

SPLENDID STORIES—FINE ARTICLES—GRAND PRIZES!

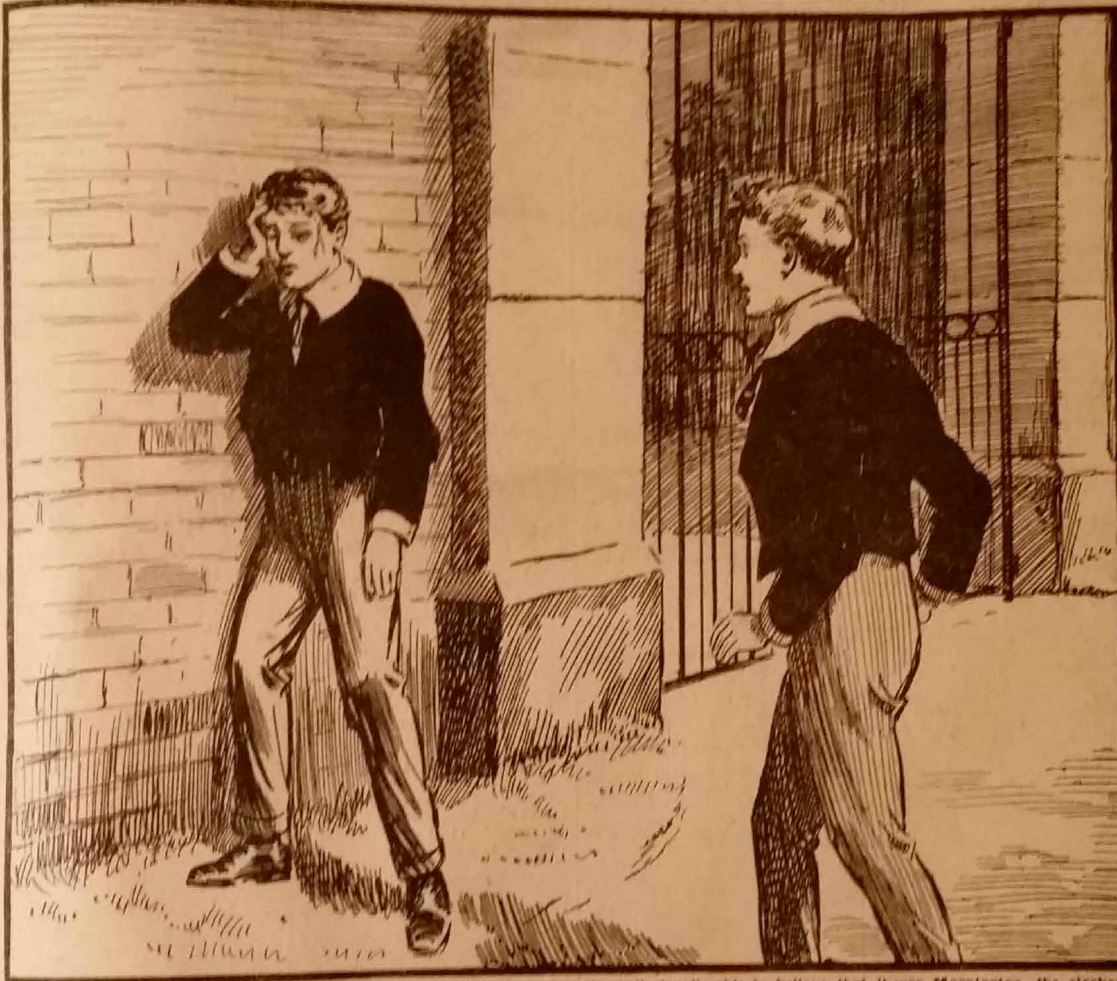
# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 791, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 5th, 1916.



Jimmy Silver stared at the junior who was leaning heavily against the wall—hardly able to believe that it was Mornington, the slacker, and dandy, and blackguard, who had come to his rescue. Evidently there was more good in the cad of the Fourth than Jimmy Silver had ever dreamed.

(A dramatic scene from our magnificent long complete tale of school life contained in this issue!)

"And we don't want to set up as Good Little Georgies!" murmured Raby. "Let 'em rip, and get on with your prep, Jimmy."

"I've got an idea."

"Go and bury it, and get your prep done."

"I don't know whether I ought to chip in," said Jimmy. "A chap doesn't want to take up the line of being superior to his neighbours. All the same, it oughtn't to be allowed to go on. That crew were bad enough before Mornington came, but he's making them worse. I think a bit of a fright would do them good. Suppose they heard Bootles at the door while they're going strong—what?"

The Co. chuckled.

"It would scare them out of their wits," grinned Lovell. "But we're jolly well not going to bring Mr. Bootles down on them. This study bars sneaking."

"Who's talking about sneaking, you ass?"

"Well, Bootles won't come of his own accord. Bootles never suspects anybody of anything."

"You know Bootles' voice?"

"Eh! I suppose so."

"I've been practising it," said Jimmy Silver. "Bootles has a voice that anybody could imitate—a cross between the bark of a dog and the toot of a frog. I can do it a treat."

"Yes, I've heard you. Better not let Bootles hear you. He wouldn't be flattered if he heard what his toot was really like."

"I'm not going to let Bootles hear me, fathhead. I'm going to let three cads in Morny's study hear me—through the door."

"Oh!"

"That's the idea," said Jimmy Silver, with considerable satisfaction. "I rather think they will take me for our respected Form-master, as they can't see through the door. And it will give them a hint of what they'd feel like if they were really bowled out—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver rose from the study table.

"Come on!" he said.

"What about prep?" asked Raby doubtfully.

"Blow prep!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Blow prep! Blow prep! Isn't this a first-class jape, you howling ass?"

"Oh, all right!" said your wool on!"

Jimmy Silver led the way, and the Fustial Four left the study. At the other end of the passage, near the stairs, several grinning juniors were collected. The door of Mornington's study was closed and locked, but the Fourth Formers seemed interested in what was going on in that study. From within there was an occasional clink of coin, and an occasional remark could be heard.

"Your deal, Peels."

"Hand me the matches."

"Nsp!"

"Silly asses!" growled Lovell, in disgust. "Anybody passing might hear that. That silly idiot Mornington is simply hunting for trouble."

"Looking in the rack, fathad," said Flynn of the Fourth. "You can smell the smoke outside the study."

"They ought to be stopped," said Dick Oswald.

"What a goey study!" chuckled Newsome. "Morny & Co. will go the pace—till they go out of Rookwood on their necks."

"Sure, we could get the durs open with a chisel, and chop up the silly blackguards," said Flynn.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Leave them to me," he said.

"The door's locked."

(Continued on the next page.)

## THE RASCAL'S REPENTANCE!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Little Dodge.  
"Wherefore that frown, O chief?" Raby of the Fourth asked the question.  
Jimmy Silver certainly was frowning. The captain of the Fourth looked decidedly exasperated. Lovell and Newsome were doing their preparation in the end study, but Jimmy Silver had not settled down to work. Apparently he had some other matter on his mind.  
"What's the row, Jimmy?" demanded Lovell.  
"Better get on with your prep."

advised Newsome. "Are you looking for a row with Bootles in the morning?"  
Jimmy Silver granted.  
"It's rotten!" he growled.  
"Prep us! Can't be helped, old chap."  
"Not prep, fathhead. Do you know what's going on in Mornington's study?"  
Lovell pawned.  
"Blessed if I know, or care," he answered.  
"Tain't our business," suggested Raby.  
"That's all very well. Who's cap-

tain of the Fourth?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "A Form-captain couldn't let a set of wasters disgrace the Form. Mornington's got a card-party in his study—there's Morny, Peels, Higgs, Topham, and Townsend. They're playing nsp, and smoking."  
"Let 'em!"  
"They've got the door locked," went on Jimmy Silver. "Pretty disgrace it would be for all of us if a prefect dropped on them. The Modern card-chip us already about having a crowd of blackguards on the Classical side."

"My dear chap, we can't help it," said Lovell. "Besides, they won't get dropped on. The prefects never interrupt prep, and the cads are supposed to be doing their prep. Let 'em rip."  
"I've been thinking—"  
"How eye!" We're not going to raid Morny's study because he's playing the giddy ox. Besides, if the door's locked, we can't get in. If we make a row there, it will bring up Bulkeley, or Neville, or Beaumont, and all the fat will be in the fire. Morny ought to be sacked, but we don't want to bring it about."



Continued from the previous page.

# THE RASCAL'S REPENTANCE!

"All the better for the little game. Mind, not a word."  
"What's the game?" asked Jones minor.

"You'll see."  
Jimmy Silver advanced to the door of the study and tapped.

"Oh, clear off!" came Mornington's voice from within. "Don't bother, you asses! We're not opening the door."  
"Mornington!"

There was a gasp of meritment from the juniors in the passage. For Jimmy Silver, in uttering that word, had imitated exactly the somewhat wheezy voice of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. Had not the Fourth-Formers seen him with their own eyes, they would have supposed that it was Mr. Bootles who was speaking. And the juniors chuckled gleefully as they heard an exclamation of utter dismay inside the locked study.

## The 2nd Chapter. Something Like a Scare!

The card-players in Mornington's study sat frozen. Only Mornington seemed to have energy enough to move.

Tap, tap!  
The blades of the Fourth stared at the door as if mesmerized.

They had supposed that they were quite safe in the study. Mr. Bootles seldom or never visited the junior studies, and profecta were not likely to come along at an hour when the juniors were supposed to be hard at work upon their preparation. The nuts of Rookwood had looked themselves in the study for a high old time—according to their peculiar ideas.

There were cards on the table, and cigarettes, and little heaps of money, cigarette-ends on the floor, and cigarette-ash on all sides. The atmosphere of the room was heavy with smoke.

And outside came that imperative tapping at the door, and the voice of Mr. Bootles demanding entrance. The voice was going on sternly:

"Mornington! Peele! Townsend! Open this door at once—at once, I say! I am perfectly aware of what is going on in this study—perfectly! You hear me, Mornington? What—what?"

Mornington's face was furious. He was the only fellow in the study who did not look scared to desperation.

"Oh, by gad!" groaned Townsend. "Oh, crumbly! Caught at last!"  
"Fairly caught!" mumbled Peele. "A flogging from the Head!" muttered Higgs. "That's what it means—a flogging from the Head!"  
"You fool, Morny!"  
"Open this door!" went on the voice outside. "Why is this door locked? Bless my soul, I can actually smell tobacco! Mornington, I am shocked—astounded! Will you open this door at once? What—what?"

"B-b-better open the door!" mumbled Topham. "We—we—we can't keep Bootles out."  
Mornington gritted his teeth.

"Get the study tidy, you fools!" he said, in a fierce whisper. "Don't sit there like a set of moulted fowls! Get the smoke out of sight, open the window, slide the cards! Get a move on!"

"But—but Bootles—"  
"Quick, I tell you!"  
Tap, tap!

"One moment, sir!" called out Mornington. "I can't find the key, sir. It's dropped out of the lock."  
"Mornington, I fear that you are prevaricating. There is smoking going on in this study—What—what?"

"Oh, no, sir! Nothing of the kind!"  
"Mornington, I can smell the tobacco!"

"It's some cigarettes I've been burnin', sir. I took them away from

a bag. I thought they ought to be destroyed."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Peele. Mornington's ready wit had not forsaken him, and he was not hampered by any scrupulous regard for the truth. While Mornington was talking, the nuts of the Fourth were busy. Cigarettes were hidden, cards hurried out of sight, fag-ends picked up and tossed into the grate. Peele opened the window wide, and Higgs and Topham waved newspapers about to clear off the smoke. Mr. Bootles could not be kept out for long. But under Morny's able lead, the blades of Rookwood hoped yet to escape the consequences of their recklessness.

Tap, tap, tap!  
"Have you not found that key, Mornington?" rapped out the voice outside.

"I—I'm lookin' for it, sir."  
"I fear you are prevaricating, Mornington."

"Oh, sir!"  
"I have reason to believe that smoking and card-playing is going on in this study."

"Oh, sir! I assure you I am quite incapable of anythin' of the sort!"  
"I trust so, Mornington—I trust so. But I have a very serious suspicion. I have reason to believe that you have dealings with a disreputable person named Joseph Hook, a book-maker of Coombe."

"I—I've never heard the name, sir."  
"What—what?"

"It's the first time I've heard the name, Mr. Bootles. I hope you do not think I would speak to a racin'-man!"

"I trust not, Mornington. That is what we shall see. Why do you not open this door?"

"I'm looking for the key, sir. Higgs chucked it behind the bookcase for a joke, sir."

"A very foolish joke, Higgs! I do not like being kept waiting outside a junior study, Mornington!"

"I'm awfully sorry, sir!"  
"Make haste! Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir—oh, yes!"  
"Oh, you deep rotter, Morny!" murmured Townsend. "We'll spoof him yet. I—I say, what are you doin' with those fags?"

"Burnin' them."  
"Look here—"

"We've got to keep it up to Bootles, you idiot!"  
"It's a waste!"  
"Oh, dry up!"

Three or four boxes of cigarettes were piled in the fender, and Mornington was setting a heap of matches to them. The boxes and the cigarettes burned and smouldered.

"The smell of tobacco is very distinct," came the voice from without. "I am sure I am not mistaken!"

"It's those cigarettes I've been burnin', sir."  
"Is that the truth, Mornington?"

"Yaas, sir. I felt they ought to be destroyed. Pernicious things, sir!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Topham. "I trust you are speaking with veracity, Mornington. Have you not found that key yet?"

"I—I can see it now, sir."  
Five minutes had been gained by the young rascals owing to Mornington's presence of mind. In five minutes the nuts of the Fourth had done wonders. There was not a glimmer of a card, the money had vanished, no cigarettes were to be seen save those burning in the fender, which would account for the smoke-laden atmosphere. The admiration of the nuts for their leader was deep and breathless. Truly, Mornington was a leader worthy of their admiration.

Mornington turned to the door, and rattled the key as if he were putting it into the lock. Then he turned it. The door was thrown wide open.

The nuts of Rookwood stood respectfully for their Form-master to enter. The next moment they gasped.

In the doorway, wide open now, there was nothing to be seen of Mr. Bootles.

Jimmy Silver was standing there.

Behind him was a crowd of the Fourth, almost in paroxysms of mirth, and as the nuts stared at them blackly the long-held laughter burst out in a roar.  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

## The 3rd Chapter. Straight from the Shoulder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"How's mother av Moses! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Classical juniors roared, and howled, and shrieked. The sight of the nuts in the study was irresistible. Mornington & Co. could scarcely believe their eyes.

They had had the scare of their lives; they had laboured under the wild excitement and terror for five mortal minutes. And now that the door was open they saw nothing more dangerous than a swarm of yelling juniors.

"I—I say—" stuttered Townsend.  
"Where's the Bootles?" shrieked Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Has he gone?" gasped Higgs. "Where's he gone? What's he gone for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Spoofed!" yelled Lovell. "Can't you see you're spoofed, you smookey rotters?"

"Wha-a-a-at!"  
"I am convinced," said Jimmy Silver, once more adopting Mr. Bootles' tones—"I am convinced that smoking has been going on in this study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"I fear that you have prevaricated, Mornington."

The juniors yelled.  
"I am shocked—astounded! You were a long time finding that key, Mornington. What—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"You spoofin' rotter!" yelled Townsend. "It was you all the time!"

"Jimmy Silver!" gasped Peele. "Oh, you spoofin' beast!"  
"You—you awful rotter!"

Mornington's brow became as black as thunder as he realized how the humorous Jimmy had pulled his leg. The cigarettes—five shillings' worth of them—were smouldering away merrily in the fender.

"So you were trickin' me?" yelled Mornington, advancing upon the captain of the Fourth with his fists clenched and his eyes glittering.

Jimmy Silver nodded coolly.  
"Exactly," he replied.  
"You rotten cad!"

"Haven't I done you good?" grinned Jimmy. "You know now exactly what you'd feel like if Bootles dropped on your little game."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Look out!" yelled Lovell.  
But Jimmy Silver was looking out. Mornington, almost blind with rage, sprang at the captain of the Fourth like a tiger.

Jimmy closed with him at once. Mornington's hands were forced down, and his arms were pinned to his sides by Jimmy's iron grasp.

He struggled in that grasp with savage fury, but he could not break it. Jimmy's sinewy arms had closed round him like a vice.

His furious face looked into Jimmy's cool and smiling one as he struggled in vain, panting for breath.

"You're smiling!" said Jimmy soothingly.  
"Let me go, you bound!" yelled Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Lend me a hand, you funks!" Mornington howled. "Pile on him!"

"Yes, pile on, and we'll all pile on," said Lovell invitingly. "I'll look after you, Towny, if you like."  
Towny did not accept the invitation.

"Let me go! P'll—P'll—"  
"You'll sit down," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully; and he released Mornington so suddenly that the junior plumped on the study carpet with a resounding bump.

There was a fresh howl of laughter from the crowded passage as Mornington sat blinking and panting. It was not much use for the slacker of the Fourth to tackle Jimmy Silver, the most redoubtable fighting-man in the Lower School at Rookwood.

"Get up and have some more, Morny, darling," chuckled Flynn. "Sure it's entertainin' ye are."  
Mornington staggered to his feet.

His savage temper was quite out of control now. He made a spring at the table, and grasped a heavy inkstand. He swung round on Jimmy Silver with the inkstand in his air.

"Look out!" shrieked Townsend.  
"Morny, you mad idiot—"  
Crash!

Before Mornington could strike the intended blow, which would certainly

have done serious injury, Jimmy Silver was upon him. His right fist crashed into the face of the Dandy of the Fourth. The inkstand fell with a crash to the floor, and Mornington crashed into the fender.

He lay there gasping, on the smouldering cigarettes.

The blow had been a terrific one, straight from the shoulder. Jimmy Silver looked down on him with blazing eyes.

"Is that enough for you, you cad?" he exclaimed.  
Mornington only groaned in response.

"You get out of our study," growled Peele.  
Jimmy's flashing eyes turned on the nuts.

"Now listen to me," he exclaimed. "I've given you a fright, and if that isn't a lesson to you, you'll get something stronger. This kind of black-guardism isn't going on in the Fourth Form of Rookwood. It's not good enough. I warn you to look out. If there's any more of it, you'll all get handled—and pretty severely, too!"

And with that, Jimmy Silver strode out of the study.

Peele closed the door.  
"Hurt, Morny?" he asked.  
Mornington sat up dazedly in the fender.

"Hurt? Yes, you fool!" he muttered.  
"Well, it serves you right," grunted Higgs. "Suppose you'd started Silver with that inkstand? You'd have been sacked from the school."

"Mind your own business!" Mornington staggered to his feet. He was pale with rage, and a stream of crimson from his nose stained his chin, and ran over his collar. He dabbed at it savagely with a cambric handkerchief.

"You do look a sight, and no mistake," grinned Higgs.  
"Oh, shut up!"

"I—I suppose we're not goin' on?" asked Townsend doubtfully.  
Mornington laughed savagely.

"No; I'm not goin' on playin' cards now. I don't feel up to it. I'm goin' to get level with Jimmy Silver."

"Not much use tacklin' him," said Townsend, shrugging his shoulders. "He can lick any chap here—even Higgs."

"I'm not goin' to tackle him."  
"Better leave him alone," remarked Peele. "After all, it was only a jape. You needn't have got into such a rotten temper, Morny."

"Leave him alone?" Mornington gritted his teeth. "Yes, I'll leave him alone—when he's been worse handled than I've been—when I see him lying without being able to move—when I see him—"

"Are you dotty?" exclaimed Townsend, in astonishment. "What the thunder are you drivin' at, Morny?"

Mornington gave him a savage look.  
"There are others who can do what I can't do," he muttered.

"Thinkin' of tippin' a Sixth-Former to lick him?" sneered Topham. "There are some things you can't do with your confounded money, Morny."

"Not many, I think," said Mornington, his lips curling sarcastically. "I've generally noticed that money buys most things that a fellow wants. But I'm not thinkin' of gettin' any Rookwood chap to smash Jimmy Silver. That wouldn't be any good."

"Blessed if I know what you're drivin' at, then."  
"You needn't know," said Mornington, going to the door.

"Where are you goin', Morny?"  
"I'm goin' to bathe my nose," snarled Mornington. "After that, I'm goin' to see Joey Hook."

"What for?"  
"You'd better not know."

With that, the dandy of the Fourth quitted the study, his handkerchief still to his nose. Townsend & Co. looked at one another uneasily.

"What's he got in his mind now?" muttered Peele.  
"Dashed if I know!" growled Townsend. "Askin' for the sack, most likely. Whatever it is, I'm not goin' to have a hand in it."

The nuts were all agreed on that. They had found an able leader in Mornington. But they were almost scared, sometimes, by his passionate temper and his revengeful nature. And whatever scheme he had in his hot head, they were quite resolved to know nothing about it, and have nothing to do with it.

Mornington, with all his faults, had plenty of pluck, and he was more reckless than any of the noble society of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood. Sometimes he had shown traces of good in his wayward and passionate

nature. But the traces were scarce, and the predominate was such a nature could not be even among the fellows who had their interest to pal with Mornington.

That Mornington had some scheme in his head for revenge upon the captain of the Fourth was quite certain. And as it was quite on the cards that it might lead to Mornington being "sacked" from Rookwood, his pals intended to give him a berth while he carried it out.

## The 4th Chapter. A Precious Pair.

"Werry glad to see your 'ness!"

Joey Hook's tone and manner were very respectful. He rose from his seat in the garden of the Bird in Hand, and Mornington came down the path to the sunset. Joey Hook was smoking himself in the garden, smoking a big cigar, and coming over a better book, when Mornington appeared.

Mr. Hook could be overbearing and bullying sometimes, as a fellow who had got into his debt discovered. But with Mornington he was always extremely respectful.

The war had "knocked on the head" a great part of Mr. Hook's business. People did not seem to keep to "back their fancy" in these times, and so the moderate gain he obtained from the Giddy Goats of Rookwood were more than ever an object to him. And Mornington was a regular horn of plenty to Mr. Hook.

Mornington simply rolled in money, and he was a reckless gambler. Every new and then he made winnings, which Mr. Hook paid up promptly for the sake of encouragement.

As a rule, of course, he was a boss, and Mr. Hook's dealings with him brought a new and unexpected affluence to the enterprising Joseph. Mornington had so much money that he did not miss his losses, though they were sometimes very heavy. And Mr. Hook was always at his service. He would have sacrificed much rather than have quarrelled with the dandy of Rookwood. And he endured Mornington's tone of half-contemptuous, half-friendly patronage with great equanimity. Mornington paid for his insolence, and that was all Joey Hook cared about.

Mr. Hook regarded Mornington curiously as the pretor sank on the bench under the press. Very few of the most reckless fellows at Rookwood would have cared to visit the Bird in Hand in broad daylight; but it was very like Mornington to do so. Mornington's face was clouded now, his eyes glowered, and his nose was red and swollen. Mr. Hook opined that the junior had lately been having some of the cheek knocked out of him. He was right.

Mornington took a case from his pocket and selected a cigarette. The bookmaker passed him a match.

"Not it, is it this time?" he asked. "I was just a wonderin' whether you'd give me a call about the Saturday's afternoon's race."

Mornington shook his head.  
"It's not racin' this time," he said. "I want you to do somethin' for me, Hook."

"Anything you like. I'm yours to command," said Mr. Hook. "I'd be proud to do anything for you."

"You know Jimmy Silver?"  
"Mr. Hook's fat face clouded."  
"Yes, I know the young 'ound," he said.

"You don't like him?"  
"No, I don't—unless he's a friend of yours," added Mr. Hook hastily. "If he's your friend, I ain't the man to bear malice—"

"I hate him."  
"You naturally would, sir," said Mr. Hook. "A cheeky, cocky, exasperating young varmint—not your sort."

"I want him thrashed."  
"Eh?"

"I suppose we can't be heard here," said Mornington, looking round.

"No; that's all right. But—but you said—"

"You see the state of my face?" hissed Mornington. "Well, Jimmy Silver did that."

"Cheeky young 'ound, in his 'ands on you," said Mr. Hook, suppressing a grin. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hook wondered that hands had not been laid on Mornington, many times. Sometimes his insolent manner would have provoked Mr. Hook to lay his own fat hands on him, if Mr. Hook had not had such keen eyes to the side upon which his bread was buttered.

"I've tried to tackle him, and I can't," went on Mornington. "I've put a bigger fellow to lick him—and he's lickin' Higgs. But he's got to be

for what he's done. I want him thrashed!"

"My eye!" said Mr. Hook. "I'd like to lay my stick about the young rip, ready and willin'. But—but that ain't in my line."

Mornington made an impatient gesture. "Don't be an ass, Hook! I don't want you to handle him yourself. He could knock you into a cocked hat."

"Oh, could he?" growled Mr. Hook, nettled. "Yes, he could!" Mornington scanned the fat, flabby bookmaker with a glance that was not flattering.

"I'm not thinking of that. I want you to find a couple of roughs to deal with him."

"Oh, my word!" "I suppose you can do it?" "I—I suppose I could," said Mr. Hook.

"Yes, I desavv I could. A couple of them stablesmen from the Ship Inn on the moor—they'd do it, if it was made worth their while. They're boldsuns."

"I don't care who they are, so long as they'll do it. You'll have to point Silver out to them, so that there'll be no mistake."

"Sertain!" "And I'll pay for the work—anything in reason."

"A couple of quid each would be enough for Hinek and Strauss," said Mr. Hook. "They ain't rolling in money. A fiver would cover it."

"I don't care if it's a tanner, if it's done as I wish."

Mr. Hook's eyes sparkled. "You're a gentleman, you are," he said.

"You said me a tanner, and I'll take the matter in hand, and if Master Silver don't get the drabbing of his life, my name ain't Joey Hook."

"I'll send you word where to get at the cad," said Mornington. "He could be caught in the lane—some time that he goes down to the village alone. At night would be best; some time when he breaks bounds to go down to Mrs. Wicks' for tuck. They do that sometimes."

"First rate!" said Mr. Hook. "Mind, he's got to be thrashed so thoroughly that he won't be able to crawl home," said Mornington.

"Tell the men there to hammer him till he's black and blue. He will put up a fight."

"I reckon his puttin' up a fight won't 'cip him much," cried Mr. Hook. "Them two fellers I was essakin' of are reglar terrors. They'll 'andle 'im."

"Good! And if he's out of bounds there'll be trouble with the Head if he's found out; as he will be if he's licked so that he can't get home," said Mornington, with satisfaction.

"I think I can work it for him to be out of bounds. I've got an idea about that."

"You send me word when and where, and I'm your man," said Joey Hook. "As fur the tanner—" He coughed.

"Here it is!" Mornington opened his pocket-book, and detached a ten-pound note from a wad of banknotes. Joey Hook's eyes gleamed covetously as they rested on the banknotes for a moment.

He was more than ever disposed to oblige a young gentleman who was so exceedingly well supplied with money.

"I'm your man," he said. "You rely on me?" "I do!"

Mornington quitted the inn-garden, leaving Joey Hook rustling the ten-pound note in his fingers in great satisfaction. The transaction was likely to show a large profit for Mr. Hook, as well as wiping off his old grudge against Jimmy Silver.

The dandy of the Fourth strolled back to the school. Old Mack was locking the gates, and he was just in time. Peele and Higgs and Gower looked at him inquiringly when he came into the study.

"How's your nose?" grinned Higgs. "Not so bad as Jimmy Silver's nose will be shortly," said Mornington.

The 5th Chapter. A Night Expedition. "Who'll go?" That, as Handet remarked of old, was the question.

It was several days after the "row" in Mornington's study, and that matter had been generally forgotten. If Mornington remembered it, he did not speak on the subject.

Townsend & Co., indeed, were glad to think that their noble pal had unlearned as to what wild plans of vengeance he might have been forming.

As for Jimmy Silver, he had hardly given the matter a second thought.

Any vengeance that the dandy of the Fourth might be plotting did not worry Jimmy Silver. He despised Mornington too much to care for what he thought or what he did. He was prepared to give him another licking if he asked for it; and that was as much as the chery Jimmy thought about it.

The question now was a dormitory spread. The Classical Fourth were in their dormitory, and lights were out. Mornington had undertaken to

Fourth Formers, who had been looking forward to that handsome spread, concurred heartily. "You're simply full of good ideas, Morny," said Dickinson minor.

"But it'll run you into a lot of tin," "Oh, never mind that!" said Mornington. "I've lots of tin."

"Roeking in it, ain't you?" grunted Lovell. "Oh, chess it, Lovell, when Morny's standin' a Form feed!"

"I think it's a jolly decent thing of Morny to offer to stand it all over again."

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Tubby Muffin. "Morny's a real nobleman—that's what I say; a genuine nobleman!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "But who's going?" said Oswald. "Alone!"

"Rather risky." "Suppose Beaumont should be suspicious—or old Bulkeley—you never know!"

"Or Bootles!" said Rawson. Mornington laughed unpleasantly. Nearly every fellow in the Fourth regarded it as an excellent idea to fetch in the consignment of tuck from Mrs. Wicks'; but nobody

and never shall be, and I want to have nothing to do with you." "Well, if you choose to bear malice, the fellows will know what to think of you. So far as our row goes, I've got more to complain of than you have."

"That's a true bill, Jimmy," chuckled Lovell. "After all, you've licked Morny, and you don't want to owe him a grudge for it."

"I don't owe him a grudge. But I don't like him, and I don't want his feed."

"Oh, rot!" said Higgs. "That's only an excuse!" "If you want me to swige you with my pillow, Higgs, you've only got to make that remark again."

Higgs snorted. "Dash it all, Jimmy, you might feed with a chap!" said Lovell. "I don't believe in refusing a whack in a fellow's feed!"

"Silver's quite welcome," said Mornington. "I invite him, and all the rest. I can't say more than that."

"That's quite crick," said Oswald. "Jimmy, old man, you're in the wrong."

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver easily.

anything to do with the cad of the Fourth. "I'll go," said Jimmy quietly. "I've done it before, and I can do it again. And to-morrow morning, Mornington, I'll make you answer for calling me a funk."

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Jimmy Silver made no reply. The cad of the Fourth had succeeded in putting him into the wrong all along the line. He proceeded to dress himself in the dark. Lovell put a leg out of bed.

"I'll come with you, Jimmy, if you like," he called out. "No; that's all right. No good two getting naped instead of one, if there's trouble," said Jimmy.

"I can carry the stuff all right. Mrs. Wicks will lend me a bag. You stay where you are."

"Buck up!" said Tubby Muffin. "You're a jolly long time starting, Silver! I'm jolly hungry!"

"Oh, go and eat cake!" "Well, I didn't have much tea," said Tubby. "And I didn't have any supper, to do justice to Morny's feed. I could have cried when that beast Beaumont collared it, I could really!"

"Here's the money," said Mornington. Jimmy Silver grunted, and took the three pound notes Mornington passed into his hand.

"Three quids?" he said. "That's it."

"I don't suppose I can carry so much stuff as all that. Our dormitory feeds don't run to three quids, as a rule," said Jimmy.

"Get as much as you can carry comfortably, then, and leave the rest. Mrs. Wicks can send it home to-morrow."

"Jolly good idea!" said Tubby. "Oh, all right!"

Jimmy Silver had finished dressing. Mornington returned to bed, his eyes glimmering strangely in the gloom.

The captain of the Fourth, without a single suspicion in his mind, was walking into the trap.

Mornington had counted, as a certainty, upon being able to induce Jimmy Silver to undertake the expedition. There was little difficulty in it.

Word had been passed to Joey Hook that afternoon, and Joey had assured his noble patron that all would be in readiness.

Little did Jimmy Silver dream of the thoughts that were passing in the mind of his bitter enemy.

The whole affair annoyed him. But he was far from dreaming that Mornington had ulterior motives in thus forcing the nocturnal expedition upon him.

His opinion of Mornington was not a flattering one, but he would never have suspected him of such black treachery.

Lovell slipped from his bed to help him out of the window. It was easy for a good climber with plenty of nerve to descend by means of the old, thick ivy.

"Have the rope ready to pull up the bag when I get back," said Jimmy. "I'll whistle."

"Right you are!" Jimmy Silver slipped quietly from the window, taking a good grip on the strong, stout tendrils of the ivy. Lovell watched him descend, hand below hand. The moon was glimmering in the sky over Rookwood, and Jimmy was dimly visible till he reached the ground.

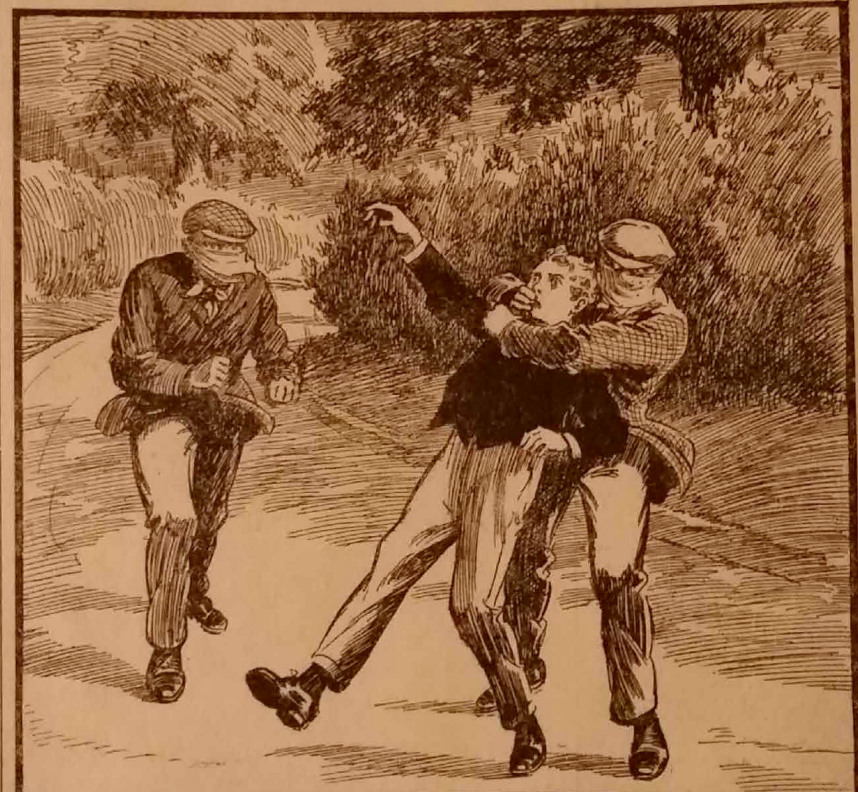
He waved his hand to Lovell at the window, and disappeared across the quadrangle towards the school wall. Lovell closed the window softly.

Then he made up the pillow and bolster in Jimmy's bed, to give it the appearance of containing a sleeper, in case any inquisitive eye should look into the dormitory. Then he went back to bed.

"I say, how long do you think he will be?" said Tubby Muffin anxiously. "I'm awfully hungry, you know!"

"A good hour," said Oswald. "Oh, dear!" "You can wake me when he comes in, some of you," yawned Townsend. "I'm going to sleep."

"Same here," said Jimmy. "Good night, Morny!" "I'm not goin' to sleep," said Mornington. He was sitting up in bed. "I—I wonder—" "What's the matter?" "Nothin'."



"Help!" yelled Jimmy Silver, as an arm was thrown round his neck from behind, dragging his head back, and stopping his cries. He was fairly in the hands of the ruffians now!

stood a dormitory spread that night; and the juniors, whose digestions were equal to anything, had considered it an excellent idea of Morny's. Morny's beastly money was always in evidence, certainly; but so long as it went in "spreads" to which the whole Form was invited, it was not so very objectionable.

But alas for the happy anticipations of the feasters! The huge bag of tuck had been hidden in the dormitory, under Mornington's bed; and it had been spotted there by Beaumont of the Sixth, who saw lights-out for the Classical Fourth.

It was really Mornington's own fault. He had pulled the bag out to look at it just when the prefect was coming into the dormitory.

Naturally, Beaumont had taken the cargo away, and had cost Mornington two or three pounds. And Beaumont, having announced that the tuck would be confiscated, was strongly suspected of intending to confiscate it by using it at his own study table.

Lovell had proposed a raid on Beaumont's study to regain the captured tuck. But that was scarcely feasible. But Mornington had a more practical suggestion to make.

He suggested that somebody should cut down to Coombe and bring in a fresh supply from Mrs. Wicks' little shop in the village. And the

seemed keen on making the venture. Breaking bounds after lights-out was a serious matter.

"What about Jimmy Silver?" asked Mornington. He was a little surprised that Jimmy had not offered.

Generally, Jimmy was well to the fore when any enterprise of unusual risk was to be undertaken. But this time the captain of the Fourth had not spoken.

"What about you, Jimmy?" asked Tubby Muffin anxiously. "It's up to you as skipper, you know. You ain't a funk, Jimmy."

"I'm not a funk," growled Jimmy Silver. "But I don't care to feed with Mornington."

"Well, you needn't feed, so long as you fetch in the grub." "Yes, that's the important point," chuckled Hooker. "Fetch in the grub, and please yourself about sooting any of it."

"My opinion is, that it's up to Jimmy Silver," said Mornington. "Silver claims to be head of the Form."

"I am head of the Form!" snapped Jimmy. "Then it's your place to go. A Form-captain's job isn't to stick safe in bed while another chap runs risks."

"I'm not thinking about the risk," said Jimmy Silver stuffily. "But it's nothing to do with me, and I don't want a hand in it. We're not friends,

But if Silver funks it, who's going?" said Mornington. "I don't want to shove myself forward in Silver's place. But if he's afraid to go, I'll go."

Jimmy Silver sat up in bed, his eyes gleaming in the darkness of the dormitory.

"If you want me to yank you out of bed and thump you, Mornington—"

"I don't!" said Mornington calmly. "I'm speakin' plainly, because I want the matter settled. I think you ought to go."

"Like your rotten cheek to think so!" "If you don't choose to go, I'll go. But if you hang back, I suppose the fellows won't need telling your reason."

"Oh, chess it!" said Lovell. "As you're standing the feed, you might as well go without all this jaw!"

"Especially as it's your own fault the grub was taken," remarked Baby. "You fairly shoved it under Beaumont's nose."

Mornington stepped from his bed. "I'm goin'!" he said. "Jimmy Silver's afraid!"

"Shut up, you rotter!" Jimmy Silver turned out. He was breathing hard. He knew very well what the Fourth Form would think if he did not go now. Not that he had any special objection to going. It was only that he did not care to have

anybody to do with the cad of the Fourth. "I'll go," said Jimmy quietly. "I've done it before, and I can do it again. And to-morrow morning, Mornington, I'll make you answer for calling me a funk."

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Continued from the previous page.

THE RASCAL'S REPENTANCE!

Jimmy sprang back and eluded the rush. "Nail 'im!" panted one of the roushs. "Don't let him get away!" Jimmy dodged again as they closed in on him. But it was not easy to dodge two. A savage hand dropped dodge two. A savage hand dropped dodge two. A savage hand dropped dodge two.

The other rascal was on Jimmy the next moment, and the schoolboy closed with him, and struggled furiously. What the attack meant Jimmy could not understand. But it was clear that the two rascals meant to attack him and injure him, and that he had to defend himself. Somehow or other he had made enemies of them, and they had found their opportunity now. He realised his danger; but the captain of the Rookwood Fourth was not likely to be an easy victim, even at odds of two to one.

The ruffian who had grasped him was big and powerful, and Jimmy was not much of a match for him. But as they struggled, Jimmy hooked his leg, and the rascal staggered, and went backwards helplessly. He crashed to the ground, with Jimmy Silver on top of him, and the junior's elbow driving fiercely into his ribs. He panted with pain as he writhed under the junior. But the other rascal was on his feet now, and springing at the schoolboy.

Jimmy felt, rather than saw, him coming, and he released the man under him, and rolled aside, barely escaping a savage blow. He leaped to his feet. "Out 'im!" panted the man on the ground. "Lend me a hand, then." Jimmy cast a longing glance up the road towards Rookwood. But there was no chance of flight. His enemies were upon him. The junior fought gamely. Again one of the ruffians crashed to the ground, but Jimmy was in the grasp of the other, and this time he could not tell him. A heavy fist was striking at him, and he reeled under the blows.

"Help!" yelled Jimmy. "Help, help!" An arm was thrown round his neck from behind, dragging his head back, and stopping his cries. He was fairly in the hands of the ruffians now! Blows rained upon him as he struggled gamely in the grasp of the hoodlums. A running figure appeared in the distance on the moonlit road, but none of the combatants observed it. Jimmy struggled desperately, still hitting out. He had given up hope of holding his own, but he was fighting to the last. "Down 'im!" Jimmy went down, still fighting. A heavy knee was planted on his chest, pinning him down in the dusty road. Blows rained on him from above, and his senses were reeling. There was a rapid patter of footsteps on the road.

"Stop! Stop!" "Help! panted Jimmy. "Look out, Straues!" "Stop!" It was Mornington! He dashed up breathless, panting. The two hoodlums glared at him, relieved to find that the new-comer was only a schoolboy. "Get away!" snarled Straues. "Mind yer own business! Clear off!"

"Let him alone!" Mornington panted. "I am Mornington!" "I don't keer who ye are! Clear off, or you'll get some of the same!" "Help!" gasped Jimmy Silver. Mornington set his teeth. He understood. Mr. Hook had mentioned no name, and to the two ruffians the name of Mornington was unknown. They did not know who their employer was. "Let him alone!" panted the junior. "I tell you—"

"Knock him into the ditch!" Mornington rushed on. "Back up, Silver!" he shouted. In a moment more a desperate struggle was raging. The 7th Chapter. A Rascal's Repentance. Mornington had closed with one of the ruffians, and Jimmy Silver renewed the fight with the other. In the lonely, moonlit lane, the fight was savage and hard. The two schoolboys were no match for the roushs; but Jimmy Silver, at least, was holding his own, now that he had only one foe to tackle. Mornington went to the ground, with a burly rascal sprawling over him. A heavy fist was beating upon him like a hammer. But as he struggled on the ground, Mornington fell full upon a loose stone. In a twinkling he had grasped it, and struck. The hard, heavy stone crashed full into the brutal face above him, and the ruffian uttered a shriek of agony. He reeled aside, and as he reeled, Mornington struck again, the stone crashing on the side of the rascal's head with terrific force. The man gave a groan, and dropped into the road, where he lay like a log. He was stunned. Mornington staggered to his feet. Jimmy Silver and his adversary were rolling in the dust, the Fourth-Former of Rookwood gallantly holding his own. With the heavy stone in his hand, Mornington rushed to his aid. Crash! There was a gasping cry from the ruffian as the stone crashed on his head, and he fell heavily. Half-stunned, and wholly knocked out, he lay gasping in the road. Mornington grasped Jimmy's arm. "Quick!" he panted. The captain of the Fourth staggered up. His senses were reeling—he had been hard hit. "Come on—quick!" panted Mornington. "Before they—"

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"Right-ho!" The two juniors dashed up the road towards Rookwood. Jimmy's mission to Mrs. Wick's shop in Coombe was quite forgotten now. It was necessary to get out of reach of the two ruffians before they recovered sufficiently to renew the struggle. Like hares the two Rookwood juniors dashed up the road. They were close to the school walls before they stopped. There, breathless, exhausted, panting, they looked back in the moonlight. But the road was bare. There was no patter of footsteps; they were not pursued. The two ruffians had evidently given it up. Jimmy Silver gasped for breath. Mornington was leaning heavily against the school wall, his face white as chalk. There was blood on his face, where savage blows had fallen. One of his eyes was closed. Jimmy stared at him, hardly able to believe, yet, that it was Mornington, the sleeker and dandy and black-guard, who had come to his rescue. Evidently there was more good in the cad of the Fourth than Jimmy Silver had ever dreamed. "Mornington!" said Jimmy at last. Mornington laughed sardonically. He was beginning to recover himself now. "I've surprised you?" he remarked. "Yes, a little. You came out after me?" asked Jimmy. "Yes." "It was jolly lucky for me?" "Yes, luckier for you than for me!" "You're hurt?" said Jimmy anxiously. "Not so much as they are," said Mornington. "Lucky I got hold of a stone. They'll remember it for some time!" "I haven't the faintest idea who they are," said Jimmy. "They set on me, for no cause that I can understand. They didn't want to rob me—just to knock me about, so far as I could see. I suppose I've trodden on their corns at some time or other!" Mornington laughed. "It was jolly plucky of you to pile in like that," said Jimmy. "I shan't forget this, Mornington. I might have been seriously injured!" "You would have been," said Mornington. "Well, I think they meant it. It's jolly curious that they should have piled on me like that—unless they mistook me for somebody else. They were watching the road for somebody; I'm sure of that!" "For you," said Mornington. "Oh, no; they couldn't have known that I was going out to-night. It wasn't decided till after Beaumont collared the tuck in the dorm," said Jimmy. "But if they could have known, I should certainly have

thought they were watching for me. But let's get in. I'll help you over the wall. I'm really obliged for this, Moray. I—I hope you shall be a bit more friendly in the future, old chap!" Mornington laughed again—the sardonic laugh that puzzled Jimmy Silver. "You needn't trouble," he said coolly. "You're under no obligation to me, Jimmy Silver, and we shan't be friends!" "Well, if you take it like that—"

"Can't you see what's as plain as—" "Your face?" sneered Mornington. "Those rascals were watching for you!" "But they couldn't have known—" "They did know." "How did they know, then?" "Because I sent them word." Jimmy Silver started back. "You!" he ejaculated. "Yes, I," said Mornington coolly. "You can go to the Head and tell him to-morrow morning, if you like, shall deny it!" Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "I shan't not go to the Head," he said quietly. "But let's have the said quietly. "You were badgering me to go out. You were badgering me to go to Coombe to-night, because you had this all ready for me—is that it?" "Exactly." "You rotter!" Mornington shrugged his shoulders. Jimmy's eyes burned as he looked at him. "You cowardly cad!" he said between his teeth. "There isn't a fellow in Rookwood who would shun you if he knew!" "Pile it on!" Jimmy clenched his hands hard, but he unclenched them again. "There's one thing I don't understand," he said quietly. "If you planned all that, why did you chop yourself when you leave well alone? Why didn't I'm a silly fool, I suppose," said Mornington, shrugging his shoulders. "I couldn't, somehow, so I followed you, and—and played the giddy ox!" Jimmy's face softened again. He was far from understanding the strange, tortuous nature. Mornington was something a little outside his experience. But he understood that a fellow who had repented at the last moment, and taken risks to undo his evil work, could not be all bad. Mornington was hurt; he had received his hurt at the hands of the rascals; he had employed to attack Jimmy Silver.

It was a puzzle that was posed Jimmy's power of solving; but he was no longer angry. "You're not such a rotter as you set out to be," he said. "There's some decency in you somewhere." "Thank you!" sneered Mornington. "I'm not askin' for your good opinion!" "You've acted like a Provan, but you played up like a Briton at the finish," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm obliged to you for that much, at a events. Let's get in!" Mornington reeled as he tried to climb the wall. The struggle he told upon him more than upon Jimmy Silver. Jimmy's strong hand helped him, and they dropped into the quiet range.

There was a surprise for the Classical Fourth when Jimmy Silver and Mornington returned. "Well, what's the little game?" demanded Lovell, sitting up in bed. "Where's the tuck?" "Haven't got it." "There was a wail from Tom Muffin. "Haven't got it! Well, you may be a silly ass! What are we going to do for the feed now?" "Go and eat coke!" "But what's happened?" said Lovell, peering at his bed. "What's the matter with your bed, Jimmy?" "There's been a row—a couple of footpads," said Jimmy. "Mornington and I have been in a tussle, and we've got hurt!" "Oh, my hat!" "Now I'm going to turn in," said up more. Not even to be the next day did he explain what had learned from Mornington. The secret of Mornington's desertion was safe with him, for Jimmy felt that the rascal of Rookwood atoned for it by his repentance at eleven hours.

THE END. (Another magnificent tale from the pen of the author of the popular Monday's issue of THE BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "The Rascal's Repentance!" Order your copy now to avoid disappointment.)

He hardly knew himself. He was thinking of the unsuspecting junior tramping along the dark, lonely lane—the paid ruffians who lay in wait. Townsend blinked at him sleepily from his bed. "Why don't you go to bed, Moray?" "I'm goin' out!" said Mornington abruptly. "Goin' out, by gad!" "What the merry dickens are you goin' out for?" exclaimed Peele. "Goin' to look after Jimmy Silver? He's all right."

Mornington did not reply. He pushed the window up and looked out. Jimmy Silver had long since vanished. The janitor of the Fourth came back towards his bed, and dressed quickly in the darkness. "You won't do any good by going out," said Newcome. "Jimmy Silver is safer without you. You're more likely to get spotted." "Get to bed, and don't be an ass," said Lovell.

Mornington did not answer. Having finished dressing, he went to the window, and climbed out. "Silly ass!" said Townsend, and he turned over and settled himself down to sleep. "Blessed if I can make him out!" growled Lovell. "If he wanted to go, why couldn't he go without fairly shoving Jimmy into it?" "Oh, he's a dotty duffer!" said Raby.

Headless of what the Classical Fourth might be thinking, Mornington clambered actively down the ivy. He dropped lightly to the ground, and hurried across the quadrangle, taking care to keep out of the radius of the lighted windows. He reached the gate, climbed over it, and dropped into the road. There he stood, hesitating, for some moments. Why had he come? Was it remorse, or was it a desire to see Jimmy Silver's punishment administered—to see it with his own eyes? He could hardly have answered the question. The strange uneasiness in his breast was a surprise to himself. But his hesitation did not last long. He turned his back on Rookwood, and started down the shadowy lane at a rapid run.

The 6th Chapter. In Deadly Peril.

Jimmy Silver strode away cheerfully down Coombe Lane towards the village. It was a fine, clear summer's night, and the deep lane, shadowed

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