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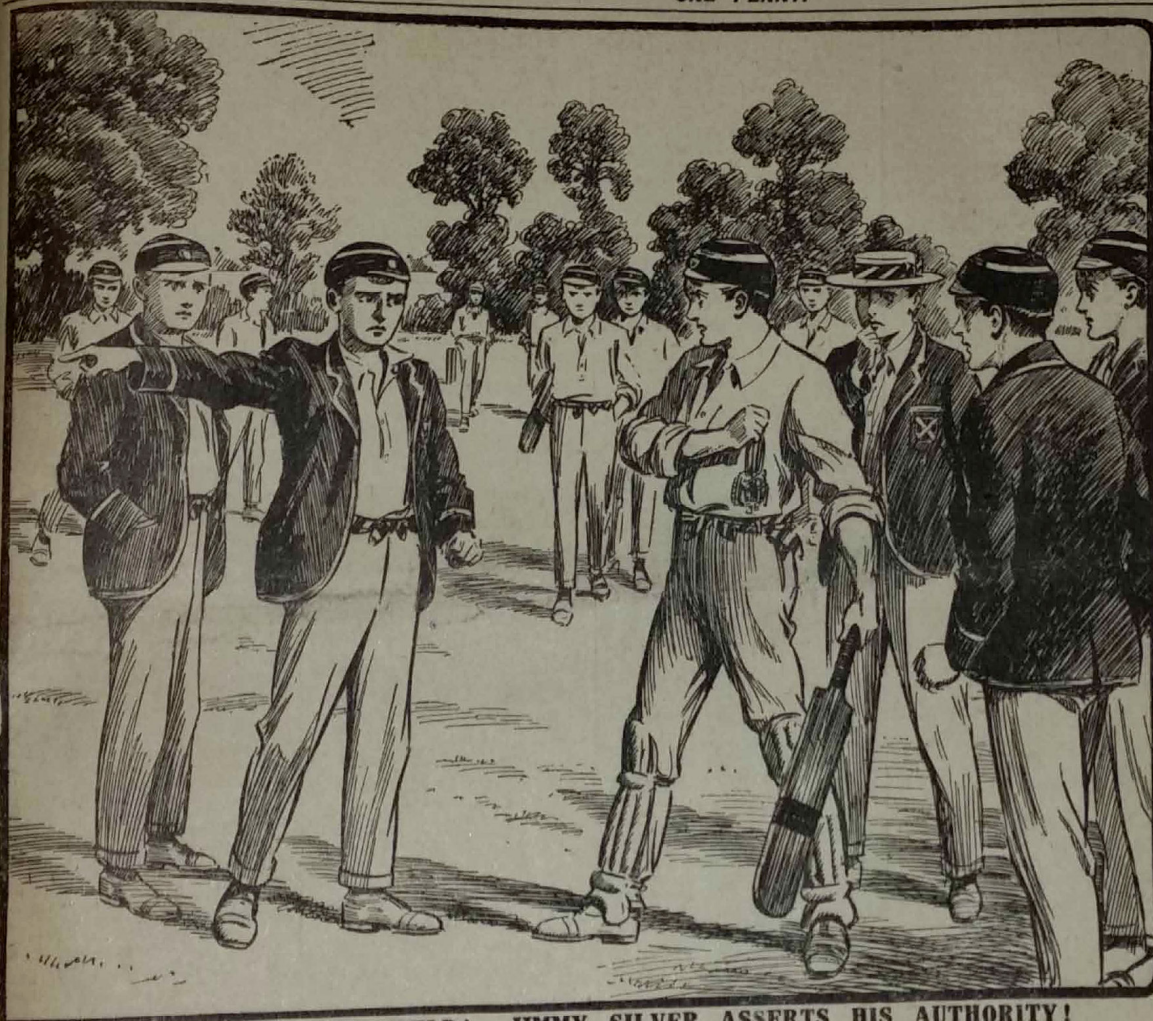
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 789, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 22nd, 1916.



ORDERED OFF THE FIELD! JIMMY SILVER ASSERTS HIS AUTHORITY!
(A dramatic scene from our magnificent long complete tale of school life contained in this issue!)

FOES OF THE FOURTH!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Mornington's Little Game.

"Well bowled, Mornington!" Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, shouted with great boariness. A crowd of juniors joined in the shout.

There was practice on Big Side. As a rule, practice on Big Side did not draw much attention from the juniors, excepting the fellows who were called upon to fag at bowling for the seniors.

But there was quite a crowd looking on now. Mornington of the Fourth was bowling. He had offered his ser-

vices as a fag at the nets, and Bulkeley of the Sixth had accepted them. And, to the astonishment of all observers—and of Bulkeley himself—the junior had taken the captain of Rookwood's wicket.

Bulkeley stared at the wicket. It was down; there was no doubt about that. Even Jimmy Silver had never taken Bulkeley's wicket at Rookwood, bowling to the captain as a slacker and a dandy, and supposed to be no cricketer—Mornington had taken it!

"Well, my hat!" said Bulkeley. There was quite a roar from the juniors. For old Bulkeley's wicket

to be taken by a fellow in the Fourth

was amazing. Mornington was not popular in his Form, but he was cheered loudly just then.

Jimmy Silver shouted as loudly as any, quite forgetful of the fact that he was on the worst of terms personally with Mornington.

"Must have been a fluke," said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No; it was jolly good bowling!" he said. "I'm a bowler, and I know. Wonders will never cease! That slacking ass has picked up wonderfully since he took to cricket!"

"Best bowler in the Fourth, by gad!" said Townsend. "Rather puts

your nose out of joint, Silver—what!"

Jimmy took no notice of that remark.

Flynn fielded the ball, and tossed it back to Mornington. The junior caught it smartly.

"Well bowled, young 'un!" Bulkeley called along the pitch. "Let's see if you can do that again!"

"Certainly," said Mornington.

The juniors watched him eagerly. For the slacker of the Fourth, the smoker and "Giddy Goat," to be showing form at cricket like this was astonishing. Nobody had ever expected it of Mornington.

Mornington was the cynosure of all

eyes as he bowled again. Bulkeley was watching for that ball. He liked a keen bowler for batting practice, but it was not wholly gratifying to have his wicket taken by a fag.

The ball came down like a bullet, and Raby murmured: "Wide!"

Bulkeley had the same impression, till the ball broke in at an unexpected angle, and knocked his leg stump out of the ground.

Then there was a roar.

"Bravo! Good man!" Knowles of the Sixth, who was looking on from the pavilion, burst into an unpleasant chuckle.

"You're doing the Sixth credit, Bulkeley!" he called out.

"That kid's hot stuff!" said the captain of Rookwood. "You can try him yourself if you like, Knowles!"

Knowles shrugged his shoulders. "He wouldn't take my wicket!" he said.

"Take the bat, then." "Oh, I don't mind!"

Knowles came to the wicket as the ball was tossed back to the junior bowler.

In spite of his careless tone, Knowles was very much on his guard, and he looked out carefully for that ball which looked like a wide, and wasn't. But it was quite a different ball that came down this time, and before the Modern perfect knew what was happening, his middle stump lay on its back, and there was a chirrup round the field.

"How's that?" Knowles scowled. He did not take a defeat so good-humouredly as Bulkeley.

"Like another?" said Mornington coolly.

The dandy of the Fourth was evidently enjoying his triumph over the seniors.

"You can try again!" growled Knowles.

This time the wicket did not fall; but after three more balls the stumps were over again. Knowles walked off the pitch, and Bulkeley grinned as he took back the bat.

"Hot stuff—what!" he said.

"Cheeky little beast!" growled Knowles. "He'll be swanking all over the school about that!"

Bulkeley laughed.

"Well, it isn't every kid who can take your wicket, or mine," he remarked. "He will come in jolly useful for the practice!"

Knowles growled.

Bulkeley went back to the wicket, and Mornington resumed bowling. The Rookwood captain's wicket did not fall again, but the bowling continued very good, and Bulkeley had all his work cut out to stop it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked on with undiminished interest.

Since Mornington had come back to Rookwood he had surprised Jimmy by taking up cricket with the greatest keenness.

He had shown that he had the makings of a good player in him, though otherwise he was not much given to "playing the game." But Jimmy was astonished by the progress he had made.

"He would make a jolly good recruit for the junior eleven!" Jimmy remarked. "Only—only—"

He paused.

"Only he's a swanking cad, and a decent fellow can't get on with him!" growled Lovell.

"Yes, exactly."

"No room for that rotter in the junior eleven!" said Nowcome decidedly.

"Besides, he would want to run the whole show! You know his way!"

Jimmy nodded. "It's a pity, though," he remarked. "We want bowlers. He would be a red in pickle for the Moderns."
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FOES OF THE FOURTH!

Continued from the previous page.

to-morrow, if we could play him. But I suppose it wouldn't be any use!"

"No fear!"

The practice ended, and Mornington came away. Townsend and Topham and Peele, the nuts of the Fourth, gathered round to congratulate him.

Mornington was the only member of that select circle who was worth his salt on the playing-fields, and it was quite a new departure for him.

Jimmy Silver gave him a cordial slap on the shoulder.

"Jolly good, Mornington!" he said. "Blessed if I ever expected you to turn out a cricketer like that!"

Mornington gave him a supercilious smile.

"There may be some more surprises in store for you," he remarked.

"I hope so—may see you batting like Hobbs next," said Jimmy Silver good-naturedly. "Your bowling's first-rate, anyway!"

"I didn't expect you to admit it."

"Why not?" demanded Jimmy warmly.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Morny's toppin'—simply toppin'!" said Townsend. "He will go into the eleven now, of course!"

"Oh, of course!" said Peele.

Mornington looked at the captain of the Fourth with a mocking smile.

"Well, what do you say to that?" he asked.

Jimmy hesitated.

"I'd like to play you," he said; "but I don't think it would do. We don't pull together, you know!"

"You mean that you're goin' to leave me out of the team because we don't agree personally?"

"No, I don't!" growled Jimmy, turning red. "Nothing of the kind! I mean, if you want it in plain English, that you're a smoky, gambling, blackguardly rotter, and that isn't the kind of fellow for Rookwood juniors!"

And Jimmy Silver walked away, frowning.

"Nice manners!" smiled Townsend.

"I'm goin' into the team, all the same," said Mornington coolly. "I'm goin' to appeal to the committee!"

"Good night!" said Townsend heartily. "Dashed if I thought you cared so much for cricket, Morny!"

"I don't care twopenny for it!"

"By gad! You've been fignin' at it ever since you came back to Rookwood," said Townsend in astonishment.

"I'm goin' to be a cricketer, because I'm goin' to be captain of the Fourth, and kneek Jimmy Silver right out!" said Mornington.

"Gettin' into the eleven is the first step. By the end of the term I shall be captain of the Fourth, and that gang will be nowhere!"

"Blessed if I don't half think you'll do it, too," said Peele admiringly.

"Anyway, Silver can't leave you out of the team, after the way you've shewn up to-day."

"I'll see that he doesn't," said Mornington.

And the nuts of Rookwood went in to tea in great spirits. It really looked as if at last the "Giddy Goats" had a chance of keeping their end up against Jimmy Silver & Co.

could have pulled with, even if Mornington had wanted to pull with Jimmy, which he evidently did not. But personal likes and dislikes could not count in such a matter as selecting members of the junior eleven.

Mornington was fully entitled to go into the team on his form; in fact, now he had turned out so good a bowler he was wanted there. Lovell and Raby, Rawson and Oswald and Flynn, were all good bats; but Jimmy was the only first-class bowler the Classical junior eleven possessed. Newcome was a good change bowler, and Raby could bowl; but in that department there was no doubt that the eleven was weak. Mornington, if he chose to toe the line and do his best, would be a tower of strength to the side.

And Jimmy was considering whether he couldn't play him, after all.

Mornington's unpleasant manner could be put up with to some extent. True, Mornington would regard his inclusion in the team as a triumph over Jimmy Silver—which would not be a gratifying reward for putting him in. But that need not worry Jimmy, he considered—the ass could swank as much as he liked, so long as he played a good game on the cricket-field.

The question was: Would Mornington keep his insolence within bounds, to the extent of playing a good game and taking orders from his captain, or would his ugly temper break out at an unpropitious moment?

Jimmy Silver, after careful thought, felt that it would not do. There would be friction at once, and friction in the team was fatal to good play. And Mornington would be quite capable of deliberately playing a "rotten" game if he were not allowed to have everything his own way and to act as cock of the walk.

So, after very careful consideration, the captain of the Fourth decided that it would not do, and he dismissed the nut from his mind.

It was brought back to his mind, however, before long.

Oswald and Flynn, who were on the cricket committee, looked into the end study during the evening when the Fistical Four were doing their prep.

Jimmy Silver paused in his work to give them a friendly nod.

"Busy?" asked Oswald.

"Yes; but I'll take a rest. What is it?"

"About the cricket."

"You're in the team to-morrow. I've put the list up downstairs," said Jimmy.

Oswald nodded.

"What about Mornington?" he asked.

"Can't be did!"

"Sure, he's a good bowler, and we want bowlers," said Flynn. "I've liked him several toimes for bein' a cheeky spalpeen. But he can bowl, intirely!"

"Do you mean to say that you've come here to ask me to put him into the team?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"What utter rot!" growled Lovell.

Oswald hesitated.

"The fact is, Mornington's been round talking to the members of the committee, Jimmy. And—and if it could be agreed, I think it would be a good idea to play him. We want to beat the Moderns."

"That's my idea, intirely!" said Flynn.

Jimmy Silver frowned a little and looked at his chums.

"What do you fellows think?" he asked.

"Rot!" said Lovell.

"Well," remarked Raby slowly, "you see, Jimmy, he's a topping bowler. There's no denying that."

"I don't want to deny it!" said Jimmy gruffly.

"Of course not. I don't mean that. But the eleven wants bowlers. In a school match you can pick out Modern fellows for the team; but in a Classical match we've only got Classicals, and we're not strong in bowlers."

"I know that. But—"

Townsend of the Fourth lounged into the study.

"Is Morny goin' in?" he asked.

"Oh, go and chop chips!" said Jimmy Silver crossly.

He was not inclined to argue the matter with Townsend.

"Well, if he's kept out the Fourth will have somethin' to say about it!" said Townsend. "It's all very well to be jealous of a chap's bowlin'!"

Jimmy Silver started to his feet.

"What's that?"

"Oh, keep your wool on! I'm only repeatin' what all the Form are sayin'!"

"That's not true!" said Jimmy directly. "And, anyway, you needn't repeat it in this study! Buzz off!"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Buzz off, I tell you! Hand me that cushion, Raby!"

Townsend did not wait for the cushion. He snatched, and lounged out of the study.

Oswald and Flynn looked uncomfortable.

"I really suppose the fellows are not really saying anything of that kind, Oswald?" asked Jimmy, rather gruffly.

"I don't believe so, but if you don't play Mornington after the form he's shown some of them might," said Oswald. "I don't want to persuade you—I don't like the fellow any more than you do—but he is a good bowler, and we want bowlers. If you don't play him it will be put down as personal dislike."

Jimmy Silver grunted.

"I don't like him, but that's not the reason," he said. "I never thought he would make a cricketer; but he can play cricket. I own that. But he's an insolent cad, and he would want to be cock of the walk on the field."

"You could soon put a stopper on that."

"Of course I could, but I don't want to be doing it in the middle of a match with the Moderns."

"But he may behave himself, intirely," said Flynn. "He seems to be awfully keen on cricket now. And we do want to beat the Moderns, Jimmy!"

"I suppose the other fellows agree with you?"

"Bedad, I think they do!"

"Might give him a chance," suggested Newcome. "You're not bound to speak to the cad off the cricket-field, you know. No need to go chummin' with him."

"I haven't any confidence in him!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's as full of tricks as a monkey! But if the whole committee thinks he ought to be given a chance I'll give him one. It's a go!"

"Not against your own judgment," said Oswald.

"Oh, that's all right! I'll give him a chance. If he knows how to behave himself, he will be worth while. If he doesn't, it may lose us the match. Still, it's worth a bit of risk to get a bowler like that in the team."

And the matter dropped.

After his prep was over Jimmy Silver made a change in the list that was posted up in the hall. Hooker's name was crossed out, and that of Mornington written over it, somewhat to Hooker's wrath. But Hooker was nowhere near Mornington's form, and the change met with general approval.

Mornington came along as Jimmy stepped back from the board, and he smiled as he saw what the captain of the Fourth had written.

"So you've made up your mind to do the decent thing!" he remarked. Jimmy looked at him steadily.

"I don't want to quarrel with you, Mornington," he said, "but if you make another remark like that I'll punch your silly head!"

Mornington sneered.

Jimmy walked away with a clouded brow. He had yielded against his better judgment in putting Mornington into the team, and he felt that trouble would come of it. And in that Jimmy was quite correct.

The 3rd Chapter. The Traitor.

"You fellows come in to watch the game?"

Mornington asked that question as he came out of the dining-room the next day after dinner with his nutty friends.

Townsend and Topham and Peele yawned in chorus. They did not care for cricket.

"Oh, yass, we'll come!" said Townsend.

"Means wastin' an afternoon," remarked Topham. "We might have had a four at bridge in the study."

"So we might," said Peele. "This is rather a rotten wheeze of yours, takin' up cricket, Morny. Of course, we all want to see Jimmy Silver done in the eye. But—"

"But it's a bore," said Townsend. "Horrid bore!" yawned Topham.

"It's the only way of putting that cad Silver in his place," said Mornington, "and the only way of gettin' him down off his perch. Things will be a lot better for our set all round when I'm captain of the Form."

"When?" murmured Peele.

"Besides, it's a good game," said Mornington. "Why don't you fellows take it up, too?"

"No jolly fair!"

"We could get the whole thing in our hands then."

"You're welcome to my share, dear boy. But we'll come and watch you with pleasure. Jimmy Silver's lace will be worth watchin'," chuckled Townsend. "It goes against the grain with him to put you in at all. What sort of a game are you goin' to play?"

"That depends. I'm goin' to show the school that Jimmy Silver isn't the only pebble on the beach, anyway."

Peele chortled.

"Don't stand any of his cheek," he said. "If he jaws you, old man, give him as good as he sends. Make him sing small."

"I mean to."

The nuts decided that they would watch the match after all. The amiable Mornington evidently meant to give his captain all the trouble he could, and Townsend & Co. expected to see some fun.

They walked down to Little Side with Mornington, the latter in flannels, with his handsome, expensive bat under his arms. Jimmy Silver was already there, and he gave Mornington a curt nod. Mornington was the last of the team on the ground.

Jimmy tossed with Tommy Dodd, the Modern skipper, and won the toss. He elected to take the first innings.

"Lovell and Oswald!" he called out, while the Moderns went into the field.

Mornington tapped Jimmy on the shoulder.

"I suppose you're openin' the innings with me?" he remarked. And Townsend & Co. grinned at this first evidence that Morny was "goin' it."

Jimmy stared at him.

"Of course I'm not," he said. "You're last man in."

"Last man in—me!"

"Yes."

"I object!"

"Oh, cheerse it!" Jimmy Silver turned his back on Mornington. He had no politeness to waste upon the junior.

Mornington gritted his teeth. His swank had met with a deserved rebuff. But Mornington was not the fellow to take it quietly if he could help it.

Lovell and Oswald went in to open the innings, and Tommy Dodd went on to bowl. Mornington stood watching, with a scowling brow.

He loved the limelight, and he wanted to open the innings. It did not please his mind at all to come on with the tail of the team.

Oswald was down for 6 in the second over, and as he came off Mornington addressed Jimmy Silver again:

"I'm goin' on now," he said.

"Rab!" called out Jimmy.

"Look here, I tell you I'm not standin' here watchin' those duffers lozin' their wickets!" said Mornington angrily.

"Shut up!"

Raby went to the wickets, grinning. Mornington was inclined to march on, in spite of his captain's orders; but Jimmy's look showed plainly enough that if he did that the lefty Morny would be yanked off by his neck. That was not the kind of exhibition Mornington wished to bestow on the Rookwood crowd, so he restrained himself.

He rejoined the nuts, with a scowling brow.

"Too bad!" said Townsend sympathetically. "Of course, you can't expect Silver to give you a chance, really."

"It's goin' to cost him a wicket in the innings!" muttered Mornington savagely.

Townsend whistled.

"Better not let any of the fellows hear you say that," he observed.

"Well, you'll see."

The Classical innings lasted nearly an hour. Jimmy Silver was fourth man in, and he forgot all about Mornington. Jimmy knocked up 50 runs before he was bowled by Tommy Doyle, the total for the innings being 70 when the word came, "Last man in!"

Flynn was at the wickets when Mornington—last man in—was called upon to join him there.

"Buck up and do your best," said Jimmy as Mornington was going in.

"Leave the batting to Flynn all you can. Keep the innings alive, you know."

"I'm not likely to do anythin' of the sort," said Mornington. "You'd

better tell Flynn to keep the innings alive for me."

He walked on the field and Jimmy could reply, and the captain of the Fourth suppressed his feelings at the best he could. Mornington proved himself a good bowler, but was not remarkable with the bat. If he had chosen to devote himself to keeping the innings alive there was good chance for Flynn to add to his score. But that was not the kind of game that suited Mornington. As a matter of fact, Mornington's wicket went down to the first ball.

Jimmy Silver gave a snort.

"The only duck's egg in the innings!" he growled.

"He will come out strong in bowling," said Oswald.

Mornington came off, smiling, and paused to speak to Jimmy Silver in a low voice.

"I warned you not to send me to the last, you know."

Jimmy started.

There was only one possible instruction to be placed on Mornington's words. Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"Do you mean to say that you'll throw your wicket away?" he ejaculated.

"I don't mean to say anything, except that I warned you not to do me in last."

And Mornington walked on. Jimmy Silver clenched his hands, and unclenched them again. That was not the moment for dealing with his very peculiar recruit. But Jimmy Silver made up his mind then and there that this was the last time, as well as the first, that Mornington should play for Rookwood.

The 4th Chapter. Mornington in the Limelight.

Tommy Dodd and Towle opened the innings for the Moderns. Jimmy Silver placed his men in the field, and went on to bowl the first over.

Tommy Dodd cut the ball away, and the batsmen ran. And a sudden shout rang over the cricket-field:

"Well caught!"

"Bravo, Mornington!"

The ball was in Mornington's hand, and he was holding it up. It was a very smart catch.

"How's that, umpire?"

"Out!"

"My only aunt!" said Tommy Dodd.

The Modern skipper carried out his bat with a lugubrious face, his wickets cut short in the first over.

There were loud cheers for Mornington, especially from his friends the nuts. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell clapped his hands loudly. All the Giddy Goats of Rookwood were backing Mornington heartily. They hoped fervently that he would succeed in putting Jimmy Silver's nose out of joint, as they expressed it.

Mornington had been no use at the wickets, but evidently he was a valuable recruit in the field. And he meant to show his value as much as he could, and make it difficult for Jimmy Silver to turn him out of the eleven. Jimmy knew that he had thrown his wicket away to the Classical innings, but the other fellows were not likely to believe it.

Tommy Cook came in, and the over finished. Mornington called to Jimmy as the field crossed over.

"Am I goin' to bowl?"

Jimmy tossed him the ball without a word. He was strongly inclined to throw it at his head.

There was a buzz in the Classical crowd, as they expressed it, to bowl. After the form he had shewn against the seniors the previous day, the fellows expected great things of him.

And the dandy of the Fourth intended to do his very best. He had a chance of the limelight now, and he was on his mettle.

Tommy received the bowling, and he was very much on the look-out. But at the third ball his stumps were down, and there was a loud cheer for Mornington.

"Jolly good, isn't he?" Oswald remarked to Jimmy Silver.

"He's a good bowler," said Jimmy gruffly.

"I shouldn't wonder if he does the hat-trick."

"Quite likely."

"He will be a real pickle for Grayson and St. Jim's," said Oswald, with rather a curious look at Jimmy's clouded face.

"He won't!"

"But after this, you'll play him?"

Jimmy shook his head, but there was no time for more talk. Tommy Doyle came in to take Towle's place.

All eyes were fixed on Mornington.

The ball came down like a shot, and Tommy Doyle swiped for the place where he was certain it was. But it wasn't there, as the dust of

the wicket earned Tommy the next moment.

"Tare an' 'em!" ejaculated Doyle.

"Bays, Morny! Well bowled!"

The Moderns were looking rather keen. This bowling was as good as Jimmy Silver's at his best. And two bowlers like Jimmy Silver in the Classical team made matters look very dubious for the Moderns.

Lacy was next man in, and Lacy faced that deadly bowler with some nervousness. His nervousness was justified. For the first ball knocked his ball off. Then there was a roar. "The hat-trick!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Morny!"

Mornington shot a triumphant glance at his skipper. His idea was that after that, Jimmy Silver would find it very difficult to refuse him a regular place in the eleven. Jimmy thought so, too, though it made no difference to his resolve. There was no room for traitors in Jimmy Silver's team.

"Bravo!" shouted Smythe of the Shell. "Rippin'! Teppin'! Hurrah!"

"My hat, they've got a good man there!" murmured Tommy Dodd. "Fancy that rotten shacker turning out like that! Man in!"

The Moderns were four down for all, which was a bad beginning. But matters looked up in the next over, and the runs began to mount up. But the Moderns' luck was out. Jimmy Silver accounted for two more wickets, and a catch in the field, and Mornington took two with his bowling.

The expressive face of Tommy Dodd grew longer and longer as he watched the procession to and from the wickets.

"All down for 30!" he said at last. "My only hat! What a score! You will have to buck up in the second innings, my sons!"

So far as the first innings was concerned, the Moderns were beaten to the wide. And everybody knew that it was very largely due to Mornington's bowling. Mornington had jumped into something like popularity with the Classical juniors. There was something in the fellow, they all shacker and smoker and blackguard as he was. And the fellows who had over-persuaded Jimmy Silver to put him in the team felt extremely satisfied with themselves.

They did not know what Jimmy knew—that Mornington regarded the whole game as something centred about himself, and that he had never even dreamed of loyalty to his side. He aimed at putting Jimmy in the shade; but for the game itself he did not care twopence. He had thrown his wicket away, out of pettish spite, careless of the result to his side. And it was quite probable that the loss of that wicket might mean the loss of the match.

"Am I goin' in last again?" Mornington asked, when the Classics were ready to begin their second innings.

Jimmy Silver nodded without speaking.

"You don't want to give me a share in score-what?" answered Mornington. "Is this a cricket-match, or is it got up to provide you with limelight, Silver?"

"Do you think that's the way to speak to your skipper on the cricket-field?" asked Jimmy.

"I'm askin' you a question."

"Well, I'll answer it. It's a cricket-match, and the last one you'll play in so long as I'm junior captain!"

There was a buzz from the cricketers, and Mornington raised his eyebrows.

"This is what comes of takin' wickets, and pottin' one's giddy skipper into the shade," he remarked.

"Dash it all, Jimmy, Mornington's done jolly well," said Oswald, in surprise.

Jimmy knitted his brows.

"Mornington threw his wicket away in the first innings because I put him on last," he said.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Jones miser incredulously.

"He told me so."

"Oh, my hat!"

Mornington burst into a scoffing laugh.

"Anybody who likes to believe that can believe it," he said scornfully. "It's hardly worth the trouble of denyin' it."

"You lying cad! Do you mean to deny it?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, his temper breaking out.

"I did nothin' of the sort, an' you know it! I said nothin' of the sort, and you know that!" said Mornington deliberately.

"You must be mistaken, Jimmy," murmured Lacy.

"He said so, I tell you, though he look care not to let anybody else hear," said Jimmy Silver. "And you all know he's not enough."

"Liar!" said Mornington calmly. Jimmy Silver made a spring forward, but Lacy caught him by the shoulder.

"For goodness' sake, Jimmy, don't begin arguing now! The Moderns are waiting in the field!"

"Man in," said Jimmy in a choking voice. "Lacy and Lacy."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. Jimmy Silver stared at the field with a gloomy look.

Mornington had succeeded in putting him in the wrong.

Even his own claims hesitated to believe his statements—they were sure that he was mistaken. Why should Mornington say a thing one moment, and deny it the next? Jimmy Silver knew. It was because the rascal of Ruckwood intended to cause trouble for him. After Mornington's admission that he had thrown away his wicket, Jimmy could not play him

Baloney came and went, and Jimmy Silver was still at the wicket. Tommy Dodd's bowling was good for them, but Jimmy was still going strong, and piling up runs. And when the call came for last man, Jimmy was still at the wicket, and in great form.

Last man in was Mornington, as before.

Jimmy's brows contracted as Mornington passed him on the way in. He caught the smacking gleam in Mornington's eyes.

Jimmy was in splendid form, and with a reliable bat at the other end, he could have gone on scoring indefinitely. The Moderns bowling could not touch him, and he gave no changes to the field.

Mornington was not a brilliant batsman, but he could have kept the innings open for Jimmy if he had liked. So long as he kept his end up, Jimmy could have piled on runs. But it was useless to ask Mornington to do anything of the kind. Jimmy would be only too thankful if he did not throw his wicket away as he had done in the first innings. Mornington was quite capable of it, if only for the

Doyle, and Jimmy let himself go at it. The leather whizzed away, and Jimmy ran.

Mornington did not stir from his wicket.

Jimmy Silver was a third of the distance down the pitch before he realised that the other batsmen did not intend to run.

"Run, you idiot!" he shouted.

"No chance!" called back Mornington coolly. "Get back to your wicket!"

Jimmy stopped, in helpless anger.

Then he turned and faced back to his wicket.

But that pause, short as it was, had been fatal. The ball was coming in from Tommy Dodd's hand, straight as a die.

Jimmy's bat touched the crease a second too late.

"Crash!"

"How's that?" sang out Tommy Dodd jubilantly.

"Out!"

It was out, there was no doubt about that. Jimmy Silver stood simply panting with rage for some moments. He knew that Mornington had deliberately allowed him to

He strode up to him as he came limping off the field.

"You can clear off!" he said.

Mornington looked at him, with an air of mild surprise.

"Clear off!" he repeated.

"Yes!"

"But the game isn't over yet," drawled Mornington. "The Moderns have another innings, you know."

"What the deuce—" began Oswald.

"Clear off, Mornington!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I'm not playin' you for the rest of the match! I've had up with you! I'll ask Dodd to let me put in a substitute for the rest."

Mornington's face became quite pale.

He had not expected that. What does Jimmy Silver mean, if he had no proof, and Mornington had not dreamed that he would proceed to this length.

"You—you—you're entering me off the field!" he stammered.

"You! Get out!"

"I say, Jimmy—" began Lacy, as Jimmy Silver turned on him fiercely.

"You saw what he did. He threw away his own wicket in one inning, and mine in the next. I've had enough of his tricks!"

"But I don't believe—"

"It's all rot," said Jones miserably.

"You're in a temper, and that's the trouble."

"I'm not going to argue about it!" shouted out Jimmy Silver. "If the Moderns want a new cricket captain, I'm ready to resign. But so long as I'm captain, that sneaking and loathsome play for Ruckwood again!"

Mornington's eyes curved in a bitter smile.

"I'm not goin' off," he said. "My bowlin's wanted, and I'm goin' to bowl!"

"You won't go!" said Jimmy between his teeth.

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll see that you do!" Jimmy Silver was letting out the next moment. He had controlled his temper with great efforts all through the match, but it boiled over now. Mornington yelled as he caught Jimmy's left with his nose, and he fell with his skin. He put up his hands and howled miserably.

With all his fists, the dandy of the Fourth did not want for pluck.

The rest of the cricketers looked on in dismay. The Moderns stared and gaped. It was rather a new thing on the Ruckwood ground to see the cricket captain at bat with a member of his team.

"Shame!" howled Townsend.

"Let him alone!"

"Order!"

"Shame!"

"Crash!"

Mornington went down on his back, and lay gasping. Jimmy Silver glared down at him.

"Will you go now?" he panted.

"No," gasped Mornington. "I won't!"

"Then I'll take you!" Jimmy grasped the fallen junior by the collar, and, exerting his strength, fairly dragged him away, and pitched him outside the ropes.

He returned to the pavilion with a flushed face and glittering eyes.

There was general disapproval in the faces round him. But no one ventured upon a remark. Jimmy was in a mood to have quarrelled with his best chums just then.

Townsend picked up Mornington, and the latter limped away, in the middle of the cuts. He was not feeling inclined for any further fighting. Jimmy Silver was a bad hitter, and Mornington was looking and feeling considerably dazed.

In the study he bathed his eyes, and blinked at the water, who were doubtless trying not to smile.

"So that's the end of my cricketin'!" he said.

"Rotten!" said Townsend.

"More rotten for Jimmy Silver than for me, though, I think!" said Mornington. "They'll lose the match!"

"I hope so," said Poole sympathically.

"And the other fellows will have something to say about it, too," said Mornington between his teeth.

"I fancy Jimmy Silver will find he is up against another bigger man than his own tackle! Ow! My eye!"

The 6th Chapter.
A Rift in the Lane!

Jimmy Silver & Co. went into the field, Jimmy still looking flushed and dazed.

The second innings of the Moderns opened. The Classical crew was to feel ahead that they had looked for a sweeping victory, but the prospect was considerably changed now. With Mornington gone from the field, there was no doubt that the



Mornington came along as Jimmy Silver stepped back from the board, and he smiled as he saw what the captain of the Fourth had written. "So you've made up your mind to do the decent thing?" he remarked.

in the team again—that was certain. But Mornington denied making any such admission, and the rest concluded that Jimmy had mistaken him.

If Mornington was left out after the splendid form he had shown as a bowler, there would not be wanting many fellows to attribute it to one thing—that Jimmy, hitherto the champion bowler, was jealous of Mornington's form, and unwilling to give him a chance of outclassing the captain. And that, of course, was exactly what Mornington intended fellows should think.

Jimmy Silver was no fool—he was keen and alert, and had all his wits about him. But he felt a sense of helplessness in dealing with cunning of this kind. His brow was gloomy as he looked on.

The 5th Chapter.
Ordered Off the Field.

"Man in!"

The Modern bowling was looking up. There were down for 7 runs up. There were down for 7 runs up when Jimmy Silver went to the wicket. Jimmy made an effort, and dismissed troublesome thoughts from his mind.

His batting was first-class, and there were loud cheers for him. Mornington looked on with a sneering smile.

purpose of bringing Jimmy's brilliant innings to a sudden end.

Mornington's look as he passed him told of intended mischief.

Jimmy gritted his teeth.

This was the kind of thing he had to expect, so long as Mornington was allowed to play in the junior eleven. He could hardly be expected to go through it a second time. And yet to turn the traitor out of the team was to expose himself to general misunderstanding, and to cause general dissatisfaction. Mornington had him in a dead-end, as it were, and it was not a pleasant position.

There were 40 runs for the second innings, and after that mocking look from Mornington, Jimmy did not expect the number to be added to before the close. But he had not yet divined Mornington's real intentions. The dandy of the Fourth kept his wicket up till the end of the over, and to Jimmy's relief, the bowling came to him again.

Apparently, Mornington did not wish to turn his duck's egg into a pair of spectacles.

Jimmy concluded that "swank" had overdone malevolence in Mornington's breast; and he was glad of that, at least. He was safe for another over—or, at least, he believed he was.

The ball came down from Tommy

him himself out. He was tempted to try his hat about the goal, calculating young rascal, who was grinning at him from the other end of the pitch.

"All down for 60!" granted Lovell. "I hoped you'd put on another dozen yet, Jimmy!" He glanced curiously at Jimmy's face as the captain came off. "What's the matter?"

"That rather—that cad—" panted Jimmy.

Lovell nodded.

"Yes, my idea is that there was time for the run if he'd taken it," he said. "He thought there wasn't, I suppose."

"He knew there was."

"Oh, I say, Jimmy—"

"He threw my wicket away, just as he threw his own away in the first innings. That was his game."

"Oh, draw it mild, old chap!" murmured Lovell uneasily. "Even Mornington isn't such a cotton and so that."

"Sure, it's off-side you are, Jimmy!" said Flynn scathingly. "Keep your temper, Morny isn't much of a bat, but—"

"He did it, I tell you."

Flynn shrugged his shoulders.

But Jimmy was too angry to care for the general disbelief. He knew what he knew, and he had had enough of Mornington's treachery.

