

More Ratter

"POLRUAN'S MILLIONS" STARTS TO-DAY!

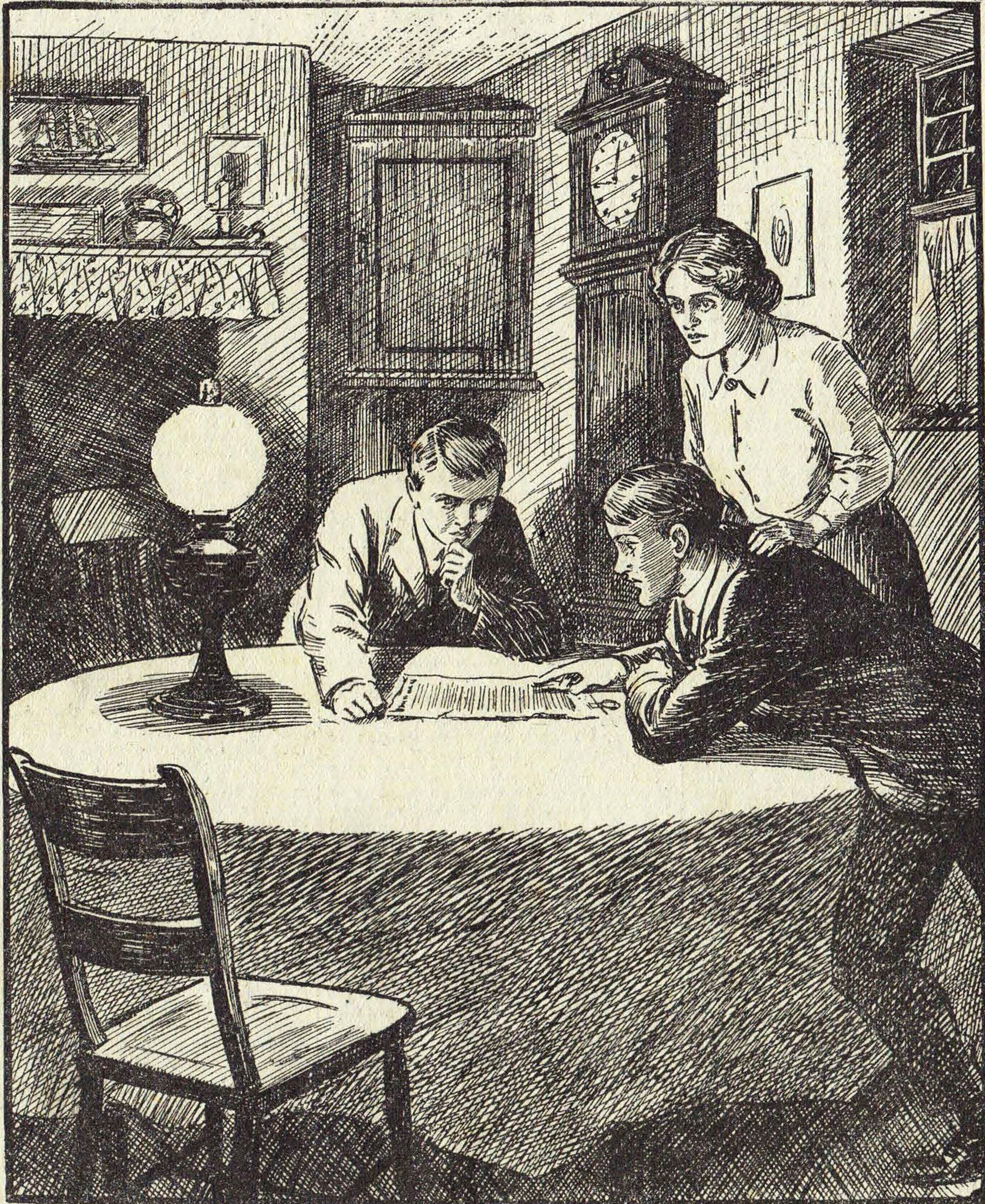
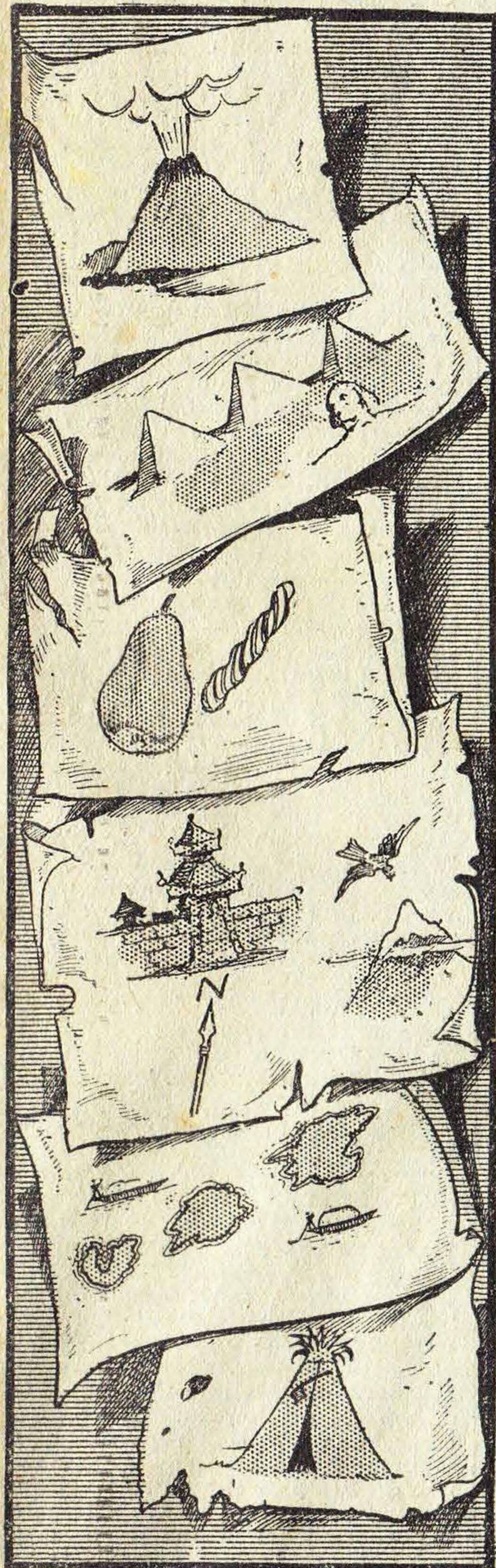
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 740, Vol. XV, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 14th, 1915.]



In the Name of God Amen

I, *Amos Richard Polruan* of *Polruan in the County of Cornwall*, first being of good health & sound memory do make & ordain my last will & Testament & make provisions for such of my descendants as may come after me

To the eldest son of each generation I bequeath for life the house known as *Polruan Hall* in the parish of *Siscaun*, & the lands thereto. And to each & every generation I bequeath the secret of the great treasure hidden by me of deliberate intent, to the end that those who finally enjoy its manifold benefits may do so only after that they have laboured duly for its possession.

To such representatives or representatives of each generation as shall be deemed both fit & willing to enter upon this task of surpassing magnitude shall the secret contained in the parchments & documents accompanying this my Will & Testament be given by the eldest surviving male of the previous generation. The value of the treasure known as *Polruan's Hoard* is computed at between *three to four millions of pounds sterling*, & to those who come lawfully to possess the same I bequeath my blessing, & to those unlawfully taking it, my everlasting curse.

In Witness whereof I *Amos Richard Polruan* hereto set to my hand & seal the five & twentieth day of April in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred & five.

Signed & sealed *Amos Richard Polruan* in the presence of
as witnesses. *Alfred Davie*
John Hosker

SOME OF THE CLUES.
Can You Decipher Them?

FRANK POLRUAN PRODUCES THE PROOFS OF HIS AMAZING STORY.

OLD POLRUAN'S WILL.
Read It Through Carefully.

POLRUAN'S MILLIONS!

The First Instalment of an Amazing New Story of World-wide Mystery and Adventure.

By **FAMOUS MAURICE EVERARD.**

PROLOGUE.
The Man from Over the Seas.
He stood at the open door, with the dancing light of the candles in the silver sticks playing on his wrinkled, nut-brown face; of stocky build, rolling of gait in his salt-soaked clothes, and the tang and swell of the sea about every bit of him—a man who knew the ice-lash of Magellan and the fiery glare of Terra del Fuego, as well as the purling combers breaking on the sun-kissed sands of the Canaries.

"Reckon I'll lay to, here, mates, and moor up a bit," he said, without taking the stained cutty from his lips, and keeping his peaked hat tilted on the back of his grizzled head. "Which among you's the skipper o' this craft, my young nevy Jasper?"
The white-shirted group set down their glasses, and their roystering talk died to silence, and they swung round as one on the strange figure in the doorway.
"I'm Mr. Jasper Polruan. Who are you, and what the dickens do you

mean breaking in on me and my guests like this? Confound you, sir, don't you know this is a gentleman's house, and that I and my friends are at dinner?"
Polruan had risen—a thin, wiry fellow scarcely out of his teens—and his dark, sallow face was flushed with anger as he set his chair back and moved towards the bell.
The sailorman blew a pungent cloud of smoke into the hot air, and lumbered easily in.
"Never mind no cabin-boy to

fetch or carry for me. Guess I know how to help myself," he said, as he leaned over the shoulders of one of the gay diners and snapped a bunch of grapes from the silver-gilt dish, and there he stood smiling at the other's discomfiture, and crushing the grapes one by one between his teeth.
Polruan's dark face was passionate with indignation.
"Here! I'll give you two minutes to clear, or my man shall throw you out. You chaps finish your dinner and slide off to the card-room. I'll see this old bird off."
The sailor broke into the catch of a wild sea-song:
"Oh, my name's Cap'en Kidd—
As I sailed, as I sailed!
Oh, my name's Cap'en Kidd—as
I sailed.
Oh, my name's Cap'en Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid,
And right wickedly I did—
As I sailed!"
"Ah, mater, that's better now

your pals are gone! We can palaver, you and me," he said, edging to Jasper Polruan's side. "I'm back agen, dead beat to the wide, sick o' the sea, and aching to drop anchor and moor up in comfort for the rest o' me days. Ole Grenville's dead, I 'ear."
"My father's dead, if that's what you mean."
"Well, ain't he Grenville to me, seeing 'im and me was brothers, and you, Master Jasper, I reckon you've come into the inheritance, and are making ducks and drakes of it with your crew of fine-feathered friends."
He dropped into a chair, and coolly took a cigar from the box on the buffet.
The young heir of Polruan eyed him with deepening anger.
"I know you, you're Uncle Walter, the wandering pirate-boat old buffer. Of course, your scheme is cracked, as much as you are. Take my tip and float away. There's no room for you here." The sailorman tilted his battered headpiece a little

THE SPY IN THE SCHOOL!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of School Life dealing
with the Adventures of

THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

The Fistical Four on the Warpath.

Boom!
It was the stroke of one from the clock-tower of Rookwood.
Jimmy Silver sat up in bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory on the Classical side.

He rubbed his eyes, and blinked round into the gloom.

"Yaw-aw-aw!"
That was the first remark of Jimmy Silver.

He was sleepy.
Outside, the moonlight gleamed upon the old quadrangle of Rookwood, and silvered the leaves of the ancient beeches. In the dormitory there was a low sound of steady breathing. All the Classical Fourth were fast asleep with the exception of Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy had been keeping awake by heroic efforts. As a matter of fact, he had nodded off several times. The last "nod" had lasted more than an hour. The Fistical Four of the Fourth had business on hand that night, far more important than sleeping.

Jimmy Silver had agreed to keep awake and call his chums at midnight.

He had come out of a doze with a start, as the heavy stroke of one boomed dully through the summer night.

He sat up in bed, waiting for the other eleven strokes to follow.

But they didn't follow.
Jimmy Silver rubbed his eyes, and grunted. It dawned upon him that the witching hour of midnight was long past, and that it was one o'clock. He had certainly nodded off, in spite of his heroic efforts. There could be no doubt whatever about that.

"My hat! One o'clock!" murmured Jimmy Silver; and he slipped out of bed.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were sleeping the sleep of the just; but Jimmy Silver soon altered all that. A firm grip on Lovell's hair and a heavy shake brought that youth out of the land of dreams, with a gasp and a howl.

"Gerrooogh!" came from Lovell.
"Wharrer marrer? Leggo! Yah!"
"Time!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Woof! Leggo!"
"Wake up, you slacker!"

Sulphurous murmurs proceeded from Lovell, and Jimmy Silver stepped to Raby's bed, and awoke him in the same effectual manner. Then he bestowed his attention upon Newcome, and Newcome came with a jump from the arms of Morpheus. Three somewhat savage youths sat up and blinked through the gloom at Jimmy Silver, who was beginning to dress.

"You thumping ass!" said Lovell.
"You've nearly scalped me!"

"Well, get up!"
"Look here," came from Raby, between two yawns, "on second thoughts—"

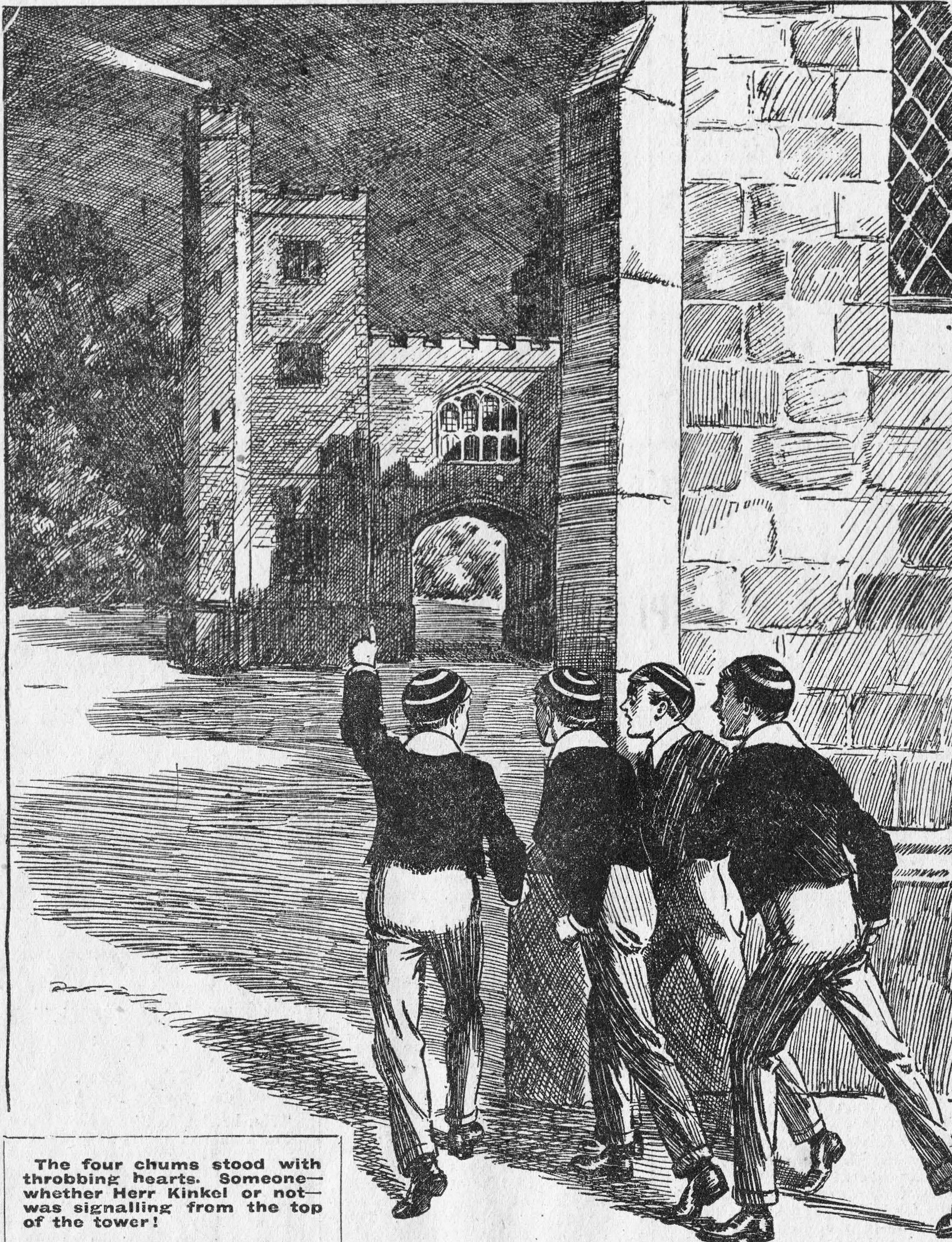
"No time for second thoughts now; it's past midnight." Jimmy Silver did not state exactly how much past midnight it was. "Gerrup!"

"On second thoughts," snorted Raby, "I think we may as well let old Kinkel alone for a bit. After all, he's only a filthy Hun, and not fit to touch!"

"Just what I was thinking," said Newcome drowsily. "After all, the best way with a Prussian is to treat him with contempt!"

"Yes; I wonder we didn't think of that before," said Lovell, snuggling down into the clothes again. "Withering contempt is the best thing for a German!"

Jimmy Silver picked up a sponge, and dipped it into a water-jug.



The four chums stood with throbbing hearts. Someone—whether Herr Kinkel or not—was signalling from the top of the tower!

"Contempt is wasted on Germans," he answered cheerfully. "They don't understand it. You might as well despise a mad dog; it wouldn't make any difference to him. The only way to deal with a Hun is to serag him. We've agreed to scrag Herr Kinkel to-night!"

"I say, it's jolly risky," murmured Raby. "We should get the sack if it came out!"

"If you are funky, Raby—"
"Oh, rats! Let's think it out again to-morrow! Anyway—gerrooop—yoop!—keep that cold water away, you beast! Yow-ow! I'm getting up, ain't I?" shrieked Raby.

Raby was out of bed in a twinkling, with cold water running down his neck.

"Keep off, Jimmy, you rotter!" mumbled Lovell, jumping out of bed just in time.

Newcome whipped out of bed as Jimmy Silver and the sponge approached.

"If you douche me, I'll scalp you!" he hissed.

Jimmy Silver chuckled.
"Now, get into your bags, you blessed slackers!" he said. "There's no time to waste. Didn't we decide at a solemn pow-wow that the time had come to stop Herr Kinkel's little games? Haven't we sworn a solemn swear to frustrate his knavish tricks, and stop his interfering with the Classical side? It's got to be did, and we're going to do it!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome mumbled, and scrambled on their clothes.
It was quite true that a solemn "pow-wow" had been held in the end study the evening before, and the fate of Herr Kinkel, the German master at Rookwood, had been decided upon. But somehow the business did not seem so easy or attractive in the dead hours of the night. Enthusiasm had waned.

But Jimmy Silver was adamant. A good many of the Classical Fourth knew that the Fistical Four were on the warpath, and if nothing came of it, the "grin" would be

against the end study. That, Jimmy Silver was determined, should never happen. It was the pride of the end study that it never made mistakes, and it had its reputation to keep up. Besides, the business in hand was strictly important.

Herr Kinkel was a master on the Modern side at Rookwood, and as such he had no business whatever with the Classical fellows, who did not study German. That was in the Modern curriculum, like book-keeping and "stinks," but the Classics had nothing to do with it. Herr Kinkel's interference with their rights and liberties, therefore, was not a wrong to be borne.

The Herr could not cane them, and he could not give them lines; but he had a special "down" on some of the Fourth-Formers, especially the Fistical Four, and he found ways and means of making his dislike felt. And the previous day he had actually had the unparalleled nerve and astounding cheek to box Flynn's ears! Flynn, in burning accents of indig-

nation, had related the outrage in the common-room.

To have one's ears boxed by a beastly Hun was a little too much. Flynn hadn't done anything to deserve it, either. He was sure of that. He had simply been bolting along the passage, when he bolted into Herr Kinkel and floored him.

But that, as Flynn truly stated, was due to the fact that Herr Kinkel sneaked about the house like a cat, with stealthy tread, and a fellow never could hear him coming.

Flynn's candid opinion was that Herr Kinkel had slogged him, not because Flynn had happened to run into him, but because the beast had just been reading in the paper how the Irish Rifles had given the Huns "jip." That, Flynn was convinced, was what was really the matter with Herr Kinkel.

That such an insult to the Classical side could pass unavenged was not to be thought of for a moment. The Fistical Four, who had all sorts of wrongs of their own to avenge, had taken the matter up.

It had been decided that the Herr should be given tit for tat. Time and method had been duly debated and settled. It only remained to carry the scheme into execution.

Hence the rising of the Fistical Four at the weird hour of one in the morning.

Flynn, though the principal person wronged, was left in bed. It was necessary for the Irish junior to have an alibi, in case of inquiries. Flynn was to be able to state that he hadn't left his bed that night. The Fistical Four could take care of Herr Kinkel.

They dressed in the dark, and from one or two fellows who had awakened there came murmurs of encouragement. They put on only their trousers and jackets. It might be necessary to get back into bed very quickly after the raid.

"You fellows ready?"

"Yes," murmured Lovell. "I suppose we'd better go through it."
"Yaw-aw! I suppose so," said Raby. "My neck's wet, Silver, you silly ass!"

"Got the ink?" grumbled Newcome.

"You bet! Come on!"

"Mind you don't spill any of it. We don't want to leave a trail from this dormitory to old Kinkel's room!"

"Bow-wow! You trust your Uncle Jimmy!"

"Well, come on!"

"Good luck to yez!" murmured Flynn, as the Fistical Four started for the door.

And the Classical heroes left the dormitory.

The 2nd Chapter. Mysterious!

Jimmy Silver led the way cautiously down the passage.

It was intensely dark inside the School House. The last light had long been extinguished; all Rookwood was—or ought to have been—buried in slumber.

Jimmy Silver was carrying, with great care, a biscuit-tin, which was nearly full, though not with biscuits. That tin had been filled in the end study, and contributions had been made from all quarters.

Jimmy Silver had started the collection, as it were, with a bottle of red ink. Lovell had put in a bottle of black ink, Raby a quantity of liquid glue, and Newcome a handsome donation of gum.

Flynn had contributed a whole shilling bottle of purple marking-ink, warranted indelible, which was really generous of Flynn. But Flynn justly considered that if that horrible

A LOSING GAME!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story of Thrilling Adventure, introducing

TOM BELCHER--THE BOY BOXER.

BY ARTHUR S. HARDY.

The 1st Chapter. Off for a Sail.

"Sambo!"
"Yes, Mistah Belcher, sah?"
"Let's go for a sail."

The words were spoken lazily, and Tom Belcher, who had summoned up the energy to speak them with difficulty, turned over on his side and glanced reflectively at Sam Walcott, an ebony-skinned son of a gun who lay stretched out under the lee of a boat on the beach at Whitpool.

It was an intensely hot afternoon, so hot that when the breeze fanned one's cheeks it only served to emphasise the torrid nature of the weather.

Tom Belcher, the boy boxer, and Sambo, employed regularly at Ben Adams's boxing-booth, had come down here on the beach because there was nothing doing, and they had sought the shelter of the boat in a spirit of self-preservation.

Tom found the heat scarcely bearable, and even Sam, who didn't mind the fierce sunshine as a rule, lay gasping on his back, with his soft hat pulled down to shade his face, and abandoned himself to the luxury of pure, unadulterated idleness.

When Tom sat up and asked him if he would come for a sail, the black fellow gave a grunt of dismay.

"No, let me stay here, please, Mistah Tom," he pleaded. "I don't want to do nothin'."

Tom got up at that. He bent down, seized Sambo by the collar, and, with a strength one would never have given him credit for, hauled him bodily to his feet. Then, with a swing and a playful push, Tom sent his coloured companion staggering.

"You lazy dog," he cried, "you'd sleep half your life away if you could! I'm not going to pander to your idleness, Sambo, and you're coming for a sail with me whether you like it or not!"

Sam Walcott grinned. Then, stooping, he picked up his hat and stuck it on his curly head. Next, he shrugged his broad shoulders.

"All right," he grunted; "I'll come, den, Mistah Tom!"

It was as much as Tom Belcher could do to nerve himself to the effort, but he was feeling that slack as to realise the necessity for exerting himself if only for the sake of self-discipline.

Besides, there was the Swallow pleasure yacht, with her nose driven into the sand and shingle, waiting for passengers to come aboard, and the shimmering sea promised a relief from the all-prevailing heat ashore.

Sambo and Tom Belcher made their way down to where the vessel lay, and joined the queue of holiday-makers who were awaiting their turn to go aboard.

The skipper of the yacht stood upon her deck, calling in a raucous voice to the visitors to Whitpool to come for the finest sail in Whitpool.

Slowly they climbed the plank that led up to her bulging side, and dropped down into her.

There were staid old folk and merry youngsters; there were girls and their sweethearts, callow youths, and boisterous boys.

Loud peals of laughter rang from their lips as they made their way up the plank. The yacht was filling up rapidly, and Tom Belcher began to wonder whether he and Sambo would ever get a place.

Gradually, slowly, the queue moved onwards. Near the water's edge there was some pushing and shoving, and little Tom was twice pushed in the back by some eager lover of sailing who was impatient to reach the vessel.

Upon receiving a push more violent than any that had gone before—a push which sent him flying out of the



Using a powerful side-stroke, Tom Belcher swam nearer and nearer to the helpless girl.

line—Tom looked round to take stock of his assailant.

This was a youth in flannels, a broad-shouldered, dark-haired, vapid-looking specimen of humanity, with a touch of hair upon his upper lip, and a glass window, as Sambo termed it, in his eye. His straw hat was set jauntily on his oiled hair, his white ducks were turned up the better to reveal a pair of emerald-green socks, his shoes, most carefully cleaned, were of dazzling whiteness.

He was accompanied by a pretty, fair-haired girl, a fluffy little thing, all dimples and smiles, who looked reprovingly at the youth as he sent Tom Belcher flying.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "you oughtn't to do that!"

"He's going out of his turn!" growled the vapid-looking person.

"Oh, I'm sure he's not. He and that black man were here before us." The youth said nothing, but bit his underlip, and glared at Tom through his monocle as if daring him to take his place in the line again.

This Tom Belcher did, without making any bones about it. In order to do so he had to thrust the youth back a bit, but he did not hesitate; and then, having regained his place, pushed on towards the gangway by Sam Walcott's side.

Sam was grinning from ear to ear. "Mah grashus, Tom, sah," he ejaculated, "wouldn't I like to see yoh give that dandy a boxing lesson!"

"And wouldn't I like to give it him!" laughed Tom.

"Who are you pushing?" said the youth from behind. "Why can't you wait your proper turn?"

"I did," answered Tom, with a half-glance around. "And you keep your hands off me, or you may find yourself in the water, and that would spoil your pretty get-up, Adolphus."

Some of the crowd grinned. The girl giggled. The people moved along the gangway. They made rapid progress now, and Tom got a footing upon it, as also did Sam.

The youth and his girl followed next. Then, angered by the laughter of the holiday-makers, the youth gave Tom another violent push, which nearly precipitated him into the sea.

Tom kept his balance with difficulty, and then, thoroughly annoyed, swung round.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded.

"It was an accident," answered the youth, with a grin, as he pulled at his moustache.

"Get on with it!" roared the crowd behind.

On they moved, and, emboldened by the success of his last effort, the callow youth tried it on again. He pushed Tom Belcher violently. Tom pushed back. The youth was thrown off his balance, and sent his girl companion flying towards the sea.

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

As a matter of fact, she would have

fallen in if it hadn't been for Tom. He saw her danger, stretched out his hand, seized her by the wrist and pulled her back again.

"I'm sorry!" he said apologetically, whilst a hot flush suffused her cheeks. "Oh, don't mention it!" she returned. "It wasn't your fault. But I was nearly in."

The youth with the monocle scowled. Once again he'd met with a rebuff in his campaign of frightfulness. Nor did he try it on again, as he fully realised the danger there was of the whole lot of them being thrown off that narrow gangway into the water, if he did.

"I'm sorry, Cis!" he said to the girl.

"So you ought to be!" she flashed. And then they all got aboard.

The 2nd Chapter. A Plucky Rescue.

As soon as the yacht was sufficiently full, the gangway was thrown down, and she was pushed down into the deeper water.

She floated gently away, bobbing up and down to the ripple of the water. The sails were hauled up, the tiller was set about, and soon she was speeding gracefully over the stretch of blue water towards the horizon.

The sailing-boat was specially built for this pleasure traffic. She was wonderfully safe, and carried a large number of passengers.

She moved swiftly, too, and, as the shore receded and the wonders of the Whitpool front were revealed, with its three piers stretching their long arms out into the sea, and as the cooling draught fanned their cheeks, the passengers felt that they had already had their money's worth.

The minstrels aboard now began to sing and play. The wheezy notes of a worn-out cornet floated over the water, and untuned voices sang commonplace melodies, to the huge delight of the crowd.

Since getting aboard, Tom Belcher had lost sight of the dandy and the pretty girl. He presently caught sight of them. In order to escape from the crush of the occupants of the seats, they had perched themselves upon the side of the Swallow, in defiance of a notice set up where everyone could see it.

One of the seamen remonstrated with them.

"Would you mind, please, coming down out of that?" said the seaman.

"Oh, we're all right," returned the youth, filling a pipe and lighting it. "We can't come to any harm here. The sea's like a mill-pond."

"So it may be," cried the sailor; "but you'd look funny if we tacked and the boom came over. Just you come down!"

But the youth superior in his assumption of knowledge, only laughed.

The seaman made as if to go towards him, but the crowd of passengers barred the way, and he gave it up, grumbling the while.

"Leave 'em alone," said another member of the yacht's crew. "They're all right. And serve him right—he didn't think of the girl—if he gets a ducking! I dare say he can swim."

And so the yacht sped on. She was not sailing under a full spread of canvas. Her skipper was too wary for that, even though it paid him to make the out and return journey as speedily as possible.

And hereabout Tom Belcher noticed that every now and then a puff of wind came which made the vessel tremble.

Sam Walcott blinked around him into the sun.

"Tom," said he, "the wind's treacherous. I shouldn't like to be perched up there where the dandy and his gel are."

"Think there's any danger?" inquired Tom.

Sam Walcott's reply showed that the black, at least, was cautious.

"To mah mind, Tom, sah," he replied, "there's always danger in a sailing-boat."

"But our skipper understands his business," remarked Tom.

For some minutes he stood lazily breathing in the pure ozone and watching the pretty dimpled girl.

She was evidently enjoying the trip. Her laughter and the merry ring of her voice reached Tom even above the crazy noise of the musicians.

Tom Belcher began to edge towards them. He could not have told why, but he felt that he wanted to be near.

He could not help his mind reverting to possibilities should the lass be suddenly thrown overboard into the deep sea. They were over a mile from the shore now, and speeding fast away from it still.

The vessel began to rise and fall as she dipped her bows into the swell. Her sails billowed out. It was a most exhilarating voyage.

At last she reached the limit of the outward journey. The skipper issued his commands, the crew sprang to quarters, and the helm was put over. The taut little vessel at once put about.

"Look out, there! Mind the!

Will you do Your Editor a good turn by asking a non-reader of THE BOYS' FRIEND to read Maurice Everard's magnificent adventure story—"Polruan's Millions?"



THE SPY IN

(Continued from the previous page.)

THE SCHOOL!

And he glared very suspiciously at the Fistical Four.

"Perhaps!" assented Jimmy Silver politely.

The Classical chums strolled away. They were more puzzled than ever. The inky patch on the floor had naturally been discovered; but the assault upon the German master had not been heard of. Herr Kinkel had certainly received more ink than the floor had. Why was he keeping the matter dark?

"It beats me," said Lovell. "I thought Rookwood would be simply ringing with it this morning. Old Kinkel ain't the kind of man to turn the other cheek. He's never been known to forgive anybody; he's too Prussian for that."

"He must have some reason," said Jimmy Silver. "Perhaps he don't want it to be known that he was out last night. Of course, if the matter was made public it would come out that he was inked as he was coming home at half-past one in the morning. He may want to keep that dark."

Lovell nodded. "That must be it," he assented. "Though I don't see why. A master isn't like a fag—he can go out any time he pleases."

"It's jolly odd!" Odd as it was, the Classical four were relieved. They did not regret the drastic punishment bestowed upon the bullying German, but they realised very clearly what painful results it might have had for them. For whatever reason the Herr was keeping it secret, it was all the better for the Fistical Four.

They were very curious to see Herr Kinkel, and they paid several visits to the Modern side that day. But the German master was not to be seen. It was given out that he had a cold, and was keeping his room. His meals were taken to him there. It was clear that he was really keeping his room to conceal the stains upon his face, for the indelible marking-ink would take a great deal of washing out. The Fistical Four chuckled as they thought of that. The box on Flynn's ear was costing the Hun of Rookwood dear—a drenching with a dreadful mixture, and a day's imprisonment in his room.

But there was one side to the affair that was not so pleasing. In the common-room on the Classical side that evening the Fistical Four found that there were doubting Thomases in the Fourth. Townsend, the dandy, led the attack, as it were, when the four chums sauntered in after prep.

"Here they are!" drawled Townsend, with a wink to his friends. "Here are the giddy heroes. They faced the lion in his wrath, and avenged the wrongs of the Fourth, and downed the savage Hun—so they say."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Topham. Jimmy Silver spun round on them at once.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. Townsend chuckled.

"We've been talking about the heroic exploit," he explained. "Sort of wonderin' why Kinkel took it lyin' down, you know."

"Tain't exactly his way," grinned Topham. "Why don't you own up that you finked it, and never inked him at all?"

Jimmy Silver turned crimson. "Why, you ead," he broke out angrily, "so you think we finked it, and came back and told you whoppers; what!"

"Well, it don't stand to reason that Kinkel would take it quietly," said Topham. "Now, does it? He'd have raised Cain."

"He'd have rushed to the Head about it," said Townsend. "You know he would."

"Sure, it's quare he's said nothin' about it," remarked Flynn. "But I believe Jimmy Silver, all the same."

"Thanks!" said Jimmy. "So you don't believe that we inked Kinkel at all, Toppo?"

"No fear!" yawned Topham. "He would have raised Cain, I tell you."

"You think that we've told lies about it, Towny?"

Townsend shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I must say I think you've been a little—well, a little Prussian in your account of it," he replied. "It don't stand to reason that Kinkel would take it quietly."

Jimmy Silver strode towards the slackers of the Fourth. He gripped Townsend by the back of the neck with his right hand, and Topham in the same place with his left. The two slackers wriggled and yelled.

"Leggo!"

"Chuck it, you beast!"

Then they roared together, as their heads came into contact with a sounding crack.

"Yaroooh!"

ing, and they curled up on the floor. They sat rubbing their heads and gasping, and Jimmy Silver glanced over the rest of the fellows present.

"Anybody else got any doubts?" he asked politely. "Don't all speak at once, but don't be backward in coming forward. I'm at the service of anybody who doubts my word, with or without gloves. Now, who's the next?"

But there was no "next." Evidently the Classical Fourth were all convinced.

The 5th Chapter. Jimmy Silver Thinks It Out.

"Penny for 'em!" said Lovell.

The Fistical Four were disposing of toffee in the end study, by way of supper, before bed. Raby, who was a wonderful cook, had made the toffee, and his chums pronounced it a great success. But Jimmy Silver was not bestowing so much attention upon the toffee as such a really tasty production deserved. He was swinging his legs as he sat on the corner of the table, and his brow was wrinkled in thought.

He unwrinkled his brow and looked up as Lovell made him that munificent offer for his thoughts.

"It's jolly queer!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Is it?" said Raby warmly.

deadly dark about being out last night, and so he's afraid to have an inquiry. He knows that whoever swamped him will have to keep it dark about his being out, or take a flogging for swamping him. But why is he so jolly particular to keep it dark about having been out?"

"Give it up!" yawned Newcome. "Toffee this way!"

"Masters are allowed to go in and out as they like," said Silver. "The Head don't rag them for breaking bounds as he does with us. What does Kinkel want to keep it dark for?"

"Better ask him."

"May have been out on the razzle," suggested Raby. "If he had been down to a pub, he would want to keep that dark. Germans are awfully beery bouncers, you know. Or he might have been out of the five-mile radius."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"He wouldn't be called upon to explain where he'd been," he said. "He's free to do as he likes. For some reason, he's awfully particular not to have it known that he was out of doors in the middle of the night. There's another thing. How did he get in?"

"Eh? By the door, I suppose!"

"He didn't! We should have heard the door open. The door's bolted and chained of a night. If it

you haven't forgotten those flashes we saw last night."

"No fear! You told us not to mention that to anybody. Any more toffee, Raby?"

"No good mentioning it," said Jimmy Silver. "For one thing, the fellows might think we were romancing. But I've been thinking over that, too. You remember the light was shown at a good height—a good bit above the tops of the beeches, and they're pretty high. Now, where did that light come from?"

"I've given that up, unless it was a stray balloon," said Lovell.

"Rats; it couldn't have been."

"Well, I don't see what else it could have been!"

"I've thought it out. There's only one spot in Rookwood high enough for those flashes to have come from, and that's the top of the clock-tower."

Lovell suspended his operations on the toffee, to stare at his chum.

"In the name of blue thunder, what could anybody be flashing a lamp about at the top of the clock-tower for?" he demanded.

"Signals!"

"Signals to whom, and to what, and for why?"

"Germans!"

"What!" yelled Lovell and Raby and Newcome, with one voice.

Jimmy Silver's face was very grave.

"I'm talking seriously," he said.

"Those lights we saw were signals of some sort—some kind of code. I couldn't make it out. I admit I never thought of Kinkel in connection with it then. But since Kinkel is so jolly careful to keep it dark that he has been out of doors, you can see how it works out. Kinkel was outside, and would rather be swamped with ink and say nothing than let it be known. Somebody was on the top of the clock-tower, signalling with an electric lamp. Put two and two together, and what do you make of it?"

The Co. were silent. Their breath was taken away.

"Kinkel's a German," went on Jimmy Silver quietly. "Every German is a born spy. They take to spying like ducks to water. They don't see anything disgraceful in it. They like it. They'll sit at your table and eat your bread, and spy on you behind your back, and feel proud of themselves."

"Yes, I know that. But—but—"

"Everybody knows that the real spies aren't those poor rotters of waiters and barbers who are sent to the concentration camps. The real spies are a good deal higher up. It's as plain as the nose on your face, that it was Kinkel who was flashing lights from the top of the clock-tower. What do you think he was doing it for? Not for fun, I suppose?"

"My word!" murmured Lovell. "He—couldn't be such a worm as to be a spy, and—stay here as he does, eating with us, keeping up a friendly appearance—"

Jimmy Silver laughed scornfully.

"Germans think nothing of that, it's their trade. We know he hates this country. The Head doesn't know it, but he's shown it pretty plainly, all the same. He chortles over that precious 'Hymn of Hate' in his study. Didn't we see the fat cad chuckling over the account in the newspaper when the cowardly blackguards poisoned our men with their poison-gas? A light from the clock-tower can be seen out at sea. He was signalling, whether to a ship, or another spy on the coast or a Zeppelin I can't say. But he was signalling, and he wasn't doing it for nothing. We've happened on this by chance; but we've found out that the beast is a spy."

"Oh!"

The toffee was quite forgotten now. The Fistical Four were very grave, and Jimmy Silver's chums looked almost dazed.

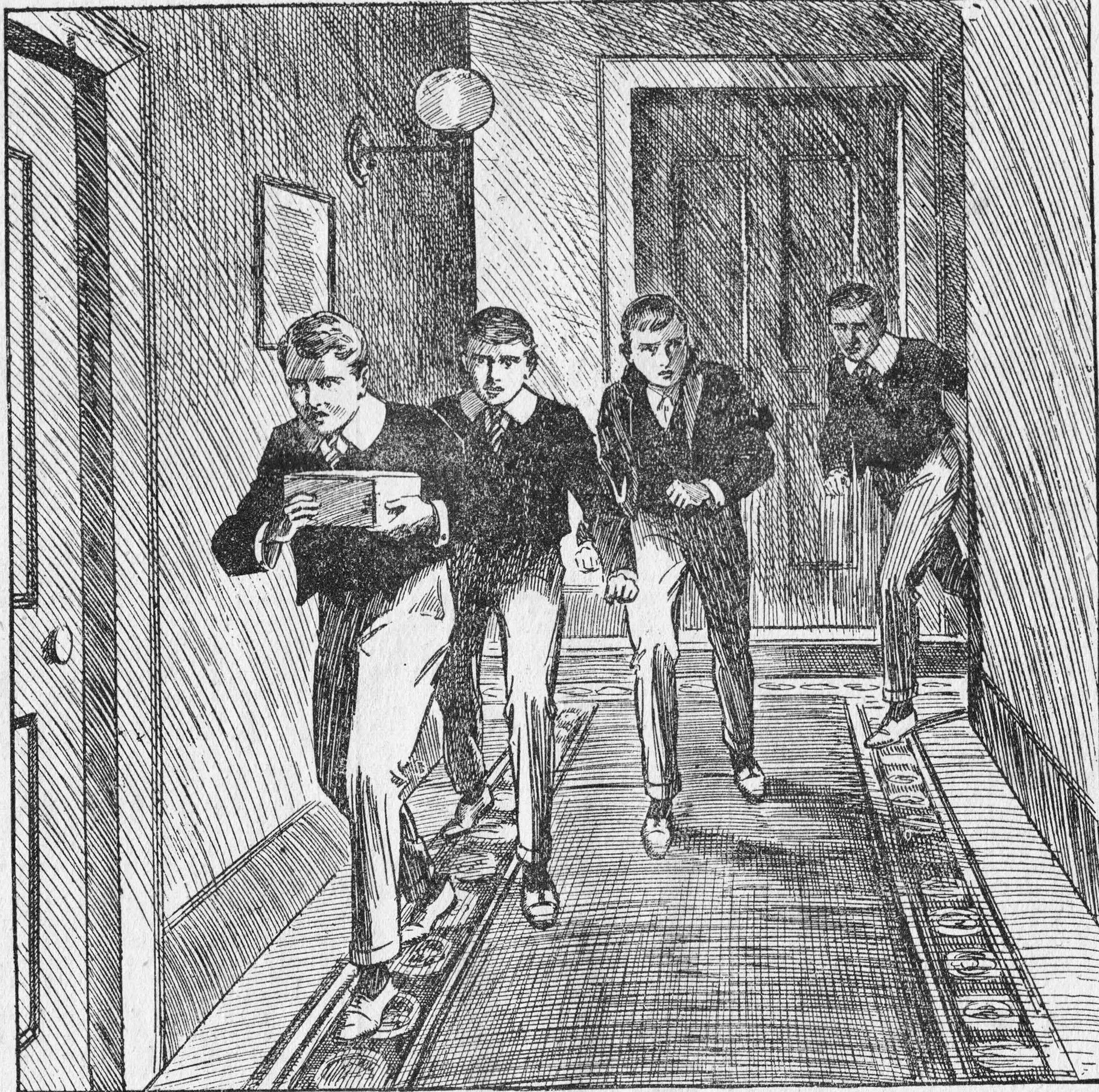
That the network of the German spy system was spread over the whole country was common knowledge. But that a spy was sheltered within the walls of Rookwood was a staggering discovery.

"I—I say, I—I can't quite believe he'd be such an awful beast," said Lovell, at last. "If—if we said a word about this, the Head would very likely sack us. He wouldn't be likely to believe it."

"We've got to make sure first," said Jimmy Silver.

"Make sure!" said Raby.

"It's our business, isn't it?" said Jimmy Silver. "If there's a dirty German doing his dirty spy business in Rookwood, I suppose we're not going to let him keep on doing it. It's up to us. We can't say a word



Jimmy Silver led the way to the German master's room, carrying the hideous concoction in his hand. The others followed him in silence.

"Now do you believe me?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" Crack!

"Yooooop!"

Townsend and Topham struggled wildly. But Jimmy Silver's grasp was like iron, and the weedy slackers were powerless in his clutches. For the third time he brought their heads together with a loud crack, and there were fresh yells of anguish, and a shout of laughter from the Fourth.

"Do you doubt my word now, Towny?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow! No!" wailed Townsend.

"Do you, Toppo?"

"Yooooop! No!"

"Quite convinced that I stated the exact facts, what!"

"Grooh! Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, dear!"

"Good!"

With a swing of his arms, Jimmy Silver sent the two slackers stagger-

"Yes, it is!"

"Shows how much you know about it," said Raby, with a sniff. "When you can make toffee as good as that you can begin to talk, Jimmy Silver! The last lot you made was as thick as the Kaiser's head, and harder!"

"Eh? I wasn't speaking about the toffee, ass!" said Jimmy Silver.

"The toffee's all right—ripping!"

"Oh!" said Raby, mollified.

"Then what's queer, fathead?"

"About Kinkel."

"Oh, blow Kinkel!" said Lovell carelessly. "I'm fed up with Kinkel. I'll have some more of that toffee, Raby. We've done with Kinkel. We've swamped his Deutsch napper, and he's taken it lying down, and unless he gets his ears up again, we're done with him!"

"It's queer," repeated Jimmy Silver. "Why has he taken it lying down? He's a vicious brute, as a rule, as you know jolly well. Must be because he wanted to keep it

was found unbolted and unchained in the morning, there would be talk about it. But if Kinkel had bolted it and chained it after he came in, we should have heard him."

"Ye-e-es," said Lovell slowly.

"He must have used a window," said Jimmy Silver.

"My hat!"

"That fat Hun sneaked in and out of a window!" said Raby incredulously. "Why should he? He's allowed to go in and out as he chooses."

"Because he's got some awfully strong reason for keeping it dark that he goes out of a night."

"What the dickens have you got in your old coconut?" said Lovell, regarding his study-leader curiously. "What do you think Kinkel is up to? It's no business of ours, anyway."

"It may be our business," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I suppose



THE SPY IN

(Continued from the previous page.)

THE SCHOOL!

about it now, simply because, being a German, he would lie and deny it all and we can't prove anything.

"Oh, jiminy!" "And we're going to begin to-night," said Jimmy Silver firmly.

"Then I'll call you to-night," said Jimmy Silver.

The study door was thrown open, and Flynn looked in.

"Bedtime, you gossoons," he said. "You'll be having Bulkeley after you with a cane."

And the Fistical Four went up to the dormitory.

The 6th Chapter.

On the Track of the Spy.

There was no sleep for Jimmy Silver & Co.

They turned in with the rest, but they did not close their eyes.

Jimmy Silver's discovery—if it was a discovery—had simply staggered them. The evidence, as Jimmy put it, seemed clear enough.

They felt that they ought to ascertain the truth, whatever it was. That much was their duty.

There was no need for Jimmy Silver to awaken his chums when the hour of midnight tolled out.

At the sound of Jimmy Silver slipping from his bed, his chums turned out too.

They dressed quietly and quickly. They did not want to awaken any others in the dormitory.

The Classical four had concealed rubber shoes in the dormitory ready. They slipped them on, and quitted the room without a sound.

In the dark passage outside they halted.

"Now, what's the little game?" asked Lovell.

"First of all we've got to find out whether Kinkel is out. If he is, we know where to find him."

"And if he isn't—"

"Then we shall watch till he goes."

"And if he doesn't go?" murmured Raby.

"Try again to-morrow night. It's worth while losing a little sleep, I suppose, to stop a spy doing his dirty work."

"Oh, rather! We're game."

With silent steps the four made their way to the Modern side. They made hardly a sound as they groped their way along the dark passages.

They stopped at last outside Herr Kinkel's door. There was no sound from the room, and as the German master's heavy snore was well known, they had little doubt that the Herr was not in bed.

sound of a snore, no sound of breathing from the bed as he bent over it in the darkness.

He rejoined his chums in the passage. They were waiting for him with beating hearts.

"Well?" murmured Lovell. "He's out."

Lovell drew a deep breath. "Then we're going out too."

"Yes. He must have left a window unfastened, but it would take too long to find it. We'll get out on our side."

"Right!" The Classical four returned silently to their own side.

They descended to the ground floor, and Jimmy Silver opened a window at the back of the house.

In a few minutes more the four juniors stood in the open air, with the cool breeze from the sea upon their faces.

The moon was hidden by banks of clouds. It was shadowy in the quad and pitchy dark under the beeches.

Jimmy Silver led the way round the School House towards the clock-tower. The ancient clock-tower of Rookwood was a ruin, and the ground floor was used as the school tuckshop.

But on the Modern side was the new clock-tower, which stood high above the mass of buildings. A narrow spiral stair descended to the little raised platform at the top of the tower, just below which the great clock looked over the quad with its bronze face.

The Fistical Four paused in the dark quad and looked up at the tower. Darkness enwrapped it—darkness unbroken.

"No lights yet," murmured Lovell.

Jimmy Silver set his teeth. "He must be there. But I suppose he has certain times for making his signals. He may be waiting for a signal from the sea."

"Oh, the rotter!" The juniors stood waiting, breathing hard with suppressed excitement.

A short time now would prove whether Jimmy Silver's suspicion was well-founded. If any signal came from the sea, they could not see it from the quadrangle, but from the top of the tower it would be quite visible.

The Rookwood clock-tower gave a view of an expanse of country for many miles round, and far over the waters of the Channel.

Jimmy Silver muttered a sudden exclamation. "Look!"

From the darkness, in mid-air, there came a sudden white flash, evidently a flash from an electric lamp.

It pierced the darkness like a knife, and vanished.

The four chums stood with throbbing hearts. There was no doubt now. Someone—whether Herr Kinkel or not—was signalling from the top of the tower.

Flash—flash—flash! Long flashes and short, slow and quick. The watching juniors did not need telling that a code was being used with the signal-lamp, though they could not read it.

Lovell gripped Jimmy Silver's arm almost convulsively. "He's at it!" he said hoarsely.

"Come on!" said Jimmy. "But—but what—"

"We can get up the tower if he can. He's there with the lamp, signalling. We don't want more proof than that," whispered Jimmy excitedly. "He can't lie himself out of that if we nail him there with a signal-lamp."

"Nail him!" muttered Raby breathlessly. "Four of us are a match for him," said Jimmy Silver.

"Phew!" "We're going to nail him," said Jimmy, between his teeth. "If he can explain afterwards what he was doing at the top of the tower at half-

past twelve, with a signal-lamp, he's welcome to explain. But he'll have to explain to the police. Come on!"

The Classical four hurried on to the tower.

The flashes had ceased as suddenly as they had begun, but the juniors had no doubt that they would soon recommence. Somebody somewhere was receiving those treacherous signals and answering them.

There was no doubt of that. What did the flashes imply—information that had been gathered by the spy, secure and unsuspected in his role of German master in a school? For all the juniors knew, a Zeppelin might be lurking in the clouds, only waiting to know whether it was safe to proceed before the baby-killers came on to do their cowardly work.

Their hands tingled with eagerness to be upon the spy. They were not likely to handle him gently. To them he was no longer the German master of Rookwood. He was a skulking spy in the pay of the arch-scoundrels of Berlin, betraying the country whose bread he was eating.

They were only too anxious to come to close quarters with him. It did not even occur to them that he might be armed, and that, with the prospect of his just punishment before him, he might be desperate. But if they had thought of it, it would have made no difference.

The four reached the door of the tower. That door had a key on the inside, but it was never kept locked. The tower was seldom entered save by old Sergeant Kettle at intervals to wind the clock.

Fellows who had a taste for such exertion sometimes ascended the tower for the view on fine afternoons.

Jimmy Silver quietly pushed open the little door.

Pitchy-blackness within greeted their eyes. There was no sound from the spiral stair that wound away upwards in the darkness.

"Come on!" Jimmy Silver's voice was low and tense.

He led the way up the stair, with his chums at his heels. The finish was at hand now.

The 7th Chapter.

Baffled!

Bump! Jimmy Silver reeled back with a gasping exclamation.

As he sped up the spiral stair in the dense darkness he had suddenly come into contact with a moving form.

Up to that moment Jimmy Silver's caution had not failed him. But it had not occurred to him that the secret signaller might be coming down. He had supposed that the rascal was there to continue his nefarious work.

In his eagerness to get to close quarters with the spy he was speeding up the narrow stair, and the sudden collision took him entirely by surprise.

He reeled back against the wall, panting, and fell, sliding down the stair and bumping into his chums behind him.

"What the deuce—"

"Oh, my hat!" "Look out!" The Fistical Four scrambled in a heap on the stairs.

There was a gasp from the darkness above them. The unseen man

was as startled as themselves by the sudden encounter. But evidently he had his wits about him, for in a twinkling, before the juniors could recover themselves, he came dashing down at a furious speed.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were hurled right and left as the heavy man rushed down over them.

They hardly realised what was happening in the confusion of the darkness and the sudden shock.

The man was past them in the twinkling of an eye.

They heard his footsteps below as he raced down the spiral stair.

Jimmy Silver scrambled up. He jerked himself free from his sprawling chums. His nose was streaming red. A heavy boot had crashed against it in the dark, and he was almost blind with the pain.

But he had kept his presence of mind. "After him!" he panted. "Oh! Ow! Get off my legs!" "Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver shoved his way through his struggling comrades, and stumbled over a leg and rolled on the stair. He bumped against the turn of the wall, and picked himself up again, gritting his teeth. Even a few seconds lost meant failure.

He dashed down the stair again, and Lovell & Co., sorting themselves out breathlessly, dashed after him.

Jimmy Silver heard a thud below, and knew that the door was closed. He reached it a few seconds later, and tore it open again.

He rushed out into the quadrangle. For an instant he caught a glimpse of a figure that vanished under the dark shadows of the beeches. But in an instant it was gone.

Jimmy Silver ran on, but as he came under the deep shadows of the trees he paused, irresolute. In the darkness there it was impossible to find the man he sought.

He knew, too, that the German would not be losing an instant. If it was Herr Kinkel, he must have fled for the House; and by which window he was re-entering the junior had no idea.

Jimmy Silver felt himself beaten—at the very last moment his luck had failed him.

Was it the German master? He had no doubt in his own mind on the subject. But he knew that there would be strong doubts in other minds if he made his knowledge public.

Without the clearest proof, the accusation would be treated with contempt.

And the juniors had failed to catch the spy in the act, as they had planned.

They had no proof, even if they had caught the rascal in the quad.

But Jimmy Silver was not a fellow to cry over spilt milk. Dabbing his nose with his handkerchief, which was crimsoned, he returned to the tower, and met his three chums as they came panting out.

"Got him?" gasped Lovell. "No."

"He's got away?" exclaimed Raby, in deep disappointment. Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Yes; and the sooner we get away the better!"

"But—but we're not going to let him go!" said Lovell heatedly. "We saw the flashes—we know—"

Jimmy Silver set his lips bitterly. He was deeply exasperated by the turn affairs had taken.

"Can't be helped," he said, as coolly as he could. "We couldn't swear that it was Kinkel; we didn't see him in the dark. He's back in his room before this, and you can bet the lamp's hidden safely enough. If we woke up Bootles and told him the yarn, he would laugh at us."

"He wouldn't laugh," said Newcome. "He would think we were romancing, because the Prussian brute has been down on us, and he would report us to the Head in the morning for being out of our dorm."

"Exactly!" said Jimmy Silver. "In the first round, the Hun wins on points. We've got to swallow it."

"But—but—but," Lovell stuttered, with wrath, "he's a spy! He's been signalling! We can't let it drop!"

"We're not going to let it drop," said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth. "But we've no proof that it was Kinkel signalling from the tower—we've no proof that anybody was signalling from the tower at all, and it's no good making ourselves look like fools. Let's get back to bed. We'll have a pow-wow over it to-morrow."

"But suppose he begins again—"

Jimmy Silver chuckled. "He won't be likely to begin again, when he knows somebody's on the watch. He might be shot at as a spy for what he's doing here."

He doesn't know it was us, but he knows somebody is on the track. I'll bet you he's simply quaking in his room at this blessed minute, and he won't stir again. He won't play that trick again for a good time, I fancy, till he feels safe again. Besides, he had finished for to-night when we came on him—he was coming downstairs to leave. I never foresaw that—never thought of that. Hang it—"

Jimmy Silver gritted his teeth. He was intensely exasperated. But it could not be helped, and the Fistical Four returned glumly to the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. They had done their best, and they had had bad luck. But, as Jimmy Silver reckoned, one swallow did not make a summer, and they would have better luck next time.

The 8th Chapter.

The Trump Card?

The next day Herr Kinkel took the German class, as usual, on the Modern side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. caught sight of him more than once, and they regarded him curiously.

Was Herr Kinkel the man who had been sending the flash-signals from the summit of the clock-tower? They had little or no doubt of it in their minds. Yet they had to admit that it was possible that the signaller had come from outside the walls of the school. The clock-tower was well known as a landmark for miles round, and it was easy enough for a spy who knew the district to climb over the school wall and get into the tower.

If the Fistical Four had related their adventure, and if it had been credited that was undoubtedly what would have been believed. But they had no hope of the story being credited. The story of the flash-signals would be set down to their imagination, even if they were not suspected of having invented the whole yarn to score off the German master.

In any case, Herr Kinkel would be safe; there was not a shred of evidence against him.

He would deny that he had even quitted his room, that he had even been awake that night. And how could they prove otherwise? They could not say they had seen him, for they had not seen him. They could prove nothing, and their patriotic motives were not likely to excuse them, in Dr. Chisholm's eyes, for breaking bounds at midnight.

Jimmy Silver had to admit that in the first round they had been beaten by sheer ill-luck. If they had surprised the spy at his nefarious work, and collared him at the top of the tower with his signal-lamp, his guilt would have been clear and undeniable. But it had not happened that way, and there was no help for it.

Was Herr Kinkel the guilty man? If he was, he seemed to possess an iron nerve, for he went about his duties that day with his accustomed manner. Yet he must have known that several fellows in Rookwood knew that somebody had been in the tower—that they had seen the light signals; he must have expected them to tell their story—he must have been puzzled and perplexed when nothing was said on the subject. His doubts and fears must have been racking, and the Fistical four were somewhat comforted to realise under what stress of mind the rascally German must be labouring.

He must know that somebody knew something—enough to make his position perilous and insecure. But he could not know that the "somebody" was Jimmy Silver—in the dark they had not seen him, and he could not have seen them.

"We've got the advantage," said Jimmy Silver, when they held the "pow-wow" in the end study. "We know him, and he doesn't know us. He'll lie low for a bit, till he feels safe again; but some time or other he must go on with his scoundrelly bizney. That's what he's here for, and that's what the Kaiser & Co. are paying him for. And when he begins again we're going to nail him."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. "The end study never makes mistakes!" said Jimmy Silver finally. "And think what a whack it will be for the Moderns when a German spy is nailed by Classical chaps. It's up to this study!"

And from that hour the Fistical Four, with infinite caution, were on the warpath, irrevocably resolved that sooner or later they would succeed in unmasking the spy at Rookwood.

THE END.

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