Duncan Storm's New Story Starts -To-day!

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 780, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending May 20th, 1916.



FOUND AT LAST! A Dramatic Scene in Our School Tale!

THE RASCAL OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Eleven.

Jimmy Silver stopped before the notice-board at Rookwood and pinned up the paper he carried in his hand in a prominent position.

It was an important paper. junior cricket eleven, who, on the morrow, were to visit Bagshot School, and inflict dire defeat and confusion upon the ancient rivals of Rookwood.

There was a rush of the juniors to My name's there." read the list.

there was a chance that any fellow | Smythe used to lave me out." might find his name there.

"Jolly good team!" remarked Tommy Dodd, of the Modern side. finding written there his own name, and the names of his two special For it contained the list of the chums, Cook and Doyle. "A few more Moderns would improve it.

But it's jolly good." "Wants a few more Classical names," remarked Dick Oswald.

could be guessed in advance; but captain we've iver had in the Fourth.

"Glad you're all satisfied," re-

marked Jimmy Silver. "I'm not satisfied," said Dickinson minor. "What have you left me out for, Jimmy Silver?"

"Sorry, old chap; but we want to beat Bagshot," said Jimmy affably. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a jolly good list," remarked | play." "But it's jolly good, all the same. Lovell. "I think we shall give Bagshot the kybosh this time. I suppose | in the Bagshot match." "And mine, intirely," remarked | Bootles isn't likely to chip in again,

Most of the names contained in it | Flynn. "Jimmy Silver's the best | and ask us to play that slacker Mornington."

Jimmy shook his head.

"No fear. That's all over, for one thing. I've spoken to Bulkeley about that, and he's chipped in."

"Good old Bulkeley!" "Mornington expects to play," re-

marked Newcome. Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"He's been telling chaps that he's

"No law against that," said 1

"Let him expect! He won't

Jimmy. "He can tell chaps that he's going to be Head of Rookwood, if he likes."

"Here he comes!" said Lovell, with a grin.

Lord Mornington of the Fourth came up to the notice-board. Townsend and Topham and Peele were with him. The nuts of the Fourth gianced at the cricket list, and Mornington frowned darkly and turned to Jimmy Silver.

"You've left my name out," he said sharply.

Jimmy nodded. "Why is that?" demanded Morn-

"Because you're left out yourself,

my dear man." "I've told you that I expect to be played."

"Go hon!" "The best thing you can do is to put my name in at once," said Mornington. "I decline to be left out, and it will save you trouble in the long

Jimmy Silver looked grimly at the dandy of Rookwood.

Nobody but Mornington would have dreamed of taking such a tone with the captain of the Fourth.

But Mornington was not quite like the other fellows.

His title and his wealth loomed largely in his own eyes, and in the eyes of fellows like Townsend & Co. His uncle and guardian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, was chairman of the governing board of Rockwood. Mornington was ambitious to shine among the crieketers, but his ambition did not cause him to stick to practice, or exert himself in any way; and Jimmy Silver was the last fellow in the world to play a slacker if he could help it.

On one occasion he had not been able to help it. Mornington's complaints to his guardian had caused that gentleman to approach the Head on the subject. And Dr. Chisholm, who knew little of junior cricket matters, had interfered.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, had conveyed the Head's request to Jimmy Silver to play Mornington in the St. Jim's match.

Jimmy, sorely against the grain, had concurred.

But for the fact that a couple of juniors locked Mornington in a study, and kept him out of the match, the result would have been disastrous for the junior eleven.

Jimmy Silver did not mean to run that risk a second time. He explained the matter to Bul-

keley of the Sixth, the captain of the school, and Bulkeley had "taken a hand" promptly enough. Bulkeley had interviewed the Head

and the subject, and there was no danger of a repetition of the Head's request to Jimmy Silver.

Lord Mornington was evidently unaware of the new state of affairs. Evidently he considered that he had only to state his wishes in order to

have them assented to. "You hear me?" he said. "You'll put my name down in that list at

once, Jimmy Silver." "Cheeky ass!" growled Lovell. "Shall I mop up the passage with

him, Jimmy?" "Bump him intirely!" said Flynn.

"Do you hear me, Silver?" snapped his lordship.

Jimmy nodded. "Yes, dear boy."

"Well, what do you say?" "Rats!" "Wha-at!"

"R-A-T-S-rats!" said Jimmy. "Isn't that plain enough?" "Ha, ha, ha!"

His lordship set his teeth. (Continued on the next page.)



(Continued from previous page.

Published

Every Monday

Head," he said. "You'll find that you | presence of the Head. can't do as you please."

away. Lord Mornington turned away of the Fourth, and he frowned. also, to make his way to the Head's study. But before he had taken two is it, Mornington?" steps, several pairs of hands were laid upon him. He swung round savagely, and glared at the grinning faces of Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Tommy Dodd.

"Let me go!" he shouted. "You're going to be bumped for your cheek," said Lovell coolly. "Up with him!"

"Let go! Help!" Bump!

Mr. Bootles rustled on, leaving Mornington almost stuttering with

The 2nd Chapter. A Surprise for Mornington.

Tap! Dr. Chisholm laid down his pen.

the Head's study.

what red and flustered, and was evi- superiority. You cannot expect that dently in a savage temper. Only to make you popular. I advise you Mornington, of all the fellows at to mend your manners." Rookwood, would have ventured to "I-I--"

3 to 5 inches. Without Appliances.

ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS.

"Well, you'll get an order from the , show signs of temper in the august

Dr. Chisholm noted the knitted Jimmy Silver smiled, and turned brows and gleaming eyes of the dandy speak to your headmaster with such

"Well?" he said sharply. "What

"I wish to speak to you, sir."

"Kindly be brief."

The cold, severe glance of the Head somewhat abashed Mornington. His gaze dropped a little, and his voice was quieter as he went on:

"I have been left out of the cricket again, sir.".

The Head made a gesture.

"That is a matter that concerns You only the junior cricket club. may go."

"My guardian asked you-" "Listen to me, Mornington," said the Head quietly. "Sir Rupert Stacpoole wrote to me on the matter, and I did not care to disoblige a governor of Rockwood, and for that reason I uttered a word on your be-Since then I have received half. further information on the subject. I have learned the particulars from Bulkeley. It is a matter that entirely concerns the cricket club, and understand that you are omitted from the playing eleven because your play is not up to the standard required, and because you refuse to attend the necessary practice. I cannot interfere in the matter again."

"But---"

"I recommend you to attend more constantly on the playing-fields, and make yourself useful as a cricketer, and in that case I have no doubt you will have as much chance as the others of playing for the school," said the Head. "The matter, however, does not concern me. You may

Mornington did not stir. "Am I to be left out, then?" he

exclaimed.

"That depends on the captain of your club, I presume."

"He dislikes me."

"Probably you have given him reason, if that is the case," said the Head drily. "I have received very unfavourable reports of you from your Form-master, Mornington. It appears that you treat the other boys His lordship was still looking some- with insolence, and an assumption of

"And now you have wasted enough of my time. Leave my study." The Head took up his pen again.

But Mornington did not go. "Do you hear me, boy?" exclaimed

Dr. Chisholm, in surprise and anger. "Yes, sir."

"Leave my study at once!" "I'm going to play in the Bagshot match," said Mornington doggedly. "I want you to tell Jimmy Silver so, sir."

"Boy!" Mornington stood his ground, unabashed now by the glare the Head of Rookwood bestowed upon him.

There was a thunderous pause. "It is due, I suppose, to your extraordinary training that you dare to unexampled insolence!" said the Head at last. "If you think that such insolence can be tolerated, Mornington, you are mistaken." Dr. Chisholm took up his cane. "Hold

out your hand!"

Mornington's eyes gleamed. "I won't be caned, sir! I shall write to my guardian. He is chairman of the governors, and he will not allow---"

The Head rose.

"Hold out your hand immediately, Mornington, or I shall administer a public flogging!" he exclaimed.

Mornington hesitated a moment, and then his hand came slowly out.

Swish! "Now the other hand!" thundered the Head.

Swish! Mornington squeezed his hands together, his face pale with pain and

The Head pointed to the door with the cane.

"Go!" he said.

Lord Mornington went, almost choking.

Townsend & Co. were waiting for him in the passage with rather anxious looks. Although it suited the nuts of the Fourth to chum with | give our names." -Mornington; they could have little liking for him, and they were never without a certain amount of "uneasiness lest his insolence should land him, and themselves, in some serious scrape. Nobody but his lordship would have dared to "beard the lion in his den" as Mornington had done. The nuts were not surprised to see him come forth squeezing his hands and mumbling.

"Well?" said Townsend. Lord Mornington gritted teeth.

"I've been licked."

"Well, what the dickens did you expect?" said Peele. "You can't cheek the Head, you know, and I'll be bound you cheeked him. What about the cricket?"

"The Head won't interfere again." "Couldn't expect him to," said "Nothin' doin', of Townsend.

course." "He doesn't seem to understand that I can give him trouble about it,"

said Mornington. "My guardian will back me up."

The three nuts grinned at one another. They did faith as

not have so much Lord Mornington in the influence of his guardian. "You can

cackle!" growled Mornington. know- what I'm talkin' about. Sir Rupert doesn't like the Head. As a matter of fact, he would be glad to get him into the bad books of the governors. He has a friend he would like to see Head of Rookwood, if Dr. Chisholm were gone. I know he's thought of workin' it already." "Phew!" said

Topham. "Anyway,

Bagshot match, said Townsend. "Let's have a jolly afternoon tomorrow instead. There are races at High Coombe."

Mornington shoulders impatiently.

"Never mind I supthe races. pose I'm out of the cricket-owin' to Jimmy Silver. He's been one too many for me. But

Jimmy Silver is goin' to be out of it,

"How the dickens-"

"You know what they did with me when the St. Jim's match was on?"

"Locked you in Rawson's study," grinned Townsend. "Us, too, the rotters! But you can't work that on Jimmy Silver. A study wouldn't hold him."

"I'm not thinking of a study." Lord Mornington lowered his voice. about the old tower? There's Sergeant Kettle's tuckshop on the ground-floor, but the rooms above are never used and never A fellow shoved in there be found-till we would chose."

"My hat! But how would you get Jimmy Silver there?"

"Four of us could handle him, I

suppose." "But-but we should be seen getting him there-"

"Not after dark."

"But after dark, the match will be

"I'm thinking of to-night."

"Great Scott!"

"You-you're dotty!" said Peele, aghast. "You couldn't keep the chap there all night. He'd be missed."

"Well, what about it?"

"There'd be a row-a search-no end of a fuss."

"I don't care."

"You may not," said Townsend. "But I do. I'm not going to get myself sacked from Rookwood to please you, Mornington."

"So you are a funk!" sneered his lordship. "I haven't an uncle on the board

of governors to see me through," said Peele, with a sneer. "If I had, I might risk it."

"There's no risk. Silver wouldn't

"He might have to."

"Then I'll do it alone," said Mornington.

The three nuts looked at one another. But they shook their heads. "Too jolly risky," said Peele. "It

would be a flogging at least." "Then I'll do it alone," said Mornington, and he turned his back on his companions, and walked away. Townsend & Co. looked at one

another uneasily. "What the dickens has he got in his head?" muttered Towny.

"Blessed if I know," said Topham. "But I know one thing, and that is -I'm going to keep clear of it!"

To which Towny and Peele heartily agreed.

The 3rd Chapter. Caught Napping!

The Fistical Four sat down to tea in the end study in great spirits.

They were looking forward to the cricket-match of the morrow, and Jimmy, who was very pleased with the form his team had shown of late, fully expected to "mop up" the Bagshot ground with the Bagshot team.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were equally confident.

They had dreaded a repetition of

the trick Mornington had played on them on the occasion of the St. Jim's match. But Mornington had come to the end of his tether; there was a limit, evidently, to the influence of his guardian at Rookwood. The careless and swanking slacker

would have been sufficient, if he had been played, to reduce the chances of the Rookwood team to zero.

The danger was over, however, and the Fistical Four rejoiced accord-

"Of course, we wouldn't have stood it," Lovell remarked. "If the Head had chipped in a second time, there would have been trouble."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Jolly sure of that!" he replied.

you're out of the | "The whole club would have gone on strike, I think. But the Head didn't savvy. Mornington's guardian gave him the impression that a set was made against the silly ass, and that he wasn't given a fair chance. Now Bulkeley's spoken to the Head it's all right. The Head means well," added Jimmy tolerantly. The captain of the Fourth felt that he could make allowances for a headmaster.

"Mornington is ratty about it," grinned Raby. "He was looking like a Hun when I saw him last."

"Let him!" said Jimmy serenely. "The silly duffer!" remarked Newcome. "He can't play cricket for toffee. Blessed if I think he cares even. I twopence whether Rookwood wins or | seen you."

loses, so long as he can swank at the wicket."

"Well, he won't swank at the wicket this time," said Jimmy Silver sententiously. "No room for slacking asses in the Rookwood junior eleven."

"Hear, hear!"

After tea, as there was plenty of light, the Fistical Four walked down to Little Side for some batting. Mornington & Co. stood looking on, his lordship decidedly sour in appear-In the dusk the chums of the

House. They were chatting on the steps after calling-over, when Mornington came up.

Fourth walked back to the School

The Fistical Four looked at him rather grimly.

They were prepared for some more insolence from the dandy of the Fourth, and quite ready to roll him in the quad at the first word.

But as it happened, Mornington was quite civil for once.

"Tommy Dodd wants to speak to you, Silver," he said carelessly.

"Where is he?" "In the tuckshop."

"Well, I suppose he can come here?" said Jimmy.

"Time we got on to our prep," remarked Lovell, as eight rang out from the clock-tower. "Don't waste time on that Modern bounder, Jimmy!"

"Well, it won't take me long to run across," said Jimmy, a little puzzled, but always obliging.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome went up to the end study, while Jimmy Silver ran across the dusky quadrangle.

The school shop, which was kept by Sergeant Kettle on the ground-floor of the old disused clock-tower, was closing. The sergeant was about to lock the door when Jimmy came up.

"Hallo! Is Tommy Dodd here, sergeant?" asked Jimmy.

"No, Master Silver."

"The ass! He sent for me." "Well, he ain't here, Master Silver," said Sergeant Kettle, and he retired into the shop and closed the door and locked it.

Jimmy Silver looked round wrath fully at Mornington, will mad in an lowed him from the house.

"Have you been pulling my leg?" he demanded. "Dodd isn't here." The next moment Jimmy uttered a

gasp of amazement. "What the dickens Hands off!

My hat!" Crash!

Mornington had sprung at him like a tiger.

Jimmy Silver was not often taken by surprise, but the attack was utterly unexpected, and he went down in a heap, with Mornington on him.

He lay on his back on the ground in the deep dusk, with the dandy of the Fourth kneeling on his chest.

He glared up at Mornington. "Get up, you silly chump! By gum, I'll smash you! Lemme gerrup!"

Mornington did not move. He had grasped Jimmy's hands, and he held him by the wrists in spite of his struggles.

From round the corner of the tuckshop a junior ran quickly and silently, and a sack was thrown over Jimmy Silver's head as he lay prostrate. So quickly was it done that Jimmy

did not catch a glimpse of his new asailant, and, indeed, did not know what was coming until the sack was over his head. He struggled furiously.

But he was at a disadvantage, and two strong pairs of hands were grasping him. He struggled in vain. "Quick!" panted Mornington.

The young rascal had chosen his moment well. The quadrangle was dark, and there was no one near the tuckshop,

and Sergeant Kettle had retired into the back room. Jimmy Silver, more amazed than angry, struggled in the hands of the

two assailants. But the second assailant ran a loose cord round his wrists as Mornington held them, and it was drawn tight

and knotted. Then Jimmy was helpless. Another cord was knotted round his ankles, and then the sack was pulled

close over his face, stifling the shout he tried to utter. Then he was lifted and rushed away in the darkness.

He felt himself being carried into a building, and up stone steps, upon which he bumped several times. He was set down at last.

"Good!" It was Mornington's voice. "You can cut. He hasn't

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bump! "Yarooh!" "Cave!" ejaculated Rawson of the Fourth, and the juniors scudded away as Mr. Bootles came out of his study. Lord Mornington was left sitting on the floor, gasping. Mr. Bootles stared at him. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, peering at Mornington over his glasses. "Who is that? Mornington -ha! Whatever are you doing on the floor, Mornington?" Lord Mornington staggered to his feet, crimson with anger. "I've been ragged!" he gasped. "Lovell and-" "That will do, Mornington. I am

sorry to see that you cannot live on better terms with your Form-fellows," said Mr. Bootles severely. "You are concerned in incessant disturbances, Mornington. I fear that it is the insolence of your manners that is the cause of it. I advise you, Mornington to amend your ways, and to cease to exasperate your schoolfellows by ill-founded arrogances. You will do well to bear this in mind, Morn-

rage.

"Come in!" Mornington of the Fourth entered

BLUSHING. FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Enclose stamp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Specialist), 39, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, London, W.

PRICE 7/8 COMPLETE. Particulars 2d. stamps.-H. ROSS, 73, CHURCH ROAD, HENDON, LONDON, N.W. Famous Doctor's Recipe for this Famous Doctor's Recipe for this most distressing complaint. 6d. P.O. Never fails. Hundreds of

Testimonials .- Mr. GEORGE, 80, OLD CHURCH RD., CLEVEDON.

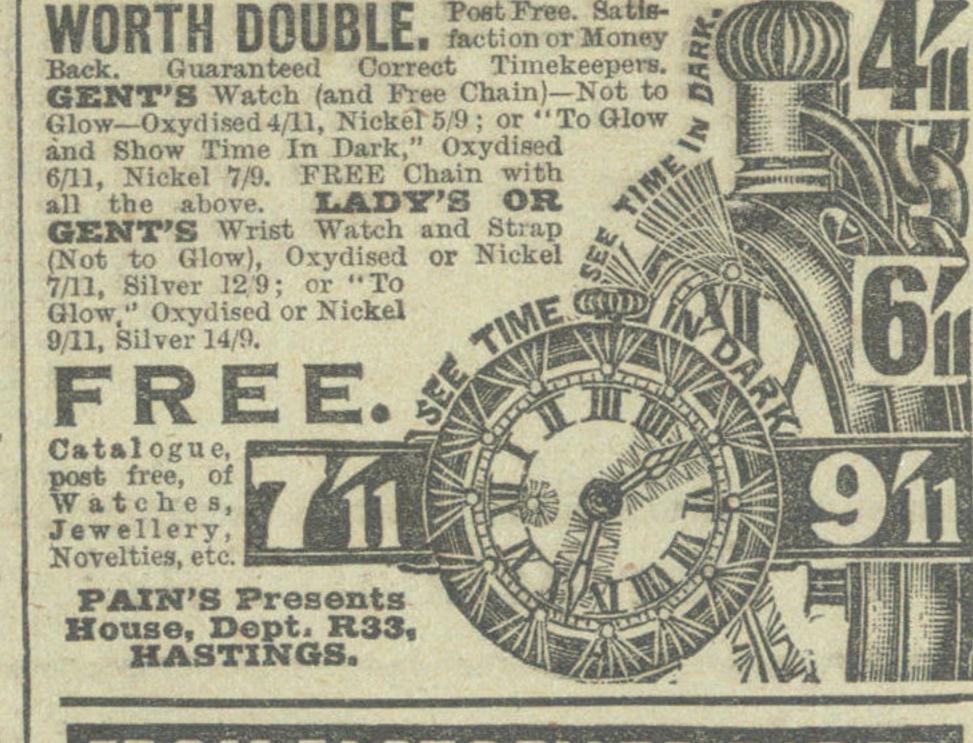


The most accurate air gum. Shoots slugs, darts, or shot with terrise force, and is guaranteed to kill at long range. Specially adapted for garden or saloon practice, bird and rabbit shooting, also for bottle and target practice. Securely packed, with sample of shot; postage to extra. Illustrated List, ld.—B. FRANKS & CO., Gun Manufacturers, Empire Works, Caroline Street, Birmingham.

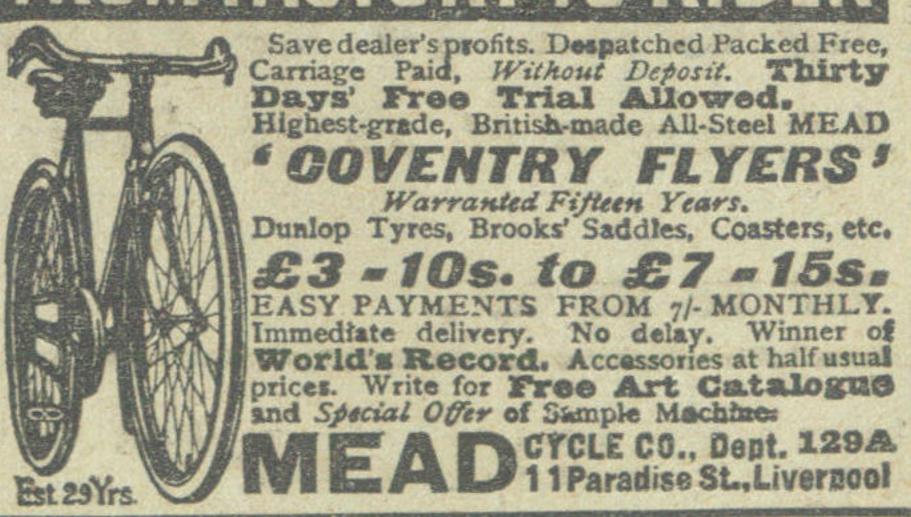


postcard now to-THE ROYAL CARD \VI

CO., Dept. 3, KEW, LONDON



Post Free. Satis-



5/- MONTHLY -Privately by Post, Mornington Suits, Raincoats, shrugged his Blankets, Bedding, Cutlery, Gramophones, Watches, Rings, and Jewellery. (BOOTS 4/- Monthly.) Patterns and Lists free. State which of above required .-MASTERS, LTD. 6, HOPE STORES, RYE. (Estd. 1869.)



VENTRILOQUIST'S Double Throat; fits roof of mouth; astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. Ventriloquism Treatise free. Sixpence each, 4 for 1s.-T. W. HARRISON (Dept. 6), 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.

Jimmy heard departing footsteps. A match scratched, and the sack was pulled from over his face. He

blinked in the light of a candle. In utter amazement, he stared at Mornington.

He opened his lips to speak, and as he did so a folded handkerchief was thrust into his mouth, and Mornington proceeded to tie it there safely, winding a string round and round his

Then he rose to his feet, and looked down on Jimmy Silver with a mocking grin.

The 4th Chapter. Kidnapped!

Jimmy Silver stared up blankly at Mornington.

He was lost in amazement. He lay upon the stone floor of a small room, with a tiny window open

to the starry sky. He knew where he was.

Part of the ground-floor of the ancient clock-tower of Rookwood was occupied by the school shop, but the greater part of the dilapidated old building was untenanted. Sometimes the fellows climbed the crazy old stairs to investigate the deserted place, and to view the country from the high window; but it was seldom. The climb up the stairs was hard work, for the spiral stair contained over a hundred steps. Sometimes the place was not visited for weeks together, or even for a whole term. The door at the foot of the spiral stair was generally kept locked, and old Mack, the porter, had the key; but he would part with it for a moderate tip.

Mornington had evidently obtained the key from the porter, and chosen this out-of-the-way spot as a hidingplace for his prisoner.

But Jimmy could not understand. It was not uncommon for Moderns and Classicals at Rookwood to raid one another in this way.

But why Mornington should take the trouble to kidnap Jimmy Silver was a mystery. Jimmy could not be kept there long, at all events, as he would have to turn up on the Classical side at bed-time. And it was quite certain that he would hammer Mornington without mercy if he were kept prisoner in the old clock-tower for a couple of hours.

He was far from divining, as yet, the thoughts that were in the mind of the reckless young rascal.

Mornington was breathing hard after his exertions. Smoking and slacking did not make it easy for him to carry Jimmy Silver's weight up a hundred steps, even with the assistance of his unknown companion.

He was gasping, in fact, and for some minutes he could not speak. Neither could Jimmy, for the excellent reason that the gag choked back any sound but the faintest mumble.

His lordship found his voice at last, however.

"Well, here you are!" he re-

Jimmy could not speak, but his look was eloquent. But the dandy of the Fourth only grinned at his ex-

pression. "You wonder why I've taken all this trouble?" grinned Mornington. Jimmy nodded.

"I'm goin' to make terms with

you. Play me in the team to-morrow, and I'll let you go. Nod your head if you mean yes.' Jimmy Silver did not nod his head.

Evidently he did not mean yes.

"Don't be an obstinate ass!" urged Mornington. "You'll find it pretty cold to stay here, though it's a summer's night. I've brought this old sack for you to lie on, but it won't be comfy."

Jimmy Silver's eyes opened wide. For the first time it occurred to him that Mornington intended to leave him there a prisoner for the night.

It was scarcely credible that the dandy of the Fourth could be so brutal and so reckless; but Jimmy's heart sank.

He knew Mornington's fixed belief that, whatever he did, his uncle, the governor, would be able to see him | spiral stair. through.

Jimmy knew that, in that, he miscalculated; but Mornington did not know it.

"You're going to play me, or you won't play yourself," said Mornington. "You can take your choice. Both or neither. If you nod your head, I'll take it as your word of honour that you'll put me in the team."

Jimmy's head remained motionless. "Still obstinate!" grinned Mornington. "I'll come and see you before brekker, and I think you may thave changed your mind by then."

Jimmy strove to speak, but only a mumble came forth.

"I've borrowed the key from Mack," went on Mornington. "I shall lock the door below, and tell Mack I've mislaid the key. He won't be able to make a fuss, as he's not supposed to lend it to us. Nobody can come here—if anybody wanted to, which isn't likely. You can't get out of this room-the door opens outwards, and I'm going to wedge it with a chunk | fact." of wood. You can't call for helpyou're gagged. You'll have a bad

night if you stay here." Jimmy Silver's look was ex-

pressive.

Published

Every Monday

He no longer doubted that the dandy of the Fourth intended to carry out his threat, and the prospect of a night, bound and gagged, at the top of the old tower, was dismaying enough.

to surrender.

"You think I shall get licked for this," continued Mornington, grinning. "Well, you can lick me. though I shall put up a fight, I think. As for the Head, he dare not flog me. He would have the governors down on him." Jimmy shook his head.

Mornington laughed.

"Well, I'm risking it," he said. Mornington looked into the study. "You'll see. But if you still want to get off, you've only to agree to drawled.

"Hallo! Been for a stroll with Leggett?" asked Peele. "Leggett! That modern bounder!

"I saw you talking to him a while

ago," said Peele. "Just a word or two," said Mornington carelessly. "He was tryin' to lend me money, as a matter of

"Seen anythin' of Jimmy Silver?" Mornington smiled.

"By gad! I shouldn't notice Jimmy Silver if I saw him," he said. "Nearly half-past eight-time I got on with my prep. Ta-ta!"

His lordship went to his study. Townsend and Topham and Peele exchanged curious glances. But they did not speak on the subject that was uppermost in their minds. They But Jimmy Silver did not intend | went to their preparation, content to | mind their own business with great strictness.

Rawson of the Fourth noticed that they were grinning, however, as they came into the study they shared with him. But Rawson was not on speaking terms with the nuts of the Fourth, and he did not inquire what amused them.

It was close on bed-time when Lord "Finished, you chaps?" he

"Well, he's missed it." The four juniors left the study and the House, and crossed to the Modern side. They found the three Tommies chatting on the staircase. The Moderns looked at them in sur-

"Hallo! Time you Classical kids were in bed," said Tommy Dodd severely. "What are you doing over here at this time of night?"

"Where's Jimmy Silver?" asked

Lovell. "Blessed if I know."

"Lost, stolen, or strayed?" grinned Tommy Cook.

"Look here, he came to speak to you in the tuckshop about eight, and we haven't seen him since," said Lovell warmly. "He's missed his prep, and that means a row with Bootles in the morning. What have you done with him?"

"My dear chap, we haven't eaten him for supper," said Tommy Dodd. "And he didn't come to see me in the tuckshop. I haven't been there since tea."

"You sent him a message-"

"Blessed if I did." "Look here!" exclaimed Raby. Mornington brought him a message

Tommy Dodd shook his head. "Mornington was rotting, then.

from you."



"This isn't the end," said Lord Mornington, groaning with pain from the flogging he had received. "I'll have the Head sacked—I'll have him turned out of Rookwood! There'll be a new Head here soon!"

play me in the Bagshot match. You see, I'm determined. Now, do the sensible thing."

Jimmy's eyes burned, but he made no sign of assent.

Mornington waited a minute; then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and went to the door. Thud!

The heavy oaken door closed. Mornington had taken the candle with him, and Jimmy Silver was in darkness, save for the faint glimmer of starlight at the little window. He could hear a scraping sound as Mornington drove a wedge of wood under the door.

Even if he could have released himself from the knotted cords, he was a prisoner in the tower now.

Faintly, Mornington's retreating footsteps died away on the long

Silence at last He was gone!

Jimmy Silver, stretched on the sack on the stone floor, writhed in his bonds, struggling to free himself, till his wrists ached, and the skin was abrased and torn. But he could not get free.

Outside the old tower, Mornington closed the big, heavy door, and locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket.

Then, with perfect calmness, the rascal of Rookwood strolled away to the School House.

Townsend & Co. were chatting in the hall, and they looked curiously at Lord Mornington as he came in.

"Yaas," said Townsend.

"Come along to my study and have a smoke. By the way, Silver's

"Out-at this time!" exclaimed Rawson, looking up.

"Yaas. Queer, ain't it? Seen anything of him?" "Not since cricket practice."

"Jolly queer," said Townsend. The nuts of the Fourth followed Lord Mornington to his study. Rawson, with a somewhat worried look, went to the end study to speak to Jimmy Silver's chums.

The 5th Chapter. Missing!

"Seen Jimmy?" Lovell and Raby and Newcome asked that question together as Tom Rawson came into the end study.

The Fistical Three had finished their preparation, and they were surprised by the absence of their study leader.

Rawson shook his head.

"I've just heard that he hasn't come in," he said. "It's bedtime in half an hour. Hasn't he done his

prep?" "No; he hasn't been in. Better look for him, I think," said Raby. "Can't have gone out of bounds,

anyway." "Oh, no! He went to speak to Those Modern Dodd. Tommy bounders have been larking with

him, most likely." prep," said Rawson. never sent any message. Perhaps the nuts have been larking with the august Jimmy."

Lovell gave a snort.

"We'll jolly soon teach 'em manners if they have," he said. "Come on, you chaps. Jimmy's not here!"

The four Classicals crossed the quadrangle again, and repaired to Lord Mornington's study on the Classic side. They found Mornington, Townsend, Topham, and Peele, smoking cigarettes in the luxurious quarters of his lordship. Mornington regarded them with an insolent smile as they came in.

"I don't remember askin' you into my study," he drawled.

"Where's Jimmy Silver?" demanded Lovell. His lordship raised his eyebrows.

"How the dickens should I know?" "You gave him a spoof message

from Tommy Dodd." Mornington laughed.

"Yaas. I was pullin' his leg." "Haven't you seen him since?" "Of course not."

"Then you don't know where he

"Haven't the slightest idea." His lordship yawned as he made that reply.

Lovell & Co. looked puzzled. They did not see any reason why Mornington should be lying. Evidently Jimmy was not in the study. They left it, "They wouldn't make him miss his leaving the nuts grinning as soon as the door was closed.

"Well, this beats the band," said Lovell. "Where on earth can Jimmy be? He can't have gone out."

"Let's ask the sergeant." Sergeant Kettle was in his back room, smoking his evening pipe, when the juniors knocked at his door. He stared at them as he opened it.

"Shop's closed long ago," he grunted. "Be hoff!"

"We're not after jam-tarts," growled Lovell. "Have you seen anything of Jimmy Silver?" The sergeant nodded.

"He came just as I was closing the shop, and asked for Master Dodd," he said. "Master Dodd wasn't here." "Where did Jimmy go then?"

"I don't know." " "Anybody with him?" asked

Rawson. "Not that I see. I was locking

The juniors left the sergeant, greatly puzzled. They returned to the house, and inquired right and left for Jimmy Silver. But no one had seen him. It was close on bed-time

"Well, what the dickens!" exclaimed Lovell. "Jimmy must be somewhere. What the dickens is he playing hide-and-seek for like this?"

"Bed-time, you kids," said Bulkeley, coming along the passage.

The Classical Fourth went to their dormitory. Lovell & Co. had a hope that Jimmy might turn up there for bed.

But the captain of the Fourth was not in the dormitory. Bulkeley came in to see lights out, and he noticed Jimmy's absence at

"Isn't Silver here?" he exclaimed. "We don't know where he is," said Lovell, with a worried look. "We

haven't seen him all the evening." "He seems to have disappeared intirely," remarked Flynn.

Bulkeley looked astonished. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Has he gone out?"

"I don't think so." "Well, turn in. I'll look for Master Jimmy!" said the captain of

Rookwood grimly. The Classical Fourth turned in, and Bulkeley left the dormitory. He repaired to Mr. Bootles' study, to inform him that Jimmy Silver had not turned up for bed, and that his Form-fellows did not know where he

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "This is extraordinary!"

"I can't understand it, sir," said Bulkeley. "I find that nobody's seen him since eight o'clock."

"Please ask the prefects to look for him, Bulkeley." "Yes, sir."

Bulkeley left the study. He returned in a quarter of an hour. "Silver can't be found, sir."

Mr. Bootles jumped up. "You have looked for him?"

"Yes, sir. He isn't in the schoolunless he is hiding away somewhere." "Surely he would not do such a foolish thing, Bulkeley." "Well, I suppose not, sir. Unless

he's doing that, he must have gone out without permission, and has not returned."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"What is to be done, sir?" "Send him to me immediately he. returns, Bulkeley."

"Very well, sir." The captain of Rookwood returned to his study. But Jimmy Silver did not return, and at half-past ten

Bulkeley visited Mr. Bootles again. "Has not Silver returned?" asked the Fourth-Form master, as the captain of Rookwood came in.

"No, sir." "Very well, Bulkeley. You may go to bed; I will speak to the Head on

the subject." Mr. Bootles, very much surprised and somewhat alarmed, went at once to the Head's study. Dr. Chisholm's brow contracted as he heard the

Form-master's report. "The boy has broken bounds, undoubtedly," he said. "Something has occurred to prevent his return."

"Some accident, sir?" said Mr. Bootles. "Probably. I will telephone to the

police-station immediately." The Head went to the telephone at once. He rang up the police-station; but there was no news from that quarter. No accident had happened to a schoolboy in the neighbourhood of Coombe, so far as the police were

aware. The Head laid down the receiver, his look grimmer than ever.

"What is to be done, sir?" asked Mr. Bootles helplessly.

"There is nothing to be done until morning, unless the boy returns," said the Head. "I can hardly believe that he has run away from school. I fear that some accident has happened. that question.

huntin' for Silver."

"I know that."

Jimmy Silver.

Sergeant Kettle Makes a Discovery.

"You'll want some players, I sup-

Tommy Dodd glared at Morning-

ton as the dandy of the Fourth asked

"Not your sort," he said, with a

"There's a lot of fellows standin'

Lovell and Raby and Newcome," said

Mornington. "They're goin' out

"Well, I'm willin' to play, if you

"But I'm not willing," said Tommy

And he turned his back on his lord-

The team that departed for Bagshot

School was mostly composed of

Modern fellows. Quite a crowd of

spend the afternoon searching for

the door, and disappeared within.

"Morny's got him shut up right

"The silly ass!" said Peele. "He'll

be flogged for this. Mind, we don't

know anythin' about it-not a word."

"Not a syllable," said Topham.

"It's a rotten trick, too; the poor

Townsend shivered a little as he

beggar must be hungry by this time."

thought of the night the imprisoned

junior had passed in the lonely room

we can't say anythin'. It's rather

thick, even for Morny. He's a regular

hooligan. Serve him right if he's

sacked. I wonder who helped him?

He couldn't have handled Silver

"Leggett, of course," said Peele.

"Leggett would play any mean trick

"Sorry for him, then, when Silver

spiral staircase, unfastened the door

at the top, and entered the little

Jimmy Silver lay on the sacking on

He had slept little in the night.

His limbs were cramped by his bonds,

and he was faint with hunger and

want of sleep. His eyes burned as

they turned on the rascal of Rook-

Mornington regarded him with a

"It's time to start for the match,"

A faint mumble came from Jimmy

Silver. He had gnawed away part

for half-a-quid. It was Leggett."

gets out," said Topham.

His face was deadly pale.

the floor.

skipper."

"It's rotten!" he muttered. "But

at the summit of the tower.

scared look on his chums.

enough," he whispered.

Dodd tersely. "Go and eat coke!"



The police have promised to do all they can."

"I shall remain up," said Mr. Bootles.

"If you do not mind--"

"Certainly not. I am very anxious."

Mr. Bootles remained up, in his study. He was anxious and flurried. By midnight, however, he was fast asleep in his armchair, and he did not out-Rawson and Oswald, as well as waken till the rising-bell was pealing out over Rookwood.

Mr. Bootles started up, and rubbed his eyes

"Bless my soul!" he murmured. "I-I think I must have fallen asleep. Yes, undoubtedly I must have fallen asleep. It is-bless my soul!-morning. Dear me!"

He rubbed his eyes again, and yawned, and left his study. Three anxious-looking juniors came downstairs-Lovell and Raby and Newcome. They had been awake before rising-bell.

"Has Silver come back, sir?" asked Lovell.

"I-I fear not!" said Mr. Bootles, suppressing a heavy yawn. "I have waited up for him, but he has not come back, apparently. It is extraordinary!"

"There's been an accident," said Raby. "Jimmy must have gone

"I shall inquire of the police," said Mr. Bootles.

The Form-master telephoned to the police-station. But there was no news of Jimmy Silver.

At breakfast, there was only one thought in the minds of the Rookwood fellows. The whole school, Classical and Modern, was buzzing with the news.

What had become of Jimmy Silver? The Head was seen to be looking very anxious. Angry as he was at Jimmy Silver's supposed absence without leave, his anger was not so great as his anxiety.

The only possible supposition was that an accident had happened to the junior outside the walls of Rookwood, and prevented his return.

The Rockwood fellows went into the Form-rooms as usual that morning; but there was much more thought given to the missing junior than to the lessons.

During the morning, the policeinspector from Coombe called upon the Head. He had no news, but he took a description of Jimmy Silver, and promised that every effort should be made to find the missing lad.

After morning lessons, the juniors came eagerly out of the Form-rooms, hoping to hear news of Jimmy.

But there was no news.

The captain of the Fourth was still missing.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome | mocking smile. were looking lugubrious. At dinner they ate hardly anything. Their he remarked. "They're sending over anxiety for their missing chum was a team with Tommy Dodd as intense.

After dinner, Tommy Dodd came up, as the three were discussing the matter dismally in the quadrangle. Tommy was looking concerned. In spite of his many rows and rags with Jimmy, he had a real liking for the captain of the Fourth.

"Not heard anything of Jimmy?" he asked.

Lovell shook his head.

"What about the Bagshot match?"

Lovell snorted.

"Blow the Bagshot match! I'm not thinking of cricket."

"Well, they're expecting us," said

Tommy Dodd awkwardly. "We're going out to look for

Jimmy this afternoon," said Raby. "You'd better take a team over, Tommy."

"Well, I'll do it, if you like. We're bound to play the match, or else send an excuse, and it's rather late for that," said Tommy Dodd.

And so it was settled. Lovell & Co., keen cricketers as they were, had no mind for cricket that afternoon. They had resolved to spend the afternoon in a search for their missing chum. Little did they dream how near at hand he was.

"Would you like to be let loose?" smiled Mornington. "There's still time, you know!"

Jimmy nodded.

"Will you play me if I let you

Jimmy shook his head.

ington. "You are a sticker, and no refused his help. mistake. But I'm rather a sticker, "My hat!" murmured Jimmy. "I

Jimmy mumbled.

"For the last time, you know, I'm | silly ass!" willin' to let you loose, and go over Jimmy did not trouble to shake his

head. But his look was enough. Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and left the little room, carefully

fastening the door after him. He descended the staircase, and left the tower, turning the key in the before he heard steps on the staircase, Mornington. joined Townsend & Co.

"Comin' out for the afternoon?" he said lazily.

"Not with you," said Townsend tersely.

Mornington raised his eyebrows, "Why not?"

"Look here, we'd rather not be seen speakin' to you at present," said Townsend. "We don't want to get into a row when it all comes out."

"Gettin' funky?" grinned his lord-"We've had nothin' to do with it,

mind," said Topham.
Mornington laughed.

"I'm not goin' to drag you into it," he said contemptuously. "If it comes out, I can face the music on my own." the Classical juniors had resolved to

"The chap who helped you-" "Silver didn't see him-that's all

Lord Mornington strolled away idly after speaking to Tommy Dodd,

"I've promised not to."

and sauntered round the tuckshop to the door of the staircase of the old "Look here, when are you goin' boy, sergeant?" to let the poor beggar out?" de-He inserted the key and unlocked manded Townsend abruptly. "We said Sergeant Kettle.

Townsend had observed him from a "Not till it's too late for him to you doing there?" to keep him out of the Bags distance, and he turned a somewhat play in the Bagshot match." "I—I couldn't help it, sir!" fal- as he refused to play me." Peele. "The team's startin' now.

> afternoon." "Just as you like," said his lord- | Master Silver?"

Townsena & Co. joined the crowd | dercloud. of fellows who were going to hunt for Jimmy Silver. That seemed to Townsend the best way of keeping up appearances. In spite of Mornington's assurances, the nuts could not help feeling uneasy.

It was not till five o'clock was striking from the clock-tower on the this?" Modern side that Lord Mornington entered the old tower again. He suffered at Mornington's hands, he flogged!" thundered the Head. "Toentered the room at the top of the of Rookwood. staircase.

took the gnawed gag from the exclaimed Dr. Chisholm. junior's mouth. "You can get out | "I-I'd rather not, sir!" faltered Lord Mornington mounted the

Jimmy could not speak, his lips were numbed. Mornington cut through the cords that bound him.

Jimmy made an effort to rise, but sank back on the sacking, with a cry of pain. His limbs were cramped and icy cold.

"By gad, you look bad!" said Mornington, with a touch of remorse. "Of course, I didn't intend to hurt you, Silver. By gad, you look as if you're goin' to be ill. Let me help you down."

"Let he alone, you rotter!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Don't you want my help?"

"No."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders and left him. Jimmy made another effort to rise, but sank back helplessly. He realised that he was going to be of the gag, but still he could not | ill. His limbs felt like lead, and his head was burning. Mornington had covery spread like wildfire.

not reflected on the probable results of his dastardly action. The results were to be more serious than he had dreamed.

Jimmy lay helplessly on the sacking, unable to rise now that he was free. Mornington was gone, but even "Still obstinate!" grinned Morn- had he been there Jimmy would have

> feel awfully queer! I suppose this means the sanatorium for me. The

Again and again he strove to rise, with the team to Bagshot." but he could not. He felt as weak as a baby. But he could use his voice now, and he called for help.

His voice was faint at first, and did not reach beyond the walls of the little room. But it became stronger. It seemed an age to Jimmy Silver | Head dismissed him and sent for Lord

lock. Then he strolled away and and the bronzed old face of Sergeant Kettle looked in. "Now, then, wot's this 'ere little

game?" said the sergeant gruffly. Then, as he caught sight of Jimmy Silver, he uttered an exclamation of horror.

"Master Silver! You here!" "Help me out!" said Jimmy faintly.

The sergeant did not ask any more questions. He picked up the junior in his strong arms, and carried him downstairs.

There was a shout from the fellows in the quadrangle, as the burly sergeant was seen crossing to the School House, with the missing junior in his

Mr. Bootles met them at the doorway, blinking with astonishment. "Silver!" he exclaimed.

The Head came hastily out of his study. He had seen the sergeant "And you won't mention his with his burden from the study window.

"Silver! Where did you find the

"At the top of the old tower, sir," | brutal thing, Mornington?"

"Well, that won't be long!" said | tered Jimmy faintly.

And if you don't mind, Morny, we'd sergeant. "There was the cords lyin' rather not have your company this around him, and he's been tied up, and cut loose again. Isn't that so,

ship indifferently.

He sauntered away.

"Yes!" faltered Jimmy.

The Head's brow was like a thun-

"Have you been all night, and all the morning, in that place, Silver?" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir!"

"A prisoner-bound?" "Yes, sir."

"This is monstrous! Who did

nodded coolly to Jimmy Silver as he | was not inclined to betray the rascal |

"You hear me, Silver? Tell me at "Time's up!" he remarked, as he once who was guilty of this outrage?"

> Jimmy. "What!"

"One word, sir," interposed Mr. | And Mornington went. Bootles. "Whoever placed Silver there must have obtained the key from the porter."

"Ah! Kindly call Mack here, Mr. Bootles. Sergeant, take Silver up to the dormitory. Go to bed at once, Silver, and I will telephone for the

The sergeant carried Jimmy upstairs. In a few minutes he was in bed, with blankets piled on him, and a hot-water bottle at his feet. And in a few minutes more he was fast asleep.

The 7th Chapter. Flogged!

Rookwood was in an uproar. The news of the sergeant's dis-

A BEAUTIFUL CERTIFICATE, PRINTED ON FINE ART PAPER. IS SENT FREE OF ALL COST TO MEMBERS OF THIS LEAGUE!

ANTI-GERMAN

REGISTRATION FORM. (To be signed by every British boy and girl!)

do hereby solemnly pledge that I will on no account trade with, or encourage, the common enemy. I will purchase no goods whatsoever bearing the trademark, "Made in Germany," and I will do my utmost to persuade my friends

to register their names also.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

When This Registration Form Has Been Filled Up, Send It To:-The Editor, THE "BOYS' FRIEND" ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London. E.C.

"Who did it?" exclaimed Lovell, with blazing eyes, as the chums of the Fourth went downstairs again. "The

Moderns, what!" "Impossible!" said Rawson. "They wouldn't play such a dirty

"But it was somebody--" "It's bound to come out. Mack

will know who had the key of the tower."

Mack, the porter, was at that moment in the Head's study, being questioned by Dr. Chisholm. He had little to say, but that little was very much to the point. Lord Mornington had asked for the key of the tower, and had not returned it. Mack had supposed that, as a new boy, he wished to explore the place. The

Mornington entered the study calmly enough.

The storm had burst, and he had expected it. He was ready to face the music now, with plenty of nerve. He faced the Head calmly.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked. "I sent for you, Mornington. You have been guilty of an astounding outrage!"

"Indeed, sir!" "Do you deny that you placed Silver of the Fourth, bound hand and foot, in the old tower, and left him there, without food, for a whole

night?" thundered the Head. "No, sir!" "You-you admit it?" ejaculated

the Head. "Yes, sir!" "Mornington!"

"You asked me, sir," said Mornington calmly.

"I-I hardly know how to speak to you!" gasped the Head. "Are you in your right senses, boy?" "I think so, sir."

"Why did you do this wicked and

"I did not mean to hurt Silver, sir. can't let this go on." - | "Good heavens! Silver, what were I am sorry if he is ill. I only meant to keep him out of the Bagshot match.

"Good heavens! For so trifling a "He'd been tied up, sir," said the motive you have been guilty of this dastardly outrage?"

"That was my motive, sir." "You understand, of course, that your punishment will be severe!"

"I hope not, sir." "What!" "My uncle___"

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand. "Silence! Do you dream for one moment that even a governor of Rookwood could stand between you and the just punishment for your dastardly outrage? Only in consideration of your training, or want of training, I refrain from expelling you in Jimmy was silent. Much as he had ! disgrace from the school. You will be morrow morning, in the presence of the whole school, I shall administer the severest flogging that has ever

> Now go!" Mornington gritted his teeth. "I will not be flogged! I--" "Go!" thundered the Head.

been administered at Rookwood.

The next morning, after prayers, all Rookwood was assembled to witness the punishment of the culprit.

Grim faces looked at Mornington as he entered the hall, with Bulkeley's hand on his shoulder.

Jimmy Silver was with the rest of the Fourth. He was still pale and weak, but a

good night's rest had done wonders for him, and he had luckily escaped a spell in the sanatorium.

The thrashing that Mornington received was, without doubt, the severest the Head had ever dealt out to a junior at Rookwood. When at length his lordship was set down he staggered from Big Hall without a word.

The Rookwood fellows crowded out. They looked grimly at Mornington, who was gasping on the settee in the passage and groaning with pain. He gave them a fierce look.

"This isn't the end of it!" he panted. "I've been flogged--"

"You asked for it, and you've got it," said Lovell, "and if you hadn't had enough, you cad, I'd smash you now!"

"This isn't the end! I'll have him sacked! I'll have him turned out of Rookwood! There'll be a new Head here soon!" hissed Mornington.

"Silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver. And the juniors, grinning at Morn-

ington's wild threat, passed on. But they were destined to be reminded later of that threat.

THE END.

(Next Monday's grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "The Tyrant of the School!" Don't miss it.)