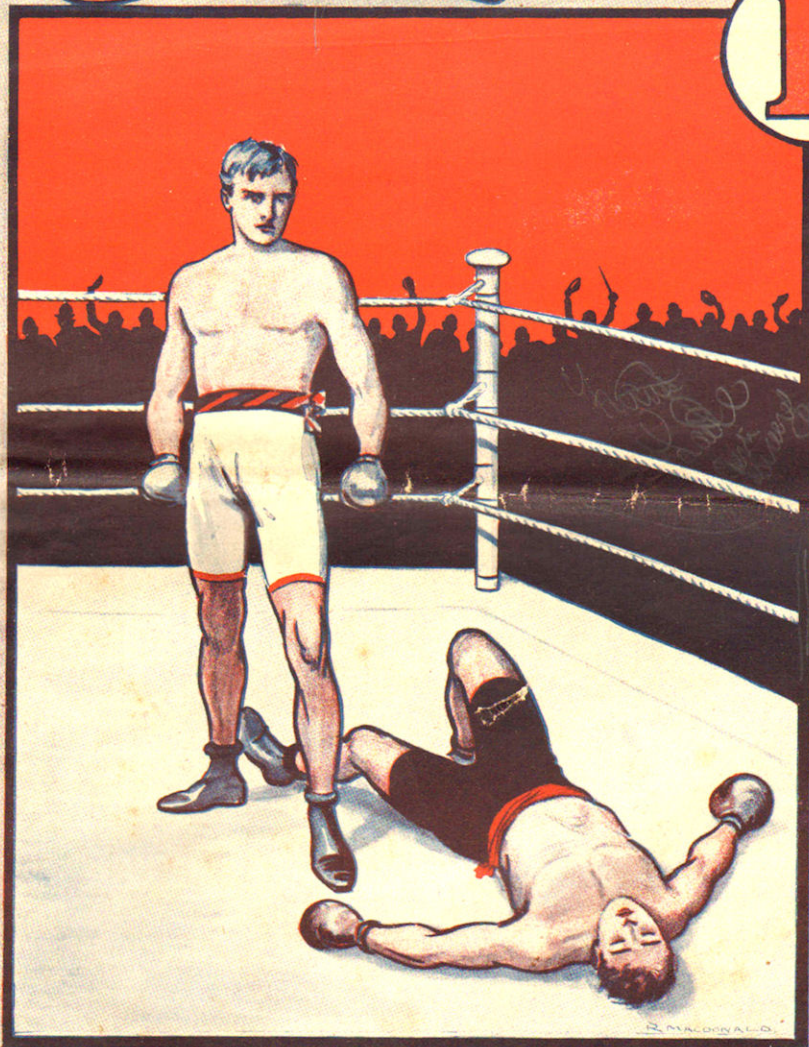


A BUMPER NUMBER FULL OF NEW FEATURES!

# THE BOYS' FRIEND

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Splendid FREE PLATE Inside





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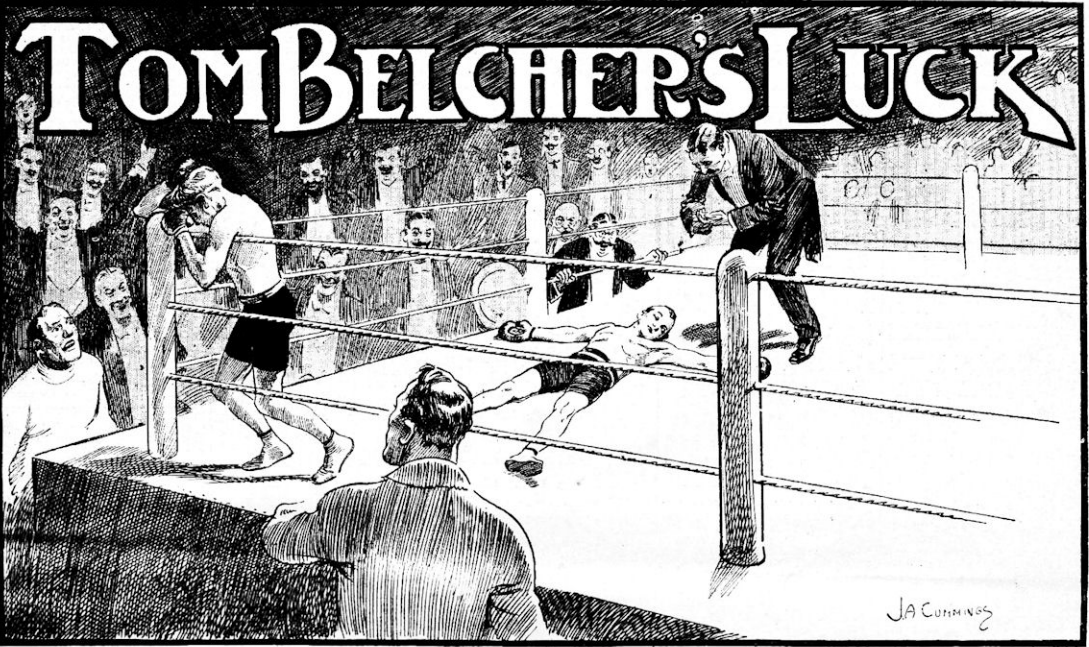
The subscription rates for this paper in any part of the world are: 75c per annum; 35c for six months; 15c per quarter, including all double and special numbers.



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

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

# A GRAND LONG COMPLETE STORY BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.



JACOBSONS

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.  
 "Well, Tom, how are you?"  
 The speaker was Ben Adams, retired boxer, and thorough good fellow, and the words were addressed to a diminutive but alert-looking boy, who had just come downstairs from one of the upper rooms of the humble cottage in which the Adamses, husband and wife, lived.  
 Tom had hardly yet blinked the sleep out of his eyes, and looked physically and mentally tired. And no wonder, for during the past few days he had passed through one of the great crises of his life. He had been dismissed from his situation as office-boy to Mr. James Dewar, solicitor, of Welbrook Chambers, E.C., had experienced the horrors of starvation, and had emerged in triumph from a boxing contest with a well-known fly-weight named Georgie Martin, son of George Martin, boxing promoter of the St. George's Hall.  
 Ben Adams, who had seconded him during that fight, and had befriended him after it, patted the boy fondly on the shoulder.  
 "Just you come along into breakfast, boy," said he. "The missus has got it all ready. We are only waiting for you."  
 It was eight o'clock in the morning, and the world without was cold and bleak, the roofs and walls being covered with rime.  
 "Thank you, Mr. Adams," said Tom gratefully. "I'm grand, thanks." "I slept like a top!"  
 They then passed into a cosy, well-lighted, and well-warmed kitchen, wherein the smell of bacon and eggs assailed the nostrils, and Mrs. Adams, a homely woman of about thirty, was bustling about with

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 fire.  
 Then followed the breakfast, the most comforting that Tom could ever remember having eaten. Over it Tom told Ben Adams and his wife the story of his life, telling them how his father and mother had died when he was quite young, and how he had been left in the care of James Dewar, the solicitor aforesaid, and how his employer had discharged him on a trumped-up charge of theft, brought against him by Jim Dewar, the solicitor's son.  
 They listened attentively, watching the changing expressions of Tom's face while the lad was speaking, obviously impressed by the boy's sincerity.  
 Ben Adams made light of Tom's misfortunes.  
 "Never mind, my lad," he said. "Everything has happened for the best, maybe. You were never cut out to be a solicitor's scribbler. I never saw any novice, boy or man, box like you did last night. And you were up against a tough proposition in Georgie Martin, I can tell you! And he beat him anyhow, missus—Ben's face glowed with pride and happiness—"fighting on an empty stomach, too!"  
 "And what are you going to do with him, Ben?" asked Mrs. Adams, a little anxiously perhaps. "Remember, we have a job to make both ends meet at times. You've been dismissed from the St. George's Boxing Hall, and we look like having another mouth to feed!"  
 "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 eyes lit up with the light of enthusiasm.  
 "Are you willing to place your

## OUR CRITICISM COUPON.

When you write to Your Editor, fill up this coupon, detach it from the page, and enclose it with your letter. It will be of great help to Your Editor in his future choice of stories for THE BOYS' FRIEND. Write against the numerals the titles of the stories or features you like best in order of merit.

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5
- 6
- 7

Sent in by .....

affairs in my hands for the present, and be instructed and guided by me!"  
 Tom's answer came hesitatingly, remembering as he did the manly way in which Ben had stood by him last night.  
 "I am," he replied.  
 "Good!" grunted Ben. "Then, Tom Belcher, you and I will have a hunt round during the course of the next day or two, and see whether we can't arrange a bout or two at one of the London boxing-halls."  
 Tom Adams was not the sort of man to allow the grass to grow under his feet. That very afternoon, after Tom had 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 paid a visit to an East End boxing-hall called the Star, which was run by an old boxer, boxer-manager, and boxing promoter named Lewis.  
 The Star was an old-fashioned hall, grubby, dirty, and forlorn by day, and only rendered possible by night owing to the ample manner in which it was illuminated.  
 Bob Lewis could not afford to spend much money on decorations, and as he opened his doors at popular prices, and the Star had lately been overshadowed by the more successful and far more attractive St. George's Hall, run by George Martin, Lewis 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 rule.  
 When Ben Adams entered the dimly and begrimed foyer, they found

several derelict boxers lounging about.  
 Ben at once asked whether Mr. Lewis was in, and, being answered in the affirmative, said clearly 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 to 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.  
 "Hallo, Ben!" was the promoter's greeting, as Ben and Tom came in. "How are you?"  
 "Grand, thanks!" replied Ben Adams. "Hope you're feeling the same. How are things, Bob?"  
 "Bad!" sighed the promoter— "bad!" Everything seems to have gone wrong with me lately. Georgie Martin ain't too particular in the way in which he runs his hall. The moment I get hold of a decent boxer he sneaks him. He can pay a bigger 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 snarl. I guess I shall soon have to shut down for good, if things don't mend."  
 Ben Adams glanced sympathetically 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.  
 If Bob had been blessed with a bit of money, he might have made a big success of the Star Boxing Hall, instead of the comparative failure his











TOM BELCHER'S LUCK.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Doctor," Tom cried, "I'll leave it there. I'm all right—"

"Poor Ben Adams! While Tom was changing for the fight he endured several blows. What was the right thing to do? he kept on asking himself.

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

Morgan took advantage of the opportunity to slip out of the room. Along the passage he went, searching for George Martin.

Soon the whip came to summon the boxers to the ring. Ben supporting Tom, walked briskly along the corridor and suddenly espied Morgan.

"You young scoundrel!" he hissed. "It's not the honest Tom Belcher and George Martin who bribed you to do it."

Morgan struggled desperately. "Let me go," he cried, but Ben held on tightly and forced the boy to his knees.

"Confess the truth," he cried, "or I'll squeeze it out of you."

"Mercy, mercy!" groaned the unhappy youth. "Yes—ah, don't hurt me so much! I'll confess."

Mr. Martin who paid me to do it, and gave me the stuff."

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

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

Tom looked wistfully through a mist on Ben.

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

Tom was acting mechanically. He moved his feet, but he had no idea where he was going.

He entered the hall and heard the shouts and cheers of the audience echoing in his ears, and saw the crowd, the whole place seemed to vibrate round him.

But he set his teeth, stilled his throbbing brain, and mounted the stage bravely enough.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed one of the boxing critics, seated next the ring. "The lad looks half dead. Martin will kill him."

Dr. Melrose, looking rather worried, came to the ring side, and waited there.

George Martin sat in his corner looking wonderfully pleased with him. He got up, and 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.

As the bell rang Tom moved forward, and saw something dancing about in front of him—something white. He struck at it but missed, and several times he struck Tom, while the audience shouted. Tom found that he was all abroad. His legs were bending under him, his body seemed to have no force left in it.

He knew it, but he could not help it. The numbing influence of the drug he had swallowed was too strong for him to bear.

George Martin knew how the land lay. His father had assured him that

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

And Tom, in one brief, momentary moment saw and acted. He swung his right, and the next moment Martin was on his back.

Ben Adams, who had watched Tom with his heart in his mouth could hardly believe his eyes. Martin had given the opening eagerly; but the way in which Tom had seized it was almost miraculous.

There was the referee motioning to Tom to stand back, and shouting at the stretch of his fingers. There stood the dismayed George Martin, shrieking to his son to "get up."

"Don't forget! Eye backed you heavily, boy!" he shrieked. "I stand to lose fifty pounds on this job."

And all around the excited audience were standing erect, and yelling like madmen.

—Seven—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—

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

He knew that he must fall himself in a few seconds. "One—two—three—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 toes, and everything turned black. Through the ropes climbed Ben Adams.

"Tom, Tom, Tom," he screamed, mad 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. "George's lost the battle, and he could have won it with one hand if he'd liked it."

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

TALES TO TELL.

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

SIX TO ONE.

A hospital surgeon was impatient instructions to half a dozen students, who accompanied him on his rounds.

"Now, gentlemen, do you or do you not consider this is a case for an 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 his bed.

"Six to one is a good enough margin for my clothes!"—Sent in by R. Croft, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON.

It was Jack's first voyage, although he had succeeded in passing himself off as a second sailor.

One night, during his spell of "look-out," he sighted three lights of different colours.

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

"What lights are they?" he shouted the officer.

"Blowed if I know, sir, in a sacred Jack. It looks like a socialist's shop!"—Sent in by W. Smith, Ossett, Yorks.

GENTLE METHODS.

A new recruit was given his first sentry-go at night. His officer instructed him to shoot anyone who did not stand after three challenges.

"But no reply came, so, putting down his rifle, he approached the unknown, and knocked him senseless.

"But to reply came from the intruder. So the recruit started again: "Hi, there, I'm tellin' ye to stop!"

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

"Then why didn't you shoot him?"

"Well, sir, I didn't want to hurt him."—Sent in by James Gregson, Barry, Lanark.

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 nice large umbrella, and I thought that if he were going as far as my house, I would beg the shelter of his gamp. So I stepped out and asked: "Will you go young with that umbrella, young fellow?" And he dropped that umbrella and ran."—Sent in by W. Lodge, Sheffield.

QUITE TRUE.

An American was telling Pat of some half-breed escapes he had witnessed.

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

"Why, sure?" responded the Irishman. "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 Yawk. "You're pulling my leg."

"Oh, but he did!" replied Pat. "They were pigs feet."—Sent in by R. Spiers, Coventry.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Readers are invited to send on a pleasing article of their own interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used in the paper we will give a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: THE EDITOR, THE BOYS' FRIEND, and "Gems," Liberty, Gospel House, Gough Square, London, E.C.



"Confess the truth," cried Ben Adams, "or I'll squeeze it out of you!" "Mercy, mercy!" groaned the unhappy youth. "Yes—oh, don't hurt me so much!—I'll confess. It was Mr. Martin who paid me to drug Tom Belcher."

head to heel by Tom Belcher's lucky punch.

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

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

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.

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

He heard George Martin grunt, and then saw the boy fall flat on his face.

Dazed, he backed away, holding his gloved hands to his throbbing head. Oh, how he hoped that they would knock him out!

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

And there half an hour later he came to himself.

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

"Yes, my brave, noble-hearted boy," answered Ben. "You won, and to show you what the crowd think, George Martin was hoisted as he left the hall with his son. You won, and all the honour and glory's yours."

Tom heaved a deep sigh. "I'm so glad," he said, and then he lay back. "My head's a little better, but I think I'd like to go to sleep."

At that moment Bob Lewis burst into the dressing-room. "The cat's outside, Ben," he cried excitedly.

"Then, doctor," said Ben, "I'll take the little feller home."

THE END.

(A Divorcist to the King" in the title of next Tuesday's grand long boxing story, introducing Tom Belcher, the boxing jester. By the way, how do you like this splendid new variety?)

killed a cat, Freddie?

"The cat's outside, Ben," he cried excitedly.

"Then, doctor," said Ben, "I'll take the little feller home."

FULL PARTICULARS.

The following notice is displayed at the foot of a certain bridge in the Midlands:

"NOTICE.

"This bridge is insufficient to carry a heavy motor-car, the registered axle-weight of any axle of which exceeds five tons, or the registered axle-weights of the several axles of which exceed in the aggregate seven tons; or the registered axle-weights of the several axles of the heavy motor-car drawing a trailer, if the registered axle-weights of the several axles of the trailer exceed in the aggregate eight tons."

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

# IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

I would like my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be on of to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would like to write to me.



Write to me wherever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of THE BOYS' FRIEND. My readers who write to me, and send a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. They should be addressed: THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Pictorial House, Parrington Street, London, E.C.

## NEXT MONDAY'S SUPERB PROGRAMME.

THE all-round excellence and attractiveness of THE BOYS' FRIEND 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 Dumper Numbers are a tremendous incentive to thousands of non-readers, who, hearing of the magnificent fare provided for the boys of this country, are quickly won over to our ranks.

On Monday of next week there will be yet another

### SPLENDID COLOURED COVER,

depicting a scene in our great detective story, "THE CIRCLE OF THIRTEEN." The picture has been executed by an artist who is second to none in his own particular sphere—namely, that of illustrating detective stories—and I feel sure that his latest work of art will win the complete admiration of all.

Almost every boy in the kingdom is making a special point of collecting our superb Presentation Plates, which will adorn the walls of many a home and homestead. In next week's issue there will be an

### ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED ATTRACTION

in the form of

### ANOTHER FREE PLATE,

showing a battle in progress on the land. This picture is in every way a masterpiece, a striking work of art which will hold the observer fascinated, and every one of my chums should take immediate steps to get possession of this truly great picture. Our next instalment of that altogether absorbing serial,

### "THE HIDDEN WORLD,"

is replete with thrills, and the boy who loves plenty of incident and excitement in his stories can have no possible objection with popular Reginald Wray.

Beverly Kent's great non-serial story,

### "WITH BUGLE AND BAYONET!"

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

For a really ripping story of life at a public school, a story which stirs one to immediate sympathy with the characters, and which carries the readers along at a tremendous pace, I would without hesitation recommend

### "NO SURRENDER!"

By Owen Conquest.

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

characterized this week's splendid Rockwood story, "Barred Out!" will, I know, be on tenterhooks to hear what happened to that enterprising youth, Jimmy Silver, and his fellow delinquents. Owen Conquest is the possessor of a style which is immediately his own, and in securing such a talented 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 dealing with the noble art of self-defence, and entitled

### "A DISCREDIT TO THE RING!"

Boys who are interested in ring-fight—and what here is not!—will have a rare treat next Monday.

Harvey Keene's latest novel 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 one 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 MAGNET" JOURNAL, 1d. Every Monday.
  - "THE GEM" JOURNAL, 1d. Every Wednesday.
  - "THE DREADNOUGHT," 1d. Every Thursday.
  - "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d. Every Friday.
  - "CHUCKLES," 1d. Every Saturday.

### DEFENDING THE "FRIEND."

A Tonbridge Chum Hits Straight From the Shoulder.

Some remarkable instances of a boy's devotion to his favourite journal have been brought to my notice recently. There seem to be several boys in this country—non-readers of THE

Boys' FRIEND, of course—who, in order to get into the limelight and gain a certain amount of notoriety, have acquired the habit of inserting false and ill-founded statements against this paper.

It suits these boys to ape the manners of one or two of their ignorant efforts by saying that our stories are calculated to do harm rather than good. In their hearts these hankers after cheap notoriety know full well that THE BOYS' FRIEND is a healthy, wholesome journal; but in their efforts to pose as moralists they bind themselves to this fact.

Ernest N., a loyal reader living at Tonbridge, in Kent, has written me the following letter, and although he is careful not to blow his own trumpet, my chums who read between the lines will realise what a bold front he 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 classroom a week ago.

"One of my school-fellows, during the lesson allotted for English History, was improving the shining hour 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 down that type of book which his pupil had been reading. Unfortunately, however, he

became so excited as to incriminate the good old Boys' FRIEND, and—afterwards, in the classroom—I pulled out the correct number of the FRIEND, but had scarcely started on a row in class when up I rose and abused THE BOYS' FRIEND right and left, knowing, of course, that he had the master's sanction to back him 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 across the playground wall. He started blabbing hysterically, and went home.

"The next morning I was astonished to hear that the boy I had struck was subject to nervous breakdowns, 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 charge is quite a poor one, and I don't believe they can afford to pay the doctor's fees.

"I am sure you will be inclined to judge me too harshly. I may say at once that, had I known this boy was liable to nervous troubles, I should not have dreamed of striking him. I should like a word of reassurance from you on the subject.—Your loyal and sincere chum,

"ERNEST N."

My Tonbridge chum is to be fully pardoned, but I do not consider that any blame attaches to him in the matter. He struck a boy with good and sufficient cause, and it afterwards transpired that this boy was a victim to nervous disorder. My chum therefore expressed his sympathy, and no boy can do more than that.

With regard to the inevitable doctor's fee, I should be glad if Ernest N. will request his school-fellow's parents to send the bill in to me, when I shall be happy to discharge it. I consider the Tonbridge chum has acted in a very manly way in facing the consequences of his action, and I hope that the unpleasant experience will be a lesson to those boys who go out of their way to do harm to a paper which claims to be all that a clean, wholesome, and exhilarating journal should be.

### REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"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.

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

### Result of Football Competition No. 9.

In the above Football Competition, announced in our issue for February 20th concerning football, one competitor succeeded in solving all the pictures, and 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 follows:

W. E. HARRIS,  
9, Eaton Street,  
Newtown,  
Preston,  
Lancashire.  
YOUR EDITOR.

## GRAND COMPETITION!

# £10 IN CASH PRIZES!

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

2nd Coupon: WHICH IS THEIR FLAG?  
No. 3 Coupon Next Monday.

No 1	No 2	No 3	No 4	No 5	No 6

**WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. 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.

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!"





# THE CIRCLE OF 13

## BEING THE ADVENTURES OF HARVEY KEENE - DETECTIVE -

BY W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

### 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 prisoner somewhere in Norfolk, although exactly where he does not learn.

He 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 landlady is very reluctant to accommodate the detective, and the letter is confident that the man belongs to the mysterious Circle of Thirteen, a band of criminals of the worst type.

Keene suspects that Normanby is hidden in or near the inn, and his suspicions are confirmed when he and his assistant are attacked, apparently by members of the Circle of Thirteen, and thrown into a cellar.

After reconnoitering about for some time Keene comes across Normanby, who is unconscious. Escape seems hopeless when Oliver finds a trapdoor opening, they step down a ladder, and travel along a flooded underground passage until they find a small boat, which they board.

Reaching the River Yare, Keene sees a fire of Falstaff Arms in flames, and is wondering whether any of the scoundrels have perished in the fire, when he is shot at by an unknown man.

### PART II.

#### The 1st Chapter.

##### 'It is Against Us.'

Oliver sprang to his feet, with a cry of horror on his lips, as he saw his master reel and fall. "Believed that he had been killed," Harvey Keene was not even wounded, however. He scrambled up, and in a moment was on the seat again, grasping the oars. A tiny lock of hair had dropped to his shoulder, and just above his ear, where the lock had been, was the most recent speech of Harvey Keene.

"I-I thought they had done for you!" gasped the lad.

"No, it is only a scratch," Keene replied, "but it has grazed my head and gave me a start."

"You had a close shave, guv'nor!" "There they are, curse them!" "I am afraid we have been one of the gang who fired."

"No doubt it was, my boy. The vermin have been rosted from their lair."

"We had better watch sharp. If they get another chance sharp, they will see them!" the detective interrupted, letting go of the oars again. "Lie down! Down for your life! Be quiet!"

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

"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!" Curiosity was stronger than fear with Oliver and the detective. They were badly enough scared, as it was from the fusillade that was now being

poured at them, but, in spite of the risk, they warily raised their heads until they could see over the edge of the boat.

The landlady and his fellow-ouffians, driven like rats from the burning inn, had descended the wooden hill to a narrow path that skirted it a few yards above the level of the river. They numbered at least half a score. They were visible from the boat, and there was clearly exposed to their view. They were keeping pace with it, scurrying along the path among the trees and thickets, and discharging their revolvers as they ran.

"The scoundrels!" muttered Keene, "fine rags they are!" They must have come down to the mouth of the shaft with the intention of rescuing their prisoner from the dungeon. They have found, however, are too late, and they know that if we escape with young Normanby their plot will be foiled for ever."

"No wonder they are in a rage!" said the lad. "My word, aren't they making it hot for us? Do you think we'll pull through?" "There is no telling. We are in 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 subterranean passage it had gone some distance. But the lurid glare from the Falstaff Arms, blazing like a bonfire 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 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 they had been set on fire.

It was a lonely neighborhood. Brunell was a nice away. The pack of human hounds the dreaded members of the Circle of Thirteen, had nothing to fear. They yelled like fiends, and lunged doggedly to the beach, firing as fast as they could load and aim.

"We are swinging out a little," said Keene. "There is a chance for us."

"It is a mighty slim one!" Oliver replied, as a pistol-blast whistled by his ear.

"There was a terrible ordeal, and it seemed much longer to them than it really was. Bullets grazed their limbs, and whipped spatters from their bodies, and they were soaked to the skin, and the rough treatment and hardship they had endured since their arrival, were all too fresh for them. They were so tired, and they were not able to swim for any distance should they find themselves plunged into the river."

The likelihood of that had to be reckoned with. The tree was a large one, and its spreading branches, the limbs, dang to right and left like outriggers, kept it steady. But at any moment it might strike some obstruction, and they were soaked to the skin, and the rough treatment and hardship they had endured since their arrival, were all too fresh for them. They were so tired, and they were not able to swim for any distance should they find themselves plunged into the river."

"As for Harold Normanby, he was still unconscious, and he was suffering internal injuries. He was

floating tree, and in the twinkling of an eye it capsize, throwing its three occupants into the river. It was so sudden that Keene did not realize what had happened, but he had the instant presence of mind to seize Harold Normanby by the collar, and he dragged him under with him as he sank.

When he rose, still clutching his burden, he was shrouded in black, velvet gloom. He had been swept from the red flammings into the darkness beyond. Meanwhile, the lad, who had bravely ventured into the thick, half-submerged bough, and had climbed from that to the trunk of the tree, and as he gazed about him, in frantic alarm, he quickly perceived his master.

"Here I am!" he called. "This was my first night with you."

Keene lunged at the young man with one hand, and paddled with the other. It was a hard fight, but at length the lad was almost exhausted, his desperate efforts carried him within reach of Oliver.

"Thank Heaven!" he gasped. "We're all right now," the lad replied. "There is plenty of room for another one."

"And those scoundrels?" "They have shored off. I'll bet they think we've got no sense. They are so sure to believe that such was the case, for the barking of the revolvers had ceased, and Ben Grumston and his companions were retracing their steps along the path. They had seen the boat capsize, and had done so without the occupants, who had risen to the surface in the deep shadow beyond the zone of light. A harsh, mocking laugh rang to their ears, and they instinctively heard some body exclaim:

"No, there isn't any chance for them this time!" "The voices of the wicked crew and their tramping tread grew fainter and fainter. The roaring of the revolvers had ceased, and the old inn ebbed to silence, and the sheet of blood-red water vanished under the moon."

"They think we are at the bottom," the lad repeated. "I told you so."

"As he spoke he pointed to a thin, black, vertical strip that had been cut by the water, and he said, "And Harvey Keene, roused from his abstraction, lifted a hand to his brow, and gazed at the dark, dripping, "It is the wall of my dyke," he declared eagerly, "and it looks as if we should strike it, or, at least, pass very close to it." "Low at last, low at last, in an eager tone. "We must not miss this chance."

sprawled on the slippery wall, and he knew that if he did not support him, and at the same time support themselves by holding to the wall, they would fall.

"We are pretty close to the sea, aren't we?" Oliver asked, as a faint light came about fifteen miles to Yarmouth. I should judge," the detective replied.

"We are sure to be rescued before we get that far."

"I fear there is little or no chance of it, my boy—at least, not this side of Reedham Village. There is a single habitation near the river between here and the house at Reedham Ferry. And no doubt that has been partly submerged and abandoned."

"Well, guv'nor, odds as if we were beaten. We shan't get Mr. Normanby to the lawyer's office in London by noon to-morrow."

"No, I don't believe we shall. Fate is against us. This poor fellow 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, determined look of a man who has learned by experience not to dread. The very prospect of failure had roused his fighting spirit.

"Beaten!" he said to himself. "Beaten by that yelping pack of curs! No, far from it! I'll have whip-hand of 'em! I'll have Normanby there in time to-morrow! I will, by heavens!"

"How do it?" "How overcome the obstacles in my path—difficulties that were likely to be insurmountable? Keene did not know, yet there was in his mind a plan, a scheme, a way, some means or other, the way would be cleared for him."

He set in brooding, while the big tree drifted on with its human freight, now twisting and spinning in a vast eddy, and now caught in a narrow, swift current. It held its own, as the miles slipped to midchannel, as the miles slipped past. The lonely, wooded reaches of the river valley were left behind. Harvy Ferry loomed at last, but a light twinkled in the solitary dwelling. A lady had looked no response.

The land was changed now. There opened before the castaways, under the murky pall of the night, a low, wide valley, the marshes, the vast, green flats, dotted with an occasional farmhouse, which are fed and watered by the river, and the gradually converging to the sea. The tawny flood was a lake now.

On the high, ten miles away, quivered the lively glow reflected from the lamps of Great Yarmouth. To right and left dusky clumps of trees, and a few tall, thin, dark trees, were grazing on patches of unsubmerged ground, appeared like phantoms in the grey gloom. From far off, some where on the waste of Breydon Water down by Yarmouth, a fuzzy little steamer gave a smouldering whistle.

"I say, guv'nor, that that," the lad suddenly exclaimed. "As he spoke he pointed to a thin, black, vertical strip that had been cut by the water, and he said, "And Harvey Keene, roused from his abstraction, lifted a hand to his brow, and gazed at the dark, dripping, "It is the wall of my dyke," he declared eagerly, "and it looks as if we should strike it, or, at least, pass very close to it." "Low at last, low at last, in an eager tone. "We must not miss this chance."

"How did I get here? I—I can't remember—" "His eyes faltered, and his eyelids dropped again. Dr. Roper gave him a mild apoplexy, and then, with a word, he drew Oliver and the detective from the boat.

"The patient must not be disturbed," he said, in a low tone, "and he must be kept as quiet as possible to travel, and I will take you to Yarmouth in my car in time to catch the train at eleven o'clock."

"I don't let us miss it," urged Keene. "You shall not, I promise."

"Very well. We will rely on you. Be sure. Biber is here. He has paid for your services. But how much time have we?" "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

so, and reached his hand to Oliver, who caught him by the wrist. "We've done it, guv'nor," he said. "We're all right now—eh?" "Yes, I think so," the detective replied. "I know this part of the country. The village of Gantley lies yonder, and we should find a doctor there. We must have medical attention for young Normanby as soon as possible."

"No signs of consciousness yet?" "No, my boy, not yet."

"The big tree had drifted on, and was fading into the gloom; and the night was dark and dreary, and with the insensible young man, on a low, narrow wall of earth skirting a wide, shallow, and shallow, and it was a difficult task to perform, and they did not waste any time about it. They were carrying Harold Normanby between them, and for half a mile, pausing frequently to rest, they 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 was flanked on both sides by the village, and when they had passed several cottages they stopped by a gate. They were to have access to a garden. A brass plate was fixed to the gate, and on it was inscribed:

"There was some hope now that the designs of the Circle of Thirteen, and of their thwarted plans, would be frustrated, though the chance could not be far off. Dr. James Roper, roused from sleep by heavy pounding, tumbled out of his bed, and he was dressed in slippers. He descended the stairs with a lighted candle, and opened the door, and gazed in amazement at the sight before him. The step."

"We have been afloat on the flood," said Keene. "This poor fellow has been afloat, and he must be seen to at once."

Dr. Roper did not ask any questions. He nodded, and led the way to a room, and the doctor, and the man was placed on a couch. The physician then summoned a servant, and in the space of a quarter of an hour Harold Normanby had been stripped and rubbed, and wrapped in warm blankets.

Meanwhile, hot drinks had been prepared for Harvey Keene and the lad, and after a few minutes the doctor's efforts were in vain. The detective was not inclined to speak freely, but he related enough of the night's adventure to Dr. Roper, who was busy with his patient. Having thoroughly examined the patient, he tested his hearing and pulse, he forced some brandy between his lips.

"There is not much wrong with him," said Keene. "Not much!" Keene echoed eagerly. "Are you sure?" "That is my opinion, sir. I do not believe he will be able to rise, or injuries. There is a bruise on the young man's head, and that would account for his being unconscious, if there is any concussion of the brain it is very slight, and will wear off."

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

"I am sorry, but I need worry about that, sir. Inside of an hour he will probably be up." "The physician looked at him, and he added, "He is recovering now."

Harold Normanby had stirred. His face was white, and a ring of colour crept into his cheeks, and presently he opened his eyes, and gazed blankly around him.

"What ails me?" he murmured. "How did I get here? I—I can't remember—" "His eyes faltered, and his eyelids dropped again. Dr. Roper gave him a mild apoplexy, and then, with a word, he drew Oliver and the detective from the boat."

"The patient must not be disturbed," he said, in a low tone, "and he must be kept as quiet as possible to travel, and I will take you to Yarmouth in my car in time to catch the train at eleven o'clock."

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# THE CIRCLE OF 13

## BEING THE ADVENTURES OF HARVEY KEENE-DETECTIVE.

(Continued from previous page.)

"They hadn't the ghost of a chance in such a raging flood."

They entered the building, and mounted the stairs to a plainly furnished office on the first floor, where a clerk inspired their business, and then ushered them into a private room. Here, seated at a desk, was an elderly gentleman with clean-shaven, bald features. He rose from his chair, and bowed politely.

"Good morning, Mr. Bastable," he said, in a dry, crisp voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Drysdale," was the young man's greeting. "You have been expecting me, perhaps."

"You or your cousin, sir," Mr. William Drysdale replied. "Are you still without any knowledge of him?"

"Yes, unfortunately. His disappearance, you will believe, has been a great blow to me."

"It will mean everything to us," he went on, his pallid face brightening.

It was now between six and seven o'clock, and shortly afterwards the rescued man and his companions were on their way to Yarmouth in the pleasure car. The detective was swiftly covered, and they arrived in ample time at South Town Station, where they bade farewell to Dr. Roger, who wished them luck. They got a first-class compartment to themselves, and just before the train started Keene put his head out of the window and quietly drew out a note.

"That sounded of a landlord!" he muttered.

"Have you seen him?" asked Oliver.

"Yes, I had a glimpse of him on the platform."

"He was opening the door of a compartment at the rear."

"Were any of the gang with him?"

"I was sure about it, he is travelling up to town. I should judge, with the intention of accompanying that fellow Bastable to the lawyer's office. If so, he will fall into the trap."

"He is not a member of the Circle of Thirteen, from what I could gather," said Harold Normandy. "He is merely one of their tools."

"You are probably right," Keene answered, "but he must know a great deal about the band, and he may be induced to open his lips."

A port was slammed the carriage door. The guard waved his flag, the engine whistled, and the journey began.



Liverpool Street was reached at five minutes past eleven o'clock. The detective and his companions were in a first-class compartment, and they descended from it to the platform almost before the train had stopped. As rapidly as possible, lest they should be observed by Ben Grimson, they hastened through the barrier, and the big terminals into the noise and bustle of the mighty city. Keene hired a taxi-cab, and opened the door.

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

"Your Fate is Sealed!"

The day was the thirteenth of the month, towards the hour of noon when a taxicab, which had come from the Embankment through the ancient precincts of the City, stopped in front of one of the drab old buildings 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, a thin man, Harold Normandy, the landlord of the Falstaff Arms.

"We have nothing to fear. I support my argument by the strong man, when he had paid the driver."

"No, sir, you can take my word for it that all three of them were drowned last night," declared the landlord.

son he 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 lawyer spoke, a shuffling noise was heard, and from behind a tall screen at the rear of the office stepped Harold Normandy, followed by Harvey Keene and a plain-clothes constable.

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

For an instant a pin might have been heard to drop. Philip Bastable was ghastly white, and his eyes were blazing with rage and indignation. A savage imprecation burst from his lips, and he reached to his pocket for his revolver; but before he could draw it, his cousin sprang at him, and seized him by the arm.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "You are going to get what you deserve!"

The two grappled, and as they swung and fell, the constable joined in the struggle, and sprawled on top of them. Ben Grimson, who had been standing with consternation for a moment, now darted to the door, and flung it open. Keene started after him, and would have been able to prevent his escape had he not tripped over the shuffling group on 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, 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 the driver, and dashed after his man, who had fled down Villiers Street.

"I'll soon have him now," he thought.

Ben Grimson was too shrewd, however, to risk capture in this crowded little thoroughfare. A clamor was swelling behind him, and when he saw two constables hurriedly approaching him, he swerved aside, and rapidly ascended the steps leading to the narrow footpath that skirted 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 desperation.

"Hang you!" he snarled. "I'll cheat you yet! You don'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, as landed with a splash far below. Harvey Keene did not dream of abandoning the chase, did not hesi-

The oars dipped rapidly. Nearer and nearer glided the boat, and at length, when Harvey Keene's strength failed, still clinging to the oars, he reached for him, and he and his burden were dragged from the water. Through a mist he saw the face of a sergeant, bent his head.

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

The galley slid back to the floating police-station in the shadow of the famous Bridge of Sighs, where Keene and Ben Grimson received prompt attention. And in the course of an hour, warmed by hot drinks and provided with a dry blanket, the detective in a cab to Scotland Yard, accompanied 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 Falstaff Arms were closely questioned by the detective, and by the latter's friend, Inspector Drake. No information of any value could be gleaned from them, however, and their only hope of impunity in the kidnapping of Harold Normandy, stating that they had been persuaded to join in the plot by the man who had been the actual work. But they swore that they were ignorant of the real names of these men, and that they had no knowledge whatever of the existence of the Circle of Thirteen.

Threats, and offers of leniency, failed alike to do more from them. Were they sincere, or were they afraid to speak? Keene was inclined to believe that they had told the truth, and that 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 barren of results.

"I am certain that it is Grimson who murdered that poor fellow in any case," he reflected. "yet I cannot prove it. I can't put the rope around his neck. It is not much consolation to me to learn that the man and Philip Bastable will spend some years in prison."

The worst of it is that I am exactly where I was before. The Circle of Thirteen, their names and meeting-places, are shrouded in mystery. Doubtless they have considered the best way to let the landlord of the Norfolk inn, Jackals that are glad to snuff at bits of plunder; but they are too shrewd to let their identities be known to any of their henchmen.

"The members of the band—those men who are making a record in the annals of crime—are themselves huddled about with a ring of professional thieves, who are most difficult to break through. Not impossible, though. I have never failed in anything. I have undertaken, and recovered, a great many cases. I will put every man of this infamous crew behind iron bars!"



It was past midnight. Philip Bastable and Ben Grimson were tossing in anguish in their bed, and their coats, realising what their folly must cost them, and Harold Normandy and his wife, in a West End hotel, were discussing their future, and talking of the man to whom they owed their happiness.

It was a very quiet night, and only at fitful intervals did the rumble of a bus, or the glide of a taxicab echo from the street, and once or twice a dog barked for hours, and Harvey Keene, after smoking many pipes, and brooding over the events of the day, had fallen asleep in a log chair by the blazing fire.

When he awoke his pipe was on the floor, and the fire had burnt to ashes, and the room was so dark that he rose to his feet, yawning and stretching, and he was about to extinguish the lights when he perceived an open door lying flat on its side just inside of the door. He picked it up and tore it open, observing that it bore his name, and from it he drew a note which was written in blood red ink:

"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 THIRTEEN."

Keene shivered his shoulders. His lips curled in a sardonic smile, and he said to himself, "You shall see."

"We shall see," he murmured, "Yes, we shall see."

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

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

"Hang them!" he panted. "Why the deuce weren't they drowned?"

Meanwhile, Harvey Keene had taken 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 noise and movement of the street. By then, Ben Grimson had stepped into a taxi-cab, and it was carrying him swiftly westward. But he indignantly shoved his face to the window, and was seen by the detective, who found another cab almost at once, and jumped into it.

"That taxi in front!" he gasped.

"The green one—follow it! Don't be it get away!"

"Very good, sir," the chauffeur replied. "I'll do my best."

The fugitive had a good start, and Keene, tazing eagerly ahead, was in constant suspense. There was so much noise, so deafening a clatter of wheels and hoofs, that it would have been useless for him to shout. Fleet Street merged into the Strand. There was a distance of thirty or forty yards between the two vehicles, and it now lessened, now increased, as the traffic ticked and rattled.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered the detective. "It will be a great misfortune if I lose him!"

Wellington Street was passed, and



# AWAYED OUT!

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

**JIMMY SILVER & CO. BY OWEN CONQUEST.**

## THE 1st CHAPTER.

### In the Head of Night.

Boom!  
The stroke of one sounded heavily through the silence of the night.  
Rookwood School lay buried in slumber and slumber.  
At that hour, certainly, no one was supposed to be awake in the ancient edifice. The last light had long been extinguished, the last door had been closed, the most determined "snooze" had long ceased to burn the midnight oil.

On the "Modern" side all was as it should be—masters and boys were sound asleep. But on the "Classical" side, there was one who was wide awake—very wide awake indeed.

That one wakeful individual was Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Form. Jimmy Silver was sitting up in bed, while his Form-fellows lay sleeping round him. To tell the truth, Jimmy Silver had had hard work to keep awake so late. He had almost had to prop his eyelids open. But he had not succumbed. There was a most important enterprise fixed for that night.

It was an enterprise into which nearly all the Classical masters of the Fourth Form entered with heart and soul. And one o'clock was the hour for action. Jimmy Silver, with heroic self-sacrifice, had promised to remain awake and call the others when that hour struck. And he was still awake, which was very fortunate for the important enterprise, because the rest of the Fourth were sleeping 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 all about eleven—and then their breathing announced that they had glided away into the arms of Morpheus. But Jimmy Silver did not mind. He pinched himself hard, every now and then, when he felt drowsiness overcoming him. And he was very glad to hear the stroke of one boom through the night. He felt that he could not have "stuck it out" for half an hour longer.

The stroke had barely died away when Jimmy Silver was out of bed. He shivered a little—the March wind was cold. But before he began to dress, he proceeded to awaken the partners in the great enterprise. Lovell came out of the lantern dreams him gently but firmly by the hair.

"Goochoo!" said Lovell lucidly.  
"Get up, slacker."  
"Goochoo! Moochoo!" murmured Lovell sleepily. "Gerroff! Gerroff! That's ringing for me!"  
"Get up, slacker! It's one o'clock!"  
"Lemme lone! Goochoo!"

Jimmy Silver tightened his grasp upon Lovell's curly hair, and gave a tug. Then Lovell was broad awake. If he had been one of the celebrated Seven Sleepers, he could hardly have done better for the rest of the night.

"Yow!" roared Lovell. "Leggo, you thumping ass! Yow! My hat!"  
"Shush!" said Silver, warningly.  
"Do you want to wake up the whole house, you dummy? Do you want old Manders to drop on us?"

"You silly ass. No need to tug me out by the roots!" Yow! Look here, are you quite sure it's one o'clock?"

"Just struck!"  
"Well, I suppose we leave it till two o'clock?" said Lovell, blinking.  
"On second thoughts, two o'clock is even so much better than one—Yow, you ass! What're you at, you thumping ass?"

Bump! Lovell descended on the bed, tangled up his curly tresses, and lay struggling wildly with blankets and sheets, breathing vengeance. Jimmy Silver chuckled, and proceeded to the next bed.

bed was Raby's, and Raby had been awakened by Lovell's remarks. He blinked nervously at Silver.

"I say, Jimmy—"  
"You're awake! Out you come!"

"Just a minute, Silver! N-no hurry! I—I've been thinking that we'd better leave it till to-morrow night—it's jolly e-cold, and—if you don't leggo my ear, you beast, I'll kick you like thunder!" Oo-oo!"

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!"

Jimmy Silver took a sponge from the nearest washstand, and dipped it into a jug of water. Perhaps Newcome heard him, for he ceased snoring all of a sudden, and sat up in 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.

"That's better!" said Jimmy Silver approvingly. "Now wake up these other slackers. Lovell's made row enough to wake a giddy crenery, but they all seem to be asleep. Yank the beddles of 'em!"

"Turn out, you slackers!" growled Lovell. Now that Lovell was out of bed, he was justly indignant at so many slackers remaining between the sheets.

"I—I I say," said Jones minor, sitting up in bed. "I think, Silver, old man—if 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—Ooochoo!"

Jones minor "oochooled" 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 pronouncement.

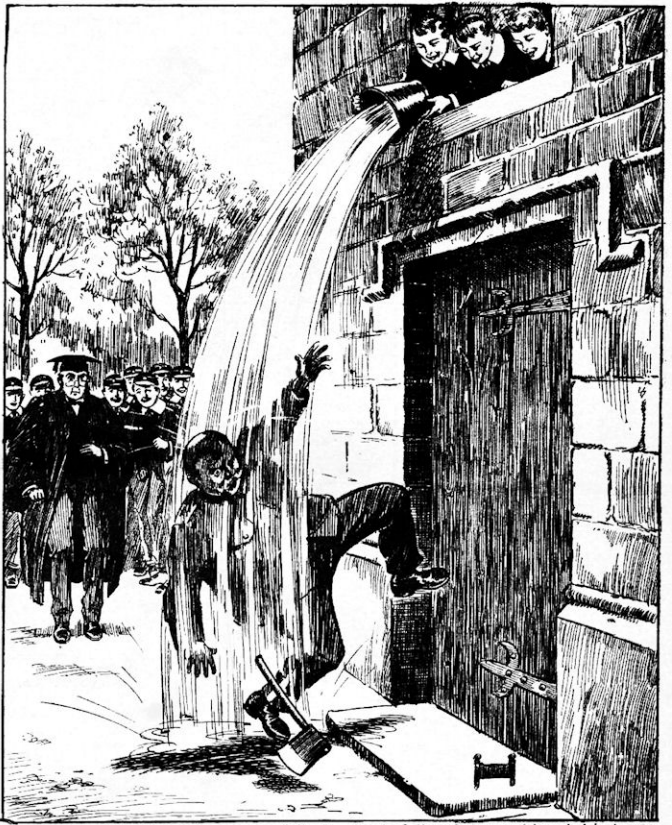
Jimmy Silver's drastic methods of awakening his Form-fellows were successful. The Fourth Formers were turning out now without waiting for the wet sponge. Only two remained in bed—Townsend and Topham, the two champion slackers of the Fourth.

"Look 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 Manders will get his hair off, and he'll report us to the Head when he comes back. I'm not going to have a hand in it now, you understand me. It's not going to have a—Gtroochoo!"

Townsend tumbled out, drenched with icy water. He glared furiously at Jimmy Silver in the gloom. Topham jumped out without waiting for the sponge, and the two slackers began to dress themselves sulkily.

The barring-out which had been devised one 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 have lost most of its charms. But there was no help for it. Jimmy Silver was inexorable—and now that they were all up, the Lovells and Raby and Newcome were equally determined. And the Fiscal Four were monarchs of all they surveyed on the Chester side in the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

"Back up, and get into your clothes," said Jimmy Silver; "we've got to be up by six, do you know? And don't make a row. If we're spotted, we're done. The prefects will come down on us like a wolf on the fold."



A bucketful of icy water was carefully thrust out of the window, and inverted just over Mr. Manders' head. "Yug-e-e-g-g-e!" exclaimed the sergeant, as the water drenched him from kettle to foot.

## The 2nd Chapter.

A barring-out! That was the important enterprise which had called the Fourth Formers from their beds that cold March night.

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 masters, the tyrants, as Jimmy Silver referred to them—would have no suspicion of what was going on till they turned out in the morning. And then they would find the rebels entrenched and prepared to defy all comers.

The rebels felt that they had justice on their side. They belonged to the Classical side of Rookwood. They felt an unbounded scorn for the Modern side, which was fully reciprocated by the Moderns, of course.

And they had been placed under the thumb of the Moderns. It was more than flesh and blood could be expected to stand, according to Jimmy Silver.

It happened that the masters on the Classical side had been the unhappy

victims of an onslaught by the demon influenza. They were either away or laid up in the sanatorium. It was natural that, under those circumstances, the Head should appoint the senior Modern master, Mr. Manders, to take his place during his absence. Even the Classical juniors admitted that much, but it wasn't natural that Mr. Manders should play the "giddy

truant."

The Fourth Form had been placed under a perfect while the Form-master was on the sick list. Mr. Manders had chosen a Modern prefect instead of a Classical, which was the first injury. And that prefect, Knowles, was a bully, and he had come down heavy on the Classical heroes.

And for ragging Knowles in the Form-room the whole body of Classical Fourth-Formers had been sentenced to a flogging, which was to take place in the morning in Big Hall before the whole school, and then they were to continue under the charge of Knowles, who, of course, would be more unpleasant than ever

"I think it's all rot!" mumbled Topham. "It's kikk-kik-cold. There'll be a fogging 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 surrender the rights of the Classic side against 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," said Jimmy Silver.

"Amen!" said Lovell. That prospect seemed to him, to say the least, doubtful. He could hardly imagine the Head of Rookwood approving of a barring-out under any circumstances.

"We're in the right, ain't we?" demanded Silver.

"Oh, yes, rather!"

"Well, then, that's enough. Buck up!"

And with a mingling of mumbling, grumbling, yawning, and snoring, the rebels of Rookwood hurried on their clothes in the dark darkness.



(Continued from previous page)

After the ragging they had given him. But Jimmy Silver & Co. did not mind that ragging to come off. For Classics to be flogged by a Modern master, and then bullied ad lib by a Modern prefect, was a little too thick. Hence the scheme of the barring-out.

In the morning, instead of the Classics coming meekly into Big Hall to allow Mr. Manders to go through his gymnastic exercises with the birch, they would be secure behind their entrenchments, to hold out till the tyrant came to terms—at least, that was the programme.

How the programme would work out was another matter. But, at least, the heroes of the Fourth were in a state of deadly determination. As for the scheme of the night, the rebels dressed themselves. The rest of the House was buried in silence. Only the Fourth were good harrers, the great enterprise. Jimmy Silver had great doubts about the other Forms backing them up. And the Fourth were the injured parties.

Townsend and Topham grumbled, but the rest were growing more cheerful as they moved quickly in the darkness.

"I think it's all right," Townsend said, "for the fourth or two of the time. Besides, how are we going to look 'em out?"

"Leave that to me," said Jimmy Silver seriously, as he faced his boots. "We can't bar 'em out of the House, as they're all in the House," Jimmy Townsend said, "but we can bar 'em out of the dorm. They'd jolly soon starve us out."

"Quite so," agreed Silver. "No good bar 'em out of the dorm."

"Well, the Form-room, then," said Townsend. "What's the good of barring ourselves in the Form-room?"

"Well, then, no grub there, in small watt my breaker; I know that."

"The Form-room's no good," agreed Jimmy Silver.

"Well, then, you ass—"

"Blessed if so where were going to look for the Form-room!"

"Then it's lucky you've got me to do the thinking for you," said Jimmy Townsend, "but what's all settled. We've got to select a place where we can hold out, and water had on, and grub for the lot."

"But there ain't such a place!" howled Topham. "You're talking out of your neck, you silly clump!"

"Falloo!" the tuckshop!

"My hat!"

"Oh, crumba!"

"Why, you—you maniac!" said Townsend, aghast. "Sergeant Kettle sleeps in the room over the tuckshop!"

"I know that."

"Well, then, do you think he'll let us bar 'em out of the place?"

"He won't be able to help it!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "We're going to collar him first."

"Oh, my word!" murmured Raby. "If anybody's got a better plan, I'll be glad to hear it. Jimmy Silver and Jimmy Townsend. 'If not, dry up.'"

There was a buzz of excitement in the dormitory now. Jimmy Silver's scheme was clearly "jumped" with the ideas of most of the juniors. The mere thought of having the free run of the dormitory was a great thing. But as old Kettle "went us collar him!" shrieked Townsend.

"How now?" We sha'n't ask his permission."

"And we can't take his tuck-shop courses 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 peace."

"Oh, crumba!"

"I tell you!" vociferated Townsend.

"Oh, dry up! You'll wake the House. You follows all ready?"

"I'm ready—y, ready!" chuckled Raby.

# BARRING-OUT

"Then come on. Gather up your bedclothes and your blankets."

"Bedclothes?" said Lovell. "Certainly! I shall want them to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night!" snorted Townsend. "Do you think it will last over to-morrow night, you fathead?"

"Why, yes. I'll get all the blankets, sheets, bolsters, and pillows. We shall need the pillows, especially if we're attacked."

"If he 'ba, 'ba, 'ba!"

The juniors cleared the beds, rolling up the bedclothes into bundles. That forethought on the part of Jimmy Silver was a proof that they had a good general indeed. Raby deduced acrimony that he was a regular Kitchener.

Laden with the bedclothes, the juniors crept cautiously out of the dormitory. Topham and Townsend, though grumbling, went with the rest. And on tiptoe, with immense caution, Jimmy Silver and his followers crept down the silent stairs.

## The 3rd Chapter. CAPTURED BY THE FORTRESS.

Save for the creaking of the stairs under the cautious feet of the juniors, there was no sound in the old building.

Silence and darkness surrounded them. The hearts of the Rookwood rebels were beating hard. It was a "Shut up a minute" should awaken and come out of his room, it was "all up" with the great enterprise.

"Jimmy Townsend, the captain of the school, had opposed them, they would have hesitated very much to "handle" him. But Jimmy Silver had passed the word that if Manders came along, Manders was to be "clucked out," temporary headmaster as he was. Fortunately for the rebels, however, the Modern master did not come along.

"The door reached the lower hall, and there there was a halt. The big door was locked, and there was no sign that way.

"Shut up a minute, after a moment's thought, led the way to the back of the House. All doors were secured, but Silver promptly opened a window.

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

"The clear starlight, the open air now, in the clear starlight. Still with cautious steps, they stole round the House and came out into the quadrangle. Then, like ghosts, they flitted away across the quad.

"The success so far had inspired them. The prospect of a good life in the tuckshop so far they had captured that fortress was still more inspiring. Excitement was growing.

"After all, the barring-out would be a success, at least, the fogging that was promised for the morning. That was something. Perhaps it wasn't nice, but it was a good thing. And events, there was no backing out. The Fiscal Four were determined that all the Classical Fourth should be barred out of the school, and they prepared to back up their arrangements with their fists, so there was no room for error. The school was a fact.

The school shop of Rookwood was on the ground floor of the old clock-tower. That tower was one of the oldest parts of Rookwood, and had long been disused. There was a new clock-tower on the Modern side—

"The clock-tower, they would say, with a snuff of contempt.

As a matter of fact, the new clock-tower had been standing for a quarter of a century. The old clock-tower had abandoned, the clock being long gone, and the top storey with it. The lower part of the building was tenanted by the clock-makers, and they had kept the tuckshop. A little diamond-paned window, with a few rats' eyes, looked out on the fact that the tuckshop was inside.

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

A better situation for "holding the fort" could hardly have been devised, for the walls of the old building were thick, of solid stone, the doors of ancient, heavy oak, and the windows, small and high, and defended by strong oaken shutters.

Once safely ensconced inside, the rebels would certainly be extremely difficult to get at, indeed some of the bolder spirits were of opinion that they could hold out there "for ever" if they were not certainly have a record in sieges.

The chief difficulty lay in the fact that Sergeant Kettle was in the occupation of the cellars. Doors and windows were fastened.

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

A Hooker suggested summoning the sergeant to surrender. The suggestion was met by a snort from Sergeant Kettle who was an old non-commissioned officer of the Buffs, and the Buffs never surrendered. Besides, the sergeant was a very careful and methodical man. There was another point.

"Suppose we chuck it?" and Townsend.

"Bill him, somebody," said Silver. "There was a help from Townsend.

"Well, what's to be done, Silver?" demanded Lovell. It was evidently up to Jimmy Silver to decide.

Lovell, who as it happened was the Classical leader in the Fourth, left it to him. But Jimmy 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. "If it would make a row, Silver, and down. So we've got to bring the old Kettle down—but he won't open the door."

"But—but he won't open the door!" said Raby.

"Oh, yes, he'll come. You fellows get into cover. Keep back behind the door, and when I give the signal, you make a rush!"

"Yes, but—"

"Get into waiting time," said Silver. "Oh, 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 room. The pebble clinked to the ground with another clink.

"Clink, clink, clink, clink!"

Pebble after pebble rattled on the window of the room above. The fifth missile cracked a pane. Jimmy Silver had no doubt that the window would wobble up sooner or later, and he was right. The old tower was at a safe distance from the tuckshop, and being hard there. After about five minutes bombardment of the window, the window was broken, and the red face of Sergeant Kettle looked out.

"My head—My head! Hello!" He stared down at Jimmy Silver, the only member of the army visible to him.

"Hello, sergeant!" said Silver. "We are you doing outer bed at this time of night?" demanded the sergeant, and when he saw that he was in a danger of the sounds being heard there. After about five minutes bombardment of the window, the window was broken, and the red face of Sergeant Kettle looked out.

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"Well!"

"I say, sergeant, it is true that you did not succeed in waking the sergeant, because you couldn't keep awake on duty?" asked Jimmy Silver innocently.

"Which I never was captured by the Boers, and well you know it!" roared Sergeant Kettle.

"Did you run, as you say, sergeant?"

"It ran away," spluttered the sergeant. "You wait a minute, you young villain! You wait till I come!"

The sergeant disappeared from the window. Jimmy Silver chuckled slyly. It 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 extraordinary creak 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 step could be heard on the stairs.

"Wait till I whistle, you fellows!" whistled Jimmy Silver.

"Right!"

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

"You young rascal!" snorted Sergeant Kettle. "I'll march you out, but you'll get the smell of your neck, and report you, that's what I'll do!"

"You're a prisoner of war, but if you give your parole, we'll set you free."

"Young raskis—"

The sergeant made a rush at the juniors, but they dodged promptly, and smitted at the same moment a shrill whistle. There was a rush of feet, and a swarm of pebbles flew in on the astonished sergeant. Before he knew what was happening, a dozen pats of lands were flying in on his head, and he was bumped on the ground.

"Get him!"

"Sit on him!"

"Yes! Lemme go! Gerroff! Wat the thimder—!" gasped the astonished sergeant. As a matter of fact, he was being pelted with pebbles.

"Bring him in!" said Jimmy Silver. "Eep!" roared the sergeant. "Eep! Oo! Gerroff—oo-oo!"

A hand was clapped over the sergeant's mouth, and the great of the whole crowd, he was rushed back into the tower. He collapsed on the floor, and the four juniors, timing on him to secure him, and Jimmy Silver promptly closed the door and locked it.

"Eep!" said Silver.

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

"Lemme go! If you don't gerroff—let go, I say! I—I—I—!" the sergeant was a powerful man, but he struggled and swung under so many assaults. He simply hadn't a chance.

"It's all right, sergeant," said Jimmy Silver, soothingly. "We're not going to hurt you."

"I'm me!" mumbled Sergeant Kettle. "I'm me! Why, you young raskis!"

"You see, it's a harring-out, and we want this place," said Jimmy Silver.

"My head!"

"You're a prisoner of war, but if you give your parole, we'll set you free."

"Young raskis—"

"Will you give your parole?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"No! No! I won't! I'll report you! I'll go and call Mr. Manders at once, and report you!" howled the sergeant.

"That settles it! The him up!"

"You tie me up! Why—I—I—I—!" Wailed the sergeant. He struggled furiously, and the grinning juniors had to exert themselves to hold him down.

"You've got plenty of cord in the shop!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver hurried into the shop and returned with a coil of cord, and reined his chums. The sergeant was still struggling, though Lovell was sitting on his back, and he kept him quiet. Jimmy Silver passed the cord round the sergeant's wrists, which were dragged round his neck, and the grunting gentlemen's ankles were secured.

"Then the panting juniors released him, and he came down to the floor, gasping and blinking in speech-

less wrath. But he found his voice soon, and yelled for help. Only one yell escaped him—then a handkerchief was put to his mouth, and he gurgled into silence.

"Awfully sorry, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver affably. "Can't be helped. It's in your time. We're at war, you know—and in war time you civilians have to suffer!"

"Sergeant Kettle looked as if he would have a fit of apoplexy. To be tied hand and foot was an outrage, certainly, but to be cast a civilian—that was the last straw.

"But as you're a non-combatant—"

"Going to be a soldier's life," said Silver. "We can't spare your grub! That's commanded, 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 sergeant did not take it calmly, and he did not look happy. But he was secure, and the juniors left him wriggling in his bonds.

"The sergeant, corrected again, and Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered in the bundles of bedclothes. There was no sound from the direction of the rebels' quarters, so they were confident they had plenty of time to prepare for the siege—which was certain to commence in the morning.

## The 4th Chapter. IN GARRISON.

"These tarts are jolly good!"

"So's this ginger-pole!"

"And this cream puff!"

"Yes, rather!"

The Fiscal Four had made a tour of inspection, looking for the defenses. When they came back to the ground floor, they found the rest of the army in the tuckshop. The sergeants, and the juniors were sampling the stock. It was a new and very agreeable experience to the rebels.

"Without paying anything. The rebels were making the most of it."

"Chuck that!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You're grizzling because we didn't come here to gorge!"

"Oh, no!" said Hooker. "We've considered the supplies, haven't we?"

"Jolly good tarts," said Jimmy Silver. "Have some, Silver, and don't pay."

"We've got to keep count of all we eat, and pay for 'em afterwards!"

"Good idea!" agreed Jones. "You fellows can pay. I haven't a penny."

"Townsend can stand treat for the lot of us," said Hooker. "Towny's got a lot of money."

"Catch me," said Townsend disdainfully.

"We shall have to chub 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 besieged here for weeks and weeks. Now how many tarts have you eaten?"

"Lemme see, six—or seven—or—no!" said Jones junior.

"Lovell burst into a laugh.

"Not much good keeping count," said Jimmy Silver. "You're going a chap going all day. Better pay in a lump afterwards for what's gone."

"You'll have to hand our resources," said Jimmy Silver.

"To what?"

"Your husband's resources," said Silver.

"You got that out of a newspaper," said Raby suspiciously.

"Chub this guzzling!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We've got work to do."

"Rats!" said Hooker. "You can do the work while we look after the provisions. You're leader, ain't you?"

"You're the leader, ain't you?"

"You don't often get a chance like this!"

"Chuck it, I tell you!"

"Rats!"

"Morty, 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, chaps!"

"Here we are, old chap!"

"Ginger-pole this!"

"The Fiscal Four glared at the mutineers. Rebelling against Mr. Manders was all very well, but rebel-ling against the rebel leaders was quite another matter. The great

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(Continued from the previous page)

BARRED OUT!

Leaders of the Fourth were not to be led in this way. Discipline had to be maintained, and the supplies of 'grub' had to be taken care of. Jimmy Silver picked up a soda-siphon.

had failed to put in an appearance, and towards breakfast-time Bulkeley said at a visit to their dormitory, thoughtfully taking a can with him; and then he simply jumped as he saw that the dormitory was empty, and that the beds were not only unoccupied, but stripped of all their coverings.

"What's that?" "Where the thunder can they be?" said Bulkeley at last. "None of the other kids seem to know. They can't have cleared off; the gates haven't been opened."

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The angry and indignant old warrior nodded off at last, and slence and slumber reigned in the fortress of the rebels of Rookwood.

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**The Opening Chapters of a Tale of Weird and Thrilling Adventure, full of amazing scenes, which will hold the reader spell-bound from start to finish.**

### THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DICK MANLEY, his sister NELL, and a lad named JIM KLUX, are on the Yorkshire moor, when a terrible earthquake takes place, and Nell is thrown down a tremendous gulf. Dick sees that it is impossible for him to rescue her, and sends Jim Klux to fetch assistance.

Eager to get to his sister's side, Dick works his way down a crack in the cliff. It is a perilous journey, and the lad is forced to stop on a ledge some hundred yards from the bottom of the chasm.

Jim returns to Dick, and after an adventure with a terrible monster which comes out of a cave at the bottom of the newly-formed gulf, Jim goes off once again to warn his father. Dick waits on the ledge alone, and at length observes a band of wild-looking figures approach and carry Nell off. He shouts at them, but is knocked unconscious by a stone hurled by one of the savages.

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 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.

Talking in low voices, for all felt woe by the seriousness of the work before them, Professor Klux, his son Jim, and Dick Manley waited impatiently whilst the rays of the sun crept deeper and deeper into the chasm of the Sunken Moor.

The professor had been far too excited to think of food and drink. But Jim had brought some hastily stretched-up viands, to which even Dick, despite his anxiety regarding his sister's fate, did ample justice.

Again and again Manley urged his companions to descend the precipice and begin their eventful journey, but, though fearless to the point of foolhardiness, Professor Klux never jeopardised an expedition by undue wild speculation.

Dick was somewhat mystified by the frequent references father and son made to the arms, ammunition, provisions, and other necessities for a long journey they expected, for so far as he knew, the only way into the Sunken Moor was the crevice down which they had come, and he was at a loss to understand how they were to be obtained.

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

Fastening one end of a long rope Jim had brought, slung over his shoulder, to a projecting spur of rock, Professor Klux threw the coil over the edge of the ledge.

Eager to be the first to begin to search for his sister, Dick Manley sprang forward, but as the professor's huge hand fell on his shoulder, and he was snarled drawn back.

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

the rope and swung himself over the edge.

"Don't dare 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 red-bearded head had disappeared from view.

Flashed with anger at being treated like a child, Dick sprang forward to follow, but Jim Klux motioned him back.

"Better do as the governor says. Pays in the end," he advised.

Dick hesitated, then, realising that he could not force his way past Jim, who, his rifle ready, was kneeling against the rope, he drew back and stood, fuming with impatience, by his side.

Presently he saw that the professor had reached the foot of the slope which lined the base of the precipice, and had unslung his gun, a large elephant rifle carrying explosive bullets, which now but a man of his Herculean build could have wielded with ease, and with a wave of his hand to the boys, he walked swiftly towards the further end of the Sunken Moor.

Now and again he would stop to survey the ground with eager curiosity. Once Dick's patience was severely tried when he saw him drop on his knees and commence measuring some marks or indentations which had attracted his attention.

But each time he would start upright, as though he had suddenly remembered his errand, gazed regretfully at Dick, then continue on his way, until at last he was lost to sight beyond a bend in the irregular outline of the chasm.

A minute later he reappeared and beckoned the boys to join him, but without turning his face from the direction in which he had come.

Dick said so quickly down the rope that the palms of his hands felt as though they had been branded with red-hot iron, but Jim followed more cautiously.

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

Kendrick Klux shook his head. "Didn't expect to," he returned shortly. Adding, with a kindness for which Dick Manley would scarcely have given him credit: "Don't worry, lad. The caverns have retreated, when they came, but they will not hurt her."

"Where have they gone?" asked Dick.

"Not even as the question passed his lips his eyes fell upon a jagged, cavernous arch, which opened into the precipice some quarter of a mile from where they stood.

He took a step towards it, but ere he could take a second, Kendrick Klux seized him by the wrist, and, turning him round, looked sternly into his face.

"My son and I are going to explore that cave. Whatever your account is, you must return to the surface depends upon yourself," 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 sullenly.

"As I'm your elder, and have as many brains in my little nog as you have in your whole body, you must give me your word to obey me

instantly and without question," declared Klux.

Dick Manley hesitated, but, heartily though he disliked the professor, there was a strength and determination in every line of his uncorrupt but muscular frame and a dominating power in his unforgotten cleverness which made him the most unpopular but most entirely trusted man in all the scientific world. So, realising that he would prove an invaluable ally in his search for Nell, he gave a reluctant consent.

### The 6th Chapter.

"And now let us start," cried Dick Manley, when he had given the required promise.

"For answer Professor Kendrick Klux pointed to a depression in the ground, some two feet wide by three in length and several inches deep, from the outer edge, which was scoured as though by a giant rake.

"Even your immature brain ought to be able to grasp the fact that the land where the boat that left that footprint and the cavern dwell must

be of considerable size, and that we cannot live on air or fight such beasts with a pocketful of cartridges. We must have proper equipment."

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 in dismay.

"It might have caused delay if you had not been lucky enough to have a man of brains like myself in the neighbourhood. As it is, as soon as Jim—who, being my son, is not quite such a fool as the rest of mankind—explained what had happened, and I described 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.

Following the direction in which the professor was looking, Dick was astonished to see that a kind of derrick had been erected on the summit of the cliff, from which hung what looked like a tiny strip of cloth, terminating in a small square box.

"And here comes our baggage," continued the professor as the dangling object was detached from the end of the spar. "What an earth as 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 swiftly-moving arms and legs.

In open-mouthed astonishment he watched the prodigy 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, freckled, frightened face, surrounded by a mop of hair of a blazing red which quite put the professor's auburn locks into the shade, while the owner of the head was going through the actions of a practised swimmer.

"It's Pat Ryan!" shouted Dick, rushing forward as the chest came to rest within a dozen yards of where they stood.

"Glory be! Is it alive I am, or kilt entirely?" gasped Ryan. "Oh, Master Dick, darlint, when I jumped on to that contraption and felt myself falling, leaving the rest of my interior behind, thinks I to myself, Pat Ryan, ye omadhain, it's bound for another land to ye."

"But who made you do such a mad thing, man?" thundered Professor Klux, glaring at Pat as though 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 old mother wasn't awaiting for her son to dig her out of the ruins. Then I hears that the little-collared had been carried away by the heathen savages, and that Master Dick was a-goin' to find her, with a clever gentleman like yourself to help him, sorr. Seem'd as how Master Dick and I ha' been more like brothers, in a way of speakin', than square's son and stable-boy. I made so bold as to think that I might go with ye, seeing as how I'm an Orish lad as don't care for savages, nor moidin' as walks the land or swims in the sea."

Professor Klux stroked his beard as he looked thoughtfully at the eager-faced young Irishman.

"All right. You can come. We want somebody to help carry the baggage, and you'll do as well as a four-footed ass," he said abruptly.

(Continued on the next page.)

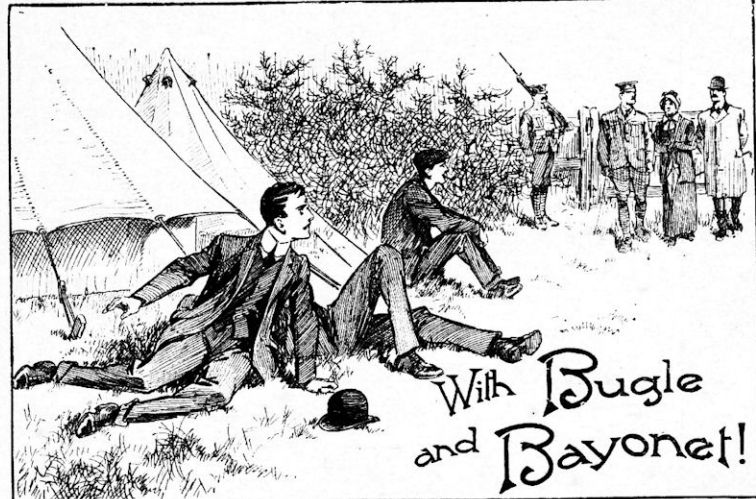


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THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR GREAT TALE OF MILITARY LIFE. BY BEVERLEY KENT.



Tom Bevan felt the blood ebbing from his heart as he gazed at the woman and man who were approaching in his direction. He recognised them at once. Why had they come to the camp? he wondered.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS

TOM BEVAN, and his sister, ETHEL, are alone in the world. They have great difficulty in paying their way, and at last Tom decides to swallow his pride and to go and ask help from his uncle, JOSHUA HEPSTONE, who has never shown any interest towards him and his sister.

He knocks at his uncle's door, and, receiving no answer, walks in. Arrived at the sitting room, he is surprised to see his uncle lying dead on the floor, and an open caskbox on the table. Before he can move, Tom hears 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 the house, and at the same time observes a woman gazing at him from a window opposite.

In order to escape detection, Tom says good-bye to his sister, promising to write to her through the papers, and joins the Army. He is waiting to enter the train which is to take him to camp, when he observes a man reading the report of the murder in 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 Tom enters the train, it is brought home to him that Ralph Nickson is after him, and is intent upon exposing him. He is safe for the moment, however, but how will it all end?

(Not read on)

The 4th Chapter

The Workings of Fate.

Struggling to regain his self-control, Tom sat huddled in a corner as the train drew out of Waterloo, peered across the points and gatheted round. With ever increasing momentum it flashed with a will through Clapham Junction, shot past Earlsfield and Whitehall, and plunged into the gloom beyond.

By then Tom had partly recovered his nerve. His danger for the time, at least, was over, perhaps it had gone for ever. Ralph Nickson was the only one who could identify him as the man wanted by the police for the murder of his uncle, old Joshua Hepstone; and, more than likely, Nickson would not be able to find out the destination of the train where a young fellow, very smartly dressed, was sitting up, straight as a rod

between two mechanics lounging on either side of him, their hands in their pockets. In the far corner, 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 clothing, his threadbare coat buttoned tightly across his broad chest, and twirling a large moustache and favouring each of his companions in turn with a scrutinizing stare 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 eyes blinking; one man had fallen asleep.

Except for the voluble coster, the shaver was unbroken. All were tired, the excitement had died away; none knew what would happen when they reached their unknown destination. Suddenly the hawk-eyed man started all of a remark.

"I reckon we'll run out into a tidy hot-section, enough," he remarked.

All stared at him. Even the coster was so taken aback as to become dumb for the instant.

"What's a section?" the fair-haired lad asked, looking over the rim 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 coster cried.

"I served my time and passed out. No need for me to repeat unless, I liked," he said. "But even the old warhorse picked up his ears at the blare of the bugle!" "I'm just puzzling out how I'll start to look you up shape if I get my stripes!"

"I thought Sergeant Farby was having that job," the coster explained.

"He'll have his bit, and there'll be others under him and over him, and I hope as an old soldier to get my money grained." There'll be so many over you, that at first you'll be fair dazed, more especially as you won't do any thing right, even with luck. You'll begin to wonder if you're on your level or your heels, you're being barked at just to make you feel wild, if it ain't all a silly game you've been set to play. And if you open your mouth back-well, take my tip and keep it closed. It's the shut mouth that gets promotion before all else, so you mustn't forget that."

The recruits were sitting forward, eager to hear more, and none more anxious than Tom. He held forward his tobacco pouch to the hawk-eyed man, who had drawn a pipe from his

pocket and was turning the empty bowl around on his finger.

"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 laccy—think!" I've run short."

"And mine is Tom Bevan—Brooks!" Tom added hurriedly.

"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 Huns are behaving in Belgium my blood just boiled!" I only hope I'll be strong enough to hold out!"

"Why, bless your life, you've got the pluck, and back everything!" replied a man named Parker.

The feeling of comradeship was growing stronger every minute amongst the recruits; all awkward had passed. They began to chat to one another across the length of the carriage.

The old stories, laughed, cracked jokes, and had joined in a chorus and were singing heartily when the brakes were suddenly clapped on, and the grinding wheels were bringing the train to a stop.

"We're coming into a station, and I guess the journey is over," Hopkins suggested, knocking the ash out of his pipe. "Now, I wonder where we are, and why they're going to do with us. This ain't Aldershot, 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 wayside station, Sergeant Farby was talking to a tall man in khaki standing under a gas-pip, and the sergeant presently saluted, wheeled round and came down the platform.

"Shove along, shove along, out into the road!" he commanded.

"No chance of getting you into formation here. Look sharp! At the double! Hurry along!"

The recruits moved off, some walking in ranks, some running; those who lagged got the sharp edge of the sergeant's tongue. They came out into the dark road, and corporals who had borrowed the porter's lanterns walked up and down whilst Farby lined them up. The tall man in khaki was an officer; they could see that from his shoulder strap.

"I thought you said your name was Brooks," Tom replied, and he nudged the newcomer.

"Parker whistled softly.

"That's not of my business what your name is! Many a good 'un has changed his name, and I've seen the Colours and that don't matter. A soldier's record begins from the day of enlistment, and that's only fair!"

Tom had flushed red, and was gratified that the darkness hid his change of colour. His heart had again become heavy as he had seen the pale figure pursuing him to a tragic end!

Free of Nickson, he had now been recognised by a man who would be with him always, and by this time all of his knew.

For he did not like Hugh Barfield; he had met him first through a friend, and from that time he had followed Barfield in his way from time to time of an evening.

Barfield was very intelligent, and Tom had tried to make himself pleasant, but there was something indefinable about him that rubbed Tom up the wrong way. Somehow he had never felt he could quite trust him.

Barfield, after being nudged by Tom, laid stared at him, but had snubbed an exclamation. He did not speak again. Every moment Tom became more and more nervous. Sergeant Farby shouted the orders, and the recruits moved off, some keeping step, others not even trying. A corporal, walking alongside the officer in front, swung his lantern to the left, and Tom so that those following might get a glimpse of the road and avoid tripping.

Bumping together often, the recruits jostled along. They passed a village church and came to a green. Swinging round to the left, they went down the village street, the lights from the windows here and there giving a hint of warmth and comfort.

They came to a red brick building, halted. Here were two dozen civilians gathered in a group around a bonfire.

"So you've got your flock at last, Hutton," one said, and from his manner it was evident that he held a leading position in the village.

"We've been through the list of billets you made to-day, and we'll swap you first and last, and I'll show him each house as we come. Hutton, and get that first, and I'll show him each house as we come. Hutton, and get that first, and I'll show him each house as we come. Hutton, and get that first, and I'll show him each house as we come."

The sergeant began at the top of the list. "He pushed forward a large sheet of paper, and he shouted to those behind to fall in in the same order as they themselves together. Breaking away when they had formed a line, they moved off, already anxious to obey orders and to offer making the easiest road. The recruits crowded up to the top of the line; Parker, tucked under his moustache, and chucking softly, was next in line; next to Parker on his right stood Charlie Somers, and suddenly a recruit, looking for a place, jumped against Tom.

"There's only three of you—I make the fourth," he said. "Nice sort of stand this—oh! They might have had some good fellows come over here! What do they think we're made of? We'll encourage them to follow to—"

"He stopped.

"Why, if you ain't Tom Bevan," he cried. "Well, how would you have thought of seeing you here?"

Parker bent forward, and gazed fixedly at Tom.

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"Put them through light gymnastics; we'll start drill after breakfast. Farby, get the recruits lined 'em all to keep step, if you can. They look a ragged lot."

They came out into the field and across to the far side. There Mellows extended them in two ranks, and the work began. The other squads had brought in their own quarters, a quarter of an hour ringing orders from all directions across the stillness.

Then suddenly fierce cries from

"We'll have them all indoors inside half an hour, and then you're to come with me and have some grub, so you've had a hard day. It's about a year you got a rest."

The recruits were split up into squads, just as they were in the green. Tom and his batch marched off together along the road for another quarter of a mile, and then down a side street. As every door was closed, out of the third house he walked in with Parker, Charlie Somers, and Barfield.

A hot meal was ready for them, and sitting round the table, they ate ravenously. Then they were thrown into a room where the beds had been made upon the floor. Parker undressed and lay down. Old campaigners that he was, he soon adapted himself to his new surroundings.

Charlie Somers, tired out, followed his example, and Tom and Barfield sat under the window.

Barfield took an evening paper out of his pocket and began to read it. Of course, containing the news of the old Josiah Hepstone's murder. 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 stifled 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, wide-eyed and wretched, asked himself. His position was untenable. Barfield only had to speak, and Tom's fate was sealed. The miserable lad could not even groan, for fear of arousing attention. He lay there, still, his mind in agony, seeking comfort, and not able to find any. The minutes passed, and still he lay there. Could he endure this torture till morning? he asked himself.

For he felt certain that rest would bring with it some relief. He lay in splendid health, exhausted by all he had gone through. Nature claimed her debt, his eyes closed, and he fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly he started violently only a few minutes later, as he thought. Someone was banging at the hall door, and a strident voice was hailing.

"Reveille! Reveille! Tumble out! Tumble out!"

He sat up, bewildered. Daylight was streaming into the room. The voice was growing distant down the street. Charlie Somers, sitting up on the other side of the bed, was staring in amazement, too; Parker was already dressing; Barfield still lay his.

"Jump up, Brooks! Jump up, Somers! He, there, Barfield, roll out and look sharp, or you'll get into a hot place, as you call it. We've five minutes. That's to say—"

Tom sprang to his feet, and began to dress eagerly. Whatever the day was going to bring him, he would start it, anyhow, as a soldier should. Charlie Somers followed his example, and Barfield grumbled sulkily.

Parker was at the top of the street as Tom dashed out of the house and sprinted after him; Charlie Somers made a good third. They ran along at a steady pace, the sergeant hurrying to the green. Sergeant Farby was standing there as cool and as fresh as if he had just risen. Half a dozen corporals were with him. "Take 'em into squads as they come along, and get the recruits lined up. March 'em along the road, till you get to the big field on the right, where you'll find the captain waiting. Then you've got to march off with your kit, wait on here to round up the lagsards."

Mellows 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. Captain Hutton, standing by the gate, took the corporal's salute, and eyed the recruits with professional keenness.

Then suddenly fierce cries from

# THE BULL & BAYONET!

(Continued from previous page.)

different quarters arose, but the recruits facing Mellows were unable to see the cause of the excitement. They thought it was a mere commingled laughter. Tom and his comrades longed to turn their heads, but they were standing at attention. Yet something undoubtedly had gone wrong; the laughter died away, and now to the tumult was added the crashing of a whip and the galloping of hoofs.

"Head him off! Head him off!" Mellows at first had looked towards the scene of the uproar and had only just smiled. He had looked towards the recruits, but as moments passed his face became more grave, heavily a young farmer, mounted on a fine horse, breasted the ditch facing the recruits, and came galloping past, the mud from his horse's hoofs splashing many of the squad, as cracking a whip, he dashed along within a few feet of the recruits. Then he turned.

"Look out, there! Look out!" Mellows had passed in the middle of the extreme, the recruits were standing with arms outstretched. Behind them the third of hoofs had ground loudly. Suddenly the corporal shouted:

"Scatter, lads! Scatter!" he cried. The recruits turned round. The sight became more grave, heavily a young farmer, mounted on a fine horse, breasted the ditch facing the recruits, and came galloping past, the mud from his horse's hoofs splashing many of the squad, as cracking a whip, he dashed along within a few feet of the recruits. Then he turned.

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Breakfast was ready, and they gathered round the table. Barfield hurried in, expressing a hope that they had not discovered everything, and Tom did not dare to look at him. Little was said during the meal. The fresh morning air and the exercises had obliterated 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 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 surprise even to himself how quietly his heart was beating. He had gone through the worst. Even arrest now was preferable to the terrible suspense hanging over him. He might be found guilty of the horrible crime he had not committed; he might have to pay the utmost penalty of the law. If that was so, he would die an innocent 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 morning to the police," he replied. "But I've known you for a good time, and I can't believe you would be guilty of such an appalling crime."

"Then you think I'm innocent?" "I'm your friend, and I like fair play," Barfield said. "I would be glad to hear what you can say."

"I can't say anything much. I was at my uncle's house. I found him dead when I got there." Tom said hoarsely. "Just at that moment a man came to the door, and I got a fright, for I saw my uncle's empty cashbox on the table. He had been 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 the truth."

"You do believe you, but a jury wouldn't," Barfield insisted. "Until 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 bound another down. Besides, I like you. I'll keep silent, and I think, in return, you ought to help me."

Tom drew a deep breath. "That's a awfully good of you," he said. "I'm more grateful than I can tell you. Of course, I'll be under suspicion until the villain is caught, but I have the feeling that he will be some day. Every chance I get I'm going to work hard to track him. In time I may succeed."

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 last, free from taxes, free to create 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-coms who had ever served, adopted a different tone from the one he had shown in the morning.

His orders came more crisply; there was a certain sharpness in his reproofs; 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, he was training their ears, their eyes, and their brains as much as their hands and arms.

Sometimes at the "Stand easy!" he scattered along the ranks, talking quite as a friend.

"You fellows are keen to learn," he said once. "I see there's good metal in you. Then sling every ounce of brains you have into tackling this job. You must become quite ten times better than you ever were in your civil life—and I don't care how smart you have been at the desk—before you'll be anything but a soverly useful man."

It was all very interesting, though at times very vexatious. To which he was the right, he number one before your turn, to move when the command came to form fours, and when it was your duty to stand still; to

commented on many a battlefield; with a lighter and song the village awoke from its slumber, and in another hour at night; the half battalion was setting down, and Captain Hutton, in command, with Sergeant Farley, looked happy.

"They'd do sergeant!" he said. "Dad followed day in the same order, the first sergeant in another day. The recruits were looking forward to their first route-march, when word came from the village that another one hundred men were being sent to make the battalion up to full strength. This necessitated a big change; the village could not accommodate more—a candidate to be selected. One was chosen a mile from the village; tents were set up. He lived here, and the tents pitched—the camp became self-supporting."

Half a dozen young officers of the Reserve joined Captain Hutton and took command of the companies; a fresh batch of non-coms came with the new troops, and military life began in earnest.

During those days Tom had seen very little of Barfield. His time off duty was spent with another soldier, and Charlie Somers. He had made other friends, too, but none so close as these. But now Barfield came to him.

"See here, Brooks," he said pleasantly, "you get on very well with your first sergeant, don't you? Sergeant Farley. I think you could do me a good turn. All this drill is horribly boring to me, and I wish I had a job in the order. You'd think of you put in a good word for me, I would get taken on."

Tom promised to try, and spoke to Corporal Mellows.

"Humph!" the corporal said. "The orderly-room is rather a ticklish sort of a department to get into. Still, if you see you know Barfield well, and that he is straight, that's enough for me. Just see if Sergeant Farley 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 I'll prove him self. For my sake, see if you can do anything for me. I've had a dread foreboding would come over him; some instinct would seem to warn him. In the morning his fears evaporated. With a merry crowd of gallant comrades, it was impossible to be depressed for long."

So three weeks passed from the day that Tom had seen his old friend. He had enlisted at once. Sergeant Farley, after church parade he was being stretched on the grass close to the lines, with Captain Hutton's arm round his side, when the latter laughed, and pointed towards the gate.

"Our first visitors since we came into camp."

Tom lazily turned his head.

Captain Hutton had passed the sergeant, and was conducting a man and woman in the direction of the orderly-room. At first Tom eyed them casually. Suddenly he sat up, only to find himself in the direction of the orderly-room.

He had seen that woman's face. Ay, and peering from a window from the other side of the gate. He had seen that man! He was the man who had knocked at his door, with Farley's offer of a home to go away, who had chased him afterwards. Yes, he could not be mistaken. He had seen them both, and they had seen him.

Why had they come here? There could be but one reason. And that was that they had seen his name clear as a bell, came across with the wind.

"Ah, yes, I remember reading about the murder of my uncle," he said. "It was a shocking business. And you say the police believe that the second Lord Bevan was the man who shot Thomas Bevan! Well, well, come along, and have a look round."

Parker sat up, a puzzled look on his face.

"Thomas Bevan! I seem to remember the name," he said. "Wasn't there an up-and-down station where the station who said—'Great Scott!'"

And he hurried after Captain Hutton, leaving Tom shaking like a leaf.

(Will Tom be denounced as the murderer of his uncle? Is it recognized by the visitors there is nothing that can save him? Don't miss next Monday's stirring instalment.)



The bull singled out Tom, and dashed straight at him. The lad saw the great horns, the bloodshot eyes, and the massive chest, and, keeping his presence of mind, he whipped off his coat and ran at the bull's head. The next moment he crashed 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 instinctively turned towards the village, towards the police-station.

"Where are you going?" Barfield 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."

Tom did not answer as they walked along.

"You saw me reading the newspaper last night?" Barfield suggested.

"Would you like me to show you what it is?"

"I know," Barfield said. "It's a terrible accusation," he said. "Was it on that account that you enlisted?"

"Yes."

"And do you hope to dodge the police?"

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 once!"

"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 cordially.

"You may get the chance. I can't say more at present."

"You may rely on me," Tom answered from his heart. "Though how a chap in my position."

Barfield laughed.

"You may rely on me," Tom answered from his heart. "Though how a chap in my position."

Barfield laughed.

He turned away, leaving Tom gazing across the field, his eyes light in his eyes, his heart buoyant again and full of gratitude. And as Barfield hurried away he chuckled.

"What luck he muttered. "I've got him in my grip! Through him, in time I'll learn all I've enlisted to know."

The 6th Chapter. Visitors to the Camp.

laugh at a comrade's blunder on moment, and to make a worse one the next.

And when the recruits' nerves began to be ragged Mellows' voice thundered most and he assumed the greatest wrath.

Tom was now, his face beaming as he puffed away happily. He asked their names, and showed that his own memory was not infallible as he spoke of the names of the men of his own home.

Bit by bit he drew them on 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 non-coms were quite pleasant fellows, and made it plain that they were only anxious to help; the first realisation of where military means was awaking in their mind.

Though tired out, the recruits were loath to turn in; new friendships were being formed, destined to be



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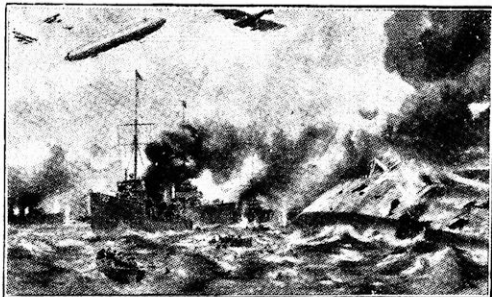
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