# THE OUTCAST THE FOURTH! | MYSTERY ISLAND! | HARVEY KEENE, | FORGED TO FIGHT!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

By DUNCAN STORM.

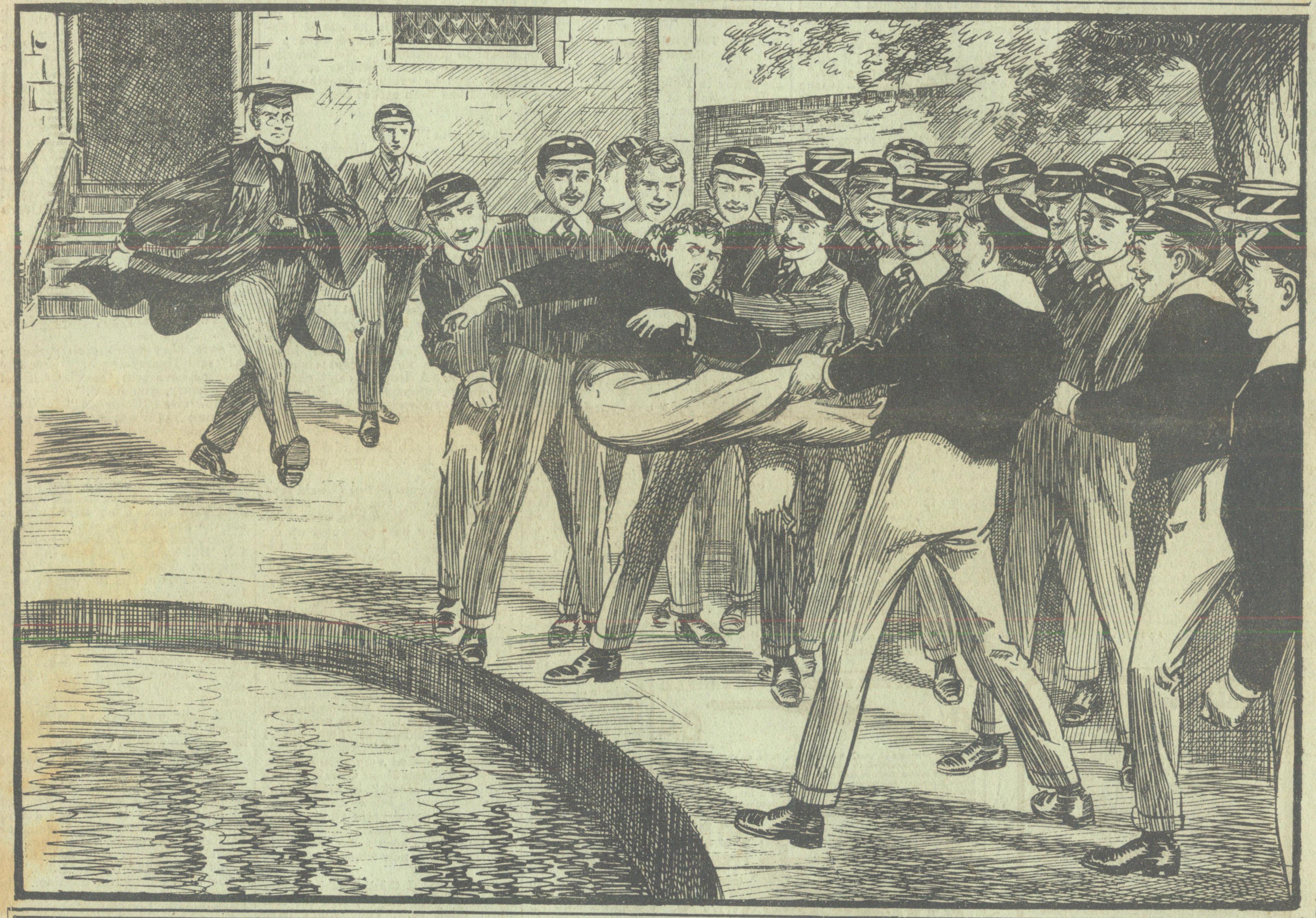
By ARTHUR S. HARDY.

# WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 735, Vol. XV. New Series. 7

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 10th, 1915.



WILL OSWALD BE SAVED IN TIME? ONE! TWO!! THR--!!!

# THE OUTGAST OF THE FOURTH!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

# BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

All in Coventry! Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, spotted Smythe of the Shell in the passage and beckoned to him. "Smythe!"

Smythe came reluctantly. Smythe of the Shell did not like being called up like a fag. Adolphus Smythe was a great personage in the

Shell, and he really thought that Bulkeley might have known better. Bulkeley, the captain of the school, seemed somehow quite oblivious of the greatness of Adolphus. He beckoned to him as he might have beckoned to an inky-fingered fag of the Second Form.

"Yes, Bulkeley?" said Smythe as sullenly as he dared

"Tell Silver I want him." Smythe scowled.

"Silver of the Fourth?" "Yes."

mered Smythe. "Well, why don't you go?"

ground. He did not intend to go | pleasantly.

upon that errand to Jimmy Silver's study if he could help it.

"I—I—I say, Bulkeley, I can't, you know. Silver's in Coventry—nobody's speaking to him, you know. The cad's bein' cut by the whole school."

said Smythe. "Everybody's disgusted | speak to any of them-not if he knew with him, by gad!"
"But what's he done?"

plained Smythe. "He's a cheeky are cheeky young cads, and we're

givin' 'em a lesson. I really can't speak to him, you know. He's in Coventry."

Bulkeley's ashplant slid from under "I-I say, Bulkeley-" stam- his arm into his hand. Smythe of the Shell eyed it un-

Smythe did not quite like the look | "Do you want a hiding, Smythe?" in Bulkeley's eye, but he stood his asked the captain of Rookwood

"N-n-nunno, Bulkeley."

"Then go and tell Silver to come to my study."

Bulkeley stepped back into his

study, and Smythe stood in the pas-sage, his hands clenched and his eyes Bulkeley nodded.

"Yes, I've noticed that," he remarked. "What's the trouble?"

gleaming. He was greatly inclined
to defy the authority of the prefect.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in Coven-"He's acted like a rotten rotter!" try, and Smythe wasn't going to it. But—there was a big "but"— Bulkeley's ashplant was not to be "Everythin' that he shouldn't," ex- argued with. In the Shell the dandy of Rookwood was monarch of all he young cad, you know, and his pals surveyed, but Bulkeley would have thought nothing of licking him like any fag.

Smythe decided to obey orders. He took his way towards the Fourth Form studies in a bad temper.

He reached the end study-the famous apartment which was the headquarters of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Fistical Four of the Fourth. He did not trouble to knock at the door:

(Continued on the next page.)



(Continued from previous page.)

he kicked it open, and glared into the I study.

The Fistical Four were all at home. For fellows who were sent to Coventry by all the Lower School, Jimmy

study—a rather late tea—having just | retorted by the novel idea of sending come in from cricket practice. Oswald | the Shell and the Fourth to Coventry of the Fourth, the new boy, was hav- in their turn, so they could not speak ing tea with them. The five juniors to Smythe. He and the rest of the were chatting cheerily when Smythe | Lower School were all in Coventry so of the Shell looked in.

Jimmy Silver stared at the dandy | cerned. of the Shell. Lovell and Raby and It was rather an original idea, and Newcome, his chums, stared too. just like Jimmy Silver. Jimmy Silver They had not expected a visit from | was famous for striking ideas. their chief enemy, the leader of the movement against them in the Lower Jimmy Silver. "I think I'll chuck School at Rookwood.

"Silver!" rapped out Smythe.

poured out tea. "Another cup, Oswald?" he in-

quired. "Yes, thanks," said Oswald.

"Same here," remarked Lovell, pushing forward his cup. "I wonder | what that image is blinking into our study for? Did you ever see a face in the doorway. like that?"

"Never!" said Raby. "Never, excepting a gargoyle!"

Smythe scowled furiously. "Silver!" he roared. "Bulkeley wants you!"

"Sugar, Oswald?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Yes," said Oswald, laughing.

"Bulkeley wants you in his study, you young cad!" howled Smythe. "Don't think I've come here to speak to you! I've just brought Bulkeley's message, that's all."

"Pass the milk over to Oswald, Lovell."

"Here you are, Oswald."

"Anybody say cake?" asked Newcome.

"Cake!"

Smythe of the Shell clenched his hands. It was bad enough for so was not a fighting-man as a rule, but dignified a person as Adolphus to be there were limits. He made a bound sent on a message like a fag to like a tiger at Jimmy Silver. fellows who were in the cold shades | "You young cad, I'll smash you!" | but I think this has gone on long | rights of it, and Oswald is very close of Coventry But to be treated like roared Smythe. this was a little too much. The Fistical Four and their guest ignored | their feet at once. But Jimmy Silver | sible. See?" his presence and his remarks.

clever, you young sweeps?" said twinkling Adolphus was on his back of the Sixth were loftily and serenely Smythe bitterly.

"They've forgotten to put the currants in this cake," said Raby.

"I've found one," said Jimmy Silver.

Smythe glared at them. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked pretty cheerful. | Silver & Co. being sent to Coventry | They were having tea in the end by the Rookwood juniors, they had far as the Fistical Four were con-

"This tea's too jolly weak!" said this lot away and make some more." Jimmy Silver picked up his teacup

Jimmy Silver did not answer. He | and "chucked" his tea away. It to empty a full teacup by slinging its | upon Jimmy Silver with a peculiar contents through the doorway into expression. Jimmy stood by the the passage. Jimmy Silver was not table, quite meek and modest, lookaccustomed to emptying his teacup in | ing as though butter or cream would that manner. Perhaps he did it this | not melt in his mouth, but inwardly time because Smythe of the Shell was | wondering what was "up," and Splash!

The steaming contents of the teacup | great man of the Sixth. smote Adolphus just under the chin. Smythe of the Shell staggered back | Silver meekly. with a gasping howl.

"Wow!" "Now we'll make some more tea," Jim said Jimmy Silver, without even a glance at Adolphus Smythe.

His companions chuckled irresistibly as Jimmy Silver rose and jammed the kettle on the fire.

Smythe's face was a study. His face, his necktie, and his elegant waistcoat were streaming with tea. "You-you-you young villain!"

yelled Smythe. "Where's the tea-caddy?" asked

Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Smythe gave a whoop of wrath, and rushed into the study. Adolphus

did not need any assistance. He Jimmy Silver nodded. He saw! from his own school; and they think "I suppose you think that's awfully | closed with Adolphus, and in a It was just like old Bulkeley. Most | he must have deceived the Head

heavy bump. Jimmy Silver picked up the kettle again and proceeded to pour the water over Adolphus. Fortunately, it was barely warm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Fourth-Formers shricked as the stream descended upon the unfortunate Smythe.

Smythe gasped and spluttered, and wriggled away, and made a wild dive for the door, already repenting his rash entry into the study. He was drenched by the time he reached the door and escaped into the passage. He paused there for a second to shake a furious fist at the study, and bolted.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Curious that that fellow can't understand that he's in Coventry, and we can't speak to him!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You'd better go to Bulkeley, all the same," grinned Lovell.

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Right-ho! We haven't sent

Bulkeley to Coventry yet-" "Ha, ha, ha!"

And Jimmy Silver left the study to obey the Rookwood captain's summons-following a wet trail left in passage by the drenched Adolphus.

### The 2nd Chapter. Loyal Jimmy.

Jimmy Silver presented himself cheerfully in Bulkeley's study.

The captain of Rookwood wore a was certainly a slovenly proceeding | thoughtful frown. He fixed his eyes which of his many delinquencies had happened to reach the ears of the

"You sent for me, Bulkeley?" said

"Yes, I want to speak to you." "Nothing wrong?"

Jimmy. Bulkeley smiled.

"I've not sent for you to lick you, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, good!" said Jimmy Silver, in great relief. "All serene! Only the pleasure of a little conversationwhat!"

"I've had my eye on you for some days," said Bulkeley, unheeding Jimmy Silver's cheery remark. "What's up with you young duffers

"Up!" repeated Jimmy vaguely. "Yes. There's some nonsense loggerheads. Now, I don't want to The chums of the Fourth were on the matter, and set it right, if pos-

on the floor, descending there with a | indifferent to what went on in the | let into Rookwood. So they're down

ranks of the on him." Fourth, and pro-Junior had been sent to Coventry for terms on end. But old Bulkeley took a keen interest in all the youngsters who were under his authority; and though he seldom or never interfered, he had often helped to compose little disputes by kindly and timely word of advice.

"It seems that you and your friends have been sent to Coventry by the juniors, it's been going on for a week or more," continued Bulkeley.

assented fact we've sent Shell and Fourth Coventry, and we're not speaking to them." Bulkeley

stared. "Oh," he said, "Yes, that's it."

"And what's it all about?" Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"Well, they're duffers!" he said. "I've heard a good deal of chatter," said Bulkeley. "It seems that there's been a set against the new kid, Oswald, and you've taken his part."
"Well, yes."

"And your friends are backing you

"Yes."

"What has Oswald done?"

"Nothing."

"I mean what is wrong with him?" "Nothing. He's really a decent

"Then why are all the juniors down on him?"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"Now, I want to get at the facts of this matter, Silver," said Bulkeley quietly. "It's getting serious, and the masters will begin to take notice of it soon. You needn't mind telling me what there is against the new kid. I can learn it easily enough by inquiring."

"I-I suppose so. Well, he's a good sort," said Jimmy. "But there is something against him. I suppose any of the chaps would tell you if you asked them-Smythe would be glad to. The fact is, he was at Minhurst before he came here—that's a school in Yorkshire. Well, Smythe happens to have a brother at Minhurst, and he wrote to Smythe that Oswald had been sacked from there.'

"Expelled?" "Yes."

"Is it true?"

"Well, yes," said Jimmy reluctantly. "Oswald admits it." Bulkeley pursed his lips.

"What was he sacked for?" "He-he was accused of rotten

things-breaking bounds at night, and pub-haunting, and that kind of thing," said Jimmy. "But I know there was some mistake, and so I'm sticking to him."

"How do you know there was a mistake?"

"Well, I know a decent chap when I see one, you know. Besides, he's been here for weeks now, and he's done nothing of that kind here. There isn't a more decent chap in the school. A leopard can't change his giddy spots, you know. If he was that kind of a rotter at Minhurst, he would be the same kind of rotter here. But he isn't."

"I suppose the Head of Minhurst knew what he was about when he sacked him?"

"I-I suppose so. But Oswald says going on, and I want to get to the he didn't do it, you know, and I bottom of it. You fags are all at | believe him. There was some mistake. I fancy he was hauled up for inquire too closely into fag affairs, somebody else. I don't know the enough, and I want to know what's about it; but I know he's all right. But the fellows think it's a cheek of him to come here after being sacked somehow, or he wouldn't have been

> "And you're standing by him?" bably would not "Yes, rather. I'm not going to go have noticed if a | back on him, when I know he's all junior had been | right. My pals think the same as They didn't at first, but brought 'em round."

Bulkeley looked very thoughtful. "It's nonsense about Oswald having

deceived the Head," he said. "Dr. Chisholm must know the circumstances-he would know all about the fellow before he was admitted here. He must have seen some reason to give Oswald a new chance at Rookwood."

"Just what I think," said Jimmy Silver. "But Smythe and the rest don't think so. They won't have Oswald at any price, so they've sent him to Coventry-and us, too, because we stand by him. So we've sent the whole crowd of 'em to Coventry, on our side, and-and there we are."

Bulkeley smiled. "I see-Don Quixote of the Fourth!" he remarked.

I don't quite know about that; but I think it's the only decent thing," said Jimmy Silver. "I dare say the fellows will come round in time. If they don't, they can go and eat coke!"

"It's a queer business," said Coventry. Bulkeley. "Don't you find that this state of affairs interferes with the cricket?"

"Yes," said Jimmy ruefully. "It means that the matches will be played by a Modern side, and, of course, that means defeat. We've got to stand out of the junior team while this rot goes on, and that leaves only one or two Classicals in the eleven. But it can't be helped. We're not going to throw Oswald over."

Bulkeley nodded, and the interview being at an end, Jimmy Silver quitted the study. The captain of Rookwood was left in a very thoughtful mood. Jimmy Silver returned to his own quarters to finish his tea.

"What did Bulkeley want?" demanded four voices as he came in.

"It was about Oswald." "About me?" said Oswald, colouring.

"Yes; it's dawned on his mighty brain that there's something going on in the Fourth, and he wanted the whole story. He thinks that Dr. Chisholm must have known all about you before you came here, Oswald." "He did," said Oswald. "My father told him all about it, of course. I shouldn't be likely to wedge in under false pretences."

"The other fellows won't believe that," said Lovell, with a shake of the head. "What the dickens did you get sacked for, you young duffer? While this rot goes on, we're shoved out of the cricket."

"I'm sorry!" said Oswald, his flush deepening. "I-I shouldn't mind if you dropped me, you know. I've no right to expect-"

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're sticking to you until the fellows come round. But it's rotten, there's no mistake about that. The St. Jim's match is coming off soon, and it will mean a licking if we're not in the team. Tommy Dodd is ratty about it, and so am I. But it can't be helped. Pass the jam."

Jimmy Silver finished his tea quite cheerfully. It was a worry about the cricket, and the attitude of the Fourth was a worry, too; but Jimmy Silver seldom or never allowed worries of any sort to affect his spirits. Whatever might happen, Jimmy Silver's motto was "Keep smiling!".

### The 3rd Chapter. A One-sided Conversation.

"Come on!" said Tommy Dodd. "'Twon't be any use," said Tommy Cook.

"Sare, they won't even spake to us!" said Tommy Doyle. "The silly gossoons have sent the whole school to Coventry, you know."

"Bow-wow! Come on!" Tommy Dodd was looking very determined. When Tommy Dodd was determined, he always had his way. Tommy Dodd's word was law on the Modern side at Rookwood, so far as

the juniors were concerned. The three Tommies crossed over to the Classic side. They were going to see the Fistical Four-on business!

Cook and Doyle looked very doubtful. But Tommy Dodd was in a grim humour. Tommy Dodd was junior cricket captain, and the well-being of the junior cricket team came before everything else with Tommy Dodd. Plenty of fellows on the Modern

side advised him to leave the Classical four to stew in their own juice, as they elegantly expressed it. They advised him to make up a School eleven wholly of Moderns. They carried their generosity so far as to offer their own services to fill the places left vacant by the Classical fellows who were in Coventry.

But Tommy Dodd wasn't taking

He was a patriotic Modern, but he wanted to play a winning team, and so he needed a bowler like Jimmy Silver and a batsman like Lovell, and he didn't intend to leave them out when he took his men over to St. Jim's to play Tom Merry & Co.

But it was a difficult position. The Fistical Four could not be let out of Coventry, so to speak, for the occasion of the match, and then sent to Coventry again. They weren't likely to play on those conditions. But Tommy Dodd's idea was that it had to be arranged somehow.

So the three Tommies presented themselves at the end study in the junior passage on the Classical side.

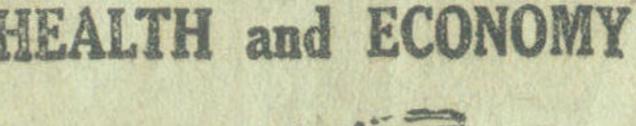
It was a couple of days since Smythe's visit there, and during that time the Fistical Four and their new chum Oswald had languished in the shades of Coventry, without, however, seeming much depressed by it. Indeed, they seemed to flourish in

It was evening, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were at work on their preparation. They did not suspend their work as the three Tommies looked in. They appeared oblivious

to the existence of the three Tommies. Tommy Dodd frowned at them. "Busy?" he asked.

"Pass the dick, Lovell," said Jimmy Silver.

"I've come about the cricket!" roared Tommy Dodd.





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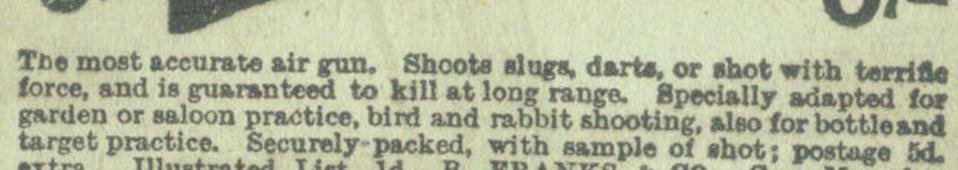
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(Continued page.)

he was in need of.

Jim's next week," said Tommy be ragged!" Dodd. "Now, it would serve you Classic worms right if I left you out of the eleven. But I want Silver to

Having found his word, Jimmy Silver went on with his work.

The three Moderns looked at one another with exasperated expressions. The Fistical Four seemed stone deaf. "Do you hear me?" bellowed Dodd. Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver looked up with a pained expression.

He did not reply, but he rose to his feet, took a stump of chalk, and chalked on the looking-glass, by way of answer:

# "CAN'T TALK TO YOU!"

"Why not?" demanded Tommy Dodd angrily. Jimmy Silver wrote again:

### "YOU'RE IN COVENTRY!"

Tommy Dodd gave an expressive snort.

"How long are you going to keep this rot up?" he demanded.

No reply. "Do you hear me, Jimmy Silver?"

Silence. "Are you deaf too, Lovell?"

Lovell's pen scratched away. It was the only sound that came from | him. The Fistical Four were very grave and serious, and very much in earnest. The three Tommies might have been three flies buzzing away in the doorway for all the regard they received from the Classical quartette.

"Look here, I'm fed up with this!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "I want to know whether you are going to play next Saturday. If you are, you've got to practise with the team."

Frozen silence.

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands. He was inclined to commit assault and battery upon the spot. That would certainly have been an effectual way of breaking the icy silence in the end study. But it would not have secured the services of the champion bowler for the junior team.

"I tell you I've had enough of it!" said Tommy Dodd. "We're willing to let you out of Coventry. You'd never have been sent there if you hadn't been silly, obstinate asses. We'll let the whole matter drop."

Jimmy Silver chalked on the glass again:

## "NOW YOU'RE TALKING!"

"Well, is it a go?" demanded Tommy Dodd. The chalk chalked again:

## "OSWALD TOO?"

know it! Wasn't he kicked out of rushed in after him. his own school for disgracing it? What right has he to come here and rose to the occasion. disgrace Rookwood too? We're not got a taste for blackguards, we haven't."

Again Jimmy Silver had recourse to the chalk:

# "THEN IT'S NO GO!"

infuriated war-horse.

Classical chump! I've a jolly good mind to wade in and wipe up the study with you!"

Jimmy Silver smiled, and chalked:

# "WADE IN!"

Tommy Dodd clenched his hands. "We're willing to be reasonable!" the face. Don't ask us to talk to him, I fully with their preparation.

Jimmy Silver calmly opened the I that's all. We're not going to swaldictionary and sought for the word low him. That's reasonable. And I can jolly well tell you if you don't "You know we're playing St. | do the right thing you'll jolly well

### "RATS!"

chalked Jimmy Silver. "Sure, we'll call a meeting to deal wid ye!" said Tommy Doyle.

clear out of Rookwood!" said Cook. "You hear that?" roared Tommy

The chalk chalked once more.

"BOW-WOW!"

That was too much for Tommy | not possibly be tolerated. | to set up to judge anybody; but we

The 4th Chapter. The Order of the Boot.

The junior common-room was

crowded. Nearly all the Fourth and the Shell were there, Classical and Modern Sides being equally represented.

For once Classicals and Moderns. met without a row.

They were at one for once. All the junior cricketers were angry, all the fellows who were down on Oswald were furious, and all the enemies of Jimmy Silver crowded to the meeting, glad of a chance to score against him. Smythe & Co. came along in great force. The "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood were keen for a chance of scoring off the

end study.

It was felt on all sides that the present state of affairs couldn't go on. Coventry was considered a heavy Fourth like this." punishment, and the unlucky sufferer 1 "Hear, hear!" sadly. But that irrepressible fellow to go!" Silver actually seemed to be enjoying | Loud applause. "We'll scrag him, and make him it. Instead of being properly "I'm not the chap to be down on crushed, beaten, defeated, reduced to any fellow without reason," pursued reason, and utterly downhearted, he | Tommy Dodd. "But you all know had had the unparalleled nerve to how it is. That fellow Oswald was retort by sending the Lower School | kicked out of Minhurst in disgrace. | to Coventry in his turn. And it was | He had the nerve to come here.

"Shut up!" "Shove that duffer over, some-

Jones minor kicked away the legs of Adolphus's chair, and the great Adolphus came to the floor with a bump and a yell.

"Go it, Tommy Dodd!" shouted a score of voices-Classical as well as Modern.

Tommy Dodd went it.

"Look here, you fellows, this rotten state of things is sickening! We want those silly idiots in the cricket

"Hear, hear!"

"They're standing out against the whole school for the sake of a fellow who was kicked out of his show-" "Shame!"

"They're good sorts enough, and it's only pigheadedness. They've got As a rule, sending a fellow to to be taught that they can't treat the same."

was wont to take it very seriously and | "As for that worm Oswald, he's got

not merely "gas"; he was keeping | Sooner or later he'll break out and it up. Such unheard-of cheek could | disgrace us, too. Not that I want

know. Maybe leadin' them into his own goin's on."

Smythe was determined to have something to say, even if he was not

allowed to make a speech. "So I put it to this meeting," said Tommy Dodd. "We take as our

motto-' O.M.G.' " "What the thunder does that mean?" demanded Hooker.

"Oswald must go!" Roars of applause.

"It's sickening!" said Tommy Dodd. "We're not standing it! It's a disgrace to have him here, considering what he's done. Rookwood isn't going to take in a rotter like that! That fathead Silver says there was some mistake, and Oswald must have been innocent all the time. No blessed evidence, you know. Must be so because Jimmy Silver thinks it is so, and we've got to think the

"No fear!"

"Besides, if he's got anything to say for himself, why doesn't he say it? Smythe's brother at Minhurst says he was caught outside his school at midnight. He hasn't denied that. If he was innocent of what they accused him of, what was he doing outside his school in the middle of the night? He hasn't said a word about it-not a blessed word!"

"It's clear as daylight," chipped in Adolphus. "My minor at Minhurst has given me the whole story. They'd known for a long time that a Minhurst chap was hauntin' pubs and dealin' with bookies, and goin' out at night, and had been seen squiffy, too -seen staggerin'-and they set a watch to catch him, and caught Oswald. He hadn't a word to say. My brother says he never even opened his lips. All the fellows there were down on him. Even his own pal, the headmaster's son, hadn't anythin' to say for him, though they'd always been awfully pally. Dr. Frye just booted him out, and serve him right!"

"Nothing could be clearer than that," said Tommy Dodd. "Now, I put it to the meeting-Oswald must

"Oswald must go!" chorussed the juniors.

"Hands up for O.M.G.!"

Every hand went up. Some of the fellows, in their enthusiasm, put up both hands. The meeting was unanimous.

"Good!" said Tommy Dodd, surveying the meeting. "That's settled. Now we've got to tell him so. Fetch him in, somebody."

"He won't come," said Lacy. "Yank him in by the hair if he won't come."

A dozen fellows rushed out in search of Oswald. A few minutes later there was a sound of a scuffle in the passage, and the new boy came hurtling in, with a dozen fellows grasping him.

The prisoner was fairly hurled into the crowded common-room, and the door slammed shut. He was received with hoots and jeers, as he stood panting, his handsome face flushed.

"Oswald!" rapped out Tommy Dodd. Oswald looked at him, still panting.

"We've put it to the vote about you," said Tommy Dodd "We don't want you at Rookwood. We want you to go."

"Get out!" "Clear off!" Oswald crimsoned.

"I cannot go," he said quietly. "I cannot ask my father to take me away."

"Why not?" demanded Cook. "I can't let him know the trouble I've got into here, for one thing, and I can't give him such a disappointment, for another."

"You can wedge into some other school where they don't know you," sneered Smythe.

"I mightn't be able to. Dr. Chisholm was very kind, but-" "You mean you've taken him in?"

roared Cook.

"No, no! But-"

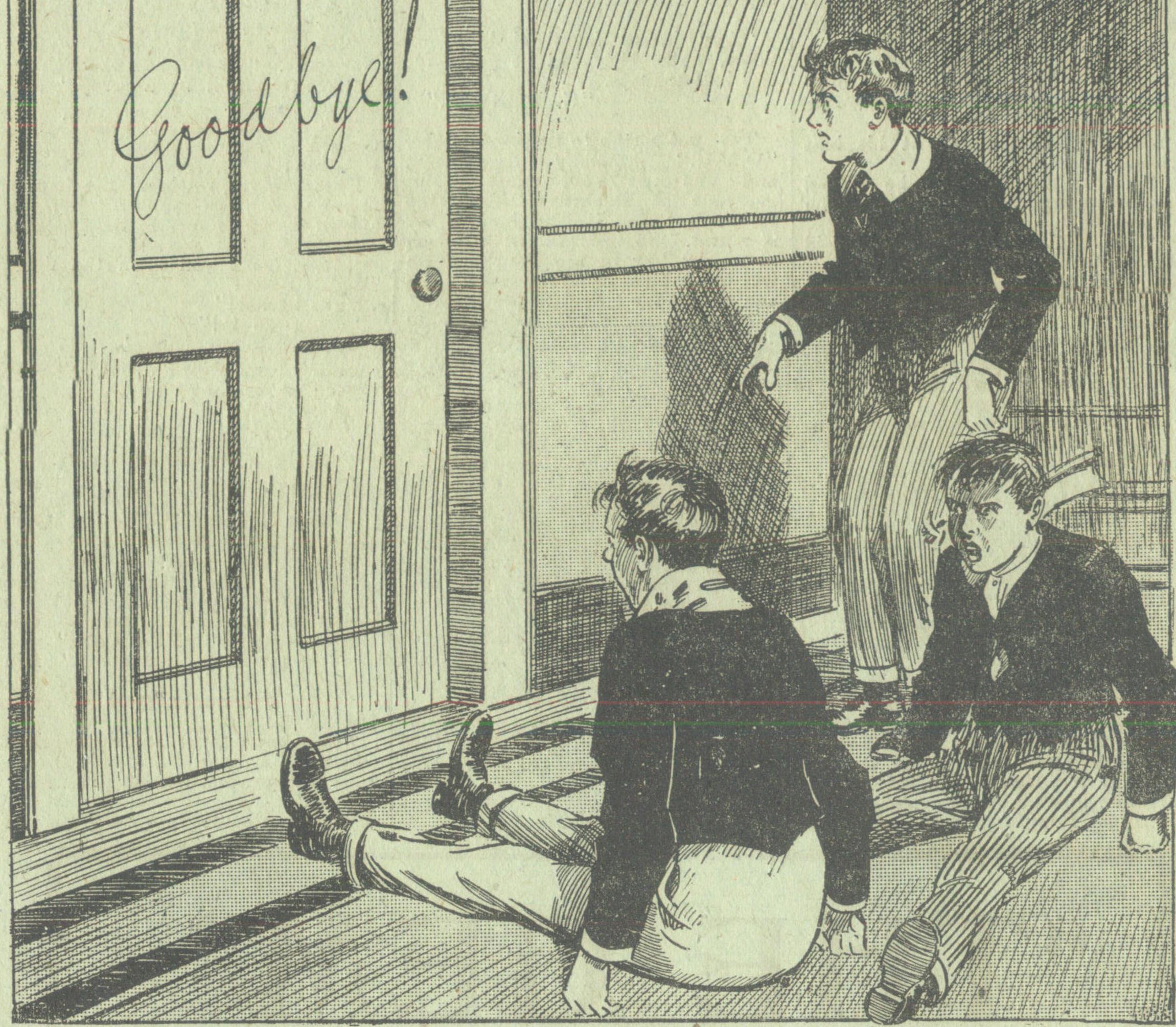
"Enough said! You've got to go!" said Tommy Dodd. "Now, you can't be very comfy here. You'd better clear off for your own sake. You're a worry to everybody. and you're getting Jimmy Silver and "You thumping ass! You silly blinked at the door. On it appeared drawing voice.
"Shut up, Smythe!" shouted into our school and disgracing us you to ask your people to take you with his beastly presence here, but away."

"I can't!" "You mean you won't, I suppose?"

bellowed Tommy Dodd. Oswald's lips set. "Well, I won't, then," he said.

There was a roar of wrath. The angry juniors closed in round the Outcast, but Tommy Dodd jumped off the chair and waved them back.

"No ragging-yet!" he said. Smythe. "A dangerous beast, you "We'll give him a day to think it



Tommy Dodd & Co. picked themselves up, gasping, and blinked at the door. On it appeared the

single word, in chalked letters: "GOOD-BYE!"

landed with three heavy and painful bumps.

"Yow!" "Ow!" " Wow!"

blinked at the door. On it appeared | drawling voice.

## "GOOD-BYE!"

"Come on!" gasped Tommy Dodd, with concentrated fury. "We'll hold a meeting, and get the whole Form to deal with the bounders. Come

The three Tommies limped away, he howled. "You can talk to your | breathing fury. In the end study | pet pub-haunter till you're black in Jimmy Silver & Co. went on cheer-

Dodd. His temper was already at | Every fellow who had a down on | can't swallow a blackguard like "No!" roared Tommy Dodd. | breaking-point. He made a rush at | Jimmy Silver was enraged, and the | that." "Oswald's a rank outsider, and you Jimmy Silver. Cook and Doyle fellows who really liked him-the great majority-felt that the cheeky "He ought to have cleared off Like one man the Fistical Four | bounder ought to be brought to | when he was found out. Is Rookreason. If only for his own sake, he | wood a refuge for seedy blackguards Four Classicals piled upon three had to be brought to reason. Only who're kicked out of their own going to take any notice of him. You | Moderns, and three Moderns went | Jimmy Silver could possibly have | school?" know you can't expect it. If you've | flying into the passage, where they | thought of sending the junior Forms | to Coventry, and Jimmy Silver had to be taught a lesson.

Tommy Dodd mounted upon a chair | wouldn't have let him in if he'd to address the thronging meeting. So known the facts. Now, we can't did Smythe of the Shell. Smythe of sneak to the Head about him, rotter Jimmy Silver chalked on the door, | the Shell felt that it was up to him | as he is. But we're not going to and slammed it. Tommy Dodd & Co. | to take the lead. But the juniors were | stand him here." Tommy Dodd gave a snort like an | picked themselves up, gasping, and | in no humour to listen to Adolphus's |

Tommy Cook. Smythe turned his eyeglass for a

moment upon Cook, but did not deign to reply. "Gentlemen," he said, "I've called

this meetin'--" "No, you haven't!" roared Tommy Dodd. "I've called this meeting. And it's a meeting, not a meetin',

"Knock him over!"

you stuttering ass!" "I've called this meetin'---"

"Outsider!"

"Rotter!"

dangerous character."

"Never!"

"Shame!"

"Bravo!"

"Worm!"

"Yaas, a regular blackguard," said

he's got four of our best cricketers

under his rotten influence somehow.

and set them against us. Shows he's

an awfully deep beast-in fact, a

"He must have taken in the Head.

It stands to reason that Dr. Chisholm

Are you entering for our magnificent competition, full particulars of which appear on page 110? to your chums, and you may win one of the 5,000 grand prizes !



(Continued from previous page.)

Published

Every Monday

"Better start by raggin' the cad," said Smythe.

"You shut up!" said Tommy Dodd autocratically. "I'm running this show! You've heard the verdict, Oswald-you've got twenty-four hours. Time enough for you to write to your people and clear off. If you're here after to-morrow you'll be regularly ragged till you get out. We're fed up with you! You're not going to disgrace Rookwood as you did your own school. That's final. Now kick him out."

Oswald was forthwith bundled into the passage.

Then the meeting broke up excitedly, discussing the situation. Oswald of the Fourth had received the order of the boot. It remained to be seen whether he would go.

### The 5th Chapter. "O.M.G."

Those mysterious letters the next day attracted a good deal of attention at Rookwood, especially on the Classical side.

The seniors observed them, written or chalked up in various places, and wondered what they might possibly mean.

But all the juniors knew.

In Oswald's study they were chalked | demanded. on the glass and inked on the walls, and even cut into the door with a pocket-knife. That study had been on that, though I think you're a shared by the new junior with Jones minor and Hooker, but his studymates never entered it now. They preferred to leave the Outcast severely alone, and they did their got the whole school up against us, only for the sake of peace. In his prep in other studies. Oswald was and the cricket's going to the dogs, study, the Outcast of the Fourth sat always welcome in the end study, and it will end in the eleven being wearily at work, but hardly seeing but the fear of bringing more trouble | made up of rotten Moderns! It's | what he read. He knew that the upon his four friends caused him to sickening!" keep away.

"O.M.G." It was chalked up in the passages, in the quadrangle, even in the Formroom. In the afternoon Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, found that cryptic legend confronting him when he entered the Form-room. In big chalked letters it looked at him from the blue-washed wall. Mr. Bootles adjusted his glasses very carefully, and blinked at it in astonishment. Then he turned to the Fourth Form, who were all in their places, and waiting.

inscription on the wall.

my Form-what, what!" asked Mr. Bootles. No reply.

"Can any boy here tell me

what it may mean?"

Apparently there was no information to be gained from the Fourth. Nobody opened his lips. Jimmy Silver was looking

savage, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome frowned. The three juniors were backing up their leader against the school, in spite of their very strong doubts of the wisdom of Jimmy's proceedings.

Oswald sat pale and troubled. Mr. Bootles waited a full minute for a reply, and as none was forthcoming, he knitted his brows.

"I presume that this is a joke of some kind," said the Formmaster. "Jokes of any kind must not be played in the Formroom. Silver, you will take a duster and obliterate those letters."

Jimmy Silver obeyed promptly. "Every member of the Fourth Form will take a hundred lines of Virgil!" added Mr. Bootles.

There was an angry murmur, and dark looks were cast at Oswald. Somewhat unreasonably, the juniors put the hundred lines down to his account. He was the cause of all the trouble, anyway.

But there were no more inscrip-

tions in the Form-room. After lessons Tommy Dodd came over from the Modern side,

where he had been at work with

over. If he isn't gone by to-morrow Mr. Manders, the chemistry-master, night we'll make him go." and met the Classicals as they came out. He put a brief question to

Oswald. "Going?"

Oswald's reply was equally brief: " No."

Tommy Dodd shrugged his shoulders.

"You've got till this evening," he

And he walked away. Oswald went quietly to his study. There was a deep cloud upon his brow, and his heart was heavy. How long would he be able to stand against the determination of the whole Lower School to drive him from Rookwood? Could he stand against it? What would be the next step? The Outcast of the Fourth had plenty of food for gloomy thought.

Jimmy Silver was furious. The movement against Oswald was so general that even the chief of the Fistical Four was powerless. chums were glum and dubious.

"We can't do anything," Lovell declared. "The fellows mean business. Why don't the chap go? He ought to go!"

Jimmy Silver glared at his best

"You're not going to be bullied Those letters appeared everywhere. | into deserting him, I suppose?" he |

"Oh, I'm sticking to him!" said Lovell resignedly. "We've agreed silly ass, as I've told you more than. once!"

time, Jimmy!" said Raby. "We've | the Head would send him away, if

don't go!" added Newcome.

Jimmy Silver clenched his fists. "Let 'em! They'll have to rag me,

"We're standing in! But we've lingered on a few lines: bitten off more than we can chew this time, Jimmy, and you can't deny "You stood by me like a brick,

looked as if Lovell was right; but | have faced the pater-I should have Jimmy Silver did not think for one | run away. I hope you're getting on | moment of deserting the fellow he all right at Rookwood, and that had befriended. He would stick to you've found a better pal than I was Mr. Bootles pointed a finger at the him to the last. He believed in to you." Oswald, in spite of the evidence; and "Is that the work of any member of | what he thought it right to do, that Oswald sighed.

he would do, if all Rookwood and the universe generally were against him.

"O.M.G."

he could rub them out.

Bulkeley called to him a little later, and pointed to the "O.M.G." chalked up on the library door.

"Is that one of your little jokes, Silver?" he asked.

"No fear!" "What does it mean?" Jimmy Silver assumed a thoughtful

expression. "The letters stand for something, I

suppose, Bulkeley," he said. "I suppose they do. I'm asking you what they stand for," said the

captain of Rookwood. "O.M.G.," said Jimmy Silver, very thoughtfully. "'Only Muddling Geese,' Bulkeley."

Bulkeley looked astonished.

"And what is that chalked up all over Rookwood for?" he demanded.

"Better ask some of the geese," said Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley looked at him very hard, and soon afterwards he was seen inquiring of Smythe of the Shell. Adolphus enlightened him at once as to the true meaning of "O.M.G." Bulkeley walked away, looking very thoughtful.

Presently a notice appeared on the board, in the handwriting of the captain of Rookwood:

"Any junior found chalking on doors, walls, etc., will be gated for two half-holidays.

"G. BULKELEY."

That put a stop to the inscriptions. "O.M.G." gradually disappeared, and was not seen again. But it meant. So insignificant a person | The raggers had arrived. as a new boy in the Fourth Form was the subject of conversation from one end of the school to the other.

Oswald himself felt that it could "You've put your foot in it this | not last. It was probable that even blow was coming. Whispers and foot-"They're going to rag him if he steps in the passage warned him that the threatened ragging was at hand.

He drew a letter from his pocketa letter in a sprawling schoolboy hand, and read it through, for "And us!" said Lovell loyally. | perhaps the tenth time. His eyes

Oswald; I sha'n't ever forget it. Jimmy Silver snorted. It really If you hadn't done it, I couldn't

"Thanks for your good advice," fellows!" said Oswald, in a low the letter went on. "You know I never was like you, and it ain't easy for a leopard to change his spots, you rub out the inscriptions, gave it up going to do as you advise, only Then there was a loud snap. at last. They reappeared faster than | it ain't easy to begin. - Your old TED FRYE." pal,

> Oswald crumpled the letter into his pocket again.

"It wasn't worth while," he muttered miserably-"it wasn't worth it! | good fooling about!" And now I've got to go through it | Crash, crash, crash! again! What will the pater say if I The lock was not a weak one, but have to go?"

declensions. But his brow was and the door flew open. clouded, and his thoughts wandered.

### The 6th Chapter, A Regular Riot.

Oswald started as the door of his study suddenly opened, and four juniors came hurriedly in-the Fistical Four of the Fourth.

He rose quickly to his feet. "They're coming!" said Jimmy

Silver briefly. "I know! Don't you fellows stay!" said Oswald. "No good your

going through it, too!"

said Oswald, in great distress. "I can | behind, because he found it less stand it, but there's no reason why exciting.

"Rot!" said Lovell. "We're standing by you! We'll lock the door for a start." He turned the key. "Now we're going to stand a siege!"

"They're awfully wild," said Newcome. "They'll bust the lock!" "Then there'll be a scrap," said Jimmy Silver.

"I'd rather face it alone," said Oswald.

"Bosh!"

There was a rattle at the handle everyone at Rookwood, even the of the door a few minutes later, and Head, had seen it, and knew what a loud tramp of feet in the passage.

"Why don't you open the door, Tommy Dodd?"

"It's locked!"

"Bang on it!" Thump, thump, thump! "Hallo!" called out Jimmy

Silver. "So you're there, are you, Silver?"

"You bet!" "Open this door!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Oswald, are you going to let us "We are not going to let him!"

said Jimmy Silver. Bang, bang, bang!

"Don't make that thundering row!" came Smythe's voice. "You'll have the masters here, Dodd! Get

something and bust the lock!" "I'll get my screwdriver," said Hooker.

"And a hammer," said Tommy

There was a pause, and the garrison of Oswald's study exchanged glances. The enemy were evidently in deadly earnest.

voice. "Oh, cheese it!"

There was a grinding sound at the It was chalked up everywhere, and know. But I'm jolly careful, any- door, and the blows of a hammer. Jimmy Silver, who had taken to way, and you needn't be afraid that A screwdriver was being driven in carrying a duster about with him to I shall get into trouble. I'm really between the door and the jamb.

> "Oh, you ass, you've broken my screwdriver!"

"Blow your screwdriver! The rotten thing must have been made in Germany!" growled Tommy Dodd. "I'll jolly well smash the lock! No

it was not built to stand assaults from He took up his pen again, and a heavy hammer, wielded by a strove to fix his attention upon Latin | powerful arm. It crashed to pieces.

There was a rush of juniors into the

study.

They halted as they found themselves confronted by the study table and other furniture piled across the room, and behind that barricade five juniors ready for battle. The two parties glared at one another across the barricade.

"Rush 'em!" yelled Smythe from the passage. Adolphus was very wisely keeping out of the war zone. The Fistical Four were dreadfully hard hitters, and Adolphus, like the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Tore, pre-"I don't want to get you into it," | ferred to lead his regiment from

"Now, we haven't come here to jaw," roared Tommy Dodd. "We

want Oswald." "Go and eat coke!" said Oswald.

"We're standing by him," said Jimmy Silver. "If you don't get out of this study, there's going to be trouble." "Rush the rotters!"

"Don't jaw! We shall have the prefects here soon." "Collar that cad!"

"You can hand Oswald over, or you can be ragged along with him," said Tommy Dodd. "We're going to frogmarch him round the quad and duck him in the fountain and jam him all over! That's for a start, just to warn him what to expect. If he don't go, we shall begin on him in earnest after that."

"I'm not going," said Oswald. "Hark at the cad! Rush 'em!"

There was a wild rush, led by Tommy Dodd. The raggers came scrambling over the furniture. The defenders hit out at once. Jimmy Silver's right and left came out, and Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook rolled over among the feet of their friends. Doyle dragged the table away, and the raggers rushed on. There was furious hitting on all sides. All the juniors were angry and excited now. Never had the Fistical Four put up

so tremendous a fight. And Oswald, too, showed himself a mighty man with his hands. But the odds were too great.

Numbers told.

The raggers fairly swarmed over the

defenders of the study. Tommy "Better leave me alone, you Dodd, with a streaming nose, scrambled up and came on. Jimmy Silver, fighting like a hero, was borne to the floor and pinned there. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, resisting des-

> perately to the last, went down. The raggers swarmed over them, and the unfortunate four simply disappeared from view under their swarming assailants.

Oswald, struggling furiously, was dragged out of the study. Jimmy Silver & Co. were still resisting, but they were held down by numbers. They had done their

best, but their best had not availed them.

Oswald was flung into the passage, and caught there by the crowd and rushed away. His collar and tie were torn off, his jacket split, his hair like a mop. But he was still fighting, till numberless hands grasped him on all sides, and he was frogmarched helplessly down the passage, amid yells of triumph.

"Got him!"

"Give him the frogmarch!"

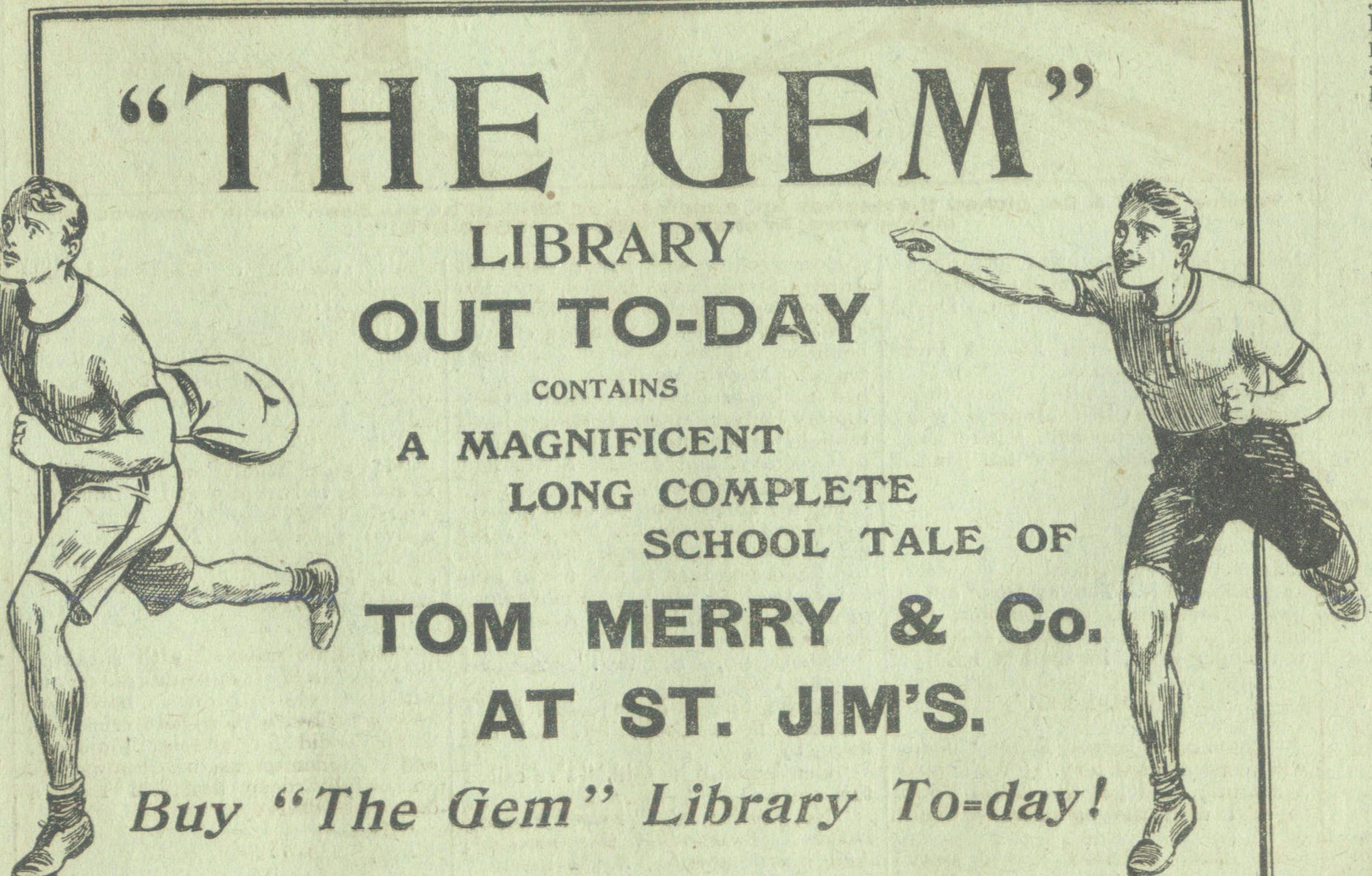
"Hurrah!"

Down the wide staircase went the swarming juniors, with Oswald in their midst. They reached the lower passage

with a rush, and found Bulkeley and Neville there, with their ashplants in their hands. "Stop that at once!" roared

Bulkeley. For once the juniors were deaf

to the voice of their head prefect, the popular captain of Rookwood.





(Continued from previous page.)

They rushed on pell-mell to the door and streamed out into the quadrangle. "Do you hear me?" yelled

Bulkeley, amazed and furious. The juniors heard, but they did not heed. Round the quad they went in a yelling throng, frogmarching the Outcast of the Fourth.

"My only hat!" gasped Neville of the Sixth. He had been shoved aside as unceremoniously as a fag. "It's a giddy revolution!"

Bulkeley strode out angrily into the quad, gripping his ashplant. The raggers were streaming away, their victim in their midst. They had reached the fountain, and there was a halt.

"Duck him!" "In with him!" "Hurrah!"

Oswald was swept into the air. "Stop!"

It was not Bulkeley's voice this time. It was the Head's. With fluttering gown and angry brow, Dr. Chisholm swept down upon the excited crowd.

Then the raggers stopped. "Put that boy down at once!" Oswald, panting, was set upon his

"Now, tell me, what is the meaning of this disgraceful scene? Smythe, I

presume that you are the leader." "By gad!" murmured Adolphus, in dismay.

"No, he isn't. I'm the leader, sir," said Tommy Dodd. Smythe was only too glad to retire into the background. He hadn't the least desire to dispute Tommy Dodd's claim to the leadership just then.

Dr. Chisholm fixed his stern glance upon the Modern junior.

"So you are the leader, Dodd?" "Yes, sir," said Tommy Dodd sturdily.

"Tell me what this means." "We don't want that cad here,

sir," said Tommy Dodd. "What-what!"

"He's been sacked from his own school, and he'd no right to come here," called out a voice from the rear.

Dr. Chisholm compressed his lips. "So you take it upon yourselves to judge in that matter. Do you think was unaware of that boy's history when I admitted him to Rookwood?" "Oh!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

he had-had taken you in, sir." "Indeed! I presume you mean you believed that I had been deceived?"

"We-we thought-we-we believed

"Ye-es, sir." "There was nothing of the kind. 1 had reason to suppose that an injustice had been done to Oswald, and deemed it right and expedient to give him another chance here. You

have acted disgracefully!" Tommy Dodd's face set sullenly. "We don't want a fellow here who's been kicked out of his own school, sir. If he's not good enough for Minhurst, he's not good enough

for Rookwood." "That is not for you to decide, Dodd. This boy was unfortunately expelled from Minhurst. At the present moment, Dodd, you are perilously near to being expelled from Rookwood yourself."

"Oh!" said Tommy Dodd blankly. "Oswald, you will go into the house and make yourself tidy at once. shall deal with you later," added the Head, his eye scanning the rioters. soon. "If this scene should recur, every participater shall be flogged and the

the raggers dumb. After that the something to be said for the attitude most truculent ragger of them all was of the rioters. They didn't want a not inclined to continue. But as the | fellow at Rookwood who had disgraced rioters dispersed there were furious his own school and been kicked out mutterings among them. Their re- of it. They were determined that marks were not loud, but deep. There | they would not stand it, and the could be no more ragging, that was | Lower School was in a ferment. Unevident. But, as Tommy Dodd said less Oswald went, the state of affairs between his teeth, there were other | would grow dangerous. Fellows were ways of getting rid of the outsider. | talking of writing home to their The motto of the Lower School at | people and getting a deputation of Rookwood was still "O.M.G."

The 7th Chapter. The Clouds Roll By.

"What's on?"

That question was on nearly every lip at Rookwood on the following day. | presence. The order had gone forth for the

whole school, Classicals and Moderns, to assemble in Big Hall after lessons, to be addressed by the Head.

Tommy Dodd and Adolphus Smythe and other leaders of the ragging outbreak heard the news with great inward misgivings. No punishments had been handed out yet, and they had only too much reason to fear that the order meant a flogging for somebody-they could guess whom.

When the school assembled in Big Hall, Oswald's appearance in the ranks of the Fourth was greeted with loud hisses. It was in vain that Bulkeley and Knowles and the other prefects shouted for silence. It was not till the Head came in that the hostile demonstration died away.

Dr. Chisholm held up his hand, and there was silence at last. All the fellows wondered what was coming.

"Boys, I have called you together to make a communication to you," said the Head. "It concerns the new boy in the Fourth Form, Richard | son!" Oswald."

Tommy Dodd drew a breath of It wasn't a flogging, at any Some of the fellows looked hard. very hopeful. They hoped that the Head had decided to "sack" the Outcast, and relieve Rookwood of his only culprit, and Oswald, who had

resumed the Head, "I was aware that | but without success. On the night he had been compelled to leave his when Oswald was caught out of former school, Minhurst. I will bounds he had learned that a watch explain why. For some time the was being kept, and, knowing that headmaster, Dr. Frye, had been Frye was in his usual haunts, he had aware that a certain boy belonging gone out to warn him. This, of to that school had been seen in dis- course, was very injudicious of reputable haunts, and, indeed, under | Oswald, but it was not a crime. He the influence of liquor, and he was caught, and he was condemned, resolved to discover the identity of | and for the sake of his friend he kept the boy in question, and expel him | silent. Perhaps he expected Edward from the school. A watch was set, Frye to have the courage to own up Jimmy Silver & Co. were feeling and Oswald was found outside, the to the truth; but Frye kept silent to somewhat downhearted that day. The | school at a late hour of the night. He | save himself, and allowed Oswald to

after all. coming?

"To-day," continued the Head, "I after Oswald left that school it was | was a subdued cheer. discovered that a Minhurst boy was

Oswald gave a start, and bit his lip

"The boy, thus completely exposed, made a full confession. He was the been his best friend, had made every mured half the Fourth, with one "When Oswald came here," effort to win him from his evil ways,

But what on earth was | dark looks cast at him now. The boy who had suffered so much rather than betray a chum was the kind of received a letter from Dr. Frye, at | fellow the Rookwooders could admire. Minhurst. He has told me a very Bulkeley patted him on the shoulder painful story. It appears that soon as he passed up the hall, and there

"Oswald," said the Head, "your again acting in the disgraceful character is completely cleared. You manner for which Oswald had been acted impulsively and somewhat reckexpelled, and only yesterday he was | lessly, and you took an exaggerated discovered, in a low public-house, and | view of your duty to your friend. the truth came out. This boy was | That is all that can be said against Edward Frye, the headmaster's own you. The choice is now open to you. of remaining at Rookwood or of "Oh!" murmured the Rookwood returning to your old school. And I trust that the boys who could not rely upon their headmaster's judgment, and who have treated you with contumely, will properly express their

regret." "It's up to you, Tommy!" mur-

Tommy Dodd stood out, red but resolute.

"We're all sorry, sir!" he exclaimed. "I beg Oswald's pardon, for one. If-if we'd known this, it would have been different. We're

The Head made a gesture. "Very well. If Oswald elects to remain at Rookwood, I trust you will make some endeavour to show your regret for what you have done. Dismiss!

Jimmy Silver and Lovell caught Oswald's arms, and marched him in triumph out of Big Hall, with the rest of the Fourth thronging round him. Oswald's face was flushed, and his eyes were bright. He had thanked the Head in faltering tones, but he could not fully express his gratitude. The Head's public explanation had set him right with Rookwood, and the juniors were all eager to testify their repentance, and to shower congratulations upon him. Even the great Adolphus told him that he was sorry,

Jimmy Silver at one bound had jumped back into more than his old popularity.

Jimmy Silver had been in the right, after all-right all along the line. He had stood by the Outcast; and the outcast had been cleared, and proved to be the right sort. It was a triumph for Jimmy Silver; but, in his great glee and satisfaction, he nobly forbore to say "I told you so!"

"It's all over now," said Tommy Dodd, shaking Oswald's hand for the fifth time. "I'm sorry-we're all sorry! We couldn't guess, you know. You see, you were an ass to stand by a rotter like that chap Frye-an awful ass! Jolly lucky he's got spotted at last! Why, what are you scowling about?"

Oswald smiled faintly. "I'm not scowling. Only-only I'm sorry for Ted. I-I hoped he'd have sense enough to run straight after such a narrow escape; but-

"Oh, rot! It's lucky it's come out," said Jimmy Silver. "The question now is, are you going back to Minhurst, or sticking to us? Better stick to us!"

"I-I don't care about going back," said Oswald. "There's rather painful associations at Minhurst for me now. I-I'd rather-" "Stick to us!" said Tommy Dodd.

"I'll tell you what-you stick to Rookwood, and I'll put you in the eleven for the St. Jim's match!" Oswald laughed.

"Done!" he said. And Oswald stayed. His name was cleared at the old school, and that was all he cared about. He did not want to leave Jimmy Silver & Co.suffer in his place. Oswald said no especially Jimmy Silver, who had word to betray him from a mistaken | been his firm friend in time of trouble. And that evening the list for the St. Jim's match was posted up on the board, and after the names of the Fistical Four came that of Dick Oswald.

The clouds had rolled by at last. "Coventry" was no more heard of, and any fellow who suggested ragging Oswald would certainly have been ragged himself, and Oswald and his friends rejoiced—especially Jimmy Silver; for Jimmy Silver had stood by the Outcast through thick and thin. and upheld the reputation of the end study for never making a mistake; and Lovell and Raby and Newcome declared solemnly that never, never again would they doubt the judgment of their Uncle Jimmy. THE END.

The juniors halted as they found themselves confronted by the study table and other furniture piled across the room, and behind that barricade the Fistical Four ready for battle. The two parties glared at one another across the barricade.

had left its mark on them. Fistical as they often were, they had never before shown such signs of combat. They were aching all over, and their damages were great. And they felt that, in spite of their efforts, it was all up with Oswald. The authority of the Head had checked another outbreak, so far. But there were signs that it would not be long delayed. The feeling against Oswald was more bitter than ever. In spite of even the Head, another ebullition must come

holm had already decided to send the | ing another boy, whose name he ringleaders expelled." new boy away, for the sake of order refused to give. Dr. Chisholm swept away, leaving in the school. There was certainly them to visit the Head.

terrific "scrap" in Oswald's study | had no explanation to make, and he | was condemned and expelled."

There was a deep groan for Oswald. "Silence!" exclaimed the Head.

The groans died away. Tommy Dodd looked very satisfied. He felt that the Head must be coming to the point now, and that it meant the "sack" for Oswald.

"A considerable time has passed since then," the Head resumed. "Mr. Oswald called upon me, and asked me to take his son here. He explained the whole circumstances to me, with the addition that his son had Jimmy wondered whether Dr. Chis- | confessed to him that he was shield-

> "Knowing both Mr. Oswald and his son very well, I was inclined to believe this story, and I resolved to give Oswald a chance in this school. The other masters and myself have observed Oswald very carefully during the few weeks he has been with us, and he has shown no sign whatever of any vicious tendency, which confirmed me in my opinion."

The Rookwood fellows stood silent and wondering. It was evidently not

sense of loyalty."

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd's face was a study. Even Adolphus Smythe looked a little shamefaced.

"Frye, having made this full confession, when silence served him no longer, has enabled tardy justice to be done to the boy who suffered for his sake," said the Head. "Dr. Frye has acquainted me with the whole story, and informed me that Oswald is welcome to return to Minhurst as soon as he chooses, where he will be received with every honour!"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Tommy Jimmy Silver's face glowed.

"What did I tell you, you silly asses?" he demanded, in a voice that could be heard by everyone in Big Hall. "Didn't I tell you he was as straight as a string? Why couldn't you trust your Uncle Jimmy?"

The Head smiled. "Oswald, come here!"

Dick Oswald, with a crimson face, the sack for Oswald that was coming, I came up the hall; but there were no

NEXT MONDAY. THE BOGUS ELEVEN! Magnificent Long Gomplete Tale of JIMMY SILVER & CO.