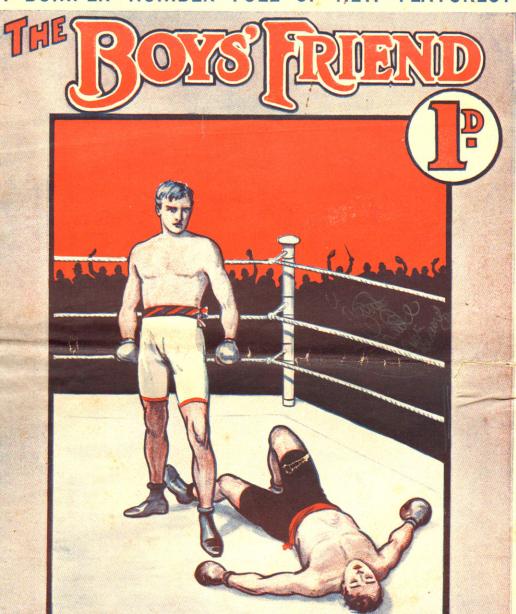
A BUMPER NUMBER FULL OF NEW FEATURES!



Splendid FREE PLATE Inside



ant Kettle granted, and came Sergeant Kettle granted, and came on. Mack desperately awarmed up the other ladder.

om beans!" yelled Raby:

"Give 'om beans!" yenen Rany, Swoosh! Swoosh! The two buckets tilled over. Mack, with a throttled howl, slid down the ladder and numped into Catesby and

bent him flying.

The sergeant gave a roar. But the old warrior who had fought Afghans and Boers was not to be heaten. Swimming in water, he came clam-

swimming in water, he carns cannibering on.

Newcome handed Silver a scennibrimming backet, and Jimmy promptly wateried it over the evident with the winder. The sergeant spattered and gaspet and choked. But he came on, and his head was thrust in at the

Jimmy Silver caught up the big stable broom he had ready. With an otter recklessness of results, be charged at the sergeaut. If Sergeaut charged at the sergeant. If Sergeant Kettle had stopped to receive that charge he would have had cause to remember it. He dived in time below the windowsill. Jummy Silver loaned out and jommed the broom on the top of his head. "Yaw!" roured the sergeant. Whack! Whack! Whack! "Yaroobb!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!
"Yarooob!"
Flesh and blood could not stand it.
Flesh and blood could not stand it.
Flesh and blood could not stand it.
Flesh and blood stands and blood to be brown. He went bundling down the ladder, and Jimmy Silver, skilfully looking the head of the brown into the rangs, jerked the ladder away from the wall and seen it randling

down.
"Hurrah!" gasped Jimmy.
"Back up!" yeled Lovell from the
other window.
At that spot the defence was not so
fortunate. Knosles and Catesby lind
come rushing up the lagder so swittly
that Lovell's second in place to wise used
was caught by Knosles-And twisted
over the proceeding of the property of the complexity of the complexity

over upon himself.

Local backed away, drenched, and
Knowled unbered in at the window,
Kany and New op and Jones minor
seized him instantly, but he rolled
right in, still struggling with the

"Back up, Catesby!" yelled

pomors.

"Back up, Catesby!" yelled Knowbes up, Catesby! was balf in at the window can Jimpy Silver rushed up with his broom. The rough head of he broom caught Catesby till on the chost. He went out of the window again like a shot, clinging to the sill.

"Yow.ow! Stoppat!" he shrieked on his füngers. "Yow!! I shall fall!

"Yow.ow! Held!" he had had noongh. On my had! Held!

Wheek came with The Modern prefect again a wild hook, and sild down the hidder. He had had noongh. In the room a terrific struggle was going on between Knowles and the limitors.

going on between Knowles and the puniors.

Jimmy Silver did not heed it for the moment. He issued from the window and hooked the second indeterway with the broom and sent it has been also as the series of the beautiful of the sergeant dedged it as it fell. The attack was repulsed—mines Knowles could overcome fifteen Classead juniors in single combat.

It looked as if he couldn't.
The Modern profest was figuring, the single combat. It looked as if he couldn't.
The Modern profest was figuring the first series of the juniors had been knocked right and left, with grievous damages. But six or seven of them were clining to Knowles Rice cats, and they had got him down on the image over him.

"You young bounds?" seramed Knowles. "Gerreff! Fill get out Lett me go! Till go! Yow-wow."

"Got the cad" panted Lovelli.

"Got the cad" panted Lovelli.

"Modern beast! Ginner a pail of water for the rotter!"

"Hold out," wid Jimmy Silver.

"I'll teach min so Modern beast! Gimme a pail of water for the rotter!"
"Hold ou" wild Jimmy Silver.
"Ho's drenched me!" round Lovell. "I'm going to drench him." Lovell. "I'm going to drench him!"
"Yes; but—"
"Rats! Gimme a pail of water!"

"Fathead! Put some soot in it

first." "Ha, ha, ha," "good! Hold the tad tight, and he properly the tad tight and t

"Ready!" sang out Jimmy Silver.
"Stand clear!"

"Stand clear!"
The justices crowded back, aJimmy Silver swung up the poil of
souty water. Knowles sit up breathlossly just as the torrent cane
drenching down. A disput howl
came from the Modern prefect. He
backet of seety water had swamped
upon him, and he had changed with
smooting suddenness into a negro. He
statutes disappeared under the blackness, and his clothes reeked with wet
sout.

out.
"Ococcocch!" mumbled Knowles.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Now pitch him out!"
"Blessed if I like to touch him!"
"Kick him till he climbs out," said

"Blessed if I like to touch him?"

"Kick him till he climbout," soid Lovell.

"Good egg!"

"Good

ground. Mr. Manders came dashing forward.
"Knowles, what is the matter? You-you are all black! What—

"That sooty pail, quick!" breathed Lovell. "Ha, ba!"

"Ha, ha!"
Lovell leaned out of the window, with the bucket still a third full of thick soot and water. Swoosh! Mr. Manders jumped clear of the ground as the sooty corrent awausped down on him. In a second be was as black as

Manders jumpas the secty torrent swam,
thin. In a second be was as black.

K. Manders, "Oh, bless my soull What-what— Oh, 1 choke—I suffocate! Oh-ob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mr, Mandars staggered away, gasping and spluttering. His unlapping and defeated helpers followed him.
They had had enough—more than chough—especially Knowles. From the Classical fourness came a yell of

Mr. Manders burried back to the Mr. Manders hurried back to the house. Soyly water drenched him from head to foot; his face was barely recognisable. Lessons were ended, and the Rookwood fellows came out in a swarm from their class-rooms in time to meet Mr. Manders. They stared at him aghast for a moment, and then there was a peal of merri-ment.

ment.
"Ha. ha. ba."
"Silence:" shricked Mr. Manders
"Ha, ha, ha, ha?
"Bluttering with rage and soot, Mr.
Manders reshed into the house, and
disappeared from sight, leaving all
Rookwood on the verge of hysteries.

Rookwood on the verge of hysteries.
In the old clock tower, the voices
of the triumphant Classicals were
raised in a pasan of victory.
"Hooray! Hijb. hip, hooray! Who's
top side at Rookwood?"
"Classics: Classics!"
"Hooray!"
THE EED.

THE END.

(Next Monday's Grand School Tale of Jimm- Silver & Co. is entitled "No Surrender!" Do not miss reading it. Order early).

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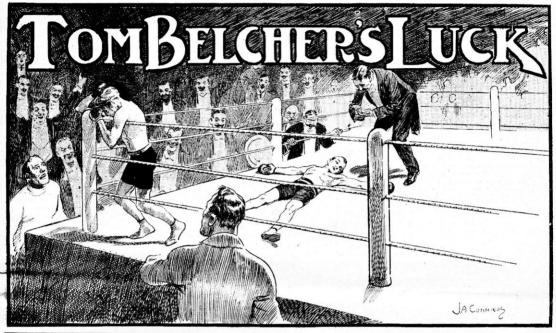
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When finished with please hand this a friend, as ob'ige-

A GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.



Tom Belcher backed away, holding his gloved hands to his throbbing head. "If they don't count him out, I'm lost," he thought, knowing full well that he must fall himself in a few seconds.

The 1st Chapter Looking Out for Work.

The 1st Chapter.
Locking out for Work.
"Well, Tom, how are you?"
The speaker was Ben Adams, retired boxer, and thorough good fellow, and the words were addressed clow, and the words were addressed to the season of the season of the words were addressed to the season of the words were addressed to the season of the season o

him after it, patted the boy fondly on the shoulder.

"Just you, come along into breakfast, boy," said he, "The missus fast, boy," said he, "The missus fast, boy," said he, "The missus fast, boy, and the world without was cold and bleak, the roofs and walls being covered with rime, "Thank you. Mr. Adams!" said Tom gratefully. "The grand, the fast of the fast, boy, and the fast of the fas

a happy smile upon her face. She greeted Tom quite affectionately, asked him how he had slept, and set a chair for him near the lire.

Then followed the breakfast, the Then followed the breakfast, the Then followed the breakfast, the Then followed the theory of the state of the theory of his life, telling them how his father and mother had died when is father and mother had died when he followed the solicity of the solicity of

They listened attentively, watching the changing expressions of Tom's face while the lad was speaking, obviously impressed by the boy's sin-

obstanly impressed by the boy's an-cerity.

Ben Adams made light of Tom's misfortunes.

Ben Adams made light of Tom's misfortunes.

Execution of the said.

Execution of the said.

Execution of the said.

Execution of the said of the said.

Execution of the said.

Execu

And be best him anylow, missed "— Ben's face glowed with pride and happiness—"fighting on an empty stomach, too; "and the prince and with him. Ben's asked Mrs. Adams, a little anxiously perhaps. "Remem-ber, we have a job to make both onds meet at times. You've been dis-missed from the St. George's Boxing missed from the St. George's Boxing mouth to feed!" "Oh, don't you worry, old girl." "Oh, don't you worry, old girl." cried Ben. "We'll get along all right. And Tom here will soon make good, won't you. Tom?"

"I'll try," answered Tom earnestly,
"Look here, laddie, have you got
nerve and pluck enough to stick to
boxing as a profession?"
"I have," answered Tom; and his

"I have," answered Tom; and his eyes lit up with the light of enthu-

siasm.
"Are you willing to place your

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affairs in my hands for the present, and be instructed and guided by

and be instructed and guided by me?"
Tom's answer came unhesitatingly, remembering as he did the manly way in the manly man to the manly man to the manly man to the manly man to the man t

Ben Adams was not the sort of man Ben Adams was not the sort of man to allow the grass to grow under his feet. That very afternoon, after Tom do been round to Mrs. Bryant's—his old landlady—had paid her the small debt he owed her, and had fetched his few belongings away, they are sometimed to be sort of the state of the sta

much money on redecorations, as he opened his doors at popular prices, and the Star had latterly keen overshadowed by the more successful and far more attractive St. George's Hall, can by George Martin, Lewis was never able to stage any big contest, and, as a result, his hall was looked upon as "third class." money on redecorations, as he

was looked upon as "third class."
Still, it was run very creditably and efficiently: bad verdicts were seldom given there, and honest contests were the order of the programme, as a

the order of the programme, or a rule.

When Ben Adams entered the dirty and begrimed foyer, they found

everal derelict boxers lounging

Ben at once asked whether Mr. Lewis was in, and, being answered in the affirmative, said cheerily to Tom Belcher:

"Come along, Tom, my lad! We'll see whether we can fix up a fight for

you!"

There was no need for Ben to ask
Tom whether he would be willing tog
fight if he got the chance: Tom's face
was already aglow with enthusiasm.
When they entered the dingy office
they found the promoter smoking a
pipe, and poring dubiously over some
account sheets which were set before
him.

pipe, and poring dubiously over some account sheets which were set before him.

"Hallo, Ben!" was the promoter's greeting, as Ben and Tom came in.

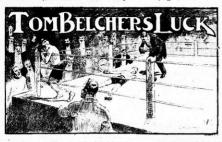
"How are yearlinks!" replied Ben How are yearlinks." replied Ben Adams "Hops you're beeing the same. How are things, Bob."

"Bad." sighed the promoter—"bad." Everything access to have gone wrong with me lately. George Martin ain't too particular in the way in which he runs his hall. The he sneaks him. He can pay a binger price than I can, and it's easy. I've lost a number of promising lads that way, and sometimes during the past few months the gates have been awful. Last Saturday I opened to a behalf of the control of the contr

mend."

Ben Adams glanced sympothetically at Bob Lewis. They had been pals in their boxing days, and Ben knew Bob Lewis as a straightforward, honest man, one of the best with a bit of money, he might have made a big success of the Star Boxing Hall, instead of the comparative failure his

(Continued from the previous page.)



wnership of that hall had developed I

"Norry to hear it's as bad as that, Bob!" cried Ben, as he sat down. But things will take a turn for the better soon, I hope: And, look here. I've brought you a baxer who won't be bought by Geogré Martin, a kid whell do you a bit of good, I don't could, if you'll give him a charse."
"the" cried Bob Lewis, "Whos-"who," cried Bob Lewis, "Whos-

he!" Stand forward, Tom

"Stand forward, Tom!" eried honest Ben Adams; and Tom dutifully showed himself. Lewis stared.
"Bless me, Ben'" he cried.
"Vou're not serious, are you? Why, he's only a baby! I should be afraid to let him appear in my ring, for fear he'd be killed. I've never seen such little the differ.

he'd be killed. I ve level a siltile 'un!"

"Ah, he's little, but he's good!"

"Ah, he's little, but he's good!"

"Cachained Ben proudly. "His name's

Tom Belcher, Did you 'ear about the hiding he gave Georgie Martin

the huma.

The promoter's face lit up with a
new interest at that. He eyed Tom
Belcher up and down, with an incredu-

Belcher up and down, with an incredu-lous smile on his lips, "Why, Ben," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that this midget beat Georgic Martin, do you? Every-body's talking about it; but I really an't believe he ever did it, when I

k at him!" Oh, he did it right enough!" said

food a mm.

"Oh, Build height enough!" soil.

"Oh, Build height enough!" soil most soil of the was tired and hungry, and hardly fit to fight at the tine. I fell you, when I went to the dressing-room and looked at him, I felt is sorry for the little beggar! that I felt inclined to interfere and proven the flight. But the moment he started I knew that a carthed, and here he is?"

"And you'd fight for me, would you, my lad?" asked Bob Lewis sharply.

"Yes," answered Tom breathlessly.

"All I want is a chance. I'm not afraid of anylong, I always could

sharply.

"Yes," antswered Tom breathlessly.
"All I want is a chance. Tm not afraid of anybody, I always could bee a bit, and I'm not afraid to give the control of the con

boy?"
"Just under seven stone, sir,"
answered Tom.

"Just under seven stone, sir,"
"There aren't such a lot of lads van could plt him against, you we say that the search of the sea for his first six-rounds' contest, if he cares to take it; but I can't afford any more for a start."
"All right," said Ben. "I know

control amon of principle. Boly and Lain's greedy. We'll for up like that Lain's greedy. We'll for up like that future negotiations with regard to Tom here, if he proves the success I anticipate."

But Learn's stretched out his hand, Boly Learn's tretched out his hand, Boly Learn's be reide. "There you are, Tom." cried Ben Allams, ten minutes later, when they left the boxing hall together. "It was easy, wast, it? You would get was easy, wast it? You would get do; but we must all flake a start, you know, and if you never appear before the public you never get a chance." "I'm quite satisfied, thank you, Mr. Adams," answered Tom."

"I'm quite satisfied, thank you, Mr. Adams," answered Tom."

"Call me Ben; it sounds a bit more paily!"
"All right Ben;" ried Tom."

a bir more pally!"
"All right, Ben:" cried Tom.
"And now," said the old hand,
"I'm not going to bother you with
any sparring practice or gynnasium
work, Tom. You've got to feed up
a bir, see: I'll just panuper you like
an invalid, and then you'll be better
able to withstand, the punishment
you're bound to receive when you able to withstand, the panishment you're bound to receive when you make your bow at the Star."
Meanwhile, Bob Lewis was sitting in his chair, smoking his pipe, and staring blankly at the wall in from of

"And that kid managed to lick "And that kid managed to lick Georgie Martin, did he" he mur-mured. "It don't seem possible. He's no height to speak of, he s slight, he's got a baby face, and his hones. He was did he manage.

are small. How ever the he manage it? It must have been a fluke. I expect the kin was desperate, and hadn't any idea of the serious nature of the task he'd taken on. Georgie Martin is supposed to be one of the heat flux nights was not. best fly weights we've got. Oh, yes it was a fluke! I'm afraid Ben Adams hasn't got the winner he imagines the

But Bob Lewis was wrong, as sub-

The 2nd Charter. Stage Fright.

On the tright when Ton Beleher made his first how at the Star Boxing Hall, an unusually large crowd assembled at the doors before they were opened, and there was quite an old-time and inspiring rush for the pay-boxes when at last the public were admitted.

admitted. The above the public were admitted. The Belcher was set to box a lad maned Morgan. Morgan, despite his though of Welsh parentage. He was born in the East Kod of London, and had lived there all his life. He did not several novice competitions, and had performed moderately well, in set contests without ever well in set contests without ever

tions, and had performed moderately well in set contests without ever making more than a local name for himself. Yet, as a trial horse, he was not to be despised. Moderately scientific, and possess-ing a heavy punch, he was always dangeross. Many a scientific flip-flapper had discovered as much to his

flapper had discovered as much to his cost. It was singly him. But Jewis recknosed be'vil got hold of a had who might well he able to hear Tom Berher. And if Tom won, midispath able proof would have to be given that Tom's success over Georgic Martin was no fland altracted the crowd, but the flaming advertisements after which the flaming advertisements after automated Tom Berher's name in big letters, referred to him as the Boxing Wonder, and declared that it was he who had beaten Georgie Martin. was he Martin.

That sensational contest at the rival hall was the talk of the distr Everybody who had neglected opportunity of seeing it, wanted to what the new midget was like, a

so Bob Lowie's banking account received a nuch-needed filip.
Tom Belsher turned up that night looking very pole. He seemed rest-less, il at ease, and nervous. In the dressing room, while he was preparing for the context under the friendly supervision of honest Ben Adams, he created anything but a favourable impression amongst the

havement matter of fact bruisers was with him.

And when they looked Tom over, as he stood stripped, prior to doming his ring shorts, boots, and soft bandages, which Ben insisted upon his the impression they remain the impression they are considered. wearing, the impression they re-ceived that he would not do was con-

es blo

"I shall be an right the ring." Bob Lewis came round with the whip just before Tom was called into the ring. He wanted to have a look at the "marvel." When he saw Tom stripped for the fray, he was abso-Intely stag gered,
"Ben," he cried, "take him a
Let me send in a substitute! I
shame to let him face the starter
Ben's face, puckered with any
chimlial

clouded. 1' right, Bob!" he cried.
"You wait!" But, in spite of the enforced cheerfulness of his tone, Ben

enforced cheerfulness of his tone, Ben was feeling very worried.

Tom seemed to shrink from the ordeal this time. The determination and "devil" which had permitted him to face Georgie Martin with-out a tremor was absent. The midget

seemed afraid. urant.
was time for them to make Rot

But it was time for them to make their way to the ring. Already a resounding shout of applause told them that Morgan had already climbed into the raised up and ropedin square.
"Come along, Tom!" cried Ben Adams

Toni followed at Ben's heels. They

passed along a passage, descended a staircase, and approached an oper door. Through this they passed into the auditorium. It was three part

As Ton made his way to the plat-form, and climbed nervously up the steps, the audience cheering him

steps, the authors buddy.

No sooner had they a chance of looking him over, however, than their cheers were changed into cries of cheers were changed into cries of the ball.

blank annacument.

blank annacument.

Could it be pessible that this halfCould it be pessible that this halfMarint, they wondered?

"Oh, it was a faked fight, last
time," said a well-known sportsman. "If ever they met again, it would be
twent to one Morgan beats him
Ben tallers them."

to-night!"

Ben Adams heard, and round he swung. He was not a man to bet, as a rule, because he did not believe in it. But this time he felt as if he must speculate a little, if only to show the faith he had in Tom.
"Will you give me five pounds to a sovereign?" he asked.

faith he had in Tom.

"Will you give me five pounds to a
"Certainly, to you. Ben;" was the
guick reply, and the betring man held
out his hand to take the mengy.
Ben gave him the swereign, and
followed Tom into the rong.

In the swereign and
followed Tom into the rong.

In the swereign and
followed Tom into the rong.

In the swereign and
followed Tom into the rong.

In the swereign and
followed Tom into the rong.

In the swereign and
followed Tom into the rong.

It leads to the and
swere trembling as he sat there.

It leads to the swereign and
swereign and has teeth
chaltered. "It's on-only still
fright. Blob his torque to check
the indigonant retort which rose to his
his, for he was a plain speaking man,
and at that moment he gave his
swereign apa lost.

ereign up as lost.
'The kid'll be beaten to a frazzle,'
s his mental comment, and he be

Morgan orner of sat grinning in the opposite the ring. He had noticed

om's nervousness.

And he, too, reckoned that the conthe two did be a walk-over for him.

He was anxious to begin, eager to demonstrate by the result of this contest that he was a better lad than the much vaunted Georgie Martin.

The gloves were now tied on, and, without more ado, the timekeeper ordered the seconds to leave the ring. A moment later the word was given, the bell was rung, and the two flywights advanced towards each other

weights advanced rowards each other for the fight.

Tom Belcher moved in with hands hild arrelessly, his feet seen-ing to be glued to the canvas cover-ing the ring. Morgan, on the other hand, with guard held low to protect his stomach, walked straught in, and without ado, sent a stugging left "Oh!" cjenulated the onlookers, expecting the blow to land. But Tom see his head aside, and,

expecting the blow to land.

But Tom set his head aside, and,
emerging from the mix-up which
followed, got away.
Round swung Morgan, and after
Tom he went again. Tom's eyes were

Round swung Morgan, and art Tom he went again. Tom's eyes were glaring, his teeth were tight-shut. The expression of his hough face was one of strained attention. As Morgan came at him, he feebly prodded with the left, the effort failing to keep his opponent out.

Morgan now hit hard at the body

Morgan now hit hard at the body. Most of those present expected to see a Tom Belcher downed. Yet he man-aged, by drawing his body back, to minimise the full force of the blows which Morgan landed. The latter leant upon him, bored him to the ropes, and there Tom seemed to be atterly at his mercy.

seemed to be utterly at his birery.

Ben Adams, anxious, and dismayed,
called upon Ton to "cover up."

Bob Lewis, who had taken a front
seat in order that he might study the
points of the contest, shook his head,
"The boy won't last the round."

me muttered.

Indeed, as Morgan sent in two
ferer right-hand jabs to the jaw, each
of which shook Ton visibly, it looked
as if his prognostication would prove
to be correct.

as it is present to be correct.

Tom Belcher bowed his head to the storm, and then, somehow, nobody knew quite how, he forced his way out of the trouble, and left Morgan fighting frantically at nothing, and facing the empty ropes.

Amidst a roar of laughter, which brought a flush of anger to Morgan's cheeks, Tom got to the middle of the which

Round swoog his opponent, and in

tround swing in opponent; and it he came, bent on beating down the wisp of a boy who faced him. But Tom had regained his presence of mind at last, and dancing this way and that, caused him to miss hadly whilst he got busy with his left.

Two or three times he sent blow

home on beag and body, and Morgan retained with a vienous swinesed by a foot, bringing Morgan heavily by a foot, bringing Morgan heavily. He ree-, looking somewhat shaken, but wons un at once to mill. Tom met him coolly, and for the first time had the better of the exchange, onling but with both hands, the bloves falling in rand succession.

bit with both hands, the blows falling in rapid succession.

*Bob Lewis was impressed now.

"Bravo, kid!" he cried, and it was he who led the storm of applause which brought the round to a close.

Tom went panting to his chair.

Ben said nothing, though he had a
mind to whisper words of caution in
the hoy's ear. Young Belcher seemed

to understand,
"I'll be all right now, Ben," he
said, "The stage-fright has worn off.
You see, I was anxious not to throw

Said. "The stage-tright has worn oft. You see. I was anxious not to throw a considerable of the consider

man.

Morgan seemed to relinquish the middle of the ring to Tom, as if it were young Belcher's right.

The latter, with a smile on his face, which Morgan tried in vain to brish away with his gloves, was as busy as a summer her summ

away with a summer bee.

From all points and at all angles his blows came. Morgan, with the atmost bluck, contested the issue with

utmost pluck, contested the issue with him, but at last he was forced to act ipon the defensive, a sudden and heavy and to rely upon blows for his

success.

Still Tom's tantalising left hand continued to do effective work, so much so that Morgan at length

27 3 15

backed out of distance—or, to such a distance as he reckoped would leave him safe from Ton's attacks. And then he sparred for wind then he sparred for wind To the amazement of everybody. Tom leapt in, and his left went stringing to its mark, deluging Morgan's face with claret, and sending him reclaims.

away. Tom had infinitely the better of the round, and having once got the measure of his opponent, proceeded to pile on the points, until halfway through the fifth session, after a fierco rally, he dropped Morgan heavily to

e boards. The London Welshman rose at the The London Welshman rose at the count of nine, but almost instantly received such a punch on the jaw, as sent him down again, and although, the referee took his time about the count to give him a chance to rise, he was still down, and writhing when the fatal tenth second was counted off and Tom Belcher was then declared

and I on Betcher was then decared the winner.

What do you think of him now,
Bob? asked the delighted Ben
Adams, as he prepared to enter the ring and look after his charge.

"He's great!" was the swift reply.
"Absolutely great, Ben! And listen to the cheering! Don't the audience recognise it, too?"

The 3rd Chapter.

The 3rd Chapter, Ford Play, It was the middle of the week, and Ben Adams and Tom Belcher were seated in Bob Lewis's office, discussing the question of Tom's next fight, when suddenly the door was flung open, and in walked George Martin, promote and proprietor of the St. George's Boving Hall, and his son, George Martin, the by-weight bezer, whom Tom had met and defeated in his first ring battle, conversation between the three friends was cut short. They stared at the visitors in astonishment.

It was the first time that George

Martin had ever paid the rival p moter a visit, the first time that had ever youchsafed to take notice the proprietor and manager of the

And he didn't seem to be in a parti-And he didn't seem to be in a parti-ularly friendly frame of mind, other. As for Georgie Martin, the noment be caught sight of Tohi Beleher, his eyes flashed fire.

Well, George," said Bob often caught myself wonds wondering when a call. Is there

you would give me a call. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is!" stormed George Martin savagely. "I've just heard that you've been placarding your walls with Tom Belcher's name, and putting up notices to the effect that he is the boy who beat my son Georgie!" Georgie!"
"Well, what if I have?" answered

"Well, what if I have?" answered Bob Lewis coolly, "lan't it true?" "I don't care whether it's true or not!", shouted George Martin. "They have got to come down, do you

hear?"
And who's going to get 'em
down?" asked Bob Lewis serenely,
for it delighted him to see his rival
so annoyed.

for it delighted him to see his rival so annoyed.

"If you don't jolly well take 'en down, I will." shouted George down, I will." shouted George and the state of the state of

of the advertisement, refused to budge.

"If you aren't satisfied with the licking young Tom Belcher gave rour boy, said he, "why not let them the light it out again." You'd have not be returned to the light of the light of the light of the return that the light of the light of

another light. Give me another chance."
Father and son had already discussed such an eventuality, and each had seen the great possibilities attached to a return contest after Tom's victory over Morgan. And so the promoter said, turning to Bob Lewis: "That's not a bad idea, Bob,

Georgie's game. And Tom Belcher

Georgie's game. And Tom Bekker ean have a return contest over lifteen rounds, at the St. George's Hall any time he likes and for whatever side stakes you or Ben-Adams may care to put up."

Ben Adams smield. "Oth, no, you don't." he cried. "Tom is perfectly willing to light "Tom is perfectly willing to light ("Tom is perfectly willing to light ("Tom is perfectly willing to light and to going to be at the St. George's Hall, I don't fike your methods, and I discought to be at the St. George's Hall, stage the field; if Bob Lewis will stage the field; if Tom there, the field on."

"And don't forget the bills," said.

orgie won't meet 10m. ht's off." And don't forget the bills," said wis. with a grin. "If Georgie they remain up. Lewis, with a grin. "If Gedon't best Tom, they remain See?"

George Martin's anger almost left him speechless. He stormed and he raved, and interlarded his words with

nany an oath

But the three friends were determined to have their way, Bob Lowis in particular, well knowing what an attraction the bout would prove.

At last Martin left the hall, vow-

attraction the bout would prove.

At last Martin left the inall, wowing flust he would have nothing more to do with the affair.

That's his bluff, Tom," evelaimed Better that he would have nothing more to do with the blue to be seen as must also the property of the seen as must are the seen as must are the seen as must be seen as must be seen as more than the seen as must be seen as must be seen as the seen as

Bob Lewis pointed out to Ben that Bob Lewis pointed out to Ben that Torn, with his reputation to make, could hardly expect to be paid as highly as Georgie Martin, who'd got a big reputation.

"And even now, if the bout doesn't draw the public, I shall lose that the proportion of the proposition of the pro-ting will come, Ben,"

"Slow and sure, answ cheerily—"slow and sure.

o. Bob."

And so the articles of agreement ere drawn up and the contest was were drawn up and the contest was properly arranged.

Ben Adams felt assured now that

property arranged. Then Administration of the Landman field a distinguished career before him as a beyon, of my the lad could manage to put on a bott more weight. His eleverness was the distinguished to the lad could manage to put of the feet of the lad could manage to put of the more weight. His eleverness was the flowtress of the could make the feet of the lad could be for the lad could be formed to the resolution of the lad could be formed would be formed and the lad could be formed to the lad could

determined upon a plan of campaign which he reckoned would take Tom to the top of the tree and bring financial success to them both outside Martin again before any forward step could be taken. Ben Adams knew that, having once tasted defeat at Tom Beheirs's hands, Goorgie would leave no stone unturned in order to severe a victory at their towns of the cast about him for one or two likely lads who might be willing to act as sparring partners to Tom Beheir while the latter was training for the contest. Tom?' said Ben Adams. "And I'm no good to you. I can show you how certain's blows and counters ought to be deflicted, and I can give you a few some lads of your own size and weight to stand up against."

Tou recognised the importance of Ben's recommendation, and cordially agreed. And Ben at last found two trom in his training. Morgan, the lad he'd beaten, was one of these, and a bantan-weight bower named Hyams was another. He red thim on good, plain, wholes some food, and set him such work to do in his training as might render him perfectly fit and well whom the form is better than the properties of th

him perfectly fit and well when the day of the contest came round.

Tom revelled in the daily tasks set him. He loved the severity of physical training. No task, either in the gymnasium or out on the road, was too severe for him to tackle. He tackled every undertaking with a smile on his lips, and whenever he had the boxing-gloves on with either

Morgan or Hyams he set about his opponent with such a will that, generally speaking, the other had had more than enough of it before the sparring exercise had gone its

had more than enough of it belore the sparring exercise had gone its Morgan in these private encounters went for Tom like a demon. The defeat he had suffered at Tom's hards at the Star was still fresh in his remembrance, and he trued to get had suffered as the suffered to the star than the sum of the sum of

speed of Tom's footwork and the astonishing power of his blows. Before the week was out Morgan had badly knocked up his right hand, was suffering from a cut cheek and lip, and was sore all over, and so stiff that he could no longer show to advantage. advantage.

And at last, in the middle of a bout with Tom in which he played the

the handicap, made Hyams look like

a feel.

The latter was a wonderfully good-tempered boxer, however, didn't mind punishment, and was quite fond of Tom. He endured it without a

murmur.
That evening, when Morgan left
Ben's house after having had the
usual meal which followed the labours
of the day, he was in anything but

of the day, he was in anything out a pleasant humour. Striding along the streets, with his Striding along the streets, with his bruised and cut face bent towards the ground and his hands thrust into his pockets, he indulged in many his pockets, he indulged in many the directed threats, all of which were directed at Tom Belcher's devoted head. head.
"I'll beat him some day, I swear

I will! I bear missione as, I swear I will?" he muttered, as he strode along. "I'll get my own back on him somebow! By George, I wish I could make him lose that fight with Georgie Martin. I hate him! He's too swanky. He thinks himself too

clever."
Indulging in such impotent and useless thoughts as these. Morgan slonched upon his way, his bruised ribs aching at every stride or move-

Suddenly he felt his shoulder seized, and found his progress arrested, and a voice said in his ear: "Hallo, Morgan, my lad! Where are you off to?"

the bounds of possibility that he would again defeat Georgie-an out come with the property of the said Georgie and his father.

"I'm sorry to hear that he's in such good form," growled the promoter, tyeing Morgan's discontented from the said Georgie and his father.

"I'm sorry to hear that he's in such good form," growled the promoter, tyeing Morgan's discontented from the said of the said form, and the sorry as I am. Mr. Martin," eried Morgan eagerly, "I hate him! I wish to goodness I could land him one which the said of the sa

day."
"H'm!" murmured Martin, rub-"H'm?" murmured Martin, ruu-bing his chin thoughtfully. "And so you've got your knife into Tom Belcher, have you?"
"Hast 12" geind Morgan malicie.

Beicher have you?

Have I? cried Morgan malici
Have I? cried anything to harm
him by Gorde anything to harm
him by Gorde Martin smiled. He was on
his way to the 8t. George's Boxing
Hall, which was not very far away.

"Morgan, he cried, "you're a
good lad, and I'll give you a chance
at my hall as soon as I find an opporat my hall as soon as I find an opporwith me now, will your come along
with me now, will your come along
The fly weight boxer's face lit up.

Tom Beleher to win, if it's only to take a rise out of me. I've insisted upon Mr. Gowan acting as referee, and he's consented to do set; but, though he's reckoned to be above re-proach, you never know. He may see Tom Beleher's work through rose-to-beleher's work through rose-to-beleher's work through rose-to-beleher's work through rose-to-beleher's work through rose-to-beleher to be made; and the proposed to be made and the proposed to be a proposed

tinted glasses. I don't want any mis-takes to be made; and so if you don't mind helping me a bit, Morgau, I'll make it worth your while." Young Morgan started, then stared at the speaker with wide-open eyes. "How do you mean, Mr. Martin?"

he asked.

he asked.

"You've already said that you want Tom Belcher to lose, haven't you?"

"Yes, St." then. Help me to render his defeat a certainty, and I'll give you a couple of quid for yourself, my boy, and promise you a contest at my hall at some future date."

Morgan's lips parted in eagerness. "Tell me what I'm to do, Mrichard and the certed. "And if I can do it. I will."

"You're the boy for me," said the promoter, with a smile. "You're a lad after my own heart, Morgan."

If e opened his desk, and took out a small ghas phial. Sing with Tom Belcher right up to the evening of the fight. I suppose? "In easked." "Yes, sir."

"Do you cat with him?"
"Do you cat with him?"
"Do you eat with him?"
"On you will the kirchen looking after the cooking."
"Yes, will, the his hold be taken had before the fight, and the his into Tom's tea. or offer, or cores, or whatever he has other similar dish, he'll be taken had before the fight, and he'll be taken had before the fight, and good of the fight. I suppose the said after my will be assured."

He pressed the small bottle into Morgan's hand, the latter hesitating locked his side, and had me as the box. From this he extracted two golden sovereigns, which he also pressed upon Morgan.
"There you are, my begin east of show at all."
Morgan's checks blanched.
"I is poisen!" he asked.
"I is poisen!" he asked.
"I is poisen!" he asked.
"The word are, my begin and will he won't be able to make any sort of show at all."
Morgan's checks blanched.
"The pressed in which to act. I've used it before, sorres of times, my boy, so that you need to be pressed upon Morgan.
"There you are, my begin and will take some hours in which to act. I've used it before, sorres of times, my boy, so that you need to be pressed it before, sorres of times, my boy, so that you need to be pressed it before, sorres of times, my boy, so that you need to be come, and do the work properly, my lad, and you!" Sanghed the promoter. "Why, of course, I will, my boy; you leave it to me. I'll stand by me. "I'll stand by me. "I'l

and upon it."
Morgan accepted the proffered
and, and hesitated no longer.
"All right, sir," he said. "I'll do

He thereupon pocketed the phial

He thereupon pocketed the phaia and the money, and a few minutes later he left the hall.

George Martin returned to his office all smiles.

It is not be mattered, rubbing his hards together briskly. "That's all right, Georgie's bound to win now. It's a cert. What a good job I thought of tackling Morgan: And won't Ben Adams and Bob Lewis be mad when Tom Belcher gets knocked out by my son Georgie."

The 4th Chapter.

It was the day of the return contest between Georgie Martin and Tom Belcher, and everybody in sporting and boxing circles was talking about the match, and wondering what the

the match, and wondering what the outcome would be. Tom Belcher's startling debut and subsequent defeat of Morgan had staggered the fancy. Those who had not seen him, wondered whether a new star had arisen in the boxing firmament, or whether Tom's victories were merely the result of lack. The geyend concensus of opinion

he geveral concensus of opi that Martin would win the sec

At any rate, Bob Lewis was kept At any rate, BOD Lewis was kept pretty bissy at the box-office during the morning and the afternoon, and was assured of complete success before ever the doors of the hall were opened to admit the general public.

Meanwhile, Ben Adams, who had



"Nr-n-no!" stammored To
part of receiver-general. Morgan
suddenly pulled off his gloves and
slung them angrily across the yard in
which he and Tom were performing,
the ring having been formed out of
stakes driven into the ground and
opes tied about them.
Ben Adatus,
however, looked cross.
"Here, steady, my led!" he said.
"That's not the way to take a beating, you know."
"In sick of it." bashed Morgan
sarrily. "I shain't do any more of
surrily." I shain't do any more of
"What! Want to clear out, do
you?" aked Ben quietly.

asked Ben quietly von?

yon?" asked Ben quietly.
"Yes."
"I shouldn't," said the old bover,
"I shouldn't," said the old bover,
You must learn to take a beating,
Morgan, my lad, or else you'll never
be any good in the ring. A boxer
be any good in the ring. A boxer
you go, boy. You've done you'r
work well. You take a rest for a day
or two. You can help look after Ton
just the same."
Morgan made not answer, but his
down in a sallent and his has drawn
down in the following the will be dead
to the same of the same of the same of the same."
Horgan made not answer, but his
down in sailen took up the running.
He was a much bigger and stronger
lad than Ton, but the latter danced
all round him, and, making light of

him.

Morgan had once boxed for Mr.

Latter had never Morgan had once boxed for Mr.
Martin, but the latter had never given him a second chance, declaring that he wasn't good enough. It was strange that the promoter should stop and talk to him now.

"I'm off home, sir," answered the flee-weight hoxer.

stop, and talk to him now.
"In off home, sir," answered the
fly-weight boaer.
"Hind: And where have you
come from? You're helping to train
Tom Belcher for his fight with my
box, aren't you?"
"Too well, confound him?" blurted
out the envious boxer. "He's a
marvel, he is, and Georgie will have
to look out when he meets him, I
can tell you, Mr. Martin. Hyams
eld, but he helping to train young
the other, and never turn a hir.
Look what he's done to me! I'm so
used up I'm nor going to spar with
him any more."
George Martin frowned. He was
not very well pleased at the news,
or very well pleased, and well and or the news,
or very well pleased at the news,
or very well pleased, and well and or the news,
or very well pleased at the news,
or very well pleased at the news,
or very well pleased, and well and or very well pleased.

Mandau—Roloured Gover, and

It was one of the ambitions of his life to get another chance at the St. George's Hall, and he believed if he could only induce George Martin to sign him on for a series of con-tests that he would soon force his way to the top of the ladder. If was only want of opportunity If was only want of opportunity and the state of the state of the state was keeping him back, he con-sidered, he are the state of the state Martin, with a flash of excitement tingeing his checks, a bright light dancing in his eyes.

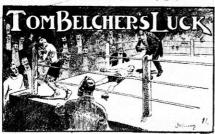
tingening his cyes, a bright light dancing in his cyes.

When they arrived at the hall they found its doors closed, whilst cutside stood a group of six or seven early comers, who were anxous to secure the best seats for the night's boxing

the best seats for the night's boxing entertainment. George Martin opened the front door with his key, closed it again after Morgan had entered, and at once led him to his private office. Here he switched on the light, and, motiming Morgan to a chair, said; . Now, look here, my boy, as I dare say you know, my son Georgie is very

anxious to win his return fight with Tom Belcher."

lorgan said that he knew he was. And he's fit, as fit "And he's fit, as fit as ever he's been." the promoter went on. "But you never know. Bob Lewis ain't over particular"—a remark which was grossly untrue. "He'll want (Continued from the previous page.)



watched over Tom Belcher's prepar-tion with loving solicitude for Tom

tion with loving solicitude for Tom's welfare, was smiling and confident, "Tom, my hoy, you cannot lose!"
I hope I won't, Ben," answered Tom, smiling; for he had little anxiety as to the result of his second meeting with Georgie Martin, though he was not foolsh crough rorekon that it would be a walk over. Can't it would be a walk over. Can't it would be a walk over. I would be a walk over. I would be a walk over the first did enough work to ease his museles, a half-how in all.

The lads were to be in the ring at half-past nine, and a quarter to seven

The lads were to be in the ring at half-past nine, and a quarter to seven they ate. Morgan and Hyams joined the family at table as usual. The former was loquacious, his manner rather excited, He seemed to forget his surinces of the middle of the week, and Ben was glad to see it. Morgan would be all right now. "Both you lads had better stay here."

"Both you lads had better stay here with us until we start for the Star," said Ben. "You've worked bard to selp Tom get fit, and I want you to see him beat Georgie Martin see;" "I wouldn't miss it, "said Hyams, seaming, "for works." said Ben. "Y

"I wouldn't miss it, said Hyanis, beaming, "for worlds!"
"Nor H!" cried Morgan enthusi-astically, "And I'll forgive Tom for what he's done to me if only be licks Martin again."

Martin again."
Yet his enthusiasm was born Yet his enthusiasm was born of the certainty of Tom's defeat, for he had emptied the phial into the cocoa which Tom and Hyams drank—Ben Adams preferred beer—and if what George Martin had promosticated should happen, Tom would prove an easy prey to George Martin's prowess that wight.

"Now, you, Tom," cried Ben, when Tom had finished his Now, you, 10m," cried Ben, when Tom had finished his meal, "just you stretch yourself out on the sofu, and take things quietly. Get a paper and read, or do anything that will take your mind off the contest to-night, and you'll enter the ring as fresh as

gossiped in animated fashion with Hyanes and with Morgan, until the latter began to fear that the drug he'd administered was not going to have administered was not going to have For over an hour Tom rattled on. For over an hour Tom rattled on, king about his experience at the solicitor's. He told the lads all about his fights at school and in the street at different times, and said enough to show them that he had plenty of ex-perience in the roughest of all schools, the world, Ben sat in an armehair, reading a paper, on one side of the hearth, and

Ben sat in an armehair, reading a paper, ou one side of the hearth, and his better half was busily sewing on the other.

Ben was booking forward to the contest that night with a feeling of sereme contentment, for he reckoned that Tom was about to show the box-ing public that a new claimant for fly weight honours had entered the

sts.

Ben meant exploiting Tom for the by's sake, as well as his own. boy's sake, as well as his own.
All of a sudden Tom's animated conversation died away. The boy was

Bon wasn't sorry for he did not be

lieve in a youngster unduly exciting his brain when he'd got a big fight to

his brain when we u go a suger through. Hyams and Morgan naturally, the latter forcing the conversation as if his thoughts were set on other things. Suddenly Hyams glanced at Tom's. Suddenly Hyams glanced at Tom's face. He started. The box, who had looked such a petture of health just were always and the same was bring back with his face we

now, was lying back with his face as white as a sheet, and his eyes closed. His lips were slightly parted, and as Hyams glanced at him, Tom let forth

word to Boy," he added, with a nod in Adam's direction. "Pill be all right in a moment. And don't for-inger in a moment of the adam's of Morgan couldn't take his eyes off Tom's face. Never in his life had he seen such a terridic change in any-com in such a short time, and he began to wonder whether there might. He was the such that the seen is such as the pro-ting of the seen and the seen and the began to wonder whether there might.

Hyams held Tom's arm sympa-thetically, and began to rub his stomach where the pain seemed to Lave taken lodgment.

Lave taken lodgment.

Is that better Tom? he inquired auxiously, and Tom answered that he thought it was. Yet the boy felt very ill indeed, and as he glaced around the cosy string-room, the coling and the walls appeared to move.

Tom felt awfully sick, and presently making an excuse, and mas-tering himself as well as he was able, managed to leave the room without Ben Adams knowing.

Presently Ben glanced at his to see what time they had left. to see what time they had left. Then he turned his head to see how Tom was getting on. He saw that the sofa was unoccupied, and that Hyams was curled up in his chair as if stricken with agony.

"What's the matter with you, Hyams?" school De-

Hyams?" asked Ben. Tom Belcher!"

Tom Belcher:"
"I feel rather bad!" groaned Hyams. "It must have been something I've caten, sir! Tom's gone out of the room!" Ben was on his feet in a moment.

"Tom!" he shouted. "Tom!" And out of the room he rushed, to come back presently with Tom, look-

"Why," exclaimed Ben anxiously, the boy's ill. He's been sick, and omplains of violent pains! And, here, Hyams, how do you feel?"

Up stood the honest young Jew oy. His face was ashen, and he was bent with agony.

"Pretty bad, sir." he cried

Ben shot a swift glance at Morgan.
"And you, boy!" he asked.
"I-I feel rather - s-s-sick!"

[-I feel rather - s-s-sick] ered Morgan, shamming, for it k him that if he were the only left well, that suspicion might upon him, if foul play were one left fall upon suspected.

susperied.

Ben's face was as black as a funder-tond. He picked Tom bedily hapelsid him as the soft, piked the table back, and set the soft a ray over Tom's regs, whilst Mrs. Adams bustled about in search of restoratives, marly as much alarmed as the soft of the soft of

"It's something you've eaten that's disagreed with you, my lad," said Ben. "Yet I'm all right. By thunder, I wonder, is it accident or foul day?"

And he looked gloomily at Tom.

who forced a smile to try and reassure him.
"Don't worry about me. Ben!" said Tom cheerily. "I'll soon be all

ght. I'm as strong as a horse, and mean to win the fight to-night, ill well! right.

or well!"

But Ben shook his head gleomily.

"Ah," he sighed, "you're a plucky little fellow, Tom, but you're not good enough to heat Georgie Martin if you're sale, my lad, that I'm sure. And, by George, if any of the Martin crowd had been around here, I'd lave suspet ted them of hecussing, my

crowd land freen around here, I'd have suspected them of housesing, my lad. You haven't seen anyhody hanging around, have you Hyams, or you do not have been also have been also have a seen any hour land see, it can't be chance!

Chance! Before another half an hour had passed away, poor Hyams was lying in bed upstairs, too ill to stir. Imagine then, the amazing courage and stamma which enabled troubles and to persist in his declaration that he was fit to fight!

As the time approached for their departure for the hall, Ben toil Tom that he was a good mind not to allow hour to light. Tom had anticipated up his shoulders, cried.

"No, Ben, we've got to keep faith with Mr. Lewis, "In freeling better, the see her was the state of the see her was the seen and the see her was the seen and the se

Let us go

Let us go!"
Ben eyed Tom doubtfully, yet the loy acted so well as to deceive him into believing that he was getting better.
"We'll go in a cab, then, boy," said Ben, and he sallied forth to get

And so it was in a taxi that Ben Adams, Tom Belcher, and Morgan, journeyed to the Star boxing hall that night.

The 5th Chapter. The Order of the K. O.

Ben Adams directed the driver to steer the cab round to the side entrance of the hall, and he and Tem

cutrance of the hall, and he and Teme entered the building this way, with Morgan following after, outwardly much concerned as to Toni's welfare. When they reached the dressing-rooms, Ben heard that there was a packed house, and that an immense number of the regular patrons of the St. George's Hall had turned up to support George Martin. Presently, Bob Lewis, who had heard of their article, citered the foun.

Grand Roses of the Company of the Co

if I know who could have done it, if it weren't Hyams or Morgan!" Morgan's heart leapt.
"He was taken bad after his last meal—he's come along here, deter-mined to fight, but I question whether he ought to!"

"He must "cedesined the stupe-fied promoter. "We ve drawn a full back out now! Here, wait, and I'll feeth Dt. Melone: "He can't back out now! Here, wait, and I'll feeth Dt. Melone: "He do not of the experiment of the students of the students." From the students of the students of the results of the students of the students of the head burded into Tom's face, tested. He looked into Tom's face, tested. The looked into Tom's face, tested. The looked into Tom's face, tested. "This boy is in no condition to fight!"

fight

What do you think is the matter with him, doctor?"
"It's my opinion he has been drugged!"

en and Bob exchanged meaning "Well, Ben," cried Bob, with a

"Well. Ben," cried Bob, with a Geop-Grawn sigh, "it means a desaster to me, and it'll injure my future prospects at this hall, but I can only go and face the andience and tell them that the context is off, for I won't have any sick had fight in The work to some side of the side of

back, and to steady himself upon his feet,
"I'm all right, Mr. Lewis," he said.
"I'm all right, doctor. A bit of sickness won't prevent me from doing my best. I'm going to fight Georgie Martin to-night! Why not? It's for me to say, sin't if? My heart's all right, I think, doctor?"
"Oh, wes," cried the doctor. "But.

right, I think, doctor,"
"Oh, yes," cried the doctor. "But
you are not strong enough to stand
any chance against a hard-hitting
and determined boxer like Martin."
Tom Belcher smiled,
"We shall see," he cried, "Now,
Mr. Lewis, you'll let me fight, won't
you, if it's only to save you?"
Bob Lewis hesitated, then turned

to Be What do you say, Ben?" he asked

ben did not know what to say.

eyed Tom critically, and it seemed to
him that the boy was looking better.

"It depends very much on how Tom
"It he wants to

"It depends very much on how Ton feets," he cried. "If he wants to light, why, then." "Then you won't object. Ren," said Tom, with a smile, and his cheeks were now warmed by the heat of the dressing-room, and reddened with ex-citement. "And I say I'm going to fight..." fight-

Dr. Melrose shrugged his shoulders.
"I'll not object if the boy is absolutely determined," he cried: "but, at the same time, I have voiced my (Continued on the next page.)

the picture round, and put the bind-

HOW TO FRAME YOUR PICTURES.

An Interesting Article, Telling Readers of THE BOYS' FRIEND How They May Frame Our Beautiful Free Presentation Plates by a Cheap and Simple New Process.

Many readers of the "Green 'Un" who admire our four free War Pic-tures will wish to have them as a pertures will wish to have them as a per-manent memento upon the walls of their "dens," but will doubtless be tissouraged from proceeding with this scheme by the high cost of having them framed with ordinary wooden picture frames, which would probably abilitize to between eight and ten-shillings. lings. article, therefore, has been

ams article, therefore, has been pritten with a view to overcoming this obstacle, and enabling all readers of THE BOYS FRIEND to frame our splendid Presentation Plates, and, indeed, any other favourite pictures indeed, any other favourite pictures of the property of the

way, and at a cost not exceeding half-acrown.

The are required beyond a sharp penknife and a ruler; the bulldog "clips shown in the flustra-tion are not absolutely necessary, but are helpful in gripping the glass, etc., when the work it being dome, and their use certainly makes for a nester their use certainly makes for a nester possess any, and wish to avail your-self of their aid, they can be obtained at any stationer's at a penny each. Three are all you will require.

The materials, for, are very few.

A sheet of glass—for each peture.

size 14½ by 10½ins.; price 5½d, to 4d.
each. A sheet of thick cardboard,
imperial size, 30 by 22ins.; this will
be enough for all four of the pictures,
and can be obtained from any
pence. The cardboard should be an
thick as possible, say, one-eighth of
an inch A roll of Demisson's 'PassePartout' peture binding this is
made in various colours. But for
is the most suitable, It can be obframing our Presentation Plates black is the most suitable. It can be ob-tained, price 6d, per roll, from your local picture shop, or, if you find any difficulty in obtaining it locally, from the Dennison Manufacturing Com-pany, Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. And, hardly, a dozen poture rings. These are special rings, and rings. These are special rings, and are supplied, price 3d, per dozen, by the above firm, if they cannot be ob-tained locally from your picture-shop. For illustration of picture ring, see Fig. 1 8.

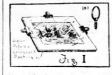
Fig. 1 B. Fig. 1 B.

Now we can go ahead with the actual framing of the picture. The first thing to do is to select one of the sheets of glass, and clean it thoroughly on both sides with wash.

Having done this, lay the glass on the picture, taking care that the illus-tration is exactly in the middle of the

glass, and that the edges of it are glass, and that the edges of it are parallel with the edges of the glass. Then run a well-pointed pencil round the glass, thus marking off the paper that will not be wanted. When this has been done, do the same with the cardiboard. Then, having marked on the picture and the cardiboard the exact size of the glass, cut along the lares with your sharp penknife.

Next make two small holes knife through the cardboard fifth to a third of the way do about two inches from the fifth to a third of the way down, and about two inches from the edges, insert the tag of the picture rings, and bend them back on the other



side, making sure they are quite flat or they will probably show through

or they will probably show through the picture. Now, after giving the glass a final polish to ensure that no dust gets be-tween it and the picture, you can place the cardboard, picture, and glass together, as in Fig. 1. Make sure before you do this that you have re-placed the glass with the same face towards the picture as it was when you first marked at otherwise a re-versal of the glass will probably the picture of the cardboard to be out of the straight. Also see that the rings and picture are both the same way up.

You will now have the sheet You will now have the sheet of glass, picture, and cardboard backing all the same size, and with exactly true edges. Fig. 1 shows how they should look when this is done. It should be remembered that on the accuracy of the cutting depends the meatness of the result.

Now we can proceed with the framing proper. ing on the opposite side in the manner described, taking care not to disturb the cardboard and glass while you are

raming proper.

Unroll a length of the binding, and neasure off a piece to the exact ength of one side of the glass—pre-erably one of the short sides—and

length of one sage or the goest residently of confusion of the short sides—and then cut it off quite square, and then cut it off quite square, and then cut it off quite square, and the confusion of the small confusion of the small confusion of soda prevents the binding becoming unstuck when it gets day. You moster, the binding becoming unstuck when it gets day. The constant of the small confusion of the small

a quarter of an men of the glass. A glance at the lar sketch (Fig. 2) will show you he this should be done.

doing so.

The two long sides should next be finished. If the lengths of binding have been cut off accurately, the large have been cut off accurately, the quite nearly, without any froubs whatever. If, however, the lengths are only a fraction of an inch too short, the corners will have to be patched up, and the effect will not be Neither should be lengths to be Neither should the lengths to be not should be lengths.

half so good.

Neither should the lengths be too long; it is very difficult to cut the buding nearly when it is wet. The lengths must be exact.

When the four sides have been finished, the result will be an artistically franked picture, which only

mission, the result will be an artistically-fraided picture, which only needs the addition of a cord or wire through the rings at the back to make it an ornament to any room.

The BOYS' FRIEND readers who try their hand at this fascinating hobby,



TOM BELCHER'S LUCK.

(Continued from the precious page.)

"Destor." Tom crivel, "we'll leave at there. I'm all regist — Here. Morgan, help me to undress. And with the utmost sangfroid he began to strip himself, and to search for his ring attire in the bag which Ben had brought along with him from home. Changing for the flight he endured agones. What was the right thing to do' he kept on asking himself. Ought he to allow this brave boy to secrifice himself. If Tom backed out move, there would too the change done with a form of the change of the control of the change of the

about with a certain sense of freedom, he determined to let things go their

course.
"If he stands no chance," he thought, "one can throw up the towel and end it. And he put up a marvellous show last time when he was starving."

And so he pushed Morgan out of the way, and helped Tom to finish hi toilet himself.

Morgan took advantage of the op-portunity to slip out of the room. Along the passage he went, search-ing for George Martin.

ing for George Martin.

Soon the whip came to summon the bavers to the ring. Ben supporting Tom, walked briskly along the corridor, and suddenly espect young Morgan taking to the promoter, Martin. There could be no mistake about it. Martin hearing them coming, moved on, and Morgan sheepishly treed to avoid Ben Adams and Tom.

tried to avoid Ben Adams and Tom.
Ben, however, sprang at the young rascal, and clutched him in his vice-like fingers.

"You young scoundred!" he hissed.
"It's you who hocussed Tom Belcher, and George Martin who bribed you to do it."

Morgan struggled desperately

Morgan struggled desperately,
"Let me go." Let me go." Let
cried, but Ben held on tightly and
forced the boy to his knees.
"Confess the truth," he cried, "or
"Mercy, mercy" groaned the unhappy youth. "Yes—oh, don't her
me so much. "I'll confess, it was
men to much." I'll confess, it was
the boy and me to do it, and
ground the stuff."
"Ben Adams, with an impatient of

"Bah."

Ben Adams, with an impatient ex-clamation, hurled the traitor to the floor. Then he led Tom onward.

"It's hard luck, Tom, my lad," he said, choking. "And I'd set so much store by your winning this fight te-night."

Tom looked wistfully through a mis-

Tom most state Ben.
"Never mind," he said. "If I do
lose, I shall get other chances, Ben.
So don't let us worry."

seting mechanically. He

less. I shall get other chances, Ben. So don't let us werry."
Tom was acting mechanically. He moved his feet, but he had no idea where he was placing them. As he moved his feet, but he had no idea where he was placing them. As he had not been so the sudienga cochoing in his cars, and saw the crowd, the whole place seemed to swim round.

But he set his teeth, stilled his steps itself, counding the set of the beauty critical was the set of the beauty criticals, sade next the ring. "The had looks half dead, Dr. Melrose, looking rather worried, came to the ring side, and waited there.

Georgie Martin sat in his corner

Georgie Martin sat in his corner looking wonderfully pleased with himself. He grinned as he saw how ghastly Tom looked.

The gloves were now produced and fitted on, and presently, long before Tom's brain had cleared, the seconds were ordered out, and amidst wild excitement the word was given for the contest to begin.

contest to begin.

As the bell rang Tom moved for

As the bell rang Tom moved forward.

He saw something dancing about in front of him-something white. He struck at it but missed, and several lard blows alsook him, while the bewas all abroad. His legs were bending under him, its body seemed to have no force or power left, but was a deal weight. His arms were like lead when he raised them, and his movements crude in the setterne. The numbing influence of the drug he had awallowed was too strong for him to hear.

Georgie Martin knew how the land.

Georgie Martin knew how the land ay. His father had assured him that

it was all right, and so, after a minute's boxing, he went confidently in, bent on punishing Tour.

And Tour, in one brief, invelouded groupent saw and acted. He coung was on his back.

Ben Adams, who had watched Tou with his heart in his mouth, could hardly believe his eyes. Martin had given the opening carriessity but the admost miraculous. almost miraculous.

There was the referee motioning to There was the referee motioning to Tom to stand back, and shouting at the stretch of his lungs. There stood the dismayed George Martin shrick-ing to his son to "get up." "Don't forget I've backed you heavily, hoy!" he shricked. "I stand to lose fifty pounds over this job." And all around the excited audience were standing erect, and yelling like

madmen. One-two-three-four-five-six

The seconds were counted off, and long seconds they were, and up go Georgie Martin. He looked all abroad, for he'd been shaken from

He knew that he must fall himself

in a few seconds.
"One—two—tince—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—out!"
The fatal count was given, and Martin had lost—lost when the fight had been a walk-over for him.

Tom Belcher stood swaying on his ses, and everything turned black, brough the ropes climbed Ben

"Tom, Tom, Tom!" he screamed, and with delight. "You've won-

you've won!"

But it was only to receive the senseless form of poor Tom Belcher in his arms. The boy had collapsed.

"Hang it! Did you ever see such luck?" yelled the frantic George Martin. "Georgie's lost the battle, and he could have won it with one hand if he'd liked."

Amidst murmurs of amazement and much comment, Tom Belcher was carried from the ring to his dressing room, and there Dr. Melrose at tended to him.

"Confess the truth," cried Ben Adams, "o I'll squeeze it out of you!" "Mercy, mercy!" groaned the unhappy youth. "Yes-oh, don't hurt me so much!-|'Il confess. It was Mr.

Martin who paid me to drug Tom Bolcher."

And there half an hour later he ame round.

"What happened, Ben?" he asked, as he remembered things. "Did—did I win?"

"The cab's outside, Ben," he cried "Then, doctor," said Ben, "I'll take the little feller home."

THE END.

(" A Discredit to the Ring" is the title of

next Tuesday's grand long boxing stery, introducing Tom Belcher, the boxing marvel

By the way, how do you like this splendid

TALES TO TELL

Our Weekly Prize-winners. Look Out for YOUR Winning Storyette.

SIX TO ONE.

A hospital suggeon was imparting instructions to half a dozen students, who accompanied him on his rounds. Pausing at the beside of a doubtful case, he said:

"Now, gentlemen, do you or do you not consider this is a case for an operation?"

One by one the students gave their

operation?"
One by one the students gave their decisions, and all of them came to the conclusion that it was not a case for

operation.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor.

"you are all wrong! I shall operate to-morrow."

"No

you won't!" exclaimed the long-suffering patient, as he rose from

one is a good enough majority for me. Gimme for me. Gimm my clothes!"-Sent in by R Croft, Newcastle on-Tyne. R.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON.

It was Jack's rst voyage, al-hough he had first voyage, al-though he had succeeded in pass-ing himself off as a soned sailor

One night, during his spell of look out," he ighted three ights of different

"Light on the starboard bow!" he yelled to the officer on the bridge.
"What lights

"What lights are they?" shouted the officer. "Blowed if I know, sir." an sweed Jack. "It looks like a chemist's shop!"—Sent in by W. Smith, Ossett, Yorks.

A POSER.

"Nursic Little Freddie's voice broke the stillness of the night-nursery for the twentieth time, and "nursie" began to get angry.

"Well, what do you want now?" she snapped.
"I only wanted to ask you-

'I'll answer no more questions
this night!" said
the nurse firmly.
"Don't you know
that curiosity

killed a cat, Freddie?"
Freddie lay in silence, stunned by
the wonder of this statement. Then
he burst out again:

"Nursie, what did the cat want to now?"—Sent in by D. Robinson,

FULL PARTICULARS.

as he remembered tings. But a subject to the control of the contro The following notice is displayed at the foot of a certain bridge in the Midlands: "NOTICE.

"This bridge is insufficient to carry "This bridge is insufficient to earry a heavy motor-car, the registered asle-weight of any axle of which caceeds five tons, or the registered asle-weights of the accreat axles of which exceed in the aggregate seven tons, or a heavy motor car drawing a tons of a heavy motor car drawing a continuous of the several axles of the heavy motor car and the axle-weight of the several axles of the training as the several axles of the training the several axles of the several

If the driver of a heavy motor-car happens to pass along that way, he

usually chances breaking the bridge down rather than read through the whole of the notice.—Sent in by H. Stead, Elswick.

NOTHING ALARMING.

A certain grocer, when war broke out "lost" his German assistant, and engaged in his stead a small lad.

He was very much surprised to find the following mysterious words chalked on a biscuit-box a few days

"Puff. puff-draw up-puff-draw up-draw up."

up—draw up.
Suspicious of his late assistant being a spy entered his mind, but the new hand solved the problem.

"It's all right, sir," he said, "Don't worry. That's the 'Marseillaise' on a month-organ." -Sent in by James Kershaw, Manchester.

GENTLE METHODS.

A new recruit was given his first sentrygo at night. His officer in-structed him to shoot arrowne who did not stop after three challenges. About midnight our hero heard footsteps, so he calmly shouted: "Stop!"

But no reply came from the in-truder. So the recruit shouted again: "Hi, there, I'm tellin' ye to stop!"

But no reply came, so, putting down his rifle, he approached the unknown, and knocked him senseless. In half an hour's time an officer ame along. "Hallo! What's this?"

"He's a feller who wouldn't stop,

"Then why didn't you shoot him "

"Well, sir, I didn't want to hurt him."-Sent in by James Gregson, Bury. 'Lanes.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

"That's a very nice umbrella you've got." "Yes; isn't it?"

"Did you come by it honestly?"

"I haven't quite made out. It started to rain the other day, and I stepped into a doorway to shelter. After a time I saw a young fellow coming along with a nece large umbrella, and I thought that if he were orein, and I thought that it he were going as far as my house. I would beg the shelter of his gamp. So I stepped out and asked: 'Where are you going with that unbrella, young fellow?' And he dropped that umbrella and ran.''—Sent in by W. Ledger, Sheffield.

QUITE TRUE.

An American was telling Pat of some hairbreath escapes he had wit nessed.

"I once knew a man who fell from a five-storey house, and landed on his feet without a single scratch," he said.

"Why, sure," responded the Irish-man, "I knew a pork butcher in Dublin who dropped ninety feet into a vat of boiling water, and was not hurt."

"That's not true, I guess," said the Yank. "You're pulling my leg." "Oh, but he did!" replied Pat, "They were pigs' feet."—Sent in by R. Spiers, Coventry.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Roaders are invited to send on a postern's strepties or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the All postern's must be addressed. The Editor, THE ROY'S FRIEND and "Gen" Library, Gough Square, London, E.C.

head to heel by Tom Belcher's lucky head to here by Tom Belcher's ticky punch.

Tom bit his lower lip nearly through, and forced himself to go on. Everything was spinning round him, He felt his hood coursing through his veins like fire, until they swelled and nearly burst.

He knew that in a moment or so he would fairle.

Yet his brain was clear, and he knew that Martin was at his mercy if he could only get in another blow. One, two, three steps he took, and then sent the left crashing home. Martin wilted.

Martin wifted.

Pandemonium was let loose now.
Suddenly Georgie uncovered, swung
a right-handed blow at Tom's head.
Tom ducked and drove his right in a
jab on the mark.

He heard Georgic Martin grunt and then saw the boy fall flat on his

Dazed, he backed away, holding his

Oh, how he hoped that they would count Martin out!

"If they don't," he thought, "I'm

uld faint





NEXT MONDAY'S SUPERB

PROGRAMME.

HE all-round excellence THE an-round executive and attractiveness of The Boys' FriexD will be sustained next week, when my myriads of readers will be given much to enthuse over in the matter of good, sound stories and first-class illustrations.

The fact that I am able, week by week, to place before my delighted chums such exceptionally fine numbers has given rise to a great deal of wonder and astonishment; but in reality there is very little to marvel at, for our Bumper Numbers are a tremendous incentive to thousands of non-readers, who, hearing of the mag-nificent fare provided for the boys of this country, are quickly won over to On Monday of next week there will be yet anoth

SPLENDID COLOURED COVER,

depicting a scene in our great detec-tive story, "THE CIRCLE OF THIRTEEN." The picture has been executed by an artist who is second executed by an artist who is second to none in his own particular, pherenamely, that of illustrating detective stories—and I feel sure that his latest work of art will win the complete. Almost overy boy in the kingdom is making a special point of collecting our superb Presentation Platte, which will adorn the walls of using a beginning the property of the property

and homestead, there will be an

ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED ATTRACTION

in the form of

ANOTHER FREE PLATE,

showing a battle in progress on the band. This picture is in every way a masterpiece, a stirring work of art which will hold the observer fasci-nated, and every one of my chums should take immediate steps to see that he tor she becomes the proud possessor of these fruly great pictures. Our next instalment of that allo-Our next instalment gether absorbing serial,

"THE HIDDEN WORLD,"

is replete with thrills, and the boy who loves plenty of incident and excitement in his stories can laye no grumble with popular Regiald We Wray. everley Kent's great new strial

"WITH BUGLE AND BAYONET!"

will continue to run its popular course, and all who would like to become conversant with the ins and out of a soldier's life, or see actually contemplating a military career, will find much good advice and many interesting facts in Mr. Kent's civerly-written yarn.

ieverly-written yarn.

For a really ripping story of life at public school, a story which stirs no to immediate sympathy with the haracters, and which carries the caders along at a fremendous pace, would without hesitation recommend characters. readers

"NO SURRENDER!"

By Owen Conquest.

Those who were captivated by the sparkling wit and gay humour which

characterised this week's splendid Rookwood story, "Barred Out!" will, I red Out!" will, I be on tenterhooks to know, be on tenterhooks to
hear what happened to that enterprising
youth, Jimmy Silver, and his fellowdelinquents. Owen Conquest is the
possessor of a style which is inimiably his own, and in securing such a
taleuted author as he undoubtedly is,
THE BOYS FRIEND has added yet
another to its long list of triumphs.

Mr. Arthur S. Hardy is again to

the fore with a fine narrative dealir with the noble art of self-defence, as

"A DISCREDIT TO THE RING."

Boys who are interested in ringeraft -and what hoy is not?-will have a rare treat next Monday.

Harvey Keene's latest move in the dangerous game he is playing with the infamous Circle of Thirteen leads up to some thrilling events, while exciting incidents mark every fresh phase of the situation.

Altogether, next week's issue is which every lover of fiction would be sorry indeed to miss. My chums can look forward to a real treat-a feast of rattling good stories-next week. "Everything of the best" is the keynote of next Monday's

MAGNIFICENT BUMPER

NUMBER ..

YOUR EDITOR.

CONTROLLER OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d. Every Monday.

"THE MACNET" LIBRARY, 1d. Every Monday. "THE CEM" LIBRARY, 1d.

Every Wednesday. "THE DREADNOUGHT," 1d. Every Thursday. "THE PENNY POPULAR." Every Friday.

"CHUCKLES," PRICE Id. Every Saturday.

DEFENDING THE "FRIEND."

A Tonbridge Chum Hits Straigh From the Shoulder.

Some remarkable instances of a boy's devotion to his favourite journal have been brought to my notice

There seem to be several boys in

Boys' FRIEND, of course.

-who, in order to get into the limelight and gain a certain amount of notor-quired the habit of directiety have acquired the habit of direct-ing false and ill founded statements against this paper.

against this paper.
It suits these boys to ape the man-pers of one or two of their ignorant elders by saying that our stories are calculated to do harm rather than good. In their hearts these hankerers good. In their hearts these hankerers after cheap notoriety know full well that The Boys' Friend is a healthy, wholesome journal; but in their efforts to pose as moralists they blind themselves to this fact.

blind themselves to this fact.

Ernest N., a loval reader living
at Tonbridge, in Kent, has written
me the following letter, and although
he is careful not to blow his can
trumpet, my chance who read between
the lines will realise what a hold front
has shown in his defence of the
premier boys' paper;

"Dear Editor,—I am writing to you on a subject which has been troubling me a good deal of late, arising from an incident which took place in the class-room a week ago.

place in the class-room a week ago.

"One of my school-fellows, during
the lesson allotted for English
History, was improving the shining
bour by reading a Wild West story,
cunningly concealed beneath his
blotting-pad. At the close of the
lesson he was detected by the master,
who, raised to a pitch of fury, commenced to run glown that type of
book which has point and booker raise.

Unfortunately, however, he

became so excited as to incriminate the good old Boxs Friend,
"Micryards, in the playground, I pulled out the curryin number of the Friend, but had seared yearfed on the serial ghen the toy who had got the serial ghen the toy who had got mid a row in class came up to me and abused The Boxs Friends right had been supported by the property of the pro up. He said THE BOYS' FRIEND was the most pernicious and harmful 'rag' he had ever seen. Well, I wasn't going to stand that, Mr. Editor, so I hit out and sent him spinning against the playground wall. He started blubbing hysterically, and

went home. "The next morning I was estonished to hear that the boy I had astomished to hear that the boy I had astomished to hear that the boy I had struck was subject to nervous break-downs, and, in consequence of my action, he has been laid up for a week. I have apologised to him and to his parents, but at the same time it is a most embarrassing situation for me. The chap's people are poor, and I don't helieve they can afford to pay the dectr's less.

and I don't believe they can afford to pay the doctor's fees.

Lest you should be inclined to judge me too harsbly, sir, I may say at once that, had I known this boy was liable to nervous troubles, I should was liable to nervous troubles, I anome not have dreamed of striking him. "I should like a word of reasur-ance from you on the subject.—Your loyal and sincere chum, "ERNEST N."

"Enner N."

My Tonbridge chum is to be fully boncoled with in his impleasant situation, but I do not consider that he was a situation, but I do not consider that he was a way to be a sufficient cause, and it afterwards transpired that this how was a victim to neavous disorder. My chum therefore expressed his replogy, and no to do more than that.

We have the was a way to have the way the

REPLIES IN BRIEF. Correspondent "

"Correspondent" (Plymouth),— Yes, you can write to me as often as you like. I like my chums to look upon me as a real friend, and to write to me whenever they feel inclined.

(Plymouth). -

inclined.
"Short-Winded" (Chelmsford).—
Don't smoke. If you are a nonsmoker, remain so. Keep off pastry,
and take plenty of exercise.

Result of Football Competition No. 9.

In the above Football Competition. In the above Football Competition, announced in our issue for February 25th, concerning football matches played on February 27th, one competitor succeeded in solving all the pictures, in forecasting the correct results of five of the six matches which were played, and predicting within four of the actual number of goals scored in all the matches. The prize of £10 which was offered has therefore been sent to this competitor, whose name and address is as follow W. E. HARRISS.

W. E. HARRIS, 9. Scaton Street

Newtown,
Pontypridd,
Glamorgan. YOUR EDITOR.

GRAND COMPETITION!

First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £1 10s.; Third Prize, £1; and TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS.

2nd Coupon: WHICH IS THEIR FLAG?











No

No

No

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

Above will be found two rows of drawings. The top row consists of sketches of men of different nationalities who are engaged in the great war, and in the bottom row are shown the flags which these men are serving under.

All competitors have to do is to decide under which flag each man is serving.

Having come to a decision, write in the space left under each flag the number of the soldier or sailor who is fighting under the flag shown above that space.

under the flag shows above that space.

Having written in the numbers, keep this form by you, for next week there will be given another set of pictures. Keep your coupons by you, and look out for an announcement in THE BOYS FRIEND as to where and when entries are to be sent in. There will be eight coupons given altogether.

Will you do Your Editor a good turn by asking a non-reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to read Owen Conquest's magnificent school story—
"Barred Out!"



at was clearly exposed to their view.

They were keeping pace with it, sourrying along the path amidst the trees and thackets, and discharging their revolvers as they ran.

"The secoundrels!" muttered Keene. "A fine rage they are in! They must have come down to the mouth of the shaft with the intention of rescuing their presenter from the dungeon. They have found that they are too late, and they know that if we essage with young Normandy "Normander they are in a rage."

"No wonder they are in a rage?"
said the lad, "My word, aren't they
making it jolly hot for us? Do you
think we'll pull through?"
"There is no telling. We are in
great days."

great danger.

great danger."

"We have drifted a bit nearer."

"Yes, I see we have. Lie low, my boy. Don't be so reckless."

The situation was critical. The tide was swift, and in the brief interval that had elapsed since the boat had slid out from the subterrancan passage it had gone some distance. But

slid out from the subterranean pas-sage it had gone some distance. But the lurid glare from the Falstaff Arms, blazing like a beacon-pile high up on the hill, extended for a wide radius. For hundreds of yards the stream was as light as day, except for occasional patches of shadow cast by the trees.

the trees.

The whole scene was like a picture from "Dante's Inferno." The drifting craft, and the pursuers racing along the bank, the surface of the water, the terraced woods—all were bathed in livid, glowing scarlet, as if drenched with blood.

drenched with blood.

It was a lonely neighbourhood.
Brundall was a mile away. The pack of human hounds - the dreaded members of the Circle of Thirteen—had nothing to fear. They solled like fiends, and hung doggedly to the chaes, firing as fost as they could load and site.

"We are swinging out a little," said Keene, "There is a chance for "It is a mighty slim one," Oliver plied, as a pistol-ball whistled by his

It was a terrible ordeal, and it seemed much longer to them than it reality was. Bullets grazed their limbs, and chipped splinters from the boat, and spattered on all sides of them. Now the hall of lead slackened as the craft slipped into black shadow, to increase as soon as it emerged again in the blood-red glare. Harvey Keeme raised his lead

took a quick, sweeping survey. We are drawing near to safety," declared, as he dropped low,

he declared, as he dropped low.
"We are still swinging outwards, and
another fifty yards will bring us to
pitch darkness."

PART I.

HARVEY KEENE, the prince of detectives, is informed that HAROLD NORMANBY, who is entitled to a huge fortune providing he claims it within a certain date, is being kept perisoner somewhere in Norfolk, although exactly where he does not learn.

He travels down to the Eastern

fre travels down to the Eastern county, and through an accident to his car he is forced to stay, with his assistant, OLIVER, at the Falstaff Arms. At first the landlord is very

his car he is forced to stay, with his assistant, OLIVER, at the Falstaff Arms. At first the hadderd is very stay, and the stay of the sta

PART II. The 1st Chapter. "Fate is Against Us!"

Oliver sprang to his feet, with a of horror on his lips, as he saw his master reel and fall. He believed that he had been killed. Harrey that he had been killed. Harvey Keene was not even wounded, how-ever. He scrambled up, and in a Keene was now to be searabled up, and in a trice he was on the seat again, grasping the oars. A tiny lock of har had dropped to his shoulder, and just above his ear, where the lock had been, was the merest speek of blood.

"" I thought they had done for

been, was the merest speck or moon.
"1—I thought they had done for
yon!" gasped the lad.
"No, it is only a scratch," Keene
replied. "The bail grazed my head
and gave me a start."
"You had a close shave, guv'nor.
It must have been one of the gang
who fired,"

"No doubt it was, my boy. The termin have been routed from their

"We had better watch sharp. get another chance

"I see them!" the detective inter-rupted, letting go of the oars again.
"Lie down! Down for your life! Be quick!"

Lie down! Down tor your me. ...

"It was a tinely warning. Harvey
Keene and the lad at once stretched
themselves flat on the bottom of the
boat by the motioulers form of their
companion: and they had no more
than done so when several shots were
fired in rapid succession. A hae and
cry swelled on the night, mingled
with crashing, floundering sounds.

"There they are, curse them, as

"There they are, curse them!" a voice shouted savagely. "And they have Normanby with them!" "Don't let them escape!" urged another voice. "Kill them all!"

another voice. "Kill them all!"
Curiosity was stronger than fear
with Oliver and the detective. They
were badly enough sheltered as it was
from the fusillade that was now being

sank. When he rose, still elutching his burden, he was shrouded in black, velvety gloom. He had been swept from the red flamelight into the darkness beyond. Meanwhile, the lad, groping blindly, had got hold of a thick, half-submerged bough, and had climbed from that to the trunk of the tree, and as he gazed about him, ir frantic alarm, he dunly perceived his Here I am!" he called. "This

"Here I am!" he called. "This way! Swin for it!" Keene clung to the young man with one hand, and paddled with the other. It was a hard fight, but at length, when he was almost ex-hausted, his desperate efforts carried him within reach of Oliver. His living landern was taken from him, and, after some splashing and strug gling, he was himself hauled to

ty.
Thank Heaven!" he gasped.
We're all right now," the lad
in the second of the secon replied all of us.

repared. "After is plenty of room for all of us."

"And those scoundrels?"

"And those scoundrels?"

"They have showed off. I'll her i'll

body exclaim:

"No, there isn't any chance for them. They will feed the fishes."

The voices of the wicked creating of the flames that were devouring the flames that were devouring the old innebbed to sience, and the sheet of blood-red water vanished.

"They think we are at the botter of the blad repeated. "I told you were the blad repeated." I told you were the same than the blad repeated. "I told you were the same than the blad repeated." I told you were the same than the blad repeated.

you so."
"Yes, they are certainly under the impression that we have been drowned, said Harvey Keene.
"That will be fortunate for us if we should survive. We shall have nothing more to fear from them."
"You talk as if we were still in danger."

"You talk as if we were still in danger."
"I am afraid we are, my boy. There is no telling what will happen young Normanhy than for ourselves. I don't know whether he has been seriously injured or not. The drench-ing and the exposure may kill him."
They were in a luxaridous situation, Commits tide that was running like a

to say the least—adrift on a boiling, foaming tide that was running like a millrace. They were soaked to the skin, and the rough treatment and hardship they had enabred since their arrival at the Falstaff Arms had so taxed their strength that they would not be able to sawin for any distance should they find themselves plunged into the water again.

The likelihood of that had to be reckoned with. The tree was a large and making to right and left like out: the same that the s

limbs, flung to right and left like out-riggers, kept it steady. But at any moment it might strike some obstruc-tion and keel completely over, wash-ing the castaways from their peech. As for Harold Normanby, he was still unconscious, and had probably suffered internal injuries. He was

sprawled on the slippery trunk, and Keene and the lad had to support him, and at the same time support themselves by holding to the same the same themselves by boughs.

"We are pretty clesses a great we?" (

the sea, aren't we? Oliver asked, after a pause. "It is about fifteen miles to Yarmouth, I should judge." the detective

"We are sure to be re-cued before we get that

cued before we get that

"I fear there is little or

chance of it, my bey
fear of the is a single habita
tion near the river between

the house and there excepting

the house and there excepting

the house and there is a single

the house and there is a single

were beaten. We sha'n't get Mr.

were beaten. We sha'n't get Mr.

were beaten. We sha'n't get Mr.

Fate is against us. This por fellow

will lose his fortune."

Harvey Keene spoke in a meady

will lose his fortune."
Harvey Keene spoke in a moody tone, but the next instant his jaws were tight set, and there was in his eyes the cold, savage glean that criminals had learned by experience

criminals and learned by experience to dread. The very prospect of failure had roused his fighting spirit. He was like a lion at bay. "Beaten!" he said to himself, early that yelping pack of curs! No. far from it! If I have with the property of the prope

I will, by heavens.

How do it? How overcome the obstacles in his path—difficulties that were likely to be insurmountable?

Keene did not know, yet there was in a dim prescience that, by

Keene did not know, yet there was in his mind a dim' prescience that, by some means or other, the way would be cleared for him.

He sat in silence, brooding, while the hig tree defitted on with its human freight, now twirting and spinning in a vast eddy, and now caught in the suction of the main current. It held such as the succession of the main current.

freight, now twiring and spanning in a vast eddy, and now caught in the saction of the main current. Support of the saction of the main current with the saction of the main current. Support of the saction of the main current with the saction of the river Yare reeded by. Bucken-ham Ferry Loomed at last, but no light reinabled in the solitary dwelling. The landscape soon changed now. There opened before the castawax, under the murky pall of the night, the long, wide valley of the marshes; the vast, framework of the night, the long, wide valley of the marshes; the vast, framework with the vast, framework of the saction of the sacti

The 2nd Chapter. Against Time.

Apalass Time.

The end of the machine, which projected of the machine, which projected of the machine flood from the loft, was forty or fifty yards ahead. The tree was apparently driving straight towards it, and holding an even course. Oliver scrambled on to one of the pitting beognes, and the detective, having hoisted the limp form of Harold Normanhy to his shoulder, stood erect on the which the machine for the machine flood of the machine flood

quick!"

The lad sprang nimbly from the bough to the wall, and as he landed safely there was a splash behind him. Keene, unable to leap with his burden, had floundered off the tree as

best he could, and was submerged the chest. He waded for a yard

so, and reached his hand to Oliver, who hauled him high and dry. "We've done it, guv'nor." he said. "We're all right now-eb?" "Yes. I think so." the detective

"Yes, I think so," the detective replied. "I know this part of the country. The village of Cantley lie youder, and we should find a doctor there. We must have medical atten-tion for young Normanly as soon as possible." the detective

there. We njust have medical attention for young Novembry as soon as "No signs of consciousness yet?" No, me boy, not yet."

The big tree had drifted on, and was fading into the gloom; and Hareve Keene and the lad were left, low, narrow wall of earth skirting a dyke that was immdated. They had a difficult task to perform, and they did not waste any time about it. They set off at once, carrying Harold Normanby between them; and for half-a followed the dyke-wall, with water to right and left of them.

At length, having got beyond the flooded area, they came to a road that traversed a belt of woods. This longify them to the edge of the several rotatages they stopped by a brick dwelling that stood back in a garden. A brass plate was fixed to the gate, and on it was inscribed: James Roper, M.D."

garden. A brass plate was fixed to the gate, and on it was inscribed: "James Roper, M.D." There was some hope now that the designs of the Circle of Thirteen, would be thwarted. It was still dark, though the dawn could not be far off. Dr. James Roper, roused from help Dr. James Roper, roused from help the day of the descended the stairs with a lighted candle, and opened the door, and gazed in amazement at the with a lighted candle, and opened the door, and gazed in amazement at the three bedraggled figures on the step. "We have been addift on the flood," sail Keene. "This proof fellow has been injured, and he must

be seen to at once,"
Dr. Roper did not ask any questions. He nodded, and led the way to
ke consuling room, where the young
physician then summoned a servant,
and bank him fetch what was needed;
and in the space of a quarter of an
hour Harold Normande had been
stripped and rubbed, and wrapped to
Meanwhile, bot drinks had been
Meanwhile, bot drinks had been

warm blankets.

Meanwhile, hot drinks had been prepared for Harvey Keene and the lad, and they had recovered from the chilling effects of their exposure. The detective was not inclined to speak freely, but he related enough of the night's adventures to satisfy Dr freely, but he related enough of the might's adventures to satisfy Dr. Roper, who was busy with his patient. Having thoroughly exam-med him, and tested his hear and pulse, he forced some brandy be-tween his lips.

"There is not much wrong with im," he stated.

"There is not much wrong with him." he stated, him. Keene echoed eagerly. "Are you sure?" I do not better that yo opinion, sit. I do not him to be the property of the propert

off."
"How soon, doctor? It is most important that he should be in London, and able to speak herdily, before twelve o'clock to-morrow."

The speak to speak benefit, and the speak to should be speak to should be speak to should be speak to speak t

Harold Normanny has surred. If the fingers were twitching. A tinge of colour crept into his cheeks, and presently he opened his eyes, and gazed blankly around him.
"Where am 1?" he murmured.
"How did I get here? I—I can't re-

"How did I get here? 1—I can't remember—"
His voice faltered, and his eyeliddropped again. Dr. Roper gave him
for his properties of the second of the demember of the second of the demember of the hall.

"The patient must not be disturbed," he said, in a low tone,
"the patient must not be disturbed," he said, in a low tone,
"the patient must not be dismediated by the said, in a low tone,
"the patient must not be dismediated by the properties of the said,"
"The patient may be a low tone,
"th

Keene.
"You shall not, I promise."
"Very well. We will rely on you.
Be sure that you will be liberally
paid for your services. But how much
time have we?"

"More than three hours, sir," the physician replied. "Meanwhile, you must rest. Get your wet clothes off, and they will be dry when you are called. Come, I will show you to a



will go back and sit with the patient."
Then minutes later Harvey Keau and the lad ware dead to the world, the chartest and the lad ware dead to the world, the chartest and the lad ware dead to the world, the chartest and the lad ware dead to the world, then have been considered the safety dawn a rap on the door worke then. Their clothes were roadly, and on going downstairs they found Harold Normanby dressed, and seated in a hig chair. He was weak and pale, but otherwise he made of the dead of the lad to the lad

acy. will mean everything to us." of on, his publid face brighten-

It was now between six and seven belock, and shortly afterwards the reseased man and his companies were on their way to Yarmouth in the objection's car. The distance was ample time at South Town Station, where they bads farewell to Dr. Roper, who wished them luck. They got a first-disse compartment to themselves, and just before the train strick fewer per his head not of the "That secunded of a landlord" he muttered.

Have you seen him?" asked

muttered.
"Have you seen him?" asked there. I had a glimpe of him for the platform, the detective replied.
"He was opening the door of a comparison of the platform, the detective replied. The was opening the door of a comparison of the the rear."
"Were any of the gauge withkins."
"Were any of the gauge withkins."
"Were any of the gauge withkins in the gauge to two, I should judge, with the intention of accompanying that follow Bastable to the lawyer's office. If so, he will fall into the trap."
If you have a subject to the gauge of the gauge of

doors. The guard waved his flag, the engine whistled, and the journey gan. Liverpool Street was reached at

began.
Liverpool Street was reached at five minutes past eleven o'clock. The detective and his companions were in a forward compartment, and they descended from it to the platform almost before the train had stopped.

As a midly as possible, lest they should be a midle of the platform almost before the train had stopped. As rapidly as possible, lest they should be observed by Ben Grimston, they hastened through the barrier, and out of the big terminus into the noise and bustle of the mighty city. Keens hailed a taxi-cab, and opened the

oor.
"Sectland Yard," he said to the chauffeur. "Drive as fast as you can, and I will pay you extra."

The 3rd Chapte "Your Fate is Sealed!"

The day was the 16th of the month, towards the hour of noon, when a taxi, which had come from the Embankment through the ancient precincts of the Temple, stopped in front of one of the ding old buildings in King's Bench Walk. Of the two in King's Bench Walk. Of the two persons who stepped from the cab, one was a tall, handsome man of thirty, dressed in the height of fashion, with dark hair and moustache. The other was Ben Grimston, the landlord of the Falstaff

Arms. have nothing to fear. I sup-sess? muramered the young man, when he had paid the driver. "No, sir, you can take my word for it that all three of them were drowned lest night," declared the landlord.

soon be my duty to give the money to you, in the event of your cousin failing to appear at twelve o clock to the minute."

The words were a signal. As the

The words were a signal. As the lawyer spoke, a shuffling noise was heard, and from behind a tall screen at the rear of the office stepped Harold Normanity, followed by Harvey Keene and a plain-clothes constable.

'I am here, sir," he exclaimed, "

constable.

"I am here, sir," he exclaimed, "to put in the claim to my legacy, and to denounce this scoundrel."

For her in stant a pin might have.

For her in stant a pin might have.

For here is made to perfect the stant property of the perfect the stant perfect the stant perfect the stant perfect the stant perfect to the seven the stant perfect to the seven the stant perfect to the stant perfect the stant pe floor.

the floor.

This was to the advantage of the landlord, who dealt the clerk in the outer office a heavy blow, sped on,

the chase continued, with no stops, the chase continued, with no stops, until Charing Cross was reached. Then the green taxicab, in attempting to get by a dray, locked wheels with it. In a trice the landlord was out, and at the same instant Keene threw open the door of his cab and sprang from it. He tossed a coin to sprang from it. He tossed a coin to with a did down villiers Street, "I'll soon have him now," he thought.

Ben Grimston was too shrewd, how-

Box Grimston was too shrewd, how, Ben Grimston was too sirewd, now-ever, to risk capture in this crowded little thoroughfare. A clamour was swelling behind him, and when he saw two constables hurriedly approaching him, he swerved aside, and rapidly him, he swerved aside, and rapidly ascended the steps leading to the narrow footpath that skirted Charing narrow footpath that skurted Charing Cross railway-bridge. But he could not shake off his pursuer. As he ran on he looked back from time to time, and perceived that the detective was slowly and steadily gaining on him. At length, when he had got to the middle of the bridge, he stopped in

"Hang you!" he snarled. cheat you yet! You don't t take me

alive!"
"Stop! Stop!" cried Keene.
"Don't be a fool!"
He sped on, but he was too late.
The terrified landlord had climbed to
the top of the iron railing, and down
he went, to land with a splash far
below. Harvey Keene did not dream
of a bandoning the chase, did not hesi-

The oars dipped rapidly. Nearer and nearer glided the boat, and at length, when Harvey Keene's strength ind all but failed, strong arms reached for him, and he and his burden were dragged from the water. Through a mist he saw the face of a sergeant whom he knew.

"Thanks, old man," he said.
"You didn't get to me any too soon."

soon."

The gailey slid back to the floating police-station in the shadow of the famous Bridge of Sighs, where Keene and Ben Grimston received prompt attention. And in the course of an hour, warmed by hot drinks and pro-vided with dry clothing, they drove in a cab to Scotland Yard, accompanied by one of the men attached to the

by one of the men attached to the station. Meanwhile, Philip Bastable had been brought there from the Temple, and he and the landlord of the hydrogen and he and the landlord of the detective, and by the latter's friend, Inspector Drake. No information of any value could be gleaned from them, however. They admitted their completity in the ladiapping of fareful persuaded to join in the plot by certain men who had done the actual work. But they swore that they were innorant of the real names of these men, and that they had no knowledge wintered of the existence of the Threats, and offers of leninery, faired alike to draw more from them. Were they sincere, or were they afraid to speak? Keene was indired to believe that they had told the truth, and three he had to let the matter.

believe that they had told the truth, and there he had to let the matter rest. He left Scotland Yard bitterly disappointed, feeling that his efforts and the risks he had taken had been "I am certain that it was Grinston who moredered that poor fellow in my flat," he reflected, "yet I cannot prove it. I can't put the rope around his neck. It is not much consolation to the state of the with the said that he and the will spend some years in prison.

person was specially some present where I was before. The cyricle of Thirteen, their names and meeting places, are shrouded in mystery. Doubless they have a number of paid tools like the land-loud of the Norfolk inn, jackals that are glad to singly a bits of plunder; but they are too shrewd to let their identities be known to any of their limelings.

identities be known to any of their meetings.

"The members of the half—those men who are making a record in the men who are making a record in the men who are making a record in the property of the second of the measures of the measures

It was past midnight. Philip Bastable and Ben Grimston were tossing in anguish of mind on their hard cots, realising what their 'folly must cost them; and Harold Normanby and his wife, in a West End hotel, were discussing their future, and talking of the man to whom they owed their happeness, very quiet, and only at fiftal intervals did the rumbed of a bus, or the glide of a taxicab scho from Oxford Circus. Oliver had been in bed for hours, and Harvey

or a pus, or the guide of a faxicals echo from Oxford Circus. Oliver had been in bed for hours, and Harvey, and broom in bed for hours, and Harvey, and broom in the faxing free.

When he awoke his pipe was on the floor, and the fire had burnt to askes. On the faxing free, when he awoke his pipe was on the floor, and the fire had burnt to askes. In the faxing free hours, and he was about to extinguish the lights when he perceived an envelope lying on a mat just inside of the door. If a faxing that it bere his name, and from it he drew a sheet of black paper, on which was written in blood-red ink; "You have deed."

"You have dared to oppose us, and your fate is sealed. In seven days from now our vengeance will strike you dead,—By order of "The Circle of Tribreen."

Keene shrugged his shoulders. His lips curved in a sardonic smile, and his eyes flashed with scorn. "Wo shall see," he murmured, "Yes, we shall see,"

THE PAD.

(Next Monday's FOYS' I RIEND will contain another new drawn dealing with Harvey Keene's efforts to bring The Circle of 13 to justice. Ben't miss it!)



commanded Harvey Keene, clutching the struggling man by throat, "or wo'll both be drowned!" Keep quiet, keep quiet!

"It is a queer business, Mr. Bast-

The poor fellow has met with foul

"The poor fellow has met with foul play, of course. He must have been nurdered and robbed, and thrown into the Thames."

"Very likely. London abounds with pirialls for the unwary."

There was a short interval of There was something in the aimosphere that Ben Grimston did not. Ike, but the young man was itmosp..

not like, but the young man was writely unsappieous.

"This is the sixteenth of the minimum of the minimum of the minimum of the "14 is." Mr. Drysalde assented.

"At noon to-day, by the terms of my late uncle's will, you are to pay to me the sum of fifty thousand pounds in reals, provided my consist pounds in reals, provided my consist by the expiration of the stipulated hour."

"Yes, subject to that condition Harold Normanby has first claim." "It now wants five minutes to twelve o'clock."
"It does. You are quite right."

"It does. You are quite right."
"You have the money ready,
presume," said Philip Bastable. "I have, sir," the lawyer replied "Fifty thousand pounds in bank

notes. There was another brief silence, during which Ben Grimston edged a trifle nearer to the door. Mr. Drysdale glauved at the clock on the mande together bright bean, white hands together minutes, sir," he observed, with a bland smile. "It will

and bounded down the staircase. Having emerged in King's Bench Walk, he bore to the right, and ran as hard as he could through the flagged passage that led to Fleet

Sfreet.

"Hang them!" he panted. "Why
the diskens weren't they drowned!"
Meanwhile, Harvey Keene had
laken the stairs at the risk of his
neck, and was not very far behind.
He, too, ran as fast as he could, and
plunged from the narrow court into
the mose and movement of the street.
By then Ben Grimston had stepped By then Ben Grimston has steeped into a taxicab, and it was carrying him swiftly westward. But he im-prudently showed his face at the window, and was seen by the detec-tive, who found another cab almost at

tive, who found another cab almost at once, and jumped into it.

"That tax in front." he gasped.
"The green one-follow it! Don't let it get away!"
"The change it is the chanfleur re-time." [11.6] in the chanfleur re-time." [11.6] in my less."

The fuguive had a good start, and Keene, gazing oagerly shead, was in constant suspense. There was no much mose, so deafening a clutter of wheels and hoofs, that it would have been uncless for lum to shout. Fleet was a ultitage of thirty or forty yards between the two vehicles, and it now lessened, now increased, as the traffle thickness! thickened and thinned.

thickened and thinned.
"Confound the fellow!" muttered
the detective. "It will be a great
misfortune if I lose him!"
Wellington Street was passed, and

thing the struggling man by dt 10 a moment. Spectators who were close by shouted at him as he mounted the rading, and held their mounted the rading, and held their control of the struggling and held their control of the struggling and struggling and struggling and struggling and kicking, he was within half a dozen yaris of his quarry. He struck out for him, with electr sing and kicking, he was within half a dozen yaris of his quarry. He struck out for him, with electr sing pen of the struggling again as the detective overhauled him and seized him by the colar. The name was half unconscious, hong limply in the graup of his resoure, who held to him with one hand and paddied with the other. Thus they drifted along on the swift tide down mude-hanned, with no The landled grandually revived, and when he realised that he had been caught he began to struggle, deaf to warnings. He broke the grip on his collars and struck at keene.

been caught he began to struggle, dead to warnings. He broke the grip on his collar, and struck at Keene, who let go of him for an instant and clutched him by the threat. "Keep quiet, you fool," he bade, "or we'll both be drowned." As he spoke a lusty hall floated to his cars, and as he glanced in the direction from which it came, towards Waterloo Bridge, he saw one of the Themes police-galleys swinging up

"Help at last!" he said to himself. We shall be saved if I can hold out little longer." " We

701

OIITI BARRED

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of School Life at Rookwood. Introducing the Chums

BY OWEN CONQUEST. JIMMY SILVER & CO.

THE 1ST CHAPTER. In the Dead of Night.

Boom ! Boom!

The stroke of one sounded heavily arough the silence of the night.

Rookwood School lay buried in dence and slumber.

silence and slumber.

At that hour, certainly, no one was supposed to be awake in the ancient cidice. The last light had long been extinguished, the last door had been closed, the most determined "swot" had long ceased to burn the midnight sile.

oil.
On the "Modern" side all was as it should be—masters and hoys were sound asleep. But on the "Classical" side, there was one who was wide awake—eery wide awake indeed.
That one wakeful individual was

That one wakeful individual was Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Ferm Jahran Silver was sitting up in Soc. All the silver was sitting up in Soc. Silver has been at the truth, Jimmy Silver has bash hard work to keep awake so late. He had almost had to prop his eyelish open. But he had not succumbed. There was a most unportant enterprise fixed for that night.

hight.
It was an enterprise into which nearly all the Classical members of the Fourth Form entered with heart and soul. And one o'clock was the hour for action I Jimmy Silver, with heroic self-scriftce, had promised to remain awake and call the others when that hour struck. And he was still awake, which was try a because the rest of the Fourth were sleeping like toos. like tops.

True, his chums, Lovell and Raby, and Newcome, had all declared that they would keep awake, too, to bear him company. They had kept awake True, his churns, Lovell and Raby, and Newcome. had all declared that they would keep awake, too, to bear lain company. They had kept awake till about eleven—and then their state of the s

Just struck !"

"Well, sessuppese we leave it till two o'clock?" said Lovell, blinking. "On second thoughts, two o'clock is ever so much better than one— Yow. ow-ow! Wharrer you at, you thump-ing asy?" "Well.

hed was Raby's, and Raby had been awakened by Lovell's remarks. He blinked nervously at Silver. "1 say, Jinmy—" "Oh, you're awake! Out you

"Just a minute, Silver! N.n.no hurry! I—I've been thinking that we'd better leave it till to-morrow might—it's jolly ce-cold, and—if you don't leggo my ear, you beast, I'll lack you like thunder— Ow!"

lack you like thunder— Ow!"

Raby bumped on the floor, and
Jimmy Silver crossed to Newcome's
bed. Newcome was snoring. As
Newcome was not in the habit of
snoring, Jimmy Silver suspected that

snore "Jump up, Newcome!" Snore!
"It's time, Newcome!"
Snore!

Smore! Jimmy Silver took a sponge from the nearest washstand, and dipped usinto a jug of water. Perhaps Newcome heard him, for he ceased snoring all of a suiden, and sat up in beautiful.

bed.
"That you, Silver?"
"Yes, it's me. I'm just going to squeeze some cold water over you

Newcome was out of bed with a bound.

bound.
"That's better," said Jimmy Silver approximgly, "Now wake up those other saketes. Lovell's made row enough to wake a girdy cemetery, but they all seem to be askep. Yank the bedesthes off 'cm." "Turn out, you slackers," provided Lovell. Now that Lovell was out of bed, he was justly indiginant at so many slackers remaining between the sheets.

sheets, "1-[-] say," said Jones minor, sitting up in bed, "I think, Silver, old man—il you bring that sponge near me I'll smash you—I think, you know, a barring-out is really a rotten idea, after all, and it's e-cold—and—Occocch."

Jones minor "oooooched" frantically as the sponge was squeezed over him, drenching his head and face with icy water. He rolled out on the other side of the bed with great promptness

promptiess.

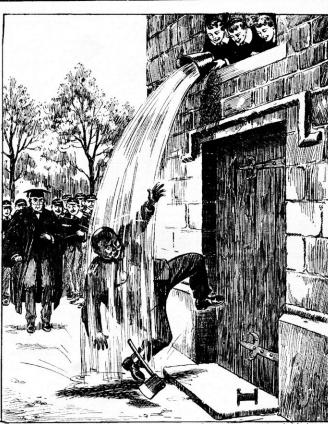
Jimmy Silver's drastic methods of awakening his Form fellows were successful. The Fourth-Formers were turning out now without waiting for the wet pages. Only two creamined two champion slackers of the Fourth. "Lock here," mumbled Townsend. "I tell you I'm not in this, Silver, I don't believe in a barring-out. We shall get into a frightful row. Old report us to the Head when he comes reason was to the Head when he comes

report us to the Head when he comes back. I'm not going to have a hand in it—now, you understand me. I'm

report us to the Head when he comesback. I'm not going to have a hand
in it—now, you understand me, I'm
Townsen tumbled out, dreithed
with ies water. He glared forociously
at Jimmy Silver in the gloom. Topham jumped out without waiting for
the sponge, and the two slackers
began to dress themselves suikily.
The barring out which had been
discussed over-night had seemed an
awfully good idea to most of them at
the time. But at one o'clock in the
morning it appeared, somehow, to
there was no help for it. Jimmy
Silver was inexorable—and now that
they were fairly awake, Lovell and
Raby and Newcome were equally
determined. And the Fistical Four
were monarchs of all they surveyed
on the Classcal side in the Fourth
"Buck up, and get into your
clother." Said Jimmy Silver: "we've

ing ass?"

Bomp! Lovell descended on the floor, tangled up in his befelothes, and he struggled wildly with blankers and sheets, breathing vergeance. Jimmy Silver dehield, an personance is descended to the next bed. The next



A bucketful of icy water was carefully thrust out of the winds Mr. Kettle's head. "Yug-g-g-g-g-g!" exclaimed the sergeant, as from head to foot dow, and inverted just over

'I think it's all rot!" mumbled be a flogging all round for it, so we may as well take it first as last."

"Rats! We're going to make terms with Manders before we sur-render," said Lovell, "We'll bring the Modern beast to reason."

the Modern beast to reason."
"Hear, hear!"
"And when the Head comes back, he'll put us on the back for upholding the rights of the Classic side against the Moderns," and Jimmy Silver.
"Ahem!" said Lovell. That prospect seemed to him, to say the least doubtful. It could hardly magnic

doubtful. He could hardly imagine the Head of Rockwood approving of a barring-out under any circum-stances.

"We're in the right, sin't we?" demanded Silver.
"Oh. ves. rather!"
"Well, then, that's enough. Buck

And with a mingling of mumbling, grambling, yawning, and shivering, the rebels of Rookwood hurried on their clothes in the dark dermitery.

The 2nd Chapter. The Plan of Campaign.

The Plan of Campaign.
A barring-out! That was the important enterprise which had called the Fourth-Formers from their beds that cold March might. It was an unprecedented happening at Rookwood! but, as Jimmy Silver pointed out, all the more likely to be successful on that account. For the pointed out, all the more likely to issuevesful on that account. For the referred to them—would have no suspecies of what was going on till they turned out on the morning. And then they would ind the rebest entruched. The rebest felt that they had justice on their side. They belonged to the Classical side of Rockwood. They felt an unbounded scorn for the Modern side, which was fully respected to the classical side of Rockwood. They then they had been placed under the thumb of the Moderns. It was more than flesh and blood could be expected to stand, according to It happened that the master on the Classical side had been the unhappy.

victims of an onslaught by the demon influenza. They were either away had up in the sanatorium. It was had up in the sanatorium. It was stances, the Head should appoint the senior Modern master, Mr. Manders, to take his place during his absence, the mater of the sanatorium that that much, but it was it natural that that much, but it was it natural that the sanatorium that it was it natural that the sanatorium that the sana

Mr. Manders should play the "giddy years."
The Feet half been had been placed under the process on the sick list. Mr. Manders had chosen a Modern preter instead of a Classical. Which was the first injury. And that prefest, knowles, was a builty, and he had been processed in the most of the process of the



(Continued from the previous

after the ragging they had given him. But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not mean that flogging to come off. For Classicals to be flogged by a Modern master, and then bullied ad his by a Modern prefect, was a little too thick. lodern prefect, was a little too thick. Hence the scheme of the barring-

Hence the scheme of the barring out. the morning instead of the Chairsals coming meekly into Bog Hall and Mr. Manders to go through his gymnastic exercises with the birch, they would be secure behind their entrenchments, to hold at till the tyrant came to terms—at least, that was the programme. The work of the contract of the contra

Forms backing them up. And besides, the Fourth were the injured Townsend and Topham grumbled,

but the rest were growing more cheerful as they moved quickly in the

darkness.

1 think it's all rot!" Townsend declared for the tenth or twelfth time. Besides, how are we going time. Besider to bar 'em out!

to bar 'em out?"
"Leave that to me," said Jinnys,
"Sliver serency, as he laced his boots,
"We can't bar 'em out of the
House, as they're all in the House,"
said Townsend. "No good barring
'em out of the dorm. They'd jolly
soon starce us out." starve us out." Quite so," agreed Silver. "No " Quite

good at all."
"Well, the Form-room, then."
said Townsend. "What's the good
of barring ourselves in the Formroom? There's no grub there. I
shall want my brekker; I know

hat."
"Form-room's no good," agreed

"Form-room Silver.
"Well, then, you ass "
"Blessed if I see where we're going to hold the fort!" said Hooker.

to hold the fort!" said Hooker.
"Then it's lucky you've got me to
do the thinking for you." said
Jimus Silver caimly. "That's all
settled. We've got to select a place
plerty of group, and water laid on,
and room for the lot of us."
"But there sain't such a place!"
howled Topham. "You're talking
out of your neck, you silly chump!"
"Fathead! The turkshop!"
"Ya the wat water wat

"The-the "My hat

"My hat!"
"Oh, crumbs!"
"Why, you—you maniae!" said
Townsend, aghast, "Sergeant
Kettle sleeps in the room over the
tuckshon."

tuckshop."
"I know that."
"Well, then, do you think he'll let us collar the place?"
"He won't be able to help it!" chuckled Jimmy Silver, going to collar him first."
"Wha-aat!"
"Gh. me. ad."

"Wha-a-at!"
"Oh, my word!" murmured Raby.
"If anybody's got a better plan,
let him get it off his chest," said
Jimmy Sliver, "If not, dry up!"
There was a buzz of excitement in

There was a buzz of execution in the dornitory now. Jimmy Silver's startling plan exactly "jumped" with the ideas of most of the juniors. The mere thought of having the free run of the tuckshop spurred them on.

"But old Kettle won't let us collar him to be bed Townwell." shrieked Townsend. w-wow! We sha'n't ask his

him!" shriekes.
"Bow-wow! permission."
"And we can't take his tuck

"And we can t was cither—"
"Of course we shall keep count of all we use, and pay for it afterwards," said Jimmy Silver, "We may be able to make old Manders pay for it as one of the conditions of "Manage."

"Oh, crumbs!"
"I tell you—" vociferated Towns-

end.
"Oh. dry up! You'll wake the
House. You fellows all ready?"
"Ready—ay, ready!" chuckled

"Then come on. Gather up your bedelothes.

bedelothes." said Lovell.
"Bedelothes!" said Lovell.
"Certainly! We shall want them
to-morrow night."
"To-morrow night!" snorted
Townsend. "Do you think it will
last over to-morrow night, you fat-head? Why we. Townsenu. last over to-morrow mgms, head? Why, we "head? Why we "Shut np! Get all the blankets, sheets, bolsters, and pillows. We shall need the pillows, especially if

we're attacked." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ba, ha !"
The juniors cleared the heds, rolling up the bedelothes into bundles. That forethought on the part of Jimmy Silver was a proof that they had a good general indeed, Raby regular Kitchener. Laden with the bededothes, the juniors crept cuatiously out of the dormitors. Topham and Townsend, though grounding, went with the caution, Jimmy Silver and his followers crept down the silent stars.

The 3rd Chapter. Capturing the Fortress.

Save for the creaking of the stairs ader the cautious feet of the miors, there was no sound in the old

under the customs of the distinct of the primary shore was no sound in the old building.

Silence and darkness surrounded them. The hearts of the Rookwood rebets were beating hard. If a and come out of his room, it was and come out of his room, it was and come out of his room, it was all up," with the great enterprise. He old Builkeley, the captain of the school, had opposed them, her would have bestated very much to had passed the word that if Manders came along. Manders was to be "chucked out," temporary head-master as he was. Fortunately for the word that if Manders came along, Manders was to be "chucked out," temporary head-master as he was. Fortunately for mander tidd not come along. The army reached the lower hall, and there there was a halt. The big door was focked, and there was no exit that way.

The army reached the lower hall, and there there was a halt. The big door was focked, and there was no exit that way.

Let a supplie the way to the back of the House. All doors were secured, but Silver promptly opened a window.

ovell jumped out first, and the Lovell jumped out first, and the bundles were passed out to him, and then the rest of the rebels followed. Jimmy Silver cautiously closed the window behind them.

They were in the open air now, in the above starlight. Still with

window behind them.
They were in the open air now, in
the clear starlight. Still with
the cattern starlight. Still with
the cattern steps, they stole round the
House and came out into the quadrangle. Then, like ghosts, they fitted
away across the quad.
The success so far had inspirited
them. The prospect of a free feed in
the tude-shop as soon as they had cap-

tured that fortress was still more

tured that fortress was still more in-spiriting. Excitement was growing, and they were ready for the fray, Even Townsend and Tophan had ceased to gramble. Berning-out would postpone, at least, the flogging that was promised for the morning. That was something. Perhaps it wasn't such a bad idea after all. At all events, there was no backing out. The Pistical Four were determined be in the enterprise. They were prebe in the enterprise. They were pre-pared to back up their arrangements with their fists, so there was no room

with their flats, so there was no room or argument.

The school shop of Rookwood was on the ground floor of the eld clock-olidest parts of Rookwood, and had long been dissed. There was a new clock-tower on the Modern sides say, with a suff of contempt, contempt, say, with a suff of contempt, contempt, and the sufficient tower had been standing for a quarter

tower had been standing for a quarter of a century. The old one was abandoned, the clock being long gone, and the top storey with it. The lower part of the building was tenanted by old Kettle, the school sergeant, who kept the tuckshop. A little diamond-panel window, with a few tarts exposed to view, revealed the fact that a the tuckshop was inside. tower had been standing for a quarter of a century. The old one was

Over the shop there was a single apartment, which the sergeant used as a bed-room. Behind it were two or three rooms used as store-houses or lumber-rooms.

or three rooms used as store-houses or lumber-rooms for 'holding the A hetter situation's have been the state of the dose of ancient, heavy cask, and the windows extremely small, and defended by strong oaken shutters.

Once safely ensoured inside, the difficult one safely ensoured inside, the difficult one safely ensoured inside, the difficult one safely ensoured inside, the the safely ensoured inside, the safely ensoured in t

record in sieges.

The chief difficulty lay in the fact The chief dimensity by in the compation of the fortress. Doors and windows were fastened.

The Fourth-Formers deposited their bundles on the ground and held

their bundles on the ground and near a consultation. Hooker suggested summoning the sergeant to surrender. The suggestion was the surrender of the surrender of the surrender of the surrender of the suffice of the Buffs, and the Buffs never surrendered. Besides, it would wake the school. And Lovell wanted to know what they were to do if Bulkeley and Neville and the rest of the prefetts bore down on them with subplants. A battle royal in the quadrangle was not what they had come out for.

they had come out for."
"We've got to get in." said Jimmy
Silver. "Try all the windows at the Silver, back."
The windows were all tried; but

they were all fastened. The old ser-geant was a very careful and methodical man. There was another Suppose we chuck it?" said Town

send.

"Biff him, somebudy!" said Silver.
There was a yelp from Townsend.
"Well, what's to be done, Silver?"
demanded Lovell. It was cridently
"up" to Juniny Silver. Even
Lovell, who was supposed to let
Classical leader in the Fourth, left it
to him. But Jinnny Silver was equal to the emergency.
"If Mahomet can't get to the giddy

mountain, the giddy mountain has to come to Mahomet!" he replied. "It would make a row to bust a way in. So we've got to bring the old Kettle down here to open the fdoor."

uown nere to open the door?" said "But-but he won's come." said "Oh, res, he'll come. You fellows get into cover. Keep bark behind the corner there, and when I give the signal, you make a rush!" Yes, but---" signal, you n "Yes, but-"We're wa

wasting time," said Silver

"We're was. Get into cover!" "Oh, all right" "wiers cleared out of sight "Ob, all right."
The juniors cleared out of sight. Then Jimmy Silver picked up a handful of pebbles. A clink sounded through the silence as he threw one at the back window of Sergeant Kettle's bed-room. The pebble dropped to the ground with another eliber.

Clink, clink, clink, clink!

Clink, clink, clink clink. Pebble arres pebble rattled on the window of the room above. The fifth mastle cracked a pane. Junny Silver had no doubt that the sergeam country right. The old tower was at a safe distance from the School House, and there was no danger of the sounds being heard there. After about five a movement was heard within. The minutes bombardment of the window, a movement was heard within. The window was thrown up, and the red face of Sergeant Kettle looked out.
"My heye!" said the old soldier.
"Wot is it! My heye! Hallo!" He stared down at Jimmy Silver, the only member of the army visible to be convenient.

eyes. Hullo, sergeant!" said Silver.

"Wot are you doing outer bed at this 'ere time of night?" demanded the sergeant, in angry astonishment. "Waking you up, sergeant?" "Wot do you want to wake me up for, you impudent young rip?" roared the sergeant."

roared the sergeant.
"You sleep too much?" said
Jimmy Silver.
"Wh."

Jimmy Silver.

"Why, you—you—you— stultered the wrathful sergeant. You cut back to bed, Master Silver, and I'll report you to Mr. Manders in the mornin."

"I say, sergeant—
"Slam! The window, closed, and

Slam! The window, closed, and the old gentleman snorred back to bed. Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink. The pebbles rattled like hailstones on the window. Up went the sach again, and the sergeant glared down upon the cleer-ful junior in blazing wrath. "Du you want me to come down to you?" he shouted.

Certainly !" Wot

"Wot!"
"I say, sergeant, is it true that
you were captured by the Boers
because you couldn't keep awake on
duty?" asked Jimmy Silver inno-

cently Which I never was captured by

"Which I never was captured by the Boers and well you know it!" roared Sergeant Kettle.
"Did you run away, sergeant?"
"Re-run away," spluttered the sergeant. "You wait a minute, you young ciliain? You wait till I

e down

come down:"
The sergeant disappeared from the window. Jimmy Silver chuckled softly. He had succeeded in waking the old sergeant with a vengeance. From the open window came the sound of the sergeant's snorts, as he hurriedly dressed himself. The exsound of the segant stores, as he harriedly dressed himself. The extraordinary check of a junior waking him at half-past one in the morning, to ask him whether he had run away from the Boers, naturally made the old soldier wrathy. In a few minutes his heavy stope could be heard on the stairs within, and there was a seemed of bolts and chains being with drawn.
"Wait till I whistle, you fellows!"

whispered Jimmy Silver

"Righto."

The door opened, and the angry
arroant came out. Jimmy Silver

The door opened, and the angry sergeant came out, Jimmy Silver backed away.

"You young raskil!" snorted Sergeant Kettle. "I'll march you back to the 'ouse by the seruil of your neck, and report you, that's what I'll do!".

"Bourger!" said Limmy Silver. "Bow-wow!" said Jimmy Saver.
"Come 'ere!"
"Rats!"

"Rats!"
The sergeant made a rush at the junior. Jimmy Silver dodged promptly, and emitted at the same moment a shrill whistle. There was a rush of feet, and a swarm of juniors closed in on the astomaled sergeant. Before he knew what was rgeant. Before he knew what appening, a dozen pairs of he sized him on all sides, and he amped on the ground. "Got him!" bumped bim!"

" Sit on b

"Yow! Lemme go! Gerroff!
Wot the thunder—" gasped the
astounded sergeant, "Ave you all
gone dotty! Leggo, I say! I'll Bring him in!" said Jimmy

"Bring him in:" said Jimmy silver, "Elp." On Gerr-r-oogh."

A hand was clapped over the segreant, moth, In the grap of the whole crowd, he was rushed back bloom, with three or four juniors sitting on him to secure him, and Jimmy Silver promptly closed the door and lecked it. "All serner," said Silver,

door and locked it.

"All acrem," said Silver.

"And a giddy prisoner of war to start with." grammed Lovell.

"Harrah for us!"

"Lemme go ! If you don't gerroff—let go, i say! !—!—!—. The sergeant was a powerful man, but he struggled vainly under so many assaidants. He simply ladur a he attended as a sailants. He simply chance.

"It's all right, sorgeant, said tramy Silver southingly, "We're

"H's all right, sergeant," said Jimmy Silver soothingly, "We're not going to hirt you." "Trt me!" mumbled Sergeant Kettle, "Trt me! Why, you young raskil—"

You see, it's a barring-out, want this place," said J

we want

"My heye!"
"You're a prisoner of war, but if
you give your parole, we'll set you free Young raskils—"

"Will you give your parole?"
demanded Jimmy Silver.
"Grook! No. I won't! Fil report
yer! I'll go and sall Mr. Manders
at once, and report yer!" howled the

at once, and report yer; angry sergeant.

That settles it! The him up."

You tie me up! Why—1—1— Words failed the sergeant. If! struggled furiously, and the grimming juniors had to exert themselves for the service of the service of

juniors had to hold him down.

hold him down.
"There's plenty of cord in the shop!" said Lovell.
Jimmy Sliver hurried into the shop, and struck a match. He quickly found a coil of cord, and rejoined his chume. The sergeant was still strugging, though Lovell was sitting on his head to keep him quick. Jimmy Sliver passed the feel round. the sergeant's wrists, which dragged together, and tied it. the old gentleman's ankles the were secured.

Then the panting juniors released him, and the sergeant lay on the floor, gasping and blinking in speechon the

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less wrath. But he found his voiceson, and yelled for help. Only one yell excaped him—then a handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, and he gurgled into silience. "Awfully sorry, old chap!" said Jimmy Sifver affably. "Can't be helped, you know, in war time time you civilians have to suffer!" Sergeant Kettle booked as if he would have a fit of apoplexy. To be tided rand and foot was an outrage, certainly, but, our and foot was no outrage, certainly, but, our and to the first of the sum of t

that s commandeered, by order. But we're going to spare your life, which is more than the Prussians would do. Now, take it calmly, and look happy!"

The sergeaut did not take it calmly.

But he

The sergeant did not take it carries, and he did not look happy. But he was secure, and the juniors left him wriggling in his bonds.

The door was opened again, and Jimmy Silver & Co. fetched in the

wriggling in his bonds.

The door was opened again, and
Jimmy Silver & Co. fetched in the
bundles of bedelothes. There was no
sound from the direction of the school
—the cries of the sergeant had not
casched the sleepers there. The —the cries of the sergeant had not reached the sleepers there. The rebels of Rookwood were in posses-sion of their fortress now, and they had plenty of time to prepare for the siege—which was certain to com-mence in the morning. The 4th Chapter.

In Garrison. "These tarts are jolly good!"

"These tarts are jolly good?"
"Sol's this grouper-pop"
"And these eream puffs;"
"Yes, rather?"
The Fistical Four had made a tour of the old tower, looking to the defences. When they came back to the ground floor, they found the rest of the company of the compan

gorge!"
"Oh, rot!" said Hooker. "We'v
commandeered the supplies, haven we?" said Jones "Jolly good tarts." said Jones Silver, and

minor. "Have some, Silver, and don't jaw."
"We've got to keep count of all we cat, and pay for 'em afterwards."
said Lovelt.

"Good idea:" agreed Jones.
"You fellows can keep count, and
—and you can pay. I haven't any

-and you can money."
"Townsend can stand treat for the lot of us," said Hooker. "Towny's got lots of oo!."
"Catch me." said Townsend dis-

"Catch me," said Townsend disdianfully.

"We shall have to club together, and every chap hand out what he's got," said Jimmy Silver decidedly.

But we don't want to waste the provisions. We may be besigged here to weeks and weeks. Now, how many tarts have you caten!"

"Lemme see, six—or seven—or—or nine," said Jones minor.

Lovell bars into a laught.

Lovell bars into a laught.

"Not much good likepa e chap coine all days."

Better pay in a lump of the said of the sai

he said. "It would keep a charge poing all day. Better pay in a lump afterwards for what's gone."
"But we've got to husband our "sources," said Jimmy Silver.
"To what?"
"Husband our

"Husband our resources," said

"Husband our resonance of the Silver firmly," You got that out of a newspaper," said Raby suspiciously.
"Ha, ha, ha:"
"Chuck this guzzling!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We've got work to

do!" Rats!" said Hooker. "Rats!" said Hooker. "You can do the work while we look after the provisions. You're leader, ain't you? I say, you chaps, you pile in! You don't often get a chance like this!" "Chuck it, I tell you!"

"Rats!"
"Mutiny by Jove!" said Lovell,
"Well, if you mutiny against old
Manders, why shouldn't we mutiny
against you?" demanded Hooker,
"Britons never shall be slaves!
What's sauce for the goose is sauce for
the giddy gander! Pass those tarts,
Long." Jones!"
"Here we are, old chap!"

"Here we are, old chap!"
"Ginger-pop this way!"
"Doughnuts for me!"
"Doughnuts for me!"
"The Fistical Four glared at the matimeers. Rebelling against Mr. Manders was all very well, but rebelling against their noble selves was quite another matter. The great



had failed to put in an appearance, and towards breakfast-time Bulkeley paid a visit to their dormitory, thoughtfully taking a cane with him; and then he simply impact as he saw that the dormitory was empty, and that the post were not only unoccu-pied, but stripped of all their cover-ions.

ings.
"My only hat!" ejaculated the astonished Sixth Former, "What

'No: they're not down."

caders of the Fourth h were not to be Discipline had to defied in this way. Discipline had to be maintained, and the supplies of "grub" and to be taken care of. Jimmy Silver picked up a soda-

Jamin Silver picked up a sodissphon.

"Enough of that I" he said. There's going to be order here! Without keeping order we can't keep out the essence. Hands off the grib."

"Rott"
"Go and eat coke!"
"Rott"
"Go and eat coke!"
Immed the said. Jimmy Silver turned the said. Jimmy Silver. But foved and Raby through the air, all directed against Jimmy Silver. But foved and Raby the until said. Jimmy Silver, But foved and Raby the until said. Jimmy Silver severely. The game was said of the metalenda with sodis-water.

"Now you check it!" aid Jimmy Silver severely.
"Now you check it!" aid Jimmy Silver severely.
"Now you check at!" aid Jimmy

chaps have got to do is to obey orders?

"Yah!"

"I vot thin!"

"I vot thin!"

"I vot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I vot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I wot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I wot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I vot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I vot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I vot that we cleet a new leader!"

"I would be a summy Silver;

"a no," said Jimmy Silver;

"an low," said Jimmy Silver;

"The bost thing you can do is to get some sleep. We shall be jolly busy to morrow, "said Newcome.

"Well, there's something in

ewcome.
"Well, there's something in lat," agreed Jones minor.
Where are we going to

"Where are sleep?"
"On the floor, of course. You've got plenty of bed-clothes, thanks to having a leader who thinks of something besides guzzling jam-

tarts?"
"Oh, bow-wow!"
But the juniors were very sleepy, when they came to think of it, and they were soon camping out in various parts of the premises. The fisical Four made a bind round of the fortifications, so speak, to make sore that all lecked and boited, and the window shutters we the window shutters we the - shutters fastened.

fastened.

Sergeant Kettle was accommodated with an armedair and a rug, to keep him as comfortable as possible for the remainder of the night. As he declined to give his parole, he could not be released. Then, all danger of a sarprise being obviated, the Fisteal Four rolled thenselves in their blankels, to saatch an hour or By three olcokek the only person who was awake in the old tower was Sergeant Kettle, and even that angry and midgrant old warrior nodded off at last.

at last.

And silence and slumber reigned in the fortress of the rebels of Rookwood until the rising bell clanged out in the morning.

The 5th Chapter, The Barring-Out,

Bulkeley of the Sixth gave a whistle of astonishment. The captain of Rookwood could

winste or assuments.

The captain of Rookwood could scarcely believe his eyes.

The rising-bell had clanged out, and had long ceased to clang, but not one of the occupants of the Classical Fourth-Form dormitory had come

down.

The Shell had come down, and the fags. On the Modern side everybody was down. But the Classical Fourth

Where the thunder can they be?"

Bulkeley at last, "None of the where the tulnder can they be;
said Bulkeley at last. "None of the
other kids seem to know. They
can't have cleared off; the gates
havent been opened."
"Hallo!" exclaimed Noville suddenly. "What's that:"

denly.

denly, "What's that?"
From an upper window of the old tower a lishing-rod, opened to its full length, had been parised. From the end of it, instead of a line, floated a small Union Jack. The flag waved bravely in the morning breeze.

Obl. Kettle off his recker;" said

Bulkeley,
"It's those kids!" shouted Neville.

"It's those kight" shouted Neville,
"Look, there's Silver."
Jimmy Silver had appeared at the
immove ingaged in securing the
improvised flagstaff.
The two prefects hurried towards
the building.
"Silver." exclaimed Bulkeley.
At the sound of Bulkeley's voice
the window was eramined with junior
and the window was eramined with junior
to ake where the missing Fourth were.
"Hallo," said Jimmy Silver
politely, said Jimmy Silver
politely.

politely. "Top of the morning, Bulkeley." Top of the invalid, ed out Flynn. What are you young rascals doing re?" demanded the Rookwood

the dicked countries. "White the leaves of the country and even looked under the beds; but there was nobed there. In a star of great anazement, the captain of Rookwood word downstars again. If he looked word downstars again. He looked Forms had assembled for breakfast, but the Fourth was missing. "Anything the matter?" asked Neville of the Sixth.

Fourth?" Have you seen any of the Fourth?" No; they're not down." Hoisting the flag," said Jimms

Silver.

"Come in at once to breakfast."

"We've had breakfast."

"What! Where have you had breakfast?"

him out of the back door. Better put ome cotton-wool in your ears; I think

some cotton wool in your ears; I think he's spearing."

"Ha, ha, in."

Bulkeley and Neville went round the tower completely assounded. They found Sergant Kettle sitting on a beach in the garden, still bound, But the handkereinel had been taken from his mouth, and, the worthy sergeant was taking—to space. And the remarks he addressed to space "army in Flanders" whose strong language created a record.

language created a record.

"Lemme loose, young pents," he spluttered. "Which I never did ! My heve! Tied ne up—me, what fought heve! Tied ne up—me, what fought he up by grant." Loose born. Tred the up by grant. "Loose born. Bred with the up by grant." Loose born. What was there, sergeant, says that young william Silven—my heye! Which of you've got a knife about you? Master Bulledey, you might cut me loose. A drinking of my gauger beer! My heye!"

Bulkeley opened his penkuife, and cut the old soldier loose. Sergeaut Kettle was in a towering rage. The first use he made of his freedom was to bestow a thundering kick on the

"Come out 'o there, you young varmints!" he roared.

"I shall have to report this at once to Mr. Manders," shouter

once to Mr. Manders," shouted Bulkeley. No reply, "My word!" murmured Neville. "The young rascals mean business. Manders has woke up a hornets' nest, and no mistake."

and no mistake,"
"There'll be trouble," said Bulkeley. And he wilked away to the
Modern wing to make his report to
Mr. Manders, as in fluty bound:

The 6th Chapter. Holding the Fort.

Holding the Fert.

Mr. Manders had just finished his breakfast, in the "limit, room on the Modern side. The Modern boys had left their tables, and were streaming out into the quadrangle." Mr. Manders gave Buikeley a cold nod as he came up. He did not like the cantain of Rookwood, whom he suspension of disapproving of his high-hamted method of dealing with the Classical method of dealing with the Classical three the Head had left him in the Classical control of the province of the property of the control of the province o

suc since the Head and left fifth in charge.

"All, Bulkeley," said Mr. Manders,
"All, Bulkeley," said the school is assaided.
"I Hall to witness a
flogram," "That's what I've come to speak
to you about, sir," said Bulkeley.
"It rust you have no intention of
interceding for the culpris, Bulkeley,
It would be impossible for me to listen
to you."

"Come out out."
"Take that man away and keep thim somewhere till he's sober, Bulling the solid at the solid at the same that the solid at the same that the

Mr. Manders got on exceedingly well with Knowles, who was head prefect on the Modern side, and who knew all Mr. Manders' little weak. nesses, and how to flatter them.

them.
"I did not come here for that, sir," said Bulkeley, taking no notice of Knowles. "I have to report that the Fourth Form—the Classicals—have taken possession of the old tower, and have barred themselves in."

Mr. Manders jumped up, and Knowles uttered an ex-"A barring-out, do you yes," he exclaimed.

"The cheeky young scoundrels!

dreis?"

"A-a-a barring-out?" cjaculated Mr. Manders. "Impossible! They would never dare to defy my authority—delegated to me by Dr. Chisolm. Bless my soul! You say, Bulkeley, that they are now in the tower, and have fastened themselves in?"

"Yes, sir."

fastened themselves m:
"Yes, sir."
"Knowles, go and order
them at once to proceed into
hall!"
"Certainly, sir," said

The Modern prefect cut away to the tuckshops The front windows were cranmed with faces, and a yell greeted him. "Modern cad!"

"Looking for another ragging;

"Looking to Knowles" Yah! Go home!"

"Yah! Go home!"
Knowles gritted his teeth.
"Mr. Manders orders you to go into fig. Hall at one;" he called out, staring angrily up at the windows.
"Tel! Mr. Manders to go and chop

chips." "What !"

"What!" Pass me a tart—quick!" mer-mered Jinmy Silver.
"Am yon coming?" roared Knowles,
"No fear! We don't recognise
the authority of Modern cads,
masters or prefects," said Jinmy
Silver coolly. "You cheeky young hound! Oh!

Squash!
A fat and juicy jam tart, hurled with uncerting aim, squashed on Knowles's features. The prefect staggered back, splottering. A regular fusibade of peas from a dozen shooters followed, and Knowles hurried back out of range, dabbing furiously at his jammy face. Harmered to make his report to Mr.

"That's a beginning," chuckled Jimmy Silver.

shouted Bulkeley, beginning to lose his temper, "Sorry, old chap Can you guarantee that we shan't be flogged, and that we shan't be put under a Modern prefect any more?"
"Of course I can't."
"Then we can't seem! "Then we can't come to terms."
"Look here—"
"Slam! The window closed.

keley." cried Jimmy Silver, from the back window above. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha;"
"Sober - you young willain—"
"Sober by you young willain—"
"spluttered the sergeant, beneing away
inclusies on the door. "Will you let
me in, or will you not, I asks you."
"No fear!" "No fear!"
"No fear!"
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"No fear!"
"

"Now, look here, you kids," cal out Bulkeley, "there's been too m

sergeant."
"Can't be did."

this. Come out at once, and I'll to make it all right with the

"I order you, as your prefect!" houted Bulkeley, beginning to lose

"They're not in their dorn,"
Neville whistled.
"Where have the young duffers got
to, then? Hiding away, perhaps, to
get out of the flooging Mandy-pandy
get out of the flooging Mandy-pandy
and me, Bulledhem. Between you
and the perhaps you
and the perhaps you
to be the perhaps you
they would have been no trouble if
the up not a Classical prefer over the
to perhaps you
not be you
"No chance of that yet. We're
"No chance of that yet, We're

The angry and indignant old

come back?"
"No chance of that yet, We're under the thumb of the Mandershird for some time to come. Better book for those young scamps," said Neville, "Manders will make it all the hotter for them if they miss brekker."

The two prefects proceeded to book for the missing Fourth good-naturedly concern.

for the missing Fourth good naturedly crough.

The Classical juniors were in hot water already, and they did not want water already, and they did not want to be considered to the constraint within the constraint of the constraint within the constraint of the constraint mothing was to be discovered. In the quad, in the gym, round the place queezally, they sought in vani. They did not think of looking in the tuck-shop. It was not open yet.

"In the fortress," ejaculated Bulkeley.
"Yes. This is the fortress. Does old Manders want ne? You can tell him, with our kind regards, that he can go and eat coke."

warrior nodded off at last, and silence and slumber reigned fortress of the rebels of Rockwood.

"Wha-a at !" rell him he's a Modern worm!" roared Lovell. "Tell him he can take his Modern cads into the lab and teach 'em stinks! We've done with him!"

"You young idiots!" gasper Lovel, "Come out of that at once

Lovell, "Come on of the do you hear?"
"Sorry, Bulkeley. This isn't up against you, you know," said Jimmy Silver. "But we can't come. It's a

against you, you know, said Jimmy Silver, "But we can't come. It's a barring-out!" "A h-b-bab-barring-out!" babbled the captain of Rookwood. "Yes, rather."

the ciptain of Rookwood.

"Yes, rather?"

"Hooray for us," reared the rebels together. "Down with Modern cads?

Down with Manders! Yah?"

"Well, my har?" said Neville.
"This beats the band! What have you young villains done with the sergeant?"

sergeant?"
"You can go and pick him up, said Jimmy Silver, "We've shove ved .

called

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the

OUT!

"Hurrah!"
"I-I say, I say, Manders will come mumbled Townsend.

"Let him come!"
"Let 'em all come!" chuckled Lovell.

Lee em all come!" chuckled Lovell.

They were all coming, as a matter of fact. News of the barring out seemed to spread like wildfire, and the Fourth were barred in the tuckshop attracted all Rookwood to the spot. Classicals and Moderns gathered on the scene in a buzzing crowd. Even old Mack, the potter, came slong. Tomny Dodd & Co., the great cliefs of the Mosiori puinors, stared at the start of the Mosiori puinors stared at the start of th

"Yah! Modern cads!" yelled the garrison of the tuckshop.
"You'd better come out of that."
Man formy Doul Inful." If Man formy Doul Inful. "If Man formy Doul Inful." If Man formy Doul Inful. "If Man formy Doul Inful. "If You'd Inful. "If Man for you out!" If You have you out! Whiz! A volley of peas from the garrison drove Tommy Doul & Co. back to a safer-distance. There was a buzz as Mr. Manders was seen striding towards the Mander was seen striding towards kim, and his thin face inflamed with rage. The Modern master halted in front of the tuckshop.
"Boys!" he shrieked.
"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver.
It was a decidedly disrespectful way

provs 1 ne snruked.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver.

It was a decidedly disrespectful way of replying to a master, and Mr.

Mauders's face became almost purple.

"Silver! Lovel!! Raby! All of you!. Come out at once!"

Eh

"Come out at once!"

"Come out at once, I tell you!"

"Which?"
"Come out U"
"Eli?"
"Ha, hà, ha!"
Mr. Manders choked. He could
scarcely helieve his ears and his eyes.
But he had to! His orders were
disobeyed. His majestic presence had
no effect whatever upon the Classical

home!" roared the Classicals.

"Yah! Go into the lab! Go and each those Modern worms stinks!"
"Harray!"
"If you do not come out at once, I hall use force," shricked Mr.

Manders.

"Go it, then."

Mr. Manders tried the door. It was fast. He rushed round furiously to the back door. That also was fast. He came round to the front again, spluttering with wrath.

"For the last time, will you come out?" he shrieked.

On ne snrieked. . conditions," said Jimmy

Silver.
"Conditions! You insolent young rascal!: You shall be flogged—"
"Bow-wow 1"
"What!"

loggea—

"Bow-wow!" I repeat, howwow! All for-wow! I repeat, howwow! and we all say the same!"

"Bow wow!" roared the Classical
juniors decivitely.

Mr. Manders, purple with rage,
almost staggored away. His words
had no more effect on the rebels than
the idle wind. He had to think of
some other means of overcoming this
cale sent a yell after him to hostcreated. They were feeling excited
and decidedly "chirpy." They had
won the first round.

The 7th Chapter. Very Wet!

Rookwood was in a buzz of excitement and astonishment.

The daring "check" of the rebels in the tuck-shop almost took away the breath of the Rookwood fellows,

from the Sixth to the fags from the Sixth to the fags.

Needless to say, the sympathy of the
Classical side was entirely with them,
Even the Sixth-Formers felt a sort of
sneaking admiration for the rebellious
agg, who were standing up for the
taken the sixth of the

rights of the Classics. Of course, they could not say so, but they felt it all the same.

the same.

As for the juniors, they were enthusiastic. Even Smythe of the Shell.

a noted slacker, and on the worst of terms with the Fistical Four, wished them good lack. Some of the Shell would have been willing to join in the revolt—and a good many of the lower fags were keen to join the garrison of the tuck-shop. But Mr. agarison of the tuck-shop. But Mr. that there was none of that. Much their disappointment, the Rook-wood fellows were sent into the Forn-room as usual.

Tommy Dodd & Co. would willingly have undertaken the task

Formood sensual. Co. would willingly have undertaken the task of taking the tuck-shop by assuit-very willingly. But Mr. Manders did not seem to think of availing himself of the services of the Modern Fourth-Formers. He was debating in his mind wind he should do, and consolting with the prefects who consolting with the prefects are consisting with the prefect should be sufficiently the Modern prefects, counselled an attack on the fortress. But the Classical prefects demurred. They had no inclination to seramble through windows and face torrents They had no inclination to scramble through windows and face torrents of jam-tarts and ginger-beer in a Mr. Mandows hoped that when the school-bell rang the rebels would think better of it, and come out of their own accord. But that hope was vain. Morning lossing progressed, and the rebels were still not the old the school-bell range to the result of the rebels were still not be of the work of the rebels were still not be of the work of the rebels were still not be of the rebels were still not be of the work of the rebels were still not be of the rebels were still not

Mr. Manders bore down on them at last. He found the windows manned, ready to repulse an attack. "I offer you," said Mr. Manders, "one more opportunity of returning "one more

"On conditions of ."
"Silence! Will you come out of

"Silence! Will you come out of that place at once?"
No reply.
"Answer me!" shricked Mr. Manders.
"You tald us to be silent, sir,"

"You told us ... said Lovell meekly.
"Answer me at once. Will you meetiately?"

"Answer immediate "To be flogged?"
"Yo be flogged?"
"Yes," shouted Mr. Manders, and enough, sir."
the head

"To be too."
"Yes, 'shouled Mr, Manouss, "Yes, 'shouled Mr, Manouss, "Said Raby, with a shake of the head.
"Then I shall use force, and you shall all be flogged in the severest sand your half-holidays the term. I manner, and your half-holidays stopped for the rest of the term. I shall report the ringleaders to Dr. Chisholm, to be expelled from the school."

"Go and eat coke!"
"What?"

C-O-K-E-coke ;" said "Cake! "Coke: Co-K-E-coke:" said Jimmy Silver.
"You-you shall suffer for this!" shrieked Mr. Manders. "I will make an example of you! I-I will— Yow-ow-ow-ow!!"

A volley of peas awooped down on Mr. Manders, and cut short the flow of his eloquence. He scrambled away out of range.

"Baile in the scramble of the scramble

of me ecogenere. He scrambed ""Fall of mile in own;" gasped Lovell. "Oh, my har!"
"No surrender!" said Jimmy Silver. "If he got hold of us now, I verily believe he would flay us."
"No surrender!" Hurray: "Silver." "No surrender!" Hurray: "eckless by this time. The eyes of all Rookwood, so to speak, were upon them, and it excited them. Surrender would be to expose themselves to the scorn and derision of the Moderns for eyer and eyer. And whatever would not be worse for keeping, as Jimmy Silver remarked.

Jummy Silver remarked.

"The rotter will have to give in, and come to terms," said Jimmy Silver confidently. "Why, if this goes on, it'll get into the papers—the Head would never forgive himmight sack him. He'll have to give in, if we don't!" in, if we don't!

"Let 'em alone, you guzzler. Look at, you chaps—the enemy's coming." The Classicals were on the alort at nee. Mr. Manders had decided that out, you chaps— The Classicals once. Mr. Man The Classicals were on the alert at cone. Mr. Marders had decided that force would have been been end to see the continue was impossible. The whole school, as Mr. Manders Knew, washinghing in its sleeve at him. Does the continue was impossible. The whole school, as Mr. Manders Knew, washinghing in its sleeve at him. Does the continue was impossible. The whole school, as Mr. Manders was preparing the desperate remedies; and Mr. Manders was preparing the desperate remedies. Sergeant Kettle and Mack, the porter, were all the armed force he continue to the state of the continue to the continue to the continue to the continue to the fat old porter did not look enthusiation. But he could not refuse to obey, and he came reductantly upon the source of action. The brought out immediately: " suttleved Mr. Manders." It monefately, it do you hear? If they refuse to open the door, break it in sergeant. I give you full leave to do what is necessary, "min!" season to be son, in the

sary."
"Tain't so easy to break in that
there door, sir." said the sergeant.
"That there door's old solid hoak!"
"It must be done! Take a hatchet
or something. If you succeed in getting those unruly young raseals out,
sergeant, I shall present you with a
swwerden."

sovereign."
"Werry well, sir."
The sergeant, naturally indigoant at having been turned out of house and home by the rebels, was keen enough to get at them. He selected a big wood-sav, and advanced to the attack, followed by old Mack. A yell from the window greeted him.

yell from the window greeted him.

"Are you going to open that there door?" rearred the sergeant.

"No jolly fear! That there door is going to stay shut!" said Lovell.

"No jolly fear! That there door is going to stay shut!" said Lovell.

"Kep off the grass, Kettle." called out Jimmy Silver. "This isn't your basiness."

"Which I lave got horders—" We're willing to treat you as a non-combatant," said Jimmy Silver, "We're willing to treat you as a non-combatant," said Jimmy Silver, penalty of evelians mixing themselves-up in warfare."

The sergeant snorted.

up in warfare."
The sergeant shorted.
The sergeant shorted.
The sergeant strong up to the door, and began to widel the average at the sergeant's arms were snewy and fast. Crash-crash-rash!

fast. Crash—crash—crash I But the defenders were not idle. The door was just under the upper window, and that window was open. When the defender was open. When the garrison started on the sergeant. A bucket full of iey water was carefully thrust out of the window, and inverted just over Mr. Kettle's head. Swoocosh:

ogosn : og-ggg-ggg-ggg!" came wildly

"Yug ggg-gg-gg-gg;" came wildly from the sergeant, as the icy water drenched him from head to foot. "Another pail-quick!" yelled Jimmy Silver. Swooosh! The second pail of water caught the sergeant as he was stag-gering away. He broke into a run, heaving the awa bring by the door. caught the sergeant as he was stag-gering away. He broke into a run, leaving the axe lying by the door. Save for a few chips, the door had not been injured. "Ow! Oh! Yoh! Hah! Grooh!" were the lucid remarks the sergeant made, as he rejoined Mr. Manders

in the quadrans

in the quadrangle.
"Go back! Go back at once!"
"Grough! I'm west"
"Nonsents! That is nothing—a
little wet! Go back and break in
the door!" shrinked Mr. Manders,
almost dancing with rage.
"I'm goin' to change my clothes
afore I does anything clot !" roads
afore I does anything clot !" roads
afore I does anything clot !" roads
afore I does anything clot !"
And the secreant tramped furiously.
And the secreant tramped furiously. And the sergeant tramped furiously

And the series are trail of water behind him, and disappeared into the porter's lodge. He could not go into his own quarters, under the circumstances.

"Mack! Where are you going. Mack

"I-I-I'm going to get the east a change of clothes, sir!" s geant a change of e mercd the porter. "Remain here."

Yessir. "Come on, Mack!" yelled Lovell. Come and have a bath! No

"Come on, Mack! Lots of water!"
"Why don't you come, Mandy-pandy? All you Moderns want a wash!"

wash!"

"Ha, ha, ha:"

Mr. Manders breathed fury. He was being addressed like that—he, at whose frown the juniors ought to

have trembled! It was incredible, but it was true. "Mack, go and break in the door

at once,"
"Which they'll drench me with
water, sir," said the dismayed porter.
"No matter. Do as I tell you!"
But the porter struck at that,
"Which I'm subject to recount; in,
sir, and do it. Which it and
the doory of a school porter, as I
knows on, to be drenched with hicy

water by a set of young rips."

"Mack, remain here, I tell you! I command you. Mack, if you do not instantly obey me, I shall discharge Which the 'Ead may 'ave so

thing to say about that Mr. Manders! said Mack independently Manders: said mac and his lodge, and he marched away to his lodge. and he marched away to his lodge, where he and the sergeant conflorted themselves with gin and water, agreeing that the rebels were a set of young rips, but that Mr. Manders of young rips, but that Mr. Manders was belf to his and Mrs. Manders was belf to his and Mrs. Manders was the fit to his devices, for he strode away to the Modern eithe, and disappeared. And the rebels of Rookwood gave a tremendeus cheer for themselves.

The 8th Chapter. A Famous Victory.

"Going strong!" grinned Jimmy

"Gong strong.
Silver.
"What about dinner?" said Flynn.
"Good! We'll have dinner before
the enemy come along again. My
hat! Manders must be simply holl-

hat! Manders must be simply uou-ing by this time!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The robbs were in great spirits.
They had had complete success so
that What Mr. Manders would do
that What Mr. Manders would do
do was a mystery. But whatever he
did the punions were ready for him.
They fell that they were masters of
the situation.

the felt that they were the situation.

They held the fort, and they could be held the fort, and they could be helding it. The stock in the for weeks.

the situation.

They held the fort, and they could go on holding it. The stock in the trackshop was enough for weeks. From it the prefects came against the prefects came against their defendence. The position was strong and the garrison determined. The most doubtful spirits were waving enthroassic moving into the stock the stock that the stock the stock the stock that the stock the stock that the stock that

ad lib.

Jam-larts were beginning to run
short already; the garrison had been
fortifying themselves with pastry all
the morning. But the solid portion
of the stock was ample to last the
defenders almost any length of time.
And Jimmy Silver declared that they
would still hold out if they were
reduced to beauth and water of the
credened to beauth and water of
gathered—the graves had
gathered—the gathers towards the old

gathered—the Modern juniors cast ing envious glances towards the old clock-tower. They felt that the Classicals were getting all the lime light and all the kudos. Indeed Tommy Dodd was almost inclined to start a barring-out of his own on the Modern side.

While they were feeding the Classicals kept sentries posted. A

Classicals kept sentrices posted. At every window was a watchful junior looking for danger in all directions. Juning Silver had his dimmer at the open window looking towards the open window looking towards the should two hundred pairs of eyes. But Mr. Manders having spotted the crowd, the prefects were sent to clear them off, and the vicinity of the luck-shop was placed out of founds for all shop was placed out of founds for all objects. At the chart Tommy Dodd & Co. After that Tommy Dodd & Co. And to watch from a distance. stance. In the afternoon the fellows

In the atternoon the renows wenn into the class-rooms ngain. There was no chemistry class that afternoon, however. That was "Mr. Manders' special department, and he was not feeding equal to work just then. He was furriously cudgelling the brains for a mount of tutting an then. He was furiously cudgefling his brains for a means of putting an end to this unheard-of situation.

The trouble was that matters were likely to get worse instead of better. The habit of obedience once broken, it was not easy to restore it. Yet for the master to give in was scarcely

possible. How was he to maintain order afterwards if he yielded to the demands of the rehels's difference of the hard placed himself in a false position, and there was no outlet but the sub-mission of the rebels. And they would not submit. What was to be done; And every hour that the position more, tributlows and in-position more, tributlows and inposition more ridiculous and tolerable.

When the fellows were in their

When the fellows were in their class-rooms once again Mr. Manders bore down on the tuckshop. He had a faint hope that the rebels might have seen the error of their ways by

this time.
"Boys!" he called out.
"Hallo!"

Hallon cease this nonsense, and go to you'relassroom at onew?"
"On conditions, sir. No floggings, no punishment for the barring out, and a Classical prefect to take charge of the Fourth till the Head cones has,' as aid Jimmy Silver.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Mander-word of the control of th Very well," he said—"oh ! You shall suffer for this

"Do you agree, sir?"
"No!" thundered Mr. Manders.
I will flog every boy there most

"I There was a volley of peas in reply

There was a voltey of peas to that. Mr. Manders h retreated. Even his person sacred to these unruly young Jimmy Silver & Co. kept look-out. They knew that ar must come soon. Mandy that an attack

look-out. They knew that an attack must come soon, Mandy was, is Silver said, at boiling-point. "Blessed if I see what they can do!" said Lovell. "They can't burst in the door. Even if they stood the cold water, we could chuck chairs and boxes down on 'em.." "And we would, too!" said Raby. "Yes, rather!"

"And we would, too:
"Yes, rather!"
"Mandy's up to something," said
Jimmy Silver, "Keep your peepes
open. Look out for the giddy Huns."

obming sortium for the giddy Huns.—
eyen Look or for the giddy Huns.—
Flynn at last, "Faith, Mandy means business this time."
"Let' em all cone."
The enemy was advancing in force. Sergeant Keutle, in dry clothes onemore, and Mack, the porter, and
Knowles and Catesby, the Modern
prefetch, came along with Mr.
were both carrying ladders.
Mr. Manders directed operationsfrom a safe distance. He did not
want any of the cold water.
"These!" That looks like binney!"
said Lovell.

"Phew! That looks no said Lovell.
"We're ready for 'em! Buckets of 'We're ready. Every chap get will do." "We re ready for on: Buckets of cold water ready. Every chap get hold of something—pillows will do, said Jimmy Silver. "I've got the sergeant's broom, and the chap who gets it on the chivvy will know it." "Ha, ha, ha."

The sergeant and Mack rushed the ladders forward, and they were planted under the two windows. The

planted under the two windows. The tops did not reach quite to the win-dow-sills, so they could not be seized from above.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood waiting. Silver at one window and Lovell at the other had buckets ready bramin'd of icy water. The aspect of those buckets did not look inviting.

Till 'old the ladder for you.

buckets did not look inviting.
"I'll 'old the ladder for you.
Master Knowles." said the sergeant.
"And I'll 'old this 'un for you,
Master Catesby," said Mack.
"Rot!" said Knowles decidedly.
"You go up first, and we'll back you

up."
"Back you up like anything," said Catesby.

Catesby.

"Look 'cre—"
"Of course if you're afraid, sergeant," sneered Knowles.

The old soldier snorted.
"I ain't afraid!" he growled.
"You' old the ladder."

You 'old the ladder."
The sergeant mounted to the assault, keeping a nervous eye on Jimmy Silver, who held the bucket all ready to till.
"Which I say, Master Silver, yoo keep that water there," said the sergeant persuasively. "I've got my dooly to do—"
"And I've got my "And I'v "And I've got mine," said Jimmy ver cheerfully.

"Mhich you'd better give in—"
"Suppose you were besieged by the
Prussians, Kettle—would you give

in?"
"No blooming fear!" said the ser-"No blooming fear; said the ser-geant promptly.
"Well, we won't either! Keep back, sergeant; you're going to get wet."

(The conclusion of this story will be found on page ii of the cover of this issue)

Will you do Your Editor a good turn by asking a non-reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to read Owen Conquest's magnificent school story-" Barred Out I"



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DICK MANLEY, his sister NELL, and a had named JIM KILUX, are on a carbon with the sister of t

When Dick recovers, Jim and his father, PROFESSOR KENDRICK KLUX, are at his side. He tells the latter all that has happened.
"The earthquake has made as

"The earthquake has made an opening into an unknown world," says the professor. "But don't despair. We will bring your sister back again, if we have to follow her into the centre of the earth."

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The 5th Chapter. In the Sunken Moor.

In the Sunken Moor.

Talking in low voices, for all felt awed by the seriousness of the work before them, Professor Klux, his son Jim, and Dick Manley waited important of the Professor All waited in the chasm of the Sunken Moor.

The professor had been far too excited to think of food and drink. But Jim had brought some hastly-

The professor had been lar too extended to think of food and drink. Barteried to think of food and drink. Barteried to think of food and drink. Barteried to the food and the food of the

Slowly the sun mounted towards the meridian, until at last the whole of the Sunken Moor was bathed in

light.

Fastening one cull of a long rope
Jim had brought, slung over his
shoulder, to a projecting span of reck,
shoulder, to a projecting span of reck,
the reck of the ledge,
Eager to be the first to begin to
search for his sister. Dick Manley
spans forward, but the professor's
longe hand fell on his shoulder, and
with the professor's control of the control of the control

"Stord as the control of the control of the control

"Stord as the control of the control of the control

"Stord as the control of the control o

"Stand aside, boy! What good would you be against a dinosaur?" cried the professor, sending him reclining against the rock. Then, ere Dick could remonstrate, he grasped

the rope and swung himself over the

the rope and swung himself over the edge.

"A street to follow until I give the word. Jim, keep your rifle ready to cover my advance," he added.

The next moment his broad shoulders and enormous rechbearded head had disappeared from view.

"Islated with anger at being treated my hadded to the street of the st

reluctant consent.

The 6th Chapter,

Pat Ryan.

follow, but Jun and back.

"Better do as the governor says. Pays in the end," he advised.
Dick hesitated, then, realising that he could not force his way pass Jun, who, his rifle ready, was kneeling against the rope, he drew back, and stood, furning with impatience, by the state of the same part of the same par

who, his rifle ready, was kneeding against the rope, he drew back, and stood, furning with impatience, by his side. He have that the professor Prescheded the foot of the slope with the processor with the processor with the last of the precipies, and had unslung his gun, a large deplant rifle carrying explosive bullets, which none but a man of his Herculann build could have fired with comfort; then, with a wave of his hand to the boys, he walked swiftly towards the further end of the November of the further end of the survey the ground with eager curioust. Once Dick's patience was severely tried when he saw him drop nils knees and commence measuring some marks or indentations one marks or indentations. But each time he would start upright, as though he had suddenly remembered his errand, glance regretfully at Dick, then continue on his way, until at last he was lost to sight leyond a bend in the irregular out into of the chash to respirate and becknote the boys to join him, but without turning his fixe from the

A minute later he reappeared and becknoed the boys to join him, but without turning his face from the direction in which he had come. Dick slid so quickly down the rope that the paims of his hands felt as though they had been branded with red-hat irons, but Jim followed more

cautiously

"Have you found her?" gasped Dick, as he reached the professor's

side. Kendrick Klux shook his head.
"Dudn't expect to," he returned shortly. Adding, with a kindliness for which Dick Manley would scarcely have given him credit: "Don't worry, lad. The cavenen have retroated whence they came, but they will not hurt her." "Where have they gone?" asked."

Dick
But even as the question passed his
lips his eyes fell upon a jugged,
everenous arch, which oppend into
the pre-tipies some quarter of a mile
He took a step towards it, but ere
he could take a second, Kendrick
Klux sized him by the coat-collar,
and, turning him round, looked
"We won and I are going to ex-

steridy into his face.

"My son and I are going to explore that cave. Whether you accompany us or return to the surface depends upon voorself," he said.

Dick struggled to free himself from the other's grasp, but strong, well-grown lad though he was, he was but as a child in the professor's hands.

In what way?" he demanded

"In what way, sullenly, "As I'm your elder, and have as many brains in my lebedy, you must give me your whole body, you must give me your word to obey me

be of considerable size, and that we cannot live on air or fight such beasts with a pocketful of cartridges. We must proper equip-

ment.
Dick looked at the

Dick looked at the speaker in dismay.

"Which means that we must go back and wait perhaps days, perhaps weeks, before we can make a start? he cried iri dismay.

"It might have caused delay if you had not been lucky enough like myself in the original of the second of t

ourhood. As soon as Jimneighbourhood. As it is, as soon as Jimwho, being my son, is not quite such a fool as the rest of mankind—explained what had happened and deseribed what he had seen, I see to work,

He ceased speaking, and drawing a pair of prismatic binoculars from a case slung over his shoulders, directed his gaze upwards.

directed his gaze upwards.
Following the direction in which
the professor was looking. Dick was
astonished to see that a kind ofderrick bad been erected on the
summit of the chiff, from which hang
what looked like a tiny strip of cloth,
terminating in a small square box.

"And hang comes are because."

"And here comes our baggage," continued the professor, as the daughing object was detached from the end of the spar. "What on earth is the man after? He's mad!" he added, as a tiny form sprang from the edge of the precipice, alighting on the box as it commenced its

descent.

At first the object fell rapidly, but very soon the strip of cloth widened, until at last it became a parachute, which borne down by the weight of the box, was floating gently towards

them.

When the parachute was about half-way down, Dick realised that what he had taken for a small box

was a good-sized chest, from either corner of which appeared swirtly.

The statement of the statement of the statement of the watched the prodige until it was about a hundred feet above them, then burst into a loud roar of laughter, in which Jim and Professor Klux joined. Protruding over one end of the box was a round, freekled, rightened face, surmounted by a mop of hair of a blazing red which into the shade, whilst the owner of the lead was going through the actions of a practised swimmer.

"It's Pat Ryan" shouted Dick, reshing forward as the chest came to rest within a dozen yards of where they stood.

Grant and the second se

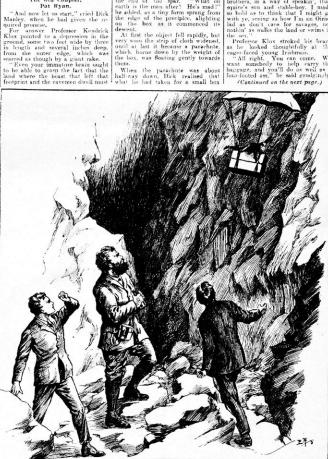
But what mane you thundered Professor Klux, glaring at Pat as though he would eat him.

"It was this way, sorr. I was away the way and when

he would eat him.

"It was this way, sorr. I was away when the earthquake came, and when I heard about it I came home to see as how the own much the want a waste and how the own much was at a waste and the waste of the waste o

(Continued on the next page.)



arachute was about half-way down, Dick realised that what he had taken for a small good-sized chest, from either corner of which appeared swiftly-moving arms and legs.



and commenced to open the chest, from which he handed out a splendid repeating rifle to Dick, a double-barrelled gun, which could take both small shot and cartridges with ex-plosive bullets, to Pat Ryan, together with cartridges to fill all their various weatons.

together with cartridges to fill all their various weapons.

The chest also furnished have acked budging with compressed foods, and three stoot leather knapsacks, the most divide. To these were added cartridge-belts and two pistols, one a powerful automatic, the other a short, hig-barrelled contrivance, which Processor Klux explained contained a kind of irreworks he hopped would prove particularly effective against approximation of the procession of the proc

bont to enter.

When the three original members of the expedition had been loaded, here still remained several packages, this control is an analysis of the professor packed carefully not a sack and gave to Pat Ryan, varning thim to be careful, as a widden is a might explode its conwarning him to sudden jar might explode its c tents and blow the whole party

picces.
"Sure, the best way to carry those things is to leave 'em behind," sug "Sure, to leave 'em beautings is to leave 'em beautings is to leave 'em beautings is to leave 'em beautings' 'As you like, but if we do you must stop with them," retorted the professor carelessly.

enough for Pat, who

protessor carelessly. This was enough for Pat, who swung the bag defiantly over one shoulder, grasped his gun, and declared himself ready to advance, whole or in pieces.

The 7th Chapter. Entombed.

A hundred yards from the mouth of the cave they stopped as of one accord, and looked up to the top of the precipies immediately above the number of people evidently watching their movements with breathless interest.

Although they were too form

Although they were to Although they were too far off to distinguish anyhody. Dick Manley knew that his father would be among that crowd, and waved his hand. A fluttering of something white told that his signal had been seen, and obliged to be content with his scant farewell, he hastened after inis scant tareweil, he hastened after his companions, who had already con-tinued their journey.

Their progress was slow, for, partly flooded by some subterranean spring, the ground was soft, and exhibited a medicy of footprints.

medley of footprints.

Some were broad, comparatively narrow, and showed marks of hooked nails similar to those they had noticed where Pat Ryan descended upon

Others, though still of end size, were smaller, rounder, and bore the imprint of two huge toes.

One footprint there was from footprint

One footprint there was from which the boys with difficulty dragged the professor, so interested in it was be. It might have been made by some enormous bird—indeed, such Professor Klux declared it to be at first; but if a bird, it was of a size no scientist had ever dared to hink had existed even amongst the monsters that roamed the earth when the orld was young. It had five huge toes or claws, the

It had five hage toes or claws, the largest of which was over six feet in length, and formed a trench in which a full-grown man could have lain down with case.

Mingled with these trails, and far exceeding them in number, were broad, flat fortprints, not unlike the footprints of negroes, save that the imprint of the toes were much longer, and streethed wide apart like fingers. At the cuttainer to the exact lang strength of the property of the

Jim looked at each other, their eyes expressing the thoughts their tongues refused to utter. Even Professor Kendrick Klux was impressed by the magnitude of the adventure before

Turning from Jim Klux, lest the other should read in his face the fear he saw plainly depicted in his companion's, Dick looked around him, and his attention was once more attracted by the strange formation of the geological atrata which the wing-in of the solid earth had laid

bare.
Stretching from the side of the cave for several hundred yards to the right was a broad black band some twenty feet in width. It looked as though some artist had drawn a wavy line, with a giant's brush over the face

line with a giant's trush of the precipie.

Theré were other black streaks of varying thickness on the rocky walls of the sunken moor, and Dick was looking curiously at them when the professor laid his hand on his professor laid his hand on ms shoulder, saying: "This land belongs to your father,

doesn't it, boy?"
"Yes. Why do you ask?" queried

Because that stuff you are looking at is coal, higher up is copper pyrite and to the left youder iron or Squire Manley could blast a roi into this chasm, and yet gain sufficie profit from youder minerals to render him rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but he shall never do it if I can prevent him," was the reply, "Why on earth not?" demanded Dick somewhat resentfully.

"Because by the road the miners descend the monsters whose footprints are before us would ascend," was the reply. "Think what fearful destruc-tion even a score such terrible are before us would ascend, was the reply. "Think what fearful destruc-tion even a score such terrible ereatures would bring upon the peace-ful villages and crowded towns of Britain.

Britain.

"But come! Take your last look of the sun. for Heaven only knows when, if ever, we will look upon it again!" he added, stepping from out the light of day into the murky darkness of the cave, while, each with his gun ready for immediate action, the remainder of the little party followed close in his reear.

close in his rear.

A shudder shook Dick's frame as, lighted by the beams of an electric torcut artist. By the professor, they can be a short of the professor, they make the professor into the unknown. But it was not with cold. A soft, warm wind was now blowing full in their faces. Within fifty yards of the entrance they were astonished to see a soft, bluish-white light borning ahead.

At first the light program of the conditions and the see as the soft of the professor which we have the soft of the soft

ing ahead.

At first the light appeared so small that the explorers believed it to be carried by some of the unknown dwellers of the mysterious region they were about to enter; but as they pressed on the light grow larger, until at last they realised that it came from the further extremity of the cave or tungel.

tunnel.

Experty they narched forward until, just as Dick had cried out that he saw the tops of strangely-larfaed trees waving in the mysterious light, the party was brought to an abrupt halt by the sudden appearance of a hideous head with a coronet of shert, thick, sharp-pointed horns and a huge, againg mouth which appeared against the uneven errice of light like some by a magic ballorier.

The next moment the light was partly blocked out by a huge body.

by a magic-lantern.

The next moment the light was partly blacked out by a huge body. Terror fell upon the little party as they heard the deep, rumbling breathing of some unknown monster, and felt the very carb tremble beneath its mighty feet as it charged towards them. towards them

Terror-stricken, Dick, Jim, and Pat were about to flee for their lives, when they were stopped by the boom-ing voice of the professor shouting:

ing voice of the professor shouting "Your legs won't save you; a cle head may! Aim at the brute's eye All together! Fire!"

All together! Fire!"
Recalled to his senses by the professor's half-centemptous words book dropped on one knee, and throwing her rile both to left of two hings, dull gleans as large as saucers, which he knew must be the montet sees, and pulled the trigger.
The report of his Winchester was frowned in the abore reack of Jim's drowned in the abore reack of Jim's

Lee-Metford, Pat Ryan's bullet-charged shot-gun, and Professor

Lee Metford, Par Ryan's bullet-charged shot-gun, and Professor Klux's huge elephant-gun. As the volley rang out breath-the domed roof of the tunnel is schoe-bed by the ever mortal cars had heard. They were struck motionless by an appallung, erashing roar in their rear, whist the solid ground beneath them trembled, and stones and pieces of rock hailed upon them Por nearly tire minutes they stood.

from the roof.

For nearly five minutes they stood, half choked with dust, suffocated by the fetid odour which came from the enormous brute, and expecting immediate death from the double peril which menaced them both in front

or mercy's sake, father, let us

"For merey's sake, father, let us get out of this! Backward or forward— anything will be better than this us-pense!" almost shrieked Jim at last. "Then it must be forward. Our retreat is cut off. The roof of the tunnel has caved in," replied Kend-rick Klux; and Dick fell his courage returning as he marked how calm, even in that awful moment, was the

The 8th Chapter. Pat Ryan's Ride.

Swiftly the professor turned the light of his electric torch on his three

companions in succession.

"I'm! Scared, but not panicky.
You'll do!" he grunted. "Stay here till I return." he added, moving forward. The three watched the white cir.

of the electric torch sweep towar the professor until at last its rays fupon the gaping mouth of t the professor until at last its rays, fell upon the gaping mouth of the monster, its huge scale-covered eyes and horn-surrounted head, then on along a short, thick neck to a huge mountain of granfed and studded flesh.

"All right; the brute's dead: A lucky shot reached his brain! Come along?" they heard home eye; and salong? they heard home eye; and past that awful head, the collarities of the short of th

towered high above his head. Follow ing the dancing rays of the professor' torch, he climbed up the plates o horny armour, beneath which h could feel the monster's huge muscle still quivering.

As the enormous body almost touched the rugged roof of the tunnel, Dick found himself compelled to drop on hands and knees and make his way over the protuberances and alongside a line of triangular plates like the teeth of a huge saw which ran from the head to the tail of this fearsome creature.

It was no easy task to descend from the monster's flank to its huge hind leg, which protruded like some rounded rock from beneath its body; rounded rock from beneath its noav; but by clinging to the horny plates he succeeded, and with a sigh of relief, found himself at last on firm ground.

Some fifty feet away, enframed in an uneven circle of jagged rocks, the bluish light they had before noticed

shone over a sea of greyish-green foliage, for the most part graceful fernlike fronds, though here and there appeared branches and leaves similar to those they were accustomed to on earth.

to on earth.

Forgetting everything save the astonucling spectacle before him.

Dick ran forward, closely followed by Jim Klux, who had traversed the unpleasant past close behind him. passing, the massive tail of the stricken mentare, which, looking like nothing so much as a rocky reof, reached to within a score yards of the entrance

They found Professor Klux gazin upon as fair a scene as the upper world could have produced. A land worm could have promeed. A famo of rolling plains, winding rivers, an huge forests stretched almost as fa as the eye could reach to what, in the distance, looked like an impenetrable inding rivers, and

wall of mist.

Above their heads the solid wall of rock through which they had emerged upon that wondrous hand sloped outwards until it vanished in a shimmering haze, through which the soft light which filled that wondrous place seemed to come.

For the first

For the first time since he had known him, and for the only time throughout the extraordinary adven-ture which lay before them. Professor Klux was stricken speechless with

His rugged face worked convul-sively, his bushy eyebrows were raised until they touched his shaggy,

red hair, and his mouth was as wide agapte as any rustic at a village fair. "Don't tell me there is land there! Don't tell me I am not in bed, asleep, and dreaming! Of course! I am-we all are! It is impossible! Incredible! Against all scientific theory and fact! I won't believe it!" he boomed at last. red hair, and his mouth was as wide

I won't believe it'" he boomed at last, "Whisa! Liston to his honour. Sure, he's sayin' just what I feels meself, but couldn't lay me bit of a tongue to the surfiel, agreed Pat tongue to the surfiel, agreed Pat dangerous character of his lond, followed more slowly. "At any rate, this isn't a dream, professor," declared blek, takking the soft flesh beneath the monster's scaled tail.

soft feen beneath the monster's scales "I'll it is a dream. I hope we won't wake up until we have explored yonder forest. Looks as if there might be something worth seeing in there," and Jim Kaux eagers, "Bullet eight, Jim. Dream or me word what is because when we could get this creature to the surface." He would make the surface. He would make the surface when we would be the surface. He would make the surface has been supported by the word of the surface. He would make the surface has been supposed to be sufficiently and the surface with the man. Has he gone mad?" He would not be sufficiently the surface with the man had been sufficiently be added for, after runmaging feantically through his peckets, Pat Run had sprange to his feet, regime. The bead of the surface with the man had considered the surface when the surface with the surface with the surface with the surface with a "like yet lost me poping." He looked undecidedly back at they had just transled; then love for which they had just transled; then love for which it will be sufficiently the surface with a "like shir after yet honour I'll be, if yell be so kind as to wait, be sprang ton to the animal's tail, and run minbly alongside its raised spine, must be sufficiently and the surface with the surface of the tunnel forced him on to his hands and knees. "I'll can't make out what makes this

broad back and the roof of the tunnel forced him on to his hands and knees. "I can't make out what makes this place so light. Of course, the rays of the sun can't penetrate here. Do you think it is from some subterra-nean fire, professor?" asked Dick. Kendrick Klux snorted contemptu-

ously.
"I suppose you weren't born with-out brains, though you might just as well have been, for all the use you make of them. Did you ever know the light of a fire as steady as this?" he demanded.
"Then what is it?" persisted Dick.

An angry growl was the pro-ole response. Nothing made-urious as having to confess

But he was spared an answer, for at that moment Jim dashed forward, and, seizing him and Dick by the arm, ran them swiftly out of the cavern. "Look out, the brute's alive!

"Look out, the brute's alive!"
There was no need to repeat the
warning. Already the huge tail was
thrashing the sides of the cave like a
monster flail, sending huge pieces of
rock fluing in all directions; then the
animal began backing out, heralding
its approach with dealening roars of
rage and pain, which gathered
flows of the fundom the harrow confrees of the fundom the harrow confines of the tunnel.

Close at hand was a rocky platform.

Close at hand was a rocky platform, some four feet from the ground, covered with large rocks, behind which they might perhaps be able

to hide.

Professor Klux was the first to discern this, the ordy possible place of refuge, for long ere they could have reached the shelter of the nearest trees the beast would have

have reacted to the desired based would may been upon them. The condition of the platform; then served bick the same and half a minute later was being hauled into a feet, being hauled into a feet, but the works. The platform ere the swaring body of the monster emerged from the exvertigation of the conditions of the platform ere the swaring body of the monster emerged from the exvertigation of the condition of t

shoot directly you see ordered Kendrick Klux.

smoot unretty you see ms head?"
ordered Kendrick Kinz,
ordered Kendrick Kinz,
ordered Kendrick Kinz,
ordered Kendrick Kinz,
for even as the words left his lips they
were amazed to see Pat Ryan cling,
ing for dear life to one of the serrated
ridges, and thrown from side to side
by every movement of the huge hole
inges, and thrown from side to side
by every movement of the huge hole
inges, and thrown from the huge
hole
"Gwalleys, Masther Dick! Sure,
it's the last you'll ever see of poor Pat
Ryan!" shouled the Irishman.
The next moment the huge head
had sweet by them. How it was the
brute had survived he fearful wounds
to say, though probably it had owed
its temporary unconsciousness to the

shock of the powerful missiles striking the base of the skull.

shock of the powerful missiles striking the base of the skull. He that as it may, it had come back before, and, with Part Ryan on the late of the skull of the skull of the the three explorers crouched, stamp-ing frantically on the ground, and swaying its head from side to side, whist fearful hellows bust from its whist fearful hellows bust from its Suddenly it raised itself on its hind legs, like a rearing horse, until its

legs, like a rearing horse, until its bead was a good eighty feet from the

For near seconds Dick had a view of Pat Ryan's white, terrified face, as he clung for dear life to the monster's back; then the beast dropped on to all fours with a thud as though a mountain had fallen, and dashed off at incredible speed towards the distant forest, sending huge clods of earth flying from its heels, and snapping off trees and palms that came in its way. For nearly a minute Dick Manley stood gazing after the rapidly-disappearing beast, then be turned to his companions, crying:

"Come on! Pat may be thrown

"Come on! Pat may be thrown off and injured!" He sprang to the ground, and, rifle He sprang to the ground, and, rife in hand, commenced running as swiftly as his legs could carry him over the wide trail made by the painprofessor Klav opened his gnouth to call him back, but changed his mind, and, turning to his son, who was looking inquiringly at him, said: Don't let him get killed! If If Ifollow with the country of the him get killed! If If Ifollow with a food to leave anything behind in this place: "

Almost before Professor Klux had

ceased speaking Jim was racing after his chum, and, putting on an extra spurt, had soon overtaken him. For some minutes they ran side by For some minutes they ran side side in silence, now and again ju-ing over some more than usually of footprint left in the ground by

galloping monster.

ganoping monserers.

Presently Jim cast a swift glance over his shoulder, to make sure that his father was following.

"Any idea how far we have run, Dick?" he asked, in calm, level tones, Dick shook his head, without speak-

"Well over a mile, and yet we're neither of us the slightest winded," was the answer. "Strange, isn't it?" "Strange, isn't it?" "The lost here, too, but I

as here. So

"Yes; and I feel as fit as when I started. It's hot here, too, but I don't seem to mind it. Something in the air, I suppose, "returned Dies, the gravity," returned Jim, "Good gravity," returned Jim, "Good gravity," returned Jim, "Good gravity," returned Jim, "Good gravity," what's that;" he added, coming to an abrupt halt as the very leaves of the trees above their heads were heart with sounds the property of the started sounds and the started sounds are the started to be seen the started sounds are seconds. If m and Dies the started sounds are seconds Jim and Dies the started sounds are seconds.

the boys had ever heard.
For some seconds Jim and Dick stood listening with horror to the awful sounds; then Jim dashed forward, crying:
"Come on! Pat Ryan is some-

ward, erying:
"Come on! Pat Ryan is somewhere amongst that turmoil;"
"And poor Nell is a prisoner in this
awful place!" groaned Diek, as he followed his churw in a forest of treesimilar to those growing in the outer
world, though the foliage was for the
most part of the greyish-green which
seemed the predominant colour of
that strange land.
The place was flashed by overhead,
huge insects fluttered and buzzed past
them, animals like pigs dashed by,

huge insects fluttered and buzzed past-them, animals like pigs dashed by, evidently scared by the sounds of combat. But the explorers scarcely noticed them, for the sounds were growing londer and nearer. Slowing down to a trot, they advanced cautiously through the

advanced cautionity farongar the recording Dirk, who was leading, Sandoto an alrengt halt, and, seeing of the control of the control of the limb by the arm, pointed with trem-bine hand through the trees. In the centre of a wide, open spar-the monster they were pursuing lay-virthing in its death agony, whilst a score or more vertical books teel it is pollpiating form, fighting and surring at each other, and their long, sharp smouts durling at the dring monster with all the force their long, thick necks could put into the blow-, thick necks could put into the blow-, the could be surrounded to the con-trol of the could be surrounded to the Monley turned sick with horror at the soful though that, somewhere-amongst those swaying, fighting forms and republise, susheithe necks, might be the body of Pat Ryan I

till ill the chums succeet in escuing Pa Ryan, or is he do med to a creible death? The next instalment of this thrilling yarn will be more exciting still. Don't miss it?)

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR CREAT TALE OF MILITARY LIFE. BY BEVERLEY KENT.



THE FIRST CHAPTERS

TOM BEVAN, and his sister, ETHEL, are alone in the world. They have great difficulty in paying their way, and as last Tom decides to swallow his pride and to go and ask help from his nucle, JOSHUA HEP. STONE, who has never shown any the store twenth him and his sister. He knecks at his uncle st door, and.

receiving no answer, walks in. Arrived at the sitting room, he iscaurreceiving no answer, walks inArrived at the string room, he issuarprised to see his unce lying dead on
the floor and he had been as the floor
the floor and he had been answer. Ten
lears a loud knocking at the front
door, and, realising that he will be
accused and arrested for the murder
of the old man, dashes out of the
house, and at the same time observes
a woman gazing at him from a window opposite.

As women gazing at him from a window opposite.

The string the floor
the

a paper.

The man is none other than RALPH NICKSON, who at one time was in love with Tom's sister, and who has served a term of imprisonment. When You enters the Talph Nickson is after him, and is intentioned to the moment, however, but how will it all end?

(Now road.

The 4th Chapter The Workings of Fate.

The 4th Chapter
The Workings of Fate.
Struggling to regain in selfsontrol, Tom at hudded in a corner
as the train drew out of Waterboo,
recked across the points and gathered
speed. With each of the selfspeed, with the selfspeed with t

looked alike. A smartly-dressed For no two men oung fellow, very voung was sitting up straight as a red

between two mechanics lounging on either side of him, their hands in their pockets. In the far corner a sharp-featured coster was talking volubly to a recruit, who certainly must have had some difficulty in persuading the authorities that he was only thirty-five years of age.

Another man in very shabby etothes, his threadbare coal buttoned trightly across a broad chest, sat twirling a large moustache and favouring each of his compagning in turn with a scuttimining state out of a pair of hawk-like eyes. Opposite him was a pale, fair-haired lad reading a book. A round-faced young fellow was gazing up at the light, his expectation of the compagning one man had fallen added to the compagning of the compagni Except for the voluble coster, the

Except for the voluble coster, the silence was unbroken. All were tired, the excitement had died away; more knew what would happen when they reached their auknown destination. Suddenly the hawkeeped man startled all by a remark.

"I reckon we'll pan out into a tidy half-section enough," he would be a supported to the part of the

arbod

remarked.
All stared at him. Even the coster was so taken aback as to become dumb on the instant.
"What's a section?" the fair-haired

"What's a section?" the fair-haired lad asked, looking over the rin of his book.
"It's the fourth part of a platoon?"
"And what's a platoon?"
"The fourth part of a company."
"You've been a soldier?" the

"You were a soldier?" the cost or red.

"I served my time and passed out, No need for me to rejoin unless I liked," he said. "But even the old warhorse pricks up his ears at the blare of the bugle! I'm just puzzling out how I'll start to hek you into shape if I get my stripes?"

"I thought Sergeant Farby was having that job?" the coster explained.

having explained.

having that job!" the coster explained.

"He'll have his bit, and there'll he cohers under burn and ever him, and I described the second of th

man, who had drawn a pipe from his

pocket and was turning the empty bowl around his finger.

"Have a fill!" Ten suggested.

"And-er—what's your name? We chaps have to get to know one another better, and—"

"My name's Hopkins. Yes, I'll sample your bacey—thanks!" I've cun short!"

"My name's Hopkins, "Ves, I'll sample your bacy-thanks." I've run short!"

And rine is Ton Bev-Brooks!"

And mine is Charlie Somers!"

the fair-haired lad remarked, laying down his book. "I never thought I would take to fighting, but when I read about the savage way the Hunsting elocation of the savage way the Hunsting the save the save way the Hunsting the save the save way the Hunsting the save to a stop.

to a step.

"We're coming into a station, and I guess the journey is over," Hopkins suggested, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Now, I wonder where we are and what they're going to do with us? This ain't Aldershot, anyhou!"

anyhow!"

The train slowly rolled alongside a platform, and Tom jumped out. From all the carriages the recruits came tumbling. They were at a small wasside station; not a house was in sight; the wind came fresh and keen across the countryside to the dark platform liftlilly lighted.

platform fitfully lighted.

Standing in groups, wondering
where they could possibly find a
night's shelter, and almost despairing
of a meal till morning, they stood
awaiting orders. Sergeant Farby was
talking to a tall man in khaki standing under a gas-jet, and the sergeant
presently saltted, wheeled round and

presently salited, wheeled round and came down the platform.

"Shove along, shove along, out into the road!" he commanded.
"There's no chance of getting you into formation here. Look sharp! At the double! Hurry along!"

The recruits moved off, some walk-ing briskly, some running: those who

The recruits moved off, some walking briskly, some running; those who
lagged got the sharp edge of the
sergeant's tongue. They came out
into the dark road, and two corporals
who had borrowed the porters' hanterns walked up and down whist
Farby lined them up. The tall man
in khaki wax an officer; they could see
that from his shoulder strap.

The sergeant began at the top of the line. He pashed four men together, he shouted to those behind to fall in in the same way. Banching themselves together, breaking ogether, breaking away when they found fours formed already, anxious to obey orders and o he y orders and often making the confusion worse, the recruits crowded up the road. Tom had taken a place close to the top of the line; Parker, tugging at his moustache, and chuckling sofity, was next sache, and chucking softly, was next him; next to Parker on his right stood tharlie Somers. Sud-denly a recruit, seek-ing for a place, bumped against Tom

"There's three of you—I make the fourth " he said. " Nice sort of a start this—c h ? They this-ch? They might have had some grub for us when we get here! What do they think we're made of? If they call this encouragement to fellows to

The stopped.

"Why, if you ain't To m Bevan!" he cried. Well, who ever would have thought of seeing seed.

"It thought you said to a see thought of seeing seed.

"I thought you said your name was Brooks." he remarked quietly.

"I thought you said your name was Brooks." he remarked quietly.

"Oh, all right, mate." he replied. "Tain't any of my business what your name is! Many a good un has christened himself again when joining soldier's record begins from the day of enlistment, and that's only fair!"

Tom had flushed searlet, and was gratified that the darkness hid his change of colour. His hearth had again become heavy as lead. Was a malign free of Nokson, he had now been recognised by a man who would be with him always, and by this man why had mays, and by this man. recognised by a man who would be with him always, and by this man of all he knew.

For he did not like Hugh Barfield;

For he did not like Hugh Barfield; he had met him first through a friend, and from that on chance had thrown Barfield in his way from time to time of an evening. Barfield was very intelligent, and always had tried to make himself pleasant, but there was something indefinable about him the something indefinable about him the something indefinable about him the Somehow he had never felt he could quite trust, him.

Barfield, after being midged by Tom, Barfield, after being midged by Tom, Lad stared at him, but had stilled an

Barfield, after being nudged by Jom, laad stared at him, but had stilled an exclamation. He did not speak again. Every moment Tom became more and more nervous. Sergeant Farby shouted the advance, and the recruits moved off, some keeping step, others not even trying. A corporal, walking alongside the officer in front, were high lanten from side to after

others not even trying. A corporal, waking alongside the office in front, sexuing his lantern from side to side, which is a simple side of the color of the free and a void tambing into the dichess. Bumping together often, the recruits jostled along. They passed a village church and came to a green. Seinging round to the left, to give the side of the color of the colo

manner it was evident that he held a land in the recruits with professional keen-leading position in the village. "We've been through the list of believe you made to day, and we'll save you all further trouble. Each of us has taken a road; my lot is to show the bibliets for thirty men, so if you lel off a corporat to march 'en along, I'll show him each house as we come I'll show him each house as we come." "It's very kind of your fellows," "He's very kind of your fellows," "He's work you for a compic of hours," work yet before a couple of hours," work yet before us." "Then suddenly hoarse cries from us."

"We'll have them all indoors inside haif an hour, and then you're to haif an hour, and then you're to have the haif an hour, and have some grab, time you got a rest."

The recruits were split up into squads just as they stood son the green. Tom and his batch marched, off together should be up to the squads of the green. Tom and his batch marched, off together should be up to the green. Tom and his batch marched, and treet. "As every door four aper, catered, At the third house he walked in with Parker, Cherlio Somers, and Barfield.

A hot most was ready for them, and the same and the same into a room where rough bods had been made upon the floor. Parker undressed and lay down." Old campaigner that he was, he soon adapted

unuressed and lay down. Old cam-paigner that he was, he soon adapted himself to his new surroundings. Charlie Somers, tired out, followed his example, and Tom and Barfield sat near the window.

near the window.

Barfield took an evening paper out
of his pocket and began to read it. Of
course, it contained the news of old
Joshna Heristone's marder. Very
white in the face Tom undressed
hurriedly, and lay down, his face to

the wall.

Suddenly he heard the paper fluttering to the floor, and a stiffed exclamation.

He did not dare to look round.

The 5th Chapter. "I've Got Him in My Grip."

After a while Barfield stirred. Tom heard him moving about. In a few minutes the lamp was extinguished, and all was darkness. What, would Barfield do? Tom,

What would Barfield do? Tom, wide-eyed and wretched, asked him-self this question a hundred times. Barfield only had to speak, and Tom's fate was scaled. The miscrable lad Barfield only had fate was scaled. The miscrame could not even groun for fear of could not even groun for fear of tention. He had to lie could not even groan to tear of a arousing attention. He had to he still, his mind in agony, seeking com-fort, and not able to find any. The minutes passed, each like an hour. Could he endure this torture till morning? he asked himself.

morning? he asked himself.

For he felt certain that rest would not come to him. But he was young, in spleadid health, exhausted by all he had gone through. Nature claimed her debt; his eyes closed, and on the instant he fell sound adeep. He started violently only a few nimutes later, as he though. Someone was banging at the hall door, and

one was banging at the han door, and a steutorian voice was bawling:
"Reveille! Reveille! Tumble out! Tumble out!"

He sat up, hewildered. Daylight

If sex to Dasjight I to see the sex of the s

harms somer monors as and Barbiel grumbied suitely.

Parker was at the top of the street.

Parker was at the top of the street street in the particular street street in the particular street in th

get to the big held on the right, where you'll find the captain waiting. Then get to work on 'em without delay, I'll wait on here to round up the laggards."

Corporal Mellows quickly formed a

Corporal Meliows quickly formed a squad, in which Tom, Charlie Somers, and Parker were units, and started off. Seven minutes brisk walking brought them, to the field where Cap-tain Hatson, standing by the gate, took the corporal's salute, and eved the recruits with professional keen-

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WITH BUGLE & BAYONET!

(Continued from previous page.)

different quarters arose, but the re-cruits facing Mellows were unable to see the cause of the excitement. Laughter, shouts, angry yells were mingled together. Tom and his com-rades tonged to turn their heads, something undoubtedly had gone wrong; the laughter died away, and now to the tunnult was added the crecking of a winp and the galloping of hoofs.

receiving of a whip and the garopose of boods.

"Head him off! Head him off!" Mead him off!" Mellops at first had looked towards the seene of the uproar and had only just smiled. He had continued the exercises, but as moments passed his drop heads more grave. Presently a young farmer, mounted on a fine body of the control of the present of the control of the contr dashed along within a few feet ellows. Then a shout went up: Mellows. Then a she Look out, there!

"Look out, there! Look out!"
Mellows had paused in the middle
of an exercise. The recruits were
standing with arms outstretched. Behind them the third of hoofs had
grown loader. Suddenly the corporal grown k

shouted. "Scatter," he cried.

"Scatter, lads! Scatter," he cried.

The recruits turned round. The
sight they saw would have been
sight they saw would have been
sight they saw would have been
of grave danger in it. A bull being
driven along the road had wrenched
itself free from the farmhand driving
it, and had trotted into the field. At
first it came gently, and to all appearances it was doelle, but as the man
following tried to catch the locus rope
had, its eyeloils flashing.

As it came towards the first squad
of recruits they tried to all in its capture. It stopped, turned, and finding
excape difficult, plunged in amongst
them, throwing several to the ground.
Then its temper getting around, it Scatter, lads! Scatter!" he cried.

escape difficult, plunged in amongst them, throwing several to the ground. Then its temper getting aroused, it then the ground them its temper getting aroused, it there is no several to the great the temper pace every second it raced through the field, and as Mellows cried his warning it was heading straight for the squad in his charge. Maddened by this time, its head great to the same proper towards them. They saw their danger; the infuriated brute would now impale on his horns anyone in his path, and hurd him into the air. The recruits tried to scatter, and some got appears to the same proper towards them. They saw their danger; the infuriated brute would now impale on his horns anyone in his path, and hurd him into the air. The recruits tried to scatter, and some got account, we will be controlled in the property of the property of the field.

Right towards the centre the built hundered, and it looked as if a terrible disaster trust follow. Already cries of horror had come from those in safety in other parts of the field.

The bull singled out Tom; it came

free of horror had come from those in safety in other parts of the field.

The bull singled out Tom; it came the bull singled out Tom; it came the bull singled out Tom; it came the moment of min. And in that supreme moment of min. And in that supreme moment of min. And in the supreme to the

wise injured, he scrambled to his feet 38 a great shout went up. The buil was standing pawing the ground, and vainly striving to shake off the coat from his head. Mellows had hold of the nose rope, and from all quarters of the field officers and men were running to the spot. Sergeant Farby was the first to reach Tom.

"Brave Brooks!" he reied wing.

"Bravo, Brooks!" he cried, wring-ing his hand warmly. "You've proved your metal at the first test, And you've saved others, too, without doubt

a doubt."

Cheering broke out again as the bull was led away, and several minutes passed in the general enthuments was a several enthument of the several way of the several was completed by the several was remarked back to the green, and dismissed for breakfast. Tom, Clarife Sounces, and Parker hurried off together, the two latter was the proposed of the several was the respective to the several manufacture of the several several manufacture of the several s

"You've made a name for yourself already, Brooks," the old soldier said heartily, "There's not an officer who won't be told this story when he comes to us."

Breakfast was ready, and they gathered round the table. Barfield hurried in, expressing a hope that they had not devoured everything, and Tom did not dare to look at him. Lattle was said during the meal. The fresh morning air and the exer-

cises had whetted their appetites.

After breakfast Tom sauntered to
the hall door. He was only there a
couple of seconds when he heard footsteps behind.

"Brooks, I would like to speak to you. Will you come for a stroll?" Barfield said.

Tom turned and looked steadily at

Tom turned and looked steadily at the man who held his fate in his hands. Barfield's face was grave. "All right," Tom said. They walked into the street. Tom kept silent. It was a surprese even to leaving. He had gone through the worst. Even arrest now as prefer-able to the terrible suspense hanging over him. He might be found guilty of the horrible crime he had not committed; he might have to It that was 20, he would die an inno-cent man.

Nothing could turn his innocence into guilt; nothing could take from

"If I didn't think you could give a satisfactory explanation I would have gone first thing this mortning to the police," for repied, "But I've can't believe you would be guilty of such an appailing crime."

"Then you think I'm innocent?"

"I'm your friend, and I like fair play," Barfield said. "I would be guilty of such an appailing crime."

"I'm your friend, and I like fair play," Barfield said. "I would be guilty of such as a such robbed. I hoped the man would go away soon, but he didn't. In the end he came round to the back of the house, and not having opened the door to him. I felt I had brought double suspicion on myself, so I bolted. Believe me or not, that is

bolted. Believe me or not, that is the truth."

When the truth we have been been every wordship of the fellow who committed the crime is caught and his guilt proved, you won't be able to clear yourself. Now, I'm not a man to hound another down. Besides, I like you. I'll keep alteriance I make I "I do believe wouldn't," Born

swept over him. He had now the life for which he had always longed. Out of his pay-he would be able to support his sister until she could obtain employment. He was free at

obtain employment. He was free at bast, free from anxiety, free to carve out a future for himself. He got to the green in good time, and with his squad he marched to the field again. And now began the first real drill. Mellows, one of the most capable non-come who had ever

weil drill. Mellows, one of the more capable noncons who had ever capable noncons who had ever served, adopted a different tone from the one he had shown in the merning. His orders came more crisply; there was a certain sharpness in his reprods; he kept the recruits at full tension. Time and again he made them go over the same work. As long as one failed he insisted on the whole squad repeating the movement. Though they did not know it, much as their hands and arms as much as their hands and arms. Sometimes at the "Stand easy."

Sometimes at the "Stand easy."

Is auntered along the ranks, talking quite as a friend.

"You fellows are keen to learn," he said once. "I see there's good notal in you. Then sling every ounce the property of the said once. "I see there's good interest quite the property of the said once." I see there's good interest of the said once and the said once and the said once and the said of th

It was all very interesting, though at times very vexations. To wheel to the right, to number off before your turn, to move when the com-mand came to form fours, and when mand came to form fours, and when it was your duty to stand still; to cemented on many a battlefield; with laughter and song the village awoke from its old-world lethargy that night; the half-battalion was settling down, and Captain Hatton, in con-sultation with Sergeant Farby, looked

appy.
"They'll do, sergeant!" he said. "They'll do, sergeant?" he said. Day followed day in the same order, the drill improving. Already the recruits were looking forward to their first route-march, when word cameron headquarters that another five hundred men were being sent to make the battaion up to full strength. This could not accommodate more—a camp to desire the said of th could not accommodate more—a camp had to be selected. One was chosen a mile from the village; tents were sent down, the lines were skeled out. Self-supporting. The comp became, self-supporting. Half a down young officers of the Reserve jound Captain Hatton, and took command of the companies; a companies of the companies of the companies of the period of the companies of the companies of the the new troops and military life began in carries.

fresh batch of non-come came with the new troops, and military life began in carnest.

During three days Tom had seen very little of Barfield. His time off duty had been spent with Parker and Charlie Somers. He had made other friends, too, but none so close as these. But now Barfield came to as thes him. "Sec santly. ee here, Brooks," he said plea

"See here, Brooks," he said plea-saulty, "you get on very well with Corporal Mellows and Sergeaut Farby. I think you could do me a good turn. All this drill is horribly monotonous. I should like to get a job in the orderly-room. I think, if you put in a good word for me, I would get taken on,"

would get taken on."

Tom promised to try, and spoke to
Corporal Mellows.
"Humph!" the corporal said.
"The orderly-room is rather a ticklish
place; all correspondence comes there.
Still. if you say you know Barfield
well, and that he is straight, that's
crough for me. I'll see if Sergeant
Farby will speak to the captain."

Farby will speak to the captain."

The following morning Mellows came to Tom.

"Barfield has been sent to the orderly-room," he said. "It's on your recommendation as an 'old friend of his. I hope he'll prove himself in, for my sake as well as yours."

After this, Tom very seldom saw Barfield. In the arterest and exame the same of the same and exame the same and exame the same and men of somering, he forgot aimost everything else. Only at night when he could not sleep, as happened some-times, did the tragedy of his uncle's death weigh heavily upon him. Then a dread foreboding would come over a dread foreboding wound to be him; some instinct would seem to warn him. In the morning his fears evaporated. With such a merry crowd of gallant courrades, it was impossible of gallant comrades, it was impossible to be depressed for long. So three weeks passed from the day

he had enlisted, and one Sunday, after church parade he was lying stretched on the grass close to the lines, with Parker and Charlie Somers by his side, when the latter laughed, and pointed towards the gate.

he is the interest of the control of

casually. Suddenly he sat up, only to drop prostrate at once again. He felt the blood ebbing from his heart, the had seen that woman's face. Ay, and peering from a window—from the window facing his uncle's house! He had seen that man! He was the man who had knocked at his uncle's door, and, who would not gro-wards. Yes, he could not be the wards. Yes, he could not be the taken. He had seen them both, and they had seen him!

wards.

He had seen them uses, they had seen him!

Why had they come here? There could be hut one reason. And just then Captain Hatton's voice, clear as a bell, came across with the mind.

wind.

"Ah, yes; I remember reading about the murder," he said. "It was a shocking business. And you say the police believe that the scoundrel enlisted. What was his name—ch? Thomas Bevan! Well, well, come along, and have a look round."

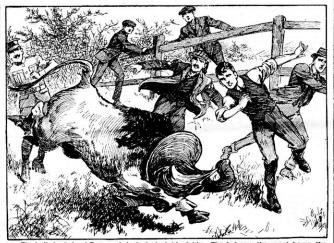
Parker sat up, a puzzled look on his face.

Parker sat up, a puzzies con whis face.

"Thomas Bevan! I seem to remember the name," he said. "Wasn't there a chap as we came out of the station who said.— Great Scott."

And he henried sifer Captain Hatton, leaving Tom shaking like a leaf.

(Will Tom be denounced as the n of his unc'e? If he is recognised by the visitors there is nothing that can save him! Don't miss next Monday's stirring instal-



The bull singled out Tom, ar bloodshot eyes, and the massive coat and flung it at the bull's he and dashed straight at him. The chest, and, keeping his presented, The next moment he cras The lad saw the great horns, the sence of mind, he whipped off his asked to the ground.

him his self-respect. His sister Ethel, the only one in the world left to him, would keep an unshaken faith in him. At the end of the street he instinc-tively turned towards the village— towards the police-station. "Where are you going?" Baffield asked.

asked

asked.
"Up the village," Tom replied.
"We can talk more quietly if we take the opposite direction," Barfield said. "There's something serious I want to say." want to say."

Tom did not answer as they walked

along.
"You saw me reading the newspaper last night?" Barfield sug-

gested.
"Yes."
"Would you like me to show you what is in it?"
"I know."
"It's a terrible accusation," he is a terrible accusation, that account that It's a terrible accusation, i. "Was it on that account that

"Yes."
"And do you hope to dodge the

Tom wheeled round. "That depends on you," he said deliberately. "Look here! There's no reason why you shouldn't inform against me, but if you mean to do so, for Heaven's sake say so at

Barfield shrugged his shoulders,

"Then shake hands," Barfield said. "And you'll help me?"
"In what way can I help you'?
Tom asked, as he gripped Barfield's hand coordially."

Tom asked, as he gripped Barfield's again to get ragged Mellows' voice.

"You may get the chance. I can't say more at present."
"You may rely on me." Tom answered from his heart. "Though

Barfield laughed.
"You'll make friends in the regiment quicker than I will, and in that way you may be, able to help me." In the interpretable of the property of the property

The 6th Chapter. Visitors to the Camp,

So the dread fear had gone. Tom could hardly realise it. In the full belief that Barfield had spoken honestly, a great wave of happiness being

the next.

And when the recruits' nerves
began to get ragged Mellows' voice
thundered most and he assumed the

greatest wrath. For now he was testing patience, teaching discipline under provoca-tion, training each unit in the squad

tion, training each unit in the squad in self-control.

Once more Captain Hatton's whistle rang through the field, and the morning a work was over.

Mellows bade his squad follow him, and sitting on a mound, he invited them to gather round and smoke. He was one of them now, his face beaming as he puffed away happily. He asked their names, and showed that he tried to repeat them. He spake of his own life and of his cwn home, but he tried to repeat them. He spake of his own life and of his cwn home, the tried to repeat them, the spake of his own life and of his cwn home, the tried to repeat them. The spake of his own life and of his cwn home, the tried to repeat them. The spake of his world life and of his cwn home, the tried to respect them to talk as one friend does to another.

The day passed happily, though all were fatigued at the end. The work had not been so very hard, and in time would become easier; the nonhad not been so very hard, and in time would become easier; the non-coms, were quite pleasant fellows, and made it plain that they were only anxious to help; the first realisation of what soldiering means was awaking

in every mind. Though tired out, the recruits were loath to turn in; new friendships were being formed, destined to be

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