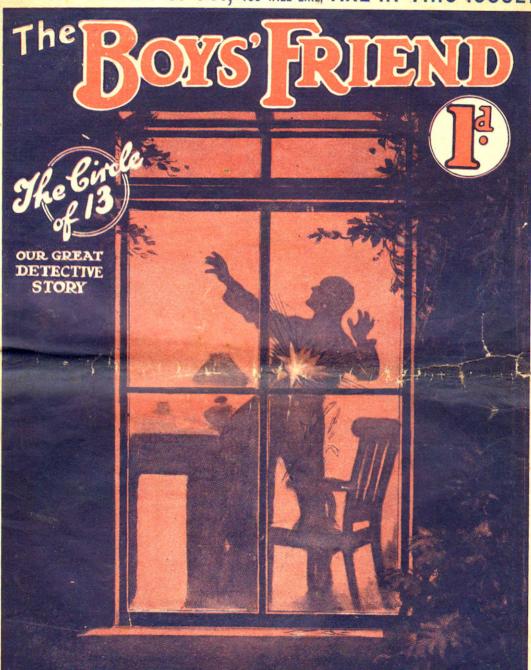
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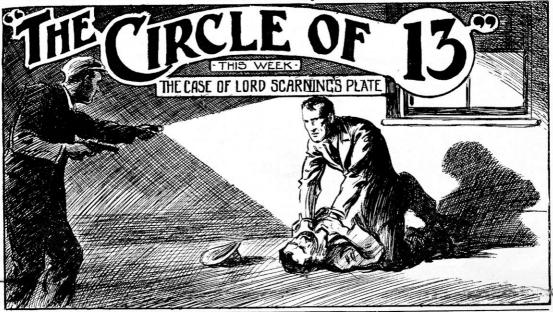


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A GREAT DETECTIVE

By W. MURRAY GRAYDON.



"No my boy," replied Oliver burst into the room, a revolver in one hand, and an electric toron in the other. "Do you need any help?" he oried. Harvey Keene. "I have the better of the rascal!"

PART I.

The 1st Chapter. "You Have Been Robbed by the Circle of Thirteen!"

What are you doing to-day, Mr. cae?" Oliver inquired, as he "What are you doing today, Mr. Keene?" Oliver inquired, as he neatly speared the last slice of bacon with his fork. "Will you go down to Berkshire to see the old squire who as been getting anonymous largery Keene replied. "I haven't decided, up boy, I don't care to engage in any special work when at any time I may have a chance to—" He

my boy. I don't care to engage in any special work when at any time I paused, and broke the shell of an egg. The vidinis won't lie low much longer, he added, in an absent tone. They will soon show their land, in some form or other land, in some where the famous detective and his young assistant were at breakfast. The floor was chequered with golden squares of ovince of London floated through the windows. Spring had come, with mild and fragrant breath. A canary over the way was singing as if it is known to be a support of the land of the

"Not meen, me decrease a more according to the content of the cont wares.
A spring morning, and yet the shadow of tragedy precent. In a drawer of the detective seeks kay the sheet of black notespare, with the words of doors seek had gone by since the death sentence had pone by since the death sentence had been mysteriously shipped under the door at might, but Harvey Keene was still alive, and he expected to remain so, and the sentence had been sent in jest. He had not paid much beet to it.

frightened him. On the contrary, he was the more doggedly resolved to externimate the band, as he had sworn to do. That he should have lost all trace of them, after his adventure in Norfolk, had been a hitter disappoint near to him. Since then he had been to happen that might give him a fresh to happen that might give him a fresh clue.

clue.

He was in that mind now. As usual, when he had finished his breakfast, he pushed his chair back from the table, and piecked up the crise, unoperand newspaper. He glauced at it came to be considered to the control of the cont

been keeping it in his house in a room built for the purpose, I really think I had better— 'Harvey Keene stopped abruptly and moved to the door. 'I may get a clue that will put me on the track of the gang.'

he said.

A few moments later, wearing a covert-coat and a soft hat, he got into a taxicab in Princes Street. He drove to one of the stately mansions in Grosvenor Square, and his card at once procured him an interview with

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Sent in by

Lord Scarning, who received him in the library His lordship was an elderly gentleman, with a restocratic didry gentleman, and the seas acquainted with the detective. He greeted him cordially, and listened to a brief explanation of his visit. "I am glad you have come." he said. "I know your skill, and I see than the police. They have been here, and they have not beld out much lope." "Did they pick up any clue?" Keene inquirer what care with the nobleman, who was greatly distressed by his loss. "Well. I may find something that they inve overlooked."

"I shall rely on you. Kome. You must recover my plate, which I value must recover my plate, which I value intrinsic worth."

"I will do my best, my lord. And now for the facts. What are they?"
Lord Scarning's statements were the night by a slight noise, he had reept downstairs to find the builder plane had been in an eak chest, in a small room and the polyment of the grad with the hall, and the gold plate missing. It had been in an eak chest, in a small room a Lechmere, the butter, slept in another room across the passage, and both he and his lordship had keys to the plate-closet and to the chest. The burgless had got into the diming room from the grad MAfter assauling and stuming the butter, they had taken his keys from him, secured the plate, and departed as they had come.

"They knew that the keys were in his possessor, I should judge," said."

"O' they guessed that he had them," replied Lord Scarning.

Keene.
"Or they guessed that he had them," replied Lord Scarning.
"That & more likely. At all events, Lechmere is quite beyond suspicion. He has been in my service for twelve years. The poor fellow was so

brutally attacked that he did not recover consciousness until a quarter of an hour after I found him. Mean an hour after I found him. Mean he reported the robbery at the police station, which would account for the mention of it in the morning papers, it was between our and two offsets. "Did the constable search the garden":

"Did the contable search the garden". We searched it together, but we did not discove, any trace of the burglars. They candites sealed the burglars may be sealed burglars. What is Lechnere's tale?" Kene inquired.

"A rap awoke him from sleep," the nobleman answered, "and he supposed that I wanted him. He unstepped into the passage he saw the dim figures of two men, one of whom struck him with a blunt weapon. He redded and fell, and remembered may be supposed to the burglars knew he had the keys." "They would have taken it for granted that he had, wouldn't they?" "Perhaps so. I should like to see the butter, my board of him." Lechnere shortly appeared, with a bundage around his head, a lean man of middle age, clean-shaven, with dark eyes and hair, and smaple, straightforward way. Cross examination did not confine him; he andered to every statement he had made.

"Lechnere where you were hit, "the sea when you were hit."

adhered to every made.

"Let me see where you were hit, please," bade the detective.
The man shifted the bandage, and Keene looked at the bruise on his skill. He merely nodded, and then, followed by Lord Searning and Lechmere, he went to the dining-room.

(Continued from the previous page.)



Having glanced into the garden, he turned his attention to the French window, and closely scrutinised it. And when he had finished there was

And when he had finished there was an odd light in his eyes, "Will you go to the plate-closet new?" asked the nobleman. Harvey Keene shook his head, and was silent for a mement. His vigilant eyesight and his powers of deduction had just shown him what the police had lailed to perceive. He had made two discoveries, in fact, that were of most significant and nature

He was sure that the window had been forced from within, not from without: and he was equally sure without: and he was equally sure the buller had not been sufficient to crum him.

ctun him.

Furthermore, he strongly believed that the burglary was the work of the gauge be had sworn to crush, and that Lechimere was either a member of it, or that he had been got at and persuaded to assist in the crime. How confirm his story? A shrewd inspiration suddenly occurred to him.

"Of one thing I am certain, my ord," he said, in hearing of the "What is that?" asked Lord

Scarning.

Searung.

"You have been robbed by the infamous band of eriminals known as the Circle of Thirteen."

"Good heavens! Do you think so?"

Yes, circumstances point to that conclusion."

"Then my gold plate will never be recovered, Keene."

"Traiber indepine that it yill be.

As it happens, I am negrosting
with an informer, one of the gang
who is disposed to berray his comcalled for a large roward. I am to
get information which will enable me
—" Keene broke off. He had
not glanced at the servant, nor did
he wish to. "Come. my lord," he
added, "I will talk to you in

They required to the liberary and

They returned to the library,

They returned to the library, and Lord Scarning looked in expectation at the according to the same properties of the same properties of the same properties of the same properties. They are shown in a high-pitched voice. "They are shard to beat. I will smoke one, with your permission. When I was in Caba several years ago I bought a compact of the same properties." I meant to the same properties of the same properties at the factory for a mere song, the Circle of Thirteen. I meant to tall you that the informer I referred to has promised to—"

Keene cut short the sentence and walked heavily, loudly, across the room. He whipped the door open, walked nearest room. He whipped the door open, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of Lechmer's coat-tails vanishing around the end of the passage. He had no doubt now that the butter was an accomplice in the values.

I thought somebody was listen-ing in the hall," he declared, "but was mistaken."

He shut the

He shut the door, and stood behind for a few seconds; and then, by gesture, he drew Lord Scarning ver to the window.

"Be careful!" he said, in a whisper. "Talk quietly. I want you to keep Lechmere busily employed for an hour or so, You can put him at some task, can't you?"

at some task, can't you?"

"Yes, of course. I can send him to the cellar to unpack some cases of wine." the nobleman replied, in a low tone. "But why am I to keep him busy." Surely you don't suspect that he was concerned in the—"

"Never mind about that now. Obey my instructions."

What a mysterious fellow you are Your request puzzles me."

"There is a sound reason for it, my lord, you can believe. Do as I have told you, for your own good. I will explain later."
"What of my gold plate? Will I ever see it again?"

"The chances are that you will, and that before long. And now I must be off."

must be off."

Lord Scarning would have asked more questions, but his curiosity had to remain ungratified for the present. The detective departed at once. Lechnere let him out of the hoise, bowing obsequiously, and peered after him from the doorway. And Hacey Keene, judging that he was being watched, stopped to light a regarder, where the square and round a corner. "I have real above the small property of the result of the state of the square and round a corner."

"I have not alarmed the rascal," he reflected, as he hailed a cab. "He has no idea that I suspect him. He is guilty, though, and I am pretty sure he will fall into the trap I have laid for him."

for him."

The detective drove back to Princes Street, fearing that Oliver might have gone out. The lad was there, however, reading a magazine.

"Well, did you learn anything?"

he inquired.

"Well, did you learn anything."

"I have learned a great dea,"
Keene answered. "I am satisfied
that the burghry was the work of
the Circle of Thirteen, and I have a
proposed of trapping them." In a
proposed of trapping them. "I have
the continued of the continued
young assistant what he had diseavered and deduced. "It is imporbable that the man Lechmere
bedongs to the gang," he continued,
but he has been their tool, and I
have led him to believe that they
have been their tool, and I
have led him to believe that they
that have been their tool, and I
have led him to believe that they
that have been their tool, and I
have led him to believe that they
there is no believe they
there is no believe that they
there is no b

for me."
"What am I to do?" asked Oliver.
"You will disguise yourself as a
newsboy, get a bundle of papers, and
prowl about in Grosvenor Square,
Lord Scarning's residence is No. 189,
on the south side. If the butler comes on the south side. If the buffer comes out to post a letter, you will contrive to obtain it, or at least to get a glimpse of it. If he should send a telegram, you will learn, by hook or crook, to whom and where it is addressed."

"He may rot do either, guy'nor."
"Perhaps not. If he doesn't he may wait until evening, and set out with the intention of warning the Circle of Thirteen in person. In that event you will warily follow him, ascertain where he core to

you will warily follow him, ascertain where he goes to, and report to me stand your instructions."

"Yes, I've got them down pat," "Yes, I've got them down pat," "I don't think you will," said Keene, with a kindly mod. "If you did it would be the first time. And now to prepare for the part you are must be at your post of duty in less than an hour."

"Right you roes" assented Oliver.

Right you are!" assented Oliver. "Right you are." assented Oliver. With that he left the room, delighted at the opportunity of sharing in his master's professional work. He planes as well as did any street Arab. On unany occasions, at the risk of his life, he had rendered valuable service to the detective. Harvey Keene dropped into a basket-chair by the stimy window.

basket-chair by the sunny window, and filled and lit a huge meerschaum pipe, and gave his mind to the snare he had set and the chances of its success. He was hopeful, yet none

too sanguine. It was possible, he retoo sanguine. It was possible, he re-flected, that Lechmere had no means of communicating with any member of the band of criminals. And he was aware, moreover, that in the Circle of Thirteen he had opponents who were capable of matching craft against

"There is one thing in my favour." he mornured, with the glimmer of a smile. "Thirteen has always been a lucky number to me."

The 2nd Chapter. Oliver Does a Little Tracking.

It may have been a matter of sur-rise to some of the aristocratic prise to some of the aristocratic dwellers in Grossynor Square that a ragged and grimy lad, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, should have lottered the whole day in such

a quiet spot.

Oliver, for his part, concluded that if there was much of this sort of thing in a detective's career he would rather

if there was much of this sort of thing in a detective's carrier he would rather be a 'bins-conductor.' And, the very reng-retable Leab-And, the very reng-retable Leab-And, the very reng-retable Leab-And the very reng-retable way his lordship had suddenly path him to the task of unpacking a dozen cases of old port when there were five hims lilled with that same vistage of wine. All things come to him who waits, appointments for an early dimer at the Ritz and a box at His Majesty's Theatre, went off to keep them, with the conviction that Harvey Keeps had a been his bounds. And the dolffed the gard of servitude, and put on tweeds and a cap, and emerged from his kordship's residence by the front does masted of the area gate.

The control of the control of the control of the read of the area yight. He three his bundle of papers into the readered for his weary yight. He three his bundle of papers into the readered for his weary yight. The way the substitute of the read of the train with the ardour of a hound on a hot. "This is a bit of all fight,' he said

with the ardour of a bound on a not.

This is a bit of all right. The said to binself half-aloud, lapsing into the slang of his earlier day. "The chap won't give me the slip, of his earlier day." The chap won't give me the slip, wherever he may be going to.

It was between shades of evening were falling, and there was an opalescent must that lent a spectral beauty to the great city. The respectable Lechmere was in a burry, but the was not disposed to include the slip of the slip of

in the busury of cales.

At a rapid pace he walked to the
Bond Street Station of the Tube, by
which he tracelled *\text{b} is
the Bank.
From: there he rode *\text{satward} on a
*\text{b} bus, and descended at the Minories,
down which thoroughfare he bent his
course to Tower Hill. Here he
turned to the left, passed the Royal
Mint, and *\text{d} struck into Upper East Smithfield

Smithfield. Oliver was not far behind. He had hung to the trail, and it had now led him to the abode of vice and squalor and crime; to a sombre, forbidding neighbourhood that was close to the Thames. He went warrly on, never losing sight of his quarry.

langus. He went warily on, never looning sight of his quarry.

"It's up to me to deliver the goods, as I heard a Yankee say at Hong Kong," he reflected. "I'll bet his lordship's flunkey in taking more controlled of Thirteon. My word, won't the guvinor be pleased when I report to him! Not half!"

But Leelmere, as it happened, was not so much off his reard as he mid all day that the detective suspected him. He had noticed the lad on the platform at the Bank Station, and had observed him on the Aldgatch and the was now certain that he was heing shadowed.

"It must be that whelp of Keene's, he muttered. "It can't to an incident of the was now certain that he was heing shadowed.

being sludowed. "It must be that whelp of Keene's," he muttered. "It can't be anybody else. I'll fix him. Two can play at this game."
When he had gone for another hundred yards, along a street that was gloomy and deserted, he swerved to the left and disappeared. Oliver quantities." quickened his steps and came to the mouth of a dark alley. And as he stopped here, peering and listening, a black shape loomed before him. Two muscular hands clutched him by the throat. He recled and fell, striking his head on the pavement, and he heard his assailant give two short, shrill whistles

The shrill notes were repeated. A door near by was thrown open, shedding a ray of light into the alley. A little, wizened man whipped out, grasping a recover and whipped out, "Who whistled?" he asked sharply. "I did," the butler replied. The shrill notes were repeated.

"Don't you know me? I'm Lechmere."
"I see you are. And who the

dickens have you here?"
"I've been followed. Harvey Keene must have put this chap on to "That's bad-ch? And what have

"That's bad—ch? And what have you come for?" she sent to the chief. It is most important."

Lechmere and his companion conversed briefly in whispers, and then, stooping, they picked up the unconscious lad.

Oliver had not been hurt much, but he had struck his head with enough force to render him insensible for a time, and when he recovered from the force to render him messible for a time, and when he recovered from the time, and when he recovered from the hard floor in pirch darkness. He wrists and ankles were tied, and a handkerchief was, bound across his mouth. He heard a vague, lapping sound, and the hoot of a whistle. Then he recalled what had happened, "That bather me."

sound, and Then he recalled what man and his heart sank.

"That butter must have tumbled to the game," he reflected, "and he had here, to some place near here, to some place near

and his heart sank.

"That butter must have tumbled to the game." he reflected, "and he had no brought here, to some place near the river which is the headquarters of the Chrief of Threeful. They are any idea where to look for the had sure as fate. The gav'ner won't have any idea where to look for one. My word, haven't I made a mess of it?

"The lad was frightened, but it was not in his nature to yield to despair. He was lying on his side, with his arms behind him, Fer a few moments vainly trying to losses the cords, until he was utterly exhausted. He reflect that the surface of the s

nail that protruded from the floor.

"What a bit of luck!" he thought.

"This will do the trick, I'll bet, if
Lean get a grip of it."

With some difficulty he contrived
to hook his fetters over the nail, and
then, as he was about to begin as
struggle for freedom, he heard a
creaking noise and nurmurs of conversation. There were two persons
near to him, and he judged from the
sounds that they were separated from
the condition of the control of the control
tions of districts and the control of the control
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the control of the control of the control of the control
the control of the cont voices did not reach him distinctly at first, but after he had listened for a short interval they spoke in louder took were saying.

"What is to be done with the de-tective, brat?" saked one of the men. "Ho ought to be settled for 80d and all 90 by the best of the brate of the brate.

good and all."

No doubt he will be knocked on the head, and chucked into the river," he repelled. "But his fate will be decided in comeil when we meil that to onlight to wait for the Ferrett. He should be back by twelve oclock."

lock."
He hasn't gone to his post yet,

'No, he isn't to be there until ten." He may fail. It will be a risky

business. "There in the his business of the fathing. You know that ar well as fathing. You know that ar well as fathing. You know that ar well as Street is directly opposite to Prince Street is directly opposite to Harvey Keene's flat, and he sits there nearly kevery night in the room at the front reading or writing. The Ferret won't miss him, you may be sure. He will plant a bullet in his head, and be off before an alarm has been raised. He is "Yes, there isn't a better in London. I hope he kills that confounded detective. He has become dangerous to us, and if we don't soon get rid of him, we shall have him hot on our "Yes." There isn't much likelihood of his

The speaker's voice sank low, and shuffling steps told that the two men were moving away. Oliver had beard the conversation, and clearly grasped the meaning of it. He pictured the empty deeling across from his there at the window, the shot that would end the life of the man he loved as a factored, in the property of the short of the state of the second with the short of the second with the second with the life of the man he loved as a factored, his brain fairly reckel with horror, and the blood ran her comembered that if he could examp be would have ample time to save

he would have ample time to save Harvey Keene, he shook off the thargy. His fetters were still caught on the

His fetters were still caught on the cars and a thrill of fear to his heart, and, and he tugged at them desperdately, exerting all his strength. Harder and inader he strained, with frenzied efforts; and at last, when he was about to abandon the attempt from sheer evaluation, one of the frayed strands snapped, and he shook but the chances were in his favour.

the relaxed cords from his wrists, the relaxed cords from his wrists. He sat up, and united his ankles, and tore the handkerchief from his mouth. He rose slowly to his feet, and stretched his tramped limbs. He was free, yet not free. There were other difficulties to be conquered. "Thank Heaven!" he panted.

see, yet not iree. I nere were other difficulties to be conquered.

"Thank Heaven!" he way out. I would ill can?"

The lad was in darkness, and he had no matches. He had no sense of his bearings whatever. He only knew that he was in a building of some kind near the Thames, and that under the same food with the was in a building of some kind near the Thames, and that under the same food with the work of the wore

There must be a way to freedom, and he would find it. For some minutes, accounts or a way to recommand out of the country o

"That's done it i" he gasped, "I'll be caught."

The rumbling ceased, and voices and footsteps swelled on the silence. A door to the left was thrown open, and through it poured the dusky figures of men. They were half a dozen in number, and from behind them streamed a flood of yellow light. them streamed a Bood of yellow light that played around Oliver, who per-ceived that he was in a warehouse, and at the same instant observed close in front of him a narrow staircase with a single handrail. He darted to it, and was seen as he began to It's Keene's whelp!" cried one of men. "He has escaped! After

As nimbly as a cat the lad ascended to the top, and emerged in another

to the top, and emerged in another room, where he was again in dark-ness. Hope was failing him now. He felt that he had no chance of gaining his freedom. But fear urged him on. He scurried bindly forward like a hunted animal, his heart throbbing with terror, while in his ears rang a savage, bloodcurding clamour of walls and impressions.

with terror, while in his cars rang as varge, blooderuling clamour of yells and imprecations. The pursuers were scrambling up the stairs, as fast as they could. The forement of them appeared, and the glaze from a lantern showed to the rightened, desparing lad, a pair of double-doors that were within a cooping of yards of him. He would not be a cooping of yards of him. He would have the cooping of yards of him with a read against the doors, which at once burst open, and revealed a black and yawning void.

For a moment Oliver hovered on the brink of the abys, swaying to and fro. And then, losing his balance, the pitched headlong into space.

the brink of the abyss, swaying to and fro. And then, Iosing his balance, he piched headlong into spass, There was a sharp cry, a splash far below, and hushed silence.

"Hang the brat!" snarled one of the men, as he and his companious gathered at the doorway. "He may not be drowned if he is a good him!" he door, we must warrb for him!" he added. "To the boat! Quick!"

The 3rd Chapter. A Timely Warning.

A Timely Warning.

Oliver had fallen from an upper floor of the warehouse, grazing in his descent the edge of a narrow wharf, and dropping into the Thames. The tide, which was uncommonly high, had just turned, and was flowing seaward. The lad went well under, helding his breath; and when he had come to the surfaces and filled his helding his breath; and when he had frient to the surface, and filled his lungs with air, he lashed out with calm; confident strokes. He was not a bit frightened now. He could swim like a duck, and the water was not cold enough to numb him. "I'm not going to be drowned," he said to himself, "but I want those truffuns to believe that I have been. I won't call for help. I'll be all right."

I won't call for help. I'll be all right!'

Tight!'

Tight:'

The proof so swift was the current.

With increasing confidence, paddling lightly, he drifted for some hundress of yards past duely barges and the blorred shapes of riverside buildings that were dark and deserted. And presently, when his efforts had begun to exhaust him, the mullide sphasi of cars sent a thrill of fear to his heart, as we a small beat approaching. There were several men in it, and one had a lantern.

He knew that, and the thought gave him courage and strength. He swam on with frantic strekes, cutting across the brimming tide, while the dip and rattle of the oars rang louder in his cars. Shallow water at last. He cars. Shallow water at last. He touched bottom, submerged to the breast, and a few more yards brought him to a strip of mud and gravel. He shock his drenched clothes, and sped up the sloping shore to a flight of slimy steps. And just as he reached them an angry voice shouted from the river:

esched them an angry voice shouter from the river:

"There he goes! I see him!"
Panic and terror now gripped the lad afresh, so great was his dread of the Corelo of Thirteen. He was afraid that they would get him yet, these dogged, blooding high He did not look back. Having floundered to the top of the steps, he raced along a passage, and energed in a narrow and gloony theroughfare, seroes passage, and emerged in a narre and gloomy thoroughfare, sere which he dived into another alley. "They are

and gloomy theroughfare, aeross which he dived into another alley.

"They are coming!" he gasped, imagining that he could hear his purchasers. "I can't shake them off! and the could hear he purchasers." I can't shake them off! and the could not an end on, now running and row walking, threading a mare of crocked, sombre little streets of squaid dwellings. And at length, when he had covered a considerable distance, his amiless course led him to the bustle and glitter of the Commerceal Road, were faming with light. An illuminated clock caught filters eye, and he perceived, to his intense relief, that it was only twenty minutes to mine. He paused on the pavement, and as he was wondering what he should do, he saw crawling towards bailed it caperly, threw open the door, and sprang in.

"Prince s Street, Cavendish Square." he said to the chaffeur. "Prive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur. "Drive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur." Drive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur. "Prive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur." The said to the chaffeur. "Prive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur." The said to the chaffeur. "Prive like the dickens, and I'll give a could be a said to the chaffeur." The said to the chaffeur. "Prive like the dickens, and I'll give you to come a said the sai

"Give me a thick 'nn," the man replied, "and I'll drive you to Jericho!"

replied. "and I'll grive you averaged."

The situation had been saved. At two o'clock the assassin was to be at twenty minutes to that time. The attempt on Harvey Keene's his would be frustrated. But a shadow clouded the lad's sense of elation. He had no idea where the warehouse was similarly the many the same of the street his course similarly the many that the street had a sense of the street his course which the had come ashore. He had been too frightened to take his bearing.

been too frightened to take his bearings.

There are any amount of warehouses along the river," he said to
himself, "and plenty of waterside
steps. The guv'nor won't be able
to find the headquarters of the Circle
of Thirteen, if that's what the place
is. What a juggins I am! I ought
to be kipkelf!".

The chauffeur did his best to earr The chauffeur did his best to earn the promised fare. Aldigate Pump and Leadenhall Street, the Bank and Cheapaide—they slid swiftly by. The cab raced the long length of Newgate Street, Holborn, and Oxford Street, ripped round the corner of Princes Street, and stopped with a Princes Street, and stopped with a pent of the control of the date.

door.
"'Ere we are, sir!" he said,
"Nine o'clock to the punctual
minute, which ain't 'alf bad. A
queer lot you young seells in the
West are, he added, with a twinkle
in his eye. "Going to he East End
for a bath, and 'aving it with your
clothes on!"

clothes on!"

"If we did what other people did,"
the lad answered, "life wouldn't be
worth living."

worth living."
"There's a champague supper waiting for you, I suppose?"
"No: I'm going on to dinner at Buckingham Palace as soon as my alet can get me dressed."
The chauffour cluckled, and spatoth going of the was handed to him. And Oliver ran into the house and up the stairs, and walked quietly into the sitting-room of the flat, where Keene was paring to and fro. He had been much worried, fearing that suppended to his sas pacing to and iro, much worried fearing had happened to his t, who was very dear he was too stolidly lest something had happened to his young assistant, who was very dear to him. But he was too stolidly British to betray the relief he felt. "Well?" he said. "The adventures I've had?" ex-claimed the lad. "You'll hardly believe me!"

believe me.!"

He poured out his thrilling story from beginning to end, telling every detail of it, and repeating the conversation he had overheard. At the conclusion Harvey Keene noded gravely. He sat down and lit a pipe, and bent his mind to the various eve me belie He conclusion Harvey Keene hodded gravely. He sat down and lit a pipe, and bent his mind to the various points that the narrative had sug-gested to him.

"I don't blame you," he said pre-"I was afraid you would," Oliver

Published Every Monday

"I was afraid you would," Oliver meekly replied.

"No, not in the least. I don't wonder that you lost your head, and forgot to take your bearings. You have had a narrow escape from the clutches of those scoundrels. It is a disappointment to me, however, to know that I have little or no chance know that I have little or no chance of finding the warehouse to which you were carried unconscious. It may be the meeting-place of the gang, or it may not be. Perhaps they made only a temporary use of it. By the way, are you also at fault in regard to the spot where you were assaulted by Lephaners?

Lechnere?"
"Yes, guv'nor, I am. It was some where beyond Upper East Smithfield That's all I can tell you."
"Well, there is one consolation," alsolated Keene, "I have a clue now That's all I can tell you."
"Well, there is one consolation," declared Keene, "I have a clue now, "Though the Though the Though the control of the Company o quarters

"What kind of a trap will you set

There was no answer to the ques-on. Harvey Keene gazed into cancy for a lew seconds, and then. Harvey Keene gazed into y for a lew seconds, and then, idea occurred to him, a whim-nile curled his lips.

at smile carled bis lips.
"Mr. Stiff will do the trick," he
d. "He shall lure the villain to
destruction."
"Ah, I see whet

his destruction."

"Ah, I see what you mean."

"Ah, I see what you mean."

exclusined the lad. "That will be great! Shall I get him out."

"No: leave him to me." Keene replied. "Be off at once, and change into dry clothes. Be quick about it, my how," he added. "While you are gone I will make my preparations."

The Ath Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.
Keene's Baring Move.
The brazen voice of Big Ben at
Westminster was striking the hour of
ten when the Ferret emerged from
the Bakerlon station of the Tube at overget from Oxford Circus. Lean and lithe, with a cap pulled over his brow, and his hands in the pockets of a shabby overcoat, he struck diagonally across the Circus, and walked along Regent Street to the corner of Castle Street, where he turned,

his whole figure, and the chair in which he sat, were thrown in sharp. his whole figure, and the chair in which he sat, were thrown in sharp, black relief upon a crimson blind. He raised and lowered his head, moved his arm in little jerks. "Yes, there he is," the reret repeared. "I'll soon send him where he won't be able to meddle with us again!"

again."

The man was fairly quivering a ith rage. His eyes glittered like the beady eyes of a vicious serpent, and his lips parted in a silent smad. Having warily opened the window-casement, behind which he was cronching in sladow, he took from under his eval two part of an arrivel, and fatted them together the same part of an arrivel, and fatted them together took slow and careful aim, and pulled the trigger. There was a low, muffled report. The figure at the French-window opposite lepot convidence. millied report. The figure at the French consults opposite legals consults of the French consults of the first opposite legals of the first opposite for the fir



"Hang the brat!" snarled one o

If only I could take you there!" the lad said regretfully. "The gang are to hold a meeting to-night. Of course, the butler has warned them. and they will be in a fine stew, each suspecting one of the others to be the traitor!"

traitor!"
"No, I think not, my boy. No, they won't believe the tale of the informer, under the circumstances. They will be shrewd enough to see that I invented the story so you could shadow Lechmere when he went to warn the band."
"I don't suppose he will go lock."

"I don't suppose he will go back

to Lord Searning, gavinori's "He certainly won't. He will be alraid to return. I wish he would: but there is no chance of it."

A brief pause ensued, Gliver glanced at the window, and his checks saddenly paled.

"What of the

suddenly publi.

"What of the assess we would be a coming to kill you" be cried. "You are forgetting him," "Forgetting him," "chood Keene, "Very far from it." We have ample time, where the conjunction of the companies of the constitution of the configuration of

Do you think he will be willing to betray his comrades."
"No, it is not likely that he can be induced to turn informer. We can't count on that, It will be something, however, to have captured one of the infamous band!"

He is a good swimmer. Oone,
He crossed that theroughline also,
and here west on the merth side. He
was not in the basts uneary. Though
he knew that the had had escaped
from the warehouse, he did not
suspect him of having her of the concreation relating to Keene. The
the thought that he might have come
all this distance for nothing.
"The detective may not be there,
he said to himself: "and if he isn't.
I'll have to wait till another night!"
The Ferre was afraid of a wet taken
a survey from the next corner.
Having gone along the pavement for
a dozen yards, he paused for a
moment to per about him, and then
bottom of which he climbed over a
low wall into a yard that was at the
back of an unoccupied dwelling.
With a key made from a was.
With a key made from a was.

back of an unoccupied dwelling.
With a key made from a wax
impression previously obtained, he
unlocked the door and slipped within.
Troading softly, he mounted the
staticase of the empty house, and
entered a large, front apartment on
the lirst floor. He glided to one of
the bare windows, and looked
earniously from it. e lirst accessions to bare windown it.

Directly opposite, across the scant width of Princes Street, was Harvey Keene's flat. And there was Keene himself, in the brightly-lit sitting-room. He was writing at a desk that was close to a French window, and

who had been for some time co who had been for some time conceased in an alcove in the room. He had come alone, preferring to rely on his own efforts. He had no more than spoken when he sprang, and the startled ruffian, whipping round in fury and terror, was scized by the throat before he could strike a blow.

throat before he could strike a blow. It was a desperate struggle that cusued, and a brief one. The Ferret fought like a tigor, raving and cursing, but in spite of his wirry agile strength, he was no match for those, and tumbled him over and over, and he had pinned him fast, subhued his frenz'ed efforts, when footsteps between the stars. Oliver burst into the room, a revolve in one hand. "Do you need any help," he cried, as ite played the silvery light on the scene.

as he played the silvery light on the scene.

"Not much, my boy," Harvey Keene answered rainly, "I have the Keene answered rainly, "I have the handleff him. You will find a pair of bracelets in the pocket of my cast."

It was quickly and defly done. There was a short suffle, a click, and the Ferrel's writes were clamped in the Ferrel's writes were clamped in the same and the ferrel's writes were clamped in the was handled to his feet, and led down the stuirs, and out of the house by the front door; across the street, and up to the detective's sitting-room, where he was threaten be sarried.

"But what about the rest." I wouldn't

want to be in your shoes, Mr. Keene Before you are a day older you wil

711

He broke off abruptly, and his He broke off abruptly, and his jaw dropped. He was staring towards the shattered French-window, where on the floor by the deek lay a dressed lay-figure with a bullet-hole in its wooden head. It had been bought from an artist, for purposes of decep-tion, and Oliver had appropriately christened it "Mr. Stiff."

christened it "Mr. Stift."
"There you are," said Keene, with
a smile. "A little ruse of mine. My
assistant pulled the string that moved
the arm and head."
"You cunning hound!" hissed the
Ferret, through his teeth.

rerret, through his treth.

"Yes, too cunning for you. I have
you fast in the toils, and you will
spend some years in prison, for an
attempt at nurder, unless you will
come to terms with me."

"Come to terms?" What do you
mean?"

mean?"
"Will you betray the other mem

"will you betray the other members of the band?"
"Not me!" cried the Ferret, his eyes blazing. "You li never get me to split on my pals, not if you put a rope around my neck! That's straight!"

a rope around my news. This straight!

for a rope of the rope of t

"I had better fetch a constable."

Harvey Keene shook his head.
With Runted bross, bitting hard on
the stem of a pipe that he had lit, be
paced the floor. There was in his
nature a foundness for the romantic
his profession life. He had better had
his profession gambled with criminals,
and won by daring bitting, as other
men gamble and win at poker. An
idea of the kind was germmanting in
his brain, and it strongly appealed to
him. him

"Shall I fetch a constable ?" the lad

"Shall I tere a consultate the saw urged again.
"No, my boy," murmured Keene, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I don't want better this fellow, nor has commades. I was only festing his legalty to them. I intend to make him serve a purpose that I have in on serve a purpose that I have in He had decided what to do.

t down to his desk, dipped a pen ink, and wrote as follows on a ect of paper:

"To-morrow night, at nine o'clock I am coming to your riverside lain for Lord Scarning's gold-plate Kindly have it ready for me."

He signed his name, put the sheet in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it to the third of the control of th

free." !" the Ferret muttered in credulously.

"What sort of a game are you play-ing, sir?"
"Wait and see: You will learn

soon enough."

There was a dazed look on the Ferret's simister face. He got up, and slipped the envelope into his pocket. He hesitated crossed the room, and hesitated again. Then he control of the state of the sta pocket. He hesitated, crossed the room, and hesitated again. Then he opened the door, and it clicked shut behind him. His shuffling tread on the staircase faded to silence. "I say, why did you let him go?" Oliver exclaimed, in bevilderment.

Oliver exclaimed, in bewilderment, "For a very good reason," the di-tective replied. "By setting the scoundrel free I shall probably be able to recover Lord Scarming's plate, and to expuire other members of the band." band

"How can you expect to do that, guy'nor?" the lad asked, "Mosenstein," Harvey Keene answered in one word.

(Keene has adopted a very action. Will be succeed, or will the villainor Circle of Thirteen wrenk their foul renocance upon him? The second part of this thrilling detective drama will appear in next Monday BOYS FRIEND. Don't fail to read it ?)



going strong, and for quality, quantity, and general excellence next Monday's superb number will hold the field. Once again my Relighted chums will be given a

CHARMING COLOURED COVER.

as well as another

MAGNIFICENT PRESENTATION PLATE.

The latter is a really fine work of art, showing a British Tommy taking farewell of his lamily before departing for the front. The picture will be found most appropriate for framing, and every reader of THE BOYS FRIEND should take immediate steps o see that he gets one.
Other unique attraction

50 See that he gets one.
5 Other unique attractions next week are the story of Rookwood School, by Owen Conquest, entitled

"THE IMPOSTORS,"

of which is brimful of rousing fun and hearty frolic; a grand boxing story, from the pen of popular Arthur S. Hardy, entitled

"THE RIVAL PROMOTERS";

fraydon's super totive drawn,

THE CASE OF LORD SCARNING'S PLATE."

Before concluding what I have to say on the subject of next week's fine feature, I would strongly arge every one of my chums to enter for the novel and interesting competition which is now appearing in our pages. Arawing to a close, and for this reason, if for no other, my chums are strongly recommended to cut out our coupon-and compete for the magnificent money prizes which are being effered. A nice little nest-egg is in store for should you not be among the for-tunate ones?

hunde ones?

I am relying upon every boy who reads and enjoys THE BOYS FRIEND to put his shoulder to the wheel and nake next weeds's issue a stuming meaning the same of the put and the same present of the put of the put

A CHURCHGOING CHUM.

Sidney C., of Southfields, is a Bors' PIEEN reader who, having had the advantages of an excellent updring-cach Study, and on this account Sidney is made a fitting target for the peers and jests of several local wags, when the sidney is made in the peers and jests of several local wags, but have been not actually tell me this is his letter, but reading between the sidney lines I gather that such is the

w, my "Chat" page is not Now, my "Chat" page is not a pright, neither is it my desire to preach, but I should like to address a remaining the standard of the standard

MORE SPLENDID
ATTRACTIONS!

THE BOYS' FRIEND is still weekday.

YOUR EDITOR.

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

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

"THE CEM" LIBRARY, 1d. Every Wednesday. "THE DREADNOUGHT." 1d. Every Thursday.

"THE PENNY POPULAR." Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," PRICE Id. Every Saturday.

his moral courage, and hope he will not be dissuaded from his present course of action by those who are less manly than himself.

UNUSUAL GRIEVANCE.

grumble. "I take in The Boys' FRIEND now and again," writes "Cynic," "but I would not dream of

calling myself a staunch supporter, since I consider the publication of all boys' papers to be a mere money-

since I consider the publication of all boys' papers to be a more money-making game, and the properties of the propertie

wise.

But let me tell "Cynic" this—that those who have a hand in the production of The Boys' Firsts do not let the greed of gold absorb every other consideration—not by a very long way! Attached to this paper are men who take a deep and devoted interest in their work, apart from thoughts of gain—men who are sincere in what they write, and whose chief One of my Colchester readers, who igns himself "Cynic," comes to me his week with a most remarkable that is manly and "true blue.

If "Cynic" will only lay this to heart, I feel sure he will have no scruples in taking in The Boys' FEIRND regularly, for by so doing he will be lending his assistance, not only to a "money-making game," but to an honourable one,

THE REWARD OF UNSELFISHNESS.

A few weeks ago I gave advice to a chum on this page on the subject of unselfishness. He now writes to say that he acted upon my counsel, and has been a happier fellow for so

that he acted upon my courset, and has been a happier fellow for so are content at happier and the source of the content and are content to work only for themselves, and so long as they themselves get on and "make good," they are perfectly content. But this class of midividual is seident happy, because individual is seident happy, because the world, which is that real happiers can only be found in trying to make others happy.

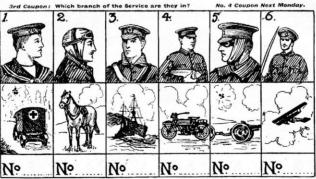
It was not so very long ago that a new hand came into a big factory, and the seident happy and th

when you can, and over again.

GRAND COMPETITION! £10 IN CASH PE

First Prize, £5; Second Prize, £1 10s.; Third Prize, £1; and

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

Above will be found two rows of drawings. The top row consists of men in His Majesty's Services, and in the bottom row are sketches of various objects with which they are associated. Having come to a decision, write in the space left under each of the lower pictures the number of the Service man who is associated with the object suggested in the pictures show above that space of the many having written in the numbers, keep this form by you, for next Monday there will be given another set of pictures. Keep your coupons by you, and look out for an announcement in THE BOYS' FRIEBAD as to when and where entries are to be sent in. There will be eight coupons given altogether, that given above being the third.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"A Loyal Friendite" (Worester).
Very many thanks for your letter.
I am serry I cannot supply you with a
photograph of Mr. Owen Conquest,
No. Jimmy Silver was not expelled
from another school before coming to
Rookwood.

H. J. D. (Chippenham).—Measrs. Upcott Gill, of Drury Lane, London, W.C., publish a book such as you require, entitled "Practical Ventrilo-quism," at 1s. 2d., post free.

"Picture-Lover" (Bedford).—You want to frame our magnificent presentation plates? Well, an excellent article, telling you how to do so, appeared in last week's issue.

appeared in list week's issue.

"Emigrant" (Burnley).— Don't emigrate to Australia at present. Owing to the war, labour conditions are rather unsettled in that country.

"Disappointed" (London).— You had to wait several days before you could your copy of our first Bumper. Number, did you? I am very sorry to hear this, my chom, but if you to hear this, my chom, but if you could you country on the country of t

agent replenished his stock.

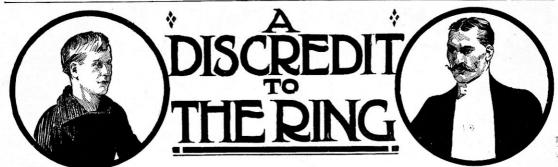
"Inquisitive" (Hastings).—Can I tell you when the war will end tell Well, here's a "tickler," to be sure! If I could, my chunn. I here no don'n ing a fortune. Remember, I am not a prophet—just an editor.

"Satisfied" (Plymouth).—Am glad to hear you think A. S. Hardy writes the best being stories. What do you think of the Tom Beleber series that the you think of the Tom Beleber series the series of the s

CHURAN

YOUR EDITOR.

If you want the BEST, buy only Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that can be obtained.



The 1st Chapter.

"I have had enough of you!"

"I have had enough of you!"
"Has my son come yet?"
The speaker was James condition and sold the speaker was the speaker was the speaker with the speaker was the speaker was the speaker was the speaker with the speaker was the spea

"No, sir," answered the latter.
"It is past eleven o'clock," flashed the angry solicitor, looking at his watch to make sure of the time. "When he does arrive send him in to me."

So saying, he banged the door to, d vanished.

'Master James is going to cop it, r. 'All!' observed the boy, with a

"Go on with your work!" snapped the clerk. "Goodness knows we've got enough to do. And mind your own business. We don't want any blabbers here!"

own business. We don't wan we batabers here!"

Thus admonshed, the boy went on with his labours, following the movements of his pent by rolling, the consideration of the business of the window and them be resided his eyes and glanced wistfully through the window at the well of the building in which the offices were situated, and into which the sunshine poured. Presently the door opened, and in came a flashify-dressed "mit," whose pasts and glove-might be considered the last word in nutriness. "Morning!" grunted the last word in nutriness. "Morning! grunted the last want of the preceded to hang his hat and coat up behind the door the last word hang his hat and coat up behind the door, and the last word, stretched himself, and sat down.

where, stretches mines, as down.
"Your father wants you, Mr. James," and the clerk, eyeing the south critically the nut.' face length-end. The latest thing in sporting stories, which trembled on his bjectifed away, and his eyes bulged, "Do you mean to say the gur'uo'r, bree?" he saked,
"Yes; he told me to send you into see him the moment you arrived."
Up rose dim Dewar.
Inckl." he granified, "The old man told me he wouldn't be at the office till after him. Thought he was engaged on that Wilson libel case."
He moved towards the private

that Wilson libel case."
He moved towards the private office as if he hadn't much use for the coming interview. The grinning office-boy watched his progress with helicity. delight

office-boy watched his progress with delight.

A moment later, when the door had been closed, the clerk and the boy heard Mr. James Deep watch and the boy heard Mr. James Deep was a series of the progress o

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Adventure & Boxing. BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.

affairs are repeatedly neglected by of his father's wrath, however, than you, and I am determined to put as end to it! "The son booked sullenly at his paddy, Hall," he said, as he inade

failur. "Boys will be boys—" he began.
"Oh, don't talk such rubbish to
me! There is another matter I want
to talk to you about. I have had a
letter from a bookmaker named
Waring. He says that you owe him
over forty pounds, and he insists on
instant payment. What have you to
Jim Dowar looked afraid. He
stared blankly at his father, and
blurted out a statement to the effect

say to that?"

Jim Dowar looked afraid. He stared blankly at his father, and blurted out a statement to the effect "that he didn't know it was as much as that, and not been minker, our on sternly. "I am repeatedly discovering deficiencies in my petry cash account. Sometimes I miss money out of my own pockets. And there was a cheque for fifteen pounds fifteen shillings sent to me by Mr. Douglas in settlement of melong the beautiful mineral money of the second melong the sent money tall the second melong the sent morey tall the end of the month. I—er—burrowed it as an —er—advance. You can take it out of my serve, you know, dad."

"It is disgraceful, dishonourable! Where is it to end," atorned the from my employment a week or say because you accused him of stealing the petty cash. But it seems to me that I was stully of a gross injustice. The lad declared that you can take I was stully of a gross injustice. The lad declared that you hearted. Now, understand this, Jim, my patience is nearly exhausted. Jim, my patience is nearly ex-hausted. I will not stand much more I shall not pay the bookmaker

of it. 1 stan as a grant Waring—"
"No-er-let him take proceedings," suggested the "ant" cagerly. "And we can defend 'em

Waring—"
"No-er-let him take proceedings," suggested the "nat leading "suggested the "land "and "suggested the "nat leading the "nat leading the "nat leading the "nat leading the "No, the money had better be paid, perhaps and I will desing the pounds per mouth from your wages until it has been wiped out. And, understand, been wiped out. And, understand, offence, I'll turn you out of the office, and, whether your mother bies it or not, you'll have to leave home, and found for yourself, give you affect ease education. You have had a nat yet you have developed into a liar, a thief, and a cheat. I have had enough of it. Now, go and do your work, and don't let me see you again to-day. I have had enough of ...

Jim Dewar stood there tooking p oundly dejected and immens stopid pid.
'Dad," he began, "listen to me.

"Not another word!" thundered the solicitor, pointing to the door. "Go!"

Jim Dewar turned, opened the oor, and returned to the outer office door, and returned to the outer office like a whipped dog. No sooner was he out of the range

he revived.

"The gur'nor's in no end of a paddy, Hall." he said, as he inade his way to his stool, and began to play with a quill pen. "That Wilson case can't be goin' rightly. Farey makin' all that fus about a chap being a few minutes late."

He was the said onlying, but went on with heaver for three ways a but to be said.

his work, for there was a lot got through that day.

The 2nd Chapter. About a Boxing Match,

At lunch-time Jim Dewar left the office in Welbrook Chambers like a shot. He went in search of a chum named Green, who was almost as irresponsible as himself.

irresponsible as limself.
Green, however, had a very wealthy
father, ran his own ear, and spent the
money allowed him like water. His
had not been a good influence where
Jim Dewar was concerned, perhaps.
They had lunch together, and Jim
Dewar being short of cash, Green
paid, they present the property of the
all about the row in the offer, concealing, however, the real reason for
it.

Green listened with a grin on his

Green listened with a grin on its face., it's slily for a man's pater to go on like that," he remarked. "By the way, Jim, what do you thin "I don't know, and I don't care," answered the solicitor's son, frowing, "I alway shated the little beggar. Selling matches in the street, I sup-pose,"

"Oh, no, he's not. He's blossamed

"Go on!"
"It's a fact. And he put up hi

"You have a mad be put up his first show at the St. George's Boxing Hall. You know—George Martin's place. He entered the ring as a substitute for a boxer who'd backed out of a contest with young George Martin, and I'm blessed if he didn't was never so surprised in up life. I was never so surprised in up life. I expected to see Belcher knocked out of time, instead of which he started like a champion, whipped Georgie fair and square, and got the verifict, too."

Jim Desaw stared blankly at his "That would mean a decent hit of money be earned, wouldn't it?" he

by he earned, wouldn't it?

evied.
"It would if he got paid what he deserved, but trust George Martin for seeing to that. He's sharp, is George." And Green laughed.
"But that's not all." he went on. "Afterwards there was a row. I believe. An odd beave named Ben Adams got kicked out of the hall, and work the kild blossomed forth in the ring at Bob Lewi's place, the Start He likels young Morgan, then had a return with Georgic Martin. It's said that Morgan, who was acting as Tom return with Georgie Martin. It's said that Morgan, who was acting as Tom Belcher's sparring partner, was bribed by George Martin to drug the kid.

Belcher's sparring partner, was bribed by George Martin to drug the kid, and he did it.

"Young Belcher entered the ring, hardly able to stand, and Georgie Martin went for him anyhow, reekon-ing he was going to knock him out straight away. But the kid's plucky.

He got in the knock-out punch first, and won again. And, I tell you, I recken he's going to make a name for himself, if he can only keep it

Price One Penny

up."

Jim Dewar listened to the story of
Tom Belcher's prowess with an angry

Tom Belcher's prowess with an angry frown,
"He'll never do any good!" he sneered. "Why, if I thought he stood any chance, I'd take jolly good care he had a set back. I hate bins. He tried to do me an injury, and he set my pater against me. Wait till he fights again. I'll have something to sax."

hguis again.

"Well." drawled Green, sipping a liqueur and puffing away at his cigar.

"you'll soon have a chance, then, for he's going to box at the St. George's Hall next Monday night."

"What? Going to box at Martin's

"What? Going to tox at our one place;"

"Yes, I was surprised when I heard about it, and the other night I motored to the place to make sure. There was his name set up on the bill- as large as life. He's going to tox Ted Vereker, and he's no pladly you know. I'm going to see that light. There'll be some fron, I can tell you, and I rather fancy Belsher's chance again, Coming?"

satyon, and a rather tancy Beleber's chance again. Coming?" Jim Dewer's face flamed. "Rather?" he cried. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds. And you think Belcher will win, do you?" "I do."

"Why?

"Why?"
"Til tell you. Ben Alams is looking after the kid, as I told you, and he wouldn't let Tom fight in Martin's place after all that's happened, unless the felt pretsy sure that Belcher would win. Martin wants to get Belcher to be the beautiful that the best properties is reknowed as good as Georgie Martin limited. Yet Adams to consider the felt with the best properties on a cert. It'll be a rare fight, and I tell you. Jim, your old offer-boy is a marvel; I wouldn't say it if it weren't true.

weren't true."

Jim Dewar knew that it was true.

He had sampled Tom Belcher's fistic
prowess in person, and his face and
body still felt the sting of the punches
which the diminutive young boxer

which the diministry young boxer had hammered home.
"All right!" growled the solicitor's son. "We'll go and see the fight together; and, here, if you want to make a bit of mency—and I do, for I'm stony—put your shirt on Vereker. I'm going to take all the brass with me I can beg, borrow, or steal, and I'm going to come home loaded with

"Oh, rats!" said Green languidly. Haven't I told you that Tom

"Oh, rats! sam the "Haven' I told you that Tem Belcher will probably win?"
"Will he?" growled Jim Dewar vengefully, "Wait and see, I'll bet you a hundred to one he don't!"
"Done! You're a food to talk like that, Jim!"

that, Jim?"
Young Dewar grinned.
"Am 1?" he cried. "Don't you
know that every man employed at the
St. George's Boxing Hall, efficials or
otherwise, can be bought? Very
well. I'm going to buy the verdiet.
Tom Beleher won't win, and we'll
both make a nice little thing out of it.
Twic?"

Green stared blankly at his friend. "Aren't you talking out of the back of your hat, my boy?" he asked.

"Not much!" answered the unsrupulous rascal, "Who's going tereferee? Any of the usual crowd?" "Hurray!" laughed Jim Dewar. I can buy him fifty times over if I want. It's a cent! Don't forget that Ben Adams is a fly old bird. Helicve, Probabilities are that Paxton will go straight this time. He's got some reputation to lese, remember, and he's done a lot of referencing for Bob Lewis at the Star Iately. "Sim Dewar, and his face this will be a lot of the straight of the straig

a bit of money as well as you. Won any lately 2"

Nos; not a peans? I" answered Jim Nos; not a peans? I' answered Jim Nos; not a peans? I' answered Jim Nos; not a peans? I' all the service of the servi

The 3rd Chapter

The 3rd Chapter.
Bribling the Referre,
It was Sunday evening. Jim
Dewar was extracting a cigar from
a box containing his father's extra
specials, when a maid entered the
study and said: study and said:
"If you please, sir, there's a gentle man named Paxton called to see

"Show him in!" cried the scape

"Show him in." cried the scape grace, with a snile.

Affed Paxton, boxing referee, pre-sently entered the study. He seemes, relieved at finding Jim Dewar alone. You wrote to me sking not be a small property of the seemes of the Mr. Dewar, said the visilor. "Say ing that it was a matter of impor-tance, and not connected with the— case I loci."

"Just so," said Jim Dewar. "Sit down. We'll have a chat when you've made yourself comfortable."

made yourself comfortable."

Alfred Paxton obeyed the recommendation to the letter. And when he had cosily seated himself in a luxurious armchair before the fire. Jim Dewar

"Now. Mr. Paxton, what I wanted to see you about is this: You are going to referee the contest between Vereker and Tom Belcher at the St George's Boxing Hall to-morrow aren't you?"
"I am, Mr. Dewar!" answered th

"I am, and referee." Said the scapegrace. "Young Belcher used to work for my father. He was our office-boy. We got rid of him because work for my father. He was one effice-boy. We got rid of him because we found him out to be a thief. H. was a through out-and-outer. Am I owe him one for the way he used it go on. Do you think he'll win on the second of the se

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(Continued from the previous page.)

of him, and should win on points, if

of him, and should win on points, it he can escape a knock-out."

"Just so, 'said Jim Dewar, "Well now, I don't want him to win. Now, a referree can do pretty much as he likes, can't he? If you were to de-clare. Vereker the winner, it wouldn't much matter, would it?"

"It would matter very seriously for "It would matter very seriously tor inveputation as a referce," answered Alfred Paxton pompously. "I never give a wrong verther, Mr. Dewar, I always act up to what I see, and record, Vereker will have to win the contest in order to secure my verdict,

contest in order to secure my verdict, on Mondar night."

"Oh, but that can be adjusted, surely," said Jim Dewar, throwing one leg over the arm of his chair, and winging it. "Remember, you wen't do yourself any harm by currying favour with George Martin, Ilis is a more important hall than the Star, and he's put Vereker up to box Tom Belcher. It boils itself right down to this: How much will you take to as he a like itself right uses is: How much will you take to ward the contest to Vereker, in any event, win or lose

Paxton pretended to be virtuously indignant.
"I am not to be bought," he said.
"A King's ransom wouldn't do it,

sir!"
"I'll give you a couple of quid,"
said Dewar, coarsely, "Well, then,
let us say three pounds."
Referce Paxton rose to his feet.
"I'm sorry," said he, "that you
should have dragged me here for thus,
Mr. Dewar, I must wish you goodevening!" evening

"Here, wait a moment," cried the "Here, wait a moment," cried the rascally young scapegrace. "You owe my dad a bit of money, don't you." He was talking about it only the other day. I think you'd better settle that, hadn't you?"
Paxton paused. His manner changed in a moment.

changed in a moment.

"Can't it re-be allowed to run on a bit longer, Mr. Dewar?" he asked.

"Ye a had a good many colls lately,

"We'll as a good many colls lately,

"We'll as a good many colls bately,

"We'll as a good many colls bately

"You on good to a sake me to sell

referee." and the beaving referee.

smy honour, sir," said the boxing referee.

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed young Dewar. "A fine lot of it you've got the war get gight down to the bedden the war got gight down to the bedden the war got gight down to the bedden the little account for three months. How'll that sait you?"

Paxron began to argue now. He Paxron began to argue now. He for so great a service. He asked for fifteen pounds, then for twelve pounds, and at last they finally for the press and at last they finally grundled Paxton, "and do what you want, Mr. Dewar; but I must have the money now, and the badd!

the money now."

Jim Dewar declared that he hadn't

got it.

"But I'll have it on Monday, and will give it you before the fight."

"Very well," said the unscrupulous referee, and they shook hands on the bargain.

We will now have a peep at Tom

This rising young boxer, whose appearance in the ring had caused a big sensation, was one of the smallest boys that had ever donned the mitts

boys that had ever donned the mitts a public beximering. He steed five feel four inches in height, and weighed a bare 7 stone. In appearance he was an absolute complexion added the deception. There was literally nothing of him. His body looked quite frail, sawe for a healthy and deep heet and a good pair of shoulders for such a youngster. His arms and legs were like pipertens. His hair was a lightin brown.

In repose he was a serious, good-natured fellow, solemn beyond his years, and apparently as timid as a But see him in action in the ring.

and what a change there was in to be sure. Then he was a piece

leaping, bounding quicksilver, a boxer so nimble and sure on his feet that he was able to advance or retreat at will, and with a speed which usually had his opponent guessing. And, most astonishing of all, he had proved in his few boxing contests that he had

a punch.

On the Meavilay morning, when he began active work, and he was restreted in his efforts on this day, the day of the fight, by his mentor and trainer, Hen Adams. Tom Belcher looked as fit as hands could make him. His skin was cleen, his even bright, expression keen. So full of apirit was the statement of the statement

him to reserve his energies for the fight.

"Vereker is a strong chap," said old Ben, "and you'll have to concede half a stone, remember. Martin will see that he's got a crowd of partisans with him, who'll try to shout you down. You'll want all your nerve and skill tonight, Tom."

"Oh you needn't fear for me.

and skill to-night, Tom.

"Oh, you needn't fear for me,
Ben." said Tom Belcher, with a
laugh. "I feel stronger than I've
ever felt in my life before. I don't

isign. "I leed stronger than I've were felt in while before. I don't "I hope not," cried Ben, "for I've got a tenner at stake on your chance, boy, and if I lost it would hit me pretty severely. Besides, Tom. I want to get you on. If we can only amage to poil off a few more fights mange to poil off a few more fights to challenge the best, and who knows, we may make a fortune between us if things go right, my lad. "Tom's face fairly bearned. His eyes danced with delight. I led a dways felt, if, for held been told that his own father—shed been told that his own father—shed been gone, alsa! I long ago—hal once been a wealthy man, but had feet his for-tune, in receives specialision.

tune in reckle

tune in reckless speculation.

"I shark throw any change away, and Tom. "I mustry lose and the lose and th

face

face, "George Martin's going to have the surprise of his life. And so are the surprise of his life. And so are the surprise of his life. And so recken you're going to be knocked into suithereasts. I heard the other day suithereasts. I heard the other day Martin thinks he's tricked us into making a bad match. And the only rosson why he agreed to Alfred Paxton as referee was that he believes that Vereker will make a chopping." The must take me for a none—th. He must take me for a mug-

He ought to kn Tom? He ought to know that I wouldn't send you to box in his hall unless I felt pretty sure that you would win. And win you shall

wouldn't send you to box in his hall miles I fet pretty sure that you would win. And win you shall treat the pretty sure that you would win. And win you shall treat the pretty and the pr

At this same time George Martin boxing promoter and manager and proprietor of the St. George's Boxing Hall, was having a talk with his son Georgie and some of the chief officials of the hall.

The discussion, quite naturally,

discussion, quite naturally.

turned on Versker, the hoxer who was to need Too Beleber that night, and the form he was showing.

"Look here, hoys," said the promoter, and his face shone with eagerness, "I chose Versker to fight Toon Beleber beautse he's as tough as old hake. You could punch him too Beleber beautse he's as tough as old hake. You could punch him to meet young a support of the promote that he was to be to be

the never trained hefore."
"And you think hell win-ch, gaw nor:" asked one of the officials.
"Win Of course, hell win! Ask my son Georgie, here! He went along and had the glores on with Veroker twice last week. Georgie was cleaver, of course, for the other chap's slow and a hitter, but he couldn't stop Vereker; and in the last way to be couldn't stop Vereker; and in the last way to be couldn't stop Vereker; and in the last way to be couldn't stop Vereker; and in the last way to be couldn't stop Vereker; and in the last way to be couldn't stop vereker; and couldn't stop defeated by Tom Belcher much to his own annoyance and his father's chagrin.

chagrin,
"Three times, then; and Georgio
was so dazed the last time that I madhim take the gloves off. We'd seen moneh!

The regular attendants of th The regular attendants of the half glanced admiringly at Georgie Martin, the pride of the St. George's Hall. The lad who could stop him had to be a good 'un." "Did he hit you hard, Georgie?"

"Did he my asked one.
"I should think he did.' I was that supplied I couldn't have stopped another punch. If we'd heen boxing in a ring, he'd have put me down

Georgic Martin might have con-fessed right here that he'd lost heart, and taken advantage of the situation to stop boxing, though he might have better to glorify the buy who was to bux Tom Belscher that night.

"And so, you soo," said the promoter, "Tom Belscher is right up it is a clever promoter. It don't look

against it. They say that Bob Lewis is a clever promoter. It don't look like it, does it? Here's he been filling the Star through advertising Tom Beleher as the boy who beat my son Georgie. Yet he takes the first chance offered and lets his star turn come here to onight to be whipped by Ted Vereker. That doesn't seem first chance control to be wingress by Ted Vereker. That doesn't seem clever, does it's I tell, you it's a cert, and to-morrow I shall be advertising Vereker as the boy who beat Tom Betcher; and my patrons will come crowding back to the ball in the old, sweet way."

crowding back to the hall in the old, sweet way."

"What about Ben Adams?" queried one of the men. "He's got a long head, and he's looking after young Tom Belcher. Why did he let the kid enter into this match, if Tom's got no chance."

"George Martin smiled complaceatly, setting his thumbs in the way holds."

his thumbs in the arm holes of

setting his thumbe in the ambient his waistocat.

"I'll tell you," said he. "Ben Adams is mad with me because I gave him the sack. He's got it into his head that Tom Beldere is an unheard-of marvel. He's so mad on getting a slap at me that he'd take any risk. Besides Vereker haan't and the said was the said that he'd take any risk. Besides Vereker haan't and the said was the said that he'd take any risk. getting a slap at me that he'd take any risk. Besides Vereker haan't always taken the trouble to train properly, and perhaps he thinks he'll catch this kid napping. We'll, he's up against the biggest surprise of his life!"

life!" I suppose Paxton will refered fairly?" said another of the regular officials of the iall.
"Yes: I haven't attempted to bribe him. But it don't matter. Vereker will soon slow Tom Beicher down. The kid hasht got any stamina. He won over Georgie by a fluke each time. But there'll be no fluke to night, Vereker's going to go right, and ialm him from the start. He's going to fight him on the Buglies of the start of t

"Supposin'," said another of the men cautiously, "there's a slip, and things don't come off as you antici-pate? Supposin' Tom Belcher wins

pate? Supposit Tom Bekher wins again, what then?"
"Well." growled George Martin, "in that case, Beb Lewis will get the bulco on me. The Star will have a rough the benefit of the thought of the thought of, and the whole lot of 'em will be feeling very sorry for them-selves before the day is over. What do you think, Georgie?"
The promoter's son laughed. He sweep of the battle with a careless sweep of the lattice of the think of the "Think." The cried. "Why, it's ten to one on Vereker. Hell's knock

"Think!" he cried. "Why, it's ten to one on Vereker! He'll knock Tom Belcher into a cocked hat!"

The 4th Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.

"Verker's Geinq to Half Kill You!"
That night, long before the St.
George's Boxing Hall opened its
doors, there was a lugge crowd
gathered outside. The majority of
gathered outside. The majority of
gathered outside. The majority of
pay-boxes were patrons of the St.
George's Hall, whold come to see
Tom Belcher besten. But there was a
considerable sprinking of the patrons
on the patrons of the St.

Tom the patrons of the strength of o

of the Star, who'd made up their minds to shout for Tom until their tongues were tired.

Much rough chased and many a Much rough chased between the rival factions as they were waiting. The crowd thickened perceptibly as the time wore on. When the electric lights outside the hall were set ablaze there must have been at least a thousand sportsmen waiting. And, besides pay to see the fisch, but who wanted to see the fistic heroes arrive, gathered on the opposite pavement or rowded round the side certaines. At last the doors were opened, and in some instances the bouts of fisticults were of a resolute and sanguingry vention of the police, with the result that some of the helligerents did not gain admission to the hall at all.

These incidents lent colour to the scene, but did not necessarily proved the started and fortist for the colour to the scene, but did not necessarily proved the control. The gallerine of fortists better the colour to the scene, but did not necessarily proved the colour to the scene, but did not necessarily proved the colour to the scene, but did not necessarily proved marked, the cleaper places on the large and the started places on the cleaper places on the colour to ack of the cleaper places on the second the started the colour to ack of the cleaper places on the colour to ack of the cleaper places on the colour to ack of the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the colour to the scene and the cleaper places on the cleaper places and the colour to the scene and the cleaper places and the colour to the scene and the cleaper places are colour to the scene and the cleaper places and the colour to the scene and the cleaper places and the colour to the scene and the cleaper places and the colour to the scene and the colour to the scene and the colour to the scene and t

instincts. The galleries were soon packed, the cheaper places on the floor of the hall filled to suffocation, and at last even standing room was exhausted.

exhausted.

In the better class seats might have been many sportsmen and lovers of the game from the West End, who had made the journey to see for themselves whether Tom Belcher, the rising star of the East End, was really the little champion he was reported to be.

to be.

The last chairs were filled, and then
the sports of the evening began by the
usual preliminary bouts, novices'
competitions, and the like, with which George Martin filled his programme up.
The fare provided proved to b

usually good, and the contests un-usually keen. Probably the excited crowd had something to do with Charlie Green and Jim Dewar, of

Charme course, were there.

Devar was elated at the arrange facest he'd made with Referee Paxton, and kept on referring to it, until Green shut him up with a growl.

"Why don't you dry up?" declared Green. "Sonebody will overhear you in a minute, and then there'll be the

Green. "Somebody with overline a minute, and then there'll be the dickens to pay?"

Jim Dewar at once simmered down.
"Have you seen Paxton yet Given him the fiver?" asked Green.
"No, answered the solicitor's son that he'll be here in a minute. I' given the him then."

give it him then,"
"Be careful," advised Green.
"Don't let anyone see you hand the

money over."

Jim Dewar nodded.

A quarter of an hour after the fun

A quarter of an hour after the fun-began a cheer amounced the arrival of a notability. Green and Dewar closed sharply round, and saw Alfred the chairs, with a beaming smile on his face, acknowledging the reception as he came. When he had gained his sext, which was not very far away sext, which was not very far away occupied, be bedded outed, and almost instantly saw their cound, and almost instantly saw there.

istantly saw them.

He at once crossed to them, and, recting them warmly as if they were ld friends, shook hands with each.

oid fracents, shock hands with each oid fracents, shock hands with each oid fracents. The processed this into the reduce, the processed this into the reduce, the present this into the referree's pain.

"It's the money-you know," his said, in a whisper, which nobody heard, "Don't show it. It's all right, and mind you do the trick!"

"Trust me!" said the referee.

"I rest me!" said the referee.

"Frust me!" said he referee.

"Frust me!" said he referee.

"Trust me." had not be the mobility of the proceed to swiftly and too the mobility of the proceeding the probably he'd done the same thing before. Then he langled.

"Trust me." he cried, in a voice which rang load and clear so that all night hear, "to let the better lad with."

He then winked, left them, and

pretensions, anyway. And we are going to make capital out of it, Charlie."

Charte."
Green nodded, lit a eigar, and, leaning languidly back, watched the boxers who were performing in the

ring.
Presently Ted Vereker arrived. He Presently Ted Vereker arrived. He was wearing a warm overcoat, had a neckerchief twisted about his threat. A mean-faced and sullen looking boy he was, but a favourite none the less for that, if one could judge by the cheering which accompanied his passing itrough the half on his way to the half on his way to the half on his way to the half of the half on his way to the half of the half o

the hall shouted his name and waved their hands to him.
"Give it to Tom Belcher to-night, chum!" coared a burly labourer.
"You bet!" grinned Vercker. And he strutted onward, evidently well-pleased with himself and his recep-tion.

pleased with himself and his recep-tion.

Hardly had he vanished than another cheer awoke the cohes of the hall and attracted overyone's another cheer awoke the cohes of the hall and attracted overyone's expectation of the company of the subjects of the company of the company and flap each other without the sighttest notice being taken of them. This time it was Tom Belcher who seconds accompanied him.

"Good old Ben!" shouted the audience. "Braw Tem?"
Ben Adams was roughly but neatly dressed. He were a bowler hat, and dressed. He were a bowler hat, and the company of the company of the subject of the company of the com-tact of the com-tact of the company of the com-tact of the com-sent of the com-tact of the com-second of the com-tact of the com-second of the com-tact o right out to him at once.
"Is that the kid who beat Georgie
Martin?" asked an East End sports-

man.
"Yes," answered someone seated

r. I don't believe it!" was the in-lulous comment. "I don't believe

credulous comment. he could do it!"

he could do it?"

Tom Belcher and his party walked slowly onward, amidst the mighty roar, and Tom came face to face with Jim Dewar, who rose at once and confronted him.

Tom started. His face changed colour. He'd not seen his late em-

Tom started. His face changed colon. He'd not wen his late employer's son since that day when Jim Dewar had had him torned out of the offices in Welbrook Chambers on a false accusation of stealing. "So," said Jim Dewar, with a seer, "you've given up spying and save," you've given up spying and save," you we give no surprised. You always were a dark horse. Do you know why I came here to-night?" Tom Belcher looked his enemy full in the eyes, but did not reply for a moment.

moment.
"I neither know nor care," said he, at length, "and I don't want to have anything to do with you, Mr. Dowse."

Dewar. "The come to see you licked," said the solicitor's son, with a smarl. "I want to see you knocked out, pulversized, and I'm onight rose at, too. Ted. Tom smiled, then passed on his way. He did not say another word, and Jim Dewar sank into his chair with a sigh of disgust. "Stack up young eith?" he

"Stuck up young cub!" he growled. "He's got swollen head already

arcany.
Green was thinking hard.
"I say, Jim." he murmured presently.
"What?"

"That kid Belcher looked wonder-

"That kid Beleiher looked wonder-fully fit. And he's got pluck. He's not afraid of Vereker, at any rate. Did you notice his eyes? They're fighting eyes. Perhaps it's as well you bought Paxton." Dewar booked at his friend in

Dewar tooked at his friend in astonishment.
"You surely don't stick up for that brat, do you?" he demanded.
"No. Only I like a plucked 'un. This fight to-night is going to be

interesting."

Jim Dewar cursed.

The 5th Chapter. An Unfair Decision.

At last the ring was cleared, and to a roar of applause Vereker, stripped ready for the fight, nimbly mounted the steps leading to the raised-up platform, dived between the

raiser-up platform, dived between the ropes, and entered the boxing-ring. He looked muscular and hard, and was obviously in good condition. A roar of laughter rang out, and some cries of derision were uttered.

(Continued from the previous page.)

man. "He's a bantam."

Indeed, Vereker looked at least eight stones in weight.

He went to his corner, with a grim smile on his face, sat down, and

waited

waited.

Tom Releiter came on the cree. Ben Adams was walking by his side. He, too, was ready stripped for the fray, and his size, when compared with Ben's, evoked murmurs of sympathy.

"It's a shame to let 'em figitt. Vereker's too strong for him," said an occupant of a ring-side said. Yet Tom Beleiter did not look afraid as the entered the ring.

The said of the ring of the

that Vereker was heavier and bigger all round. He seemed taken aback by the little fellow's cheerfulness.

Tom then went to his corner, and the gloves were produced. Then the betting started. To Dewar's surprise the professional punter made Tom the favourite.

the professional punter made Tom
the favourite.

"Now, who wants a het?" said a
betting man, rising in his chair and
looking round. "I'll lay anybody
two to one on Tom Bebeher. Don't
all speak at once. You can lave it
the time to make up your minds.
Ten backing the kid."
"I'll lay six to four." said another.
There was no getting away from
it. Tom Bebeher was the favourite.
Stiller seeker was the favourite.
Stiller seeker was the favourite.
Stiller seeker him many friends, and
a good deal of money was staked.
"Now's our chance," said Jim
Dewar. "Come on, Green!"
They closed with the man who'd
offered two to one.

His eye life play he looked at
must "would have a be looked at
"must" would have a bit of brass to
look.
"Will you lay me two leaves."

"Will you lay me two to one?" asked Dewar eagerly.
"Yes. How much do you want on, mister?"

I'll risk a fiver. Ten pounds to

"I'll risk a fiver. Ten pounds to five," said Dewar.
"That's a bet. Let's have your money, my lot."
Jim Dewar took out five sever-eigns. It was money borrowed from the office—borrowed from his father, without the latter's sarelion. Yet, what did that matter, thought be waster, since he was backing a

cert'

the waster, since he was backing a cert?

The money changed hands.
"Now, how much will you lave, "Now, how much will you lave, which was a constraint of Green.
"I'll take ten to five, too."
Again the money changed hands hand then, almost before they could faced each other, the word was given, and amidst a roar of cheets and counter cheers, the battle began. It was at once seen that Vereker, well-trained and trusting in his extre off his legs and quickly finish the fight, if he could.

He went for Tom like a madman, Left and right hand followed one another like rain, and, quick though a monther like rain, and, quick though reveral nasty facers at the first ones, slipped as he tried to turn in a neutral ocener, and went down, his away tor skipping away from a mightly and to the property of the country of th neutral corner, and went down, his jaw just slipping away from a mighty upper-cut as he dropped. Instantly a roar of consternation rang through the hall, and Ben looked serious.

looked serious.

Vereker, whose face was drawn and pale from excitement, stooped over the prostrate boy, and lunged a hard left at him while he was down. Had the blow landed it must have earned the discontinuation for the referee, disqualification, for the referee

holsed it.

But the audience shouted in unison, and a storm of hisses echoed through the hall.

"Stand away, Vereker!" cried the referce sternly. And, recollecting himself in time, Vereker drove the punch upward into space and stepped back.

Tom raised himself on one knee,

After him went the rushing bantam-weight, and then followed an exhibition of scientific ducking and dodging, side-stepping, and twirling which made the onlookers gasp, and brought forth salvo after salvo of applause.

Though Tom did not hit his man

again while the round lasted, he took good care that Vereker should not land. Indeed he fooled the latter to the top of his bent, and when the lads | claret, and set it running.

watched the little hero who used to work in his father's office, as Tom Belcher now took the lead in grim earnest, and carried the fighting to Vereker.

The latter had already lost some of The latter had already lost some of

The latter had already lost some of his snap and fire, and Tom Beicher danced all round him, rapping his snap and langles, and with both bands impartially, until his lead amounted to more than a little. As the state of the sta

the other could avoid.

The bigger lad kept on trying The bigger lad kept on trying to force his way into a clinch. He wanted to try his luck at in-fighting; but so clusive was Tem, so light on his feet, so clever, that he hadn't a chance, and once more Tem bore off

the honours.
So the rounds went on Tour

So the rounds went on Tom, cleverly coached by Ben Adams, keep-ing up the good work, and never seeming to tire.

And in the fifth round, as Vereker over-lit, and recied unsteadily, in went Tom, and the resulting smash on the nose tapped the bigger boy's clear, and see it running.

covered himself up, until he seemed

covered himself up, until he seemed all arms and legs, and no hear ound ended, you may be sure. And next came the last roand, and the last roand, the control of his stength and speed. He went after Tom like a whirdwind; yet he was clumey withd, and never looked like mailing the little hero, who was a light on his feet as any danting, spite of the cheers, the noise, and the excitement.

And Tom's face wore a smile; so id Ben Adams. And why not? Didn't they know

Alla Way not.
they'd won?
Amid a roar of excitement the lads
battled their utmost, the final rally
being a hair-raiser.
It seemed as if strength must pre-

vail, and Toni go down. But, no, he was still on his feet when the bell rang, and then into the ring sprang Ben Adanis, whilst pandemonium was

let loose.

"Bravo, Tom!" shouted Ben, lifting the little fellow up in his arms and bearing him to his chair.

"You've won by a mile!"

Tom Beicher had won-there was I om Beicher had won—there was no possible shadow of a doubt about that. Everybody knew it. The delighted audience called out his name, and cheered and cheered again and again. Then, as the referee prepared to give his verdict, the audience quietened down.

The referee's decision," he declared, "is that Vereker is the

The 6th Chapter. The Vengennee of the Crowd.

The Vengannee of the Crowd.
For one brief moment there was silence. It was a silence of consternation. It lated only a moment, however. Then such a storm of hissing and howling arose as lass scholm been Paxton, the referee, qualied before it. He turnel pule. He knew what a gross injustice he'd done little Tom Belcher, and he was ashared.
And it needed all George Marriud.
And it needed all George Marriud, the proposition of the

which the referee had

rendered him,

covered from the stunning effect of the M.C.'s announcement. He'd ven tured his little bit, too, and, accord-ing to the disgraceful verdict, had

lost it.

Tom Belcher, who'd been utterly taken aback by the decision, looked up at honest Ben with trembling lip and tears of mortification in his eyes "Oh, it's a shane, Ben!" he cried "I won-I know I did-and easily" "Of course you did, boy!" said Ben.

Ben.

And he rushed across the ring, pointing at Paxton with a shaking and accusing arm.

"You've been bribed to do this, Paxton!" he bawled. "Shame on you! Speak up like a man, and say so now!"

Paxton glanced sternly and coldly at the angry old boxer. "I have given my verdict," he declared. "I consider that Vereker

won easily. I can't go back on that that 'I

that!"
And he left his chair.
Ben spread his arms helplessly
staring at the audience, his cheeks or fire.
"Gents," he cried. "you all kr

"Gents," he cried, "you all know
"Gents," he cried, "you Ton Belober
hand from "out". Ton Belober
hand from "out". Ton Belober
hand some "out". Ton Belober
hand what it is."
"Bravo, Ben." roared a thousand
coices. "Shame—shame! Tom
Belober vas the winner! How must
rerike! M. Paxton:"
Everybody was on his feet. Only
few fared agree with the decision,
and of these the majority were floored
an flash.
When the hand achieved his purpose
and got a defeat recorded against
Tom Beloher, intimated that there
should be noure boxing that night.
"Clear the "clear the "all,"
"They began to act upon the order
at once.

Jim Dewar now considered it time

Jim Dewar now considered it the to draw the money he'd won. "Come along Charlie!" he said. "Let's draw the brass! That's one in the eye for Tom Belcher, isn't it?" And he chuckled, and rubbed his

in the eve for 10m beened, included in And in exhelled, and rubbed in Green didn't answer. At bottom the fellow was a decent sportsman. Tom Belcher had made such an easy thing of it that the fells overy the case of the fellow and the fellow while the fellow strength of the fellow fellow from the fellow fellow

"Do they: drily."
"Of course they do," said Jim.
"Of course they do," said Jim.
Dewar. "Now, come on, fork out:
I've got to catch a train!"
"Have you?" said the betting

"Mine Dewar coloured up.
"Now, I want no nonsense." In recied. "A bet is a bet."
"And buying a referee's verdict, too, I sulving a referee verdict, which is a referee verdict, and is a referee verdict, and

The M.C. bent to receive it. He started at what he heard, repeated a question, then got into the ring with a blank expression on his face.

He strode to the ropes. There was Then he was seen to be pointing at the badly-marked and thoroughly depressed Vereker.

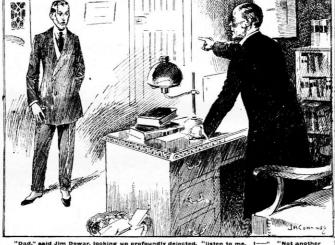
clear out of this sharp! Do you have "will Jim Dewar making his voice." If you're a welsher III hand you over to the police! I'm not to be bullied, you show! Hand me over the cash!" "You sha in't have it!" shouted the manner. Clearly her about to intervene and demand his money, too, now thought better of it. He stepped back a pace, and glained round to find the policy of the sharp will be the sharp with the sharp will be the sharp with the stepped back a pace, and glained round to find the policy to have my money?" said Jim Dewar furiously. "Give me my money."

my money!"
And he caught hold of the man's

In a moment the arm was jerked away, and the solicitor's son got a back-hander in the mouth which sent him reeling. "My name's Roberts," said the

"My rame's Roberts," said the betting-man, "and I'm known on every racecourse and in every boxing-hall in the kingdom six white man, and one who pays; but I'm not going to pay a blackguard like you!"

Jim Dowar, literally boiling with rage, turned to the sporting erowd who came gathering round.



"Dad," said Jim Dewar, looking up profoundly dejected, "listen to me. 1---"
word!" thundered the solicitor, pointing at the door, "Go!" "Not another

retired it was noticed that Vereker was breathing deeply, while Tom hadn't turned a hair.

The clever little midget had caused the stronger lad to take a lot out of himself, and the moral effect of his showing was bound to make itself foll later on. felt later on.

felt later on.

Round kwo proved to be a repitition of round one, save that in this round Vereker did not floor Tom Bekher, and the laster began to make good use of a sound left which was repeatedly finding a resting-place on the bigger boy's jaw and face.

Tom took the lead now, and the applanes which followed his achievement was foud and long.

"Jim," remarked Green at this stage, "what a good thing you hought the referee, ch!"

Now. Green lad a deep voice, which lad a rare carrying quality,

"Jim,
stage, "what a goose
bought the referee, eh?"
Now, Green had a deep voice,
which had a rare carrying quality.
He imagined that nobody could
betting man whold
carrying and whole the imagined that noticely could ear; but the betting man who'd tken their money had sharp ears, and they caught the words. He arted, stared, then glanced at

and started. started, starcu, when particle and the muttered, "I wonder what the little game is? It's worth watching, this!" The hell rang now for round three, and the two lads got to work again. Sullenly, peevishly, Jim Dewar

"Oh, he's a little wonder, he is!" said an old veteran. "I've not seen his like for many a long day!"

his like for many a long day:"
In round six Vereker, rendered
desperate, fought tooth and mail, and
was really dangerous. Several times
he shook Tom with heavy swings and
hooks, and the little chap had to act
on the defensive. Verexer here got
a point or two back.

Tom was tired in round seven and Tom was tired in round seven, and

stalled, whilst trying to gain his second wind. Again the bigger lad piled on the agony; but it was an even break.

In round eight Tom seemed to revive, and, crowding on all sail, stopped Vereker's ill-timed rushes with his left. He took the honours easily.

In round nine, to the astonishment of everybody. Tom accepted his opponent's challenge to a rally, and they banged and slammed each other by mutual consent.

Ben Adams did not seem to mind. George Martin, who had been a gloomy and dissatisfied spectator up till now, rose and shouted to Vereker to "finish him." Yet, to the amazeto "finish him." Yet, to the amaze-ment of everybody, it was Vereker himself who recled away from the fierce rally, and dropped, panting, to

which the referee nan remerce unity promised him a reward.

"Come to my office," he cried, "and I'll give you a liver for that! I'd get a lot of money at stake, and I shan't forget you!"

Meanwhile, Ben Adams had rethe boards He took a count of nine, and the

There will be another Crand Bumper Number Next Monday—Coloured Cover, and our 4th Splendid Free Presentation Plate. Order your copy of THE BOYS' FRIEND—1d.—at once!



(Continued from the previous page.)

"Look here," he declared, "I had person that the reast as he had upon his a bet with this man. Ten pounds he laid me to five pounds against Belter. He leaf, and now he will have been the laid me to five pounds against the laid of the laid one of the crowd. "Tom Belcher on the light, You stick to your guns, Roberts."

"You're all as bad as he is!"

won the fight. You stick to your guns, Roberts as bad as he is!"
"You're all as bad as he is!"
"You're all stormed find Dewar, forgetting where stormed dim Dewar, forgetting where we have been suited."
"Why don't you pay up, Roberts?"
asked another member of the crowd.
"Because," was the prompt veply.
"Because," was the prompt v

gether.

"And while the contest was going on I heard this chap's pal—the swell who was here just now—saying that it was a good thing they'd bought the referee. What is one to think of that in the face of Mr. Paxton's foul de-

The colour forsook Jim Dewar's cheeks now. He looked round for Green, and saw him vanishing in the direction of the nearest exit. He began to back away himself. But the bookmaker was too quick

"Don't let him go, boys!" he cried. Get hold of him! Let's make him

"Get hold of him? Let's make him speak the truth!"

A yell of delighted laughter rang out. The audience were just in the mood to make somebody suffer for the foul decision which had spoilt the

the foil decision which had spoilt the evening's amusement. In a moment 'im Dewar was scized. 'Here, he-me so,' Let me so,'', he cried, and his teeth clashed together in fright "I'll take proceedings against anybody who lays a hand on

"Oh, son of Old Six-and-eightpence "Oh, son of Old Six-and-ciphtpence, is he!" growled the bookie. "Well, I'm not surprised. They're mostly sharks. Now then, out with it! Did you pay Paxton to give Vereker the verifiet! Did you!" Devent "No!" howled on "Down". "No!" howled on "Down", "Let "" 'Give him a shipe-up, my lad;" 'Give him a shipe-up, my lad;" 'Give him a shipe-up, my lad; 'Give him a ship-up, my lad; 'Give him a sh

cared and quivering in every limb, he whined for mercy.
"Mercy! Mercy! Let me go!" he

"Mercy! Mercy! Let me go! he ground.
"We'll let you go the moment you tell us the truth," said Bookmaker Roberts—"not befare! Now, did you bribe the referee?"

I did!"

"That's good enough for me!"
said the bookmaker blandly, as the
shricking and terrified rascal blurted
out the ruth. "And so the money's
mine. You can't expect me to pay
out affect that "give me my fiver
book," "What!"
It's not mine; it belongs to my
father:
"What!"

"What! A thief, too?" exclaimed the bookmaker. "Oh, dear, that's worse and worse! The pup has robbed his daddy, boys! A nice sort of gentleman he is! Well, I leave

of gentleman he is: Well, I leave you to deal with him. So saying, he turned his back upon the ring and sauntered out of the hall.

hall.

And then what a time of it Jim Dewar had: The crowd tore his collar and tie off; they slit his cost up. In the midst of the struggle someone took his watch and his pecket-book, his tiepin, his keys, and

her of the crowd who did not sympathies with poor Tom.

Let's wait for Tom Beleher, lads, and give him and old flen a cheer!' suggested semebody.

And wait they did. A quarter of an hour later Ben Adams. Tom Beleher, and one or two frenchs let the hall.

The crowd rushed towards them surrounded them, and in a moment the echoes of the street were cracking. Ben's solemn face lit up as he

"You were robbed of the fight. "You were robbed of the ngit, Tom:" he cried, "But just listen to that! That'll do you a bit of good, won't it? And the public will know." Tom's face flushed with excitement. He gazed in awe at the surging

TALES TO TELL. Our Weekly Prize-winners.

Look Out for YOUR Winning Storyette.

STUMPED!

A loud-voierd gentleman on one of the stands was boasting to a party of admiring youngsters about the doughty deeds he had done in the cricket field in days gone by. Suddenly he turned his attention to

the band.

"Ah!" he observed. "Those fellows play decently, but they've

"Excuse me, but what did you ask for

The customer simply replied:
"Why, I said to your assistant that
we hadn't had any rain lately."—
Sent in by George Waugh, Carlisle.

Mrs. Brown took her son Willie for a ride in a tram. Seated at the side of them was a soldier, who wore a lot of medals. Willie turned round to his mother,

hie and said:
"Mum, why does that soldier have
his money pinned on his coat; won't
they let him have pockets?"—Sent in
by E. J. Greenfield, Camberwell, S.E.

The proprietor of a menageric keeps caged together a hion, a tiger, a wolf, and a lamb, which collection he labels, "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially bow long hese animals had lived together, h

ered: Ten months, but the lamb has to be renewed occassionally."—Se by H. Martin, Wolverhampton.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A certain clergyman was very par-ticular that he should not be dis-turbed when reading in his study in the morning, and in giving his servants instructions to this effect said that in no case were callers to be admitted—except, of course, in cases of his or death.

eases of life or death.

Half an hour later the servant knocked at the door and said:

"A gentleman wants to see you,

"A gentleman wants to see you, sir."
"Why, I thought I told you—"
"Yes, I told him," she said, "but he says it is a question of life or death."

ath."
"All right," said the clergyman grumpily at being interrupted, "if it's as bad as that, you'd better show him

ushered in an insurance agent!—Sent in by Gwin Thomas, Brynmenyn, South Wales.

LIBELLOUS.

A husband and wife who ran a freak show unfortunately quarrelled, and the exhibits were equally divided be-tween them. The wife decided to continue business as an exhibitor at the old address, but the husband went on

After some years of wandering, the prodigal returned, and a reconciliation took place, as the result of which they became business partners once more.

A few mornings later, people who read the bills posted in the town went into fits of laughter at the following:

"By the return of my husband, my stock of freaks has been permanently increased."—Sent in by William S. Harvey, Ayr.

VERY POPULAR.

The salesman was new to the de-partment, and he was determined, if persuasive eloquence could do it, to ret on get on.
"This necklace, madam," he said.

"This necktace, madan," he said, "was originally made to the order of Henry of Navarre, who gave it to Marguerte de Valois. It's a very popular line; we're selling a lot of them just now!"—Sent in by Jack Condy, Belfast.

IMPOSSIBLE!

Judge: The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be confined in prison the remaider of his natural life."

life."

Prisoner: "But, my lord—"
Judge: "Not another word, sir, or
I'll give you four years more!"—Sent
in by Gordon Cowles, Blaenavon,
Mon., Wales.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!
Readers ore incited to send on a
postcard storgettes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature.
For every contribution used the
sender will receive a money prize.
All postcards must of the property of the
and "Gen." Library, Geough House,
Gough Square, London, E.C.



"You've given up spying and stealing for boxing, have you, Belcher?" said Jim Dewar, with a eer, "I'm not surprised, for you were always a dark horse. But I've come here to-night to see

Without a moment's pause he pushed a way amongst the crowd and ran for his life-ran, ran, until he'd no more breath left in his body- and eled, fainting and gasping, against

Meanwhile, the angry crowd in Meanwhile, the angry crowd mane the hall, not satisfied with having punished the man who'd cost Tom Belcher the fight, were seeking further mischief and reprisals.

turther moschief and reprisals.
"There's always some dirty trick being played on some lad or other in this ring, boys, said an honset lover of the game. "And my opinion is it's George Martin's fault. Let's smash up the ring."
The suggestion was halled with a burst of appliance, and acted upon with alterity.

with alacrity.

In a moment the ropes were cut and torn away, the boards of the ring in some magical manner were kirked or torn apart, the posts were ripped up and thrown down.

One piece after another of the sofidy-built structure was hurfiel to the floor, whilst the crowd best actual and actual and the care to the security of the

mck.
Within five minutes nothing of the ing remained. Then there was a ring remained. The shout of: "Police! Police!"

Police! Police?"
It was good enough: The angry audience had finished their work. They'd wreaked their vengeauce upon the man who'd bought the match, and the promoter who'd staged it; and out into the street they surged, cheering at the full stretch of their rangs. There they found an enough of the strength of the street of the strength of the stren

"Yes, Ben," he cried. "And-well, it won't always he like this, will it? All referees are not like Mr. Paxton. Next time perhaps I shall Paxton. Next tir be allowed to win.

"It's the only bit of satisfaction we've got, Tom, my boy," returned Ben Adams sadly. "Save that the rascal who bribed the referee got badly punished, as he deserved. And now let's get along home." THE END.

(Another magnificent long complete stry of Tom Beleher will app ar in next M nday'. BOYS FRIEND. Don't miss it!)

REMEMBER!

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Every Thursday. "THE PENNY POPULAR." Every Friday.

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fallen off terribly since I was

fallen off terribly since I was a member of the band!"
"What!" exclaimed one of the hearers, with a curious expression, and a twinkle in his eye. "You played with that lot!"
"Certainly," was the reply. "I was with them for years."
Then the crowd laughed, and the hoastful gentleman moved off hastily on learning that the instrumentalists were the pick of the local limite asylum.—Sent in by Henry Juckes, London, W.

IRISH AGAIN.

A corporal in an Irish regiment now stationed in Egypt went to the quarter-master to borrow a camel to carry a spare tent. The quarter-master refused.

"I've only got the cart, and this spare camel I am keeping for a case of emergency."

spare came! I am keeping for a case of emergency."

"Well, said the corporal, "can't you put the case of emergency on the cart and let me have the came!?"

- Sent in by J. Lawless, Hollinwood, near Oliham.

TOO HASTY

The owner of a large drapery shop heard an assistant say to a customer: "No, madam, we haven't had any for a long time."
With a hereo glance at the girl, the employer rushed to the lady and said,

empayer rusned to the axy and said, with a bow plenty of everything in reserve, madam; plenty upstairs." The customer and the assistant loked dazed, and the proprietor, see-ing that something was wrong, said:

guttirals.

Realising that not one, but many, of these fearsome apemen—as Professor Klux afterwards named them—were in the thicket, and fearing to shoot lest he should injure Pat, Dick

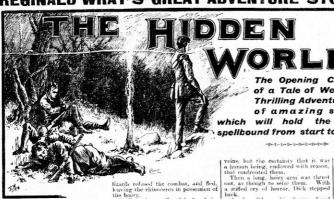
shoot lest he should injure Pat. Dick snatched his automatic from his pistol, and fired three shots in rapid suc-cession into the nir. At the first shot the chattering ceased, at the second lond cries of fear arose from out the undergrowth, at the third five monkey-like forms shot on from the stranging branches.

the third five monkey-like forms shot up from the straggling branches which topped the thicket, and clambered with incredible speed up the trunks of the trees until they reached the spreading branches, when, casting four-laden glaness over their shoulders, and they have been considered their control of the control of th

four laden glasses over their shoulders, they swang from limb to limb, using both hands and feet, until, in less than five seconds, they

The Opening Chapters

REGINALD WRAY'S GREAT ADVENTURE STORY!



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DICK MANLEY, his sister NELL, and a lad named JIM KLI X, are on the Yorkshire moore when a cribble thrown down a tremendous New Lindows of the Yorkshire moore when a cribble thrown down a tremendous gulf.

Dick works his way down a crack in the cliff, and endeavours to get to his sister's side, but the obstacles in his way are insurmountable and one great distance from his sater. Whilst here he watches a band of savages there he watches a band of savages approach, and carry Nell off.

Later, Dick is joined you and the here he watches a band of savages approach, and carry Nell off.

Later, Dick is joined you and the here he watches a band of savages approach, and carry Nell off.

Later, Dick is joined you and the here he was the professor, and carry the carried when world, "says the latter. "But don't despair. We will bring your sister back again, if we have to follow here the professor, and a lad named PAT RYAN, start to search for Nell Manley in the Hidden World. Their enterprise is faugit with immorrable contempration of any line of the professor, and a lad named PAT RYAN, start to search for Nell manuer parts is faugit with immorrable contempration for any line and the professor, and a lad named PAT RYAN, start to search for Nell manuer parts of the professor is faugit with immorrable contempration of the professor is any line of the professor in the little of the professor in the little of the professor in the professor in the little of th

Manley in the Hidden World. Their enterprise is faught with immunerable dangers, and when they are attacked by a terrible monster, it seem that nothing can save them from dostruc-tion. By taking careful aim with their ribles, however, the four suc-ceed in putting the animal hors-de-combat.

combat.

Presuming the beast to be dead, the boys walk along its large body. Later, the animal starts into life, and, carrying Pat Ryan on its back, drafts into the forest. There it is attacked by a number of curious-looking reptiles.

reptiles.
Dick Manley gazes at the scene with horror, for he knows that in the midst of the struggling reptiles is the body of Pat Ryan!

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Par Ryan's Thrilling Adventures.

Pat kyan's Thrilling Adventures. For some minutes Dick Manley and Jim Klux watched the monsters at their fearful feast. Suddenly the former drew his chum closer to the tree near which they were standing. "Have your gun ready, but don't more, as you value your life!" he

whispered.

Both boys looked in the direction

"Both topys looked in the direction from whome the heavy thad of swiftly-falling feet and a rending of branches preclaimed the coming of yet some other fear-some monsters. Presently they caught a brief glimpse of a swiftly-moving bock armonic properties of the pro

yet seen.
Though barely half the size of the Though barry nair the size of sine stake - lizards, as scientists have named the brutes who were devouring their slain contrade, the rhinoceros gave tongue to a shrill trumpeting of defiance, and charged straight at the nearest fee.

nearest foo.

In a moment the attacker's horn
had torn deep into the vitals of the
snake-lizard; then, as the monster
swept round its huge bead, with a
hisang cry of pain and fury, it dodged
side with surprising nimbleness, and
launched itself at the next foe.

But, despite their size, the snake-

the booty.

Sniffing the mutilated body of the collared monster, the collared monster, the rhinoceros opened its huge mouth, and sent a roar, which for the moment stilled all lesser sounds, echoing through the

all leser sounds, echoing through the forest.

It was answered from a point a short distance to the spectators left, A minute leter three young rhinoceri appeared on the sen e., and revenously of tacked the body.

The two explorers began to retrace their steps. As they cancid the gazed regretally back whence they had come.

"Poor Pat". I feel just as if I was

As he did so his finger closed instinctively on the trigger, and the rifle exploded, sending a spear of flame full into the strange croature's face, whilst its leaden missile carried off the tip of his long, pointed ear.

A fearful shrick, in which terror, amazement, and rage were comminged, but a simple of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of clusterings, apparently composed almost entirely of barsh gutturals.

Kealising that not one, but many, of these fearsome apruner—as Pec-

had come.

"Poor Pat! I feel just as if I was
descriting him." he muttered, half to
himself, half to his companion.

"Nonsense, old chap! Den't
reproach vourself! What else could
we have done? To have approached
those ravenous beasts would have
been certain death," replied Jim
Klove conseiller.

blose ravenous beasts would nave been certain death, "relied Jim "I know; but it was such an arful death, and you don't know what Pat Ryan has been to me. He was under groom at the Court, and almost as long as I can remember we have been the more like better the second of the court of the c

last, looking about him.
"Masther Dick, is that you?
Glory be, then I'm.—" began the
voice; then, without completing the
sentence, it added: "Sure, it's not
here I am at all, at I'm over
yon, near the cave."
"What on earth is he stitting.

yon, near the cave!"
"What on earth is he talking about? Has terror drives him mad."

about? Has terror driven him mad?"
cried Jin, in amazement.
"Would terror ever drive an Irishman mad?" asked Diek soornfully.
"Don't you see he is in peril, and
fears lest I should share it with him.
But now I know he's alive, a
battalion of exemen shall not keep
me from him!"

me from him?"
"Don't ye be afther coming any nearer. Masther Dick. It's the Rather o' Lies himself and all his broad who's got me."
But, only pausing to make sure that bis rifle was leaded, and his dagger lose in its scabbard. Dick strode towards the trees.

towards the trees.

Barely had he taken a couple of steps ere he came to an abrupt halt, gazing in horrified amazement at as fearful a sight as had yet met his eyes, even in that awful land of terror.

Some bearrches of the undergrowth, from which the trees arose, had been moved aside, and enframed in the foliage appeared a head, partly liddlen with causes, reddish-brown hair, a low, receding forohead, high hidden with course, reddish-brown hair, a low, receding forohead, high hidden with course, reddish-brown hair, a low, receding forohead, high referektions of a dog, and bushy eyebrows. From heneath which a pair of eyes flashed with a brute-like cunning and ferceivt on either side of a promment but flat mose.

But it was not the terrible ferceity and the same of the terrible ferceity in the blood to ice in the boys'

were lost to sight in the tree tops of the forest. Automatic pistol in hand, Dick crashed through the bushes, to find himself in a kind of hower, the floor of the top the the same that the beaves, and littered with leaves, and littered with chunka of meat and half-gnawed bo new, evidently part of a recently slain, pierike body of whole lay in the centre of the retreat.

of a Tale of Weird and Thrilling Adventure, full of a mazing scenes, which will hold the reader spellbound from start to finish.

I veins, but the certainty that it was a human being, endowed with reason, that confronted them.

I veins, but the certainty that it was a human being, endowed with reason, that confronted them.

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"Sure, and it's all right I am now, Masther Dick," he said, a few minutes later, in response to Manley's anxious queries. "It's killed by anxious queries. "It's kindness I've been entoirely

"Kindness!" echoed Dick and Jim, in a breath.

in a breath.
"That's what I belave the poor, benighted heathen meant it for. Ye bear the poor, benighted heathen meant it for. Ye have been supported by the safther telling you the whole story, though it's lies you'll be afther thinking it's lies you'll be afther thinking it's suggested Pat.

though it's, lies you'll be atther thinking it's suggested P. If we do.

No fear of that, Pat.

That is, if we do go back, "That is, if we do go back," he added gloomly.

We here to rescue Miss k. Arm't, and won't we do it, please the jug! "re-torted Pat stonly," But about my bir af a tale. It was this way.

If was the good-bye religious and won't hat same galloping mountain, I can tell ye. I've been on hundred bucking houses, all buckin't at once, and was.

I couldn't have held en a minute hadn't Nature put them there spikes along its back on purpose for a poor Orien boy to freeze to.

"By the same taken it was them very spikes which saved me from being awept off by the branches of the trees when we reached the wood. I was just beginning to wonder in what part of Europe. Asia, or Unid what part of Europe. Asia, or Unid runnin', when a little bit of a cray, very all the properties of the properties " By the same token it was them

throst. The bearin sartinly knew its master, for it squealed like a stuck pig, and I could feel as trimbling with the form of the stagerest on a little way with the frog hanging on to its throat, until it reached a kind o' clearing, then dropped dead, an' Oi dropped off.

Oi dropped oft.

"Then-I struck out for home, and, ten minutes later, bundled into the arms of one o' them critters you saw. Mr. Monkey Brand didn't seem to know what to make of me, but

arms of one o' them critters you saw. Mr. Monkey Brand dindr's seem to know what to make of me, but jabbered away like a cheapjack at a fair, carried me to where you found a fair, carried me to where you found a fair to the fair to a tree, and, after kneeling at my feet as though he was a kind o' graven image, started eathir raw pig. I have been strongly been to make a fuss over me, and tried to rid heir moses against mine. I made bold to tell 'em what I thought of 'em. They meant it knully, p' aga, but—see'll to tell 'em what I thought of 'em. They meant it knully, p' aga, but—see'll to tell 'em what I thought of 'em. They meant it knully, p' aga, but—see'll to tell 'em what I thought of 'em. They meant it knully, p' aga, but—see'll presty, and they weren't dean. Then you come, an here by the same token comes the perfessor, and mighty cross he books, too.''

"Not when the mean to give their experiences.

"Not whiled, shi', was his gruff greeting, and Pat had to great has the two lade had to give their experiences.

Professor Kendrick Klux's eyes flashed, and he rubbed his hands with "Stupenbours", he eigenlated. "I

delight.
"Stupendons!" he ejaculated. "I always knew Nature intended me for something great, but never dared to hope for such an adventure as this."

Lost in the Forest.

"And now, professor, what next?" asked Dick Manley, ruthleasly breaking in upon a learned dissertation on pre-historic animals gadraned. Kendrick Klix glared at the daring interrupter, but continued as though



the approximan darted out from the undergrowth, and, enatching up the struggling girl in ong, hairy arms, bared her fanglike toch in an angry snari at Dick, then disappeared get the trees.



"Of course I was right—I always am. The whole so called scientific world were fools to think that ages separated the apenen from the caven. I always maintained they were distinct branches of the human race, and now it's proved. But brains always triumples over more musele, and the apenen died out, or, at most, were the progenitors of the inferior arees of the earth, whits white men the cavelled of the cave the contract of the cave twellow.

wellers." He ceased speaking, and fixed his

He ceased speaking, and fixed his glowing eyes on Dick.

"Dinner!" he snapped, in answer to the lad's previous question. "Not to the lad's previous question. "Not to to unfasten his knapack. "We must save our concentrated viands for emergencies. Take the shot gun and see if you can shoot anything and see if you can shoot anything hill, it will be safer there than near the trees."

As he spoke Professor Klux pointed to a small acclivity some three andred yards from the edge of the orest. Changing the explosive bullets

hundred yards from to grow the forest. Changing the explosive bullets in the shot gus to small shot earticles to the shot gus to small shot earticles and the shot gus to shot gus to the plain where tail grass promised an abundance of game. Nor was he disappointed, and in less than a hour the little party wor made, watching a young animal not utilike an Australian walleby rossting on an extemporised spit. Ere long Pat, who was cook, prosined the meat done to a turn-

ing on an extemporated spit.

Bre long Pat, who was cook, proclaimed the meat done to a turn.
Helping themselves from the spit they
found the fieth like that of a very
tender hare.

Helping themselves from the spit they
found the fieth like that of a very
tender hare.

The meal ver, they close a settly
that meal very
that was a settle settle settle
that the settle settle
that the settle
that

nnected that strange land loud, reverberating as startled could be a contraction of the lion house at the Zoo, and he
of the lion-house at the Zoo, and he
wondered if lions or tigers were
amongst the many dangers which beset their path. a noise like the disrharge of heavy guns celeced and rececheed through the forest, and he
felt the earth shake beneath him.
Barely had the tremor of the earthgooder away than he heard a freelim, and institutively stepped saidjust as an enormous dragon-fly, its
gold, green, and black body a good
gold, green, gold
g

Dick looked at his sleeping com-anions, then swept his eyes over

Dick looked at his sleeping companions, then swept his eyes over the plain.

He saw no sign of either four-footed or two footed focs, so, after a moment's hestalton, ran swifty towards the monster insect, eager to secure it as a surprise for the professor when he awoke. Drawing his heckenical pixel he cautionsly approached his prey.

But evidently the dragon-flies of piston he cautiously ap-proached his prey.

But evidently the dragon-flies of the under-world were as wide awake and as vigilant as their descendants on earth, for just as he was about to

Ammittel grabe |

off, but only to come to rest once more on a species of dock leaf a hundred yards farther on.

In no way discouraged by his fast

ndred yards farther on. In no way discouraged by his first lure Dick hastened in pursuit, but ly to meet with a similar disappointment. Determined to capture the eva

only to meet with a similar disappointment.

Determined to capture the evasive dragondy back pressed on, but with kneed the control of the co

steps as a voice, which he recognised as that of his lost sister Nell, cried in tones of heart-rending appeal:

"Dick, save me! Oh, help! Help! Help

Rejoiced to find that his sister, whom he had scarcely hoped to see again, was alive, Dick started running in the direction from whence the cry had come.

"Courage, Nell! I am here! Shout again to let me know where you are!" he cried encouragingly. "Here. Dick! Shoot! Quick!" came back the reply, in gasping came I

accounts.

The next moment, her claims to rank not reas, her long, golden hair streaming behind her. Nell Manley burst from out the forest, and, east-ing frantic glances behind her, ran towards her brother. But even as the last cry left her lips she stumbled over a root, and streaming believes on the ground. A streaming the stream of th

Dick, then disappeared amongst the trees. It is a shoulder, but though his finger was shoulder, but though his finger was considered by the shoulder but the trigger he dared for the trees of the unear-thy horrors the forest contained, Dick Manley burst he provided by the property of the should be provided by the provided of encouragement, Dick Manley burst through the undergrowth in the direction. Nell's captor had about the year of the sharp thours which tore his flesh, the long the sharp though the provided by the sharp though the sharp the s as she dived through openings ware.
Dick was too excited to notice, and
his heart sank within him as he
realised that already she had considerably increased the distance between

them.

But short though the time the fugitive remained in sight, it was long enough for him to notice a collar of some dull grey metal that encircled

her neck. For half an hour Dick continued,

olunging deeper and deeper into the plunging deeper and deeper into the forest; and then, realising the hope-lessness of pursuing Nell's capior farther—indeed, beginning to repent that he had not secured the help of his contrades ere venturing so far into the forest, Dick decided to retrace his

But this was easier said than dor but this was casier said than done, the yielding undergrowth through ich he had forced his way had ang back into place directly be of forced his way through, com-stely hiding his tracks from view.

pletely hiding his tracks from view.
However, it was no good standing
still looking around him, so he
plunged boldly into the undergrowth.
For over an hour he marched
stolidly through the trees. Suddenly
he came to an abrupt halt before a
mass of broken husbes, in the centre
mass of broken husbes, in the centre was an enormous footprinor which was an enormous footprint. He had been walking in a circle, and had returned to the place where he had lost sight of the apewoman. He was lost—more hopelessly lost than would have been possible in any

than would have been possible in any earthly forest. for there was no sun to show east and west, nor stars to guide

Captured by the Apemen.

Captured by the Apennen.
Stunned by the discovery that he was lost in that Land of Terror, Dick Manley became the prey to fearful depression, which increased as he realised the utter impossibility of his friends finding him, to say nothing of the constant peril from the monsters inhabiting that fearful land which would dop his every step.

But it was not only the heasts and tread, and the land which the constant of the discovery step. The constant with the control of the discovery step. The control of the discovery step is the control of the discovery step.

But it was not only the heasts and dread, and the discovery step is the control of the

NEXT WEEK! -

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AVJID DISAPPOINTMENT! المستحصا

every moment to see a similar repul-sive creature peering at him from out the undergrowth.

There were also the cavemen, who, though mote, human in appearance, and consequently more likely to be. Then for the first time it struck him as strange that Nell, whom he had seen carried off by a woman of the cavemen, should have fallen into develors. Perhaps she had seen peer from her captors, to be recaptured by the apenne. the apemen

from her captors, to be recaptured by the apenner.

Idle though speculation as to his sister's fate was, it served to take assister's fate was, it served to take own position, and this gave his native courage a chance to reason training the position, and this gave his native like the property of the p

Dick had seen a sloth at the Zoological Gardens during a recent Dies had seen a sloth at the Zoological Gardens during a recent visit to London, and was struck by the beast's likeness to one he had seen there, only it was like looking at a cheese mite through a very powerful

As he fleet he leard a curious chattering in the direction from whence the sloth had come, which he rightly put down to apemen, though he did not learn until long after-wards that these half-human crea-tures hunted the giant sloth for the

tures hunted the Bassake of its fur.

It was not until he was a good hundred yards from the sloth's track that Dick Manley ventured to rise and force his way in an upright postand force his way in an upright postand.

that Dick Manley centured to rise and force his way in an upright position through the undergrowth. Travelling was both laborations and slow, but he redised that the bash so that the contract of the forces. It was somewhat of a relief to reach a spot where a huge oak-tree had effected the usual cieranace of smaller vegetation around its gnarled cost on one of its mighty roots. He was not fated to remain there long. He was spaging idly around him, wondering what made the ground about the tree as semonth and level

He was gazing idly around him, wendering what made the ground about the tree as smooth and level as a well-trodden clay floor, when he heard a sharp cleck, as though an iron-jawed rat-trap had been sprung close to his ear, and felt his rifle, which he now carried sharp across his shoulders, jerked backwards, but the movement portended, he looked over his shoulder, to find himself looking straight into an enormous round face, lighted by a pair of eyes as large as tearups, which shone with a peculiarly sinister and malicious glare.

So far as he could see, the face had neither mouth nor nose, but a pair of stout bone mandibles were closed over the barrel of the rifle, and were tugging at it, evidently intent upon drawing it into the knot-hole from which the creature had thrust its head.

which are creature man furnist use the control of t head, and pulled the trigger

The effect was instantaneous, for the round head fell heavily forward, and, dragging a huge, many-legged body after it, fell motionless at Dick's feet, With a shudder of repulsion, Dick Manley stemed back grants.

With a shudder of repulsion, Dick Manley stepped back, gazing at the repulsive body of his foe. It was an enormous centipede. Its body was as big round as a manis thigh, and covered with short, thek, spike-like bristles, whilst from each one of its many feet cozed a given-ish, wellow liquid, the poison with

spike-like bristles, whilst from each can of its many lect coord a greenone of its many lect coord a greencan of its many lect coord a greenwhich those loatheome insects kill their prey before devouring.

Gazing, as one fastinated, at the adult creature, Dick was unensecious that yet more deadly peril memored at the second control of the second control of the second can be adult creature, the second category and the second control of the second control

microscope, so coorneously larger was it than the specimen he had seen at it than the specimen he had seen at the latter of the specimen he had seen at the specimen had been a steps of a hadder, the approached with impunity. Such the approached with impunity. Such the specimen had seen at the specimen had been specimen to the specimen had been specimen to the specimen

Looking up, Dick saw a kind of woodstack that looked like the nest of a tremendous wood-pigeon. It was erected on a kind of platform of ungged logs, resting upon a crotch, on the platform of the forked limbs, opened a hole, apparently giving admentation of the platform of the platform

ground beneath.

As a matter of fact, the smallest child did lose its footing and fall, but its mother seized it with one long arm ere it was out of reach, and boxing its cars as a mother in a higher state of civilisation might have done. ent it howling back into the tunnel

sent it howing our illustration of resistance, at any rate for a time. Dick sallowed hinself to be earned through the opening into the apenan's hit, or nest—for such the heap of sticks proved to be—and was propped up

proved to be—and was propped up against its sloping wall. Curiously Dick gazed about him, noticing, as his eyes grew more ac-customed to the dim light within the hut, that, sive for heaps of leaves and grass round the walls, which were and grass round the walls, which we evidently the family's bed, the was perfectly destitute of furniture

was perfectly destinate of turniture.

The only movable thing the hut contained, so far as Dick could see, was a number of gourds, cut in halves to form bowls and basins, some roughly-carved pieces of wood, which looked like backlers, but might

which looked like bucklers, but might have been dishes, and quite a small arsenal of clubs, spears of sharpened wood, numerous roughly-chipped throwing-stones, and a very few throwing-stones, and a very few more from the control from the property of the hot, which at the highest point was about eight feet from the ground, was a festion of white, glatening objects—the only attempt at ornamentation after a time. Dick disevered were human skulls, evidently those of foes shain in battler.

human skulls, evidently those of foes slain in battles.

The majority were the skulls of apomen, but a few were undoubt-edly those of cavemen, as their pro-nounced features and larger cranium

But Dick Manley was not long lowed to examine his surroundings

in peace.

Ever since his entrance he had been Ever since his entrance he had been the subject of a heated argument between the two men, in which the woman joined, and he had little doubt but that he himself was the subject under discussion. He could not, of course, under-stand a word that was said, but the apennon were layish with their ges-

apemen were lavish with their ges-ticulations, and it soon became in-creasingly evident that whilst the man ereasingly evident that whilst the in who had initiated his capture vancious to keep him alive, the off man and the woman were as first determined that his skull should added to the dado around the hut

(What will happen to Dick? W.II the apenen kill him, or will they allow hun to apeneer with non, or that they attour him to evapp, and continue the search for his sister? Next Monday's long instalment of this great adve-ture story will contain many thrilling scenes. Don't mire it!)

If you want the BEST, buy only Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that can be obtained.

A Grand Long Complete Tale of School Life at Rookwood, introducing

JIMMY SILVER & CO. By OWEN CONQUEST.



Jimmy Silver's Manifesto.

ested in the notice on the tree to observe the approach of the head-master pro. tem.

"Awful check!" said Tommy Dodd

of the Fourth, the chief and leader of the juniors on the Modern side at

of the Fensib, the chief and leader the juniors on the Modern side at Rookwood. "I wonder what Manders will say when he spets this?" The cheeky young beggars must be supported by the support of the support of the support of the Shill worman. "Don't take it down, Bulkeley, "Called out Tommy Dodd, as Bulkeley of the Sixth came up. The captain of Rookwood stared at the notice, and stretched out his hand to remove it. "Leave it for Manders, Bulkeley, "Leave it for Manders, Bulkeley," "Leave it for Manders, Bulkeley," "Leave it for Manders, Bulkeley," "The word of fellows, Classics and Moderns made way for Mr. Manders as he swept up. "Mr. Manders as he way tup."

Moderns made way for Mr. Manders as he swept up.

"What is that, Bulkeley?" snapped Mr. Manners. "Do not remove it—let me see it first."

"Very well, is," said Bulkeley. "Very seel, is," said Bulkeley. "The seepped back, and Mr. Manders. "The seepped back, and Mr. Manders. "The seepped back and Mr. Manders. The seepped back and Mr. Manders. The word fellows looked on in slence. They wondered what effect that notice would have upon Mr. Manders. They exchanged silent looks of enjoy—complexion changing to a pupile hue. For this is what the notice said:

"FORT DE TUCKSHOP!

"WHEREAS, during the absence of the Head, and the lamentable lill-ness of the Classical masters owing to influenza, Mr. Manders of the Classical masters owing to influenza, Mr. Manders of the comporary headmants of Ronkwood, "And WHEREAS the said Mr. Manders has reflued to recoking the rites and privileges of the Classical Self-ness of the Cla

"By appointing a Modern prefect to take charge of the Fourth Form, which the same prefect Knowles is a Bully and a Beast, and not to be stood by Classical fellows at any

"He it noted that we, the under-sined members of the Fourth Form, refluse absolutely to have anything to do with Knowles, or any other Modern Beast, and have therefore Modern Boast, and have therefore insult of the proklaimed a Barring-Out, and are Prepared to hold our Entrenched surpression in the Tuckshop against all comers. As witness the Licking we gave the Modern Beasts when they tried to get us out yesterday, and we Dedd.



The glowing end of the poker came into contact with Mr. Baggs' nose, and the latter, with a roar of rage and wrath, descended the stairs like a sack of coke. "Yow-ow-ow-ow!" he yelled.

hope Sergeant Kettle has recovvered

hope Sergeant Kettle has recovered from the Cold water.

"TAKE NOTICE that we mean Bosiness, and will not surrender until the said Mr. Manders gives in to our conditions, which are the following: No Leckings, General Annesty all Rand; and a Classical Prefect to Mander and a Classical Prefect in water comes back. These conditions are a siney qua noo. And until then we shall Hold out in the Fort de Tuckshop, and are reddy to give any Modern cads the kyliesh if they try to get us out! to get us out

"RULE BRITANNIA!

"DOWN WITH THE KAISER! "DOWN WITH THE MODERNS!

(Signed) "JIMMY SILVER. "ARTHUR LOVELL."

Here followed, in all sorts of sprawling "fists," the signatures of the Classical members of the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

Mr. Manders read that notice through from end to end, his face growing more and more purple, till he seemed upon the verge of a fit

he seemed upon the verge et a med apople sy.

"Infamous!" Mr. Mandera gasped at last. "This-this insolence is unexampled. So this-this infamous insult to your headmaster is the cause of the laughter I heard—which I was surprised and sheeked to hear. This is no matter for laughter! Every boy present will take a hundred lines."
"Oh, my hat!" murmured Tommy Dedd.

Bulkeley of the Sixth looked very grim. It was Mr. Manders's injustice to the juniors which had caused the barring-out at Rookwood, and this was another sample of that gentle-

barring-out at Reokwood, and this was another sample of that gentle-nan's methods.

"Does that apply to prefects also, as an another of the same of t

The Rookwood fellows cleared off

The Rookwood fellows cleared off to their class rooms, They went with glum and angry faces. Even the Modern fellows, who faces. Even the Modern fellows, who Manders' because he was a Modern master, were exaperated by his in-justice. Mr. Manders was going the right way to cause the revolt of the Fourth to spread to the other Forms "Thie-this is simply outrageous." Mr. Manders went on, addressing Bulkeley. 'I had expected—fully expected—that by this morning thosy young rassals would have come to their senses, and would make up ther munds to authority."

"It does not seem to me to be the case, sir." said Bulkelov.
Mr. Manders bit his thin lip.
"They shall be punished—severely punished," he said. "This ridiculous state of affairs cannot continue, Bulkelov." "said Bulkelov."

shift of states cannot continue.

"No, sir" said Bulkely.

"As head profect, and captain of the school. I should have expected that you had some suggestion to offer, Bulkeley, for ending this autrageous Manders. "The rebellious young assals are all Classical boys, and have been under your authority. Perhaps your methods as a prefect are responsible for this unhearded outbreak?"

outbreak?"
Bulkeley looked steadily at the
Modern master.
"I do not think so, sir," he said.
"And as you put it like that, I will
give you my opinion. The Classical
jimiors ought not to have been put
under a Modern prefect—especially
Knowles, who has had trouble with
them before. them before.

them before."
"Ought not, Bolkeley!" ejaculated
Mr. Manders, "Do you presume to
dictate to me.
"Ought not, sir." repeated Bolkeley, "It was sure to make trouble,
and a Modern prefect was less fitted
to take their Form-master's place
than a Classical prefect. As for ending this state of affairs, I could make

ing this state of analy, I could make a suggestion—"
"You may make it."
"Yory well. As their claim seems to be a just one, I should suggest granting it," said the captain of

"What! What!"
"That is my opinion, sir."
"What is stutered Mr. Manders.
"Yon-you suggest giving in to those
insolent young rascale-centiting
the control of the control of

"I will do so, ser, sau nuneres, and he turned his back on Mr. Manders and walked away.

Mr. Manders glared after the big Stath-Former, and then rustled away towards the tuckshop. The school shop on the ground-floor of the sound of the series of the seri

cheerfully. "Nee norms."

"Will you go to your class-room at once?" roored Mr. Manders.
"You've seen our notice, sir?"
You young rasea!

"Do you agree to the room, sir?"
No. "Shorted Mr. Mandery said, sir, for changing over to be said, sir, for changing over to be said, sir, for changing sir, which window.

The face disappeared from the window.
"Silver"

dow. Silver!" roated Mr. Manders.

No reply, "Lovel! Raby! Newcome! Jones," shouted the master. But there was no answer. Mr. Manders grittel his teeth, and cheeched his tim hands, and swept away towards the School House. Another day had dawned upon the rebellion at Rockwood, and the barring out was still going strong.

The 2nd Chapter An Attack in Force.

An Attack in Force,
Jimmy Silver & Co, were very
cheerful that morning.
It was the second day of the
barring-out, and they were still holding the fort. The successe of the
previous day had encouraged them
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municisely and they had passed a
youngled the their entrenshments, as beginning
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called the toekenop, winous onsun-one.

Moderns and Classicals, were grind-ing away at Latin, or geography, or the constraint of the constraint of the K-Co. continued a late broadstar, for which the supplies were ample. All the stores of the tuckshop, of which they had taken possession, were at their disposal, and Sergeant Kettle, their unfortunate owner, was booked for a heavy loss. for a heavy loss,

The pastries had already disappeared, and most of the jam and pre-

The pastries had already disappeared, and most of the jam and prepared, and most of the jam and prepared, and most of the jam and present properties of the properties of the

in. We'll hold out the rest of the term, if necessary."
"Phew?"
"Till the Head comes back, anyway," said Silver. "And he's not likely to come back yet. When he

OUR COMPANION THE MACNET LIBRARY—td. THE CEM LIBRARY—td. THE DREADNOUGHT—td. THE PENNY POPULAR. Every Wednesday. THE DREADNOUGHT—td. Every Friday. CHUCKLES—1d. Every Saturday.

NO SURRENDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

ad is an old sport!"
Anyway, here we are, and here
re going to stay!" said Raby,
hose Modern kids wouldn't have
nerve for it. We've proved that
Classics are the top side at Rookod, and that's something " the nerve for it. We've pe the Classics are the top side wood, and that's something

wood, and that's sometiming.
"Hooray!"

Jimmy Silver's confidence was unbounded; but some of the rebels were

tourndest; but some of the best six were wondering very thoughted to wondering were thoughted as Mr. Manders would do next. The Modern muster was bardly likely to allow that state of affairs to continue, if he could possibly help it. With the Classical juniors barred in the clock-tower, holding the tuck-shop against all comers, Mr. Manders' poeition was humilating and ridicates the could be supported by the support of the supported by the support of the supported by the supported by the support of the supported by th position was himiliating and ridica-position was himiliating and ridica-lous. If the Head came back and found the school in a state of revolt, whatever punishment he might mete out to the rebels, he was certain to t to the rebels, he was certain to extremely exasperated with Mr. anders. He had expected order to be kept during his absence, and cer-tainly Mr. Manders had not succeeded

tainly Mr. Manders had not succeeded in keeping order.

From the upper windows the juniors kept a watch upon the quadrangle, looking out for the next move of the enemy. It was pretty certain that the morning would not pass part of Mr. Manders.

When Sergeant Kettle or Mack the porter appeared in sight, the robels greeted them with loud yells. There was a storm of hisses at the sight of Knowless, the Madern prefect, and of the takeshood for the target of the transfer of the target of target of the target of target of target of target of the target of ta

of the tuckshop.
"What the dickens are they up
to?" muttered Jimmy Silver, as the
school sergeant brought the hose out and proceeded to asto the hydrant. anywh

nywhere!"
Lovell whistled.
"That's for us!" he said.
"My hat!"
"Shut the windows!" said Raby.
The windows were slammed down.
"Seam Kettle went on with his Sergeant

Sergant Rettio was begrations.
Mr. Manders came out to watch
him, followed by Knowles and
Catesby and Frampton, three prefects
of the Modern side. The three SixthFormers were looking very deter-

They were evidently the attacking force. Jimmy Silver & Co, noted with satisfaction that none of the Classic prefects had joined the enemy.

enemy.

As a matter of fact, Bulkeley had
refused to have a hand in the matter,
much to the weath of Mr. Manders,
Through the closed windows Jimmy
Silver & Co. watched, very much on
the alert.
Having finished with the hose, Sergeant Kettle proceeded to fetch a
leavy axo from the woodshed.

"the he spoofers" he muttered.
The design evidently was to burst.

"Oh, the spoofers" he muttered.

The design evidently was to burst
the door of the tuckshop. The
nemy had tried that before, but had
een driven off by pails of icy water
can the unger winders.

enemy had tried that before, but had been driven off by palls of icy water from the upper windows.

Sergeant Kettle advanced to the attack again. The windows being closed, he reached the door in safety, and the axe swung up. Crash—crash

-crash!
"He's got to be shifted," said
Jimmy Silver resolutely. "Open the
window, Lovel!"
"But the hose—"
"Blow the hose!"
The ntack was for the first time
really dangerous to the defenders of
the tuckshop.
The door rattled and cracked under

The door rattled and cracked under the sergeant's heavy blows, and, strong as it was, it was not likely to withstand that assault for long. Knowles and Catesby and Frampton were ready to rush in after the ser-geatt as soon as the door was down block the porce stood with shown Mack the porce stood with shown turn a torrent of water on the defenders if they opened the windows. But there was nothing else to be done.

done.

Jimmy Silver caught up a bucket of water, of which several were placed in readiness, and approached the window. Lovell opened it quickly.

The sergeant was just below, belabouring the door. Mack had his cye on the window the losse was

does, he'll see justice done. The ready. But Jimmy did not falter.

Head is an old sport!" He leaned out with the bucket over the sill

Swish! Khizzzzzz! dropped from Jimmy ne sill. Swooosh! Swish! The bucket dropper ver's hands, as a torrent smote h the face, and hurled him back in he room. Gerrooogh!"

roared Lovell, as he caught

"Out" parced Lovell, as he caught a jet of water with his neck, and he jumped back from the window, land, on Flynn's foot, and there was a wild yell from Flynn.

The juniors scatthed back from the window, into which the water was whizing in a torrent, splashing on the opposite wall. Jimmy Silver was extended on the floor, direched to the scatter of the floor, direched to the scatter of the scatter of the floor, and the scatter of the floor, the floor, the floor of the floor, the floor of the floor of the floor of the scatter of the floor of the floor of the scatter of the floor of the floor of the scatter of the floor of the scatter of the floor of the scatter of the scatter of the floor of the scatter of th

Crash! Crash! Crash:
The blows of the axe rang out on
the door. Jimmy Silver's bucket
had just missed the sergeant, and
rolled away on the ground, and the
old soldier was plying his blows on old soldier was paying in soldier the door with terrific energy. Crash! Crash! Bang! Jimmy Silver staggered to his

means sower staggered to his feet. He dodged out of the way of the torrent whizing in at the window. The room was already swimming with water, and half the defenders were of dismay on all sides. "We can't stop the beast." panted Raby. "Hark at him!" (Crash't Crash't Crash't). "The door will be in in ten minutes."

"Howly mother av Moses!"
"Howly mother av Moses!"
"We're done!" gasped Topham.
"We're not done!" roared Jimmy ilver. "No surrender!"

"But what are we going to do?" "But what are we going to do?" howled Townsend. "They'll be inside in five minutes, you silly ass! Clear that beastly sergeant of somehow; you're leader!"

you're leader!"
"It's up to you, Silver," said
Hooker.
"The was

Hooker.

Jimmy Silver panted. He was running with cold water, but he did not think of that. He was trying to the order of a dodge to meet this new move of the enemy. Mr. Manders, in the quad, was rubbing his hands now. He scented victory.

now. He seemed victory.

Lovell seized a bucket, and made a desperate dash to the window; but the stream from the hose forced him back, and his bucket of water went under the chiu, and fairly hurled him flying. And there was a howl from the puniors who received its contents, "You silly ass! Trying to drawn and the puniors who received its contents.

ins?" Chuck it, you fathead:" Grocoght" groaned Lovell, as he rawled away from the window, "Yow! I'm wet! Ow!" Splash, splash, went the water on the wall, and the floor was swimming with it. Crash, erash, sounded the taxe below, welded by the stalwart ergeant, and the door shook and All U P!" mumbled Jones minor

"Rats! We're not done yet!" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth

said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth, "Shut up."

Jimmy Silver faced the torrea-again, and succeeded in closing the window. Then the griming porter hindered, the sergeant plied his crashing blows on the shop door. Knowles and Catesby and Frampton stood griming, witting for the moment when the door should be moment when the door shudd he they had should should their hand, and were quite ends for the fray.

the fray.

There was consternation in the garrison. Only one fellow there did not think that the game was up. That was Jimmy Silver. The chief of the Fistical Four was not beaten

The 3rd Chapter

The Second Line of Defence. Jimmy Silver rubbed the water out

his eyes, and thought hard. His chums looked to him for orders They thought the game was up, but they were ready to follow their

leader,
Crash! Crash! Crash! A deep groan from the door below. Evidently the stout oak would not hold out much longer.
"We can't keep them out of the

shop," said Silver at last. "But we're not beaten yet. We can hold

"Hy hat!" murinured Lovell.
"Buck up!" rapped out s "My hat!" murmured Lovell.

"Buck up!" rapped out Silver.
"No time to waste! He'll be through in a few minutes now. Get the grub up here as fast as you

Look here—" began Towns

ent.
"Shut up, and pile in!"
"Tim fedsup!" lowled the slacker
of the Fourth. "I'm wet! I—
Yow! Ow, ow, ow!" Townsead
hinshed with a yell as Jimmy Silver,
greatly exasperated, pitched him into
a corner of the Fourth even was no
time to waste in talk, if the heroes
of the Fourth were yet to make good
of the Fourth were yet to make good

The Fistical Four rushed down the The Fistical Four rushed down the staris into the shop below, and all the garrison excepting Townsend and Topham followed them. The door was groaning and creaking, and a glimmer of daylight already came through it. The sergeant was paus-ing for a moment to take breath before remying his labours.

Not a moment

Not a moment was lost.

The juniors collared the shop supplies on all sides, and rushed up the marrow, winding stairs with them in both hands. They rushed up again, as if baste lent them wings, and in tion of Sergeant Kettle's stock was transferred to the upper floor. There was no time to take all. The sergent's blows were resounding on the door again, and a great splinter had come out next to the label. A couple out next to the lock. A couple utes more would see the door Jimmy Silver gave the word sat.

to restruct. ""Upstairs, all of yout" The rebels, loaded with a supply of tuck, rushed for the star Only the Fistical Four remained cover the retreat. Jimmy Silv dragged a table out of the pack belind the shop, and the four junithors it half-way up the stairs. To deck-tone of Reokwood, and staircase was built of stone, a wound up spirally. A better positi building had been of old the ancient clock-tower of Rookwood, and the staircase was built of stone, and wound up spirally. A better position for defence could not have been for defence wished for.

wished for.

At the turn of the staircase the juniors planted the table, jamming it between the walls crossive. They scrambled over it, leaving it firmly wedged in. Then from the upper room they dragged chairs and a bed, juling them on she barriade, and jamming the articles one into another with a reekless disregard for the damage they did to them. It was no time to consider trilles like that. That's better!" panted Jimmy

in a hurry."
"No fear! Hark! The door's

own!"
Crash!
The door of the tuckshop, fairly
and by the seregant's doughty
at last. What The door of the uccession shattered by the seregant's colons, had given way at last remained of the door swung of the hinges. The sergeant three the axe, and gasped.

the migthe axe, and gasped.

"Ere you are, si!"
"Come on!" shouted Knowles.
The breathless sergeant stood panting, while Knowles & Co., gripping
their ash plants, rushed into the
tuckshop.

Lound it empty.

"veclaimed

asir p... op. y found it empty, hey're upstairs." exclaimed "They're upstairs." nowles. He rushed for the stairs.

Knowles.

He rushed for the stairs.

The odds, of course, were greatly against the prefects if they had come against the prefects if they had come against the prefects if they had come against the prefect in the state of the s

Jimmy Silver's cheerful face

Jimmy Silver's cheerin tace ap-peared above the barricade. The jammed furniture filled a space of six or seven fect on the stairway, and he or seven fect on the stairway, and he was quite out of reach. "Hallo!" said Silver coolly. "No

"Hallo! sau on...
admittance this way."
"Remove those things, you young hound!" thundered Knowles.
"Bow-wow!"

"Bow-wow!"

The enraged prefect made a "lick' at the junior with his ash-plant across the barricade. But his blow was a couple of feet short. Jimmy Silver grinned at him serenely. Try again, Knowles!" You - you - you-

Knowles.

Why do you not bring them out?" came Mr. Manders' squeaky voice from the quad. "Bring the young raseals out at once, Knowles," "Take us out at once, Knowles, old scout!" chuckled Lovell.

Ha, ha, ha!"
Come on, Knowles!"
Fire!" commanded Jimmy Silver. "Fire!" commanded Jinmy Silver.
A dozen pea-shooters were turned on
the prefects in the narrow stairway,
and they yelled as the stinging
missiles smote them. Knowles
grabbed furiously at the barricade to

grabbed furiously at the barrience to drag it away.

But the furniture was jammed in at the turning of the staircase, and there was no moving it. Indeed, if Knowles had succeeded in dragging that stack of furniture down the narrow staircase, he would have been considerably hurt. Fortunately, he

considerably incr. did not succeed.

did not succeed.

did not succeed.

did not succeed.

succe

"What is the matter?" tumed arr.
Manders. "Why do you not bring
them out, Knowles!"
I can't? roared the prefect, forgetting the respect due to his master
when the strength of the strength of the strength
"Knowles! That is not the way to
speak to me?"
"Well, see for yourself," growled
Knowles, rubbing his nose.
Mr. Manders rustled through the
shop, and mounted one step. He had
shop, and mounted one step. He had
shop, and mounted one step. He had
nove. For a volley of pear from
the garrison above smote him on his
furious face, and he gave a sharp
yelp, like a dog trodden on, and beat
a hasty retreat.
From the victorious garrison came
a triumphant yell:
"Hurnal!"

The 4th Chapter. No Go Mr. Manders clenched his hands

Mr. Manders cleneted his name with fury.

The ground floor of the old clock-tower had been stormed but the staircase was held, and the rebels were securely cultrenched in the upper room. A frontal attack on the barri-cade did not seem feasible, and there was no other way of getting at the as no other way of getting at the ic garrison

Classic garrison.

"Biess my soul!" said Mr. Manders.
"Dear me! The young rascals! I have been stung! They have actually had the insolence to shoot peas at me

have been sung; ray, or had the insolence to shoot peas at me—

"How the property of the peak of the p

mumbled the sergeam.
"Please remove thos mumbled the sergeant.

"Please remove those articles from
the stairs at once, and fetch those
wicked boys down!" said Mr.
Manders. "You are surely not

wicked boys down?" said Mr.
Mamders. "You are surely not
afraid?"
The sergeant snorted. An old
warrier who had been through the
Mr. The sergeant snorted. An old
warrier who had been through the
likely to be afraid, and he did not
relish the suggestion. However, he
reprared to do as he was commanded.
"Pray help the sergeant, Knowles!
Help him, Catesby! Where are you
going, Frampton! Tray lend your
"The surveyance bed the atrack this

assistance here!
The sergeant led the attack this time, followed by the three prefects.
Mack had disappeared discreetly.
Up the stairs tramped the burly sergeant, with the prefects behind him. Mr. Manders urging them on from below, quite in the manner of the Duke of Plaza-Toro.

Duke of Plaza-Toro.

Above the barricade the defenders were crowded. Jimmy Silver was armed with a long broom. The other fellows had pillows, cricket stumps, and missiles of various sorts.

"Get the water here!" called out

3.4.15

Lovell, "No-no!" exclaimed Silver.

No.—no!" exclaimed Silver.
"No.—no!" exclaimed Silver.
"But we can swamp them a treat."
"But we can swamp them a treat."
"But we can swamp them a treat."
"Include you've got a general to think for that."
"Lucky you've got a general to think for you, then," said Jimny Silver cheerfully. "We can handle them all right. Here they come! Halo, sergeant! This remind you of Halo, sergeant! This remind you of Halo, sergeant! This remind you of The sergeant granted. The barricade looked so formidable and jimny Silver's broom so dangerous that the worthy sergeant was inclined to parley.

to parley.
"Look'ere, Master Silver," he said. "Look ere, Master Silver," he said, this 'ere has gone far enough!"
"If you're referring to yourself, ergeant, you've hit it," said Silver. You're not coming any farther nyway." .. .1.

anyway You jest let me pass!"

anyway.

You jest let me pass!"

You jest let me pass!"

You know, you'll get it hawful hot for this."

"Not so hot as you'll get it, it was to try to come any farther, sergeant. Better chuck it!" advised Jimmy sliver. "Our motto is, no admittance except on business, and Betons not be supported by the support of the sup

"I'll lel you pass me, Master Knowles, if you like," said the sergence, by you like, "said the sergence, and the sergence was a sergence to the sergence when you have been supported by the sergence when you was to hard, and was much less fitted to stand the impact.
"Yow!" roured the sergence. "Leave hold, you young rap! You!" Leave hold, you young rap! You!" Jinny Silver did not stand on creemony. He had to defend that barricade. The broom bumped on the sergence with great energy. The unhappy old soldier tried to the sergence with great energy. The unhappy old soldier tried to the sergence with great energy. The unhappy old soldier tried to the sergence of the s

and he grasped at the stone waits in vain, Down he went, knocking Catechy throng, and Frampton jumped away as he fell, and made a spring to great on the barriade, and clamber over. Lovell and Raby reached out with their cricket-stumps, hitting mighty swipes that might have brained Knowles if they had reached him. The Modern prefect jumped have found as he find they had reached him, and set him spinning. He followed the sericent down the stairs head-first. Mr. Manders almost danced with rage as the serceant and the prefects sprawled at the foot of the narrow stairway.

way.
To on, go on!" he shricked.

"Go up at once—I command you!
I order you to go up at once, without losing a moment!"
A chords of groans answered him.
"Come up yourself, ducky!" yelled

"Come up yourself, ducky!" yelled Raby.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Funk!" yelled Newcombe.
"Yah! Go home!"
Go and study stinks in the lab!
Yah!"

"Do you hear them?" shricked Mr. Manders. "Do you hear this un-exampled insolence? Will you go up, or will you not?" Mr. or will you not!" Not!" snorte

"Not" snorted the sergeant, rubbing his head savagely as he scrambled up. "I've 'ad enough of this 'ere, Mr. Manders! Tain't my douly to 'ave my head broke by young villains with stable-brooms, sir, and so I tells you plain. I've 'ad enough!"

encush."
"Sergeant Kettle, I order you..."
"Sergeant Kettle did not wait for Mr. Manders's orders. He stamped away into the quad, rubbing his damaged bead dolefully, and con-muring under his breath some of the things they say in the Army.
"Knowles! Where are you going,

"Knowles! Where are you going, Knewles? Do you hear me?" Perhaps Knowles did not hear. He followed the sergeant. Frampton and Catesby went out into the quadrangle. They were fedup. Mr. Manders cleeshed his hands, and followed them. The attack had been a hopeless failure, and the rebels were still holding out. muttered Mr. Manders. "Oh, how will flog them when-when they are in no hands!

when—when they are in my hands!

NO SURRENDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Knowles. What ever is to be done !

now?"
"I don't know, sir. I've nearly broken my neek, I know that! Ow! I've got bruises all over me! Wow!"
"Look at my eye!" groaned Catesby. "That idiotic sergeant caught me in the eye with his clow!

caught me in the eye with his clbow! Look at it!" Mr. Manders did not trouble to look at it. It was of no interest to him if Catesby's eye was beginning to be surrounded by purple, "Whatever is to be done!" he numbled. "The—the outrageous young ruffians! I will telephone for the police!"

the police!"

Mr. Manders stepped back into the
nek-shop, and, without showing him-

self, he called up the stairs:
"Silver-Lovell-all of you!"
"Hallo, cocky!"

Mr. Manders ground his teeth at disrespectful reply; but he we

"Unless you immediately giv yourselves up, I am going to tele phone for the police."

"Do you understand?" shricked fr. Manders, "The police!"

"Do you agree to our terms?" bawled Lovell.

bawled Lovell.
"You insolent rascal! Never!"
"Then go and eat coke!"
"Then go and eat coke!"
Mr. Manders retired hastily. With his face inflamed with rage, and, his gown rustling in his haste, he whisked across the quad, and burried to the

The 5th Chapter. The Majesty of the Law.

"The police!" said Jones minor, in ed tones, The giddy bobbies!" said Lovell,

"Oh, my hat!"
"We shall be arrested!" mumbled

ownsend. Jimmy Silver chuckled,

"How are they going to arrest us." he asked. If the segment couldn't get at us, I don't suppose the village bobby could." "We shall have to give in when the bobby cours!" howled Townsend. "Rats."

Rats:"
But—but—but——" stuttered

Topham.
"You blessed funks!" said Jimmy
"You don't

"You blessed funks: sant Jihmy Silver contemptuously. "You don't know anything about the law. The police have no right to interfere in a matter like this. They can't touch

"Sure of that?" asked Raby.
"Of course." If they do, it will be only to oblige the Manders-bird, and they will be exceeding their duty. But in any case, we're not going to give in. If they call the blessed Army out, we're going to atiek to our guns!" guns!"
"Hurray!"

"Hurray!"
Victory encouraged the Rookwood rebels. Few of them were inclined to give in, even if the majestic Police-constable Baggs—the sole representative of social law and order in the village of Coombe—should appear on

Besides there was another reason for holding out, anybody who wanted to surrender had to fight Jimmy Silver first. And Jimmy Silver's Silver first. And Jimmy Silver and Modern juniors had been proved to be first-class. Jimmy Silver was quite prepared to hold out to the last gasp. Like a good general, Jimmy Silver looked to his defences during the luil ture were directed into the barrow es there was another reason

in the attack. Most articles of furni-ture were dragged into the narrow stairway, and packed up there, jammed in as tight as they could go. It really looked as if artillery would be required to dislodge the rebels of Rookwood.

Then Jimmy Silver scanned the

Then Jimmy Silver scanned the rations. As only a part of the shop stock had been saved, rations were likely to be shorter. And there were two pails of water, which had been beught up for defending the windows. They would be required for other putposes now, as water was not laid on on the upper floor.

"We shall have to go on rations,"

not laid on on the upper floor.
"We shall have to go on rations,"
said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "Any
fellow found scotling the grab after
this, will be seragged. The water
will be allowanced, too. Lucky

we've got a good lot of lemonade and we've got a good lot of lemonade and ginger-beer. But we've got to be careful. There can't be any more washing."

dear " said Townsend

"Oh, dear!" said Townsend,
"Well, we can stand that all right,"
said Hooker cheerfully.
"Lucky we've got a bit of coal up
here, too," said Jimmy, "We're cut
off from the coal-collar. When the
coal gives out, we can begin to burn
wood!"

wood."
"Where's the wood?" asked New-

Jimmy Silver waved his hand round the room.

round the room.
"Shelves, tables, lots of things,"
he said airly. "If we're put to it,
we can rip up the planks off the floor.
But I hope Manders will have given
in before we come to that."
The fire had gone out during the
battle. Jimmy Silver lighted it

battle. Jimmy Silver lighted i

quadrangle. In the distance Jimmy Silver could see the Rockwood fellows examine, out, of the class-rooms Silver could see the Rookwood fellows swarming out of the classrooms. But by Mr. Manders's order the whole school kept at a distance from the rebels fortress. Mr. Manders was not to be seen, and the rebels wondered whether his threat was to prove an empty one. They soon discount for the way of the state of the rebels would be supported by the same they to was not to be seen at the same they are supported by the same they are suppo

wondered whether his threat was to prove an empty one. They soon di-covered that it was not.

The bell rang for afternoon classes, and the fellows disappeared from the quadrangle. In the Fort de Tuck-shop Jimmy Silver & Co. rejoiced in their freedom.

But soon after the school had gone But soon after the school had gone in for lessons a majestic figure came in sight, crossing from the gates towards the School House. In a moment the windows of the clock-tower were crammed with faces.

tower were crammed with favos.

"That's Baggs!" said Lovell.

"Give him a yell!" said Raby.

The rebels gave Mr. Baggs a yell, and he swung round and stared at the tackshop. Then he marched on with his ponderous tread, and disappeared into the School House. Mr. Baggs was shown in at once to Mr. Manders starb.

was snown...

Mr. Manders was very glad to see him. He explained hurriedly to the village policeman the state of affairs, and Mr. Baggs scratched his head

perplexedly.
"I don't see as I can interfere, sir,"

windows. They disappeared into the tuckshop, and then there was a rush smanners. They insuppeared into the tackshop, and then there was a rush of the garrison to the barricade. When Mr. Baggs, who was somewhat slow in his movements, baving a good deal of weight to carry, started up the staircase, he found the barricade lined with grimning faces.

"Hallo, Baggy," said Lovell,

Mr. Baggs frowned at the irreverent junior. He waved a fa hand at the barricade.
"Move all this 'ere!" he said.

"Bow-wow!"
"Take it away at once! You 'esr

"We 'ear!" said Jimmy Silver.
Mr. Baggs's fat face became crimson. Somehow, the terror of his
glance did not have the expected
effect upon the juniors.

effect upon the juniors.

"Har you going to do as you har told, or har you not?" he demanded.

"We har not "rearer Lovell.

"It have not "carer Lovell.

"It has no be my truncheon."

Jimmy Silver whipped back into the room, and returned in an instant with the poker fastened to the crickette production. stump. The end of the poker was glowing red.

"If I have to use this," he re marked, "you'll know it!"

"Why, you young raskil—"

"Why, you old rascal—"



said at last. "This ain't a

to economice the coals. Chunks of coal might be required for ammuni-tion, if the attack was hot. When the fire was going, Silver put the poker in it to become red-hot. To the end of the poker-handle he bound a cricket-stump, to double the length. a cricket-stimp, to double the His chums watched him in sur-

prise.
"What's that for?" asked Lovell.
"Bobby!" said Silver briefly.
"Oh, my hat."
"He won't like that at close quarters." said Silver thoughtfully. "At least, I suppose he won't. But we shall see." Dinner-time came round, and there

Dimertine came round, and there had been no alarm. Jimmy Silver served out the ration, Lovell and Raby and Neevonno helping him. Their help consisted in standing on see that each member of the garrison received his "whack" and nothing over. Hungry youth, who believed in a policy of "grab" were promptly rapped over the kinckles; and there were some warm argument of the property of

heir way. Meanwhile, watch was kept on the

he said at last. "This ain't a policeman's doorty, sir."
"Ahem! I have no doubt that the—the authority of the law will bring the subsection of the law will bring. The subsection of the law will bring their senses." Said Mr. Manders. "I am sure that when you appear they will surrender at one co.".

Mr. Baggs smilled is fat smile.
"Mr. Baggs, str. lie necessary."
Mr. Baggs, str. lie necessary. The subsection of the unchains of Coombe, and he did not obtain that his majestic presence would have a similar effect upon the would have a similar effect upon the Mr. Manders slipped a sovereign into Mr. Bagge's plump hand. It vanished from sight instantly, into some reves of Mr. Baggs's uniform, of receiving little presents, and getting them out of sight immediately.
"I'm quite at your horders, sir."

y. m quite at your horders, sir." Mr. Baggs. "I'll do my best, I'll bring the young raskils to

'cel, sir!"

And Mr. Baggs, with a stately tread, followed Mr. Manders to the fortress of the rebels of Rockwood. The rebels watched them from the

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Which I horders you to Jemme

pass up this 'ere staircase at once!" roured Mr. Baggs, beginning to lose

roured Mr. Baggs, beginning to lose his temper. "Pray go on, Mr. Baggs!" squeaked the voice of Mr. Manders below.

"Yes, come on. Baggy," said Jimmy Silver, making a playful joke at the fat constable across the barri-

cade.
Mr. Baggs started back, and nearly
lost his footing.
"Oh, my word!" he gasped.
"Come on, Baggy! We warmed
this specially for you! It won't make
your nose any redder—that couldn't
be did!"

be did!"

Mr. Baggs hesitated. He did not like the hook of the red hot poker, but he could not quite believe that Jimmy Silver would bring it into contact with his official person. He made up his mind, and came on, and started clambering over the barriewide with the activity of an elephant.

The glowing end of the poker had come into contact with the efficial now, and Mr. Baggs, with a roar of

wrath and anguish, descended the

The 6th Chapter

The Deserters.

Yow-ow-ow-ow

"Yow-on-ow-ow!"
"Upon my word—"
"Yarooc-cooh-ooh-oop!"
"Bless my soul!"
"Gurrrettrih!"
"Gurrrettrih!"
"Gurrrettrih!"
"He hand, stag-cooh ooh tat hands, stag-cord into the tatekshop from the stairs, emitting sounds that were wild oned wird.

and weird.

Mr. Manders gazed at him dumb-founded. Wow-ow-ow! Gurrerr! Yooo-

oop!"
"My dear, good man," gasped Mr.
Wanders, "what ever—"

"My dear, good man," gasped Mr.
Manders, "what ever—"
"Yurrerrer! Gurrerrerr! Oh,
by dose! Yow! Lookaramee!"
yelled Mr. Baggs, "Yow! Reddet pokers! Yow! My dose! Yow!
Yah! Oh! Grerrerr!"
"Bless my soul!"

Ble

Oh! Greenere?"
less my soul?"
Baggs unclasped his nose, and
Manders gazed at it in horror,
so't really a bad burn: Jimmy
had mereifully touched it very Mr. Baggs unclast Mr. Manders gazed It wasn't really a b Silver had mercifully Silver had merrifully touched it very lightly, judging that a light touch would be enough. It had been enough—in fact, too much. It hurt. Mr. Baggs's first impression was that his mose had been hurned. See a second of the seco

Mr. Manders. "The barbarous sung rases." They shall be seen that the seen the seen that the seen that the seen that the seen that the seen the seen that the seen that the seen that the seen that the seen the seen that the seen the seen that the seen that

once more the rebels had triumphed.

In the upper room of the clock-tower the Fistical Four executed a wild war-dance, expressive of their was about an hour afterwards

that Know whes came towards the clock He stopped outside, and Jimmy Silver picked up a of coal, and opened the that ... tower. In called. J caned, drawn could be called the window.

"I've got a message from Mr. Manders." said the Modern prefect, evening the chunk of coal uneasily.

"Ple in!" said Silver cheerily.

"Does he surrender?"

"Does he surrender

"Does be surrender". "No, you young idiot—"No, you young idiot—"No, you young idiot—"No, you young idiot—"I have you can go and tell him to eat coke, and take this bit of coal with you."

"The lead to legged the coal.
"The message is that if you don't come out of there at once, he is going to inform the Head!"
"The Head in a nursing-home," eaid Jimmy Silver. "He can inform be likes, but all the unress too, if he likes, won't make any difference to us!"
"The Head will come back at once, "The Head will come back at once,"

The Head will come back at one if he's fit enough to move, when he hears what's going on," said hears Knowles.

Just what we want," said Jimmy Silv

Silver. "What!" "He Head will see us righted, you know. He'll put you Modern cads in your proper place!" "You silly young ass!" roared Knowles. "He'll flog you all round, and expel some of you from the school!" Bow-wow "

"Are you coming out?"
"No fear!"
"Then you'll take "the consequences!"

quences:"
"And you'll take the coal!" said
Jimmy Silver; and the second chunk,

NO SURRENDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

with better aim, caught Knowles of followers. The fellows in the School under the chin.

The prefect shook his fist at the rebels, and retreated.

The property of the control of the cont

rebels, and retreated.

Jinany Silver turned from the window, quite andirmayed; but his contrades were looking grave.

"Awful row if the Head comes and finds this going on!" said Lovell.

"You see we out't back up against the Head!"

"Well, that would be rather thick."

the Head?"

"Well, that would be rather thick, "agreed Jimmy Silver. "But the Read's a just beast, you know. He'll see at once that we couldn't knuckle under the theory of the Read's a just beast, which was a large of the Read's and the Read's and the Read's "Perlaps," he said.

"Perlaps," he said.

"Oh, there's no doubt about that "said Jimmy Silver confidently. "Anyway, we're not giving in to Manders, if we give in to the Head."

"Look here," said Townsond. "I'm not standing it! The Head will expless. I'm not groing to be ascked! I'm going to the kit." "Same here," said Townsond. "Fin exther chance it with Manders than "The "Hooffs seedy, and can't come," said Jimmy Silver. "Anyway, we're holding out. Any chap who talks of surrender will be bumped. The's a warning."

"Bum belling out Any chap who talks of surrender will be bumped. The's a warning."

"Bum bim "" Head."
Well, that would be rather thick,"
reed Jimmy Silver. "But the
ad's a just beast, you know. He'll

"Well, I'm going to talk of it!
"Immurbinit!"
Tormsend yelled at the Fistical Four sozzed bim. He was duly bumped, and he did not talk any more of surrender. But a little later, when the Fistical Four were busy strengthening the barriest, for the property of the propert

I've come to give you a tip.

"Yes; the rotters! Has Manders

"Yes; the rotters! Has Manders let them off;" houseled.
"No fear! They've been flogged, and by the way they yelled. I fancy Manders has been giving them what he owes you as well as their little bit."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

ne owes you as well as their little bit. Ha, 4a, ha!"

"That's a tip," said Tommy Dodd. "You know what to expect if you give in. To come in and help you, if you weren't such a set of mooching Classical cade. But I wouldn't be found dead with You! marched off; and the Chasicals, inconsideration of his kindly motive in visiting them, allowed his last remarks to pass unpunished.
"Toor old Town!" De-

allowen to support the support of th

any worse. Aubbody clase want to scuttle and get a flogging?" Nobody did. Mr. Mauders, with his usual tact, had maid it quite certain that surrender was the worse tech the retent the relations of the technique of the garrison of the tuckshop were grimly determined to hold out to the last gasp

hear the roar of voices from the clock-covery press; "Rule Britainia," and "Hearts of Oak" did daty over and over again, and the quadraugle rang with sounds of revely by night. The concert was still going on when Rookwood went to bed. The rebels were not compelled to observe bedtime as of yore, and they continued their concert till quite a late hour. Not till they were sleepy did and lie down to sleep.

they roll themselves in their blankets, and lie down to sleep.

The Fistical Four lad arranged to take watches in turn. As Junny Sliver remarked, Mr. Manders was then vite a supple at take. As leaders of the barring-out, it fell to the four chums to mount guard. The other fellows said cheerfully that they would clause it, and as they were pretty certain to fall alseep on guard, they are produced to the control of the supplementary of the suppleme a good grace

good grace. Newcome took the second watch, at idnight. He settled bimself down the barricade, with a blanket midnight. He settled himself down by the barricade, with a blanket round him, to watch. He was very sleeps, but he manfully resisted the insidions attacks of Morpheus for quite a long time. Still resisting manfully, and as determined as ever to keep wide awake, Newcome nodded off.

off.

The old school was very still and ident, save for the rustling of the objectives in the quad in the night .:1

beeches in the quant in the might breeze.

One o'cke sounded out fully through the might, but Newcome did the was deep in shuther.

Neither did he hear a cautious step in the tuckshop below, nor a stealthy footfall on the lower stairs, nor a whispering spoice, which he would have recognised, if he had been awake as Knowless.

"All serence are first ackept,"

"Shush!" marranted Cate-by.

"Shush!" marranted Cate-by.

"Story "In marranted Cate-by.

"Story "In marranted the sergeant, "Blessed if 1 'arf like this!" But get on."

"Diesecul of 1 'arf like this! But get on:"

There was a glummer of light on the starts from the room above. The robels, regardless of gas bills, never the starts from the room above, the robels, regardless of gas bills, never the start of the starting o esailants

Knowles, with infinite caution, crep over the barricade. After him came Catesby and the sergeant. After them came Frampton. The barricade creaked and creaked again, but New-

Catesby and the sergeant. After the came Frampton. The barriends creaked and creaked again, but New "Got "em this time!" nummered Catesby breathlessly. "Keep your boot out of my eye, please knowles." "Blow your eye." growled Knowles. He had just knowles his and the service of the control of

Stronger on the presence of this slumber with a jump and a yell, as he felt that sudden grasp on his heard.

"Yow on! Wharrer matter? What! Oh, my hat!"
Newcome jumped up, and came into violent contact with Knowles, who was just serambling off the barricade, the stronger of the presence of the yell with a world his back up."

There were sleept exchanations.

The 7th Chapter,
A Night Attack.
Night fell upon Rockwood.
In the upper room of the tuckshop
the rebels were rejoicing. Jirmyn
Silver had inaugumted an amateur
concert to keep up the spirits of his

now of the noise they made, came

"Pile in!"

Jimmy Silver rushed to the defen
He had grasped his broom, and
smote Frampton as he came clamb
ing over with a mighty smite, a rampton disappeared on the lower

side of the barricade. But the next instant Jimmy Silver was struggling in the sergeant's powerful grasp. Sergeant Kettle and Knowles and Catesby were on the right side of the barricade at last. Frampton was groaning on the lower

steps.
"Help!" yelled Jimmy Silver. Rescue Knowles flung Newcome aside, and

Knowles flung Newrome aside, and leaped up, grasping his ashiplant.

"Stand back, you young fools!" he shouted, "We've got you now, and you'd better take it quietly!"

"Don't want to 'urt you, you know," said the sergeant. "But you're took now, and you may as well take it, noie!

But the Rookwood rebels were quite "took." The second But the Rookwood rebels were not quite "took." The assilants had supposed that they had only to get to close quarters to quell the Fourth-Formers at once. But in that they had made a little mistack. The Classical heroes, instead of giving in, rushed to the attack at once, and the battle raged at close

marters

Knowles and Catesby used the shplants without mercy, enraged ashplants without mercy, enraged by this unexpected resistance, and the sergeant knocked the juniors right and left. Frampton came clambering over the barricade once more, and joined in. Three Sixth-Formers and and int.
over the barricage onjoined in. Three Sixth-Formers are
the burly segreant certainly ought to
have heen able to account for fifteen
fags of the Fourth. Indeed, it looked
at lirts as if the tossle was going all
ferour. They were hitting their favour. They were hitting hard, and the juniors were swept by their blows. But Jimmy by their blows. But r's voice called on his foll

up.
No surrender!" yelled Silver.
Hurray! Ow! My nose!"

"No surrenon." No surrenon.
"No surrenon." We will be a surrenon.
"On crambal Pile in it."
Cricket stumps crashed against the asiplants, and the prefects began to receive as good as they handed out, Juniors who were knecked down jumped up sgain and came on the surrenon state of the surrenon demonstrate of the surreno demonstrate of the surreno

jumped up sguin and sguinged up sguinged up sguing demons! "You young demons!" roared Knowles, as a stump wipped across his bead. "Will you stop it?" "Yah! Modern ead."
"Yah! Modern ead."
"Yah is stumped to be stop as a stump dag into his ribs. "Oh, dear! Stop it, you young feineds! Ow!" Crash! The sergeant, with three or four juniors elinging to him, went down as Jimmy Silver booked his leg. The fags warmed over him and kept

The fags swarmed over him and keplin down.
In modes.

He made a leap for his farmous broom. Knowles and Frampton and Catesby were at close quarters with the juniers; the sergeant was strugging in vain to rese. Jimmy Silver been a lance, and caught Knowles under the chin. The prefect wend down as if he had been shot. Then the broom caught Frampton on the with a vell.

"Back up!"
"Down with em!"

with a yell.

"Back up!"

"Down with 'em!"

"Down with 'em!"

Four or live fellows were piling on Catesky, and he was designed floor.

"Yow! Lemme gerrup!"

"On dear! Gerroff ms neck!"

But the fags were getting the upper hand now, and they were wild with excitement. They simply swarmed over the surprise-party, Half a dozen of them sat on the sergeant, and he struggled in vain. Three or four pairs of hands, now were grashing such of the struggled in vain. Three or four pairs of hands, now were grashing such of the struggled in Vain. Three or four pairs Silver, "Hold the rotters tight! Knowles first — chuck him down-stairs."

Hurray!"

Knowles, with four juniors grasping his feor limbs, resisted in vain, the was whireled to the stars, and sent thumping over the barriend. The star of the star of

Catesby next-

"Catesby next."
"Chuck him out."
Catesby yelled and struggled, but is yells were unheeded, and his tringgles were unavailing. Five or

six juniors dragged him to the stairs, and bundled him bodily over the barricade. It cleans there, relling, till they swiped at him with stumps, till they swiped at him with stumps, and then be was glad to scramble and then be was glad to scramble the lower stairs, gasping with wrath and anguish Knowles made a furtious rush up again, and Jimmy Silver's stable-broom came into play once more. Knowles raught it with his factories was the standard of the state of the "Your turn France". Raby.

One Pen

more. Knowles caught if with his face, and retreated, howing.

"Your turn, Framps!"

"Ove!" corred Frampton. "Yow!
Legge! Fill go quetty, you young
"Ha, ba, ta!"

But the rebels did not trust Frampton hose. They whirled him away, and pitched him over the barried, and the prefect fet more dead than the property of the prefect fet more dead than the prefect fet mere legislated by the time he joined his correlation." Now the sergeant!" rades below, Now the sergeant!" ergeant Kettle, like a v

had given in as he saw that there was no chance of victory. He had ceased o struzel

o struggle.
"Chuck him over!"
"Old on, young gents!" said the ergeant. "'Old on, Master Silver!
Il go-don't be 'ard on a man for oin' his doov!"

sergeant. "'Uld on, Master Silver!
Ill go-don't be 'ard on a man for doin his decoy!'
Ill go-don't be 'ard on a man for doin his decoy!'
I'd five us your word to go quietly.
"'Give us your word to go quietly.
Secreent." Sid Jimny Silver, who had some compunction about prefers,
"'A Master Silver."
"'Yes," 'Asaried He sergeant.

"Yes, Master Silver.
"Honour bright?"
"Yes," gasped the sergean
"All serene! Let him go!
The rebels somewhat relucta

The release some Keylendardy re-freshed to the control of the con "What does this mean? Knowles, what does this mean?" Knowles, "They chucked us out!" snapped Knowles.

Knowles.
"Nonsense! Do you mean to tell me that you have allowed those juniors to eject you, Knowles!" Are you not ashamed of yourself?" "How could we help it?" roured

Noneman ("Noneman (") when he was a standard of our best," growled Cateolay. "Rabbish: I am ashamed of you! You should be ashamed of you." You should be ashamed of you." The series I was the series of the Sixth Form. allow yourselves to be threshed-by furnished-by furnished by furnished by furnished by furnished by furnished by furnished the series of the series o

enough of this. I'm not having any of the St. How dare you?"

"I think I've done enough, hooted Knowles. I't init! A prefert's business that I know of to scramble dark, and scrap with dashed dark, and scrap with dashed dark. And scrap with dashed dark. And I've had enough of the dashed business. Shouted Knowles. "You might have a word of thunks for a chap, anyway, instead of slangton you should be did not should be did not should be did not so that the should be did not shoul

And Knowles, too furious to care a up for Mr. Manders at that moment, amped away—into the darkness of its quad. rap for

Mr. Manders stood stuttering with

Mr. Manders stood stuttering with rage. From the direction of the stairs a voice hailed him, and he recognised the dulect tones of Jimmy Silver.

"You there, too, Mandy, old scont? Why don't you come on, Mr. Manders ground his teeth.

"You shall be expelled!" he

Rats!"

"I will specially demand of Dr. Chisholm that you, Silver—" Go it, code in the property of the not one of the garrison who hadn't conspicuous sears of warfare to show, Jimmy Silver had a black eye, and there were at legst a dozen more dis-tributed among the garrison. Noses-were streaming red; and every fellow present declared that he had bumps and bruises from head to foot. That was probably a slight exaggeration, but certainly nobody had escaused.

scathless, and some of the injuries were very painful indeed. "Well, we've won!" said Jimmy Silver, clasping his eye and surveying his damaged and battered followers

his damaged and battered with the other.
"Vow.ow! We've won!" mumbled "Yow-ow! We've won!" mumbled Lovell. "Look at my dose." "Look at my eyes!" grouned

Raby had a beautiful pair. The Raby had a beautiful pair. The sergeant was a hard hitter. "Well, it's all in the day's work," said Jimmy Silver. "Newcome, you silly ass, you must have gone to sicep. How did the beasts get in?"

said Jimmy Silver. "Newcome, you silly ass, you must have gone to sicep. How did the beasts get in?" "I—I think I must have nodded off for a minute," confessed Newcome. "I'm awfully sorry. I remember say-ing to myself that I wouldn't even

to myself that I wouldn't even an eye, and then, I think

"Tim aufully sorry, I remember saying to myself that I wouldn't even close an eye, and then, I think, "No perhaps about it," "Growled Jimmy Silver, "You went to sleep and let us in for this. Sentries who go to sleep are punished with bump by the sarcies of war. Collar that silly sleepy owl, and bump his silly head off." Let "Larond," begge! I I I Take the silly sleepy self that silly sleepy self that silly sleepy self that the silly sleepy self that the silly sleep to sleep at his post again. In the silly sleep at his post again. In the silly sleep that sill sleep to sleep that s

the time was spent in minimons growing proving growing.

Mr. Menders seemed to have had but had more than enough. Nothing would had more than enough. Nothing would have induced Knowles & Co. to go upon the warpath again. In the control of the con

The 8th Chapter All's Well That Ends Well.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Jimmy Silver & Co. felt a little the
worse for wear that morning.

Every fellow in the garrison had an
ache somewhere, and eyes that had
been shady overnight were quite black een shady overing in a the morning.

Silver grinned a little as he looked over his sorry looking garrison in the

somer grunned a intile as he looked over his sorry-looking garrison in the morning sunfight.

"Pretty gang of specimens, you look, I must say!" he remarked.

"Look at your own chivvy!" snorted Lovell.

snorted Lovell.
Jimmy Silver laughed.
"Never mind. We're still holding
"Never mind. We're still holding
Those Medern, ends won't want any
Jimmy Silver was right in that.
The morning passed without a sign of
the enemy. The rebels recovered
their appirts as the day passed on with
was encouraging, and they rejoiced in was encouraging, and they rejoiced in the defeat of the Modern master,

was encouraging, and they rejoiced in the defeat of the Modern master.
Early in the afternoon there was a call from Raby, who was on the watch at the country of the countr

Good-morning, sir!" he said re

Awfully glad to see you up again "Awainly glad to see you up again, sir," said Lovell, looking as meek and mild as was possible with a black eye and a swollen nose. Mr. Bootles gazed at the juniors

in horror.
"Dear me! What is the matter with you? You—you look dreadfu! S Bless my soul, I have never seen! S many discoloured eyes hefore! This is—is shocking." "Creathard on cover page iii.)

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR CREAT TALE OF MILITARY LIFE.

Published Every Manilay



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 HEP-STONE, who has never shown any effection tensible him to his internal product of the prod STONE, who has never shown any affection towards him and his sister. He knocks at his uncle's door, and

He knocks at his mnele's door, and receiving no answer, walks in. Arrived at the sitting-room, he is surprised to see his under lying dead on the floor, and an open cashbox on the heart and the before he can move. The heart should knock that he will be accused and arrested for the murder of the old man, dashes out of the house, and at the same time observes a woman gazing at him from a window opposite or

In order to escape detection, Tom says good bye to ms sitter, promising to write to her through the papers, and joins the Army under the name of Brooks.

Once in camp Tom feels that he safe until he comes into contact is safe until he comes into contact with a man named Barfield. The latter knows the reason why Tom has joined the Army, but promises to

has joined the Assoy, when he sees a man and a woman approaching. He recognises them at once. They are the two people whom he saw at his uncle's house on the day of the wonder!

Why have they come to the camp?

In the Clutches of a Secundrel,
As Parker burried away, Tom
looked after him in terror. Captain,
Hatton and the man and women were
walking alowly, Parker every moment
drawing closer to them. Would he
stop the officer and tell him he was
able to point out Thomas Bevan!
Tom stood up, At all events he would
not be caught skulking in the grass.
West, on. From where Tom stood it
was impossible to see the door to the
long wooden building which had been
recreted as the regimental headquarters.

quarters

Soon they were all out of sight, and Soon they were all out of sight, and the unhappy lad could only wait in the deepest anxiety. He sauntered moodily about, expecting any moment to receive the summons he dreaded. After haif an hour his heart jumped into his mouth as Parker came round the side of a tent within a yard of him.

him.
"I've been looking for you,
Brooks," Parker said. "You needn't
worry. Singleton and his wife have
cone into the village with their son." worry. Singleton and ne specific promise the village with their son."
There was a young private of that mame in the regiment, but as he was lot in No. 1 Company, to which both 'Tom and Parker belonged, beth only knew han very slightly.

"You heard what they were talking about when they passed us?"
Tom asked, in desperation, you had a hand in that terrile business," a hand in that terrile business," Parker replied firmly. "If I had even

a doubt on that head I should have told against you. But I've known you now for over a month, and you're one of the best. I'll stick to you though thick, and thin. "I'll stick to you gasped." But I can tetand this engage in "But I can tetand this engage in "But I can tetand this engage in the hoper. I would go straight to the police or Captain Hatton and gives invested up it wasn't can't work at present, and I'm supporting her as best I can out of my pay. But after what has just happened.

That's all over." Parker cut in. "That's all over," Parker cut in.
"I suppose you were surprised when
I got up and followed them quickly.
I wanted to get to the orderly-coon
lirst. On the night we joined, you
remember, Barfield recognised you
and called you by your name. I remembered that, and I wanted to get
hold of him before he met the cap-

tain."
And what happened?" Tom asked

held of him before he met the exp
"And what happened?" Tom asked

"And what happened?" Tom asked

"That inne to warm Barfield before the others came into the orderlyroom, and he said you were its frend,
and that, like myself, he didn't becourse he would hold his toogue. Then
the Singletons came in, and the cappain asked Barfield to go and fetch
and the said of the said of the said of the
land of the said of the said of the
and then?" Tom asked.

"They were talking about the
moder atll, and the captain said as
she as the said of the said of the
article and the captain said as
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article

again."
As Parker said, the scare was over.
The Singletons did not return to the Again Parker said, the scare was over. The Simpleton did not return to the camp, but later on went straight from the village to the railwaystation. It looked as if all trouble was at an end, as if the police would before long give up loops of firding the criminal, and stone's dealt must remain unrollved for ever. As day followed day Tem's spirits rose. He heard from his sater Ethel, and she told him that strength of the streng

soldier.

And the more he saw of the life the more he loved it. With physical training came a fitness, a buoyancy of

spirits such as he had never known before. The constant drilling cessed to be drudgery when the reasons for it were explained. From "Receille" or "Lights out" the house paised to "Lights out" the house paised he grew more keen, stronger, and better set up. In six weeks time the battalion had made a surprising advance. The elementary training was over, rules everyed out, and preliminary

had arrived at the camp and had been served out, and preliminary muskerry training had begun. Chptam Hatton formed a small class for progressive training, which Tom, Parker, and Charle Somers were directed to join. Every second might the captain delivered a beture on book work, directing the soliders for themselves. He taught them the for themselves, He taught them the theory of fire-courted, scouting, range duties etc., encouraging them

named Dempser, who had been bitterly disopointed because he had not been given a stripe.

Tom tried to gain Dempster's goodwill, but the latter remained surly, Astronomical to the latter remained surly, Astronomical to the latter latter to the latter to the latter to the latter to the content of the content of the latter l

cried. "Yes, and they're a hole-and-corner way of going about when off duty. Neither has the makings of a good soldier, and— Hallo! What's that?"

One of the guy ropes had suddenly

been jerked, and had set the tent quivering. been Jersen, set the tent quivering, Parker jumped up, walked out, and looked around. No one was in sight.

"H'm! A dog, I suppose!" he muttered.

"There are many of

quite too many of them straying about here, Well, Brooks I'm going to the reading room. Will you come along? The papers are in, I expect and we'll see the news

and we'll see the news from the front."

They strolled off to-gether, little suspect-ing that an eaves-dropper had been listening to their con-versation. The man was Dempster. He had been passing the tent, when, recognis-ing their voices, he had storyed Before tent, when had stopped. Before Parker could come ou Before Parker could come out of the tent he had dedged behind another a few yards distant. After waiting half a minute he hurried off, his face dark with fury, but there was a look of fear in his eyes, too.

he orderly-room. Barfield, sitting close

In e orgenjy-room.

Shadow fall to the simbols. He holeded up, and Dempister gave a sign and moved off. Ten minutes later Barfield joined him.

"What's up?" he saked.
"I've overheard Parker and Brooks talking together," Dempister saarled, and the saked of the saked Barfield grinned evilly.

parried grained evilly.

"You needn't worry about
Brooks," he said, " and Parker won't
come our way. He's a wily bird, an
old solder, and I intend to give him
a wide berth."

"Both Brooks."

Brooks. He's no fool

either."
Still, you needn't worry about him," Barfield insisted colly.

som, you necent worry about him," Barfeld insisted colly.

"Brooks can't harm you or me."

"I can always stop him; that's a certainty. I'm not going to tell you more, but Brooks dare not round on me, or on you either, if I object."

"You know something against him?" him

ham 300 know sometiming against 11 de de la company 12 de la company 12 de la company 13 de la company 14 de la company 14 de la company 15 de la company 16 de

"Then you ought to join in with me and sick to me as I stick to you." Barfield snapped, "I like fun, and I've plenty of money to spend, I want a companion. Who else here has been having such a good time on the sly as I have been giving

time on the sly as I have been giving "This life as a soldier is rotten; we're both agreed on that. But we joined in a moment of excitement, and now we can't get out of it. So let us make the best of it. Why whole it is then effects and the work of them offers and the land I'm going to keep in with the past I've made outside, anyhou."
"Of course, I would like to do that, too," Demuster answered. "You

"Of course, I would like to do that, too," Dempster answered. "You know, jolly nice chaps, and—" "And one of them is coming here to-night," Barfield chuckled. "He's no-mgnt, "Barneld chuckled. "He's coming to spend an hour with me, and we're going to fix up a motor run next Sunday when we have long leave, and I hope you'll join us." "To-night!" Dempster gasped. "Yea."

"Yes."
"But he won't be allowed in. The

guard will stop him. Barfield winked, Barneld winked,
"No feat!" he growled. "Your
squad has been detailed for guard.
You'll be on guard when he comes,
and you're to let him pass. It's all
"Her
Dempster went a trifle pale. Bar-

Beld took him by the arm, and led him some distance further from the orderly-room, talking earnestly. Then money elinked.

"All right," Dempster muttered.
"The clear off now." Barfield said. "It's just as well that we shouldn't be seen together."

Dempster hurried away, and Barfield smide contemptations, he's a cur!" he said. "I'm hangel if I wouldn't you straight if I wouldn't you straight if I was Britisher."

And after this amazing remark he a

Britisher:"

And after this amazing remark he went back to the orderly-room, and began to make extracts from the official documents there.

For he was a German spy!

A Dog Causes a Lot of Trouble,

A Dog Causes a Let of Trouble,
It was close on midnight, and for
two hours a great almose had fallon
over the carrier of the control of the
two hours a great almose had fallon
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gyraung in reverse exceeded, and without any semblance of system or the ran into the guarderoom. "Turn out?" he cried followed inn. They formed up, wesh of the respective of

bettalous had been seized with sudden madness.

Then dewn the path half a dox-differs came sprinting, fascard by Captain Hatton. They dealted out the pate, and ran some towards the village, some in the opposite the village, some in the opposite consideration of the pate, and ran some towards the village, some in the opposite anademoniant kept on increasing, and the dog kept yelping.

At last the dog, a fox terrier, came into view, closely pursued. In and sprawling in their efforts to catch it, we have a seen of the patent with the control of the patent with the patent wi

sarety depended on its capture.

It came towards the gate a second time, wheeled off, and was passing a tent, when a man suddenly came out of the darkness, and sprawled on top of it. The dog yelped more frantically than ever, and with a cheer that split the air, a score of soldiers got to the rescue.

split the air, a score of sources gost to the rescue.

Out of the crowd Parker emerged, the dog in his arms, struggling des-perately. Other officers were now shouting commands, and non-come shouting commands, and non-come shouting commands, and non-come were beginning to get a grip of the men. Those around Parker moved away, and broke into send groups. The din was lessening; the camp was The din was lessening; the camp was Larker amen towards the guardroom. Perspiration was pouring down his face, his chest was heaving, his clothes were plastered with mud. Grindy holding the dog in a grip Eke a vice, he spoke, a vice, he spoke, and no mis-take," he said. "There'll be a good fow with sore heads and barked shine on parade tomorrow. I be!."

on parade to morrow, I bet. "Whatever happened?"

"No one rightly seems to know,"
Parker replied. "But if you're to
blame, old man, then you've put the

blame, eld man, then you've put the lid on your career."

"How can I be to blame? I don't even know what the row is about."

Tom said agasat. "It began up yonder. It hadn't anything to do with the guard. And—"
"Hist!" Parker interjected, "Here are some of them coming back."

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Every Monday.

Every Thursday.

(Continued from previous page.)

Three officers were coming in through the gateway. They cut a curious figure. Aroused by the dis-turbance, they had only had time to pull on their boots and slip their haki tunies over their pyjama ackets. All were very flushed, and asping for breath. Hatton was one khaki inckets

them. 'Has the man been caught?" he demanded.

"Has the man been eagust." Parker redemanded, know, sir." Parker replied, "Yes been after the dos.
But here's Sergeant Farby coming
along. Perhaps he'll have news."
Farby was walking briskly, looking
quite cool and trm. That was the
wonderful thing about the eageant.
He was one of those men who always
looked as if he had just stepped oil
of a bandbox, and looweer he many
regulation distance he clicked his
acels, and saluted as if on morning
parade.

parade Has he been caught?" Hation

"Has be been caught?" Hatton asked again,
"No, sir; le's got away, I'm sorry to say," Farly replied. "The men were altogether out of hand, and we hadn't time to post them round the clump of the clump

He stared at the fox terri-He stared at the fex terrier.
"You were one of those who went chasing that animal instead of carrying out your duty, Sergeant Parker." Hatton asked coldly.
"I dish get any instructions, ir." Parker replact. "The first I, knew was when the pegs were kicked out

Parker replied. "The first I. knew was when the pegs were kicked out of my tent in the rissh, and the tent came down on us. I scrambled out, and began asking quoestions, but no one would stop to tell me anything. Later on I did hear something about a man, and then I went after the does."

a man, and dog?"
"When you heard about the you went after the dog?" He

secured.
"Yes, sin."
Farby's mouth was wide open with
muszement. Tom's heart began to
sink; he feared that Parker had got
himself into serious trouble.
"Why did you go after the dog."
"Hecause I didnessed him, sic."
"Ifecause I and was rapidly losing his

patience.

"Scrgeant Parker, I'm not sure whether you are trifling with me," he said, his voice trembling. "Ex-plain yourself satisfactorily and briefly. Otherwise..." "It is supported in the He stopped and shrugged his

briefly. Otherwise—"
He stopped and shrugged his shoulders.
"I know every dog that has been prowling round here since we pitched tents, and started cooking." Parker explained, "and that ain't one of them. In the dustup just now I could make our wind, or whether it was only a false sharm. So I went for the dog, and called on others to help me, because I said to myself that it would be a rum thing if a man and a dog each on his own account took it into their heads to creep into the camp at the same time. camp at the same time

anto their heads to creep into cump at he same time.

Camp at he same time.

It is features relaxed.

"All the features relaxed.

"All the officers chuckled, and Farby have the dog belongs to him, why now, through the dog we may be able to the dog belongs to him, why now, through the dog we may be able to All the officers chuckled, and Farby passed the back of his hand across his mouth, which was a way he had of showing his appreciation.

"Sergount Parker, I take back any." Sergount Parker, I take back any." "Sergount Parker, I take back any." "You've done more to secure man's capture than all of us together. The honour will be yours if we succeed." together. The hono if we succeed." He turned to Tom.

by had a sentry posted all he inquired, s, sir." Tom replied, officers looked at Daniel

standing at attention.

when the standing at attention.

"Humph! There will have to be an inquiry into all this to-morrow
an inquiry into all this to-morrow

At that mount footsteps were an interest that the standard of the standa

up for the night. Now, gentlemen, we will go back to our quarters. Nothing more can be done at

we will go back to our quarters, Nothing more can be done at present. He was a present of the path of

quiry was quite formal.

"Captain Hatton tells me that you were in command of the guard last night."

night;
"Yes, sir!" Tom answered.
"Did you hear anything whatever to arone; your suspicions?
"No. sir."
"Who was posted as sentry?"
"This soldier, sir; Private Demp-

stor "Did you hear anything?" the colonel asked Dempster.

Farby's face was pale.
"I can't understand it. sir!" he gasped. "I locked him up in a shed.
The door has been broken open, and the dog is gone!"

Both the colonel and Hatton

Both the coonsistance, "You are certain you locked the door." Hatton asked quickly, "Yes; and the lock, which is a strong one, has been broken, and from the outside. Farby answered. "Someone in the camp has purposely because on free."

The colonel did not seek to hide his anxiety. For three seconds he and Hatton looked at one another. Both

"This inquiry is at an end," the colonel said. "No one here is to repeat a word of what Sergeant Farby has told us, under pain of the most severe penalties. Come, Hatton; come, sergeant. We will lock at the shed at once."

And be hurried from the room.

"I Shall Denounce You as a Murderer."

"This is a worse business than we thought." Tom remarked to Parker, when they met outside the orderly-room a little later.
"A sight worse!" Parker replied.

en some funny things "I've seen some turnly things in my old soldiering days, but nothing quite like this. It needs a deal of thinking out. I'm going to— Yes! Let us out. I'm gon sit down here

Close to the regimental head-quarters a tree had been felled, and half of the trunk that still remained on the spot made a comfortable seat. Close the regimental head-

general and some of his staff drove up to headquarters. The soldiers mad-certain that they were to be inspected, yet the general did not even go the round of the charm these called also. Men in civilian the grived, there was a constant stir, and no explana-tion. And for the next week each day was much the same, and the aidest rumours began to circulate, was either than the same, and the was either than the same and the was either than the same and the vasse being away, and discipline be-came more severe.

The fact was, of course, that

The fact was, of course, that Colonel Mexton suspected there was a spected there was a Colonel Mexton suspected there was a triator in the camp. But how to catch the scoundred was the difficulty. Parker had a shrewd itle as to who the culprit was, but he was too wise to speak until the held the proofs. Meantime, training by squads was being rapidly pushed on, and the troops were in the adjoining country for several bours every afternoon.

trouge were in the adjoining country for several hours every afternoon. On this particular afternoon Tom's squad was instructed to enteroch, and a corporal named Knight, with a much larger force, was to attack. They were both given a free hand. Neither was to seek advice from a superior officer. Parker was to act as

unpire. With their riflest and entreuching tools, Tom marched his squad out of the camp and, to the appointed the camp and, to the appointed holding back the enemy from the vil-lage, and he was to select the best strategical position for that purpose within a given area. When he came-into the centre of the area he found that the problem set him was much

dred, and another. dred, and another. They rested, sprang to their feet suddenly, rushed, dropped, and rushed again. Nearer and nearer they crept. When only a hundred yards from the trench Knight told them to make very short rushe At last came the order:

At last came the order:

"Fx bayonets!

With a whoop they sprang up and dashed forward. In a few moments they were at the trench, cheering, and Parker was running towards, time an unexpected fulfillable. And Tom syrang out of another trench and waved his cap. "Parker stopped, grimed, and hurried on, whilst Knight and his men stood, dazed with consternation.

Knight and his men rood, dazed with consternation. "Knight, you've been beked?" Parker cried, laughing heartily. "Brook led you into a trap. You has colladed you. Now I see what his game was. He threw up this trench the wrong way so that you couldn't but see it, and you came on without thinking. But he had only posted half his force here; he had the angles. Look at them youlder! As you jumped in here they moved you down." Tom's sound broke into a wild

We've won, then!" Tom asked.

"We've won, then!" Tom asked.
"Yes, you've won!" Parker agreed.
"Come along!" he added; and he
and Tom walked off together, whilst
the others lay down to rest and

snoke.

Parker looked carefully along the trench and approved of it generally. He gave some useful hints, and then noticed a bish behind.

Sao that husby he began. "It

Tom had gripped his arm.

Tom had gripped his arm.

Do you see that," he cried.

Just between those two trees."

No. What—what — Parker

began.
"It's a dog!" Tom gasped. "A
fox-terrier! The dog that was in the
camp, I'm certain. I'm after him. Come on?"

Parker whooped, and the soldiers sprang to their feet. He pointed to the dog.

the dag.

3.C34th him, hads t" he yelled,
He, too, started to run, had
prostly Tom was fifty vared sheed.
He was sprinting splendelly, and draws
are many and the same and the same and the
same are sheet and the same and the
tag away from his comrades at every
many are same and dived into a cope.
Tom, having breasted a hillock,
bore down on him. Then his heart
jumped into his mouth. For from
the far side of the copes a man in
certilian dress had dashed, and was
certilian dress had dashed, and was

Without a thought of the dog now Tom made straight after the man and was overjoyed to see he was over

bauling him.

and was observed as the second of the second

went straight for him, and

Tom went straight for him, and forced him to the ground.

"Lie still!" he shouted. "Don't dare to move, or else."

He heard a step behind. He was wrenched back. To his amazement, he saw that his assailant was Barfield.

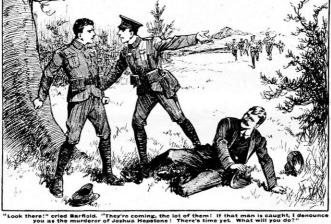
"Let him go! Quie! I warm you, let him go!" Barfield raved, his few abore.

" Look there!" he cried.

coming, the lot of them! If that man is caught, I denounce you as the murderer of Jo-hua Hejstone! There's time yet. What will you

Across the field Parker and the Tom's face went white, but it remained slern. Between daty and a felon's death he had to choose.

What would he do?



'No, sir!"
'No stranger passed you?"

No." Nor a dog?"

"Corporal Brooks, how do you ex-plain that a stranger got into the camp?" the colonel demanded. "I'm certain he didn't come by the

ate, sir," Tom answered.
"Then how did be come?"
A good answer flashed into Tom's mind.

I can't suggest exactly how he got

in, sir, but he got out without pass ing the gate. I suppose he came in the way he got out.

the way he got out."

The colonel starred for a moment at the lad. Then he smiled.

"There's pleuty of sense in that, Hatton," he said. "It seems to me that no blame can attach to the corporal of the guard. Sergeant Parker."

"Yes attach."

Yes. sir!" "Yes, sir!"
Parker stepped forward and saluted.
"Captain Hatton has told me that
ou went after the dog and caught

"A very shrewd move, sergeant Where's the dog? Let's have a lool

"Sergeant Farby locked him up for the night, sir, and he's gone to fetch

Parker Jurched towards it, and dropped down. sed down. 'ou've got an idea?" Tom sug-

"You've got an idea," Tom suggosted.
"A big idea!" Parker growled.
"Something allogether out of the
standard. A sort of a price puzzle
is myself. Why, there's not a bone
in my body that's not aching after
the way I knocked myself about last
might, falling, and serambling, and
bashing into everything trying to
chivry that blessed dog. But sught,
talling, and serambling, and
chivy that blessed dog.

But suddenly be jecked his figure up straight.
Next moment he was langthing again,
but somehow the ring in his voice was
not quite natural. Dempster had
come out of the orderly-cross, and
was walking swiftly away. I batch
was walking swiftly away. I batch
and locked at the book. Quite unnoticed by Tom, he was also able,
however, to shoot a long, acarching
look at Dempster out of the corner
of his eye.

his eye.
"Let's get a move on," he said
esently. And in silence he walked the non-com,'s mess. The routine of life went on

The routine of life went on as usual that day, but an unconfortable feeling of mystery began to spread
frough the camp. The officers
seem seem in couples or small groups
often, taking carnestly together in
low tones; something had evidently
grow wrong.

Unexpected things happened also.
A motor-car conveying the district

more puzzling than he had anticipated.

The village lay a mile behin

more he moved towards it the more open the country became, and Knight open the country became, and Knight would have no trouble in outflaining him, in which case he would win. There was nothing for it but to advance, and he did so. At last he came to a place just within the area where Knight could not outflash him. But here Knight, with his superior force, could rush the trench. Still, it was the only possible

with his superior force, could rush the trench, Still, it was the only possible spot for defence.

Tom set down and puzzled out his tactics. Then he set his men to work, and in haif an hour they see ready, and in haif an hour they see ready, the country of the country of the tence Tom's trench, and sughed.

"Brooks will get a wigging for that," he said. "He's thrown up-earth towards us, instead of hiding it. Why, it was only vesterday Cap-han Hatron and us of the danger of paces apart, and creep forward, tak-ing all the cover you can. Stop and full down whenever I call."

Tom's squad opened fire, and the

Tom's squad opened fire, and the attack began. Very ably Knight took his men across the ground. The way cover was excellent. Parker, standing on a knoll, highly approved. On they came slowly, and rigidly obeying every command given by Knight, whilst the fire from the trench never slackened.

They got to white-

slackened.
They got to within five hundred yards. They crept on another hunMendoy's BOYS eRIEND.

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- Our Splendid School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. --

(Continued from page 722.)

"It's all right, sir," said Jimmy, Silver. "We've been scrapping with some Modern cads, sir, winde you've been laid up."

Mr. Boutles coughed, "I should not have left the sanat torium until tornourow." he said torium until tornourow." he said these extraordinary proceedings, and received a letter from Dr. Chisholm. He has been informed of this perfect the series wery distressed—what, what! His state of health does not permit him state of the series when the said to the series when the series were distressed—what, what! His state of health does not permit him state of the series when the series when

"Sorry, sit" said Jimmy Silver, "This, of course, is on condition when the Head comes back he will see justice done, sir."

"You need not have the—ahem!—"". "This, of course, is on condition that you—ahem!—"young raseals mediately return to your duty."

"No more Manders, sir?" asked sightest doubt of that."

"No more Manders, sir?" asked unforms me that he has received a report from Mr. Manders, beeful way of alluding to my collegue, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, course of the mediately return to your duty. "No more Manders, sir?" asked and for more many control of the sir of the

—ahem 1—confine his activities wholly to the Modern side."
"Good egg." said Jimmy Silver.
"1—I mean very good, sir. Of course, sir, if you hadn't been ill there wouldn't have been any acquainted with the soft natver that turneth away wrath. "You see, sir, we couldn't stand being ranged by a Modern ead. We're jolly glad you're well, sir. Of course, we wouldn't seed as the sir our work our own masters."
"Never!" said Lovell solemnly.

ollowers and raised his hand. Three cheers for Mr. Bootles!"

"Hip, hip, hooray!" "Hip, hip, horay!"

Mr. Bootles walked away smiling.
It was very gratifying to the Classical
master to end, with a word, the rebellion Mr. Manders had striven in
vain to quell. Quite cheerfully
Jimmy Silver & Co. poured out of
Fort de Tuckshop.

Fort de Tuckshop. Os poures dus fi Fort de Tuckshop. Os poures dus fi Den barring-out ind been a success. The barring-out ind more Manders. The flooging was not to come off— excepting in the case of Townsend and Tophan, who had been flooged already. The rebels had won all along the line. as Jimmy Silver joy-fully remarked, though the form of submission was kept up to please Mr. of their centrenchments they realised that, as a matter of fact, they were lucky to get out of their scrape so cheaply.

cliesply.

Mr. Manders looked out of his window as the Classical juniors came towards the School House. The expression on Mr. Manders' face was far from agreeable. But he did not be considered to the contract of the contra our own masters."
"Never!" said Levell solemaly. And the Pistical Four tried to look shocked at the bare idea.
"Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles. "You will come out of that place at once! Ahem! The damage you have done will have to be paid for. Sergeant Kettle must be indemnified."
"We'll raise a fund to square him, sir." said Jimmy Silver cheerfally. We're coming out at once, sir."
Jimmy Silver looked round at his to take charge of the Fourth. So

everything in the garden, as Jimmy Silver said, was lovely. "It will be all serone when the Head comes back," said Jimmy Silver confidently to the crowd of celebrators in the end study. "Bootles knows confidently to the crowd of celebrators in the end study. "Bootless knows that Manders was a cad, and he'll speak up for us, and Bulkeley has said a word for us already. We shall get on reppiniply with old Bulkeley. It's been a giddy success, though The to think of it, Might have ended worse. But we've beaten the Modern cads.—"

"Hurshi" and if ever the Modern rotters try any of their games on this side we'll beat 'em again." "Horsh hear?" "Horsh hear?" "Horsh hear?" "And our watchword is going to be, down with the Modern cuds, and no surrender."

Tremendous cheers. The cheers were so tremendous, in fact, that the voice of a prefect was heard along the passage, conveying the information that if there wasn't a little less row he would come along with a cane. And the robels of Rookwood, lately so traculent, decided to make a little less row. The barring-out was over, and law and order once more twigned on the Cassic side of Rookwoo'd.

(Another Grand School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rockwood in next Monday's lesue of "The Boys" Fielnd." Order your copy in advance. Price One Penny.

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THIS NUMBER

IS OUT TO-DAY.

CARRIED AWAY

A Magnificent New School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Lights Out!

W "What the dickens"
"What the dickens"
"Great Scott!"
Harry Wharton & Co. were surprised, and

they had reason to be.

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were having late ten in No. 1 Study. It was an unusually plentiful spread, and the chums of the Remove were doing it full justice, while they discussed cheerfully the prospects of the coming cricket season. And all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, the gas went

Sudden darkness rushed upon No. 1 Study and its

Sudden darkness rushed upon servirus as.

Night had fallen on Greyfriars—a dark, moonless vening. From the Close there came not the glimmer of a star. The fire had gone out in the grate to the last spark. When the gas was suddenly extinguished, the darkness in No. 1 Study was like the inside of a black

tt.
The result was disastrous. Frank Nugent was pouring
tt tea. He jumped, naturally, as the study was plunged
to darkness, and there was a wild roar from Bob out tes. he jumped, into darkness, and there was a wild roar from for the darkness, and there was a wild roar from for the darkness, and there was a wild roar from for the darkness.

unto decreases, an intere was a wind rout from now were its lates, no longer aimed at the teacup, shot were its lates. Be be therry jumped up in anguish, his voice rising its very top note. His knees caught violently against the study table, and it rocked. The startled Nugent was still pouring out tea, and the stream of hot liquid splashed right and left. The jumous scrambled away, and there was a crean of crockery in the dark.

"The scalefulness is terrific." ground Hurree Jamset Rum Sinch.

Ram Singh.

In the scandinumes is terrine; ground rive sames, which is simple." gasped Nugent, setting down the tcapet. Unfortunately he set it down past the edge of the table, and there was another trans. "Oh, crumbs!"

"What silly idot is playing tricks with the gas?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yow!" mumbled Bob Cherry, as he rubbed his knees, "Ow! I'll scalp the silly ass who's turned the gas of!! Harry Wharton hurried to the door of the study. As the gas could not have gone out of its own accord, it may be a supplied to the set of the set of the door, and a yell from Squiff as he humped into him. "Yow! Who's that ramming a silly clow into my eye?" howled Squiff.

Sorry

"Sorry"
"Oh, you duffer!"
Whatton dragged open the door. Not a glimmer of light came from the passage. The gas was extinguished there, too. But there was a babel of voices—the startled Remove fellows were pouring out of their studies, bumping into one another in the dark, and uttering loud ing into one

What's the matter?"
Who's done that?"
My hat!"

"Who's done that?"
"My hat?"
"My hat

"I am aware of that, Coker. I—"
"Some silly, chortling, idiot, sir—"

"It was I turned the gas off, Coker," said Mr. Quelch,

in a grinding voice

"Oh!" gasped Coker.
Some of the juniors chuckled. But they were all amazed, What the Remove-master had turned the gas off for was a mystery. They had never suspected Mr. Quelch of being a practical joker.
"Is anything the matter, sir?" called out Harry Wharton

Wharton.

"Is anything the matter, sir? called out Harry Wharton.
"Yes. Pray keep calm! Let there be no panic."
"But—but what—" It is simply a precautionary measure, is no of. Quelch's voice through the darkness."
"No one is to strike a light. All fires in the studies are to be extinguished immediately." Yee-es, etc. But—but why—"
"Dr. Locke has just received a telephone call from Courtfield that a Zeppelin has been seen making for the coast. All lights are ordered to be extinguished instantly. In order to lose no time, I have turned the gas off at the meter. Let there be no panic, please, I expect you to show that British boys have too much courage to be frightened, even if there should be danger."

courage to be frightened, even if there should be danger."

The Remove fellows were in a buzz of excitement now. They had heard, read, and talked about the Zeppelin raiders for weeks. Greyfriars School, close to the coast of Kent, and well within the possible radius of a Zeppelin raid—and a school was not likely to escape the bombs of the raiders any more than any other building. Indeed, it was possible that the destruction of an historic building like Greyfriars would cause great joy among the anniable Huns in Berlin. As for the possible destruction of a crowd of schoolboys, that would not affect the Huns in the least. The "baby-killers" were not particular.

We Outleh had hurried away, and some of the

in the least. The "baby-killers" were not particular.

Mr. Quelch had hurried away, and some of the
Removites went into the studies where there were fired
and proceeded to extinguish them. Upon the whole, they
were pretty cool. Indeed, the chief feeling was an
excited desire to "see" the Zeppelin, if it came. At the
same time, it was not comfortable to think that at

an excited the conformal c any moment a bomb might come crashing down through

the roof.

"I say, you fellows!" howled Billy Bunter. "I say, gerrout of the way! I'm going down into the cellars! Lemme pass! Yow-ow-ow!

Bunter bolted for the kitchen. He knew the way in the dark—he was not an infrequent visitor to the kitchen. He bundled down the lower stairs, and rushed into the kitchen gasping. A frightened shriek greeted lim as he bumped into somebody.

"It's only mum-mum-me, c-c-cook!" stuttered Bunter.

Only you!" ejaculated the cook. And she gave Billy iter a box on the ear that made him see stars, dark Bunter

Bunter a box on the car that made him see stars, dark as it was.

"Ow!" roared Bunter, as he staggered away. "Oh, dear! Where's the cellar, cook? Let's get into the cellar! Oh, dear! We shall all be kiskiskilled!"

"I'll show you the cellar, Bunter," said the voice of Peter Todd, who had followed the fat junior down.
"This way"
"Tathank you "Tathank"

T-t-thank you, Todd," gasped Bunter. "Here, I say,

what— Yow-ow! Peter Tody under the coal-cellar, and Bunter sprayed over the coal with a wild yell. Coal was not soft to fall upon, and Bunter had fallen had. Todd slammed the door of the coal-cellar, and locked it. Then he cheerfully returned to the upper regions, leaving Billy Bunter squirming among the coal, half suffocated by coal-dust, and getting into a state of coaliness that could not be described in words.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Attack from the Sky!

XCITEMENT reigned in Greyfriars, but the masters and the prefects had the younger boys well in hand. It did not take the Greyfriars fellows long to get used to the darkness, and they knew their way about the School House blindfolded. Not a gleam of light showed from a single window of the old school.

Harry Wharton & Co. had returned to No. I Study, and were looking from the window. There was no glean of a star from the black heavers. Only dimly they could make out the great elms in the Close. They fistened intently at the open window. The Cappelin was not likely to be seen, but it would be heard if it came near. The warning telephone from Courtfield to the Head showed that the enomy was not distant. Like a thief in the night the raider was coming. Would he pass over Greefriars?

"Hark!" said Harry Wharton, in a low voice. From the silence of the night came a buzzing noise. "That's au engine," said Nugent. Wharton clicked his teeth. "The Zeppelin!" he said.

Wharton clicked his teeth.

"The Zeppein!" he said.
Other cars had heard the sound. The voices of the masters were heard in the gloom,
"All boys to descend to the cellars! Order, please!"
"Oh, rotten!" murmured Sampson Quincy Iffley Field.
"I'd rather stay here and have a look at the heast!"
"Must obey orders," said Wharton. "Anyway, it's no good getting a bomb on one's napper. No good letting a rotter hit you when you can't hit back."
The Greefriats fellows marched downstairs. If there ordered the said probably broken limbs and necks. Fortunately, they kept their heads.
In a few minutes the cellars below the old school were crowded with fellows.

There were vaults under the School House, deep and

crowded with fellows.

There were vaults under the School House, deep and extensive, seldom or never entered, and no one had supposed that they would ever be used. Owing to the pseudiar, warlike methods of the Huns, a use was found for them at had. As no light could occape from the cellars to the upper air, several lamps were lighted there, and the light glimmered over the startled faces, some of them pale and strained.

The Head himself, and Mrs. Locks and little Molly, had come down into the vaults. The Head was looking very grim.

grim.

Even in the deep vaults there was not certain safely if a bomb should fall upon the school. The terrible explosives used by the air-niders were capable of penetrating through the mass of building above. But the danger was slight, and certainly the cellars were the only place where safety was to be found. For, if a bomb fell upon the school, studies and Form-rooms wind be smasshed right and left, and nothing in them that was

bomb fell upon the school, studies and Form-rooms would be smashed right and left, and nothing in them that was alive could escape with life.

It was a strange, eric estuation—in the dim light in the old vasits, watting, with thumping hearts, for the sound of destruction.

Would the Zeph weeke the building in the deep darkness? Would they be brutal enough, inhuman enoughton that their bombs upon a harmless building? There was little doubt that they would. The brutes who had shelled an old abbey, who had dropped bombs upon sleeping Norfok willages, were not likely to spare Greyfriars if they saw it. But would they see it in the dark? Had the warning not come, had the school been abbase with lights, there would have been no doubt at the company of the air-monster could no longer be heard. Was it coming? Had it passed? The strain of anxiety was coming? Had it passed? The strain of anxiety was keen. Every fellow felt that he was on his honour to keep a stiff upper lip, and not a word of fear was heard. Even Billy Bunter was silent. Peter Todd had dragged him out of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the air-monder of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the coal of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the coal of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the coal of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the coal of the coal-collar, looking like a Christ with the coal of the co

Souif.

Harry Wharton was frowning, his hands clenched. It went very much against the grain with him to hide like this, and vet it was evidently the only thing to be done. The raiders from the sky could not be reached; they were able to burl down destruction with impunity. When they attacked military works the aircraft guise could deal with them and British aereplanes could ascend to the atack, but when they attacked private dwellings there was no defence possible.

The silence was suddenly broken.

A deafening roar penetrated to the vaults below the old school. It was followed by crash on crash!

(You will learn how Grevir'ars School fared at the hands of the Zeppelin raiders, and what startling adventures b fell Harry Wharton & Co. by reading the conclusion of this dramatic and powerfully-written story in to-day's issue of the MAGNET Library, on sale at all Newsagen.s' throughout the ki gdom).