the bedclothes and dragged up the mattresses. Silver followed his example cheerfully. There would be a surprise for the Moderns when they came up to bed. The sight of their beds, usually so trim and orderly, would give them a shock.

The two juniors met in the middle of the row of beds, and Lovell finished the last. Silver was watching him out of the corner of his eye. The Classical leader moved towards the door, and Silver moved quickly after him. He understood the little game, and was not to be caught napping.

Lovell opened the door and turned round. There was a grin on his face. "The Moderns will be coming up to bed soon," he remarked. "It will be rather a shock for them."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Silver. "And rather a shock for you too." "For me?" said Jimmy. "Exactly. You're going to stay here and explain to them. Give them my kind regards, won't you?"

And Lovell, bursting into a laugh, gave Silver a violent shove on the chest. The plan was all cut and dried. Silver was to go spinning from that shove, and Lovell was to whip out of the dormitory and lock the door on him. And when the Moderns arrived on the scene the cheeky new kid would get the lesson of his life. But alas for the carefully-mapped-out plan of the Fistical Three! Jimmy Silver did not go spinning from that shove. Instead of that, he caught the hand that shoved him, and dragged Lovell headlong into the dormitory.

It was Lovell who did the spinning. Before he knew what was happening he was spun across a bed with a bump.

Silver stepped lightly out of the dormitory, slammed the door, and turned the key.

Lovell jumped up breathlessly from the bed. He made a wild rush to the door. He dragged on the handle. But the door did not open. Footsteps were dying away down the passage. "Oh, my hat! Oh, my only aunt! Great Scott!" Lovell hammered on the door in great alarm. "Silver, you cad! Silver, you beast! Silver, you worm! Come back and unlock this door, you beast! I'll smash you! My hat! He's gone! Oh, my only Aunt Sempronia!"

The 4th Chapter.
Sticky!

Knowles, the prefect, looked into the common-room.

"Bed!" he snapped. Tommy Dodd rose and yawned. The common-room was in the old wing, and Classicals and Moderns used it in common, though, as a rule, the Moderns preferred to foregather in their own quarters.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, the heroes of the Modern faction, trotted out together, joined by other Modern juniors on their way to bed.

Raby and Newcome watched them go, grinning, but feeling a little anxious. Lovell had not returned. He had had plenty of time to plant the new kid in the Modern dorm, but it was curious that he did not come back.

However, the Classical juniors had to go to their own sleeping-quarters, so they had no time to think about it then. They hoped to see Lovell there when they arrived.

There was one junior in the Fourth Form dormitory.

Raby and Newcome stared at him blankly.

It was not Lovell. It was Jimmy Silver. He was getting into his pyjamas, and whistling softly a merry tune.

"The—the new kid!" ejaculated Raby.

"Where's Lovell?" roared Newcome.

Silver looked at him innocently.

"Lovell! Oh, he came to the Modern dorm with me, you know! I fancy he stayed there."

"S-s-stayed there!"

"Yes, I think so. What's the matter?"

Raby and Newcome did not reply to that. Something had evidently gone wrong somewhere.

Something had. And about that time Lovell of the Fourth was finding it out.

Tommy Dodd and the rest of the Modern section of the Fourth came up to their dormitory in a crowd. Knowles had told them he would be there in ten minutes to see lights out, and Knowles's temper was very uncertain, so the Modern youths lost no time in getting to their quarters.

Tommy Dodd uttered an exclamation of surprise as he found the door locked, with the key on the outside.

"Some kid been larking here," said Tommy Dodd severely, as he un-

"Make him make all the beds again!" yelled Cook.

"Yow! I won't!"

"Won't you!" roared Cook. "We'll jolly well make you! Why, I—"

"Shush, my infant!" said Tommy Dodd. "No time for the worm to do that before Knowles comes in. We shall have to buck up and get it done ourselves."

"Tell Knowles," snarled Leggett. "Knowles will lick him."

"Shut up, Leggett, you cad!"

"Look at my bed!" howled Leggett furiously. "I'm going to tell Knowles."

"Bump that cad!" said Tommy Dodd severely. "We don't allow tell-tales on this side, Leggett. Bump him hard."

Bump, bump! Tommy Dodd's followers obeyed his orders loyally. The unfortunate Leggett roared.

"Ow, ow!"

"Now are you going to tell Knowles?"

"Yow! Ow! No!"

"That's better. Start making the beds, you cad, while we deal with this Classic worm. Kick him if he slacks, you fellows."

"Yes, rather!"

The furious Leggett started making the beds. He did not dare to slack. The great Tommy Dodd ruled his followers with a hand of iron. The rest of the Moderns gathered round

"What the dickens—" began Cook.

"Tar and feathers," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Can't get any tar, and feathers are at a premium; but glue and scraps will do. I dare say Lovell won't mind. Do you mind, Lovell?"

"Oh, you rotter! Look here—"

"Tear up that paper, sharp! Pile in, there's no time to lose. I'll get the glue on while you're doing it. Here, hold that fellow—go for his ears!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell began to struggle furiously. But a dozen hands were holding him, and they held him tight. Tommy Dodd put the glue on by the simple process of up-ending the bottle over his head. Lovell spluttered and yelled, as the liquid ran down in thick streams over his face, and ears, and neck. The juniors yelled, too, with laughter. Tommy Dodd was liberal with the glue. He rubbed it well into the prisoner's hair, and over his face and ears. There was plenty of it.

"Now the scraps—buck up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Half a dozen hands had been busy on the newspaper. It was quickly reduced to scraps of a convenient size. The scraps were plastered in chunks over the wriggling Classical. They adhered to the glue beautifully. Lovell's face and hair disappeared

the Modern dormitory. But all the Modern Fourth-Formers were there, industriously turning in.

"I've just passed somebody in the passage," said Knowles, with a suspicious look at Tommy Dodd. "He was smothered with something—glue, I think."

"Wasn't one of us," said Tommy Dodd. "We know how to keep ourselves clean, Knowles. Must have been one of those Classic kids. You know what a mucky lot they are."

And Knowles grinned and turned the light out.

The 5th Chapter.
Rotten for Lovell.

"Here he is!"

"Is that Lovell?"

"Great pip!"

Lovell staggered into the Classical dormitory. The juniors were nearly all in bed, and Raby and Newcome were getting very anxious about their chum. But as he came into the dormitory, they stared at him blankly. He was quite unrecognisable. They supposed it must be Lovell. But it did not look like Lovell. It did not look like anything human.

"By gad!" gasped Townsend.

"What—what's that? That can't be Lovell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with you, Lovell?" shrieked Topham.

"It's glue!"

"And scraps!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Some of those Modern kids must have done that," said Jimmy Silver, with a shake of the head. "Fancy treating Lovell like that! I suppose you didn't do that yourself for a joke, Lovell?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell made a furious rush at Jimmy Silver. Silver promptly dodged round his bed.

"Here, you keep off!" he exclaimed in alarm. "You're too sticky to touch. You keep your distance, you sticky beast!"

"Hold him, you idiots!" roared Lovell to the open-mouthed Raby and Newcome. "Hold the beast for me!"

"B-b-but what—" stuttered Raby.

"What the thumping dickens—" "Grooh! Hold him! I'm going to slaughter him!" Silver jumped over his bed as Lovell came racing in pursuit. "Hold the beast, you silly idiots! Ow! Groo! Look at me!"

"We're all looking," shrieked Jones minor. "Ha, ha, ha! 'Tain't often you see a sight like that."

"B-b-but you were going to shut him up in the Modern dorm," gasped Raby.

"He shut me up instead," yelled Lovell, "and I'm going to slaughter him."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"One good turn deserves another," grinned Silver, as he dodged among the beds. "You get yourself clean before you come near me, Lovell. You're too sticky to touch. If you'll take my tip, you'll have a wash. Neville will be up to see lights out in a minute."

Lovell paused, panting. Silver was a little too elusive for him.

"For goodness' sake get that stuff off before Neville comes up, old chap!" said Raby anxiously. "You ain't a pretty sight."

The advice was too good not to be taken. Lovell proceeded to his wash-stand, and began to rub and scrub. The Fourth-Formers were all chuckling. They understood the trick Lovell had intended to play on the new boy, and how Silver had turned the tables on him. And much to the indignation of Lovell they seemed to think it was very funny.

Neville of the Sixth, a Classic prefect, came into the dormitory while Lovell was still engaged on his ablutions. The glue was not easy to get rid of. The prefect stared at Lovell, who, with his braces tied around his waist, was slogging away with soap and water.

"Hallo! Time you were in bed," said Neville. "Can't you do your washing in the morning, Lovell?"

Lovell blinked round through the soapuds.

"I'm sorry, Neville. I—I've got some glue on me. I—I must get it off before I go to bed, I—I must really."

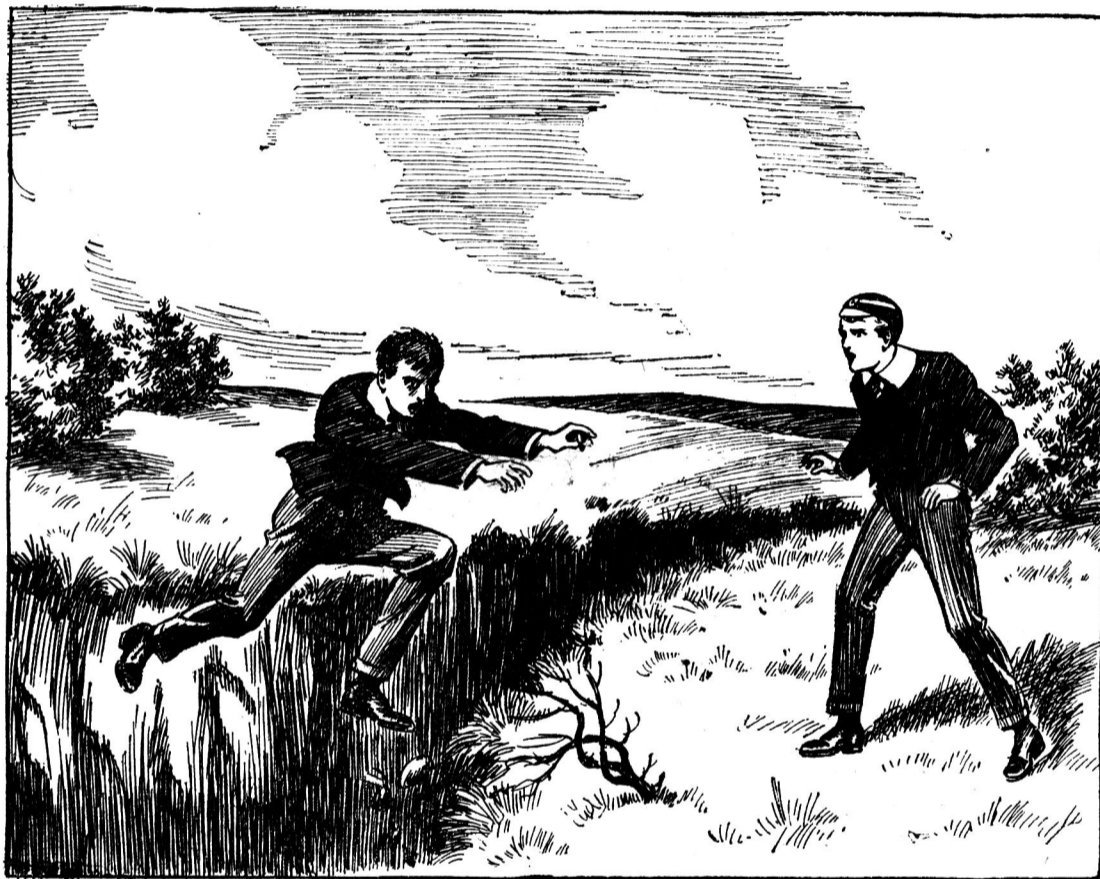
"Glue!" said Neville. "What games have you been up to here, you sweeps?"

"I—I got it on the Modern side," stammered Lovell.

"Oh, did you? And what were you doing on the Modern side?" demanded the prefect.

"Ahem! I—I—"

"I'll come back in five minutes,"



"Don't be a silly ass!" yelled Jimmy Silver in alarm. But Lovell did not stop. He took a rapid run, and bounded across the cleft.

locked the door. "Hallo! Look out!"

As the door opened a figure came rushing out. Lovell was making a desperate dash for liberty. But it was not easy to get through the crowd. The three Tommies collared him at once.

"Classical rotter!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "He's been up to some game here! Hold him! Ow! How he wriggles! Bring him in!"

Lovell struggled desperately. He knew what to expect when the Moderns turned the lights on. But there was no escape for him. The chuckling juniors yanked him into the dormitory, and Tommy Cook turned the light on. Then there was a howl of wrath from the Modern crowd.

"Our beds! My hat!"

"Look at them!"

"This 'blessed sweep!'"

Lovell made a frantic endeavour to tear himself loose. But the three Tommies were holding him like a vice.

"No, you don't!" said Tommy Dodd grimly. "You came here of your own accord, you Classic worm, and you'll stay here of ours—see?"

"Ow! Oh! Leggo!"

"Every blessed bed mucked up!" said Tommy Dodd wrathfully.

"That was the little game. Blessed if I know how he came to be locked in! But we've got him."

"What-ho! We've got him!"

Lovell. They debated what should be done with him—holding him tightly in the meanwhile. Lovell, looking very rumpled after his tussle, stood panting in their grasp. The ragging he had planned for Silver was falling on himself. But he had to go through with it.

"The rotter! He ought to be boiled in oil, bedad!" growled Tommy Doyle.

"Ahem! We're short of oil."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold him while I cut down to my study," said Tommy Dodd.

"What for?"

"Don't jaw," said Tommy loftily. "Just hold him." And Tommy Dodd cut off.

Some of the Moderns held Lovell a helpless prisoner, while others proceeded to help Leggett with the beds. It was necessary for the proceedings to finish before Knowles came in to see lights out. However fiercely the warfare might rage between Moderns and Classics, it was not in the "game" to let a prefect be brought into the matter. The juniors were a law unto themselves, and sneaking was barred. Leggett was the only one who had suggested it—and he was not likely to suggest it again.

Tommy Dodd was back in the dormitory in a couple of minutes. He did not return empty-handed. He brought a bottle of liquid glue in one hand, and an old newspaper in the other. His chums stared at them.

under them. His aspect was extraordinary at the end of a couple of minutes. The Modern juniors simply gurgled.

"There," exclaimed Tommy Dodd, "I think that will do. Do you think it will do, Lovell?"

"Grooh!"

"Now kick him out! We can't have a sticky beast like that in our dormitory."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A dozen boots helped Lovell out of the dormitory. He staggered blindly into the passage. His vision was a little obscured by glue and paper scraps. The glue was running into the corners of his mouth. He gasped and gurgled and spluttered as he went blindly down the passage. A howl of laughter followed him, and Tommy Dodd slammed the door. The Modern juniors went to bed in great spirits.

Knowles the prefect, coming to see lights out, simply jumped as he beheld an extraordinary vision in the passage. A junior, whose head appeared to consist wholly of scraps of papers streaming with glue, dawned on him, and Knowles stopped and stared at him.

"My only hat!" gasped Knowles.

"What—who's that?"

"Gerrrooogh!" That was all the reply Knowles received, and the fearsome object dodged past him and fled wildly in the direction of the Classic quarters.

Knowles looked suspiciously into

said Neville, who was fortunately a good-natured fellow. "I shall bring a cane. I advise you to be in bed when I come back."

Lovell slogged away desperately at the glue. He had got rid of most of the paper scraps, but his hair and ears were still reeking with glue. It was not all gone when Neville re-entered the dormitory. But Lovell made a dive for his bed, with a towel wrapped round his head. The prefect turned out the gas and retired. Then Lovell sat up in bed and proceeded to rub his head dry, to an accompaniment of cackles from the other beds. The Fourth Form seemed to be enjoying it.

"What are you silly idiots cackling at?" growled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing funny in it that I can see."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up!"

But the Fourth-Formers declined to shut up. They laughed till they were tired. When they dropped off to sleep, Lovell was still rubbing his head. He was quite fatigued by the time he had finished, and when he laid his weary head on the pillow he promised the new kid all sorts of things the next day.

Jimmy Silver slept the sleep of the just. He turned out at the rising-bell in the morning, and grinned at Lovell, who was sitting up in bed and running his fingers through his hair. His hair was still sticky. That obstinate glue refused quite to come out.

"Top of the morning, Lovell!" said Silver cheerily.

Lovell replied with a black frown.

"You—you beast! I'll give you the licking of your life for that trick. I'll make you sorry you were ever born! I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, come off!" said Silver.

"Why can't you be reasonable? I'm a nice chap when you know me. I've only turned the tables on you. Look here, make it pax, and let's be friends."

"Go and eat coke!"

"We shall get on all right, you know," urged Silver. "We're going to be bosom pals some day."

"Catch me!"

"Well, if you want to play the giddy ox, go ahead. You'll find me there every time," said Silver.

In the Form-room that morning Lovell was observed to scratch his head uneasily at times. The remnant of the glue worried him. Mr. Bootles, the Form-master, bore it patiently for a time, but at last he spoke to Lovell. He was tired of seeing the junior's hand going to his head.

"What is the matter with you, Lovell?" the Fourth Form master rapped out.

"Matter, sir? Nothing!"

"You keep on scratching your head."

"Mum-mum-my head, sir!"

"Yes. Is there anything wrong with your head?"

The Form grinned. Tommy Dodd murmured that there was something wrong with all the heads on the Classic side. Fortunately Mr. Bootles did not overhear that remark.

"Nunno, sir," stammered Lovell.

"Then cease those absurd gestures, Lovell."

"Ye-es, sir."

Lovell ceased those absurd gestures for a time. But the sticky glue in the roots of his hair was irritating, and he was soon scratching his head again. This time Mr. Bootles came down quite heavily.

"Lovell!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir," muttered the unfortunate Lovell.

"Try Keating's!" whispered Tommy Dodd, in a whisper that was audible to the whole class.

Mr. Bootles frowned down the chuckle that followed.

"Lovell, go to the dame at once. Request her, from me, to examine your head."

Lovell turned crimson. He could not explain to the Form-master what was the matter, and Mr. Bootles' unfounded suspicions overwhelmed him with shame and confusion. The Fourth-Formers, especially the Moderns, were almost in a state of hysterics.

"B-but, sir—" gasped Lovell.

"Go at once and do as I tell you, Lovell!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

There was no help for it. The wretched Lovell rose from his desk and left the Form-room. Tommy Dodd indulged in a prolonged sniff of disgust.

"Blessed if I like being in the same class-room with those Classic bouncers!" he said. "They're not clean."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, boys! Dodd, that was an

improper remark. The other boys show no sign of being in the same state as Lovell unfortunately appears to be in. I cannot imagine how it has come to pass, but the boy will be kept carefully away from the rest of the class for the present."

Raby and Newcome looked furious. It was difficult for Mr. Bootles to reduce the Fourth to gravity after his last remark. Lovell came back into the Form-room, looking as if he would like to bite somebody. Mr. Bootles motioned to him.

"Lovell, you will kindly sit at the end of that form. At present you had better keep away from the other boys."

"But, sir—"

"Take your books to the end seat, Lovell, at once!"

"But Mrs. Blount says, sir—"

"Do as I tell you, Lovell, and don't argue with me," said Mr. Bootles, frowning, "and do not scratch your head, sir. That is no remedy. I—I think some disinfectant is required in such a case. I will consult with the dame after lessons."

Lovell writhed with fury. The rest of the Fourth howled with laughter, in spite of Mr. Bootles, and did not calm down until the Form-master threatened to detain them for the afternoon, which was a half-holiday. Then they held their mirth in check, but occasional giggles and chuckles escaped them from time to time.

The sight of Lovell sitting at the end of a form by himself, looking murderous, had an irresistible effect on them. It was a horrible ordeal for Lovell.

When morning classes were over, Mr. Bootles took him away to the dame, refusing to listen to any of his almost frantic explanations that there was nothing wrong with his head. The Fourth Form streamed out into the quadrangle, where they could laugh at their ease.

In the dame's room Mr. Bootles discovered his mistake. Mrs. Blount informed him, with a lurking smile, that there was nothing but glue in the junior's head. Mr. Bootles turned a very angry look upon the wretched Lovell.

"Glue!" he exclaimed. "Glue! Why have you been putting glue in your hair, Lovell? What is the meaning of this ridiculous trick—what—what!"

"I didn't put it there," groaned Lovell. "I—I—some glue was—was spilled over my hair, sir."

"Ah! A joke, I presume?" said Mr. Bootles, in his most magisterial manner. "I do not approve of these childish jokes, Lovell. Some of the Fourth were alarmed about it. Dodd especially was quite nervous of being near you. Fortunately it turned out that you are not unclean, as I supposed. But you will take a hundred lines, Lovell, for having caused so much trouble. Not a word! You may go."

And Lovell went. He went to look for Jimmy Silver, with his blood at boiling-point.

The 6th Chapter. Run Down.

Lovell did not see Silver again, however, till dinner-time, when they met at the Fourth Form table. He knew that the new boy must have been avoiding him. As a matter of fact, Jimmy had been carefully keeping out of his way. The cause was not funk, as Lovell supposed. But Silver realised very clearly that if his life was to be at all comfortable at Rookwood he would have to get on better terms somehow with his study mates. And a fight with Lovell was not very good as a beginning.

Although Lovell & Co. were called the Fistical Three, from their well-known prowess as fighting-men, Jimmy was not at all alarmed at the prospect of an encounter. He was a good boxer, he was strong and sturdy, he had heaps of pluck, and a really sublime confidence in himself. He was not afraid of being licked. But he was afraid of licking Lovell.

If it came to a stand-up fight, he believed he would win, and then there would be an end of all hope of chumming up in the end study. Lovell had lost enough ground already, and a licking from the new boy would be the finish. So Jimmy sagely avoided him till he had had time to calm down.

Unfortunately, Lovell showed no signs whatever of calming down. He was, as he would have expressed it, fed up to the chin. Nothing would satisfy him save giving the new junior a terrific whopping. That was his fixed intention. He dropped into the seat beside Silver at the dinner-table, and gave him a black look.

"I want you after dinner," he muttered.

"Sorry!" murmured Silver. "I'm going out."

"You can stay in. I'm going to lick you!"

"I'm not looking for a licking, thanks."

"You'll get it without looking for it. If you're not a rotten funk, you'll come behind the gym this afternoon."

"My dear chap, I'm going out to have a look at the Coombe Quarries this afternoon. You can't expect me to give that up simply for a licking, now can you?"

"Rotten funk!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, you've got to fight me!" hissed Lovell.

"What are we going to fight for?"

"Because you're a cheeky new kid. I'm going to thrash you."

"That's all very well. But suppose I thrash you, what then?"

"You—you silly ass—"

"Look here! Will you agree to make it pax and be a decent pal if I thrash you?" asked Silver, in a businesslike tone.

Lovell almost choked.

"You—you worm! I—I—I'll mop up the ground with you! As for palling with you, I'd sooner pal with a hyena!"

"Then I'm not going to thrash you," said Silver determinedly.

"You howling jabberwock!" exclaimed Lovell. "Do you think you could stand up against me for two ticks?"

"Lovell, you are raising your voice," said Mr. Bootles, blinking along the table. "You seem to be quarrelling. You will go to the Form-room for an hour this afternoon, Lovell, and write out a verb of the first conjugation, both active and passive voices."

Lovell gurgled. His luck was out again. If he was to spend an hour writing out the active and passive voices of a verb of the first conjugation, the new kid would be able to dodge him after all. That licking would not come off. And Lovell felt that he couldn't wait.

But he had to wait. After dinner, when he made a move to follow the rest into the quadrangle, Mr. Bootles shepherded him off to the Form-room, where he was planted with a Latin grammar and a sheaf of impot paper.

As soon as Mr. Bootles was gone Lovell jumped to the Form-room window. He saw Jimmy Silver sauntering away, evidently bent on the visit to the Coombe Quarries that he had spoken of. Lovell shook his fist from the window after the unconscious junior.

"You wait a bit, you blessed funk!" he growled. "Oh, won't I give you a hiding presently!"

And then Lovell sat down to the joys of the active and passive voice.

An hour later he crawled wearily out of the Form-room. The Classical juniors had a tremendous contempt for the Moderns and all their studies. They held that the study of the dead languages was the "thing." They prided themselves upon mugging up Virgil while the Moderns were busy with bookkeeping or "stinks."

Lovell might therefore have been expected to enjoy his hour with the active and passive voices of a verb of the first conjugation. But he hadn't. At all events, he did not look as if he had been enjoying himself when he came out from his detention. He looked as if he were in a mood for homicide—or manslaughter, at least.

Raby and Newcome were waiting for him. They were sympathetic.

"Where's that new kid?" was Lovell's first question. "Has he come in?"

"No," said Raby. "Never mind him now. We've been waiting for you to go down to the footer, old chap."

"Hang the footer!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Newcome indignantly. "We've waited an hour, and I want to get to the footer, for one!"

"Get to it, then!" said Lovell. "I'm going to look for that new kid!"

"Oh, let him alone!" said Raby uneasily. "If he don't want to fight you, Lovell, don't pile it on him. He—he isn't such a bad chap, you know."

"Are you standing up for him?" bawled Lovell.

"Don't shout, old chap. I say he isn't a bad sort. Look how he dished the Moderns cads—"

"Like his cheek!"

"Well, yes, but—"

"And he's a measly funk. I told him I was going to fight him this

afternoon, and now he's sneaked off somewhere by himself."

"He didn't strike me as a funk," said Newcome. "It does look a bit like it, though. But if he's a funk he ain't worth bothering about."

"I'm going to lick him."

"Come down to the footer, there's a good chap."

"Blow the footer! I'm going after that new kid, I tell you! I know where he's gone."

"Well, I'm going down to the footer," said Raby. "See you later, Lovell. We're going to have a feed at tea, you know. I've had a postal-order."

"Blow the feed!" growled Lovell. Evidently he was not in a reasonable mood.

"Must say you're agreeable this afternoon," said Raby. "As you're so jolly plain-spoken I'll follow your example. I think we've been too much down on that new kid—or, rather, you have. He's not a bad sort at all, and it would be more sensible to make it pax with him. He could help us no end against the Modern cads."

"So you're backing him up against me!" snorted Lovell. "That's the kind of pals you are, is it?"

"Oh, don't get your rag out over nothing!" remonstrated Raby. "Blessed if you don't fly out at a word. What's the blessed matter with you? You used to be a good-tempered chap once upon a time."

"Well, if you prefer that chap to me you can back him up and leave me alone!" snorted Lovell. "But he'll come back to you with a beautiful set of features, I can promise you that!"

And Lovell strode away towards the school gates, in a towering rage.

Raby and Newcome looked after him in something like dismay.

"My hat! Old Lovell's got his back up, and no mistake," said Newcome. "Shall we go after him, Raby?"

"Let's get down to the footer. He'll feel better when he's licked the kid," said Raby. "All the same, that chap Silver is decent, and I don't quite see being down on him like this. Come on."

They went down to the footer. Lovell strode out of the gates and took the road towards Coombe. Jimmy Silver had told him that he was going to see the Coombe Quarries, so Lovell knew where to look for him. He strode on with a set brow and tight lips. The fellows who knew Lovell for a good-tempered and amiable fellow would hardly have known him now. His "down" on the new boy seemed to have quite changed him.

He strode along the lane at a good speed. Half-way to the village he turned off by the footpath that led to the quarries.

The old chalk quarries were abandoned now, and the spot was a very lonely one. The great, yawning pits left in the earth where the quarrymen had worked years ago made the vicinity dangerous to a stranger.

But Lovell knew the ground well. He came out from the footpath amid the bracken and gorse that grew thickly over the wide expanse and that covered up in some places the openings of the deep old pits until one was very close. And his eyes glittered as he caught sight of a junior in Etons at a distance.

"That's the cad!"

He started towards the junior. It was Jimmy Silver. The new boy at Rookwood was spending a very cheerful afternoon exploring the old quarries on the upland near the sea. But the cheerful expression faded from his face as he caught sight of Lovell dashing towards him through the long grass and bracken. He looked worried.

"Stop!" shouted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver stood still watching him. Between him and the oncoming junior lay a wide pit which extended for a great distance in each direction. Lovell had not observed it, but the pit barred him off from Jimmy Silver. He came on at a run.

"Hallo!" called out Silver. "Looking for me?"

"Yes, you funk!"

"Mind where you're running to!" Lovell halted, gritting his teeth with rage.

The deep cavity in the earth yawned at his very feet. It was ten feet wide, and the sides sloped steeply down. At the bottom there was a splash as Lovell's foot detached a stone and it whizzed down into the depths. There was water there, but in the gloom of the pit it could not be seen. The Classical junior halted, simply raging. Jimmy Silver smiled across at him.

"You funk! You've been dodging me!"

"Guilty, my lord!"

"I'm going to lick you!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Will you wait for me there till I get round?" shouted Lovell.

Silver laughed.

"No fear! I'm going for a stroll."

"Wait there, you funk—you rotter—"

"Rats!"

"Then I'll jump it!"

Lovell retreated from the side of the pit, to take a run for the jump. Jimmy Silver stared at him in alarm.

"Don't be a mad idiot!" he shouted. "Why, it's sixty feet deep at least!"

"Bah! Mind your own business! I can clear ten feet, I suppose!"

"But suppose you don't! Stop, I tell you! Lovell, don't be a silly ass!" yelled Silver, really alarmed now.

But Lovell did not stop. He took a rapid run and bounded across the cleft.

Jimmy Silver watched him stonily. The leaping figure came soaring across, and Lovell's feet landed, but the crumbling edge of the pit yielded under his feet. He flung himself desperately forward, clutching with his hands. Roots came out in his desperate clutch.

Silver bounded towards him, white as death. But before he could reach the unfortunate junior Lovell had slipped back. Jimmy Silver halted on the very verge of the pit.

Far below came the hollow echo of a splash. Lovell had disappeared!

The 7th Chapter. By Sheer Pluck.

Jimmy Silver stood paralysed on the crumbling edge of the pit. His face was white with horror.

But it was only for a moment that he stood thus. Then he flung himself on his hands and knees on the dizzy verge and peered down into the darkness below.

The bulging side of the pit alone met his gaze. And there was silence below, after that one faint splash—dead silence.

"Lovell!"

Jimmy's voice was hoarse and strained; he hardly knew the sound of it, as he called:

"Lovell! Are you hurt? Answer me!"

Only the echo of his voice replied. "Lovell! Lovell!"

And "Lovell!" answered the echo mockingly.

From the junior who had disappeared into the depths of the old quarry came no word, no sound.

Jimmy Silver staggered to his feet and cast a wild look round him. Not at that moment did he think, or care, that the fallen junior had been seeking him with bitter hostility. His only thought was for Lovell. He glanced wildly to right and left. Only the lonely uplands stretching away to the sea met his gaze. There was no help—no help!

The nearest building was far out of sight. And Lovell lay—mained perhaps; perhaps dead—at the bottom of the abandoned pit!

"It's my fault!" groaned Jimmy. "I—I've got to get to him! But how—how?"

He thought of following the edge of the pit. Sooner or later he might find where it was shallower, where he could descend in safety. He knew nothing of the lay of the land; it was his first visit there.

But the time was passing; and perhaps there was no way into the quarry, no way but—

Jimmy Silver looked over the dizzy verge and shuddered.

Could he do it? And if he fell? What had happened to Lovell? If he fell—

He set his teeth. It was barely possible that, with the aid of the clinging roots and the bulging wall of the old pit, that he could climb down.

He could not leave Lovell there. He had fallen in water. He might be drowning at this very second! Every instant was precious.

Jimmy Silver made up his mind. The Rookwood juniors would not have suspected that he was a funk if they had seen him then.

He ran along a dozen steps, to where a mass of creepers hung over the edge of the pit. He looked down, setting his teeth. It needed all his self-control to keep his brain from reeling. But he did not hesitate. Lovell lay below, in the depths, injured, perhaps dying, and he was going to him. He grasped the creepers, and swung himself over the edge.

Fragments of earth and stone rattled down upon him, and fell with sullen splashes far below. With his teeth set, Silver worked his way downwards. The bulging side of the pit helped him. Down and down he went, digging his hands into the crevices of the clayey soil, clutching at crevices, at roots, at tiny projections, till a root came out in his hands, his bruised fingers slipped as he grasped, and he felt himself going!

In a moment all the horror of death thrilled the junior. He was falling—falling. Stones and earth rattled down on him; his last feeble grasp was gone. He was falling! But it was only a dozen feet that remained, and almost in an instant his feet plunged into icy water. He reeled over and fell, and scrambled up again, wet and muddy, but unharmed.

He panted for breath. There was deep dusk around him, though the sun was shining on the uplands. He was aching in every limb, but he did not think of fatigue just then. The shallow water left by the rain filled the old quarry from side to side, but it was more than a foot deep; under it was thick, soft mud. Jimmy Silver slipped and stumbled along, peering through the dusk for Lovell. "Lovell! Lovell!"

Still no answer, but a sigh of relief escaped him as he caught sight of the boy he sought.

In the deep dusk of the pit he saw him at last. Lovell lay in the water, hunched up against the wall of the pit. His head lay back against the chalk; his face was deathly white, his eyes were closed. His legs were under water. Jimmy splashed up to his side.

"Lovell! Lovell!" He grasped the insensible junior, and dragged him farther out of the water, upon the strip of mud between the water and the side. His heart was throbbing with relief. The worst had not happened. The water and the bed of soft mud had broken the junior's fall. Jimmy felt over his limbs; they were sound. There was a bruise, growing blue, on his forehead—that was all. And, to Silver's joy, Lovell's eyes opened, and stared at him wildly.

"Lovell, old chap—" panted Jimmy.

"Oh, my head! Oh!" "Poor old chap! I thought you were a goner!" gasped Silver.

Lovell blinked at him, and shivered. The contact of the water was icy. It was some minutes before Lovell realised where he was, and what had happened. He tried to rise, and sank back again, panting.

"Oh, crumbs! I—I fell in!" he muttered.

"Yes. Thank goodness it's no worse!"

"How did you get here?" "I came down for you."

Lovell stared at him. "You—you came down?"

Silver nodded. Now that it was done, he hardly knew how he had done it. It was no wonder that Lovell was surprised.

"You climbed down?" gasped Lovell. "You—you climbed down?"

"I had to see what had happened to you," said Silver. "You—you didn't answer when I called to you. I thought that perhaps—perhaps—" He broke off. "Thank goodness it isn't so bad as that! Can you walk? We've got to get out of this."

"You came down for me," said Lovell dazedly. "Then—then you can't be a funk! I don't know a fellow who'd have tried it."

"Never mind that. How are we to get out? You know this place better than I do—I've never been here before. Is there a way out of this?"

Lovell blinked at him. "We can't climb out," he said. "No fear," said Jimmy, with a glance up at the almost perpendicular walls of the pit. "Not much chance of that."

"You—you came down for me, without knowing whether there was a way out?" stammered Lovell.

"Blessed if I thought about that." "And suppose there isn't a way out?"

"My hat!" Silver's face became very grave. If there was no way out of the pit in that lonely place, it was not pleasant to think of what would happen to the two juniors. Their voices would never be heard; there was no building within a mile.

"We've got to get out somehow," said Jimmy desperately. "My word! What are you grinning at, Lovell?"

Blessed if I can see anything to grin at in a ghastly fix like this." "Oh, you ass!" gasped Lovell. "You—you plucky ass! Do you think I should take it so calmly if there wasn't a way out? We've got to follow the dashed pit for about half a mile, and then we can walk out easily."

Jimmy breathed more freely. "Good! Can you trot?"

"Ow!" "What's the matter now?"

"My ankle!" groaned Lovell. "Yow! I've twisted it!"

"Might have been your neck!" said Silver comfortingly. "Don't grumble."

"But I can't walk, you ass!"

"Lean on me."

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Lovell, as he dragged his feet from the mud.

"I—I can't stand it! I—I can't! I can't put my foot down. Cut off, young Silver, and fetch help."

"Rats!" said young Silver. "If you can't walk, I'll carry you."

"You can't carry me half a mile."

"I'm not going to leave you here."

Lovell blinked at him again. This was the junior he had a "down" on—the fellow he had come out to

utterly exhausted. For a quarter of an hour or more he lay in the grass, drawing quick, almost sobbing breath.

Lovell sat in the grass, chafing his bruised ankle, and rubbing his head. He had been lucky to escape only with bruises. But he was not thinking of that. He was thinking that if Jimmy Silver had not come down to his rescue he would almost certainly have perished in the disused pit.

He remembered how Silver had found him—a little slip might have brought his head under water. And he could never have crawled away without aid, and even an hour in the icy water might have meant death to him, even if he had not been drowned. He was thinking of that as he watched the exhausted junior slowly recovering himself from the terrible strain that had been put upon him. And there was a strange expression on Lovell's handsome face.

Jimmy Silver sat up at last. He grinned as he looked at Lovell, and Lovell grinned, too. Both of them were simply smothered with mud, and barely recognisable.

"We're out of that," said Silver. "What's the next move? We've got

"Well, I know you're not a funk now," said Lovell. "A funk wouldn't do what you did. I'm not a chap to jaw, but I know what you've done for me, and I'm not likely to forget it. But why did you keep out of my way, then?"

"Because I didn't want to scrap."

"Why not?" "I'd rather be friends."

"After—the way I've been down on you?" faltered Lovell.

"Oh, that's all right! You didn't know me, you see. We'll get on better when you know me better," said Silver cheerily.

"I think I know you well enough now," said Lovell. "I could kick myself. I've been an ass, Silver—and a silly ass! I'd be obliged to you if you'd kick me."

"Well, I won't!"

"It would serve me right. But there's something else you can do. After this I'm your pal—if you care about palling with a silly idiot? What do you say?"

"Done!"

They exchanged a firm handshake on it, and then Silver took Lovell on his shoulders again.

for that new kid," said Raby, with a growl. "The bacon will dry up, the silly ass!"

"And the poached eggs!" said Newcome. "I must say this is rather rotten of Lovell to keep us waiting like this! Blow that new kid!"

"Hallo! Here he is!"

The door of the end study was thrown open. Lovell appeared, and he did not come alone. He was limping and leaning heavily on the arm of Jimmy Silver.

Raby and Newcome stared at them. If Lovell required an arm to lean on, they would have expected him to select any arm other than Jimmy Silver's. The two juniors could hardly believe their eyes.

"Tea ready?" said Lovell.

"Yes; but—"

"So am I. So is Jimmy."

"Jimmy!" gasped Raby and Newcome together. It was their ears that they could scarcely believe now.

"Yes. Shove a chair this way. I've hurt my hind leg, and I can hardly walk yet. Look muddy, don't we?" said Lovell.

"Yes, a bit. Where the deuce have you been?"

"At the bottom of the old pit," said Lovell, as he sat down.

"Great Scott!" "Don't be funny!" said Newcome.

"You mean to say you fell in?"

"Right in."

"Then how the thunder did you get out?"

"Silver fished me out."

"Silver!" yelled Newcome. "You went out to lick Silver!"

"I've asked him to kick me for it," said Lovell. "He won't. I'm going to kick myself when my hind leg gets better. I say, I'm hungry. So's Silver. I hope you fellows are going to do the decent thing to Silver now he's my pal."

"Your—your pal!" said Raby dazedly.

"Well, he saved my life, and might have broken his neck doing it!" said Lovell warmly. "If you think I'm an ungrateful beast, Raby—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Silver. "Look here, I'm hungry! But if you fellows don't want me to tea, I'll hook it. That's straight."

"Sit down, you thundering ass!" said Raby, pushing him into a chair. "This wants a bit of getting used to, that's all. Newcome and I wouldn't have cut up so rusty but for Lovell. But we had to back him up. Last time we saw him he was thirsting for your gore. Now he's come in like a tame lamb. It wants some getting used to, that's all."

"You can get used to it while we have tea," said Lovell. "Don't I keep on telling you that I'm famished?"

The four juniors sat down to tea. Raby and Newcome still in a dazed condition. When the first edge of his tremendous appetite had been taken off, Lovell condescended to tell them the whole story. Jimmy Silver did not interrupt him. He bestowed all his attention on the rashers and the poached eggs and the toast.

"Well, my hat!" said Raby, when he had heard all. "I must say that Silver played up like a real brick. Serve you jolly well right if he'd left you down there to soak, Lovell!"

"Don't I know it?" said Lovell. "Haven't I told you a dozen times that I was an ass—not such an ass as you and Newcome, but still an ass!"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Newcome indignantly. "Why, I liked the chap from the very first, when he dished the Modern cads, but you—"

"Same here," said Raby, with equal warmth. "It was you—you ass—"

"Look here—"

"Look here—"

"Look here—"

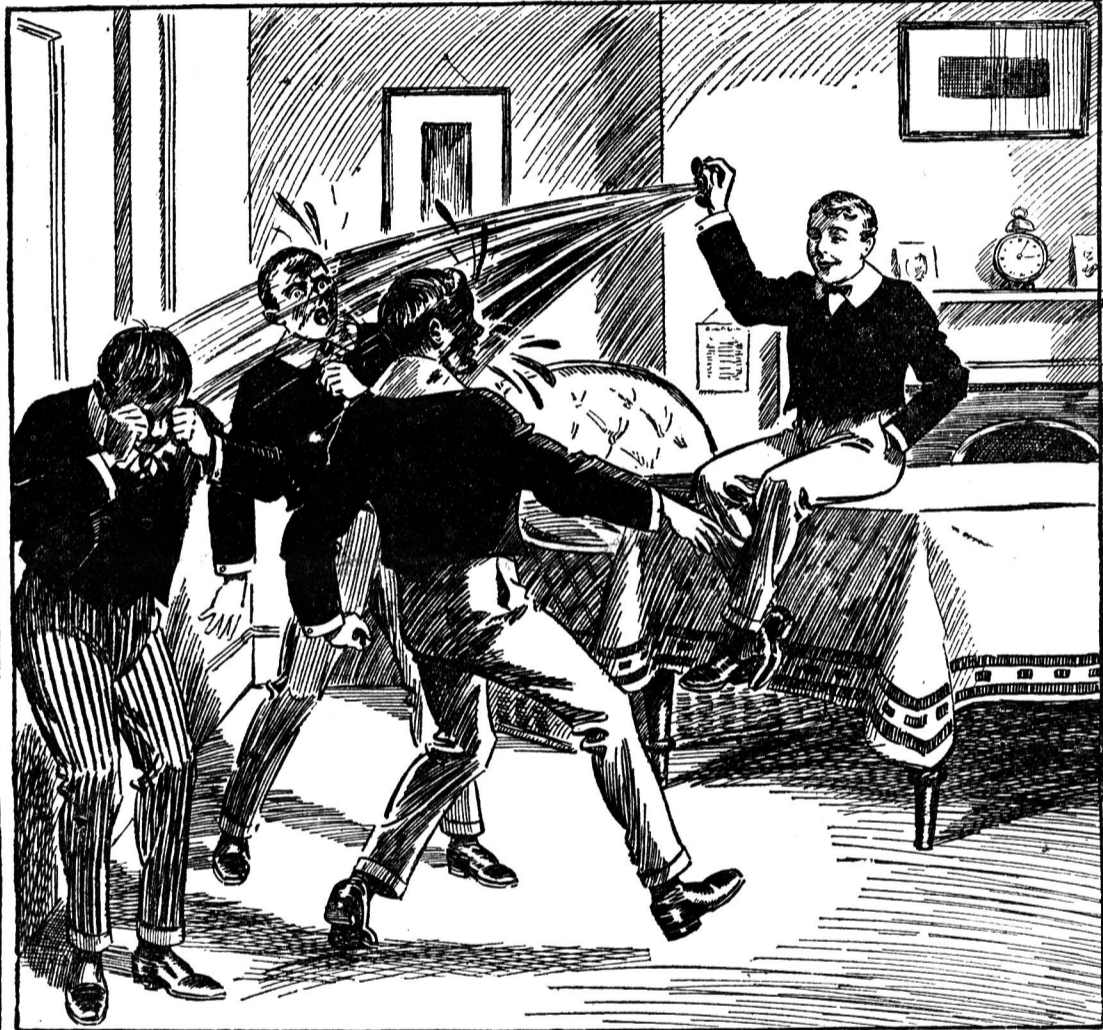
"Cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver, bursting into a laugh. "Let giddy by-gones be by-gones! We're friends now—what!"

"Hear, hear!" "Bosom pals!" chuckled Lovell. "Pass the rashers!"

And fellows in the Fourth who looked in on the festive scene in the end study had the surprise of their lives. The trouble in that famous study was over—quite over—and Lovell & Co. and the new kid were bosom pals.

THE END.

"The Fistical Four" is the title of next Monday's long complete yarn of the Rookwood boys. It will be a rattling fine yarn, and one that every reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND should make a point of reading. By the way, have you introduced Jimmy Silver to your chum yet? If not, will you do your Editor a favour, and do so to-day?



Jimmy Silver's hand came up as the three exasperated juniors closed in on him. The inkpot was full, but it was empty in a second, as a stream of black fluid met the oncoming three, causing them to cough and gasp hysterically.

thrash. He coloured as he thought of it.

"I'm not going to let you carry me," he muttered. "It—it's not good enough. Besides, you can't."

"Bosh! Get on my back."

"But—but—"

"You'll catch your death of cold here, fathead. Get on—pickaback."

Lovell made no further demur. He was already shaking with the cold. Jimmy helped him on his back, and started. Splash, splash, he went on through the dark water, dragging his feet heavily out of the mud at every step. It was not easy going, with thick, soft mud under his boots, the icy water swishing round his legs, and Lovell's weight on his back. But he stood it manfully. On he went, staggering sometimes, but never losing his footing. Lovell did not speak a word, and Jimmy had no breath left for talking. In silence, save for the splashing of the water, he tramped on.

The pit was growing shallower at last; the sunlight streamed in on them. A steep slope brought them to the upper ground. The water was left behind. Jimmy stumbled on with his burden up the slope.

He staggered out upon the grassy upland at last.

There he let Lovell slide upon the grass, and sank down himself,

to get back to Rookwood jolly sharp, or we shall catch our death of cold. I'm wet through."

"Same here," said Lovell. "But we needn't go to the school. The village is close here now, behind that ridge. We can get a change there, and a man to drive us home. You can carry me to Rookwood."

"Well, I could, but I'd rather not," said Silver laughing. He rose rather stiffly to his feet. "I shall have to carry you into the village, anyway. Come on!"

"Hold on," said Lovell quietly.

Jimmy looked at him inquiringly.

"Your ankle hurting you? 'Tisn't a sprain, is it?"

"No, only a thumping hard knock. But I can't walk. But—but it wasn't that I was going to say. I—I don't quite get on to this. You know what I came after you for?"

"Oh, don't begin that again, old chap. You don't look much like licking anybody just now."

"I'm not thinking of licking anybody just now," said Lovell, with a mummy smile. "You can lick me if you like, and I won't say a word."

"I'll carry you into Coombe instead. Come on!"

"But I haven't finished yet. Why did you scoot off instead of scrapping. I thought you were a funk."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Wicks, at the village tuckshop, was much astonished when a muddy junior tramped in with another muddy junior on his back. But the good lady hastened to provide them with hot water and towels, and while they were cleaning off the mud she dried their clothes by the kitchen fire, and when they had scraped as much as possible of the mud from their clothes and boots the trap from the Red Lion bore them away to Rookwood.

The 8th Chapter.
Pals!

Raby and Newcome were waiting tea for Lovell.

There was a festive spread in the end study. It was past teatime, and Raby and Newcome had prepared a really handsome spread ready for their wayward chum. They sincerely hoped that he would come back in a better temper. But as the time passed on they grew a little anxious—not about Lovell, but about the feed. The rashers were beautifully cooked, the toast was made, the tomatoes were done to a turn, the kettle was singing on the hob. All was ready for Lovell, and if he did not come in soon the feed would be spoiled.

"I suppose the duffer's still hunting

—THEY ARE GOING TO APPEAR REGULARLY IN THE BOYS' FRIEND.