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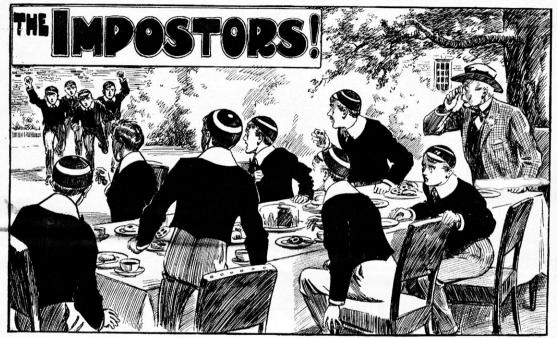
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OWEN CONQUEST'S GRAND COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & Co.



Four flushed and dusty juniors came rushing up the drive, and charged across the lawn. The Modern juniors all leaped to their feet in dismay as they recognised the Fistical Four. "Oh, tare and 'ouns!" yelled Tommy Doyle. "They've got away!"

The 1st Chanter. Cornered!

Tommy Bodd jumped.
Tommy Bodd jumped.
Tommy Bodd jumped.
Tommy Bodd may reat chief and leader of the Mudern jumiors at Rook-wood, was disunayed.
Tommy Bodd was standing in the end study of the jumior passage on the Classical side—that it to say, in the home and headquarters of Jimmy Silver & Co., the deadly Classical vivals of Tommy Dodd.
He had a large camet-hair brush in

rivals of Tommy Dodd.

He had a large camel-hair brush in his hand, loaded with ink, and he was adorning the walls of the atialy with inscriptions that were quite modern, and not in the least classical. Upon the looking-glass stood out in bold letters the telling phrase:

"THIS STUDY IS A HOME FOR IDIOTS!"

FOR IDIOIS!"

Upon the wallipaire were daubed such graceful seateness as "Classical chungs!" "Go and extoke!" "Go and grind Greek!"

Tommy Dodd was surveying his bandiswek with great satisfaction considerably from fereing-folk-Indian clubs, and ink, the owners of the study were not likely to be equally satisfied with the further. Tommy Dodd had even ventured upon a Greek inseription. As a Modern fellow, Greek was not included in his studies. But he knew the alphabet, and ho left that is Greek that a Greek inseription.

following effort with considerable pride:

PATE

which, being interpreted, meant 'Rats!"

"Rate!"
Tommy Bodd had not finished yet
by any means. Jimmy Silver & Co.
were down at the cricket practice,
and Tommy Dodd had found the
coast clear. So long as the nik lasted
he meant his artistic efforts to contime. But saddenly, as we have
said, he jumped. "Phere were footsaid, he jumped." Phere were footof yorks, and the sound
of yorks. voices

of voices.

Tommy Dodd lowered his inky brush, and grunted discontentedly. It was the worst of ill-luck, He had watched those Classical fellows go down to the cricket, and had considered that they were safe for an hour at least. And now be could hear their voices in the passage.

The Fisteal Four were coming to

The Fistical Four were coming to their study, and there was no escape for the raider. And if they found him there—with those inscriptions on the walls, too—the result was certain to be extremely painful for Tomany Dodd. He could guess in advance how the rest of the ink would be used. Tommy Dodd looked round the study wildy.

study wildly.
There was a sereen in the corner, a present from Lovell's affectionate aunt. The sereen was somewhat damaged—it was curious how things got damaged in the junior studies at Rookwood. And there was a spraying inscription on the sereen in weet ink: "J. Silver, A.S.S., L.B.W.

the last initials referring to a recent performance of Jummy Silver's on the cricket-field.

The screen was a 'title crazy, but by

emeter-field.

The screen was a little crazy, but by being propped across the corner of the control of the cont

Dodd.

The footstops had almost reached the study door when the Modern union made up his mind. He whipped behind the screen, and drew it as close to him across the corner as least the study door was thrown. Barely was the concealed from sight when the study door was thrown upon and the Fistical Four came in Lovell had a had which had evidendly arrived by the afternoon's post, as it had not yet been opened.

been opened.

Silver, Lovell, Newcome, and Raby
were chatting pleasantly as they came
in, but as they crossed the threshold
the chat suddenly ceased, and there
were four separate and distinct howis
of wrath;
"Love at the ""

of wrath;

"Look at that;"

"My hat!"

"Some Modern ead!"

"To the Modern cad!"

"To the Modern cad!"

"To the Modern cad!"

"To the Control of the Classicals that the raider was still in the study. It did not seem to occur to the Classicals that the raider was still in the study. They stared and glared at the mky inscriptions on all sides with occlaims than of wrath that tickled Tommy Dedd immembely.

"Why, the ink's still wet!" ex-claimed Jimmy Silver. "The rotter can't have been gone long. If I hadn't stopped to take this beastly letter from the postman we'd have mailed him."

"The cheeky cad!" howled Raby.
"Look at the glass!"
"Look at my screen!" exclaimed

Lovell.

Tommy Dodd held his breath. The Classicals were looking at the screen, and three were holes in the screen many holes. But the corner was dark, and they did not see the crouching Modern through the tears and

dark, and they did not see use crossing Medern through the tears and rents.

"Must have spotted us coming in and cheared off," and Jimmy Silver, "Lucky we disn't stay longer, or he'd have inked the whole blessed study, We should be still there if that ass Smythe hadn't shifted us. I tell you what, you chaps, I'm fed up with Smythe of the Shell. We want a new junior captain."

Modern Medern Start and the start of the s

junior captain."

"We want to scrag the Modern beast who's done this!" growled Lovell. "If I had him here I'd make him swallow the rest of the ink!" him swallow the rest of the ink!"

Tommy Dodd grinned behind the

Tomny Dodd grannen besses asserver.
"Never mind; we'll re-paper the study some time," said Jimmy Silver,
"Can't re-paper my screen!"
Well, that screen had seen in the same since we tred on it that time we had a four handed mill. I wonder what's in this letter? How are you fellows off for cash?"
"Very much off—stony."

"May be something in this for tea," said Jimmy Silver comfort ingly. Jimmy Silver always looked on the cheerful side of things. Blessed if the know the first 'Tain't Well, see if there's a remittance in it, said Raby, as Jimmy Silver regarded the unfamiliar hardwriting on the envelope with some surprise. "Ha getting near teatime, and Silver opened the letter, It's chums watched him rather anxiously, even forgetting the danage done to their quarters by the Moslern raider. Moslern sight in the end study, was a general exclamation of delight was a general exclamation of delight as a currency note for one pound came as a currency note for one pound cam

"My hat!" said Lovell. "A quid-a whole quid! Hurrah!" Jimmy Silver read the letter, and

Jimmy Silver read the letter, and gave a whistle.

"Well, my hat!"

"Whit's up?" asked Rahy.

"Listen, my young friends," said Jimmy Silver—"listen, and I will a tale unfold, as they say in the amateur theatricals. You fellows ever heard of a place called Oakwood, somewhere near Combe.

of a place called Oakwood, somewhere near Coombe?"
"Yes; it's a big house near the river, about ten miles from here," said Lovell. "Tee passed it biking. "Mat about it's"
"Listen. my infants!" *Jimmy Silver read out the letter in tones of great satisfaction:

"' My dear James,-I have heard

(Continued from the previous page.)



The 2nd Chapter, Making the Punishment Fit the Crime.

"It won't take us ten minutes to do you," grinned Jimmy Silven "You modern eads have got to learn that you're not allowed in respectable Classical quarters. You seem very fond of mopping ink about. You can mop some in for yourself most from Jimmy Silvec took the inkpot from te table, and the Modom, here object

the table, and the Modean here eyed them very uneasily.

"I-I say, it was only a lank, you know," he murmured.

Silver nodded cheerfully.

"And now we're going to have a lark," he replied. "We're awfully

And now we're going to have a lark," he replied. "Were awfully lark," be replied. "Were awfully lark," but so we're lark, "he replied we're lark," be replied to will be lark the door. The heavy boots grew heavier, he was pinued down to the carpet. Jignny Silver emplied the inkpet into a large shallow basin. Dodd, who had expected it on his head, watched him curiously. Silver added a quantity of treach to the inkpet into a large shallow silver added a quantity of treach to the interest of gun. Tommy Dodd's expression was a study by that time. But Jimmy Silver was not finished yet. He raked a shovelful of soot from the chimney, and sitrered it in the basin with a ruler. Tommy Dodd turned quite Tommy Dodd turned quite gale.

"If you put it over me, I'll—"
"Don't be in a hurry!"
"You horrid Classical worm! If

"Don't be in a hurry." "You borrid Classical worm! If you dare—or bats, you fellows," said Jinny Slove, still string away industriously at the mixture.

"Bats!" said Raby. "What do you want bats for? You're jolly well not going to slir that muck with my bat."

"Tain't for stirring this, you ass. "Tain't for stirring this, you ass! when he's got this over him. He won't be fit to stay in a respectable study. He will have to be persuaded to depart suddenly."

"Ha, ha, isn' jimiors reached for the Classical Jinny Slove having finished his stirring, he laid down the ruler, and took the basin in both hands. Tommy Dodd's eyes grew wide with apprehending.

ension. But Silver paused.

"I-I say, wi "I-I say, what—what are going to do with that muck?" asked feebly.
"You'll see in a minute." what—what are

from your father that you are now a pupil at Reokwood School. As your pupil at Reokwood School. As your your pupil at Reokwood School. As your your house. I should be glad if you would all upon me. Come one half-holiday, and bring your friends with you if you like. I shall be very glad to make your acquaintance. You must have heard your father speak of his old friend.

"P.S.—Pray accept the enclosed Modern worm, you are going to be executed !" Jimmy Silver & Co., gathered round the Modern juntor as he prawked on the Modern juntor as he prawked on part of the property of the property

heard your lattice speak of ms on friend, F.S.—Pray BENNY BENYON.

If the present, which you will find useful, unless schoolboys have changed very much since my time. Let me know when to expect you, and I will make some little preparations. "

"What a girdly old sport!" said Lovell heartily. "Who is he?"
"An old chap my father knows. I've heard him mention the name." said Jimmy Silver. "He's as rich as Gresus, I believe. Pater likes him, to I dare say he's all right. "Make some little preparations." That means a feed."

a feed."
"Hurran:
" Take my friends?" continued
Jimmy Silver. "You fellows feeling
friendly?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Jimmy, my son, we worship the ground you walk on and the feeds your pater's pal invites you to," said Lovell solermly.
"Didn't we take you to our hearts when you first came to Rookwood?"

"Didn't we take you to our hearts when you first came to Rookwood!" said Italy.
"No, you jolly well didn't!" said Jimuny Silver. "You tried to boot "Abem! Let the dead past bury is dead," said Newcome. "My opinion is that this old chap ought to be encouraged."
"Oll sports who send you invitations and quids don't grow on every lackberry bush," said Lovell sagely. "You can overlook his calling you amount to be supported by the said to be a supported by the said to be a supported by the said Lovell sagely. "You can overlook his calling you want to be supported by the said Lovell sagely." You say overlook his calling you "To-morrow afternoon's a half-bolding," remarked Raby easually. "Twe always believed in striking the

"To-neutron aftermoon's a half-boldan," cremeted Raby essalty.
"Tee always believed in striking the iron while it's hot."
Jimmy Silver chucked,
"There's time to catch the post, and let him know by the morning that we're coming, 'said Levell, "These three point by keeping, like lobsters."
"It's a go!" said Jimmy Silver, drawing a chair to the table. "Till write and tell him I'm coming with three friends to-morrow afternoon, and then he'll have time to make his giddy little preparations. This comes has come in Egypt, We'll get off has come in Egypt, we'll get off and blue it' and the property of the property and blue it'. "Done it's "Done it' and bike it. "Done!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered round Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered round
"I'll get this screen clean while
you're doing that," said Lovell.
"When you're finished we'll go out
and post the letter, and change that
note in the tuck-shop."
Tommy Dodd suppressed a gasp.
Before he had time to think, Lovell
had taken hold of the screen, and
pulled it out of the corner.

Then he gave a yell.
"My hat!"
Tommy Dodd made a desperate

Toniny Dold made a desperate spring across the study for the door. "Hold him!" shricked Lovell, as he reeled back from a vigorous shove. "Modern 'cad! Collar him!" Tommy Dold reached the door, But Newcome's arm curled round his neck, and Raby "tackled low," in approved Rugger style, and Toniny Dodd came to the floor with a crash, with the two Classicals sprawling over him.

him.
"Nailed!" yelled Jimmy Silver,
jumping up from the table. "Shut
the door! Hold him! Now, you

study carpet, I suppose, It was a present from Raby's mater."
"How your study carpet! Leggo!"
"Move on!" grinned Lovell. Three pairs of hands yanked the horrified Mood was the pairs of hands yanked the horrified Mood was the pairs of hands to the grate, and had with the pairs of hands of the pairs of hands of the pairs of hands of the pairs of the pairs

"Mind, this is only done out of kindness," explained Silver. "You understand that, Doddy?" No reply from Tourny Dodd. He did not care to open his mouth. "You see, if you get into the habit of raxing our quarters, we shall get wrathy, and one of these days we shall mop up the whole Modern side," said Silver. "We are really giving you a lesse out of kindness. Savvy?" "Can't you open your eyes, Tommy Dodd?" "Tommy Dodd's eyes remained

Dodd?"
Tommy Dodd's eyes remained firmly sealed.
Jimmy Silver grinned, and placed the basin in the grate. Tommy Dodd's head was suddenly plunged

Yaroooooop! Groooooop!

"Yarconcoop! Grococoop!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
The Classicals released Tommy
Dodd, and jumped back. There had
been a terrific spinsh from the basin
as Tommy Dodd's head was showed
into it. Tommy Dodd sat up as he
was released. Only the top of his
head had gone into the mixture. But
as he sat up it streamed down his nead nad gone into the mixture. But as he sat up, it streamed down his face in inky streaks, giving him a zebra-like look that made the Classicals howl with laughter. "Groood," gasped formmy Dodd, as a streak of the fearsome mixture found its way into the corner of his mouth. "Yow! You horrid beasts! Ob crike."

found its way into the cornes on mouth. "Yow! You hord beasts! Ob, crikey."
"Ha, ha, ha."
"Yow! Rotten beauty trick—"
"Yow! Rotten beauty trick—"
"Yow or beauty trick—"
"You can wash that off in itime, and we can't wash our walls. I think we're letting you off lightly."
"Yow.wo won!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"
"Oh, get out! You're not nice at

Tommy Dodd scrambled furiously to his feet.

his feet.

"You rottlers!" he roared, "You grob-busts! I'll jolly well give you some of it!"

He rushed at the Fistical Four. They were four to one, but they did not want to come to close quarters with Tommy Dodd in that state.

"Etc. buscoets!" velled, Jimmy

yelled 'Fix bayonets!' Silver ilver. Four cricket bats were presented t Tommy Dodd, and he stopped as Four cricket bats were prat Tommy Dodd, and he stop the nearest one clumped on his chest.

chest.

"Yow.ow.ow."
Lavell threw open the door.
"Travel" he shouted.

"Get out, you Modern heoligant
Notes out, you Modern he in a a
count study," exclaimed Jimmy
Silver indignantly.
Tommy Dold made another rush,
anxious to impart some of the mixture
to the Fistical Four. But the creket
lats drove him back, rearing. The
"Beggera, what's the row here?"

"Begorra, what's the row here?"
Sexclaimed Flynn of the Fourth, looking in. "Why— Howly mother av Moses, phwat is that?" Flynn stared at the zebra-like Tommy Dodd with his eyes almost starting from

his head. "New specimen from the Modern monkey-house," said Jimmy Silver. "Species Modern worm, order of bounders, variety Dodd. When anointed with a Classical mixture on the napper is liable to show ferocity

"Ha, hu, ha!" roared Flynn.
"Ow, you rotters!" yelled Tomm

Dodd.
"Drive the nasty animal out," said Lovell. "We can't have horrid beasts like that in this study. Out you go."

go."
"Yow-ow "Yow.ow."
Toniny Dodd retreated to the door before four lunging bats. He was fairly driven our, gaping with wrath and ink and gum. Flynn was doubled up with lunging before the state of th

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look at me! Stop him! I'll scrag
im. I'll—"
There was a yell in the passage.

Townsend and Topham, the damlier of the Fourth, were coming along. They stopped in the common along. They stopped in the common along the property of the common along the property of the common and sungit hold of them both in passing, and swing them together, and the in a heap. Tommy bodd leaped up and ran, leaving the nuts of the Fourth sprawling on the floor, gasping for breath, and simply recking with ink and gum.

"Oh, by Jove!" panted Topham.

"Oh, by Jove!" panted Topham. Townsend and Topkam, the dandies

send.
Tommy Dodd disappeared round a corner. Topham and Townsend sat up dazedly, and blinked around.
"What-a-at was it?" stuttered Begorra, he's gone—the baste

Topham.

"Begorra, he's gone—the baste—the spalpeen—"Yow'! I'm smothered with something—ink, by goal."

"Ha, ha, ha." review the Fisical Four in chorus one ink, and gum, and soct, and treade! Ha, ha, ha!"

The two dandies of the Fourth shook furious fists at Jimmy Silver & Co. They started in pursuit of Tommy Dodd, and then paused—they did not feel quite equal to fourth of the started in the s

The 3rd Chapter. A Regular Scree

"What the dickens—"
"What the dickens—"
"What the thunder—"
"What the thunder—"
Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook, of
the Fourth, Modern side, uttered
those started exclamations simul-taneously. The two Modern finors
begins with the started exclamation and
the

"Groo!" gasped the fearsome object. "Ow!" object. My hat!

re, ye look a sight!" h . Sui Tonimy matther ?"

"Yody! "I'm smothered! I'nearly chook - chook - chooked! gasped Tommy Dodd. "The beas caught me-yoop!-and inked me-yow!-and sooted me-yah!-artranded me-groo!" eled me—groo! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"What are you cackling at, you illy owls?" roared Tommy Dodd; rith an inky and sooty glare at his hums. "Is there anything funny

in it?"
"Ha, ha! No. of course me ho, ho! You look queer, that

chums. "Is there anything funny in it?"

"Ha, ha! No. of course not—his, ho! You howling fatheads!"

"You howling fatheads!"

"Ha, ha! J mean it's hard loine; intoirely. Tommy Bole." Come long. The standard of the Modern dormitory. Tommy Cole Come local distribution of the Modern dormitory. The other ling. Tommy Dodd and refet, and started for the Modern dormitory. The other ling. Tommy Dodd had left, then behind, when he made his raid, because a fellow by himself was more aday able to dodge in and out of the fing. Tommy Dodd had left, then behind, when he made his raid, because a fellow by himself was more aday able to dodge in and out of the fing. Tommy Dodd and Tominy Cook began to feel glid got undetexted. Tommy Dodd and Tominy Cook began to feel glid got undetexted. Tommy Dodd and Tominy Cook began to feel glid got undetexted. Tommy Dodd was ceiled to the them. The humour of the situation had not apparently dawned upon Tommy Dodd was ceiled to the statemed sono on it, and rubbed and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half made the least impression upon his anointed head.

The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and scrubbed, and serubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost into ink, and it had to be changed half and the stream of the scrubbed and rubbed. The vaser was turned almost i

sympathetic, but they could not help thinking that it was funny. Tommy Dodd grasped a towel at last, and began to towel his head, which was aching with the energy he his chura through the whiching of the towel, and they tried to look grave. But Tommy Dodd's crimson face and upstanding hair, and a patch of inky gun still adhering to his nece, proved too much for their gravity. "You chortling chumps—" roared Tommy Dodd indignantly. "You chortling chumps—" roared Tommy Dodd indignantly. "You chortling chumps—" roared Tommy Dodd indignantly. "You chortling chumps—it may be a supplied to the size of the

smiles lurking successible their mouths.

"Ripping joke, ain't it?" he said sarcasteally. "Awfully amusing to be done brown by those Classical rotters, what!"

rotters, what!"
"I-I say, we're sorry, you know,"
murmured Cook. "It's all in the
day's work, you know. No good

growing, " rounds and so good from your bold." Symmetry Debd. " Single Property Debd. " Single Property Debd. " Single Property Debd. " Single Property Debd. " If a slight," Tommy Debd seemed to be in a slightly uncompared to be in a slightly uncom

"Blow tea!"
"Nice gammon rashers, Tommy

" Hang the rashers."

"And poached eggs..."
"And poached eggs..."
"Bust the eggs..."
Cook and Doyle gave it up
Toniny Dodd sat down morosely to
tea. In spite of his disparaging re marks concerning the rashers : the ergs however, he did full jus

patiently for the good cheer to bring the smiles back to his face. But Younny Bodd continued morone. That little jape on the Classicals had been so really ripping, and it had ended in such an exceedingly uncom-

had been so really ripping, and it had ended in such an exceedingly uncom-fortable manner. It was not easy for Tominy Dodd, the chief of the Modern side in their great war with the Classicals, to take an optimistic view, "Cheer up, old man!" said Cook at last. "We reg getting the worst of it. If this kind of thing good many as well shift in playing, and let the Classical control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the "Observed". The control of the control of the "Observed" is raid!"

Classic cade call their side top side at Rookwood.

"Oh, draw it mild!"
"They've given us the kybosh all along the line." said Tommy Dodd.
Last term we knocked their skyLast term we knocked their skyEver since that bounder Silver came
from the been getting it in the
neck. He downed us the very day he
new. Then there was that barringscoring all along the line. It's time
for us Moderns to quit."
"Oh, rats!" and Dayle unesally.
"We'll give en the kybosh. You'll
theld rying the efficacy of the soft
assect that turned away wrath.
Tommy Dodd grunted.
"I shall have to think it out all
on my own, then," he said. "All you
on his napper.
"We'll, you did look funny, you
know," morranteed Cook, his face
recellection a grin again at the
recellection of grin again at the
recellection of grin again at the
recellection of grin again at the
"Oh, rats!"

But Silver paused.

"Can't muck up the carpet with
this," he said thoughtfully. "Hold
your head over the grate, Doddy."

"I won't!" roared Tommy Dodd.
"Now. don't be inconsiderate.
You don't want us to muck up our OUR COMPANION

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727 .

THE IMPOSTORS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

was followed by a chuckle, and the chuckle developed into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the row?" asked Tomny

Cook, somewhat perplexed.
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy
Dodd in cestacy. "What a thumping

"Ha, ha, ha!" "roared Tommy bedd in cetarc, "What a thumping wherea!"
"Eh? What's the wherea" demandered to the state of t

shrieked

"What difference?" shricked Doyle.
Tommy Dodd went off into a fresh yell of laughter. Whatever was the mysterious dea that was working in his brain, it evidently struck him as very humorous indeed.

**The control of the control of

ha!"

Doyle and Cook, exsperated, jumped up, and laid violent hands on their chun. They yanked him out of his chair, and bumped him against the will of the study.

But Tommy Dedd was still howle ing with laughter till.

But Tommy Dold was still howl-ing with laughter till the tears came

to his eyes.
"What is it now?" roared Doyle.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Will you explain intoirely, you

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"
"Bump his silly head against the wall!" shouted Cook
Bump! Bump! Bump!
"Yow! Leggo" yelled Tommy
Dodd, becoming serious at last.
"You silly chumps! Churk it!"
"Then tell us what you're chort-ling about!" growthed Cook.
Tommy Dodd chuckled again!
Thus tell on the sexon! Ha, ha, ha! You tellows will have to leak me m!

ha, ha! You fellows will have to back me my.

"We'll jolly well knock you down if you don't explain, you burbling jabberwock!

"You see—ht, ha!—to-morrow's a half-holiday.

"Is that what you're chuckling about?"

about?" No. ass! You see, when those thasse cads came in Iedoged behinded the see that the see t

a!
"Bump him!"
"Hold on!" gasped Tommy Dodd.
You see, a friend of his father has
ritten to him—old chap named written to him-old chap named Benyon, who lives at Oakwood-you

Benyon, who lives at talasmod—year know that big place about for miles off. Well, now that James—hy, hy, hi—now that James has come to Rookwood, the deer old gent wants to make his aequaintone.

The property of the property of the mystified chums together, "what the diskens does it matter to us." "Don't you see? He's never seen dear James—hy, hi' and dear James is to go and take a few that he's coming formarow after-noon with a few friends. Den't you see?"

"Blessed if I do!" "Blessed if I do:"
"Oh, you owl! You bat! Don't
you catch on? The dear old gent
has never seen dear little James—he
said plainly he wanted to make his
acquaintance. There's going to be
a stunning feed for dear James.
They're going on their bikes after

dinner—they said so. Well, suppose a party of chaps from the Modern side met them on the road—

"And bundled them into some-here and fastened them up---"

And borrowed their bikes — What!"

"What:"
"And went on to Oakwood, and introduced themselves as James & Co."
"My only hat!"
"And scoffed the feed, and had a high old time, while James & Co. were cooling their heels in Snooks's bern."

bern—"
Doyle and Cook street blackly at
Tommy Dodd. Then, as the fulness
of that howling joke burst upon their
Thinks, they uttered a yell of delight,
used at Tommy Dodd and
hugger has been a tommy bodd and
"Ha be be."

Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, gorgeoust Ha, ha, ha!"

all of the Fourth. They grinned at all of the Policians and property of the Classical sour half-holiday like that? "sked Tommy Dodd sweetly. "Go and eat coke!" growled Jimmy Slyver.

The Moderns grinned, and wheeled the birds out and vanished.

The Moderns grinned, and wheeled their bicycles out and vanished. Jimmy Silver soon had his tyre off, and examined it carefully. There was no trace of a puncture. It was after a quarter of an hour had clapsed that he made the discovery that there was no puncture at all. Jimmy Silver breathed hard through

his nose.
"Some thundering ass has loosened "Some thundering ass has loosened the valve and let my tyre down." he soid. "I wish I knew who the silly duffer was! I'd talk to the funny idiet!" "Vell, you are an ass!" said Raby. "Why didn't you look at the

Raby.

alve first Why didn't you!" grunted

Silver didn't you!" grunted Silver "Pewer, my children" said Lovell. "Get that tyre on, and let's get off. You're wasting time, June 1998 of the Silver wasting time, June 1998 of the Silver was replaced, and the Classeal juniors whoelded out their mechanics. There was no sign of Bulkeley of the Sixth gave them a

between high rows of trees. The only building in eight was an old barn—but there was something else

As the Classical cyclists came level As the Classical cyclists came level with the old barn seven figures rushed out into the road ahead of them. The Fistind Four recognised the Modern juniors, and they saw, on, that Tommy Dodd & Co. were junimed on their brake tood. They junimed on their brake tood. They junimed on their brake took. The Classical juniors had to jump 19.1 There was no passing that obstruction. They bestowed wrathful with the property of the prope

asses?" demanded "Collar them!"

" Why-what-" Hands off!

.. You-on:

"You-ou,"
The seven Mederns closed in on
the Classicals with a rush. The four
had not been expecting that. But
they were not called the Fiscal
Four for nothing. The bikes went
whirling away, and the chums of
the Fourth put up a tremendous
fight.

whirling away, and the chums of the Foarth put up a tremendous fight.

For several minutes the road seemed to be filled with whirling and crashing bikes, flying arms and legs, and clouds of dust.

But the odds were too great.

"This is where you take a five-bar

"This is rest."

"Ha, h, ha!"

"Bundle 'em' up here!" called out Tommy Dedd from the ladder.

"Chuck it, you silly asses!" shouted Silver. "We're going on a visit. The old gent will be expecting

us."
Jimmy Silver could not say why
that statement should make the
Modern juniors seream with laughter.
But it did! They simply yelled.
"They're off their silly rockers!"
said Lovell, in wonder. "What is
there funny about us going on a
visit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And Mr. Benyon will be disap-

"And Mr. Benyon will be disap-pointed if we don't get there," said Jimmy Silver; "so chuck it, Dodd, and don't be a end," "That's all right," said Tenmy Dodd. "We'll see that Mr. Benyon isn't disappointed. Won't we, chapt?" "You be the disappoint of the we're

You bet!" chuckled the Moderns.

"You bet!" chickled the Moderns.
"I tell you he's expecting us!"
howled Jimmy Silver
"And I tell you it's all right. Look
here, you're going to Oakwood for a
stunning feed, and a high old time—

what!"
"Yes, you worm."
"And Mr. Benyon don't know you by sight?"
"Of course he doesn't, as I've never

"Of course he doesn't, as I've never met him, ass,"

"Then it's as right as rain. Mr. Benyon won't be disappointed. You were going to take three friends. I suppose you could take six,"
"Eh' I'm not going to take you Modern cads, if that's what you mean."

mean That isn't exactly what I mean. wrinned

trinned Tommy Dodd, while his comrades yelled. "In fact, it isn't at all what I mean, But you're sure you wouldn't take us?"
"Then was car't blast us, if we don't take us to us to

don't tak "What?"
"You see, we're going."
"You—you gig gig going!" stut-tered Jimmy Silver.
"Just so,"

"Just so.
"Why, you—you—"
"I shall introduce myself as James—lear James—and these chaps as my dear little pals."
"Ha, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha, ha!"
"And the kind old gent is sure

be pleased at having seven nice boys come to see him, instead of four measly, no-class Classical rotters." measly, why,

You rotter!" howled Raby. "Let us go! My hat, I'll slaughter you!

ins go! My last, I'll slaughter you!

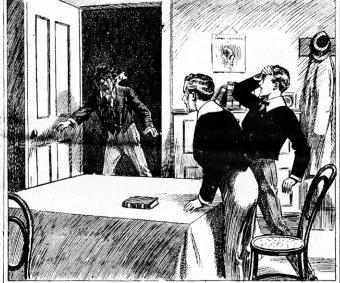
"This way with those Classical worms!" said Tenmy Dodd "My last! How they wriggle! Up the said Tenmy Todd Struggled Furiously. But with their hands tird together in a bunch, they had no chance at all. Tommy Dodd ascended the ledder first, taking the loose end of the rope, and pulled. Underneath, six Moderns bunked them up. It was not an easy task getting the highest properties of the ledder into the loft. But the Modern horses accomplished it after all. They all arrived in the loft in a somewhat flushed and breathless condition.
Tommy Dodd fastered the loose

all arrived in the loft in a somewhat lesshed and breathless condition.

Tommy Dodd fastened the lone and of the rope to a beam across the loft. The four Chassins's were took better the lower of the lower less than the lower less than the lower less than the lost. But to chars and remarks to the Moderns, as the later descended from the loft. But to chars and remarks the Moderns were quite impervious. Tommy Dodd was the last to descend. He kneed his hand to be considered the less than the

their feed, and afterwards to tell the story to all Rookwood amid howls of laughter. "Well, my hat!" said Lovell, at

last.
"What a go!" murmured Raby.
"Dished and diddled and done
groaned Newcome.



"Sure, ye look a sight!" howled Tommy Doyle. "Yoop! chook-chooked!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "The beasts caught and sooted me_groo!" I'm smothered! I'm nearly cho

No. 5 Study rang with laughter. It was quite a lattle time before the three Tommies could recover sufficient gravity to discuss their plans soberly, and arrange the details of that stunning scheme which was to cover the Classical enemy with confusion, and cause the Fistical Four to hide their diminished heads.

The 4th Chapter. Fairly Dished!

Jimmy Silver uttered an exclima-

Jimmy Silver uttered an exclamation of annoymee. Promptly after dinner that Wedneddy afternoon the Fisical Four laid made their way to the bike-shed. They wanted to start at oner for Oakwood: they had a long ride before them, and a good time availing the work of the start of th

"Oh, rotten!" he growled.

"Beastly puncture."

"Beastly!" said Lovell. "Buck

up with it!"

The bicycle was up-ended, and the The beycle was up-ended, and the juniors started to work on it. Barely had they started when quite a crowd of fellows came into the shed for their machines. They were all Moderns—the three Tommies and Lacy and Webb and Towle and Hunt.

pleasant nod, and Knowles, the Modern prefect, gave them a scowl as they marched away. But the Fistical Four did not care for their old enemy Knowles just then. As they came out of the gates they passed Smythe of the Shell. He called text they called to them.

called to them.
"I want you kids to fag at bowling this afternoon," said Smythe.
"Go on wanting," said Jimmy Silver cheerily.
"Look here," said the junior cap-

"Look here," said the junior captain of Rockwood, "I want
"No I wa grainst that. Want all
"No I wa grainst that. Want all
"And the Firtest Four wheeled
their bisvelse into the road, leaving
the lordly Smythe frowning majestically. The chums of the Fourth
mounted and pedalled away down
the road in great spirits. It was a
sumy spring affermon, and they
had an agreeable rate before them,
to Colloved by a hardsome feed
any rate. But there is many a slip
'twist cup and lip, as Jimmy Silver
"Internated destined to

any rate. But there is many a slip 'twist cup and lip, as Jimmy Silver & Co were unfortunately destined to discover that aftermon. They rode cheerily through the quaint old town of Coombe, and then pedalled away on the country road beyond. About a mile past the town the road was very lonely, winding

Great fighting men as the Fistical Four undoubtedly were, they had to deal with seven of the best men on the Modern side. And it was too burge an order, Gasping and pant-ing, and still resisting, they were

the Arth Sevice of the feet from the action of the control of the The Fistical Four were rushed into

The Fishcal Four were rushed into the barn, and then their bikes were rushed in after them by Towle and Lacy. Toming Dodd ascended the ladder that led to the loft over the barn and pushed up the heavy trap The prisoners were as astonished as

they were wrathful. Why the Moderns had collared them in this Moderns had considered from it have way was a mystery.

"Look here," roared Jimmy Silver, "this has gone far enough!"

"You've gone far enough, you mean!" chuckled Tommy Cook.

(Continued from previous page.)



Jimmy Silver did not speak. feelings were too deep for word His worde.

The 5th Chanter. The Impostors!

Tommy Dodd & Co. rode away

Tomny Dodd & Co, rode away cheerfully.
They ladn't the least fear that the Classical prisoners would get away. The old barn was deserted, and meyer spot. The prisoners might have shouted for twenty-four hours without being heard. It was, as Tomny Dodd admitted freely, hard cheese on the Classical. But, as the Prusta was the control of They pedalled off m the hig

spirits.
"Worked like a charm," grimed
Tommy Dodd, "This will be a
lessen to Silver about reading out his
letters when there's a griddy Polonius
"I dare say it will dawn on him,
after a hundred years or so, who
loosened the valve on his hick, remarked Tommy Cook thoughtfully.
"It may occur to his powerful
who wanted to get alsead of him on
the road."

"Perhaps!" chuckled Tommy

odd. And the Moderns laughed loudly they nedalled on. The scheme had And the Moderns laughed loudly as they prefalled on The scheme had worked like a charm, and everything in the gardlen, so to speak, was lovely. But as they drew nearer to Oakwood they became a little graver. The hig house, standing in extensive grounds by the shining river, was visible a good distance down the

road.

It looked very imposing. Some of
the Modern youths began to look a
little uneasy. They had given little
thought to the matter, excepting so
far as capturing the Classicals was thought to the matter, excepting so far as capturing the Classicals was concerned and bottling them up in the old barn. Now that they had to present themselves at Oakwood, some of the party hegan to feel that it was a serious business. But Tommy Dold did not falter. But remmy Dold did not falter, the grinned as he noted the gravity that his toomo over the faces of his

ompanions.
"Feeling funky?" he asked.
"Nunno," said Towle. "But—but

suppose Suppose what?"

suppose—shart"
"Oppositing what is a bit funky bad better clear off," said Tommy Dodd, "There's still time," "I—I suppose it will go all right?" murmured Lacy.
"I—I suppose it will go all right?" murmured Lacy.
"Of course insuited Tommy Dodd. "You leave it to your uncle."
"The bunch of cyclists arrived at the big gates. They dismounted, and Tommy Dodd rang a tromendous peal on the bell. The helpekoeper touched his cap respectfully Evidently a party of junious was expected at Oskwood that afternoon.
"Master Silver?" asked the lockeeper.
"Master Silver?" asked the lockeeper.

meeper.

"Expecting me - what?" said
Tommy Dodd coolly.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Benyon's in the
garden, sir, and tea's laid under the
trees on the lawn."

"Oh, good! Take the bikes."

"Yes, sir.

Tommy Dodd led the way in cheerfully, without a tremor, and

others followed him, not feeling quite so assured as their leader. The lodgekeeper took charge of the bicycles and wheeled them away between the same of the bicycles and wheeled them away as the same of the bicycles are supported by the same of the same and the same are supported by another fellow's name might be regarded seriously by the same supported by the same same supported by the same sup

lawn.

A kindly-looking old gentleman with a white moustache was scated in a big garden-chair on the lawn, and he rose with a welcoming smile as the juniors camd up. There was a large table on the lawn, and it was in a big garden-chair on the lawn, and he rose with a welcoming smile as the juniora came up. There was a laready hair. Mr. Beryon andled kindly as the juniors approached though he looked a little suprised for a moment. He had expected four guests, and he beheld seven. "I am glad to see you, my boys." he said genially. "Which of you is my old friend's son, James "I have been a superior of the said genially. "When defined a conscientions son, James "I whoppers" seen in jest. "Two brought all dhose chaps, significantly in the replied diplomatically." You didn't mention the number in your letter, significant processing the said genial processing the replied diplomatically. "You didn't mention the number in your letter, significant processing the said genial said the said and the said the

letter, sir."

The old gentleman smiled.

The old gentleman smiled,
"All your friends are welcome,
my dear James. You said in your
letter three, but the more the merrier.
Pray introduces them to me."
"Towle, Webb, Leey, Hunt, Cook,
Doyle, and me." said Tommy Doddperforming the introductions; and
the juniors all raised their caps a
second time and blashed and

grinned.
"Then you have changed your mind?" said Mr. Benyon.
"Eh?" stammered Tommy Dodd,

"En?" stammered Tommy Dodd, rather taken aback.
"You mentioned in your letter that you would bring your three special friends, Lovell, Raby, and New-

come."
"They—they can't come, sir."
"Detained for the afternoon?"
asked Mr. Benyon sympathetically.
"Detained at the very last moment,
sir," said Tommy Dodd. "In fact,

they had started to come. They are awfully cut up at not being able to come, after your kind letter, sir."
"You must bring them another

Dodd.

You must bring them another c, James."
Certainly, sir!" said Tommy id. "They'd come straight on r, if they could. Won't you call Jimmy, sir? Nobody ever calls James. Ahem!" Which was feelly true.
Certainly, my dear hoy," said Benyon, shaking hands with him in. "How like your father you Jam

This was almost too much for Tommy Dodd; and Doyle very mearly exploded, and the rest of the party legan to cough violently. For tunately, at that moment Mr. Benyon turned away to give orders to a focuman respecting the rea. There were three more guests than had been expected. But Mr. Benyon not forgotten his old schoolidays, for the supplies that were carried out from the house were large enough for seventeen, if not seventy. And what

the supplies that were carried out from the house were large enough for seventeen, if not seventy. And what supplies they were, too! The most gorgeons feeds at Reokwood, even on first hight, when the fellows had insignificance beside this. Eggs and moffins, and ham and tongue, eakes and tarts, and scones. Eggs and moffins, and ham and tongue, eakes and tarts, and scones and buns, and doughnuts, jams and jellies, and preserves! The Modern young rawsls were not feel mov. They rejoiced in their good lack, and blessed Tommy Dodd for having thought of that astomiding scheme. It was a feed that they would remember for whole terms. What a lacky barged Jumy Silver was to have a pater's pal like this was to have a pater's pal like this Moderns should bag the treat for once. Jimmy Silver could indemnify himself next time. The only regred was that the same scheme would not be possible to carry out twie. That was a real cause for regret. Wer. Deepon hands the juniors set

was a real cause for regret.

Mr. Benyon made the juniors set
down round the table, and put them
at their case at once. Not that they
required much putting at their case.
The three Tommes were not troubled
by shyness. And any schoolboy who
had not been put at his case by the
eight of that whacking-feed would
have been a very peculiar schoolboy
have been a very peculiar schoolboy

delight.

that delight.

Every face round the big table beamed. The Modern heroes of Rookwood were having the time of their lives.

The 6th Chapter. Desperate Measures.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver & Co. ere not having the time of their

Far from it.
For about half an hour after the Moderns had left them in the loft over the old barn, they had shouted, in the faint hope that somebody might hear them, and come to the

rescue.

That hope had died away at last

They were feeling somewhat husky from their vocal efforts, and they

were in a state of temper that approached the homicidal. The thought that while they were cooling their heels in the lonely loft, the Modern raiders were scoffing their welcome and their refreshments at Oskwood made them simply

at Oakwood made them simply writhe with resident Four, the leaders and great chiefs in all the alarms and great chiefs in the complete of the state of the state

norme, and that was the rub.

"The cads! The beasts! The worms! The Modern rats!"
Jimmy Silver & Co. exhausted their vocabulary, as well as their vocabulary, as well as their vocabulary to the bare plank floor and glared at one another.

"And we've wet to the large of the state of the state

floor and glared at one another.

"And we've got to sit here like
moulting hens till they come home!"
groaned Raby. "We shall never
hear the end of this. It will be a
standing joke at Rockwood."

"The cheeky beasts, using my
name—"

"And our feed!" grunted Lovell.
"And planting us nere like this!"
mumbled Newcome. "It's too bad!
Look here, we've got to get out of it They

how."
hey dragged and dragged at
tied round their wrists. rope tied round their wrists. But they could make no impression on it. With their hands tied, they could not even have opened the trapploor, let alone descend the ladder below. But they could not even approach the trapploor to try, for the end of the rope, tied to a beam, kept then prisoners at the end of the loft. ope tied

"Well, if this is the kind of after-

"Well, if this is the kind of after-noon out you give us, Jimmy, you can leave me at home next time," groaned Newcome.

Jimmy Silver snorted.
"Tan't my fault, is it, ass?"
"Well, it isn't mine! What the dickens did you let that villain Dodd hear you read out your silly letter for?"

for?"
"How could I know he was behind
the screen, you champ?" howled
Jimmy Silver. "What did Lovell's
aunt send him that fatheaded screen

It was a jolly go

we trod on it," said Lovell,
"Oh. rats!"
"Look here, you ass—"
"Look here, you fathead-

"Look here, you fathead "Tempers geemed be rising. The Fistical Four were dangerously near to ragging one another, as there were no Moderns at hand to be ragged. Perhaps it was as well just then their hands were tied. "Look here we're."

that their hands were tied.

"Look here, we've got to get out of this." said Jimmy Silver at last, desperately, after an exchange of compliments. "It's no good Javing one another. It's those Modern cads we want to get at. If we want here till they come back, why, we shall till they come back. why, we shall the shall be chertled to death. It've got a position of the shall be considered to death. It've got a position of the shall be chertled to death. It've got a position of

how, Lovell."

"How am I to get it out, when my beastly hands are tied to your silly Can't you get it out with your

toath

teeth?"
"Can I get my head into your fat-headed pocket?"
"If you weren't a silly ass—"
"If you weren't a howling dummy

"Look here--"
"There's a pocket-knife in my
pocket," snorted Lovell. "Get it out
with your silly teeth, if you can, and

open it with your ears, if you like, and then hold it with your nose and cut this blessed cord. You're such a dashed clever silly idiot."
"I'll get it out somehow," said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "Which rotten nocket is it in?"

Jimmy Silver determinenty, rotten pocket is it in?"
"Breast pocket inside my jacket."
"Stand firm, then, while I get it

Jimmy Silver started. For some me he looked as if he were worrytime he booked as if he were worrying his chum with his beeth like a
specially savage bulldog. He get the
packet open, and he got his teeth on
the open edge of the pocket maide.
To get at the kinfe in the pocket was
impossible, but there was another
resource. Jimmy Silver fastened his
teeth tightly on the older, and impossible, but there was anomer resource. Jimmy Silver fastened his teeth tightly on the cloth, and dragged. He had good teeth, and he needed them.
"Hold on!" roared Lovell, as there

as a sound of rending cloth.
You're tearing my jacket to pieces, you ass!"
Jimmy Silver paused, crimson with

Jamy Saver paused, crimion with exertion, and glared at him. "Blow your jacket! What does your detty jacket matter? Shut up! I'm going to get that kinfe if I gnaw you to bits as well as your dashed cket!" And Silver set to work again.

And Silver set to work again. By sheer force he dragged the pocket into shreds, and the kinfe, naturally, tumbled outs, and fell on the floor. Jimmy Silver gave a breathless whoop of triumph. Lovel! regarded his jacket rather moresely. That pocket looked as if it would require "Well, there's the knife," said Raby. "Look at my jacket!" hooted

"Look at my Lovell.
"Bless your jacket! Blow your jacket! Bust your jacket!"
"You have busted it, you ass!"
"Now get your kinfe open, you shower ass." said Haby, "Go on, hold theyer ass." said Haby, "Go on, bold

"You have "Now get your kinte op Go on, he with your ears while you open with your ears while you open """." with your nose."

Jimmy Silver did not attempt to follow that sarcastic advice. The

Jumny Silver did not altempt to follow that sarcastic advice. The feat would excluding have been exceedingly difficult to perform.

"Bend down so that I can get my pass on it," he said.

The fear juntors crouched on the floor, bringing their bunch, do bound wrists close to the fallen knife. But

with ofth uniest hand together the hards hards to the hards hands to the hards hands the hards had been open, be could have taken bur to hir to use his hands. If the kinfe had been open, be could have taken it in his tech and sawed the cord with it. But it was naturally abut, himny Silver ingerest it, but he could get no erap on it to open it. Junny Silver ingerest it, but he could get no erap on it to open it. In the eight was aching, and he was no "forrader." Junny Silver patievd at last. It was only too plan that there was no which with the patient of the patient of the was not too plan that there was no which will be the way to the way with the work of the way will be the work of the work of the way in the work of the way will be the work of the work of the way will be the work of the way will be the work of the work o

Well, what have you got to allow for busting my jacket?" demanded Lovell, "Shall we sit down and look at the kmfe till those Modern cade come back?"

"Oh, cheese it! I'm not done yet. Look here, there's a big blade in that knife, and if I could get it in my But you can't, fathead!" That's all you know. I can smash

"That's all you know. I can smash the knife..."
What!"
"What!"
"What!"
"I have I in pieces, and then L. I'll have I in pieces, and then L. I'll have I in pieces and then I can pick up the blade in ny teeth..."
"That's my knife!" yelled Lovell, as Jimmy Silver started carrying out that excellent plan.
Stamp, stamp, stamp!
"Lock here, my knife..."
"Lock here, my knife..."
"Lock here, my knife..."
"Lock here..." He saveeded more, quickly than he had expected; the knife was not made to resist mage."

terrife force. He succeeded more, quickly than he had expected; the knife was not made to resist mage like that. The bone handle went into pieces, and two blades clinked losse study. He had given four-and six for that knife.

"There you are "p anneted Jimmy Silver triumphantly. "Now all bend down again, and I'll soon have hold off that blades squirmed once more on the floor of the loft. Jimmy Silver groped for the losse blade with his head, and succeeded in getting it into his teeth. He had to hold it flat, of course; but he held it, and Newcome as very tired and evaperated. Jimmy Silver, with the blade held sideways in his teeth, began to saw at the circle. I was not an easy task. It was, in fact, a very difficult task. There was a sudden flendish yell from Newcome.

NEXT MONDAY!

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THE IMPOSTORS!

Published Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

Yow! Stop sawing my wrists, you] "You merry idiot—" panted Jimmy Silver. Clink!

Clink! He had forgotten, in the excitement of the moment, that he could not hold a blade between his teeth and talk,

of the moment, that he could not hold, too.

The blade was on the floor again, and another period of stooping and another period of stooping and at last, and Jimmy Silver went on sawing. The blade was not very sarp, and Jimmy Silver was about to tall Lovell what he thought of him or carrying a blunt knife about when he cemembered himself. He did not carrying a blunt knife about when he cemembered himself. He did not carrying a blunt knife about when he cemembered himself. He did not carrying a blunt knife about when he cemembered himself. He did not a blunt with with a blunt with a blunt with with

as hard as they could, and the almost severed cord parted with a snap. The coiling cord whisked off their wrists like a snake. They were free! "Done it!" roared Raby. "Jimmy,

Done it?" roared Raby. "Jimmy, man, you're a genius-a giddy

old man, you to a genus!" "Ought to have a putty medal, by "Ought said Newcome heartily all be "Lot of good that knife will be "Lot of good that knife." Still, it was worth to the still say that Let's get out of this!" "The Classical limitors lost no time.

get out of this!"
The Classical juniors lost no time.
Jimmy Silver was already raising the
trapdoor. They slithered down the
ladder. Silver dragged out his bike,
and the others followed suit.

and the others followed suit. They rushed the bikes across the field to the road.

"Now, ited like thunder!" said Jimmy Silver, "We shall eatch the beasts all right! They won't expect us! And as soon as you see 'em, go for 'em. Never mind who's there. Just go for them, have give the build beam?" "Winstho!" "Ones de the Co. They did not need telling that. They did not need telling that cyclists went spinning down the road, at a speed which certainly exceeded the legal limit.

The 7th Chapter. A Sudden Interruption.

The 7th Chapter.

A Sudden Interruption.

"Pass the cake, old chap,"
"Jelly this way!"
"Where's that jam?"
The impostors were enjoying themselves immensely. Indeed, they had forgotten that they were impostors by defect the summer of the sum

sunskine, with the cheery talk and happy laughter of the schoolboys ringing out.
It came out that Mr. Bonyon was an old Rookwood boy himself, though it was well over forty years since he had been in Tennny Dodd's Form there. In those days, he told them, it had been all Classed,

"Must have been a drowsy sort o hole, then," remarked Tommy Cook. drowsy sort of Tommy Dodd stamped on his foot under the table. Mr. Benyon was under the impression that his guests belonged to the Classical side at Rook-

wood wood.

"You find it livelier with the new side?" asked Mr. Benyon, with a smile. "Yes; I have heard that there is keen rivalry. Quite enjoyable, I

18 keen rivery, governments and Tommy Dodd, "Of course, we always down the bounders. They haven't an earthly against us?"

"What sort of loys are the Modern fellows?" asked the old gentleman.

"Oh, brist-rate."

"Dess of the bunch, sir." said

Cook.
"Faith, and the Modern side is top

"Faith, and the Mos side at Rookwood, sort!" said Tommy Doyle. The Classical cads can't keep their end up against us!"
"You ass!" whispered Tommy Dodd en.
You
pered Ton.
furiously.
Benyon
urprise

Mr. Benyon was looking surprised. "So all your friends are not on the same side, Jinnay?" he d e,

side, Jinny? he observed.

observed.

observed.

Dovle had given himself away with a vengeance.

"Ahem! Yes — no. sir!" sta m m e r e d Tommy. Boold. "Not exactly friends on both sides. This—this chap Doyle is a Modern. We—we let him come with us because—because. — Tommy. cause—" Tommy Dodd cudgelled his brains, and was struck by a sudden inspiraton, cause he's an Irish-Dublin Fushers have played up so rippingly in the war!"

Mr. Benyon smiled.

"I am glad to see you on such good terms

you on such good terms with one another." he remarked, "and I am glad to see that it is a healthy feeling of rivalry between the two sides, and that you

a healthy feeling of rivalry between the two sides, and that you can appreciate on customers. The side of the control of the Classical characteristics of the Classical cade and the control of the control o

which gave him a most extraordina expression for a moment. "C-c-can pass you something, sir?"

"Thank you, no; but—"

"Try the jelly. Doyle, old chap said Tommy Dodd affectionately.

Doyle was nursing his foot. There was a sound of loud ringing from the direction of the gates. But the trees that bordered the lawn shut off the gates from view, and none of the merry party saw who it was that

the merry party saw who it was that entored.

"Now, shall were a walk about the grounds, my young friends?" said Mr. Benyon, as even the Modern juniors, good trenchermen as they were, showed signs of having had enough. "You shall tell me some stories of your school—I want to know he would be showed as going on after law of the Rockwood, a going on after

stories ...
how old Rookwood is goons all these years ...
"Tell him about the barring-out! chuckled Tommy Cook. "It was the time the Classical cads, sir—Ahen! ...
"the what?"

Amen.—Annu.

"Tast day a Modern too," said
Tormy Bodd, coming to the rescue,
but bestowing a kfare upon Cock.
"Shut up, Cock! If 'sa rioping story
about the barring-out, sir! There
was Lavell and Raby and Newcome
and Jimmy Silver—" "Yourself, you mean?" exclaimed
"H. Henyon, in surprise.
"On, my hat! I—I mean mum
mum-myself, of course, sir! They—I

Lovell had Lacy and Webb by the collars, and was knocking their heads together with resounding bangs. The others were all piling in. "Go it, Moderns! Yah! Classic

cade

ads!"
"Give the rotters socks!"
"Oh, my eyes! Yaroooh!"
Tramp — tramp! Bump — bump!

Transp - transp: Bump - bump their own. What does this mean?" shricked

M. Benyon. "You young rascals, low dare you come here and assault my guests' Bless my soul! Thomas—William—Peter!" The atomaded footmen rushed up, and the bentling juniors were dregged "Goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Benyon. "You—you young hooli-

a consequential and sold the

dismayed Tommy Dodd. "Are you or are you not James Silver, the son of my old friend?"
"Nunno!"
"You are not!" thundered Mr. Benyon. "Then what does this mean?"

Benyon, "Then what does this mean?"
"It's a j-j-jape;"
"Please, I'm Tommy Dodd," murmured the Modorn junior deprecatingly, "You-you see, we're up against those Classical cads, and we speeded them. Didn't mean any rather have decent Modorn chaps here; instead of those Classical worms, so we-we-

here, instead of those consistent of the comments of the comme

"So-so you are not Jimmy Silver at all?"

"So—so you are not Jimmy Silver at all."
"Numo't I'm Tommy Dodd."
"You told me "Tom Tomy Dedd on the I'm Tom Jimmy Dedd on Jimmy Louis and Lissical outsider. It's a dangerous thing to take things for granted, sir, as you were expecting that Classical outsider. It's a dangerous thing to take things for granted, I've beard our headmaster says so!"
"So it was a joke on your school."
"You sair," said Tommy Dodd, encouraged by the snale. "Only a joke on the Classical bounders, sir. They're simply born to have their legs, the said of the long of

logs pulled!"

"Why, you Modern poleen"

"You Classic ead—"

"I'll jolly well."

"Peare—peace" exclaimed Mr.
Benyon, laughing heartily.
"Sorry, sir; but that Modern worm."

worm—" that Classic

horror "Come, come! You must be friendly here!" said Mr. Benyon.
"You four boys must be hungry.
Come, sit down, and tell me about

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another. Then they grinned. After all, it had been just such a jape as they might have played on the Moderns, and their wrath never lasted long. They burst into a laugh n. Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver. I let you off this time, Tommy

"Fill let you off this Dodd"
"Jolly good thing for you, Jimmy
"Josepher that

Silver!"
The Fistical Four discovered that The Fistical Four discovered that they were hungry-very hungry. The table was replicished, and they at down to tea. The secon Molerna was the second of the table was replicished, and they was banished now; it was the case of the tion and the lamb lying in peace together. The second of the lamb lying in peace of the tion and the lamb lying in peace of the time of the lamb lying in peace of the time of the lamb lying the second of the lamb lying the second of the lamb from loth which and the lamb lying in the lamb lying lying the lamb lying the lamb lying the lamb lying lying the lamb lying the lamb lying lying the lamb lying lyin

It was after all, a merry meal.

Mr. Benyon heard a full account
of the jage from both sides, and
Tommy Dodd & Co, were relieved to
find that he regarded the matter from
its humorous side. In fact, the old
gentleman hunghed till he almost By the time the Fistical Four had

By the time the Fistical Four had finished a tremendom tea, it was time to start home to Rookwood. All the guests, Classical and Modern, assured Mr. Benyon that they had never upont so ripping an afternoon; and the old gentleman, laughing, assured them that he had also enjoyed that after-noon immensely. Classicals and Moderns, on the best

of the state of the deep state of the state of terms tow, took their leave, Mr. Benvon insisting that the whole party should pay him another visit shertly. Apparently, he had a kind regard for both Classicals and Modern—a fact which surprised both patries. In the potalled away down the road in the sunset, and the truce lasted till they reached Rookwood, just in time to rush in before locking-up. They went in together to calling over, Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd actely; but when they separated to go to their own quarters their remarks were:

ately; but any quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity own quantity own quantity own quantity own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity of their own quantity own quantity of their own quantity own quant

Lovell,
"Wo're the genuine article," said
Jimmy Silver. "Those fellows ain't
respectable; they're Modern cads!"
"What—what!" gasped Mr.
Benyon. "Boy, why do you not
speak!" He stared sternly at the

"Clear out, you Classic worms"
"For gondness' sake go and bury
that face, Doddy!"
"Bow-wow! Who was tied up in
a barn, and had his feed scoffed?"
hooted Tonany Dodd triumphantly.
A minute later, Bulkeley of the
Sixth had to come along with an ash-plant to restore order. Evidently
the truce was at an end. THE END.

"Up the ladder gans, how dare you! I hope you are not hurt, Jimuny—"No; right as rain, thanks," said Jimmy Silver, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. his handkerchief.
The handkerchief came away very The handkerchief came away very all was addressing you; I was addressing you; I was addressing you. I was addressing the control of the control of the control of the control of the basis get away? Oh, my hat well, we've had the feed!" murmored Tommy Dovid.

owner of that name. "That Modern worm has been borrowing my

"And scoffing our feed;" roared

way with those Classical worms!" said Tommy Dedd. "Us And the four Classicals were hauled up towards

ean, we—that is to say, us—w ey—had a barring-out in the tu slop, and—"
Tommy Dodd's lucid narration was
interrupted by a sudden yell, which
rang across the sunny lawn.
"There they are! Go for the

"Give the Modern cads socks!"
"Pile in!"

"Pile in"
Tommy Dodd jumped up with a
gasp of ahrm. Four flushed and
dusty jumiors were rushing up the
drive. They came across the lawn
the property of the first of the pile of the
legislation of the first of the pile
"Oh, the rush of the pile
"Oh, the pile of the pile
"Oh, the pile of the pile
"Great Scott"
"Great Scott"
"Silver for one" yelled Jimmy
Silver for one" yelled Jimmy

Silver.

"Go for 'em?" yelled Jimmy
Silver. instant the four corraged
Classical were on their foes. They
did not even look at Mr. Benyon.
The old gentleman had started up in
a state of the greatest stronishment.
His astonishment changed to alarm as
solves upon his guests.
The Moderns, taken by surprise,
were knocked right and left. The
table went reeling, and there was a
terrific exalt of crockery.
Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd
rolled on the havn in a will embrece.

"Well, we've had the feed." more mured Tommy Doyle.
"And now there'll be the thunder." And now there'll be the thunder. Well you tell me what this means?" demanded Mr. Benyon, not quite sure whether he was standing on his head or his breds.
"That Classical rotter......" That Classical rotter......" "That Modern became berrowing my

OUR COMPANION THE MACNET LIBRARY—td. | THE CEM LIBRARY—td. | THE DREADNOUCHT—td. | THE PENNY POPULAR. | CHUCKLES—åd. | Every Wodnesday. | Every Thursday. | Every Friday. | Every Saturday.

Lov

YOUR EDITOR'S D



THE FUTURE OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND."

ITH this, our fourth Bumper Number of THE BOXS' FRIEND, I should like to my numerous chums most heartily for the splendid way in which

heartily for the splendid way in which they have backed up the old paper. Now that my readers have been given the greatest journalistic treat over set before the British public, I know I can count on them to con-tinue to give their whole-hearted sup-port to the champion of boys' papers. The fact that on Monday next THE BORY FEREN returns to its usual THE BOYS FRIEND returns to its usual style need in no way impair its success, for the forthcoming features are absolutely "great," and such as will appeal to every British boy. I do not therefore, anticipate any falling-off in circulation; and I look to my loyal chums to show their appreciation of the superb numbers just issued by continuing to \$t\$. "Dee BOYS." FRIEND through these and rund. I do not think I need say more than this on the subject.

THE FAME OF JIMMY SILVER

A few mouths ago the name of Jimmy Silver, schoolboy and sportsman, was unknown to the world. Now, however, there is hardly a household to which his exploits have not pent that the property of the state of the sta

effect.
There will also be two stirring in-stalments of our popular serial stories, and, altogether, my chums will derive much pleasant and wholesome enter-tainment from next Monday's superb

AN ASPIRANT FOR THE LIFE GUARDS.

GUARDO.

R. C. W., of Taunton, tells me that he think of joining the Life Guards. He says he is eighteen years of age, stands five feet eleven inches in his socks, and measures 572 inches round the cheer of the condition of the

got to be licked into shape got to be licked into shape with as little delay as possible, they may experience some pressure; but the intelligent, sensible lad who does his level best won't find the riding-school anything but a very pleasant experi-

Published Every Monday

lessons. We miss two or three of the course, if my Taunton chum desn't know how to rade a horse at do so is like learning everything else—a source of some little trouble. Still, it is rather a libel to say that reentist are knocked about and treated badly. A riding-school, naturally, is not a nursery for infants, but a medium for young non to be they need not expect to be handled with kid gloves.

FROM ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER.

I have pleasure in publishing the following postcard exactly as I received it, as I want to encourage all Boys' FRIEND readers to write to me when they are in any difficulty or in need of advice.

"Dear Editor,—Your kind letter of advice came to hand a few days ago. I was very thankful for your splendid counsel, and shall never forget you as long as I live.

as long as I live.

"I am very food of The Boys'
FRIEND, and especially the stories of
Rookwood, which, in my opinion,
could not fail to appeal to any boy.

YOUR EDITOR

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

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

Arthur S. Hardy's boxing yarns are also 'top-hole.'
"With best wishes, H. P."

Honestly, I may tell my host of chums that I shall be just as glad to give them a little help, or to reply to them through the post if necessary, provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with their letter, as I was to give it to H. P. I want

. Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me showt yourdel, let me know readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or posteard, may be sure of receiving a member of the stamped envelope or posteard, may be sure of receiving a final member of the stamped envelope or posteard, may be sure of receiving a final member of the stamped of t

you all to feel-as I have

you all to feel—as I have these columns—that in me you can trust, to whom you can write when you want intermed whom you can write when you want into metalty which you find impossible of solution. I want you to regard your felitor as a friend to whom you may go with you find the young will be the young that when you ask for anything—if it is thimmally possible—I will do it for a humally possible—I will do it for

SCHOOLMASTER'S TRIBUTE.

Among the many hundreds of letters which reach me daily, I is usually discover communications from various individuals in high positions, and such episles are especially gratifying to me, since they serve to show entering the server of the boys of the present generation. Appended is an extract from the letter of a Johannesburg school. Boys Farsh, is appreciated in that part of the world:

"Your words seem to appeal to me very much, because I am one of those who place the building up of boys' characters far above brilliant scholar-

characters far above brilliant scholar-ship.

"I have been a teacher for over thirty years, and headmaster for twenty-five, so I feel myself com-petent to speak with some authority.

"When I tell you that nothing pleases me more even now than to join the boys in their games, and that I was head of the bowling averages last year, you will see that I don't terrel old at fifty. I don't turn that a lease from my school, but the second of the last seems of the second of the last seems of the last seem

a read it out a share as in the ching p day, and shall read your celifornia ablice to them when we commence next term.

"Kindly evenue my lengthy letter," but I have been going to write to you for a long time to tell you that I have watched the development of your publications from the commencent. I calt honestly say that I can scholars with perfect confidence, for there is a fine sense of honour and fair-play about the characters in your there is a fine sense of honour and fair-play about the characters in your stories. The tales of Rookword School are particularly amusing, and Mr. Conquest is a genits of no mean order. You are indeed fortunate in critis for your paper.

Scace forbids me to quote any

Space forbids me to quote any further from the letter of my school master freuel; but I am most grateful on the first or the complimentary of the above portion of his letter will convince any doubting Thomases who may exist that this pournal is in no way aliest to hooks of the "blood-and-thunder" outer.

ON GAMBLING.

A reader living at Heaton. New-castle on-Tyne, has written me a very carnest letter on the subject of gambling by boys. He says that he works with a number of other young fellows, and he finds that quite a number of them make bets on horse-races nearly every days. races nearly every day, and this in spite of the fact that this country is

pite of the fact that this country is

I am not an alarmist, but there can
be no question that in many of our
large cities this gambling is becoming
a very serious matter. It is all the
more serious when one considers that
there are unseruptions men and
youths who are willing to bet with
these simple-mixed boys, and who
these simple-mixed boys, and who
there is no serious without the least
besitation.

A boy who becomes a victum of the
gambling fever, if he has a "screw
loose" in his moral character, will
descend to almost any depth of
crimmatity.

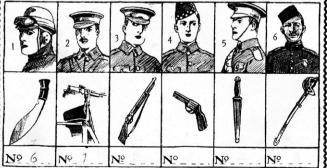
loose," in his moral character, will descend to almost any depth of Some boys, however, get sick of betting when they discover that for every win they get probably ten losses, and discontinue the babit. Still, there are a number of very foolish boys who persist in the inquiring the still the series of the ser

YOUR EDITOR.

GRAND COMPETITION!

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

4th Coupon: WHICH ARE THEIR WEAPONS?



Above will be found two rows of drawings. The top row consists of sketches of different classes of men serving under the British flag, and in the bottom row are shown the weapons which these men use. All competitors have to do is to decide which weapon each man uses. Having come to a decision, write in the space left under each weapon the number of the man who uses that particular weapon which is shown above that space.

Having written in the numbers keep this form by you, for next week there will be given another that the state of the space of

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

THE FIRST CHAPTERS OF OUR STIRRING ARMY-LIFE STORY.



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 They have great difficulty in paying their way, and at last Tom decides to swallow his pride, and to go and ask help from his uncle, JOSHUA HEPSTONE, who has never shown any affection towards him and his sister.

He knocks at his uncle's door, and such his way answer, walks in.

He knocks at his uncle's door, and receiving no answer, walks in.
Arrived at the sitting-room, he is surhe floor, and an open cashbox on the table. Before he can move, Tomhears a loud knocking at the front door, and, realising that he will be accused aids arresded for the mutder, of the old man, clashes out of the house, and at the same time observes. woman gazing at him from a win

dow opposite.

In order to escape detection. Tom says good-bye to his sister, premising to write to her through the papers, and joins the Army in the name of Brooks.

in camp Tom feels that he Once in camp tom even contact is safe until he comes into contact with a man named Barfield. The latter knows the reason why Tom has joined the Army, but promises to keep silent. Tom hitle knows that

enase, and catching sight of a man in civilian clothes running away, he dashes after him and captures him. He is holding the man down, when Barfield dashes up and exclaims: "If that man is caught, I denounce you as the murderer of Joshua Hepstone," What does Tom do?

(Now read on.)

Called to Account.

Nearer and nearer Parker and the ther soldiers drew, running at top need, whilst Tom stood white and naken. Perhaps his life was hanging speed, shaken. on the answer he would give. Again Barfield shouted.

"They are coming," he cried, "and I will denounce you as the murdarer of "They are coming," he cried, "and I will denoince you as the murderer of your uncle if you refuse to let my friend escape. You have six seconds yet. Look at them and see for your-self. What will you do?"

"I'll be loyal to the oath I've taken." Tom answered firmly. "I'll do my duty to my King and country at all costs. Ili, there, Parker! Come

on my outly to my King and country at all costs. Ill, there, Parker! Come on! Come on! He turned to seize his prisoner again. But Barfield had played for time, and his cunning had won. In those few moments, whilst Tom's attention had been diverted, the man had got to his feet, and was running. had got to his feet, and was running away. With a yell, the lad dashed after him. Parker, leading the others by ten yards, burst into the wood. He saw Tom running, and a man in

civilian garb sixty yards ahead of him. The sergeant rushed or

civilian garb sixty yards shead of him. The sergenar trashed on, a Tom was gaining, but the wood was small and his quarry was near the far side. A motor-engine was throbbing on the road hard by. Packer saw the man jump on to the road, he saw the ran on and sprang into the exact the ran on and sprang into the exact the ran on and sprang into the exact Twenty yards away a motor was moving away, rapidly getting up speed. Two men were in it—one at the wheel, the other holding on to the dashbeart. And I on was lying out the wheel the other holding on to the dashbeart. And I on was lying out pale, his arms outstretched, his eyes closed, and blood trickling from an ugy gash over his right temple. ugly gash over his right temple.

ugty gasn over his right temple.

Parker rushed after the motor. A
mocking laugh came back to him as
it now shot away at terrific speed. He
turned and hurried to Tom. At this
moment Barfield jumped on to the
coad leading the other soldiers.

read leading the other older to the read leading the other older of the Fraker, that he got away." Barfield cried. Parker, who was bending down over Tom, drew himself up straight, "What are you doing here, anyhow?" he asked coldly.

Barfield blinked. the village with the Law brooks chasing that fellow, and I was on my way back," he replied. "I saw Brooks chasing that fellow, and I joined in, of course. What's the trouble, though? Who is the man, and why was Brooks trying to earth him."

Parker did not reade.

the trouble, though? Who is the man, and why was Brooks trying to eatch him."

Parker did not reply. He got down on one knee and rassed Tom's head. One of the other soldiers had filled came hurrying with it. They splashed Tom's face. Parker put the lad's head and shoulders comfortably on his kfee. They waited. Presently Tom grouned, his eyedis filekered, he opened his eyedis filekered, he opened his eyes, and they will be supposed his eyes, and struggling to time. "The william with him had a clust and but he coad. If it wasn't for that me the coad. If it wasn't for that me the coad. If it wasn't for that me the coad. If it wasn't for that mittees, and you'll be a couple of mitutes, and you'll be a couple of the fill of the series. The his felt will be a couple of the series of the couple of the series of the couple of the soldiers. Parker helped Tom to his feet. The lad felt very dizzy, and was glad of the series of the property of the couple of the couple of the couple of the property of the property of the couple of the couple

The soldiers tramped away: Leaning heavily on Parker's arm at first. Tom kept silent as they walked slowly along. Every moment he was growing stronger, and his brain was clearing. Suddenly he shook himself free and tried to walk alone.

and tried to walk alone.
"What's up?" Parker asked.
"It's my fault!" Tom gasped.
"That scounders should be a prisoner now. I didn't play the game. I meant to catch him. I had him down, but when Barfield stepped im."
He granued as he tottered along. Parker whatled.
"You followed him up right to the "You followed him up right to the

"You followed him up right to the finish, and you only gave in when you were knocked out of tune." he said. "I saw that for myself. In fact, I think you put up an uncommon good show. And you ween't fooling, were you! You meant having him at the ig him

Yes, I did." Tom said earnestly. But you don't know all."
Parker took the lad's arm gently

Parker took the rad's aim gency again.

"I'm not sure that I don't guess more than you think," he said, "and I'm not certain either that I want to hear any more. Barfield is in this business, and I've had my suspicious about him for a good while now."

"That scoundrel is a friend of Bar-field's!" Tom gasped out. "Barfield threatened me if I wouldn't let him

"I can guess the threat he made," Parker replied, his face grim. "And in spite of it you didn't yield. You sluck to your duty. What more can a soldier do? The man has got away, a soldier do? The man has got away, but it's not likely he'll come to the camp again after this; he's too jolly-well scared, I reckon."
"If the colonel knew all that hannened..." Tou began.

"If the colonel knew all that happened—" Tom begin to catch the man, and he wouldn't get hin," Parker rejoined. "Now, Brooks, let us look at this business squarely. You've never done anything of which you need be sahamed, yet you're in as big a fix as if you had, and that's rotten hard luck.

ten hard luck.

Barfield, like the cur he is, is ng this knowledge against you, by should you tell the colonel about all this when the colonel can't do any all this when the coloned can't do any-thing? I saiv: it the right and proper game to sit tight until we can all proper game to sit tight until we can like.

I'll solve all their's bradding me.

I'll solve all their's bradding me.

"I'll solve and win."

"Then you think I'm justified in "Then you think I'm justified in "I'do; and I'm going to keep a couple of things! I can do, and I'll fix one of 'em up as soon as we get to the camp."

hx one or cm up as soon as we get the camp."

"What are they?" Tom asked.

Parker chuckled.

"You'll see pretty soon," he plied. "And I mean giving that si plied. ."And I mean giving that surry fellow Dempster a gruelling also. He's too much of a pal of Barfield's for my liking. Now, when we get to camp you go to your tent and lie down and leave everything to me." Tom was glad to take this advice, for he was still feeling very shaken, and Parker set off in search of Captain

search of Captain
Hatton.
"Well, sergeant,
how did the two
squads get on this
afternoon?" Hatton

"Brooks showed up very well, sir," Parker very well, sir," l replied. "I Knight and his sel Knight and his squad to attack, and Brooks to entrench and defend. Brooks made a second trench and enfiladed Knight when he took the first. It wasn't a bad piece of work." No. Knight came

on too quick. I suppose?"
Yes, sir, but he

"Yes, it but he was a suppose of the same. Last turn the was Knight who best Brooks." "They're hoth learning, and they're hoth learning, and they're the hoth promising men." Il at ton remarked. Well, is there anything else, you have to report! "musele of Parker's face chauged, the fight be his duty to tell of the hunt for scounder who had escaped, but he was agoing to postpose

going to postpone doing so, for Tom's sake. For another reason, though, he was glad that the question had been

"We had a bit of a scamper acro country afterwards to open our wind-pipes," he said; "and the men are in tip-top condition."
"Yes?"

"Yes?"
"But Barfield, who had been o duty in the village, joined in. He's as soft as butter, and as wheezy as a sick eat. He hasn't come on a bit since he injured."

Hatton looked grave.
"He's as strong as any man in the egiment," he said. "Why was it hat he was put in the orderlyroom

Someone was wanted, sir, and Sergeant Farby recommended him."

"I remember. Brooks knew him before enlistment, and spoke well of him. Someone must do the orderly-room work. Is there anyone else you

kenn ut."

"The 's Somes, sir,' Parker replied. "He's not a strong lul, and, if anything, he's heen too keen, not sparing himself any way. He would be the better for a rest."

"Quite so. A man can strive to get up his strength too fast. All right, serigent, 1ll tell listified he's Somer's is telling in spheer."

Captain Hatton walked into the orderly-room.

erly-room. Barfield!" he cried. The spy jumped to attention and saluted.

saluted.

"Sergeant Parker has just been speaking to me." Hatton went on; and Barfield's knees began to kneek together. "You had a run across country with him to day e.b."

"Yyes, sir," Burfield faltered.
"And the sergeant tells me that you didn't show up very well."

"The colour slowly e-bed from the spread of the strength of the s

I-I don't understand, sir!" he

and the second of the second o

relieve you at once, and then go and see Sergeant Parker. He is expecting you.

It is the room, and Barfield by the seed of th

With a gasp, he looked round. The evidence of his guilt was in the orderly-room. If a search was made

He deshed to his deak But before he could find what he sought he heard a brisk step, and next moment Somers was in the

next moment Somers was in the form of the control o

Barfield Catches It.

Barfield Catches It.

Parker was sitting before his tent smoking his pipe, and his eyes twinticled as Barfield approached.

Captain Hatton has sent me to your seegeant, Barfield said nervous seegeant, Barfield said nervous control of the seegeant seegeant

have a chat with the men of the platonic following day, after dimer, the platonic following day, after dimer, the platonic man was mustered for field exercises. They marched off from camp along the country roads for two miles, and, turning up a laneway, they came to a wide stretch of comments of the control of the contr

half a sore of ambulances lying on the ground.

Parker explained the work they were to practise in that wood, and we're to attack," he said. "Our beavy guns lave been bombarding it, and the general has ordered the assault. The line of country across ion't as easy as you think. You'll, find a bit of husely land first, then a thick senth. Take shelter there tall on the properties of the properties of the the properties

which are all the heavy rain is full of water.

"Wait there till all are up. Then charge the wood. The idea is that you are to be outnombered and better back. You must had and save your wounded on the return all high them as I think well—and, mind, you've get to find them, and the processing the processin

They started, Parker keeping semi-men with him, whom he meant to represent the ambulance-bearers and

represent the ambulance-bearers and wounded.

The soldiers went ahead, and did the work to his satisfaction. He was been applied to the work to his satisfaction. He was bearing convealed the wounded, when they reached the wounded, when they reached the wood.

"The enemy's fire is terrific, sergent." Knight said, with a grin, his face plastered against the ground. "There's nothing for it but to retreat," said Parker. "Get back as quick as you can if you want to axwe your sains ground to be a supplied to the property of th

WITH BUGLE & BAYONET!

(Continued from previous page.)

"One of the staff from the War Office has come down, and also a detective from Scotland Yard," Farby replied, "They're with the colonel and the adjutant, and they're had me on the carpet and a couple more. They wanted you particularly. Say Parker, you hayon't been keep-

had me on the carpes are more. They wanted you particularly. Say, Parker, you haven't been keeping anything back, have you'!"
Farker started.
"H'm." he said. "They've heard about something that happened yesterday, and the detective is keen about a fellow who has been identified in a motor. They wanted to know if I saw him. If you knew anything about him.

Parker ran to the ditch. struggling with the Barfield ambulance-men.
"Hallo! What's up?" Parker de-

manded sternly.
"We had the ill-luck to upset the "We had the ill-luck to upset the ambulance, sergeant," a recruit named Watson—one of those with whom Parker had taken a stroll on the previous evening—explained, struggling to hide a grin.

the previous evening—explained, and you carrying a wounded and you carrying a wounded and you carrying a wounded to the control of the contro

"When I get on the bank I'll lie down," he snarled. "But here in this rotten ditch—"

"You can't move a step unaided with a broken leg. You've hadrotten lack to be chucked out of the ambulance, but that's the fortune of war." Parker shouted. "Where you fell out there you must be put back. Be quick, the lot of you! Chuck him down! Banke him in! Off you

A couple were dragging the ambu-bance out of the mud. The other two seized Barfield and flung him on to it so heavily that he fell back into the water again. Groping in the mud, the four grasped the poles and staggered up to the far side of the

n. Run-run!" Parker commanded.

"Run-run!" Parker communided.
"Get him out of the line of free, any-how. That's right! Ah, you are a clumyl lot!"
They were running along, not keeping step. One man stumbled sideways with a third. In the sideways with a third free following and abusing them roundly, and his shoulders having with support the property of the rear they when they got to the rear they when they got to the rear they may be a support of the rear they are the support of the rea

when they got to the rear they opposed to ambiulance and began to describe the control of the co

"I'm—"
"Don't bandy words with me!
I'm speaking for your good," Parker
commanded. "Start off at once!
I'll put you in the guard-room if you

delay."

Barfield sullenly obeyed. He headed for the camp, Knight and Gregson on either side setting the pace, and Parker loaded his pipe and complacently. He

Gregson on either side setting the pace, and Parker loaded his pipe and pulled on it complacently. He winked at Ton, and the latter joined him whist the men lay down to rest.

"Yes, and you did it joile well," Tom replied, "Still, I was a hit sorry for Barrield. The men handled him most awfully, and—"". And it will do him good—that is, and the still, and the still still and the still, and the still still and the still still and the still still still and the still sti

And, with a nod, he wheeled round and disappeared behind a row of

The Night Alarm,

The Night Alarm.

Trembling with fury and gasping for breath as Knight and Gregon kept him at a sharp trot. Barfield at last reached the camp. A hearty laugh at his woobegene appearance from the soldiers gathered there, as uniform, added to his rage. Vowing vengeance on Parker if ever the chance came his way, he took off his uniform and put it before the fire, the chance came his way, he took off his uniform and put it before the fire, and the contract of th

ing papers.

He had slunk away whenever he

He had sings away whenever had seen an officer approaching, now, when dry and clean again, joined his comrades, he heard of visit paid by the staff officer and visit pand by the start officer and the detective to the camp. All were talking about it. That a staff officer should call scemed quite natural, But a detective! What could be possibly want, unless some crime had been committed?

Barfield went in search of Dempster when the latter returned. Dempster

were in the room, and his evil conscience made him hurry on. About the camp he wandered all the even-ing, and at reveille he flung himself down in his tent, having abandoned all hope.

all hope.

His brain was in an agony. The other soldiers were electing heavily. For him there was no rest of body or mind. In the darkness, unable to stir, lying helpless, his agitation grew greater every hour. Then one last despend to the stirling was better than this undurable suppose. He was lying the control of the stirling was better than this undurable suppose. He was lying that the stirling was better than this undurable suppose. He was lying that the stirling was better than the undurable suppose. He was lying that the stirling was better than the control of the stirling was the stirling was a stirling was stirling was

Then, raising the window, he stepped into the room and felt in his pocket or a box of matches.

He lit the lamp and hurried to the

desk. As he had expected, it was locked, and with both hands he tried and with both hands he tried nich open the lid. He was not He stepped to the fireplace, up a poker, and, putting the across a chair and one end poker across a chair and one end under the projecting surface of the lid, he tried to force it with this

lid, he tried to force it with this leverage.

At last, with a dull snap, the lock broke. Feverishly he hunted for the papers. His heart jumped into

everything, gazing around, and up at the stars occasionally. And all of a sudden he jumped to his feet. Away to the right a streak of smoke was rising steadily. Ho hurried off in the direction of

He harried on in the state who smoke.

He came near to the orderly-room; he saw dense wreaths of smoke pouring out of the window. He did not delay longer. Putting both hands to his mouth, he yelled: "Fire! Fire!"

"Fire! Fire!"
His strong voice rang clear as a trumpet, far and wide, over the camp. Again he shouted, and again. The camp was aroused now. He shaked for the window. His foot tripped over something soft, and he cle. Picking himself up, he felt and touched human form, Amazed, and touched human form, the smooth of the control of the con

rushed to the window again, knowing well that he was facing death. Accident had brought him to the post, but, being there, his duly as a soldier was clear and it did not occur to imm to shrink from it. All the to imm to shrink from it. All the room; it was essential that they should be saved. He sprang in through the window, and, groping his way in the sinck, he found the desk, and dragged it across the room. Exerting all his strength, he pitched it Exerting all his strength, be pitched in the strength of the strength of

his work accomplished.

He turned, dashed across the room.

his work accomposed.

He turned, dashed across the room, and flung limself against the door. It shook volotely, but did not yield. It shook volotely, but did not yield, and the shook with all the strength of desporation, and at last is crashed open. He fell headlong on the ground, picked himself up, and reading into the orderly-room, set to work again. Not one but every man in camp had tumbled out by this time, and he knew where the fire was becated. In knew where the fire was becated. In knew where the fire was becated, in hand. Those reaching the spot first hand. Those reaching the spot first hand. These reaching the spot first hand, the work where a storished to see books, papers, files. boxes coming through the window. The hugle was celoning far and wide; soldiers were forming up in two lungs, and bugkets were being

window. The bugle was echoing far and wide; soliders were forming up in two loves, and buckets were being passed along. Suddent! Tom was been supported to the suddent suddent

"Yes, sir."
"And you risked your life to save

"And you risked your life to save the regimental papers, and you succeeded. None of them have been lost. You've shown a fine example, and not for the first time. You have earned further-promotion, and I don't think it will be long before there is a vecaucy."

vacancy."

His voice was hard as he concluded.

Tom did not speak.

"Did you observe anything as you got near the fire?" asked the colonel.

"No, sir— Ah, that is, I fell over someone," Tom corrected him-

"Can you identify the man?"
"No, sir."
"There he is, Corporal Brooks!"
ic colonel rapped out contemptu-

"There he is, Corporal Brooks," the colone rapped out contemptionsly, indicating Parker, "There is the names acgreant in this regiment, an old soldier, one who has served his king in the field, and who has served his king in the field, and who has sank King in the field, and who has sank To-night he tried to set fire to the orderly-room. Yesterday he allowed a soundrel to escape." The still, Corporal Brooks," the coloned commended, "One panted. "You are allogether wrong, Parker is one of the grandest soldiers who ever wore the uniform. He is as true as steel, and—"?

ever wore the uniform. He is as true as steel, and—"
Parker staggered forward.
"Hold your tongue, Brooks!" he thundered. "This is my show! And I'm going to see it through!"

(Will Parker sufer for Barfeld's mening action! Another enthralling instalment next Monday. Don't miss it!)



"Fire!" ever and rushed to the scene of the most to quell the outbreak.

"Then I've got till to-morrow to "Then I've got till to-morrow to think over everything." Parker re-plied. "I'll keep silent till then, anyhow."
"You do know something?" Farby suggested.

suggested.

"It's not my secret," Parker replied stoutly,
"I understand. Still, you must think of yourself, old man."

"We're both old soldiers, and we know the game as it has always been played in the Service," Parker gravely replied. "I can see I've got a tough ant ahead to crack, and I'm gring the beautiful of the second of the secon

present."

"I once nearly lost my stripes for standing to a pal, and in the same circumstances I would take the risk again," Farby remarked. "I guess your case is something smilar. Well, good luck to you, and you may be save I won't talk. But keep out of the adulant's way to might; I pay he spider, and invite you into parlour."

Parker grinned, though he was ill

Parker grinned, though he was ill

Farker grands, at case.

"I'll be in the camp all night," he said, "and yet it would be a smart man who would be able to find me. I'm going on my lonesome

"You've heard about the detective?" Bartield began.

I guess I'm going to get a time of the second of the began to the second of the began to the second of the second of

and Parker—"

He broke into a vindictive laugh.

Barfield dared not show his terro

Barfield dared not show his torror or rage. Dempster did not know he was a spy. Dempster had no idea that he had taken a step which might mean his ruin. Leaving him with that horids snug grin on his face. Barfield went away almost in despair. What could be possibly do now to save himself. Was any chance still

There was just one, but it was sperate. If the incriminating There was just one, but it was desperate. If the incriminating documents had not yet been discovered, and if he could get them, all might yet be well. He sauntered round by the orderly-room, trying to look unconcerned. He cursed his luck as he saw that several officers

heard about the detec-held began. I'm going to d I guess I'm going to my own back," Dempster It was I who let the cat lad not been detected.

Again his blood ran cold. He heard a measured footstep coming round by the side of the wooden building. Somoone was patrolling there. He had five seconds to fling up the window and get away. Setzing the nad a ve seconds to ming up the window and get away. Seizing the poker again, he swung round by the side of the deek, bumping heavily against it. He heard the crash of splintering glass as he flung up the window. Reckless now, he jumped

out.

A man dashed round the corner.
Barfield struck savagely, and the man
fell on his face. The villain jumped
over him, ran on to the grass, had
the presence of mind still to avoid the the presence of mind still to avoid the tent-pegs, got to his tent, and lay down. Raising the canvas, he rolled in gently. None of his comrades had stirred in the fifteen minutes since he had left.

stirred in the meen minutes since in had left.

But he was not the only one who had been lying awake that night. Tom, too, was restless and anxious, the also had heard of the detective's visit, and had with himself.

in connection with himself.

As time passed, and he could not sleep, he felt it would be better if he got out of the tent, and sat in the open air. So he, too, crawled out, and sat smoking his pipe, his hands locked around his knees, trying to think out



The 1st Chapter.

Old Enemics.

George Martin, promoter and boxing manager, and owner of the St. George's Boxing Hall, E., entered the rival establishment, the Star, whose fortunes were presided over by Bob Lewis, in no enviable frame of

mind.
His face was set, and his eyes gimted malevolently.
He found one of the regular attendants of the hall, a man named Hughes, snoking a pipe as he leant against the wall.
"Is Bob in?" growled the visitor.
"To be sure, sir! You'll find him the office," answerd the attend-

ant.
George Martin passed the man by, and harrying enwards, burst into the office of the rival promoter as if his very existence depended upon his basto.

Bob Lewis looked up as Martin came in, and instantly prepared himself for trouble.

"Hallo, George!" said he. "Nice

self for trouble.
"Hallo, George!" said he. "Nice
day, isn't it?"
The rival promoter growled out

The rival promoter growled out some reply which was not audible.

"Anything I can do for you. George?" asked Bob Lowis genially.

"Yes," answered George Martin.
"And what's that?"

Martin soized a chair and drew it Martin soized a chair and drew it puntil it was near that in which Bob Lewis sat. Then, with fingers interlaced, he leant forward, king his eyes

laced, be least forward, fixing his eyes on Lewis.

"Look here," said he, "you've work of the last fixed here with the last fixed here with the last fixed here.

"And you've got young Cohen to consent to go fifteen rounds against him. Cohen is one of my own particular pets, and I don't think it was ruight have chosen another lad, seeing how often Cohen has shown at the St. George's Hall."
"Wait a moment," said Lewis.

ing now often Cohen has snown at the St. George's Hamlett," said Lewis. "What a moment," said Lewis. The condition of the state of the contest, and the other side accepted. There's an end of it as far as I'm concerned. If you think you've got a grievance because Cohen is going to box for me, go and see his soing to box for me, go and see his "That's only part of the trouble," observed George Martin, with a scowl.

scowl

observed George Martin, with a servel.

"Oh! And what's the other?"
"Why did you fix on next Monday for your show?"
"When did you fix on next Monday for your show?"
"Because," answered Bob Lewis, "of late, ever since Bob Adams beneght young Ion Bales improved. I couldn't afford to stage a show on Monday before. Now I think I can risk it. And Monday happens to be the best night in the week, barring Saturday, on which to put on a box gray show, George."
George Martin uttered a grunt of discontent.

George Martin littered a grain of discontent.

"Well, I don't call it pally!" he cried. "I've always opened the St. George's Hall on a Monday, and I think you might have chosen some other day."

other day."
"Oh, you do, do you?"
"Certainly! Why not have chosen
Wednesday or Thursday? You
wouldn't clash with my night then.
You could have your grab, and I'd
have mine, and we'd both get full
value for our trouble. What's your

idea in opening on a Monday? Do you mean to try and cripple me?" And Martin struck his chest with his clenched fist to emphasise his words.

his clenched fixt to emphasise his war and the companion of the companion

It you times so, "returned Bob Lewis calmly, why don't you shift your show?" Because mine's a long-standing institution. The public expect me to "Because mine's a long-standing institution. The public expect me to "Look here, George," said Bob Lewis, and his manner was so carnest and quiet that one could not doubt his genuineness, "if you'd come to me a week sap 'Ed have obliged you. But F didn't know you'd come to me a week sap 'Ed have obliged you. But F didn't know you'd come to me a week sap 'Ed have obliged you. But F didn't know you'd come to make you had not so will be a look of the come to have the public will be a look of the come to have the public will be a look of the come to have the same than the public will be a look of the come a look of the work of the come a look of the look

can't alter things now."

"I don't care a rap what you've one!" shouted George Martin, in a reatening voice. "You'll have to

done." shouted George Martin, in a heratening voice. "You'll have to alter the date!"
"Have to!" repeated Bob Lewis.
"Those are strange words to use to me, Mr. Martin. I'm not used to 'em. Bob Lewis doesn't have to do anything he deen't want to do. Now, if you've come to the end of your complaints, perhaps you'll have any to be a supply of the complaints of the perhaps to be a supply of the complaints of the perhaps you'll are a supply of the perhaps you'll you work. I've get a supply of the perhaps you'll you work. I've get "You're training to the work."

a lot to do."
"You're trying to thin me, you and
Ben Adama between you!" shouted
the irate promotor. "You've already
damaged my son's reputation through
young Tenn Belcher. But there's a
limit. If you refuse to alter the date
of next Monday's show, I'll make you
suffer for it!

hinti. If you retuse to anor content dought's show, I'll make you suffer for it.

"Look here, George," he cried.

"Jook here, George," he cried.

"you ought to know me better. We both fought at the same time, and clashed on three occasions years ago. It mluckly lost one of our say you know I never committed, and the other two I won by putting you to sleep. And although you may be a year or two the younger man, I'm no more afraid of you now that you have been a fine of the property of the p

do think I should be able to fight and beat an old-stager like you."

George Martin looked at Bob Lewis's lined and seamed face and grey hair. He took stock of his ample proportions, and, faneying that he was in very much the better con-dition of the two, he laughed derisively.

he was in the dition of the two, he made derisively.
"What!" he cried. "Would you chances against me, Bob?"
"was the "What!" he cried. "Would you fancy your chances against me, Bob?" "Any day of the week!" was the confident rejoinder. "Any day of the week!" The reply so angered George

martin, accompanied as it was by a smile of conscious superiority, that, without more ado, he stepped within distance, and plugged a smashing right full home on the point of Beb Lewis's jar.

Lewis's jaw.

It was a cowardly blow. Yet, fortunately, Robl Lewis was beaning back in his chair, and gave as the punch came at him.

Its force, however, drove the back of his head with a bang against the wooden frame of the chair, and a thousand stars danced before his eyer.

Yet, with a cry of defiance, the old that he wooden the wooden frame of the chair, and a thousand stars danced before his eyer. Yet, with a cry of defiance, the old that he was a fined at the other side of his jaw, and instantly went at George Martin tooth and until Martin he 2.2.

Martin had done the worst thing he could have done in acting like a coward. Bob Lewis's ideas of fair play were so deeply ingrained that the slightest deviation from the lines of true sportsmanship acted on him like a red ray to, a but which thoroughly Besides he knew whater thoroughly

unscrupulous rascal George Martin really was, in spite of the suave and polite way in which he conducted his

He remembered that Martin had, through the instrumentality of a boxer named Morgan, drugged young Tom Belcher when the latter met and

beat Georgie Martin for the second time. And he also recollected that ever since George had opened his hall in opposition to the Star he had systematically attempted to queer his

Rob Lewis s-pitch. Idelweed ether is and now a blow his delweed ether is and an own a blow his delweed ether is and affronts. With so much to wipe off the slate, Bob Lewis sailed in, earing not a jot for his enemy's blows. All he wanted was to send his own stinging home. And he managed it. Company hand presently received a blow on the mark, and collapsed into a wastepaper basket, which gave way under his weight. weight.

his weight.

Up he got, breathing vengeance and slaughter, and talking about the nearly things he was going to do to Bob before he'd finished with him.

"What! You'd threaten me, would you, you dog?" said honest Bob, as he banged and sharmed away with both firsts. "I'll show you who's the better man!"

George Martin got it all ways—on the head, on the body, at the back of the neck, and in the face.

the neck, and in the face.

And finally, with a groan of dismay, as another heavy jab on the mark doubled him up, he sank upon the

Bob. Lewis, flushed and excited, stood over him, prepared to continue the battle the moment Martin signi-fied his willingness to resume. "Do you want any more?" demauded the successful old bruiser, panting for breath from his exertions.

Martin made no reply. He was too dazed and breathless to utter a sound. And now into the office poured half a dozen of the regular attendants of the Star.

They stared in amazement at the fallen promoter, then grimed as they realised that Bob Lewis was the

victor, "What's happened, sir!" asked the attendant Hughes. "Oh, he asked for trouble," panted Bob Lewis, "and he got it! Ho wanted me transfer next Monday's show to the Weinesday. Because I wouldn't do it he became abusive. Then he struck me, and—well, Bed. of my own back, loys, that's all." a II.

George Martin, pulling himself together, reac to his feet. A beautiful black eye and a split lip were only indications of the full damage he had

sustained to his person and reputation. "I suppose," he sneered, as he wiped his face, "that you'll gas like mad now that you've got your gang of bullies to support you!"

"Oh, I can manage you without them at any time, George, my boy!" returned Bob Lewis, not in the least disturbed by the taunt. "But at the returned Bob Lewis, not in the reas-disturbed by the tanut. "But at the same time I don't mean to put up with any of your sauce. Here, my lads, put George Martin outsaide!" The attendants obeyed the com-rand with alterity, they were loyal to their employer, Bob Lewis, who (Continued on the next payer.)



George Martin fell back before a hall of punches, and presently received a blow on the mark which hurled him into a waste-paper basket.



always treated them fairly; and in the second, they were imbined with a sense of partisanship natural enough when one considers that they were attached to give a boxing-hall. And lastly, most of them had worked for George Martin at some time or other, and had learned to delike and to dis-

theory a shift in a come time of ounce, and had beerned to dislike and to disland had so they seized the fellow, and despite his critics, raished him to the hall, from whence they hurried him, in spite of his critics of protest and the sent him staggering into the gutter, and then, granning, closed the doors and boiled them fast.

They gave him a final fling, which sent him staggering into the gutter, and then, granning, closed the doors and boiled them fast.

The gave him a final fling, which will be supported to the sent him stagering in the control of the sent him the stagering in receives at Bob Lewis and everyone connected with the Star Boxing Hall, the made his way along the street, voving crugance as he went.

"I'll get even with "Till make him sorry he ever laid a hand on me! I'll ruin him, I swear I will—I'll ruin him, I swear I will—I'll ruin him."

The 2nd Chapter,

The 2nd Chapter,
George Martin was naturally a viadictive man. After his visit to the
Star Boxing Hall he could think on
Thanks to the advent of Tom
George Martin could not ignore the
fact that any great success of the rivel
hall must adversely affect his own.
It was his duty to safeguard him
within his power to injure and discredit his business adversary.
People were already talking about
the coming contest between Tom
Belcher and Johnny Chies, the
Thanks and the complete the country
to the coming contest between Tom
Belcher and Johnny Chies, the
Thanks and the country of the country
to the country of the country of the country
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to the country of the country of the country
to the country of the country of the country of the country of the country
that he was no slouch with the
Bob Lewis but cluster to change

Bob Lewis had refused to Bob Lewis had refused to change the day of his show to the Wednes-day, and, having failed to induce him to take such a drastic step. George Martin realised that there was only one thing remaining to be done— mmely, to so order it that Bob Lewis's show should prove a failure.

To this end be cast about him for likely tools and accomplices. At tached to the St. George's Hall there were a good many men whom he will be a supported the support of th To this end be cast about him for

Star.
"Shut the door!" he commanded

as the men came in.

as the user cane in.
Arres obeyed.
Then the three of them stared at the guy'no's cut and bruised face, wondering in what sort of a mix-up he had received the danage." said George Martin, coming at once to the point. "I want you he hep me to get my own back on Bob Lewis," The men grimed. They were only too withing to oblige the guy'nor if he wanted then to have a til at Bob evanted them to have a til at Bob

Lewis.

"I went over to have a friendly chat with him about opening in opposition to us on a Monday," said Martin, with an air of injured innocence, "and look what he's done to me!" And he pointed to his black ever. eye. "Did he do that, sir?" asked Ayres

"Yes—er—that is to say, he got his bullies to do it. He set half a dozen of 'em on to me. boys, and they chucked me out of the hall and

they chucked me out of the hall and kicked and punched me without giv-ing me a chance."
"The cowards!" said Crow. "My word, I'd like to 'ave bin there while they were doing it!"
"And so." Martin went on. "it's war to the knife, my lads. I don't

really see that we've got anything to fear from Lewis's rivalry; but all the same it's a bit thick of him to open on a Monday against us, when he could have chosen the Wednesslay or the Thursday instead. And I've made up my mind to prevent his opening his doors on Monday next, buys, "I visible it could be about," ideclared. nursity instead. And I've made by mind to prevent his opening loors on Monday next, boys." wish it could be done," declared

Newland.
"It can. It only wants one or two lads of spirit to act together, and the thing's done."
"How do you mean, sir?" asked

"How do you mean, sir?" assess Ayres,
"Til tell you," was the swift
ansser, "Now, I suppose you lade
wouldn't mind earning a Swa apiece, would you'll cather! Their
eye fairly spatkled at the thought.
Fivers were not as plentiful as blackberries in autumn at the St. George's
"Let Yiell Martin was not the berries in autumn at the St. George's Boxing Hall. Martin was not the sort of manager who liked to part. "Just give us the chance," declared Newland, "and we'll take it." "And so say all of us, sir!" cried

Newland, "and we'll take it."
"And so say all of us, sir!" cried
Crow.
"That's agreed, then," said George
Martin. "And I'll give sech of you
last a fiver if you'll agree to do
"Name it, sir." said Crow.
"It's this." returned the rascally
promoter. "I want you to break into
the Star Boxing Hall—it won't be
such a difficult job to force an entry—
and once inside, I want you to set
fire to the heastly place. Let it burn,
it's old. The woodwork must be as
could burn the bricks. Once a fire
gets a hold, the building will burn
like a furnace. It'll mean exit Bob
Lewis, and we shall retain undisputed possession of the field."
The -three men stared "blankly at

fewis, and we shall retain undisputed possession of the field.

The - firee men stared blankly at their manager, then eyed one another askance. They were prepared to go to most lengths, but this was a little bit too risky and dangerous they con"If it's anything close, sir' he cried, "just name it, and we'll do what you require."

"I really can't see what you're jibbing at," growled the promoter, sewling, "I're casier than anything close, including the production of the control of eld to ourselves. You'll have secured our places for months to come, and ou'll all be five-pound the richer for he job."
Still they did not appear to be over

keen.
"And besides," Martin added per-suasively, "there will be the great personal satisfaction you will all feel at getting your own back on the

as genuing your own name on the enemy.

"It's too risky," said Crow, with a shake of this head.

"Why? I can't see that. You'd act in concert. You'd outer the hall late on the Saturday or Sunday night. Two of you can other did the tree.

A bottle of paraffin would sorve to start the fire. And once it'd got a hold there'd be no saving the old show."

old show."

Newland was the first to show signs

Newland was no mode wavering.

"After all, boys," he said, "I don't know that it ought to be so risky. I could guarantee to break into the Star Boxing Hall in half a life was the side.

into the Star Boxing Hall in half a minute. All the windows at the side are rotten. If you like, I'll do the work while you two watch relieved a contract of the star of the watch, it might be worth while.

"Will we he paid before the job is done?" asked Cron.

"Yes, if you like," answered

George Martin. "Only it's got to be fired at latest by Sunday night." "Give us the money, then, sir,"

"Give us the said Ayres.

George Martin rose and quickly safe.

George Martin rose and quickly walked across the room to his safe. He unlocked the door, took out a cashbox, unbeked this, and abstract of the control of th

all, not a word to a soul about what you are going to do."
"Trust us, guv'nor!" said Newland, with a smile. "It isn't likely we're going to put ourselves in the cart once the job's done. And you needn't worry. There'll be no show at the Star on Monday night. The old place will burn like straw."

The 3rd Chapter, he 3rd Villains

Villuins' Work.

It was late on Saturday night, or rather in the early hours of Sunday morning, when Ayres, Newland, and Crow made their way through the streets in the direction of the Star Boxing Hall.

It was a dull night, and there was a stiffish wind blowing. They could

It was a dull might, and there was a stiffish wind blowing. They could not have chosen a better time of better conditions for their purpose. The three men had, after the St. George's Hall had closed (there

St. George's Hall had closed (there had been boxing programmes staged at each hall that night) adjourned to a local public-house, where they primed themselves with liquor, seek-ing a little Dutch courage to aid them

ing a little Dutch courage to aid them in their purpose.

Newland wore an overcoat, and in the inside pocket of this was set a ginger-beer bottle containing a pint of parafin.

ginger-beer bottle containing a pint of parafin.

As they approached the vicinity of As they approached the vicinity of As they approached the vicinity of the variety of the variety of the property of the streets were almost deserted. The old building looked gloomy and dirty in the dark light.

"Time it was burnt down." growled Crow. "Now then, boys, there's no copper about. I don't think we could choose, a better time. Let's set to

choose a better time.

work."

They were agreed that boldness of action was far more likely to succeed than slower and more cautious method.

method.

And so they passed at once into a side street or alley which ran along one side of the building. Crow stationed himself at one end of this alley, and Ayres at the other. New-land they left to do the work.

He wasted no time.

He had come provided with house reakers' tools, and to break the class of a window and noiselessly emove its pieces with the aid of a breakers'
glass of a

class of a window and noiselessly remove its process with the said of a treacted paper was a matter of moments only.

Then Newland several control of the windowscatch the window of the said windowscatch the window of the said management of the said of the said beautiful to the said of the said said within the half.

He then drew the window downs, so that should any stranger happen to past he might fail to see that the window had been broken.

The's dome that the fellow heard the sound of approaching footstops and saw a man come straiging along the street.

He swent country the said of the said of the said of the said will be seen hanging about there, and so he swiftly walked along the allow, whistled a warning through the broken window, joined Ayres at the other end, and said howavely.

Let's mirale was the said want us. I've warned him. It's all right."

Ayres was equally keen on getting

want us. I've warned him. It's all right."

Agrees was equally keen on getting away. So many of the Star men knew him that he was afraid their suspicious would be acrossed if any of them saw him bounding about the suspicious would be acrossed if any of them as him bounding about the suspicious would be acrossed in the celetric light to work by, and the reflection of this light thrown through the window into the alby beyond attracted the attention of Hughes, of the Star Boxing Hall, as he passed at the and of the alley and looked in the sum of t

window, through which the light shone, with the utmost caution.

As he neared it his heart stood still.
Why, there was a window broken.
That was quite unusual.

Hughes looked around him, and saw a paper lying on the ground.
was a paper smothered with trea
and broken pieces of glass were st ng to it.

And then he knew there was some

Smoke was pouring through the

Smoke was pouring into the broken window in a stream now.

"I must find the nearest alarm, and ring the fire-station up." he muttered. And, bracing himself up to the effort, he turned and ran.

He could hardly remember where

He could hardly remember where the nearest freedarm, was, but as, he can be suddenly found times? consider the humble little cottage in which Ben Adams and Tom Belcher dwelt. There was a light burning in the front room, which meant that Ben Adams lead not gone to bed yet. Haghes hammered on the window-

panes.
"Ben—Ben—Ben!" he cried.
Hughes! Open, old man! Coulek!"

Off he ran, whilst Ben and Tom went tion

The 4th Chapter.

And then he knew there was something wrong.

And then he knew there was something wrong.

"There's burglars inside the ball," he muttered. "I'll go and fotch the police and catch 'em red-handed."

Before he could move, however a before he could move, however the solid property of the solid property of the laley. Then a smell of burning assailed his nostrils.

Why, the hall was on fire!

"The mere thought struck horror to the heart of Hughes, who knew how the diapidated old place would harry at the window it was suddenly thrown up, and Newland's head and shoulders appeared. Then the incendiary set a leg over the sill and prepared to drop to the ground.

"It's all right, boys," he said, thinking that Hughes was either the window of the window with the fury of a tiger. He clutched him by the throat, and dragged him bodily out of the window, and felled him to the Newland fought like a demon. When they got to the hall, Ben saw the smoke pouring along the alley, and noticed the flickering light of the flames on some of the side windows. "Tom" he said "we've got to be

anu noused the interent pight of the Bames on some of the side windows.

"Tom," he said, "we've got to be "Tom," he said, "we've got to be place. Here, come along with med Let's break through one of the windows here!" He indicated some five feet six inches from the ground. Lifting Tom up, he said:
"Here, take off my cap, boy! said to be windows and the window panes!". Tom obeyed; the glass went jungling to the ground smash the window panes!". Tom obeyed; the glass went jungling to the ground of the window panes went jungling to the ground of the window panes went jungling to the ground of the window panes went jungling to the ground to the sill, push the window up, and get into the hall."

the hall."

He helped Tom up, and the boy

He helped Tom up, and the bor eagerly obeyed.
Young Tom Belcher had a great deal to thank Ben Adams and Bob Lewis for, and he was genuinely grateful. He was prepared to do anything, even at the risk of his life, to save the old boxing hall, if it were possible. round.

Newland fought like a demon.

Newland fought like a few services of the service of the decisive effort by sheet desperation.

And so in the thick of it, he managed to turn Hughes over, struck im several times in the face ach he meaning the services of the se possible.

Having got through the window and dropped to the ground, Tom

Having got through the window and dropped to the ground. Tom looked down at Ben.
"What now, Ben?" he asked.
"Go to the front door, my ban and let me in. There's a hose and stime the water on, we may save the hall, or at least check the flames until the fire brigade arrives to do the rest of the work."
"Which, Ben." said Tom.
"You know the way, boy!"

"Yes."
"Right, then; I'll join you at the

door,"
Ben ran round to the front entrance
of the hall, while Tom Beleber, bending so as to escape as much of the
suffocating smoke as possible,
blundered through it, along the
passage, and down the steps to the
front hall, where he felt his way to
the front door, found the bolts after
a brief search, drew then, and let Ben
and tel Ben

Ben Adams knew where Ben Adams knew where electric switch was, and turned on light. By the aid of this they, four the highest and the hoses. To set inscale on the bose and the bose the hydrant was the work of minute or two. Then Tom Belder an the hose out, and along to passage in the direction of the five while Ben Adams turned on the set of the set

passage in the direction of the lire, while Ben Adams turned on the Soon it was sphashing and hissing along the possage, beating the smoke down before it.

At last Tom Helcher saw the leap-ing flames. He directed the stream of water at them, The tongoes of lire directed and wavered as it strock, were beaten away. Countless showers of sparks were driven about the restricted space of the passageway, and so dense and sufficiating were the poisonous funce which assailed his month and northit that Tom Bekher Yet he strock to his task, going down on his knees in order to support himself. Hughest Open, old man! Quick—
In answer to his shouting, Ben
Adams set the window eatch back, and
pashed the window eatch back, and
pashed the window eatch back, and
pashed the window up.
Hughes saw the burly old hover
looking at him with an expression of
word belind atood Tom Beleber.
Tom was looking very sleepy, and had
been sitting up late with Ben, listening and ring battles of hygone days,
"What's the matter, Hughes's
ked Ben, "Have you been fightling" You look seared to de"Yos," spultered Hughes, "Some
man has broken into the Star Boxing
Hall, and set the place on fire."
Ben Adams stared incredulously at
the speaker.

Yet he stick to his task, going down on his knees in order to support he was a superior of the state of the wall of this were cracking.

The flames, gushing out of the open door, had licked the ceiling, and wooden battens were blazing ferrely. Again he sent the water crashing against the burning stuff.

It seemed to him that the air was getting parer—that the smoke was finding another outlet.

It seemed to him that they are stuffed in the state of the shouting of Hen Adams, which came echoing from the hall, bidding him be of good heart, from staggered up, and advanced to the very room in which the fire was ranging. He swept water, and then, as it his the crumbling fastire, one of the disiviling walls fell outwards into the passage, and a beam of wood, dropping from the ceiling, struck Ton heavily clink just to the ground.

and a beam of wood, dropping for the ceiling, struck Ton heavi felling him to the ground. "Where are you," Tom? To where are you?" bawled Ben Adan as he came clattering along t

as he came clattering along the passage.

There was no reply.

"Hope the boy isn't hurt." thought Ben, as he coughed the smoke out of his lungs, and bowed his head as he forced a way onward.

Ho heard the water hissing, and saw a flood of it come running towards him.

man mas broken into the Star Bossing Hall, and set the place on free?"

Hall, and set the place on free?"

"Go on!" he exclained.

"It's a fact. I've just come from there. Where's the nearest fire-there is the many set of the place of the set of the set

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Gontaned from the

He passed onward, and then his foot struck something limp and soft which lay at his feet.

With an exchamation of horror, he bent down, felt, and raised it. It was a feet to be seen to be se

But a swift examination showed kim that Tom's pulse was firm, and he had no reason to anticipate any

serious result.

He laid Tom gently down,

He laid Tom gently down, and stood guard over him, white he watched the firemen rushing the hose along the alley, and the police instill order into the crowd.

He heard the crashing of glass, the hismig of water as it spluttered against the burning building. He saw unoke and steam and sparks rise he heard the crowd cheer.

A moment later Hughes came running up.

A moment later Hughes
A moment later Hughes
A moment later Hughes
"Ben," he cried breathindex of the later later

The 5th Chapter Martin's Last Gamble.

On the Monday morning Ayres, Crow, and Newlands went into George Martin's office to report.

office to report.

"A nice mess you chaps have made
of it!" exclaimed George Martin,
seewling at them. "I trusted to
you to see that the work was properly
earried out, and bless me if you
haven't bungled it!"

"We did our best, sir," said Newland.

"We did our best, arr, said burnt hand.
"Did your best, Is the hall burnt down? Why, I went along this morning to have a lock at it, and what did I see? The side windows were busy inside the building. He was a determined man like Rob Lewis. He's going to open to-night!"
"Go on!" exclaimed Crow incredutable.

"Go or!" exclaimed Crow ineredu-lously.
"It's a fact; there are slips to that effect pasted over all the showbills. The Council's man has been down to inspect the damage, and has given the necessary permission. And we're better oil now than we were produced to the council of the council of give Bob Lewis's hall a fine advertu-give Bob Lewis's hall a fine advertu-ment—that's what it amounts to!" And he went on grumbling and

eusing until Newland indignantly interposed.

"It's all very well, sin" be said.

"It's all very well, sin" be said.

"It's all very well, sin' be said.

"It's all very well, sin' be said.

"It's all very well, sin' be said.

"It's all very well said.

"It's all v

all up!"
"What's that?" cried George Martin

Martin.

Newland thereupon told his story, while the promoter listened gravely to his words, realising in a moment that Newland actually did run considerable risk.

But understand this," said he-"But understand this," said he—
"if by any chance you are arrested
you are to indignantly deny everything, and my name is not to be mentioned, even in the event of conviction!" "All right, guv'nor!" growled New-land.

way in left clear, we'd find the crowd storm the hall en masse. They'd sooner get in for nothing than by pay-ing, and Bob Lewis might have half

sooner get in for nothing than by paying, and Bob Lewis might have ball his hall filled with deadleneds if the plan went off all right."

George Martin's face lit up. He law the state of the state of

good "" to some too Bob Lewis any "Yes, and don't forget," put in Ayres, "that Tom Beleher's had a nasty crack on the head. He was injured while trying to put the fire out, they say; and I don't think he ll be able to show up in the ring against Cohen. If Bob Lewis can't keep faith with the public, that'll be another nail in his coffin. And it seems to me that you're going to come out of this job all right, after all."

Tom Belcher had, indeed, received nasty crack on the head by that

a masty crack on the head by that falling joist. He remained unconscious half through the night, and when he came round was violently sick—the after effects of the smoke he'd swallowed, of course.

In the morning, after a sound sleep —and he went off like a top, as any other tired boy would—he said that

himself in a fighting attitude and had a rare tussle with an imaginary oppo-nent, showing rare speed and dex-terity of footwork.

"What's the matter with that?" he asked, when he had done enough to satisfy Ben. "There'll be a big crowd, and I ought not to break

faith, Ben."
"Well, we'll see," was the non-committal answer.

Tom ate heartily that evening, and semed very spry and bright.

And so at eight o'clock he accom-panied Ben to the hall, outside which they found a mighty crowd assembled.

assembled.

Ben could never remember having seen such a crowd outside the Star during all the years he had known of it as a boxing-hall.

of it as a boxing-hall.

News of the fire had attracted them. And, besides, the growing reputation of Tom Belcher, the drawing card that night, had brought them hither. They were hammering at the doors, and shouting for admittance, although they knew full with the control of the control of

gling to get at the pay-boxes.

The alleyway was being kept clear
by a police-sergeant and two men.
Ben Adams and Tom Belcher hurried
along it to the side entrance door,
and passed into the building.

As they passed the windows Tom
looked up at them and saw that
every one of them was boarded up.

which was timed for nine o'clock.

He had hardly begun to remove his chothes, Lowere, ere his clars were assailed by the crash of breaking wood and a series of floud outsires wood and a series of floud outsires wood and a series of series of the alley.

"Ben," he cried, "what oue arthes that?"

"Why, the crowd has got sick of waiting to get in, and they're breaking down the wooden Darriers, going to lend a hand and help keeping out to be a series of the bardens of the bardens wooden going to lend a hand and help keeping to lend to be severed to be provided on the provided with the rish. And so he joined Ben, who made his way to the seeme of the trouble at the run.

the scene of the trouble at the run.
He was not the only one. Several of Bob Lewi's faithful attendants had been warned that the crowd were attempting to break into the hall, and they now joined Ben.

And these whick fellows, a half

attempting to break into the hall, and they now joined Ben.

And these placky fellows, a half And these placky fellows, a half fought the invaders level to rush to be invaders to the window itself, where Ben Adams found himself faced by Crow and Ayres, of the rival bexing-half. Brain found himself faced by Crow and Ayres, of the rival bexing-half. Brain found himself faced by their shouting, "Hallo!" said old Ben. "Here are some of George Martin's crowd, boys. There's me suchert about this, I'dl to fill the hall with dedheads and do the guy'nor a bad turn. Are we going to stand it?"

No!" was the cheering are the said of t

answer.

"Then follow me!" cried
Ben. "And let's put the lot
of 'em outside!"

"Then follow me!" cried
a rush at Crow,

of 'em outside!"

He made a rush at Crow, who, in a menacing attitude, prepared himself for fight.

Ben, with a contemptum laugh, thrust the hit Crow made at him aside, and then with left and right sent him recling backwards to the unrecling backwards to the unrecling backwards to the un-protected window, through which he fell, tumbling upon some eager patrons of the hall who were bent on gain-ing admissen without pay-ment. Ayres, a powerful man, and one well versed in howing wince, at the same

man, and one well versed in boxing science, at the same time fought the attendants who forced him back. "Here, come on, if you don't want to lose, your chance!" he yelled, turning to the crowd, "The way's clear; these chaps don't count!"

count!"
With a yel! the mob outside began to climb up to the window. Ayres pushed forward, but found himself faced by Ben Adams.

Ben Adams.

Ben's eyes darted fire, his teeth were elenched, and every muscle and fibre of his being was strained in concentrated effort.

"Out of this, Bob Ayres!"

he cried.

Martin's hireling laughed.

Not much! Think we're

Martin's hireling laughed.
"Not much! Think we're
going to be kept outside?"
he answered. "There'll be
no getting in through the
ordinary doors. We want to see the
lag scrap. Out of the way, Ben. Be
pally, can't yer?"

If he hoped to conciliate Ben Adams, he was mistaken. Ben was not one of that sort.

Adams, he was mistaken. Hen was not one of that sort.

He replied with a smashing hit on the jaw, which sent Ayres recking.

The attendant from the same of the same attendant from the same of the sa



With the unconscious form of Tom Boicher in his arms, Ben Ada making his way into the entrance-hall, he s s staggered blindly along the passage, edily gained the street.

"Good! And I'll see that you don't lose anything by it, boy!" a feel of the see that you don't lose anything by it, boy! I feel ways and means of injuring Bob Lewis, should be decide to epen the hall as advertised, after the failure of the fire to prevent it.
"Something's got to be done!" growled George Martin. "I don't care a straw what it is, as long as I can you his gate. He li fraw all the anything age. He li fraw all the prevent it, or do something to damage him—""
"Look here, sir!" said Crow eagerly, "I know sorce of chaps who il like to put a spoke in Bob.

"Look here, sir?" said Croweagerly. "I know scores of chaps who'd like to put a spoke in Bob becken the state of the becken the state of the becken the state of the state of

he felt much better; still, when the doctor came he advised perfect rest. "I don't think he ought to subject himself to any particular physical exertion," the doctor advised.

"You don't think he ought to box to-night, then, doctor?" asked Ben

Adams.
"Frankly, I do not. He might, of course, get through without doing himself any damage, but it would be advisable to rest."

advisable to rest."

Ben Adams was in a quandary.
He looked after Tom all day with the
love and affection of a father.

Tom's brightness of spirits returned

Tom's brightness of spirits returned towards evening, when he smiled and laughed at the thought of staying away from the ring that night.

"Why. Ben," said he, "I'm all right. My head may be black and blue where that falling beam struck me; but I'm all right otherwise, and I want to box. It's only fair to you and Mr. Lewis that I should."

The doctor says no," muttered

Ber Up sprang Tom Belcher. He set around showing where the fire had been.

It was by this time almost proved beyond a doubt that the fire had been obviouely be an enemy of Bob Lewis. The matter had been placed in the hands of the police, and sensational developments were promised.

The advertisement was the biggest that Bob Lewis had ever had. And as he was fully inspired the fire was the same that the same that the same and the same that the same that the same ment once to their dressing-rooms. Been had by this time made up his mind to allow Tom to box, in spite of been Secretely bruised and rendered almost helpless.

Tom wrisked it so. Ben knew that

the blackened brickwork above and around showing where the fire had been.

amost heppess.

Tom wished it so. Ben knew that he could trust the boy. And, besides, if it were proved that he could not stand the racket it would be a simple matter to stop the contest at

any time.

And so Tom began to leisurely pre-

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Published Every Monday

had rallied. They burst through the seething mass of humanity now, beat them roughly aside, and lined up in front of the windows, barring the

way. Ben, with a laugh, then turned to

Ben, with a laugh, then turned to his comrades.

"Boys," he said, "that'll do! Some have got inside, but I don't think they're so many, after all, and we've keps the rest earther back of this, won't he be anneyed! For he ain't done any good, and Bob Lewis has got the biggest house he's ever had since he opened this place as a boxing hall. that, after advising some of the attendants to wait on guard there, Ben returned to the said of t

And with that, after advising some of the attendants to wait on guard there, Ben returned to the dressing-room, where he found Tom Belcher calliny and confidently awaiting the call to the ring. Ben made Tom remove the over-cost which he had thrown over him-self to keep warm.

Hen made Tom remove the overcost which he had thrown over himself to keep warm.

The boy's right arm was badly
bruised, the muscles being discoloured from the close almost to
the form of the close and the coloured
from the close almost to
the form of the close almost to
the form of the close almost to
the form of the close almost
to the close almost to
the form of the close almost
the close and the close almost
the close and the close almost
the close alm idea was dispelled by the gleam in the boy's blue eyes.

The 6th Chapter.

Well Won!

Young Cohen arrived at the hall accompanied by a host of friends, who crowded into his dressing-room,

who crowded into his dressing-room, smiling and glibly anticipating victory for their champion. The little Jew boy looked wonderfully fit and well, and smilingly an nounced that he was going to make mincement of Tom Belcher.

"Georgie Martin couldn't stop him, though he was unlack; in them, though he was unlack; in the will to night. Here, Abrahams, get along to Tom's room, will you, and try and get a peep at him? I should like to know how he shapes." shapes."
Off went Abrahams on his missi

On went Abrahams on his mission; and presently he came back, smiling with delight.
"Why, Cohen," he said, "you've got nothing to heat! Tom Belcher's got a bad head! And, oh my, his arm—it's black and blue! He won't

arm—it's black and blue! He won't be able to use it!"
"Which?" asked the Jew boxer eagerly. "The right or the left?"
"The right. And as I peeped in through a chink I saw Beu Adams, with a face as long as a fiddle, telling Tom that he didn't think he ought to

Young Cohen set about his pre-urations then with the greates

Young Cohen set about his pre-parations then with the greatest alacrity.

"I don't like taking advantage of an opponent," he said—" especially when he's a little sportsman like Tom Belcher. Still, I've got to win. But I'll let lijnd down as lightly as I can."

He was soon ready; and then, stretching himself out between two chairs, he awaited the summons to the ring, never dreaming that he would get the worst of the contest with Tom Bekcher.

It was an amazing sight which me It was an amazing signs when he passed from Belcher's eyes when he passed into the hall that night and made his way towards the ring.

He could hardly move for the densely-packed crowd. In the gal-leries, in the pit, they were wedge to tightly as to sway first to one side, and then the other as they craned their heads to get a glimpse of the

ring.

The roar of applause which greeted The roar of applause which greeted him was deafening. It caused his face to flush, and his pailor vanished. Tom climbed through the ropes like a lad in a dream, but he forgot his aching bruises, and was thinking only of the flight as he went to his chair and sat down, with Ben Adams and two other old boxers in attend-

than as other old boxers in attend-man upon him.
Young Chen, whose lair was elaborately olded, and who was as cheerful and confident as a lad could be, mounted the steps on the other side of the ring, and set himself down with a cardess, easy grace.

He booked wonderfully fit, and was more muscular and bigger than Tom, who was obviously giving weight and other advantages away.

The audience were murmuring now

The addresse were murmiring now, for they had noticed Tom's bruised arm and head, and the news that he had taken part in the putting out of the fire the other day swept swiftly round the hall.

round the hall.

There was much murmuring, and
the fear was expressed on every hand
that he would be beaten. How could
he win when suffering under such a

Anidst much comment, the gloves were produced and tied on. Then the two boys crossed towards each other and shook hands.

"Sorry you're not in the pink," said Young Cohen. "But it's not my fault, is it?"

fault, is it?"
"No," answered Tom; "but I'm
not complaining, am I?"
"No boy; but I hope that bad arm
won't prevent your giving me a good
forth"

won't prevent your giving me a good fight."

Tom smiled. Ben, who was anxiously watching him, noticed the smile. "Can be do it?" he wondered; and he sighed as he reckoned that Tom's

he sighed as he reckoned that Tom's chance was a poor one.
"If he can get through six rounds, it's as much as he'll be able to manage," thought Ben.
Yet the stout-hearted old boxer, who would have withdrawn his boy if

who would have withdrawn is boy it no could, kept up a brave face, and smilingly chatted with Tom until the timekeeper suddenly ordered the seconds out of the ring.

"I shall watch it," said he.

then gave from a normal na smuc.

"I shall watch it," and be.

The crucial moment had come. All

The crucial moment had come. All

George Martin's machinations thus

far had come to mought. He had

failed to prevent Bob Lewis from

opening the hall. And he had failed in

filing the hall. And he had failed in

filing the hall, when opened with a

Bob Lewis had secured a splendid

gate, white at the St. George's Hall

there were many empty benches to be
seen that might. And yet, if Tom

Belcher failed in his contest with

Cohen, and put up a poor show, he

might yet win a track in the game,

and the bell rung, than young Cohen

leapt at Tom as if he intended to

sweep him out of the ring.

and the bell rung, than young Cohen leapt at Tom as if he intended to sweep him out of the ring.

His runk was electric, but it did not take Tom unawares. Craftily the reining young hover erouched, with gloves held high to protect his face, while his body was covered by a double-length of forearm.

Cohen banged away at this shield, danced sideways, and sent a tremen-dous blow sagainst the back of Tom's admining and banging, and getting in close, until with a backbander with the left, Tom marked his opponent's face.

face.

Tom covered up again, armed against a torrent of blows, but when least expected, loosed a jab which stung, and then looked at his man. Young Cohen crept in, feitning with hoth hands. He launched a left like a rapier thrust, then went into a clinch, and psunded away at Tom's body like a madman.

His attack was so furious that a

shout of dismay went up. Yet Tom Belcher parried the blows, and pre-sently, pashing his opponent away, sent three auccessive lefts home on the face, with force and precision, flushing Cohen's face, and making his

the face, with force and precision, Ilashing Cohen's face, and making his right yes water. The boy launched a terrific swing, but Tom casily diadeed under the blow, and amiled at his opponent as Cohen recovered his balance, and grinned back.

He contricted to lead, but the clang the control of the control

mag panear nome on conern's jaw as to send him receing into the ropes.

Tom was on to him before he could recover, and at least half a doorn effective hits wore sent in before the startled Jow buy could regain he balance and arrange his guard.

Cohen after him, and the way in which he used his left in retreating brought shouts of joy from all lovers of true milling who were present.

And when Cohen, desperate, launched a knock-out punch which found only air, and sent him tumbling to his kness, they rocked with laughter.

aughter.
Ben Adams was smiling new.
"Bravo Tom!" he cried.
In round three Cohen still forced
to fighting, and Tom Belcher

The young Jew boy could not believe that Tom would last much longer. Whenever Tom used his right as a guard, he winced. "He must begin to weaken soon,"

"He must begin to wesken soon," thought young Cohen. "He can't win with only a left hand." After a while, as he left his opponent's efforts die away. Tun come out of he was and again, got a through the Jew boy's guard.
And in this way the bout went on, until six rounds had been reeled off, and Tom was still on his feet, and what was most automishing, did not proposed the as distressed is a bit opposed to the supposed to the su

But then he had not taken so much

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The latter set his teeth, and slammed in lefts and rights viciously, and with all the force there was in

him.

In one instance he drove the left in on one side of Tom's jaw, and the right on the other. Yet the "little marvel." as the audience called him, escaped both, his head shifting this way, and then that, just that fraction of same necessary to cause the other. space necessary to cause the other to miss.

And like a flash went his answering

And like a flash went his answering left jab home on the body.

Cohen wilted, faltered, and then nearly had his head knocked off with a daisy upper-cut, also from the left; Tom's right being so bruised, and practically useless to him.

In the eighth round Tom took the

He either guarded, parried, or stopped most of Cohen's efforts with his right, and then pasted his man with the left whenever he saw an opening.

The audience were delirious with

The andience were delirious with delight. Ben Adams could not conceal his emotion. The referee, as he dotted down the points, and realised what a big balance Torn was storing up in his favour, east glauces of admiration at the mercurial young lease.

boxer.

From the eighth round to the finish
of the contest, which did not come
until the bout had gone its allotted
span, there was never a dull moment.
In the last round of all Cohen cut In the last round of all Cohen cut loose like a madman, fighting heroically, while from, covering up and leving content of the first content of the last content to hold him off, knowing full well that he had won. And when at last the hell rang, and Cohen, tired, bruised, bleeding, with puffed lips, swollen noes, and a black eye, uttered a grin of the gallant voungsters.

despair, the audience rose en masse at the gallant youngsters.

And then the Jew boy, with a half samic turned gracefully to Tom, who, make the properties of the properties o

me. But I may say I m prouse or beaten by you. You're the smartest kid I've ever faced in the ring." He anticipated the referees verdict, you see, and Tom smiled back at him, glad to think that his opponent was such a grand little sportsman.

When the audience left the hall that night, they were all talking about the great contox. It was the best they could remember has the second remember has the second remember has the second leng, without the semilance of a foul in it, and the better lad had won. And so Blob Lewis secret all the tricks, and George Martin respect all a harvest of failure from his sowing a harvest of failure from his sowing

of the seed of vengeance

And to make matters worse, people

And to make matters worse, people were beginning to say very ugly things about that fire. They were wondering whether George Martin had had a hand in it.
As soon as he got back to the dressing-room, Tom Belcher got into his ordinary clothes. Ben Adams was anxious to get him home at once and to bed. The sooner the better, he

said.

And so presently they left the hall by the side entrance door, Hughes accompanying them.

Outside a mighty crowd was wait-

Suddenly Hughes uttered a cry. Suddenly Hughes unered a cry. He saw a man in the crowd whom he recognised. It was the man he'd caught leaving the hall on the night of the fire. It was Newland. Instantly Hughes dashed at him,

Instantly Hughes dashed at him, grappled him.
They wrestled fercely together, punched and fought like wild cats.
"I've got you, you villain!" said Hughes; but with a wrench Newland freed himself, and got away, vanishing in the crowd like a streak of light.
"Oh, was that the man, Hughes?" school lies Adams.

"Oh, was that the man, rings, asked Hen Adams,
"Yes, Ben, boy."
"Then he's one of George Martin's
pets," growled Ben.
"Is that so?" cried Hughes, "Then
what are we going to do about it."
Ben Adams smiled grimly.
"Oh neve

Ben Adams smiled grimly.

"Oh, never mind i' he eried. "Let hm run. The guy nor's covered by insurance. It might be difficult to prove. And we've had all the best of it. Come on, Hughes, my boy, let's get along home

THE END.

("OUT OF THE RECKONING!" is the little of next Moniay's inno complete boxing stors, introducing Tom Belcher, the Boxing Mayoel.)

TALES TO TELL

Our weekly prize-winners-Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

"Waal, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irish acquaintance, "I kinder reekon we've got the best runners in the world in the Yewnited States, some. Why, I knew a man who ran thirly miles straight off, and then jumped a five-barred gate." "Begorra, said that," to be ought! Look at the runs that "Sent in by Horace Meakin, Coventry.

ALL COMPLETE.

ALL COMPLETS.

Peeress (to her little son): "Do you know, my @rling, some day you will be a peer!"
Son and Heir: "And will I have a pavilion at the end of me, mummus?"
—Sent in by Miss E. Pearsall, Worcestor.

BAD BITHER WAY. Two old Scotchmen sat by the fire

Two ord sense.

Smoking.

Donald (after a long pause):

"There's no' muckle pleesure in smookin', Sandy, after a'.

Sandy: "How d' ye mak that

Donald: "Weel, y' see, it ye're smookin' yer own bacca, ye're thinkin' of the awfu' expense a' the time, an' the pipe's ramm'd so tight, it win draw!" Sent in by H. Owe Llandilo, S. Wales.

"I see there is a report from Holland that concrete bases for Gor-man guns have been found there."
"Don't believe a word you hear from Holland; the geography book says it is a lowlying country."— Sent in by George Furey, Birming-ham.

--

"I hear Scribbler has got one of his plays on the boards at last."
"Yes, the stage-hands tore up his manuscript, and used it in the snow-storm seen."—Sent in by J. K. Goulds, Stourbridge.

A LOSING GAME.

A LOBING CAME.

Once a farm-labourer saw a sovereign lying in the road. Not knowing what it was, he stood looking at it, and a man who came along offered him a shilling for it.

The labourer told his frights about told he had lost nimeteen shillings by the deal.

Some time afterwards, he saw another sovereign on a railway platform, so he gave it a kirk, asyng:

"Cut not of the way, I lost mire once before!" Sent in by W. G. Downs, High Wycombe.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Are you there

Yes." Who are you, please?"

"Who are you, piease:
"Watt."
"What is your name, please?"
"Watt's my name, please?"
"Yes; what is your name?"
"I say my name is Watt."
"Oh, I see! Well, I'm coming to your faminght."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'm coming to see you to-night."
"All right! Are you Jones?"
"No: I'm Knott!"
"Who are you, then, please?"
"I'm Knott!"
"Will you tell me your name, please?"

please?"
"Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is William Knott."

Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon!"
"Then you will be in to night?"
"Certainly, Knott!"
And when Knott had rung off, he wondered whether Watt knew he was coming or not.—Sent in by Donald Thomas, Cardiff.

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Baldanian Land



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

DICK MANLEY, his siter NELL, and a lad named JIM KLUX, are on the Yorkshire moors when a terrible earthquake takes place, and Neil is throan down a tremendous gulf.
Dick works his way down a crimin the cliff, and endeavours to get to his sister's side, but the obstacles in his way are mostromentable, and he way for more more more constant.

his way are insurmountable, and he is forced to stop on a ledge some great distance from his sister. Whilst three he wardenes a band of savago-approach, and earry Noll off and his father, PROFESSOR KEN. DRICK KLUX. "The earthquake has made an opening into an unknown world," says the latter. "But don't deepair. We will bring your sister to the courter of the earth," In due course the street here. In the courter of the earth, "In due course the street house, the

In due course to smooth the course of the co

Before the lad can reach Nell, she Before the lad can reach Nell, she is snatched up by an apsewoman, and carried off. Dick follows, and after an unsuccessful search, he less his way in the forest, and is captured by two appens, and taken to their There, whilst he is kept prisoner. Dick hears the strange people conversing. He cannot understand their language, but he gathers that they are arguing whether to kill him are arguing whether to kill him.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

A Lucky Accident.

Although not seriously alarmed, ick Manley felt far from comfort Dick Manley fielt far from confort-shle as he sat, propped against the wall of the apemen's tree-but, itstening, or, rather, watching his captors discuss his fate. Ever since he had realised that he had succeeded in losing himself in the forest he had bitterly repented having

flown to Nell's rescue without first rousing his comrades, for he knew how anxious they would be about

Fourier in the control of the contro

same place to satisfy her craving for

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.

Now, I do feel as though I have good as the control of the rand twings, then another and another, until the front of the hut was blazing fercely. "Now, I do feel as though I have got some of my own back," muttered Dick, as he chambrank, for the wood had been worn as smooth as glass by the hand-like feet of the apenue, and he had no wish to descend quicker than was consistent with sound limbs. REGINALD WRAY.

uniformity." thought he beek. "If so, it is about time I got busy. Hallo! Where's my ruft or "I had gone from the lost acreem foor on After to a compare the lost acreem foor on After to a compare the lost acreem foor on After to a compare the lost acreem foor on After to a compare the lost acreem foor on After to a compare the lost acreem for the state of the lost acreem for the state of the lost acreem for the state place the lost acreem for the state of the lost acreem for the state acreem for the state of the lost acreem for the state acreem for the state acreem for the state acreem for the state acreem for the lost acreem for the state acreem for the lost acreem for the state acreem for the lost acreem for the state acreem for the lost acreem fo

struggle was resumed. But Dick had neither time nor in-lination to watch the issue of the

er head. Too late Dick regretted having submitted to his capture so easily. Had he but known his danger he could easily have extricated himself from easily have extricated himself from his perilous position when first brought into the but with the aid of his revolver and his chemical platfor. The property of the property of the the apener's huge, clawlike fingers encircled his arms like iron bands. Presently he saw the stone pause in its awing, and closed his eyes that he might not see its fearful down-under the property of the But the blow never fell.

he might not see its fearful downward stroke.

But the blow never fell.

Instead came the deafening roar of a rifle fired in a confined space, there was a hold on his arms releaved, there was a feet, and when at length Dick Manley opened his eyes it was to find himself alone in the hut which was filled with the stifling fumes of gunpowder.

On the floor close beside him lay his rifle, amoke still curling from its muzzle, and he had little difficulty in guessing, which was the had little difficulty in guessing, which was the still curling from its muzzle, and he had little difficulty in guessing, which was the had cocked the weapon, then it would be only a question of time before one or the other would press the trigger, and the rifle would go eff.

Well, for Dick Manley was it that

Well for Dick Manley was it that the pulling of the trigger had not been postponed a few seconds, or he doubted

was unwilling to let them off with so light

For some hours he wound his way,

was constructed, and remembered the circle of skulls it contained, inc made up his mind that that hut, at least, should never again harbour an unfortunate prisoner.

Deswing a box of

For some hours he would his way, almost amilesty amongst the trees, not daring to hurry lest he should be getting farther away from his friends. At rare intervals he fired off his rifle, then listened breathestly, hongst to hear some sound which would tell him this signal had been heard cartridges thus, for well he knew that sooner or later he would mean sooner or later he would mean sooner or later he would mean the mysterious wood he climited a tree, hoping to eaths sight of the plain on the sound of the sight of the plain on the sound of the sight of the plain on the sound that the sound had been sooned by the sound way the country is yould was certainly not the land he sought.

an end some mile or so ways, the country is youl was certainly not the land he sought.

It he had already made a second inroad on his compressed emergency viands, washed down by strangely strands with which the forest abounded, and fearing lest he should use up all the rations he carried, was on the look out for some small animal with which to else out his store, when the jagged stump of a tree from which fluttered a piece of rag.

It was such a common sight in the upper world that he had been about to pass it without a second burst upon him.

So far as he know neither the appearen nor the cavenen had yet reached the manufacturing stage, and it could only have been placed three other words, by his companions, or by Nell. With trembling hands he disentangled the rag, his heart beating rapidly with excettement as he recognised it as a strip form from the dress been carried from the sunken more by the cavemen.

Yes: Noll had undonbiedly fastened.

A Strange Kefuge.

The ground roached, Dick Manley moved off as swifts as he could to be a support of the strange of the stran

by the cavemen.

Yes: Nell had undoubtedly fastened that piece of rag to the tree, but

Test, Now had may be a seen as what is a seen as what what is looked on the grass beneath where the strip of cloth had fluttered and found his answer. Lying on the ground were three pieces of site, forming a broad arrow, and he know it was in that direction Nell had gone, for some few years before he had belonged to his school troop of Boy Scouts, and during the holidays had taught Nell the various scouting stgms, little ireaming under the found useful.

Breathless with excitement, he found the second of the commenced running in the direction; the sign pointed, searching the Continued and the restoration the sign pointed, searching the Continued and he next page.

(Continued on the next page.)

rot but that his skull, earefully bleached, would in due course have formed a valuable part of his hideous hosts' grim collection.

But Dick did not waste time in conjectures of what might have been removed the state of the captain of the state of the captain of the state of th

the groomy torest polew him.

As he grew calmer, agare drove out
what little fear was left in his heart,
and, thrusting a fresh cartridge into
the magazine in the place of the one
which had saved his life, he looked
about for some sign of his late foes,
intent upon taking summary vengeance upon them.

But not so much as a finger of the apenner could be see. If they were anywhore near, they must have been adopts at concealing themselves.

Undoubtedly they had had the scare of their lifetime, but when Dick re-membered his sensations as that awful stone axe hovered over his head, he

was unwilling to let them off with so light a punishment. Slowly his e ye s wandered over the tree-but, and as he noted how tinder-dry were the twigs and branches of which it

Drawing a box of matches from his pocket, he struck four at once, and held them close to the roof of the entrance hole.

A Strange Refuge.

eccd.
Immediately before him the trees seemed to thin out considerably; in fact, he judged from the fact that all the lower branches were torn off, for the fact that all the lower branches were torn off, for the fact that all the lower branches were torn of the fact that all the lower branches were the fact that all the week of the fact that the fact

Though not daring to look round, Dick could hear the deep breathing of his pursuer close behin him, and a hoarse, breathless shout escaped his lips as he darted between two of the enermous rib



ground as he can for some other

guide.

But it was not until he had covered half a mile, and was beginning to fear he had overrun the track, that he came upon a bare space of ground on which the arrow-head had been faintly scraped with the toe of the child

boot.

He had just started off again, fired by the thought that he would soon find his sister now that he had struck her trail, when he was brought to a sudden halt by a booming rear, which echood and re-echoed through the trees, hushing for the moment all coher roughs.

other sounds.

Fearfully he turned in the direction Feartuly he turned in the direction from whence the sound came, then stood, rooted to the ground with terror and amazement, as he saw a huge tiger, bigger than he had ever deemed it possible a tiger could be, striding majestically through the

It was indeed a magnificent animal, It was indeed a magnificent annual, standing a good twelve feet in length, and was striped like the Bengal tiger of the present day, save that a grey stripe was added to the ones we are accustomed to see on the monarch of innele

cle. either side of its upper law

The juage.

From either side of its upper just Prom either side did its upper just look and the process of the side of the side of the side side side side its to christen the beast the side-toothed tiger.

Despite its great size, the tiger moved with the stealthy grace of its tribe, as it pursued a course which must take it across the ground over which Dick and run shortly before.

Liting its huge head, suffled the wind as it turned towards where Dick was watching its movements in a kind of stupor.

A cold shiver shook the boy's frame A cold shiver shook the boy's frame as he saw that the commous beast was gazing straight at him, then as its luge body erouched to the ground, as though for a spring, self-preservation broke the spell with which horror had bound his himbs, and, turning on his heel, he darted off as fast as his fear-winged legs could carry him over the ground.

winged legs could carry nun organizational ground.

Again that awful rear rang through the forest. Glancing, over his shoulder, Diek saw the mighty beast following him in a gliding trot which was inexpressibly horrible, for there was a confidence of being able to overtake his quarry when he liked to certake his quarry when he liked to turn Diek's very blood to ice.

On he ran, darting new this way.

as very plood to ice.

In he ran, darting new this war that, in vain attempts to regar comparative shelter of the undwith. On he that

Whichever way he turned the tiger

Whichever way he turned the tiger imitated his mevements, thus slowly but surely heading him towards the open country, where he would have open country, where he would have A feeling of inter helplessues was reeping into the boy's heart, which, though powerless to damp the courage that blazed in his daundless breast, was impreceptibly but exp-mental to the country of the country of the limbs. Sping the strength from his

limbs. In vain be saanned every tree for In vain be saanned every tree for some low-banging branch, by the aid of which be could swing bimself to safety, but none presented itself, and all the time the fearful beast with the lung teeth made to tear apart the armour of the mighty hardlike creature which shared that fearful world with him, was drawing nearer

His breath was coming in quick. short gasps, his heart was beating as though it would burst through his ribs, and he knew that the end was

Still, he ran on, determined to see Still, he ran on, determined to see what shelter a few soure paces more would offer; then, if nothing presented itself, he would turn in his tracks, and, though the unequal contest could only end in one way. tracks, and, though the contest could only end in die fighting to the last, as b

redoubled speed.

A few seconds later he had entered a tiny clearing, in the contre of which arose what at first glance looked like the ruins of some ancient temple, supported on rounding pillars of the whitest irory, but which was in reality the clean-picked skeleton of a laure adhesic uge collared lizard that

inge collared lizard that had fallen victim to some mightier beast in the struggle for existence which was constantly being waged in that subterranean world of a gunt, and, so far as the upper world went, extinct

estion. So formidable even in death did the

creation.

So formishible even in death did the monster look that at any other time Dick might have hesitated to have approached it, says that the nontries are the second of the second

weight, the mighty ribs withstood the Stock, and, scrambling on to one knee, Deck Manley looked such rising hope at the hoge tiger now sprawing on the ground from the force of the collision and roaring furnosity.

Spitting and swearing, like a luge, overgroun eat, the haffled beast

consiston and roaring turnously.

Spitting adwarding, like a basis sprawled on to its feet, then its lings yellow eyes, shining balcully, starred fiercely at the insignificant creature who had so far excaped him, its long tail waving slowly from side to side as it cronobed on to its belly, and drawing itself over the ground with close to the robs.

The next moment one of its linge paws shot forward, and Dick only exaped the grasp of the scimitariance of the control of the proposed to the opposite side of the skeleton.

Scrambling to his feet, he backed to the opposite side of the skeleton, rage, reached for him with its enormous front paw stretched out to its utmost, its fearsome claws wide spread to serve him.

enormous front paw stretched out to its utmost, its fearsome claws wide spread to seize him.

Fortunately for Dick Manley the raving beast could not reach him by a good two yards, and, inspired by his narrow escape, he prepared to open fire on his foe as soon as his neves grew steady enough to allow him to take aim.

take aim.

Presently he raised his rifle to his Presently he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, taking careful aim at one of the tiger's eyes, for he knew that, powerful though his rifle, its bullet would never penetrate the beast's thick skull, he was about to fire, when he was almost overcome by a breath of almost overpowering, hot, feelfi air, which swept over him from haldind.

behind.
Swiftly he turned, then dashed towards the head of the skeleton just as a tapering snout, thrust sideways, was thrust between the ribs, and a double row of sharp sawlike teeth snapped to within six inches of his

au. As the snout was withdrawn he saw As the shout was winding in a repulsive, squat body ending in a large, crocodilelike head, was pressed against the side of the skeleton

large, crocodilelike head, was pressed against the side of the skeleton opposite that guarded by the tiger. In a flash Pat Ryan's description of the freglike monster which had attacked the collared larad he had bestrode flashed into Dick's mind, and he knew that he had now an even more dangerous for than the against

Overwhelmed with sudden terror, Overwhelmed with sudden terror, ne ran towards the skeleton's tail; then, as both the fearful creatures followed, realised too late that he had made a false move. In the comparatively narrow space in which he now found himself he would fall an easy prey to the tizer's sweeping

easy prey to the tiger's sweeping claws. his surprise and unspeak-half, but the tiger seemed to have forgotten the tiger seemed to have forgotten the tiger seemed to have forgotten the tiger seemed to back and bared teeth, it was glaring over his head at the froglicard. Evidently a natural antagonism existed between the two beasts, for the latter was hunched up, its mightly forelegs present tightly against the ground, its hideous head drawn back until its short, thick neek seemed to have disappeared inside its body. It was also evident that the lordly tiger, feared, as well as hated, the frog disard, for after nearly a minute's mitual defiance of snarls and snaken mitual defiance of snarls and snaken the same properties.

incomplete the control of a distinct of the control the ground, the frog-lizard leastraight at the tiger, which mov-aside just in time to avoid tonset of that enormous mass

Then commenced a fight such million years.
Though, by its retreat, the tiger

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had shown its willingness for peace, it

and shown its willingness for peace, it was evident that it would only accept "peace with homour," and, being wishing to avoid the conflict.

Uttering an earthshaking roar, it turned upon the frog lizard with a sweep of its mighty paw, which might well have ripped the huge monster open at a blow, but with an agility which seemed impossible in an edimay which seemed impossible in an edimay which seemed impossible in an edimay a creature, the reptile sprang back and the blow was wasted on empty

air. As swiftly as it had avoided the tiger's stroke, the frog-lizard sprang twenty feet from the ground, and lashing out with its left bind leg, caught the tiger in the side, its talonilike feet ripping a wound a yard in length, then, scarcely touching the ground, bounded like a huge indiamber ball out of reach of its

rubber ball out of reach of its opponent's sweeping pass.

But though sorely stricken, the tiger was far from beaten, and as propelled by its enormous hind legs, the frog lizard rose once more, at launched itself full at its foe's threat. In vain the numble roptile sought to avoid the charge. Its tremendous pass down the charge. Its tremendous pass down the charge.

jaws descended a fraction of a second too late, the tiger had sexued it by the throat, and was worzying it as a torrier would a rat. Over and over the two rolled, locked in an embrace which could only end in the death of one, if not both, for the frog-lizard was using both its front and hind feet with terrible effect on the tager's sides and white stomach

white stomach.

So engrossed was Dick Manley in this fight of giants, that he could never tell exactly when a form, broad-shouldered, red of beard and hair, appeared upon the scene, and, hair, appeared upon the scene, and, we have been seen and a sound them, from time to time jotting down notes in a large pocket-book as

them, from time to time josting down notes in a large pocket-book as he did so, in a large pocket-book as he did so, in a large pocket-book as he did so, in the large state of the more cautious. Jim Klux and Pat Ryan howered near him, now and Ryan howered near him, now and him out of the search of the sound of the him out of the search carried him dangerously near the combatants. With startling suddenness, the fight came to a conclusion.

At the very moment when victory scenned about to declare in the tiger's

At the very moment when victory seemed about to declare in the tiger's favour, for he had forced the froglizard on to his back, and was worrying the life out of it, he suddenly collapsed, torn to pieces by his foe's ing the lite collapsed, tori fearful claws.

But the victory availed the frog

But the victory availed the freg-lizard nothing.

Even in death, the tiger refused to relax his grip on his enemy's throat, and, after one or two ineffectual struggles, balke itself free of the struggles, all sakes itself free of the struggles, and lay, its mighty limbs stilled for ever in the cold embrace of death.

The Professor's Peril,

The Professor's Peril.

Pale and trembling, yet overjoyed to find himself united to his couractes once more. Dick Manley stagecred rather than walked from the skeleton.

"Hurroo! It's Masther Dick, safe ing forward and sering the missing one's hand.

"Dick, old chap, delighted! I hought we'd lost you for keeps!" de-hought we'd lost you for keeps!" de-hought we'd lost you for keeps!" de-hough we'd here on cartin have you here!"

hand, "Where on earth have you been!"
"It's a long story, and at one time there is a would never her to tell it. But here I arn, badly seared, but the state of t Dick and Pat Ry

Dick and Pat Ryan turned to reach the shelter of the skeleton, but barely had they taken a couple of steps ere they were brought to an abrupt balt by hearing Jim cry, in agonised

tones; "Run, fatter! For mercy's sake run!" For Professor Klux had mounted the doad tiger's body, and taking measurements, sugnoring, if he had not been so engressed in his work to hear, the bellow of the charging month, for heaven severel his attention, for he consesses of the strength of the strengt

voice secured his attention, for he looked up with an imparient frown, which increased, rather than diminished, when he recognised his peril. Even then he hestated, as though reluctant to interrupt his measurements, but eventually spraing to the ground and ran with a switness his broad, ungainly body gave little promise of, towards his three compounds of towards his three compounds of the wards his three compounds of the contract of the contr

panions.

With horror, the boys saw he had put off his flight too late. The beast was travelling three yards to the professor's one, and overtaking him at every strice, despite the hail of bullets the three Britishers were bullets the three. hill at every strue, despite the half of bullets the three Britishers were pumping at him, which fell as innocu-ously off his hide as though they were pelling an elephant with peas from a catapult. With a groan of horror, Jim saw

With a groun of horror, Jim saw the monstor's hideous head lowered to seize its fleeing prey. But even as he expected to see those cavernous jaws close upon his father, the huge saurian swerved on one side, and darted at the dead tiger and its fermidable autgomist.

formidable antagonist.

Even before it had ceased to come
to a standstill, it had buried its huge snout into the animal's body,

growing in a low undertone of con-tentment, tore huge pieces from the still warm body.

Taking advantage of the collared lizard's attention being devoted to its unexpected meal, the four explorers retreated within the skeleton, all save the professor. No somer did be the professor. No sooner did he realise that the danger was over than he came to an abrupt halt, and, turn-ing towards the gorging lizard, shook his list at it, crying:

fist at it, crying: Ugh, you beast! You're tearing to pieces the only specimen of a sabre-toothed tiger the world has seen for two million years. If you'd only kep! away ten minuse longer, I'd have taken all the measurements

I wanted, then you could have made a beast of yourself with the remains if you liked. Bah, toad! Carrion

eater!"
Enraged at losing his specimen,
Professor Klux unslung his enormous
elephant-gun, and advanced towards
the collared lizard, evidently with the
intention of avenging himself upon

incention of averging humsel upon Jim Klus watched his father's movements in dismay, then, realising that all attempts at persuasion would be useless, he caught hold of the section, and: section, and section, and section, and section of the section of the rec?" in the most matter of fact tones he could command. Dick shot a wondering glance at his chum, but Jim had not lived with his say at his says lived his gas at hough to srike his son down, but

ing how to manage him.

Professor Kina had raised his fist
as though to strike his son down, bun
on hearing his remark came to an
abrupt halt, and glared at him under
his shaggy eyebrows.

"Whale, you idnot! That is no
whale's skeleton, but a surprisingly
perfect skeleton of a brute similar
to the one which is tearing up my
He strode furiously between two of
the huge ribs.

He strode fariously between two of the huge ribs.

"Ever see a whale with a head like that?" he boomed, pointing to the huge ribs and the like that? The boomed pointing to the monster's prostrate skull. "Or length, or feeds a dozen syards in leading to the monster's prostrate skull." The length of feeds a brainless fool, sir [2]. Bah.! You're Jim Klux winked at Dick, then bowed his head as though overwhelmed by his father's reproaches.

"I'd rather or whattery or call it sure. The rather interposed Pat Ryan. Professor Kendrick Klux barked out a short laugh, and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

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Professor Kendrick Klux barked out a short laugh, and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

Professor kendrick Klux barked out a short laugh, and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

No hanks to have the speaks," he said. "Hallo, where have you been?" he added turning upon Dick, whom he seemed to first for high a first to show weren't all eaten in our sleep. Kind of hare brained thing a boy like you would do. Wonder you half sense enough left to light a first to show scout-tracks for us to follow. I knew ha first must be of your kindling.

enough left to light a fire to slew swhere you were, and leave the contracks for us to follow. I knew the fire must be of your kinding swhere you kinding enough advanced to have found out how to make fire yet, and, of course, nobody but you knew the signs to cave behind you."

"But I did not light the fire as a signal. It was any lost sister who laid signal. I was any lost sister who laid "Nell Manley alive!" ejaculated the professor, in tones which showed how little he had expected that they would find hey living.

would find her living

how little he had expected that they would find her living.
Dick Manley nodded, and was about to relate his adventures when Jim Klux interrupted him, saying:
"Ifold on a bit, old chap. We're a little too mear that big fellow from a little too mear that big fellow from and if he though the prefix feeder, and if he thick on a prefix feeder, and if he thick on a prefix feeder, and if he thick on a prefix feeder, and if he make the property of his borned smooth would soon toss these bones as dec."
"It's no word of a lie you're spaking, Masther Jim," agreed Pat Ryan, and the others evidently being of the same opinion, they stole quietly beneath the huge neck-bones to some undergrowth, along which queetly beneath the huge neck-bones to some undergrowth, along which they hastened for nearly a quarter of a mile, their steps quickened by a sudden outburst of unearthly roar-ings, bellowings, and trumpetings, which showed that other monsiers had arrived to share the feast with

oc first-comer.
They were following some compara They were following some compara-tively small animal's track through the bush, when Dick Manley, who was leading, came to an abrupt halt, and every vestige of colour vanished from his face, pointed in dismay at a misshapen himan body stretched face downwards in the centre of the

tace downwards in the centre of the behalf back of the man's head had been beaten in by a crushing blow which had undoubtedly been immedi-ately fatal.

It was the fearful nature of the apeama's wound which had filled the lad's heart with dismay, but the neck of the corpse was enercied by a metal collar, exactly similar to the one worn collar, exactly similar to the one worn had seen his sister struggling, and he feared to step over the repulsive form lest beyond it he should see Nell'a mutilated form. lest beyond it mutilated form.

(Is Net rafe, or has she been evuelly devel by the savege inhabitants of the Hi World! There well be another thrilling instalment of this great adventure stonest Monday's BOLS FRIEND.)



THIS WEEK:

THE CASE OF LORD SCARNING'S PLATE.

PART I.

HARVEY KEENE, the prince of HARVEY KEENE, the prince of oleretives, is ongaged to investigate the Case of Lord Searning's Plate. He travels to the latter's residence, and although he cannot discover any elues, he is confident that his lord-ship has been robbed by the mysterious "CIRCLE OF 13," a band of searning of the worst type, Searning 1.

Keene holds Lord Scarning's

inember of the Circle of 15 to betray lis companions.

Keene surmises that Lechmere will hasten to warn the Circle of 15, and sends his assistant, OLIVER, in disguise, to slandow the man. Oliver docs so, and follows Lechmere to the East End of London. The butled discussion of the Circle of the London of the butled discussion of the Circle of the London of the Circle of the London of the Circle of the Circ

leads the lad to a dark alley where he knocks him unconscious.
When Oliver recovers he is lying in a dark room bound and gagged. There he everhears a plot to morder Keene. THE FERRET, a member of the gang, is to obtain entry to a house opposite Keene's, and to shoot him dead. Oliver manages to escape

him deed. Oliver manages to escape from his bonds, and gets away from the house by jumping into the river which runs alongside. He is followed, but he succeeds in getting away and warning Keerie. At ten o'clock the Ferret enters the basic opposite, and fires at what he takes to be the detertive's form. At the condition of the control of the con-trol of the control of the con-steps forward, captures the Ferret, and, taking him to his own rooms. steps forward, captures the Ferret, and, taking him to his own rooms, shows him a dummy figure which he had placed in a chair to deceive the

latter.

9liver is greatly surprised when Keene allows the Ferret to go free.

"How can you capture the gang now that you've let that villain escape?" he asks.

Harvey Keene only utters one

word: "Mosenstein!"

PART II.

The 1st Chapter, A Man of Mystery.

The Ferret was gone, leaving behind him the three tokens of his visit—the handeuffs that had been around his wrists, the airgun from which he had fired the murderous which he had fired the murderous shot, and the dummy figure lying by the French window, with a bullet in its wooden head. Princes Street was very quiet. Nobody was aware of what had

occurred. Harvey Keene puffed at his pipe, and smiled through the smoke at the lad, on whose face was an expression of blank hewilderment, "What was it you said, guv'nor?" he asked, "Mosenstein," Keene repeated.

he asked.
"Mosenstein," Keene repeated.
"That is the answer I gave you."
"I don't understand," declared
Oliver. "Who the dickens is Mosen-

"You shall have an explanation in few words," said the detective. stein?"
"You shall have an explanation in a few mords," said the detective.
"Aaron Mosenstein is a notorious touch a receiver of slotely properly, it was a receiver of slotely properly.
Turle Street, Whitechapel, and he lives over his shop. On several occasions the Circle of 13 have disposed of plunder to this man. The police learned that, and they passed in the properly of the several occasions the Circle of 13 have disposed of plunder to this man. The police learned that, and they passed from the properly of the policy learned that the grant knowledge, which was gleaned only a day or so ago. I profiged that it was likely to be of the properly o

Oliver

"I don't see the point yet. Fepared Oliver: quite simple. The hand of criminals, daemed by the message I have sent to them by the Ferret, will in the course of to-merrow remove Lord Searning's gold plate to Aaron Mosenstein's place, instead of melting idown, as has probably been their intention, and thus I shall have an opportunity of recovering the plate of the band of the b

Yes, guv'nor; you have made it

now?"

"Yes, guy'nor; you have made it clear. You mean to set a trap for the control of the cont

ind better—".

He broke off, and stepped to the telephone that was on his desk,
"I shall ring up Scotland Yurd," he added, "and have them send a plain-tothes' man to keep Aaron Mosenstein's premises under observation. It will be as well to have that seen to at once, in the event of the gaing removing the plate sooner than 1 expect."

It was past midnight when the lean,

lithe figure of the Ferret turned from lithe figure of the Ferret turned from the High Street at Wapping into a dark and narrow alley that led to Calcutta Wharf and the river. The members of the Circle of 13 had been waiting for him, and were growor waiting for him, and were grow-ing impatient and uneasy. As they heard his tread on the stairs they glanced at the door, and when he entered the council chamber twelve pairs of eyes glutered at him. He glided forward to the table, and stood by the vacant chair.

by the vacant chair.

"Have you done our bidding?"

asked the big, hearded man who was
the chief, and was called the Vulture.

"Is Harvey Keene dead?"

"No, he isn't," the Ferret
answered, in a harsh, croaking voice.

"He is alive and kicking, worse
lack!"

"So you have failed! How is that

"It wasn't my fault, sir. I was copped by Keene. He had a dummy at his window, and he was bidden in the empty house. After I fired he jumped on me, and with the help of

his boy he locked nippers on my wrists, and dragged me across the street to his own place."
"And You escaped from him did

you?"
"No; he let me go."
"He let you go?" cried the chief.
"You have been tricked, you infernal
idiot! Keene must have followed

you here!" have followed you here!" No jolly fear!" declared the Ferret. "He didn't have me followed, sir, I can swear. I was too careful for that. But I'll tell you the whole story!"

whole story!"

And the Ferret explained how he had been captured by Keene, and afterwards released.
"Here you are, sir," he concluded.
"This is what Keene told me to give

to you."

And he handed the envelope to the chief, who tore it open, and read aloud the brief message: "At nine o'clock to morrow night I am coming to your riverside lair for Lord Scarning's gold plate. Kindly

have it reads There was silence again, tense and There was silence again, tense and breathless. For a few seconds a pin might have been heard to drop, Terror and dismay were now in the eyes of the villams seated round the table. It was a both from the blue to the Circle of 13, this daring challenge that had been flung at them by Harror Keen.

that had been flung at them by Harvey Keene.

"I wish I had gone to Princes Street," declared the Baron, with a bloodcurdling oath. "I shouldn't have failed!"

have failed!"

"I bet you would!" the Ferret
vowed sullenly. "It would have
been the same with you as it was with

"Well, the mischief has been done," Irawled the Baron, twisting his fair monatche, "I was afraid we were too confident. That the detective should have been aware of the plot, and hiding in the empty dwelling, shows clearly that, while the lad was lying bound in the warn-house, he must have overhouse host of the talking; and it is equally clear that he kept his hearing, dwing his light, and was able to tell his most every where our headquarters are:

where our headquarters are?"
"Then we may expect Keene and
the police at any minute," cried
another of the party, glancing nervously at the door. "We had beter
be off at once, or we shall all be—"
"Nonsens!" a voice broke in, ringing loudly in scorn and deristen.
"There is not the slightest ground for

alarm."

It was the chief who spoke, and the mocking laugh that followed his wordstallayed the panie. All eyes were turned on him. He crumpled the detective's warning message between his alim, white fingers, and flung it on the table.

"This is bluff!" he exclaimed.
"Why do you think so?" asked the

"This is bith!" he exchanned.
Why do you think so?" saked the
Bartheauer, it is impossible for me to
think anything elso."
The cliief laughed again. This
man of mystery, of whom his comrades had little or no knowledge, was
the brains of the oraginstion. He
it a cigar, and smoked in allence for a
few moments, his mind bett on the
shrewd deduction he had formed,
"If Harvey Keene knew where to
lind us," he said," would be have"It seems rather unlikely come to

informed us of the fact?"

"It seems rather unlikely, come to think of it," the Baron admitted. the think of it," the Baron admitted. the chief, course it is," declared the chief, exactly the law, to see the chief, while he was a prisoner here he heard us talking of the plot to shoot his master. But he could not guide him to the place from which he escaped. He has only a vague idea as to where it is."

Then why did Keene send the

it is,"
"Then why did Keene send the building message?"
"For much fame as a sum reason that he seem to be sufficient to the second place in the second place with us and he would have him shadowed. I have worked it all out by theory, Harvey Keene must have learned, in the habit of disposing of siden property to that fellow Mocenstein.
"In the second place, he arguid that if we should be deceived by his build, frightened into the helief that they have been decided by the first helief was been properly to that fellow Mocenstein."

"In the second place, he arguid that if we should be deceived by his build, frightened into the helief that the first had been as a sum of the first

it?"
The chief paused, and as he dropped into his chair there were murnurs of approval from his contrades. His clever the properties of the contrades of the clever has been been a first from the detective.

"By heavens, sir, you're right!" exclaimed Red Rufus, the cracks-

exclaimed Red Routs, the second man, man, and sure I am right," asserted the closic, "and I will take the charces. There will be no flight from the constant of the charces. There will be no flight from the charces. There will be no flight from the northed part of the charces and the charces are the ch

month ago?"
"I have, sir," spoke up the Dwarf,
the little, monkeyish man who was as
devoted to the leader of the gang as is

devoted to the leader of the gang as is devoted to the leader of the gang as is. The chief modded. He stared into The chief modded. He stared into vesses, and then there leads to his vesses such a flame of fary that his companions shrank from him; but when he spoke his voice was as cool as ice, as sharp as a flic on steel.

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling, "

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling, "

"When I purchased the worling,"

"When I purchased the worling,"

"Burny, and access

limsy, and access can easily be had to Mosenstein's place. This fellow Keene has defied us too long. He has Keene has defied us too long. He has toiled us by every move he has made, and I am deter-mined that he shall

he—"
He paused, and
drew his chair closer
to the table.
"Sit down," he
added, "and I will
tell you what I propose to do to morrow night!"

The 2nd Chapter. Craft Against Craft,

It was on a Tues-ay night that the day night that the Ferret was trapped in the empty dwel-ling in Princes Street, and the next morning Harvey Keene went to Scot-land Yard to make such arrangements as were necessary

such arrangements as were necessary.

Meanwhile his request of the previous night tab been obeyed. A man
had been sent off to watch the
premises of the fence, and as the day
wore on more men, to the number of
a tozen, arrived one by one in the
vicinity of the house in Turle Street,
whiteclapped, and posted themselves
whiteclapped and product the product of
an interference of the product of the product of
served. observed

They were plain-clothes constables, and their orders were to remain at



midled in Keenc's unrelaxed grasp, shricking all the while the smoke thickened and the her and higher.



(Continued from previous page.)

their posts until they should receive a certain signal from Keene.

Turle Street branched off a main road, and as it was frequented at all officers and pretty shops, it offered facilities and pretty shops, it offered facilities for expionage. Aron Moonstein had lived there for some years, and pretty shops it had never been tripped in the property of the property o up by the police.

His house, No. 17, was a large, rickety old building of four stories, and almost as tortuous as a rabbit-warren inside.

and almost as fortuous as a rabbut-water inside.

An adjouring dwelling, No. 19, was the one that hab been referred to by the Circle of 13, who had purther circle as a suntied name a month or so ago. If one of the circle of 15 is not so ago, if one of the feries, and it was amoretiance of the feries, and it was amoretian to the complete. To enter it without being seen was not a difficult matter, since there was a lingh-walled yard at the back, and a gate that led to an alley. Say, and a ragged, iron-grey beard and moustache. He had the vision of a hawk, and he was always on his small and thus it happened that the nose, and a ragged, iron-grey beard and moustache. He had the vision of a hawk, and he was always on his guard. And thus it happened that the plain-clothes constables, careful though they were, did not escape the attention of the fence.

though they were, did not escape the attention of the foure.

He first noticed them on the monting of that Wedneslay, and not long stream there was delivered to him the stream that the stream that the suspected. He sent an answer, and there matter rested until early in the evening, when the faint bur of a telephone-held summoned him to the private office at the rearriester, and put it to the service, and and the service an

He will come," declared the chief. "He will come," declared the chief.
"A number of my comrades are now
in the adjoining house, and I have had
a report from them. They are certain
that the nen loisering in Turle Stréet
ear Scotland Yard constalles, which
can mean but one thing. You will
be will force on the develve, and
he will force on the develve, and
he will force on the develve, and
what he will want you to do.
"Am I to do it?" Aaron Mosen
stein inquired.

Am 1 to do it? Aaron Mosen stein inquired, "Of course you are. You will obey like a lamb, pretending to be frightened. And now for your inlike a lamb, pretending to be frightened. And now for your in-structions. Keene will tell you that he expects Lord Scarning's gold-plate the expects Lord Scarning's gold-plate to be brought to you by one or more of the thieves. He will doubtless wish to have a view of the street, and you will take him to the sitting-room above, and leave him there.

On your return to the office below, you will signal to my men in the next house. Word will be sent to me, and I will arrive shortly with the plate. You will take it up to Keene, having previously promised him that you would do so, on some plausible metext. Moreover, "On your return to the office below would do so, on some plausible pre-text. Meanwhile, he will have been kept under observation by the peep-bole that was made this morning. And while he is looking at the stuff. before he has a chance to summon the Scotland Yard men, he will be seized and hustled into the adjoining dwell-ing. No alarm will be raised. ing.

orm will be raised. | have ample time to put ing. No alarm will be raised.

You will have ample time to put
the plate in the secret hiding-place,
and when the police ultimately come,
suspecting that something has gone
wrong, you will be in a position to
defy them. They will not be able

The chief had rung on. Aaron Mosenaten hung the receiver on its hook, and shook his head doubtfully.

"It is a complicated affair," he muttered. "I don't like it. I wish I had never had anything to do with this many of..." gang of-

He paused, hearing the click of the

He paused, hearing the click of the street door. He passed from the office to the shop, and found there a tall, shabbly-dressed man, with motified features, and a fair, heavy moustache, who was carrying a parcel. As he came forward the door was ragged youth with grime sparred a ragged youth with grime sparred as the stepped to the counter, and the pawthroker glained at them in-differently. 'What have you got there?" he

asked.
"Nothing of value," the man relied. "Only kindling-wood."

As he spoke, he deftly whipped off is moustache, and at once Aaron fosenstein's face paled.

"Mr. Keene!" he gasped.

"Yes, Mr. Keene, "murmured the

"Yes, Mr. Reene, Interfluered and famous defective.
"What sort of a game is this?" said Aaron Mosenstein.
"Can't you guess?" Keene answered blandly.
"Not on my life, sir. You haven't auvithing arginst me?"

anything against me?"
"Haven't I? What of your deal-

"Haven I 1? What of your dealings with the band of criminals who call themselves the Circle of 13?"
"I never heard of them, except from the newspapers."
"You have bought stolen property from them, Mosenstein."

Tou have bought stolen properly from them, Mosenatein,"
Frower, s.r. to the best of my knowledge, "coved the Jew.

Keene interrupted. "What I have to tell you can to wait."
Keene interrupted. "What I have to tell you can the said in reant words. I strongly believe that a valuable set of gold-place which was stolen from Lord Scarning's readence in Grossome Square, will be brought to you some time to-night by one or more members of the gang."

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't, You may know all about these men, for you may know hitle or nothing. That isn't the point. I propose to set a trap under your roof, and you must help me."

Aaron Moscustein hesitated, ras pretending to consider the ma was pretending to consider the matter, judging that it would be wise to show

some reluctance.

some refuctance.

"Right you are," he assented, in a sullen tone. "I'm not expecting any-body with any plate, but I'll to what you like. You can trust me,"

"I am sure I can," Harvey Keene replied, "You won't dare to play me false. There are Sextland Vard men in plain-clothes posted outside, and if you were to try to leave the premises you would be promptly arrested. And now to arrange things. I shall And now to arrange things. I shall want to set a watch on the street. Where will be the best place?"

"My sitting-room, on the first-

"My sitting-room, on floor," said the Jew. "Has it a cupboard?"

"Yes, sir, a large one."
"So much the better. Listen closely. Mosenstein, and I will tell you just what you are to do in the event of the thieves coming with the you just what you are to do in the cent of the thieves coming with the plate. It is to be assumed that there will be at least two of them, and there may be three or four.

"Be that as it may, you will have one man—only one—accompany you with the plate to the sitting-room, ex-

plaining to him that it will be safe paining to min that it will be sager for you to negotiate there for the pur-chase of the stuff. The lad and I will be hidden in the cupboard, and when the man appears we will whip out and cover him with our revolvers. Should any assistance be required, you

ve it. canwhile, I shall have blown Meanwinte, I shall have blown a whistle as a signal to the police, who will rush into the house. They will seize any persons who may be below, and hasten up to join me. Do you understand?"

and hasten up to join me. Do you understand?" "Perfectly, sir," Aaron Mosenstein suswered, "You can count on me." "Vory well," said Keene, "All is arranged. And now take us to the room. Be quick."

Oliver and the detective were led

Oliver and the detective were left from the shop to the office at the rear, and from that by a passage to a staircase, which they ascended. When they had traversed another passage the Jew opened a door and drew his companions through. He had brough the a candle with him, and the light re-vesled an spartment that had two wendows, and was furnished with a wendows, and was furnished with a dresk, a couch, and a table, and dresk, a couch, and a table, and several chairs. Harvey Keene stepped to the cupboard and peered into it. "Quite large enough," he said. "You can go, Mosenstein. Be sure "You can go, Meyou don't fail us."

you don't fail us."

Aaron Mosenstein withdrew, shutting the door behind him, and went
quietly downstairs, laughing in his
sleeve at the thought of the chief's
trap. He rapped twice on the wall trap. He re of his office. stap. The rapped twice on the wall of his office, and by then Keene and the lad were standing in darkness at one of the sitting-room windows gazing from a crevice of the blind into the street below.

"I wonder if they will come?" murroul Oliver.

mured Oliver.

The 3rd Chapter. Foiling the Ferret.

Nearly an hour had clapsed, and the watchers at the window were be-ginning to feel discouraged, when they observed approaching along Turle Street a handcart that contained a large sack, and was pushed by an elderly, shabbily-clothed man with a ragged monstache. He stopped and threw a furtive look about him. "There he is," said the lad in a low,

r tone. think so," Keene assented.

"He is alone, guv nor."

"Yes, I am afraid there is only the one. If we get him and the plate, however, it will be something accomplished."

Apparently satisfied by his scrutiny the man shouldered the sack, and entered the shop with it. Nobody else arrived, though Oliver and the olse arrived, though Oliver and the detective key vigil for two or three more minutes; and then, as they turned from the window with the in-tention of concealing themselves in-terculps of the concealing themselves in-terculps of the concealing themselves in-terculps of the concealing themselves in-terculps and was at the back, and as soon as he played the silvery glow towards it he heard a faint, creaking sound, and saw a spot that glittered like a point of fire. And at once he knew it that was gazing at him from a tuy-hole in the wall. The truth Bashed to his mind. Craft had been matched against his craft.

"By Jove!" he whispered as he extinguished the torch.
"What's wrong?" asked the lad.
"Treachery!" breathed Keene.
"What do you mean, guv nor?"
"Hush, my boy! We are under observation."

"Ittaah, my boy! We are under observation." The detective's hand was on Oliver's arm. They groped to the Oliver's arm. They groped to the was fortunately a key, which Keene turned as soon as he and the lad had glided from the room. A noise of londoniering steps floated to bis ears.

They darted in the direction of the Adaron Mosenstein, who had a candle in one hand, and with the other was deagging the sack that had been brought in the pusheart. If me? The world give he was only the one man, and he didn't want to come up. He turne have the plate. I told him I would give him his price, and —"Last". Interrupted Harvey.

"Liar": interrupted Harvey Keene. And with that he seized the Jew, and clapped a revolver to his head. "Confess, von cur!" he hissed. "The Circle of 13 are in your house!" "Yes, Mr. Keene, they—they are! All

All of them?"
"Where?"
"Above and below! They got in through the adjoining dwelling, Don't shoot me! Oh, sir, please don't—"
Aaron Mosenstein squirmed like an cel, and was gone, leaving behind

him the bag of plate, and, dropping the candle, which was smitted out. He tripped, and plunged headlong down the stairs.
"Help! Help!" he yelled, as he crashed to the bottom. "Keene is

after me From the lower floor rose thro

From the lower floor rose threats and curses. Above, the men who had dashed from hiding into the sitting-room were hammering on the locked door. Keene put his whistle to his lips, and blew four shrill, piercing

"That will fetch the police!" he

"They will be too late to save us gasped Oliver. "We are in a trap "We'll get out of it! We're i

"We have caught yet."

Harvey Keene led the way, flashing his electric-torch, and the lad followed at his heels, lugging the heavy sack. They dared not go below. They must ascend, on the heave of examing by the roof. mance of escaping by the ro

They have it is a constant to the constant to "The cuming rogues!" Keene said

"Hark, guv'nor! They are

shooting!"
"Yes, the police have entered, and are meeting with resistance."
"My word, it's like the Sidney

Street siege!"

The dwelling was an inferno of noise now. Banging and clattering, and hoarse shouts, mingled with the rapid cracking of recolvers, and with a turnul; that was swelling in Turle a surrounding neighbourhood. En surrounding neighbourhood is not surrounding neighbourhood. En of the surrounding neighbourhood is not surrounding neighbourhood. En or was not surrounding hoase.

Knowing that the murderous crew

Harvey Keene remembered what in had learned from Moscinstein.

Knowing that the mirderous crew had got in from an adjoining house, he was anxious, whether he himself lived or died, to prevent their escape by warning the Scotland Yard men to draw a cordon around the entire block.

block.
"I don't know what we are to do, ny boy," he said, as his stout courage wavered for an instant,
"It's a bit of a hole, and no mis stake," was Oliver's reply.
They were still in a confusing band were searching for them. They were that the said of the s

rooms that were compty and rooms that were lumbered with trash. The firing had ceased, and the other sounds within had almost failed to some the sounds within had almost failed to that was locked. With one kick Keene burst it epen, and beheld the lean form of the Ferret, who was croncling in a corresponding to the second of the ferret, who was croncling in a corresponding to the second of the ferret, who was croncling in a corresponding to the form of the ferret, who was croncling in a ferret ferret. Though it was not a stunning blow, wall, and half-dazed him for a moment. Keene gripped him by the coller, and shook him multi his text failty artified.

fairly rathed,

"Show us the way to the roof," he bade fiercely. "You must be familiar with the dwelling."

"I-I don't know anything about it!" spluttered the little ruffian. "That's the trouble! I'm lost, sir!

Pve been trying to—" He "That's the trouble! I'm lost, sir! I've been trying to—" He stopped, and his sallow checks grew white. "Listen!" he panted. "Do you hear how quiet it is? There's bardly a sound! Hanged if they haven! done it."

"Done what?" demanded the de-

tective

tective.

"They've left me her to die."

"The've left me her to die."

"Tell me what you mean. Speak!"

"It's what the chief said. He was going to light a bomb helow, which would destroy the house and the police after he and the rest of the gang has slipped through to the next dwelling And they must have done it. We'll be blown to bits!"

A startled exclamation burst from Oliver's hay, and for a second or two

be blown to hits!"
A startfol exclamation intest from
Oliver's hips, and for a second or two
Barvey Keene's brain swam with
horror. Then hope revived. As he
glow from his obsetric-torch, two
rough shape of a staircus,
the cried. "Onne, my boy. ceme!
Hurer". "Onne, my boy. ceme!

Hurry!"
The Ferret was helpless with fright.

The Ferret was negpees with tright. Keene thrust him along with one hand, and with the other played the torch ahead of him. And the lad fol-lowed, staggering under the weight of the sack, which he had hoisted to I his shoulder.

In harrowing suspense, as fast as they could, they serambled up one rickely staircase, and rame to another. Up that they went, and reached the top breathless and exhausted. No trapdoor was visible above them. They stumbled just a room to one side of the passage, and they had no more than raised their more than trained they had no more than raised their meaning them they had no more than fraus the present them they had no more than frame door exposion that harded them of the feet.

"My poor boy!" gasped Keene, as My poor boy!" gasped Keene, as

he fell he fell.

For a few moments the shree lay there in a stupor, their senses of the freed for found found for found found for found found for found found for found found for found found for found for found for found for found for found for found found for found for found found found for found found for found

to rise, and then the detective rose, hanling the Ferret to his few to the had not too the too the too the detection of the too the detection of the detection of the developed and the room was a hollow shell of wreekage. The foor had split and sagged, and the roof was bulging. And what had been a window was now a wide, the work of the detection of the detection

"Where are the police?" Keene called back. "Tell them to—"
His voice was drowned by the clamour. He could not make himself clamour, the could not make himself. His year-clamour. He could not me-beard. The tunnil increased, ring-ing louder and louder. Billows of smoke were now drifting past the shattered window, and the gloom be-neath was streaked with vivid

Oliver and the detective waited

Other and the detective waited calmly, showing no fora as the minutes dragged by. At intervals the Ferral, trendling in Keanes's surrelaxed grip, shifeked with terror. The anoke thickends and higher, And finese searcd higher and higher, And hope, the chang of a going and a sound of wheels and hoofs told that help had arrived. A here exape was below. Soon the telescopic adders show no to the telescopic adders showing the highest and the helmeted head of a fireman appeared. It was a risky descent, through searching heat and a shower of sparks.

through scorching heat and a shower of sparks.

Down went Harvev Keene and his prisoner, and the lad with his heavy for the street, and the lad with his heavy of cheers, they safely reached the street. And a few moments later, just as the fireman got to work at the flames, the burning, shattered house collapsed into a heap of ruins.

Bean recovered, and the Ferret had been recovered, and the Ferret had been recovered, and the Ferret had been eaught. But the rest of the gang had essaped through the adjoining theeling, and not a trace of them could be found. It was a bitter distribution with the street of the str

Several days had clapsed, and a Several days had clapsed, and a fresh sensation had taken the interest of the public from the Turle Street affair. Aaron Mosenatein, who had escaped with the others before the ex-plosion of the bomb, had been sought for in vain. Lord Scarning's butler had disappeared, and there was reason to believe that he had fled the

country.

As for the Ferret, no amount of threats or persuasion had led him to give the slightest information regarding his contrades. He had sworn that he would never betray them, that nothing would induce him to open his lies.

nothing would induce him to open his lips.

It was certain that he would stot to his word. Harvey Keene knew that, and a feeling of deapondency doubt if he would ever served in the strenuous task he had under-taken. But even while he sat smoking and missing. Fate was bring-ing to him that which was to put him once more on the track of the daring and insolunt Circle of 18.

THE END.

(No.t Manday's ROYS FRIEND will contain another new drams dealing with Harry Keene's efforts to bring The Circle of 13 to justice. Don't miss it!)

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(Name of story they like best.)

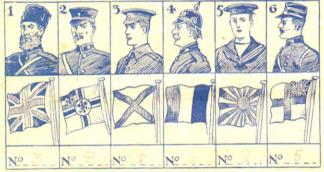
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