

JIMMY SILVER & CO., SCHOOLBOYS YOU WILL LIKE, ARE IN THIS ISSUE!

The BOYS' FRIEND

1st

*The Circle
of 13*

OUR GREAT
DETECTIVE
STORY



Grand FREE PLATE Inside

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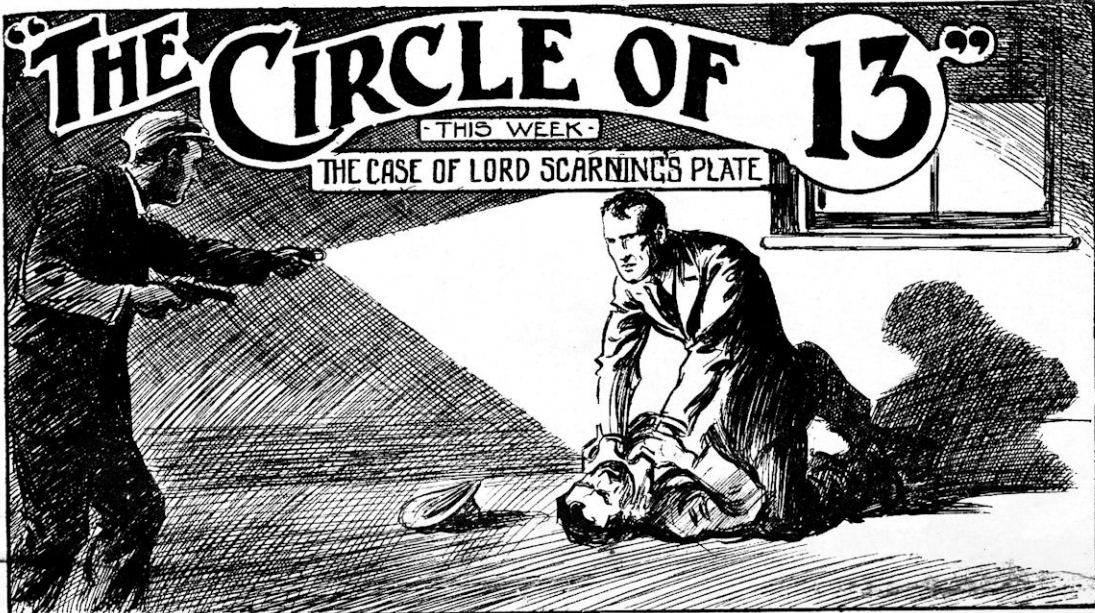
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Published in town and country every Monday morning. To ensure getting a copy on the day of issue, readers are recommended to order in advance.

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

A GREAT DETECTIVE STORY. By W. MURRAY GRAYDON.



Oliver burst into the room, a revolver in one hand, and an electric torch in the other. "Do you need any help?" he cried. "No my boy," replied 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. Keene?" Oliver inquired, as he neatly spread the last slice of bacon with his fork. "Will you go down to Berkshire to see the old squire who has been getting anonymous letters?" "I may and I may not," Harvey Keene replied. "I haven't decided, my boy. I don't care to engage in any special work when at any time I may have a chance to—"

He paused, and broke the shell of an egg. "The villain won't be low much longer," he added, in an absent tone. "They will soon show their hand, in some form or other."

It was very bright and cheerful that morning in the big room where the famous detective and his young assistant were at breakfast. The floor was chequered with golden squares of sunlight, and the soothing, droning voice of London floated through the windows. Spring had come, with mild and fragrant breath. A canopy over the way was stinging as if it would split its tiny throat. In a box in Keene's balcony yellow scaffolds were nesting in the eaves, and down in Princes Street a man with a tray of violets on his head was calling his wares.

A spring morning, and yet the shadow of tragedy present. In a drawer of the detective's desk lay the sheet of black notepaper, with the words of doom splashed across it in scarlet ink. A week had gone by since the death sentence had been mysteriously slipped under the door at night, but Harvey Keene was still alive, and he expected to remain so, though he knew that the warning had not been sent in jest.

He had not paid much heed to it. The Circle of Thirteen had not

frightened him. On the contrary, he was the more doggedly resolved to exterminate 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 bitter disappointment to him. Since then he had been waiting, day by day, for something to happen that might give him a fresh clue.

He was in that mind now. As usual, when he had finished his breakfast, he pushed his chair back from the table, and picked up the crisp, unopened newspaper. He glanced at it rapidly, column by column, until he came to something that held his attention. He read it twice, and then rose from his chair, absently thrusting the journal into his pocket.

"What has struck you, governor?" asked the lad.

Keene ignored the question. He chose a pipe from the rack, and filled it with black tobacco, and while he smoked he wandered about the room with a thoughtful expression on his face, doing things of which he was scarcely aware. He took his Cronaca violin from the cabinet, and played a few notes of dreamy music; studied an engraving on the wall, and idly turned the pages of a scrapbook that held his clippings.

"What have you been reading?" Oliver persisted. "Well, no."

"Not much," the detective answered. "Only a paragraph of a dozen lines, stating that burglars broke into Lord Scarnings's residence in Grosvenor Square last night, and stole his gold plate."

"That sounds like the Circle of Thirteen, gov'ner."

"Yes, I am inclined to believe it is their work. I have arrived at that conclusion, my boy. It is a crime of great magnitude, and it would have been most difficult to carry out. I have often heard of Lord Scarnings's service of plate, which is worth sixty thousand pounds. He has used it only when entertaining royalty, and he has

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 errand at once procured him an interview with

Lord Scarnings, who received him in the library. His lordship was an elderly gentleman, with aristocratic features and a grey moustache. He was 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 feel that you will be of more assistance than the police. They have been here, and they have not held out much hope."

"Did they pick up any clue?" Keene inquired.

"No, none whatever," declared the nobleman, who was greatly distressed by his loss.

"Well, I may find something that they have overlooked."

"I shall rely on you, Keene. You must recover my plate, which I value more for its associations than for its intrinsic worth."

"I will do my best, my lord. And now for the facts. What are they?"

Lord Scarnings's statements were terse and laconic. Having been roused in the night by a slight noise, he had crept downstairs to find the butler lying bound and gagged in the hall, and the gold plate missing. It had been in an oak chest, in a small room at the rear of the ground floor.

Lechmere, the butler, slept in another room across the passage, and both he and his lordship had keys to the plate-closet and to the chest. The burglars had got into the dining-room from the garden by forcing a French window. After assaulting and stunning the butler, they had taken his keys from him, secured the plate, and departed as they had come.

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

"Or they guessed that he had them," replied Lord Scarnings. "That is 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. Meanwhile, I had fetched a constable, and he reported the robbery at the police-station, which would account for the mention of it in the morning papers. It was between one and two o'clock when I was roused."

"Did the constable search the garden?"

"We searched it together, but we did not discover any trace of the burglars. They scalded the wall by means of a repeller with hooks, and they must have had the plate in a sack."

"What is Lechmere's tale?" Keene inquired.

"A rap awoke him from sleep," the nobleman answered, "and he supposed that I wanted him. He unlocked and opened his door, and as he stepped into the passage he saw the dim figures of two men, one of whom struck him with a blunt weapon. He reeled and fell, and remembered nothing more."

"It is certain, then, that 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 butler, my lord."

"Very well. I will ring for him."

Lechmere shortly appeared, with a handkerchief about his head, a lean man of middle age, clean-shaven, with dark eyes and hair, and snug, benevolent features. He repeated exactly what his master had said of him, telling his story in a simple, straightforward way. Cross-examination did not confuse him; he adhered to every statement he had made.

"Let me see where you were lit, please," bade the detective.

The man shook the handkerchief, and Keene looked at the bruise on his skull. He merely nodded, and then, followed by Lord Scarnings and Lechmere, he went to the dining-room.

OUR CRITICISM COUPON.

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

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Sent in by

IN YOUR EDITORS' DEPARTMENT

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



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of THE BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose an envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MORE SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS!

THE BOYS' FRIEND is still going strong, and for quality, quantity, and general excellence next Monday's superb number will hold the field. Once again my faithful 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 family 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 to see that he gets one.

Other unique attractions next week are the story of Rookwood's Walk, by Owen Conquest, entitled

"THE IMPOSTORS"

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"

and the second part of W. Murray Graydon's superb "Active Drawn."

"THE CASE OF LORD SCARNING'S PLATE."

Before concluding what I have to say on the subject of next week's line features, I would strongly urge every one of my chums to enter for the novel and interesting competition which is now appearing in our pages. This great attraction will shortly be drawing to a close, and for this reason, if for no other, my chums are strongly recommended to cut out our coupons and compete for the magnificent money prizes which are being offered. A nice little nest-egg is in store for some of my ardent readers, and why should you not be among the fortunate ones?

I am relying upon every boy who reads and enjoys THE BOYS' FRIEND to put his shoulder to the wheel and make next week's issue a stunning success. By handing a copy to a non-reading chum a great deal of good may be done in this direction, and I look to you all, as loyal friends of your Editor, to rally round THE BOYS' FRIEND and help it to maintain its present position, which is, of course, at the top.

A CHURCHGOING CHUM.

Sidney C., of Southfields, is a Boy's FRIEND reader who, having had the advantages of an excellent upbringing, still continues to go to Church each Sunday, and on this account Sidney is made a fitting target for the jeers and jeels of several local wags. My chum does not actually tell me this in his letter, but reading between the lines I gather that such is the case.

Now, my "Chat" page is not a pulpit, neither is it my desire to preach, but I should like to address a few words to my chums on the extremely important subject of church-going—a subject which editors of the class of cheaper boys' papers avoid. My chums do not actually tell me of their religion when they are old enough to make a start in the world. The reason for this change often is

that in the office or workshop they hear church and parsons scoffed at, and they think it unkind to be like the men with whom they spend the workday.

I suppose that when a boy begins to earn his own living, he thinks he is rather "too big" to go to Sunday School any longer, and I can quite understand his feelings in the matter. There is no reason, however, why he should drop going to church if he was formerly accustomed to do so. The fact that he hears church and curates scoffed at should induce any boy with real backbone to challenge the scoffers to a commonsense argument on the subject. Let him prove to his listeners—they will all listen—that it is a better thing for young fellows to go to a decent church than to lounge about the streets in small gangs, making silly jokes and chaffing passers-by. Who has not seen this type of Sunday idler? He is afraid to go to church, simply because he fears the scorn of his companions. It is not pleasant, I admit, to be laughed at, and it takes a lot of courage to do what is right in the face of ridicule, but I must repeat what I have said before in THE BOYS' FRIEND—namely, that the very men and boys who jeer, in their heart of hearts entertain great respect for the people they jeer at. Every time a boy—or man—does something that he doesn't want to do, but that he knows he ought to do, he adds to his strength and self-respect, and becomes a greater power in the world.

I admire my Southfields chum for

YOUR EDITOR.

- CONTROLLER OF:
 "THE BOYS' FRIEND," td.
 Every Monday.
 "THE MACNET" LIBRARY, td.
 Every Monday.
 "THE GEM" LIBRARY, td.
 Every Wednesday.
 "THE DREADNOUGHT," td.
 Every Thursday.
 "THE PENNY POPULAR," td.
 Every Friday.
 "CHUCKLES," PRICE td.
 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.

AN UNUSUAL GRIEVANCE.

One of my Colchester readers, who signs himself "Cynic," comes to me this week with a most remarkable

grievance. "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-making game."

This allegation is one which I would not attempt to deny. Does "Cynic" imagine that those harassed individuals who control boys' papers do so for the benefit of their health? If he does, then let me tell him here and now that he is quite "off-side." With the exception of poorly-circulated journals, the publication of all periodicals is certainly what "Cynic" somewhat brutishly calls "a money-making game." I will go farther than this, and say that in the case of THE BOYS' FRIEND it is very much so, owing to the enormous circulation which this paper possesses. The proprietorship of a paper is seldom run on unbusinesslike lines. Editors like to see their periodicals forging ahead, since it invariably benefits their own pockets, and it would be absurd for anyone to expect otherwise.

But let me tell "Cynic" this—that those who have a hand in the production of THE BOYS' FRIEND 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 aim it is to foster and encourage all 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' FRIEND 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 doing.

There are a great many people who are content to work only for themselves, and so long as themselves get on and "make good," they are perfectly content. But this class of individuals is seldom happy, because he has missed the greatest thing in the world, which is that real happiness 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. All his fellow-workers more or less shunned or snubbed him, except one young fellow who went out of his way to be kind to him. A few years passed; then one day that new hand, who had now mastered his duties, mostly owing to the assistance given him by his kind-hearted comrade, came into some money and started in business on his own in a small way. The fellow he chose for his right-hand man was the unselfish one. The business prospered, and both are now doing very well.

This is only one example out of many similar cases. Don't work only for yourself and your own immediate advantage; give those who work with you a generous thought now and again, and a helping hand when you can. It will pay you over and over again.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

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

H. J. D. (Clipperton)—Messrs. Uppitt Gift of Drury Lane, London, W.C., publish a book such as you require, entitled "The Great Ventriquoism," 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.

"Emigrants" (Barnley).—Don't come 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 chum, but if you had taken my advice and ordered your copy in advance, you would not have had to wait until your news-agent's window.

"Inquisitive" (Hastings).—Can I tell you when the war will end? Well, here's a "tugger," to be sure! I feel that I "couldn't" have no doubt I should be well on the way to earning a fortune. Remember, I am not a prophet—just an editor.

"Satisfied" (Preston).—Am glad to hear you think A. S. Hardy writes the best boxing stories. What do you think of the Tom Beckley series? I feel that I "couldn't" have no doubt your resolve to get one new adneur for THE BOYS' FRIEND every month, and trust your example will be copied by many other readers.

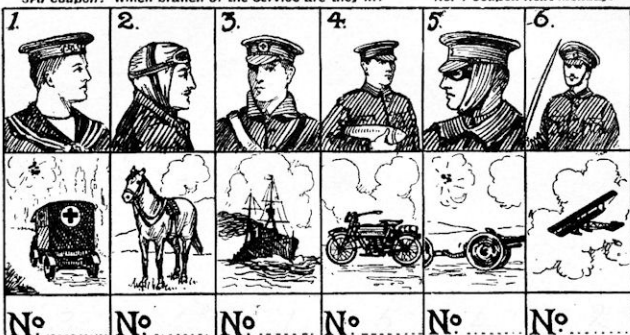
YOUR EDITOR.

GRAND COMPETITION!

£1000 CASH PRIZES!

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

3rd Coupon: Which branch of the Service are they in? No. 4 Coupon Next Monday.



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. All competitors have to do is to decide with which object each Service man is connected. 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 picture shown above that space.

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' FRIEND as to when and where entries are to be sent in. There will be eight coupons given altogether, that given above being the third.

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

ADVENTURE TO TOM BELCHER

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Adventure & Boxing.

BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.

allairs are repeatedly neglected by you, and I am determined to put an end to it!"

The son looked sullenly at his father.

"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 say to that?"

Jim Dewar looked afraid. He stared blankly at his father, any blurted out a statement to the effect "that he didn't know it was as much as that, and he didn't."

"And, besides," the father went on sternly, "I am repeatedly in covering deficiencies in my petty cash account. Sometimes I miss money out of my cheque for fifteen pounds fifteen shillings sent to me by Mr. Douglas in settlement of the small account which never reached me. Do you know what has become of it?"

"I—er—had to settle a small account with my tailor," he faltered.

"As I know I wouldn't get any money till the end of the month, I—er—borrowed it as an—er—advance. You can take it out of my screw, you know, dad."

"It is disgraceful, dishonourable! Where is it to end?" stormed the solicitor, pacing up and down the office. "I discharged Tom Belcher from my employment a week or so ago because you accused him of stealing the petty cash. But it seems to me that I was guilty of a gross injustice. The lad declared that you did it. And, upon my word, I believe he was right. Now, understand this, Jim, my patience is nearly exhausted. I will not stand much more of it. I shall not pay the bookmaker Waring."

"No—er—let him take proceed—er—suggested the father eagerly. "And we can defend 'em under the Betting Act."

"That would be dishonourable," cried the father sternly. "No, the matter had better be paid, perhaps, and I will deduct ten pounds per month from your wages until it has been wiped out. And, understand, if I find you guilty of another such offence, I'll turn you out of the office, and, whether your mother likes it or not, you'll have to leave home, and fend for yourself."

"I have tried to give you a first-class education. You have had a start in life such as few men get, and yet you have developed into a common, vulgar, and cheap. 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 you!"

Jim Dewar stood there looking profoundly dejected and immensely stupid.

"Dad," he began, "listen to me. I—"

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

Jim Dewar turned, opened the door, and he strode to the outer office like a whipped dog.

No sooner was he out of the range

of his father's wrath, however, than he revived.

"The gov'nor's in no end of a paddy, Hall," he said, as he made his way to the street and began to play with a quill pen. "That Wilson case can't be juss' rightly. Eschey makin' all that fuss about a chap being a few minutes late!"

Hall said nothing, but went on with his work, for there was a lot to be 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 dummy named Green, who was almost as irresponsible as himself.

Green, however, had a very wealthy father, ran a motor car, 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. Then Dewar, over the coffee and a smiling green, told his friend all about the row in the office, cooking, however, the real reason for it.

Green listened with a grin on his face.

"Oh, it's silly for a man's pater to go on like this," he remarked. "By the way, Jim, what do you think young Tom Belcher is doing?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," answered the solicitor's son frowning. "I always hated the little beggar. Selling matches in the street, I suppose."

"Oh, no, he's not. He's blossomed out as a boxer."

"Go on!"

"It's a bet, and he 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 got whipped. He did whip George. I was there and saw it. I was never so surprised in my life. I expected to see Belcher knocked out of time, instead of which he started like a champion, whipped George fair and square, and got the verdict 'two.'"

"Dear Dewar stared blankly at his friend.

"That would mean a decent bit of money he earned, wouldn't it?" he cried.

"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. "Afterward there was a row. I believe. An old boxer named Ben Adams got kicked out of the hall, and took Tom Dewar. Now, I believe that Adams got blossomed forth in the ring at Bob Lewis's place, the Star. He licked young Morgan, then had a row with George Martin. It's said that Morgan, who was acting as Tom Belcher's sparring partner, was brained by George Martin to drag the kid, and—"

"Young Belcher entered the ring, hardly able to stand, and George Martin went for him anyhow, reckoning 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 reckon he's going to make a name for himself, if he can only keep it up."

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

"I'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 him. He tried to do me an injury, and he set my pater against me. Wait till he fights again. I'll have something to say."

"Well," drawled Green, sipping a liqueur and puffing away at his cigar, "you'll soon have chance, too, for he's going to box at the St. George's Hall next Monday night."

"What? Going to box at Martin's 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 box Tom Vereker, and he's a jolly son of a gun. I'm going to see that fight. There'll be some fun. I can tell you, and I rather fancy Belcher's chance again. Coming?"

Jim Dewar's face flamed.

"Rather!" he cried. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds. And you think Belcher will win, do you?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you. Ben Adams 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 he felt pretty sure that Belcher would lick him. And here's if you want to get Belcher as good as George Martin himself. Yes, Adams wouldn't let Tom fight him unless he counted on a cert. It'll be a rare fight, and I'll tell you, your old office-boy is a marvel; I wouldn't say it if it weren't true."

Jim Dewar knew that it was true. He had sampled Tom Belcher's fistie prowess in person, and his face and body still felt the sting of the punches he had hammered home.

"All right," growled the solicitor's son. "I'll go and see the fight together, and here's if you want to make a bit of money—and I do, for I'm stony—put your shirt on Vereker."

"How do you mean?"

"I can bet, borrow, or steal, and I'm going to come home loaded with it."

"Oh, rats!" said Green languidly.

"Haven't I told you that Tom Belcher will probably win?"

"I don't know," said Jim Dewar venomously. "Wait and see. I'll bet you a hundred to one he don't!"

"Done. You're a fool to talk like that."

Young Dewar grinned.

"Am I?" he cried. "Don't you know that every man employed at the St. George's Boxing Hall, officials or otherwise, can be bought? Very well, I'm going to buy the verdict, and the better you bet on me, and well both make a nice little thing out of it. Twig?"

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 unscrupulous rascal. "Who's going to referee? Any of the usual crowd?"

"Paxton," said Jim Dewar.

"Hurray!" laughed Jim Dewar. "I can buy him fifty times over if I want. He's a cert!"

"I don't know. Don't forget that Ben Adams is a fly old bird. He mastered Paxton as referee, I believe. Probabilities are that Paxton will go straight this time. He's got some reputation to lose, remember, and he's done a lot of refereeing for Bob Lewis at the Star lately."

"Oh, never mind about that," said Jim Dewar, and his face lit up with a malicious smile. "It don't count. I know Paxton. He owes my dad a bit over a libel action which he lost. You love him to me?"

Green finished his liqueur.

"Oh, well, if it's going to be a cert," he said, "I don't mind risking a bit on the fight. I'm keen to make a bit of money as well as you. Won any lately?"

"No, not a penny!" answered Jim Dewar dolefully. "I owe Waring the books over forty pounds, and he's going to be very hard on me."

There was no end of a row. I want to make a bit, so I'm going to pay him off, and then I'll make a bet about it."

"But you've said Green, 'I'm sorry for the Belcher kid, though. He's got some punch. Jim Dewar, he'll be a jolly good one, too.'"

"I'll take jolly good care he don't get on in the boxing-ring. I'll bump him down until he's sick and tired of it. I swear I will!"

The 3rd Chapter.

Bringing the Referee.

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 with a card.

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman named Paxton called to see you."

"Show him in!" cried the scapegrace, with a snarl.

Alfred Paxton, boxing referee, presently entered the study. He seemed relieved at finding Jim Dewar alone.

"You wrote to me asking me to call and see you here this evening," said Mr. Paxton, and the solicitor. "Saying that it was a matter of importance, and not connected with the—"

"Just so," said Jim Dewar. "Sit down. You have a chat when you've made up your mind. I'm waiting."

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

"Now, Mr. Paxton, what I want to say to you is this. I'm going to go to the referee the contest between Vereker and Tom Belcher at the St. George's Boxing Hall to-morrow night. I am, Mr. Dewar!" answered the referee.

"Well, now, look here," said the scapegrace. "Young Belcher used to work for my father. He was an office-boy, you know, and he's a fly old bird. I think he will. He's a clever little boxer, whatever else he may be, and Vereker, though strong, isn't a flyer. Tom Belcher will beat him for speed and cleverness, from what I've seen

A DISCREDIT TO THE RING

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Look here," he declared, "I had a bet with this man. Ten pounds he laid me to five pounds against Belcher. He lost, and he has to give me a wolver and a thief! But I mean to make him pay for all that!"

"He's quite right, for that," said one of the crowd. "Tom Belcher won the fight. You stick to your guns, Roberts."

"Now, all as bad as he is!" stormed Jim Dewar, forgetting where he was, and the type of men he was addressing. "But I'm not going to be misled!"

"Why don't you pay up, Roberts?" asked another member of the crowd. "Because," was the prompt reply, "the whole thing was worked. Look here, my lads. I made the bet in good faith, and I'd have paid out my good faith if I'd lost fairly. But I didn't. You all saw how Tom Belcher was robbed of his victory. Well, before the fight took place, when Mr. Paxton entered the hall, he went straight up to this gent and shook hands with him. I saw them whispering together."

"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 device?"

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 for him."

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

"The yell of delighted laughter rang out. The audience were just in the mood to make somebody suffer for the foul device which had spoilt the evening's amusement."

In a moment Jim Dewar was seized. Here, *he says*, "Let me go!" he cried, and his teeth chattered together in fright. "I'll take proceedings against anybody who lays a hand on me!"

"Oh, son of Old Six and eightpence, is he?" growled the bookie. "Well, I'm not surprised. They're mostly sharks. Now then, my lads, did you see you pay Paxton to give Verker the velvet? Did you?"

"No," howled Jim Dewar. "Let me go, you brute!"

"Give him a shake-up, my lads!" cried the inexorable bookie.

"Now, Jim Dewar, what did you do, and they weren't over gentle at it either. Scared and quivering in every limb, he whined for mercy."

"Mercy! Mercy! Let me go!" he groined.

"We'll let you go the moment you tell the truth to our bookmaker, Roberts!" not before! Now, did you bribe the referee?"

"No! No! Let me go! You're killing me! Oh—oh—oh!" cried the frightened son of the City solicitor.

"Mercy! Mercy! I'll tell the truth. I'll tell the truth!"

"All right, cut with it, then! Now, did you bribe Paxton to rob Tom Belcher of the fight?"

"No! No! Oh—er—oo! Yes—yes, I did!"

"That's good enough for me!" said the bookmaker blandly, as the shrieking and terrified blarneyed Roberts was led away.

"And so to the money's mine. You can't expect me to pay out after that."

"But you'll give me my five pounds!" whined the frightened Dewar. "It's not mine; it belongs to my father."

"What! A thief, too?" exclaimed the bookmaker. "Oh, dear, that's worse and worse! The lads has robbed his daddy, boys! A nice lot of gentlemen 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.

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

such other cash as he had upon his person.

Then, kicked and cuffed, groaning from pain, and shrieking for mercy, he ran the gauntlet to the doors, and finally staggered into the street, crazy from fright, and feeling more dead than alive.



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

Without a moment's pause he pushed a way among the crowd and ran for his life—ran, until he'd no more breath left in his body—and reeled, fainting and gasping, against a wall.

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

"There's always some dirty trick being played on some lad or other in this ring, boys," said an honest lover of the game. "And my opinion is it's George Martin's fault. Let's smash up the ring!"

The suggestion was hailed with a burst of applause, and acted upon with alacrity.

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

One piece after another of the solidly-built structure was hurled to the floor, whilst the crowd beat the attendants, who came to the rescue, with alacrity.

Within five minutes nothing of the ring remained. Then there was a shout of:

"It was good enough! The angry audience had finished their work. They'd wreaked their vengeance upon the man who'd bought the match, and the promoter who'd staged it; and out at the full stretch of their lungs.

There they found an enormous crowd waiting. The news of the sensational decision had gone the rounds, and there was scarcely a single man

low of the crowd who did not sympathise with poor Tom.

"Let's wait for Tom Belcher, lads, and give him and old Ben a cheer!" suggested somebody.

And wait they did. A quarter of an hour later Ben Adams, Tom Belcher, and one or two friends left 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 listened.

"You were robbed of the fight, 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 crowd.

TALES TO TELL.

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

STUMPED!

A loud-voiced 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 land.

"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.

A MONEYED MAN.

Mrs. Brown took her son Willie for a ride in a tram. Seated at the side of the man was a soldier, who wore a lot of medals.

Willie turned round to his mother, 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.

A RE-FILL.

The proprietor of a menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a lamb, which are denoted by labels, "The Happy Family."

When asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together, he answered:

"Ten months, but the lamb has to be renewed occasionally." Sent in by H. Martin, Wolverhampton.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A certain clergyman was very particular 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 life or death.

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

"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."

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

And the next moment the servant ushered in an insurance agent! Sent in by Gwin Thomas, Brynmyny, South Wales.

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

After some years of wandering, the provincial circuit, and a round of the town 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 department, and he was determined, if persuasive eloquence could do it, to get

"This necklace, madam," he said, "was originally made to the order of Henry of Navarre, who gave it to Marguerite de Alais. 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 remainder of his natural 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!

Readers are invited to send in their best interesting paragraphs for this feature.

The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.

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fallen off terribly since I was a member of the band!"

"What!" exclaimed one of the hearers, with a curious expression, and a wrinkle in his eye. "You played with that lot?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I was with them for years."

Then the crowd laughed, and the boastful gentleman moved off hastily on learning that the instrumentalists were the pack of the local lunatic asylum. Sent in by Henry Jukes, 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."

"Well, said the corporal, "can't you put the case of emergency on the cart and let me have the camel?" Sent in by J. Lawless, Hollinswood, near Oldham.

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 feroce glance at the girl, the employer rushed to the lady and said, with a bow:

"We have plenty of everything in reserve, madam; plenty upstairs." The customer and the assistant looked dazed, and the proprietor, seeing that something was wrong, said:

REGINALD WRAY'S GREAT ADVENTURE STORY!

THE HIDDEN WORLD

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



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DICK MANLEY, his sister NELL, and a lad named JIM KLUX, are on the Yorkshire moors when a terrible earthquake takes place, and Nell is thrown down a tremendous gulf.

Dick works his way down a crack in the cliff, and endeavors to get to his sister's side, but the obstacles in his way are insurmountable, and he is forced to stop on a ledge some great distance from his sister. Whilst there he watches a band of savages approach, and carry Nell off.

Later, Dick is joined by Jim and his father, PROFESSOR KENDRICK KLUX. "The earthquake has made an opening into an unknown world," says the latter. "But don't despair. I will bring your sister back again, if we have to follow her to the centre of the earth."

In due course the two boys, the professor, and a lad named PAT RYAN, start their search for Nell Manley in the Hidden World. Their enterprise is fraught with innumerable dangers, and when they are attacked by a terrible monster, it seems that nothing can save them from destruction. By taking careful aim with their rifles, however, the four succeed in putting the animal hors-de-combat.

Presuming the beast to be dead, the boys walk along its huge body. Later, the animal starts into life, and carrying Pat Ryan on its back, it darts into the forest. There it is attacked by a number of curious-looking 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 story's installment.)

Pat Ryan's Thrilling Adventures.

For some minutes Dick Manley and Jim Klux watched the monsters at their fearful feast. Suddenly the former drew his chains closer to the tree near which they were standing.

"Have your gun ready, but don't move, as your value your life!" he whispered.

Both boys looked in the direction from whence the heavy load of swiftly-falling feet and a rending of branches proclaimed the coming of yet some other fearsome monster.

Presently they caught a brief glimpse of a swiftly-moving body galloping between the trees. A minute later a man came as big as a present-day elephant, with a second enormous horn growing from its lower jaw, appeared in the opening.

The two explorers almost welcomed the advent of the new-comer. Huge though it was, it was more nearly approaching the creature of their own world than anything they had yet seen.

Dick barely half the size of the snake-lizard, as scientists have named the brutes who were decouring their slain comrade, the rhinoceros gave tongue to a shrill trumpeting of defiance, and charged straight at the nearest foe.

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

But, despite their size, the snake-

lizards refused the combat, and fled, leaving the rhinoceros in possession of the body.

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

It was answered from a point a short distance to the spectators' left. A minute later three young rhinoceros appeared on the scene, and ravenously attacked the body.

The two explorers began to retreat the next step, but they reached the edge of the forest Dick paused, and gazed regretfully back whence they had come.

"Poor Pat! I feel just as if I was deserting him," he muttered, half to himself, half to his companion. "Nonsense, old chap. Don't reproach yourself! What else could we have done? To have approached these savagous brutes would have been certain death," replied Jim Klux consolingly.

"I know, but it was such an awful 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 remember he has been more like brothers than master and servant. It was he who taught me to ride, to shoot, and to throw a javelin. There, not a British sport, we have not gone in for together, and—"

"Arrah, now, ye thaving heathen of a savidre, give over. If ye rub your dirty nose agin my cheek again, I'll give ye the purest bastin' yer ever set outside Donnybrook Park."

Dick came to an abrupt halt, and stood gazing in amazement at the thick clump of trees from out of which the voice had come.

"Pat, where are you?" he cried at last, looking about him.

"Where? Dick, where? that you? Glory be, then, I'm—"

"Would terror ever drive an Irishman mad?" asked Dick scornfully. "Don't you see he is in peril, and fears lest I should share it with him. There, now, I know he's a fine battalion of caymen shall not keep me from him!"

"Don't be after coming any nearer, Master Dick. It's the Father of Iles himself and all his brood who's got me."

These words managed to make sure that his rifle was loaded, and his dagger loose in its scabbard. Dick strode towards the trees.

Barely had he taken a couple of steps ere he came to an abrupt halt, gazing in horrified amazement at as ever so stout a hairy-headed man, his eyes, even in that awful land of terror.

Some branches of the undergrowth, from which the trees arose, had been moved aside, and enframed in the foliage appeared a head, partly hidden by a mass of thick-bronze hair, long, receding forehead, high cheekbones, protruding jaws, armed with huge, discoloured teeth, like those of a dog, and bushy eyebrows, from beneath which a pair of eyes flashed with a brute-like cunning and ferocity on either side of a prominent, but flat nose.

But it was not the terrible ferocity of the apparition which seemed to turn the blood to ice in the boys'

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

Then a long, hoary arm was thrust out, as though to seize them. With a stifled cry of horror, Dick stepped back.

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

A fearful shriek, in which terror, amazement, and rage were commingled, burst from the creature's thick lips, and it disappeared behind the leafy screen, from beyond which came groff clatterings, apparently composed almost entirely of harsh gutturals.

Realizing that not one, but many, of these fearsome apes—as Professor Klux afterwards named them—were in the thicket, and fearing to shoot lest he should injure Pat, Dick snatched his automatic from his pistol.

At the first shot the chattering ceased, at the second loud cries of fear arose from out the undergrowth, at 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 their laden glasses over their shoulders, they hung from limb to limb, using both hands and feet, until, in less than five seconds, they

were lost to sight in the tree-top of the forest.

Automatic pistol in hand, Dick waded through the bushes, to find himself in a kind of lower, the floor of which was covered with leaves, and littered with chunks of meat, and half-gnawed bones, evidently part of a recently-killed, pig-like animal, a portion of the body of which lay in the centre of the retreat.

An almost overpowering, musk-like odour obtained throughout the bower; but Dick and Jim scarcely noticed it. Their whole attention was concentrated upon Pat Ryan, who, white as death itself, was bound with strips of raw hide to the trunk of one of the trees.

A few swift slashes from Dick's hunting-knife served to set the young Irishman free.

Scarcely able to stand, he was assisted by Dick and Jim from the ape's den, and, sinking to the ground, was very sick.

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

"Kindness?" echoed Dick and Jim, in breath.

"That's what I believe the poor, benighted heathen meant it for. Ye see—"

"But maybe I'd better be afeer telling you the whole story, though it's lies you'd be afeer thinking it!" suggested Pat.

"No fear of that, Pat. If we do, it will only be what all the world will think when we go back to tell them of our adventures here," declared Jim Klux. "That is, if we do go back," he added gloomily.

"Of course we'll go back, aren't we here to rescue Miss Nell, and won't we do it, please the pig?" retorted Pat stoutly. "But about my bit at a tale. It was this way."

"It was goodbye to us all, I thought, when I went riding away on that same galloping monster, I can tell ye. I've been on bucking horses, but never before on a hundred backing horses, all buckin' at once, and that's about what that there critter was. I couldn't have held on a minute had'n't Nature put them there spikes along its back for purpose for a poor Orlish lark to freeze to."

"By the same token it was them very spikes which saved me from being swept 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 Ould Ireland, the beastie would stop runnin', when a little bit of a crazy, all legs an' head like a frog, an' no bigger than a mouse, came earth-wards, started from behind a tree, and seized the boggar I was on by the throat."

"The beastie sartinly knew its master, for it squealed like a stuck pig, and I could feel it trembling with fear beneath me. It staggered on a little way with the frog hanging on to its throat, until it reached a kind of clearing, then dropped dead, an' O! dropped dead!"

"Then I struck out for home, and ten minutes later, banded into the arms of one of them criers, you saw, Mr. Monkey Brand didn't seem to know what to make of me, but jabbared away like a cheapjack at a fair, carried me to where you found me, an' interposed me to his family. Naturally I tried to bolt, so he bed me to a tree, and, after kneeling at my feet as though he was a kind of graven image, started eatin' raw pig. That was his end, but when the whole family began to make a fuss over me, and tried to rub their noses against mine, I made bold to tell 'em what I thought of 'em. They meant it kindly, I praps, but—well, you see, Master Dick, they weren't pretty, and they weren't clean. Then you come, an' here by the same token comes the professor, and mighty cross he looks too!"

"Dick and Jim turned to find Professor Kendrick Klux, who had evidently had enough of his double load, clutched at his head."

"Not killed 'em," was his gruff greeting, and Pat had to relate his adventures over again, after which the two lads had to give their experiences.

Professor Kendrick Klux's eyes flashed, and he rubbed his hands with delight.

"Stupendous!" 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, ruthlessly breaking in upon a learned dissertation on pre-historic animals and men.

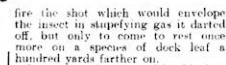
Kendrick Klux glared at the daring interupter, but continued as though he had not spoken.



The awesoman darted out from the undergrowth, and, snatching up the struggling girl in her long, hairy arms, bared her fanglike teeth in an angry snarl at Dick, then disappeared amongst the trees.

THE WORLD

(Continued from the previous page.)



fire the shot which would envelope the insect in shooting gas it darted 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 first failure Dick hastened in pursuit, but only to meet with a similar disaster.

Determined to capture the elusive dragonfly Dick pressed on, but with no better result. Chancing to look down there was a rush of winged, fruitless stalks, he was dismayed to find himself a mile from the hill on which he had comrades sleep unsuspected, and within five hundred yards of the forest, though some distance away from the spot Jim and himself had previously penetrated.

For a moment he hesitated, then seeing that the many coloured insects which he had caught were fast fading, intent upon having one more try, then, if still unsuccessful, to abandon the chase and make the best of his way back to camp.

But again the dragonfly evaded him, and he was about to turn on his heels with an exclamation of disgust, when there was a rush of wings through the air, and a bird as large as a turkey but completely destitute of feathers, with its wings and tail, its body, neck, and head, were covered with slate-coloured skin, and having a long beak, armed with sharp, curved teeth, swooped down from an adjacent tree, and snapping up the dragonfly, swallowed it at a gulp, and then, with a creaking volubly to its former prey.

"I won't go back empty-handed. As I cannot have the dragonfly, I will have you," he muttered, and laughed Dick, unsmiling his rifle, and preparing to stalk the bird.

Barely had he advanced a dozen feet, when he was met by a rushing step as a voice which he recognized as that of his lost sister Nell, cried in tones of heart-rending appeal:

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

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

"Come, Nell! I am here! I have your long, hairy horns. Show me again to the monster's den. You are!" he cried encouragingly.

"Here, Dick! Shoot! Quick!" came back the reply, in gasping accents.

The next moment, her clothes torn almost to rags, her long, golden hair flying about her head, Nell Manley burst from out the forest, and threw frantic glances behind her, ran towards her brother.

Even as she did so an apewoman darted out from the undergrowth, and, snatching up the struggling girl in her long, hairy arms, bared her fangs, and in an angry snarl, Dick, then disappeared among the trees.

Dick's rifle had already swung to his shoulder, but though his finger was curled round the trigger he dared not fire for fear of hitting the child.

But even as she was uttering the forest contained, Dick Manley plunged fearlessly into the bushes, anxious only to save his sister from the monster's hands.

Shouting frenzied words of encouragement, Dick Manley burst through the bushes, and in the direction Nell's captor had taken, absolutely unconscious of the sharp crack of his rifle, the long elastic twigs which he was striking.

Two minutes after entering the forest he caught a momentary glimpse of the apewoman, then, as she slipped as she dove through openings which Dick was too excited to notice, and he was left to wringin limbs as he realised that already she had considerably increased the distance between them.

For a short though the time the fugitive remained in sight, it was long enough for him to notice a collar which gleamed grey metal that encircled her neck.

For half an hour Dick continued,

plunging deeper and deeper into the forest; and then, realising the hopelessness of pursuing Nell's captor, he turned back, and he was glad to report that he had not secured the help of his comrades ere venturing so far into the forest. Dick decided to retrace his steps.

But this was easier said than done, for the yielding undergrowth through which he had forced his way had sprang back into place directly he had forced his way through, completely 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 bushes, in the centre of 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 earthly forest, for there was no sun to show east and west, nor stars to guide his steps.

Captured by the Apemen.

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 dread land which would dog his every step.

But it was not only the hearts and reptiles which filled his breast with dread, but the realization of the slunder the ferocious, bloodthirsty face he had seen previous to the rescue of Pat Ryan, and dressed

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every moment to see a similar reptilian creature peering at him from out the undergrowth.

There were also the caverns, who, though in appearance, and consequently more likely to be friendly, were still but savages.

Then for the first time it struck him as strange that Nell, whom he had seen carried off by a woman of the caverns, should have fallen into the hands of the lion-like tree-dwellers. Perhaps she had escaped from her captors, to be recaptured by the apemen.

Idle though speculation as to his sister's fate was, it served to take Dick's mind from the terror of his own position, and this gave him native courage a chance to reassert itself, with the result that, some half-hour later, he stepped boldly along a track amongst the broken bushes.

Presently he looked up, and saw what looked like an enormous ball of fire resting on a tree trunk, and the long, staid-looking head of a giant sloth came into view. The animal, his coating of long, sinuous tongue, commencing to draw in large arched bows into its capacious mouth.

Dick's first impulse was to put as great a distance as possible between him and the browsing sloth as possible, but curiosity overcame caution, and he crept on a little, until he was within a mountain of flesh and fur which went to make up the brute's enormous body.

Dick 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 once before, looking at a large, close mite through a very powerful

microscope, so enormously larger was it than the specimen he had seen at the Zoo.

But he had yet to learn that creatures of such huge size must not be approached with impunity. Suddenly the sloth ceased feeding, then sitting, it whirled round on its pivot, and, facing the astonished Dick, dropped on all fours.

Dick had only just time to fling himself headlong into the undergrowth by the side of the trail ere the monster lumbered past.

But he did not stop to investigate the cause of the sloth's hurried flight, but arguing that anything which would render so flighted large an animal would be too big for him to tackle, he crept, on hands and knees, from the unknown danger as fast as he could.

As he fled he heard a curious chattering in the direction from whence the sloth had come, which he rightly put down to apemen, but he did not learn until long afterwards that these half-human creatures were the grant sloth for the sake of its fur.

It was not until he was a good hundred yards from the sloth's track that Dick Manley noticed that he and forced his way in an upright position through the undergrowth. His crawling was both laborious and slow, but he noticed that the bush was a protection from the lizard-like creature that roamed the more open parts of the forest.

It was somewhat of a relief to reach a spot where a huge oak-tree had effected the usual clearance of the forest, and around its gnarled trunk, and to sink for a few minutes' rest on one of its mighty roots. He was not fated to remain there long, for Dick Manley was about to find out, wondering what made the ground about the tree so smooth and level when he was on the floor, when he heard a sharp click, as though an iron-jawed rat-trap had been sprung close to his ear, and felt his rifle, which was in his hands, slip across his shoulders, jerked backwards.

Wondering what new adventure 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 teacups, which shone with peculiarly sinister and malicious glare.

So far as he could see, the face had been made in the shape of a stout bone mandible, which was closed over the barrel of the rifle, and was tugging at it, evidently intent upon drawing it out of the muzzle, while the creature had thrust its head

backwards as if from a nightmare. Dick Manley, for his part, drawing the rifle from the creature's grip as he did so. Rapidly unslung the weapon, he was prepared to fire, for, hissing angrily, the attacker drew itself, with a horrible, lurching movement, from the hole, stopping furiously on the edge of the opening, and lowered his rifle. Drawing the chemical pistol from its scabbard, he advanced it muzzle to muzzle with a couple of feet of the nature's horned head, and pulled the trigger.

The effect was instantaneous. The creature recoiled, and Dick Manley, dragging a huge, mule-legged body after it, fell motionless at Dick's feet.

With a sudden repulsion, Dick Manley stepped back, gazing at the repulsive body of his foe. It was an enormous centipede, its body was a rusty, iron-like mass, spiky-like, covered with shot, thick, spike-like bristles, whilst from each side of its body issued a green, sticky, and dragging a large, mule-legged body after it, fell motionless at Dick's feet.

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So sudden and unexpected had been

the attack, that it was not until, using the old tree's enormous limbs as steps of a ladder, the apemen conveyed him some forty feet from the ground, that he required command of his scattered fellows.

He had clung to his rifle like grim death, and, when first impelled to shoot the apeman at his feet, but a swift glance to right and left showed that, as he was a considerable distance from the ground, he would be as well as laden with dire possibilities for him as for his foe.

But he remembered that, though similar to the apemen, Pat Ryan proper they had not injured him, so he determined to wait and see, before he would do before proceeding to extremities.

Looking up, Dick saw a kind of wood-track that looked like the nest of some curious wood-pigeon. It was erected on a kind of platform of rugged logs, resting upon a crotch, where the topmost branches of the oak tree were broken.

On to a fourth branch, which ran from the bottom of the forked limbs, the apemen apparently giving admittance to the man Dick taken.

Barely had Dick taken in all he could see of this strange mass of tree-branches, when he noticed that he had first seized him under a peculiar cry, not unlike an Australian coo-coo.

It was answered from somewhere in the distance by a human voice. A minute later an apewoman, followed by some half-dozen children of all ages, came to the hole, and, gazing down on the branch, the family looked down, with cries of wonder, at the strange game their hunters had been so long in the effort to capture.

The next minute the woman and the children were all chatting at once, the latter jumping about in their eagerness to be taken. Dick wonder they did not fall off and be dashed to pieces on the hard 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, and was so quick in catching its ears as a mother in a higher state of civilisation might have done, that it hopped back into the tunnel-like opening.

Giving up all idea of resistance, at any rate for a time, Dick allowed himself to be carried through the hole, and to be opened into the room, or nest—for such the heap of sticks propped up to be—and was propped up against the wall.

Carefully Dick gazed about him, noting, as his eyes grew more accustomed to the dim light within the hole, that the walls were of bark and grass round the walls, which were evidently the family's bed, the hut was partitioned off into two rooms.

The most movable thing the hut contained, so far as Dick could see, was a number of gourds, cut in halves to form a kind of stool, and some roughly-carved pieces of wood, which looked like buckles, but might have been spiders, and quite a small number of pieces of green wood, numerous roughly-cut throwing-stones, and a very few pieces of what appeared to be captured from the caverns.

Around the ceiling of the hut, which at the highest point was about eight feet from the ground, was a fasten of white, glistening objects—the only attempt at ornamentation in the room, save the pieces of wood, after a time, Dick discovered that human skulls, evidently those of foes slain in battles.

But he was well the skulls of apemen, but a few were undoubtedly those of caverns, as their pronounced features and larger cranium denoted.

Ever since his entrance he had been the subject of a heated argument between the two men, in which the latter could not, of course, understand a word that he said, but the apemen were lavish with their gesticulations, and it soon became increasingly evident that the man who had initiated his capture was anxious to keep him alive, the other man and the women were as firmly determined to kill him, that he was added to the club around the hut!

(What will happen to Dick? Will the apeman kill him, or will there allow him to escape, and continue the search for his sister? Next Monday's boy's installment of "The Boys' Friend" will contain many thrilling scenes. Don't miss 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

SILVER & CO. - By OWEN CONQUEST.

SURRENDER!



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 coals. "You-ow-ow-ow!" he yelled.

The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Manifesto. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Awful nerve!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Manders, the science master at Rookwood School, came rustling out into the quadrangle, with a dark frown upon his brow. The roars of laughter from the quad had an irritating effect upon Mr. Manders. He was in a very bad temper that morning. It was close on time for first lesson, but the bell had not yet gone, and most of the Rookwood fellows were in the quad. They were gathered in a grinning crowd round one of the old benches, upon which a sheet of card-board was pinned. Upon the card words were chalked in large letters with a brush; and thus it was, apparently, that caused the merriment among the fellows. Mr. Manders frowned at the crowd. Affairs at Rookwood that morning, were in an unprecedented state, and Mr. Manders, who was acting as head master in the absence of Dr. Chisholm, was far from feeling humorous. But the Rookwood fellows were too interested in the notice on the tree, to observe the approach of the head-master pro tem. "Awful cheek!" said Tommy Dodd of the Fourth Form, the leader of the juniors on the Modern side at Rookwood. "I wonder what Manders will say when he spots this!" "The cheeky young beggars must have stuck it up overnight," said Smythe of the Sixth. "Awful nerve!" "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," exclaimed Cook of the Fourth. Tommy Dodd caught the rattle of a gun, and turned his head. "Hallo! Here he is!" The crowd of boys in the Classics and Moderns made way for Mr. Manders as he swept up. "What is that, Bulkeley?" snarped Mr. Manders. "Do not remove it, let me see it first."

hope Sergeant Kettle has recovered from the cold water. "TAKE NOTICE that we mean Business, and will not surrender until the said Mr. Manders gives in to our conditions, which are the following: No Lickings; General Amnesty all Round; and a Classical Prefect to take the Fourth until the Form-master comes back. These conditions are a siney qua non. And until then we shall hold out in the Fort de Tuckshop, and are ready to give any Modern cuts the kibosh if they try to get us out!"

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 gentleman's methods. "Does that apply to prefects also, sir?" he asked softly. Mr. Manders coughed. "Ahem—No, Bulkeley, it applies to the junior boys present. Kindly take that insolent notice down and destroy it!" Bulkeley, without a word, jerked the card from the tree. The bell for classes began to ring. Mr. Manders swept the grim faces of the crowd with a frowning glance. "Go to your classrooms!" he said harshly. "You should know better than to find fault for nuth in the audience and auditory of your rebellious school-fellows. I shall exempt your impositions this evening. Go!"

"It does not seem to me to be the case, sir," said Bulkeley. Mr. Manders bit his thin lip. "They shall be punished—severely punished," he said. "His ridiculous state of affairs cannot continue, Bulkeley." "No, sir!" said Bulkeley. "As head prefect, and captain of the school, I should have expected that you had some suggestion to offer, Bulkeley, for ending this outrageous state of affairs," snarped Mr. Manders. "The rebellious young rascals are all Classical boys, and have been under your authority. Perhaps your methods as a prefect are responsible for this unheard-of 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 prefects ought not to have been put under a Modern prefect—especially Knowles, who has had trouble with them before."

"RULE BRITANNIA!" "DOWN WITH THE KAISER!" "DOWN WITH THE MODERNS!" (Signed) "JIMMY SILVER, "ARTHUR LOVELL."

The Rookwood fellows cleared off to their classrooms. They went with grim and angry faces. Even the Modern fellows, who were inclined to back up "old Manders" because he was a Modern master, were exasperated by his injustice. Mr. Manders was going the right way to cause the revolt of the Fourth to spread to the other Forms in Rookwood.

"Thought not, Bulkeley?" ejaculated Mr. Manders. "Do you presume to dictate to me?" "I do not think so, sir," repeated Bulkeley. "It was sure to make trouble, and a Modern prefect was best fitted to take their Form-master's place than a Classical prefect. As for ending this state of affairs, I could make a suggestion—"

"Infamous!" Mr. Manders 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 shocked to hear. That is no matter for laughter! Every boy present will take a hundred licks." "Oh, my hat!" murmured Tommy Dodd.

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

"Very well. As their claim seems to be a just one, I should suggest granting it," said the captain of Rookwood.

"What! What!" "That is my opinion, sir." "What!" stammered Mr. Manders. "You—you suggest giving in to those insolent young rascals—remitting their punishment—"

The 2nd Chapter.

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 successes of the previous day had encouraged them immensely, and they had passed a night in the most strenuous manner. As they called the tuckshop, without a struggle. While the rest of the Rookwood, Moderns and Classics, were grinding away at Latin or geography, or German, or "sinks," Jimmy Silver & Co. continued to work hard, 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 enemy, was booked for a heavy loss. The posters had already disappeared, and most of the janitor and preservers had followed, but of more solid provisions there was ample for several days at least. "And Manders will give in before a week!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've mentioned it to Mr. Chubbuck Lovell. He can't get us out of here. They've tried, and they can't do it. We are the giddy victors!" "Awful row when the finish comes!" growled Tompsen. "Oh, shut up, you blessed Jonah!" said Jimmy Silver. "Sergeant Kettle will be any finish, if Manders doesn't give in. We'll hold out the rest of the term, if necessary!" "Then?" "Then the Head comes back, anyway," said Silver. "And he's not likely to come back yet. When he

NO SURRENDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

does, he'll see justice done. The Head is an old sport."

"Anyway, here we are, and here we're going to stay," said Raby. "The modern lads would say they'd have the nerve for it. We've proved that the Classics are the top side at Rookwood. What's that's something?"

"Hoory!"

Jimmy Silver's confidence was unbounded, but some of the rebels were wondering very thoughtfully what Mr. Manders would do next.

The Modern master was hardly likely to allow that such an affair to continue, if he could possibly help it. With the Classical juniors barred in the clock-tower, holding the tuckshop against all odds, Mr. Manders' position was humiliating and ridiculous. 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 be extremely exparaged with Mr. Manders. He had expected order to be kept during his absence, and certainly Mr. Manders had not succeeded in his orders.

From the upper windows the juniors kept a watch upon the quadrangle, the noise of the snoring of the enemy. It was pretty certain that the morning would not pass without a fresh attempt on the part of Mr. Manders.

When Sergeant Kettle or Mack the porter appeared in sight, the rebels would make a dash for the tuckshop, was a storm of hisses at the sight of Knowles, the Modern prefect, and they took his fist in the direction of the tuckshop.

"What the dickens are they up to?" roared Jimmy Silver, as the school sergeant brought the hose out into view, and proceeded to attach it to the hydrant. "There isn't a fire anywhere!"

Love whistled.

"That's for us," he said.

"Hark at that!"

"Shut the windows!" said Raby.

The windows were slammed down. Sergeant Kettle went on with his orders.

Mr. Manders came out to watch him, followed by Knowles and Catesby and Frampton, three members of the Modern side. The three Sixth-Formers were looking very determined.

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

As a matter of fact, Bulkeley had not had to have a hand in it, so much to the wrath 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 heavy axe from the clock-tower. Jimmy Silver whistled softly.

"Oh, the spoofters!" he muttered. "The design evidently was to burst in the door of the tuckshop. The enemy had tried that before, but had been set off by a pair of icy water from the upper windows."

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

"I've got to be shifted," said Jimmy Silver resolutely. "Open the window, Lovell!"

"Blow the hose."

"The attack was for the first time really dangerous to the defenders of the door. The door rattled and cracked under the sergeant's heavy blows, and, strange 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 enemy as soon as the door was down. Mack the porter stood with his hand on the muzzle of the hose, ready to turn a torrent of water upon the defenders if they opened the windows. But there was nothing else to be done."

Jimmy Silver caught up a bucket of water, of which several were placed round the door, and, approaching the window, Lovell opened it quickly.

The sergeant was just below, labouring the door. Mack had his eye on the window. The noise was

ready. But Jimmy did not falter. He leaned out with the bucket over the sill.

"Swallow!" Swedish! Khorzizz!"

The bucket dropped from Jimmy Silver's hands, as a torrent smote him in the face, and hurled him back into the room.

"Gerrough!"

"Ow!" roared Lovell, as he caught a jet of water with his neck, and he jumped back from the window, leaving up Flynn's foot, and there was a wild yell from Flynn.

The juniors scuttled back from the window, into which the water was whizzing in a torrent, splashing on the opposite wall. Jimmy Silver was not so much as getting to the skin, and dizzy from the shock.

"Crash! Crash! Crash!"

The blow of the axe rang out on the door. Jimmy Silver's bucket had just missed the sergeant, and sailed away on the ground, and the old soldier was plying his blows on the door with terrific energy.

"Crash! Crash! Crash!"

Jimmy Silver staggered to his feet.

He dodged out of the way of the water, and hid behind the window-sill. The room was already swimming with water, and half the defenders were drowned. There were exclamations of "Upstairs!"

"We can't stop the heat!" panted Raby. "Hark at him!"

"The door will be in in ten minutes!"

"We're done!" gasped Topham.

"We're not done!" roared Jimmy Silver. "No surrender!"

"But what are you going to do?" howled Townsend. "You'll be inside in five minutes, you silly ass! Clear away, you sergeant of somehow, you leader!"

"It's up to you, Silver," said Mack.

Jimmy Silver panted. He was running with cold water, but he did not think of that. He was trying to get a dodge to meet this new move of the enemy. Mr. Manders, in the quad, was rubbing his hands and smiling at the 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 was sent hurtling down the air, and fairly buried him lying. And there was a howl from the juniors as they received the water.

"You silly ass! Trying to drown us!"

"Chuck it, you fathead!"

"I've got to be done," Lovell, as he crawled away from the window.

"You! You've got to be done!"

"Rats! We're not done yet!"

"Shut up, Silver, between his teeth."

"Shut up!" Silver faced the torrent again, and succeeded in closing the window. Then the grinning porter seized the stream of water. Unhappily, the water was sent hurtling down the air, and fairly buried him lying. And there was a howl from the juniors as they received the water.

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

"My hat!" murmured Lovell.

"Back up!" rapped out Silver, from the window. "He'll be through in a few minutes now. Get the grub up here as fast as you can."

"Look here!" began Townsend.

"Shut up, and pile in!"

"I'm not so ready to be the slacker of the Fourth. 'Im, we!' I—"

"You! Ow, ow, ow!" Townsend roared, as he was hurled back, and, greatly exasperated, pitched him into a corner of the room. There was no time to waste in talk, if the heroes of the Fourth were yet to make good their resistance.

The Fistical Four rushed down the stairs into the shop below, and all the garrison except Lovell and Topham followed them. The door was groaning and creaking, and a clamour of delight already came through it. The garrison was pausing for a moment to take breath before renewing his labours.

"Not so fast!" rapped out Silver at the barricade, till a cushion, hurled from above, caught him on his prominent nose, and sent him rolling on the floor.

The juniors collared the shop supplies on all sides, and rushed up the stairs, till they were jammed in both hands. They rushed up again, as if haste led them wings, and in a few minutes a considerable portion of Sergeant Kettle's stock was transferred to the upper floor. There was no time to take all. The sergeant, Lovell, and a red splinter had come out next to the lock. A couple of minutes more would see the door of the tuckshop Silver gave the word to retreat.

"Upstairs! all with a last supply of tuck, rushed for the stairs. Only the Fistical Four remained to cover the retreat. Jimmy Silver charged to the door, and the juniors behind the shop, and the four juniors here half-way up the stairs. The door was open, and the tuckshop and clock-tower of Rookwood, and the staircase was built of stone, and wound up spirally. A better position for defence could not have been found."

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"Try again, Knowles!"

"You—you—you—" stammered Knowles.

"Why do you not bring them out?" came Mr. Manders' snaky voice from the window. "Bring out your rascals out at once, Knowles!"

"Take us out at once, Knowles, old son!" chuckled Lovell.

"Come on, Knowles!"

"Fire!" commanded Jimmy Silver. A deafening roar was heard on the prefects in the narrow stairway, and they yelled as the stinging bullets rained on them. Knowles grabbed furiously at the barricade to drag it away.

But the furniture was jammed in at the entrance of the stairway, 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 did not succeed.

The prefects above whizzed away merrily. The sergeant retreated, and Catesby and Frampton took to their heels.

"Not so fast!" rapped out Silver at the barricade, till a cushion, hurled from above, caught him on his prominent nose, and sent him rolling on the floor.

The juniors collared the shop supplies on all sides, and rushed up the stairs, till they were jammed in both hands. They rushed up again, as if haste led them wings, and in a few minutes a considerable portion of Sergeant Kettle's stock was transferred to the upper floor. There was no time to take all. The sergeant, Lovell, and a red splinter had come out next to the lock. A couple of minutes more would see the door of the tuckshop Silver gave the word to retreat.

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NO SURRENDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

with letter aim, caught Knowles under the chin.

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

Jimmy Silver leaped from the window, quite undismayed; but his comrades were looking grave.

"What's the best of this?" said Lovell. "You see, we can't back up against the Head."

"The Head will be rather thick," agreed Jimmy Silver. "But the Head's a just beast, you know. He'll be at one that we haven't a chance under to the Moderns' aids."

Lovell whistled.

"Perhaps," he said, "if we don't surrender, we shall be shot."

"Anyhow, we're not giving in to Manders, if we give in to the Head!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Look here," said Townsend. "I'm not standing it. The Head will expect you not to give in to be sacked! I'm going to chuck it!"

"Same here," said Topham. "I'd rather die than let Manders thank you for the Head."

"The Head's secret, and can't come," said Jimmy Silver. "Any way we're holding out. Any chap who talks of surrender will be bumped. That's a warning."

"Well, I'm going to talk of it!"

"Bump him!"

The boys yelled as the Prefect Four seized him. He was duly bumped, and he did not talk any more of surrender.

The Prefect Four were busy strengthening the barricade, they heard the window open.

Outside, Jimmy Silver rushed to the window. Townsend and Topham were sprawling on the ground. The Head called.

"Come back, you funks!" roared Jimmy Silver, greatly incensed.

But the two deserters were already picked themselves up, and dashed away at top speed towards the School House. Jimmy Silver gave a roar of wrath.

"Any other blessed funk want to follow them?" he demanded. "You can leave the school, but I won't let you go. We'll see it through."

But the rest of the Fourth were firm. And when they learned a few minutes later that the Prefect Four had the fate of the deserters, they were glad of it. Dusk was falling over the quadrangle when Tommy Dodi, of the Moderns, cautiously approached the fortress. He whistled, and Jimmy Silver, in some surprise, opened the window.

"Cheese it!" said Tommy Dodi. "I've come to give you a tip. Townsend and Topham have given in."

"Yes; the rotters! Has Manders let them off?"

Tommy Dodi checked.

"No fear! They've been flogged, and by the way they yelled and begged, as if they had been the worst of what he does to you as well as their little bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's a tip," said Tommy Dodi. "You know what to expect if you give in. I don't care if you do."

"You haven't such a set of moaning classicals, but I wouldn't be found dead with your head in a sack."

"You're a funny fellow, Dodi! Marched off, and the Classics, in consideration of his kindly motive in visiting them, allowed his last remarks to pass unpunished."

"Poor old Tommy! Poor old Tommy! I'm glad you're not going to get a flogging!"

Nobody did. Mr. Manders, with his usual tact, had made it quite certain that no surrender was the worst possible case; the rebels could take. And the Garrison of the tuckshop were grimly determined to hold out to the last gasp.

The 7th Chapter.

A Night Attack.

Night fell upon Rockwood.

In the upper room of the tuckshop the boys were rejoicing. Jimmy Silver had inaugurated an amateur concert to keep up the spirits of his

followers. The fellows in the School House, all through the evening, could hear the roar of voices from the clock tower.

"Tipperary," "Rule Britannia," and "Hearts of Oak" did duty over and over again, and the quadrangle rang with the music of revelry by night. The concert was still going on when Rockwood went to bed.

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

The Prefect Four had arranged to take watches in turn. As Jimmy Silver remarked, Mr. Manders was quite beast enough to try to surprise them with a night attack. As leaders of the barraging out, it fell to the four chums to mount guard. The other fellows sat cheerfully that they would change it, and as they were pretty certain to fall asleep on guard, the four leaders undertook the duty with a good grace.

At midnight the second watch, at midnight, he settled himself down by the barricade, with a blanket over his head, and fell into a deep sleep, but he manfully resisted the insidious attacks of Morpheus for quite a long time.

Such a restful sleep, as it were, to keep wide awake, Newcome nodded off.

The old school was very still and silent, save for the rustling of the old hoses in the quadrangle in the night breeze.

One clock sounded out dully through the night, but Newcome did not hear it. He was deep in slumber.

Neither did he hear a cautious step in the tuckshop below, nor a stealthy footfall on the lower stairs, nor any sound of activity which he would have recognised, if he had been awake, as Knowles's.

"The little beasts are fast asleep!" "Shush!" murmured Cateby.

"Bless 'em!" murmured the sergeant. "If I'm roused that! But get on!"

There was a glimmer of light on the floor from the room above. The rebels, regardless of gas bills, were keeping the light going all night long.

"Oh!" shrieked Cateby, as a stamp of dirt into his ribs. "Oh, dear! I'm roused!"

"Crash!" The sergeant, with three or four juniors clinging to him, went down as Jimmy Silver leaped his legs about as an arrow over him and kept him down.

"In 'im!" panted Silver.

"You've got 'im!" his famous broom. Knowles and Frampton and Cateby were at close quarters with the juniors; the sergeant was strong, and he was charged with his broom, as if it had been a lance, and caught Knowles under the chin. The prefect went down as if he had been shot. Then the broom caught Frampton on the side of the head, and he rolled over with a yell.

"Back up!"

"Four of us follows were piling on Cateby, and he was dragged down.

"In 'em!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Oh dear! Gerroff my neck!"

But the bags were getting the upper hand now. They simply swarmed over the surprise-party. Half a dozen of them sat on the sergeant, and he struggled in vain to get his feet and hands, now were grasping each of the prefects, and holding them down.

"Got the prefects!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Hold the rotters tight! Knowles first—chuck him downstairs!"

"Hurrah!"

Knowles, with four juniors grasping his four limbs, resisted in vain. He was rolled over the parapet, and flung upon the barricade. He struggled in vain to get his feet and hands, now were grasping each of the prefects, and holding them down.

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now of the noise they made, came the sergeant and the other two prefects.

"Back up!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "My hat! What is it? Who—? Come on!"

Jimmy Silver rushed to the defence. He had grasped his broom, and he smote Frampton as he came clambering over with a mighty smite, and Frampton disappeared on the lower side of the barricade.

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six juniors dragged him to the stairs, and bundled him bodily over the

balcony. He joined Knowles, and told them he was glad to scramble with the rebels.

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scathless, and some of the militia were very painful indeed.

"What's the best of this?" said Jimmy Silver, clasping his eye and surveying his damaged and battered followers with a look of scorn.

"You—ow! We've won!" mumbled Lovell. "Look at my eye!"

"Look at my eye!" groaned Raby.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR GREAT TALE OF MILITARY LIFE.

Whole and By Beverley Kent.



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

TOM BEVAN, and his sister, ETHEL, are alone in the world. They have great difficulty in paying their way, and at last Tom decides to swallow his pride, and to go and ask help from his uncle, JOSHUA HEPSTONEY, who has never shown any affection towards him and his sister. He knocks at his uncle's door, and receiving no answer, walks in. Arrived at the sitting-room, he is surprised to see his uncle lying dead on the floor, and an open cabinet on the table before him. Tom hears a loud knocking at the front door, and, realising that he will be accused and arrested for the murder of the best man in the house, and at the same time observes a woman gazing at him from a window opposite...

a doubt on that head I should have told you against you. But I've known you now for over a month, and you're one of the best. I'll stick to you through thick and thin. It's awfully good of you," Tom gasped. "But I can't stand this suspense much longer. I would go straight to the police or Captain Hatton and give myself up if it wasn't for my sister. She's not strong, she 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. "I suppose you were surprised when I got up and followed them quietly. I wanted to go to the orderly room as the only one you pointed out to 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 captain."

"And what happened?" Tom asked eagerly. "I had time to warn Barfield before the others came into the orderly room, and he told you my name, and that, like myself, he did not love you very greatly, so that he would not hold his tongue. Then the Singletons came in, and the captain asked Barfield to go and fetch their son. It was to see him they had come, and not just searching for you."

"How they come to the camp? (New road on)"

"And then?" Tom asked. "They were talking about the murder still, and the captain said as they were here he might as well make sure that the guilty party was not in our regiment. So he looked over the books, and, of course, he didn't find anyone of the name. The lady talked a great deal, and I learnt a lot."

"I had no idea that that was your wife," Tom said. "I didn't know she came from the road from her house. The first I knew was when he knocked at the door."

"I own the house your uncle was living in, and by arrangement he had called for the rent. Your uncle always paid it on Monday at that hour, and the next day he was in. Never before had he been kept waiting. Not getting an answer, he came to see what was the matter. Your uncle must be ill, so he went round to the back door and thus found out everything. That's the whole story, and the same is over. It's not the sort of thing that is likely to happen again."

"In the Clutches of a Scoundrel." As Parker hurried away, Tom looked after him in terror. Captain Hatton and the man and women were walking slowly, 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. No, Parker passed them out, and went on from where Tom was. It was impossible to see the door to the long wooden building which had been erected as the regimental headquarters.

"I've been looking for you, Brooks," Parker said. "You needn't worry. Singleton and his wife have gone into the village, and he would not be heard when they passed us." Tom asked, in desperation, "Yes, and I don't believe you had a hand in that terrible business," Parker replied firmly. "If I had even

"I can't make out Dempster," he said. "I've never had a row with him, but I go out of my way to overlook his mistakes, because I want to encourage him. But he seems to dislike me. What's the reason, in your thought? If I could put things right—"

"Parker shrugged his shoulders. "He's jealous," he said. "He's a sour-tempered chap, and he's mad that you got promotion when he didn't. He's got altogether the same myself. A man ought to stick to his squad, and he's always with Barfield, who is not even in our platoon."

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been jerked, and had 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 quite too many of them straying about here. Well, Brooks, I'm going to the reading room. Will you come along?" Parker was not to expect, and well he was from the front. They strolled off together, little suspecting that a case was being listened to their conversation. The man was Dempster. He was passing the tent when, recognising their voices, he stepped back. Parker could come out of the tent he had dodged behind another man's hand. After waiting half a minute he hurried off. But Brooks saw him fairly, but there was a look of fear in his eyes too. He went straight to the orderly-room, Barfield, sitting close by. He went straight to the orderly-room, Barfield, sitting close by. He went straight to the orderly-room, Barfield, sitting close by.

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fold took him by the arm, and led him some distance further from the orderly-room, talking earnestly. Then money linked. "All right," Dempster muttered. "I'll do it." "Then clear off now," Barfield said. "He's just as well that we shouldn't be seen together." Dempster hurried away, and Barfield smiled contentedly. "I've got to go," he said. "I'm hanged if I wouldn't run straight if I was a Britcher."

After the fire amazing remark he went back to the orderly-room, and began to make extracts from the official account of the battle. For he was a German spy!

A Dog Causes a Lot of Trouble. It was close on midnight, and for two hours a great silence had fallen over the camp. Suddenly a faint gleam shone through the silence. A pause came. Again the short rang out, followed by the sharp rattle of rifles. Angry voices began to haul one another, and Tom, sitting in the guard-room by the gate, rushed out and gazing in fearful excitement, and without any semblance of system or cohesion.

He ran into the guard-room, and "Hullo! Turn out!" he cried. The men seized their rifles, and followed him. They formed up, each with a rifle, some were caught in an emergency, all too dazed to speak. From the officers' quarters came a ringing command to "wheel, wheel, wheel!" and the men wheeled suddenly, and doubled back; others flashed across the path from one set of tents to another; some were caught in the gut-traps, fell, rolled over, and, jumping up, dashed off; some bumped into the tents, and staggered back, and others in opposite directions. It seemed as if the entire battalion had been seized with a dizziness.

Then down the path half a dozen officers came springing, headed by Captain Hatton. They dashed out of the guard-room, and, in a twinkling, were in the village, some in the opposite direction. And all the time the parading continued, increasing, and the dog kept yelping. At last the dog, a fox terrier, came into view, closely pursued. In and out of the guard-room, and in and out of the village, they were all in a sprawling in their efforts to catch it. Down towards the gate it raced, and, reaching the guard there, it bolted to one side. Round and round it went, every pursuer racing as if his own safety depended on its capture.

"Out of the crowd Parker emerged, the dog in his arms, struggling desperately to get away from the shouting commands, and non-coms were beginning to get a grip of the men. Those around Parker moved back, and he was surrounded by a mob. The dog was lessening; the camp was settling down again. Tom looked towards the guard-room. Perspiration was pouring down his face, his chest was heaving, his clothes were plastered with mud. "Hullo! Turn out!" he cried. "It's been a good dog in a grip like that a vice, he spoke. "It's been a dust-up, and no mistake," he said. "I've got the good few with me, and I've had them on parade to-morrow. I bet."

WITH BIGE & BAYONET! (Continued from previous page.)

Three officers were coming in through the gateway. They cut a... Sergeant Parker, I take back anything I said. Hatton replied cordially...

up for the night. Now, gentlemen, we will go back to our quarters. Nothing more can be done at present. The officers strolled up the path. Farby and Parker followed, chatting together...



"Look there!" cried Barfield. "They're coming, the lot of them! If that man is caught, I denounce you as the murderer of Joshua Heptstone! There's time yet! What will you do?"

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..."



Parker lurched towards it, and dropped down. "You've got an idea?" Tom suggested. "A big idea!" Parker growled.

general and some of his staff drove up to headquarters. The soldiers made certain that they were to be inspected, yet the general did not even go the round of the camp.



more puzzling than he had anticipated. The village lay a mile behind. The more he moved towards it the more he hated the country...

And another. They rested, sprang to their feet suddenly, rushed, dropped, and rushed again. Neater had not been the only one a hundred yards from the trench...

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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, while you've been laid up."

Mr. Bootles coughed. "I should not have left the sanatorium until tomorrow," he said. "But I have been—er—apprised of these extraordinary proceedings. I have received a letter from Dr. Chisholm. He has been informed of this—er—extraordinary outbreak. He is very distressed—what, what! His state of health does not permit him to return immediately to Rockwood—"

"Sorry, sir!" said Jimmy Silver. "When the Head comes back he will see justice done, sir."

"You need not have the—ahem!—slightest doubt of that," said Mr. Bootles, somewhat grimly. "Meanwhile, this nonsense must cease. The Head informs me that he has received a report from Mr. Manders, and—ahem!—certain information from Bulkeley, which—ahem!—which

causes him, upon the whole, to place the Classical side of Rockwood under my charge until he returns."

"Oh!" "Mr. Manders will exercise authority solely upon the Modern side until the return of Dr. Chisholm," resumed Mr. Bootles. "As for this amazing outbreak, it will be left over for inquiry until the Head returns. Then he will inquire into the matter personally. Meanwhile, he has directed that no punishments shall be inflicted, reserving the whole matter in his own hands."

"Hurrah!" "This, of course, is on condition that you—ahem!—young rascals immediately return to your duty."

"No more Manders, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Ahem! That is scarcely a respectful way of alluding to my colleague, Silver," said Mr. Bootles, who cordially disliked the Modern master himself. "However, you may rest assured that Mr. Manders will

—ahem!—confine his activities wholly to the Modern side."

"Good egg," said Jimmy Silver. "I—I mean, very good, sir. Of course, sir, if you hadn't been ill there wouldn't have been any trouble." Jimmy Silver was not unacquainted with the soft answer that turneth away wrath. "You see, sir, we couldn't stand being ragged by a Modern cad. We're jolly glad you're well, sir. Of course, we wouldn't dream—ahem!—of backing up against our own masters."

"Never!" said Lovell solemnly. And the Fictical 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 cheerfully. "We meant to do that all along. We're coming out at once, sir." Jimmy Silver looked round at his

followers and raised his hand. "Three cheers for Mr. Bootles!"

"Hip, hip, hooray!" 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 Port de Tuckshop.

The barring-out had been a success. There was to be "no more Manders." The flogging was not to come off—excepting in the case of Towstead and Topham, who had been flogged already. The rebels had won all along the line, as Jimmy Silver jollyly remarked, though the form of submission was kept up to please Mr. Bootles. And as the rebels came out of their entrenchments they realised that, as a matter of fact, they were lucky to get out of their scrape so cheaply.

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 utter a word to them. The Head's orders had to be observed, and the rebels of Rockwood were no longer under his authority. Probably at bottom Mr. Manders was as glad to be out of the scrape as the rebels themselves were.

That evening there was a tremendous celebration in the end study. Mr. Bootles was not yet well enough to resume his place in the Form-room, and he had appointed Bulkeley to take charge of the Fourth. So

everything in the garden, as Jimmy Silver said, was lovely.

"It will be all serene when the Head comes back," said Jimmy Silver confidently to the crowd of celebrators in the end study. "Mr. Bootles 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 rippingly with old Bulkeley. It's been a jolly success, though I'm not really sorry it's over, now I come to think of it. Might have ended worse. But we've beaten the Modern cads—"

"Hurrah!" "And if ever the Modern rotters try any of their games on this side we'll beat 'em again."

"Bravo!" "We'll have a barring-out every other day if necessary!"

"Hear, hear!" "And our watchword is going to be, down with the Modern cads, 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 rebels of Rockwood, lately so truculent, decided to make a little less row. The barring-out was over, and law and order once more reigned on the Classic side of Rockwood—

THE END.
(Another Grand School Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rockwood in next Monday's issue of "The Boys' Friend." Order your copy in advance. Price One Penny.)

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A Magnificent New School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Lights Out!

WHY—what—
"What the dickens—"
"Great Scott!"

Harry Wharton & Co. were surprised, and had reason to be. The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove were having late tea in No. 1 Study. It was an unusually plentiful spread, and the chains 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 out.

Sudden darkness rushed upon No. 1 Study and its inmates. Night had fallen on Greyfriars—a dark, moonless evening. 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 hat.

The result was disastrous. Frank Nugent was pouring out tea. He jumped, naturally, as the study was plunged into darkness, and there was a wild roar from Bob Cherry as the tea, no longer aimed at the teacup, shot over his head.

Bob Cherry jumped up in anguish, his voice rising to a 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 juniors scrambled away, and there was a crash of crockery in the dark.

"Wow!" he scalded. "I'm scalded!" yelled Bob Cherry. "The scaldfulness is terrific!" groaned Hurtle Jansett. "My hat!" gasped Nugent, setting down the teapot.

Unfortunately he set it down past the edge of the table, and there was another crash. "Oh, crumbs!"

"What silly idiot is playing tricks with the gas?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Yes!" mumbled Bob Cherry, as he rubbed his knees. "Ow! I'll scald the silly ass who's turned the gas off! I'll slaughter him! I'll—I'll—"

Harry Wharton hurried to the door of the study. As the gas could not have gone out of its own accord, it was evident that it must have been turned off at the meter. The practical joker who had played that little trick was in danger of being lynched. There was a grind of crockery under Wharton's boots as he made for the door, and a yell from Squiff as he bumped into him.

"Wow! What that ramming a silly elbow into my eye!" howled Squiff.

"Sorry."
"Oh, you duffer!"

Wharton 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 exclamations.

"What's the matter?"
"Who's done that?"
"My hat!"

"Somebody's turned off the gas at the meter!" roared Roloover major. "Where is he? I'll pulverise him!" That's one of Peter Todd's rotten jokes, I suppose.

"Yes!" said the voice of Peter Todd. The practical joker of the Remove was innocent for once. "I was in my study. I've just trodden on something."

From the direction of the Fifth-Form passage came the thunderous voice of Horace Coker.

"What's the matter with the light? What silly idiot has turned it off? Oh, I'll slaughter him!"
"Hallo, there's Quelch!" exclaimed Wharton, as the sharp voice of the Remove-master called up the stairs. "What's he up to?"
"Boys, quiet, please! Keep order!"
"Somebody's turned the light off!" roared Coker. "My silly idiot, sir, has turned the gas off at the meter!"
"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 guiding 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.
"Yes. I pray keep calm! Let there be no panic."
"But—but what—"
"There is no danger. It is simply a precautionary measure," came Mr. Quelch's voice through the darkness. "No one is to strike a light. All fires in the studies are to be extinguished immediately."

"Yes—yes, sir. 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."

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 amiable 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.

Mr. Quelch had hurried away, and some of the Removes went into the studies where there were fires 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 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—"

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 him as he bumped into somebody.

"Oh, dear, they're coming! Mercy—mercy!"
"It's only mum-mum-me, c-cook!" stammered Bunter.

"Only you?" ejaculated the cook. And she gave Billy Bunter a box on the ear 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 kik-kik-killed!"

"I'll show you the cellar, Bunter," said the voice of Peter Todd, who had followed the fat junior down.

"The way?"
"I'll thank you, Todd," gasped Bunter. "Here, I say, what— Yow—ow—"

Peter Todd bundled him headlong into the coal-cellar, and Bunter sprawled upon the coal with a wild yell. Coal was not soft to fall upon, and Bunter had taken his fall.

Todd slammed the door of the coal-cellar, and locked it. Then he cheerfully returned to the upper regions, leaving Billy Bunter sprawling upon the coal, half suffocated by coal-dust, and getting into a state of coolness that could not be described in words.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Attack from the Sky!

EXCITEMENT 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. 1 Study, and were looking from the window. There was no gleam of a star from the black heavens. Only dimly they could make out the great rick in the Close. They listened intently at the open window. The Zeppelin 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 enemy was not distant. Like a thief in the night the raider was coming. Would he pass over Greyfriars?

"Hark!" said Harry Wharton, in a low voice. From the silence of the night came a buzzing noise. "That's an engine," said Nugent.

Wharton clicked his teeth.
"The Zeppelin!" he said.

Other ears 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 Quincey Iffley Field. "I'd rather stay here and have a look at the beast!"

"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 Greyfriars fellows marched downstairs. If there had been a panic and a rush there would have been a collision, and probably broken limbs and necks. Fortunately, they kept their heads.

In a few minutes the cellars below the old school were crowded with fellows. 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 peculiar, warlike methods of the Huns, a use was found for them at last. As no light could escape from the cellars to the upper part, several lamps were lighted there, and the light glimmered over the startled faces, some of them pale and strained.

The Head himself, and Mrs. Locke and little Molly, had come down into the vaults. The Head was looking very grim.

Even in the deep vaults there was not certain safety if a bomb should fall upon the school. The terrible explosives used by the air-raiders 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 would be smashed right and left, and nothing in them that was alive could escape with life.

It was a strange, eerie situation—in the dim light in the old vaults, waiting, with thumping hearts, for the sound of destruction.

Would the Zeppelin pass over the school? If it passed, would the raiders perceive the building in the deep darkness? Would they be brutal enough, inhuman enough, to hurl their bombs upon a harmless building? There was little doubt that they would. The brutes who had shelled an old abbe, who had dropped bombs upon sleeping Norfolk villages, 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 ablaze with lights, there would have been no doubt about it.

In the vaults all sounds were shut off. The engines of the air-monster could no longer be heard. Was it 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-cellar, looking like a Christy minstrel, and dragged him down into the vaults.

Billy Bunter sat on the stone flags, quivering like a jelly. He even forgot that he had not finished his tea.

"How long's this going to last, I wonder?" murmured Squiff.

Harry Wharton was frowning, his hands clenched. It went very much against the grain with him to hide like this, and yet it was evidently the only thing to be done. The raiders from the sky could not be reached; they were able to hurl down destruction with impunity. When they attacked military works the aircraft guns could deal with them and British aeroplanes could ascend to the attack, but when they attacked private dwellings there was no possible defence.

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 Greyfriars School fared at the hands of the Zeppelin raiders, and what startling adventures befell 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 Newsagents' throughout the Kingdom.)