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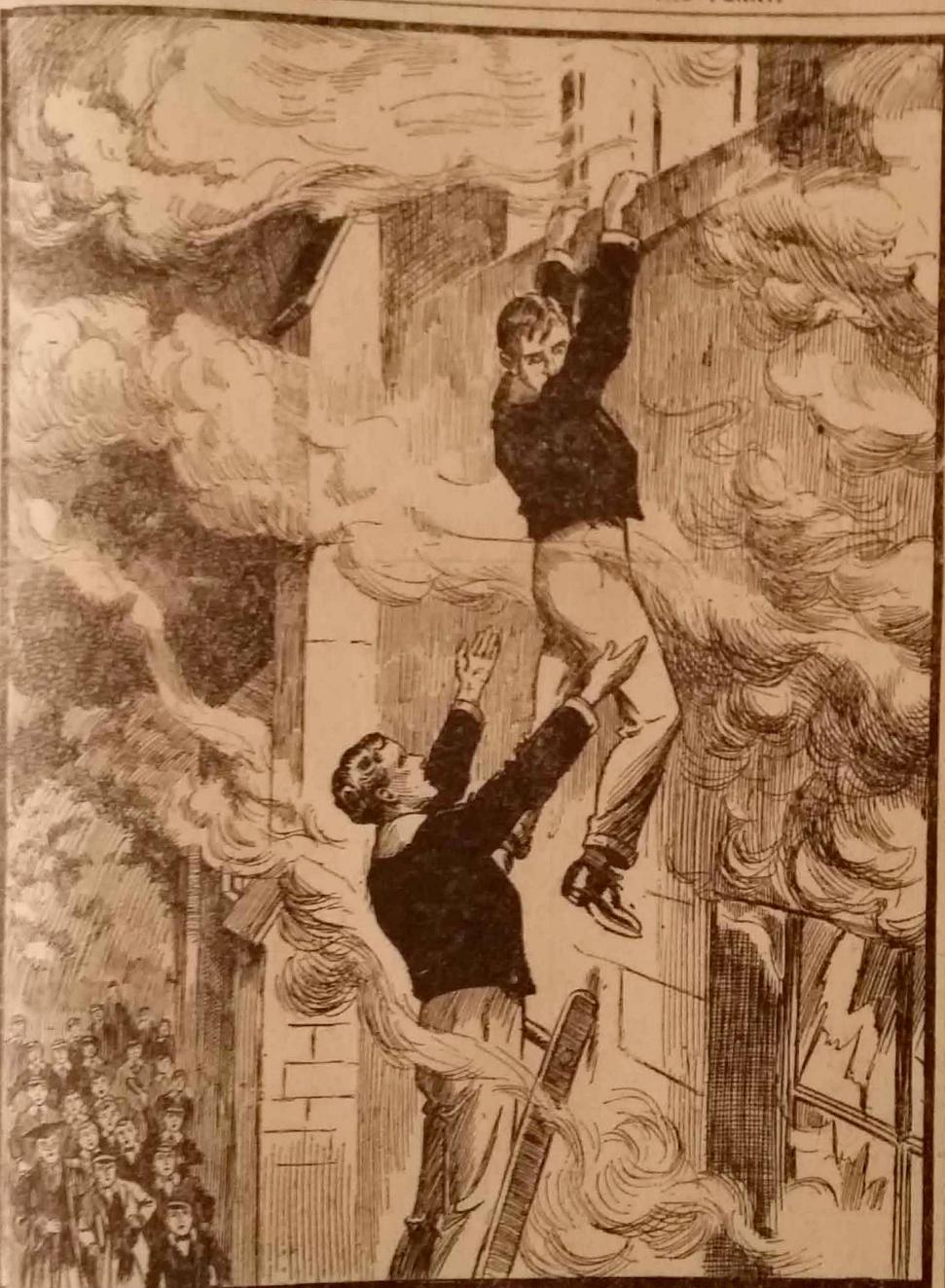
The Boys' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 805, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending November 11th, 1916.



MORNINGTON, THE BOUNDER—AND HERO!

All Mornington's faults, all his rascality, all his treachery were forgotten at that moment of peril. He was the hero who had saved a child from fearful death in the fiery flames—and risked, perhaps lost, his own life in doing it. He was on the still-clinging blindly, his clothes charred and singed by the flames, blind with pain and smoke—at the end of his strength!

THE HERO OF ROOKWOOD!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter

The Fourth Form Mean Business.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles, in amazement. The master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood had called out "Come in!" in response to a respectful tap at his study door.

The door had opened, disclosing to Mr. Bootles' astonished eyes about half the Fourth Form examined in the passage.

The Fiscal Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcastle—were in the lead. After them came Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side. Then there were Oswald and Flynn and Rawson, and Van Ryn and Tricia and Tubby Muffin, and a dozen more fellows, Classicals and Moderns.

And they were all looking excited. They marched into Mr. Bootles' study—eight or nine of them, the rest crowding the doorway and the passage outside.

Mr. Bootles blinked at them over his glasses. "Bless my soul!" he repeated.

The Form-master's study had never held so many of his Form before or since. It was a regular invasion.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Bootles, still blinking. "What do all you jokers want here?"

"If you please, sir, we're a deputation," said Jimmy Silver, speaking up as captain of the Fourth.

"Representing both sides of Rookwood, sir—Modern and Classical," said Tommy Dodd.

"Classical and Modern, you mean," remarked Lovell. "I mean Modern and Classical," said Tommy Dodd warmly.

"Look here, Tommy Dodd—"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles. Tommy Dodd and Lovell, with a mutual glare, ceased to debate the question of precedence. Mr. Bootles' study, they realised, was not the right place for such a debate, important as the question was.

"Shut up, you two!" said Raby. "Mr. Bootles is waiting."

"Really?" said Mr. Bootles.

"The fact is, sir," said Lovell, "we're a deputation, representing all Rookwood."

"Hear, hear!" said the deputation with one voice.

"We want to speak to you, sir—"

"About Mornington, sir—"

"That rotten cad, sir—"

"He hasn't gone—"

"We want him to go—"

"He's got to go—"

The deputation were all speaking at once, and excitement was growing. Jimmy Silver waved his hand for silence.

"Order! Let Lovell speak! Lovell's spokesman!"

"If you have anything to say, I will listen to you," said Mr. Bootles. "But pray be brief."

"Go it, Lovell!"

"It's about Mornington of our Form, sir," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "You know what's happened, sir. Mornington of the Fourth and Beaumont of the Sixth planted a bank note on Jimmy Silver, and got him accused of stealing it. If old Rawson hadn't got at the truth, Jimmy would have been sacked from Rookwood. He was sacked, in fact, but he wouldn't go—

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, we hear that Beaumont and Mornington have been expelled for their dirty trick," went on Lovell.

Mr. Bootles nodded.

"Both have been expelled from Rookwood," he said.

Beaumont has already left the school. Mornington will follow."

"That's the point, sir," said Lovell. "We saw Beaumont go—and a good riddance to him! But Mornington hasn't gone."

"And we want to see the last of him!" said Rawson.

"Hear, hear!"

"They were sacked yesterday for their dirty trick," resumed Lovell. "Beaumont left yesterday afternoon. Mornington didn't. Well, we expected to find that he had gone this morning. But this morning he hadn't gone. His box is still in the dormitory, and his things are still in his

(Continued on the next page.)

last to smooth the matress over and keep me here."

"But the Head?"
That's a difficulty. The Head's frightfully ratty about it," said Mornington. "But he will calm down. I dare say he'll take old Stiggins. You know that I was simply a tool in Beaumont's hands. And Beaumont's sacked! So there's one victim to satisfy justice, you know. He's gone, hasn't he?"

"He went yesterday," said Townsend. "He looked a miserable boulder when he went. Poor beast!"

"He owes me a good many quid, and I shall never see them again," growled Mornington. "Hang Beaumont! After all, with one party sacked, a decent's ought to meet the case for the other. Don't you think so?"

Mornington eyed Townsend anxiously. He spoke in a confident manner, but it was easy to see that his confidence was assumed.

"Well, I don't," said Townsend frankly. "I'm afraid the game's up, Merry. The Head simply can't let you stay. He can't. And—and I don't see how your guardian could have the cheek to ask him. He would refuse, anyway."

"Well, you're a pretty Job's comfort," snorted Mornington.

"And there's the fellow!" said Townsend.

"It will blow over. Everything blows over in time."

"I'm afraid this won't! The Fourth have got up a deputation to Besleys about it already."

"Hang them!"

"And—and they mean business."

"I suppose my friends are stickin' to me," growled Mornington.

Townsend hesitated.

"You see, it's jolly difficult," he said. "We'd have stuck to you, though what you did was awfully thick, you must own that. But—but Jimmy Silver & Co. won't have it. The rotters came and ragged us in our study. Wrecked the dashed place. They won't even let a chap visit you now. They're be lookin' for me when I go back, I believe."

"Oh, by gad!"

"They're talkin' about tarin' and featherin' you as soon as you come out of sunny. The game's up, old chap. Even if the Head could be talked over, all Rockwood would eat up so rusty, you'd have to go. And the Head couldn't be talked over, either. You think your dashed money can buy everything; but it can't."

Mornington's face looked sullenly from the pillow. He realized the truth of his friend's words. His conduct had been too black, and there was no pardon for it. Yet he clung to a straw of hope.

"Well, I'm not goin' to give in," he said, at last. "I'm not goin' to be kicked out an' disgraced for life if I can help it. I shall play the game out to the finish."

"I wish ye luck!"

"But you won't help me," sneered Mornington. "You mean that, even if the Head let me stay, I should have all the school against me, includin' my old pals."

Townsend was silent; but he knew he could be read in his face. The kind of fellows who would stick to Mornington after his black treachery were not the kind of fellows to face a storm for him. If he returned to his place in the school, he had no friends to reckon on. At the best, he would be sent to Coventry, and his old pals would pass him by lest worse should befall them. It was not a happy prospect. But Mornington's face hardened indomitably. By sheer determination he would make his way, if only he were given a chance.

The minutes crept on, and Townsend rose from his side.

"Well, then, old chap. Best of luck—sacked!"

Mornington did not answer, and he went, by the under of Rockwood was still unbroken. He meant to fight it out to the very last; but deep down in his heart he knew that it was all in vain, and that his career at Rockwood School was closing in disgrace—for ever!

The 4th Chapter.

Now for Towny!

"Waited for you, dear boy." Rawson stepped off the gate as Townsend came across the Head's garden. Townsend paused and bit his lip.

"What do you want?" he growled, said Rawson cheerfully.

"I want to see Mornington," said Rawson coolly. "You know I barred. Come on."

"Come on half a dozen right of Tom Rawson Voices."

sitting on the gate had drawn other fellows in the spot. Quite a little army of the Fourth were waiting for Townsend. The rest of the Fourth looked alarmed. He remained where he was.

"Look here, I've only been to have a word with Morris," he argued.

"One word too many," remarked Lovell.

"I've simply been tellin' him that I can't come to see him again," said Townsend.

"You should have left him to guess it entirely," said Patrick Rawson.

"I'm not comin' out, then."

"Don't make us come into the Head's garden to mop you up," said Rawson. "You're going to be mopped up in any case."

"Betting get it over," suggested Tommy Dodd.

Townsend breathed hard. The gate was lined with Fourth Formers, Modern and Classical, waiting for him. And certainly he couldn't remain a fixture in the Head's garden.

Already Towny was repenting that he had paid that last visit to the "spider" in the sanatorium. Certainly he was not likely to pay another. But the Fourth were in grim earnest. Mornington could remain at the school so long as he succeeded in spending the Head and the school doctor. But while he was

"Yarop?"

"Give him another?"

Bump!

Townsend made quite an impression on the gravel path. He roared and wriggled in the grasp of the avengers.

"You-on ew! Help! Yarop!" he shrieked. "Legie! Oh, my hat! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him another?"

Bump—bump!

"Yow-ow! Help!"

"Now, are you gona' to speak to that sort of the world again inside?" roared Flynn.

"Ow-ow! No!" yelled Townsend.

"Oh, no! Never! Yow-ow!"

"Honour, bright!" demanded Lovell.

"Yow! Ow! Yes!"

"Then we'll let you off with one more! All together!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yoop! Help! Yowp!"

"Soup at once!" exclaimed a feminine voice; and Miss Dolly came out of the shrubberies, frowning.

"Oh, Miss Dolly!" ejaculated Lovell.

The juniors dropped Townsend as if he had suddenly become red-hot. They blushed sheepishly at the impudent little lady. Afterwards Townsend told his chums his firm conviction that Miss Dolly had been looking on from the shrubberies for some time, without caring to interfere.

Townsend faltered panting.

"You are in a disgraceful state!" said Mr. Besleys, eyeing him with great disfavour. "How dare you go about in such a dirty and untidy state, Townsend?"

"I—I—I—" entered the unfortunate out of the Fourth.

"That will do! Go and make yourself tidy at once, and take a hundred steps for distance."

Townsend almost choked. Lines for distance, for one of the most elegant and fastidious nots at Rockwood, amounted to insults added to injury.

"I—I—" he gasped.

"Enough!" said Mr. Besleys majestically. "Go at once! You are a disgrace to your Form, Townsend!"

And Townsend, with feelings that would have done credit to a Hun, went.

"Seen Morris?" asked Topham, meeting him on the stairs.

Townsend stammered.

"Blow Morris! Hang Morris! Confound Morris!" yelled Topham.

And he tramped on savagely, leaving Topham staring.

Townsend was done with Mornington!

The 5th Chapter. The Peril of the Night.

"What the merry dickens—" murmured Jimmy Silver.



"Well, good-bye, old chap!" said Townsend half-heartedly. "Best of luck!" Mornington did not answer, and he did not glance at Townsend. The bounder of Rockwood was still determined. He meant to fight it out to the very last; but deep down in his heart he knew that it was all in vain, and that his career at Rockwood School was closing in disgrace—for ever!

there he was to understand that he was an outcast, avoided as a thing unclean. Townsend had failed to "see the line" with the rest of the Lower School, and he could not say that he had not received an emphatic warning.

"Are you coming?" demanded Newcome impatiently.

"Not, I'm not," growled Townsend.

"I'm stayin' here, hang you!"

"Then we'll come for you."

"Mightn't have a row in the Head's garden," said Higgs.

"Oh, rats! We'll chance that."

Newcome vaulted over the gate, and half a dozen juniors followed him without hesitation.

Townsend took to his heels, desperately racing up the path among the shrubberies.

"After him!" shouted Tommy Dodd.

"Ather the spalpeen!" yelled Flynn.

Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp!

The shouting crowd of juniors rushed after Townsend. He dodged round the greenhouses, and dodged again, and uttered a yell of terror as he was run down, and three or four pairs of bands closed on him.

"Get him!"

"Bump—bump!"

"Hooray!"

Bump—bump!

His opinion, therefore, was that Miss Dolly was a little minx. But perhaps Miss Dolly considered that Towny deserved some punishment. She had intervened at last.

"Go away at once!" said Miss Dolly hotly.

"Aho!"

"Only a lark, you know!" murmured Lovell.

"Only bumping a rotter, Miss Dolly!" said Rawson.

"My hat! Gons!" ejaculated Jimmy.

He was out of bed with a jump.

He knew what had awakened him then, as that deep booming in the midnight air came to his ears.

Gons in the night!

Jimmy Silver ran to the window, the captain of the Fourth sat up in bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory.

It was past midnight, and the dormitory was in almost pitchy darkness.

Jimmy Silver was usually a sound sleeper, and he wondered what had awakened him as he sat up and blinked about him in the gloom.

Boom—boom—boom—boom!

"My hat! Gons!" ejaculated Jimmy.

He was out of bed with a jump.

He knew what had awakened him then, as that deep booming in the midnight air came to his ears.

Gons in the night!

Jimmy Silver ran to the window, the captain of the Fourth sat up in bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory.

It was past midnight, and he could see nothing but blackness and floating whirls of pale mist.

"Wake up, you thaps!" he shouted.

"Ho-ho!"

"What's the row?"

"Zowow!" said Jimmy Silver.

"The crumb!"

The word was enough. A group of fellows in the dormitory began to roll in a twinkling, and most of them raced to the window.

"No lights," said Jimmy. "What idiot is that striking a match? Do you want a bomb on your side board, Higgs?"

"I'm looking for my books,"

"Look for 'em in the dark, then, instead! We don't want bombs on Rockwood on account of your silly books!"

There was a look of terror from Tubby Muffin.

"Yowowow! Help!"

"Hello! What's the matter with you?" demanded Lovell.

"Yowowow! Bonita!" yelled Tubby.

"I heard one drop! Yowowow-

"You silly ass!" roared Higgs.

"It was only me dropping a boat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Tubby. "It sounded like a bomb! I say, is the Zepp?"

"Yowowow! They ought to be stopped! Can you see it?"

"It's just coming in at the window!" chattered Higgs. "Making straight for your bed, Tubby! Dodge it—quick!"

There was a yell of laughter as Tubby Muffin rolled wildly out of bed.

"Just missed it," said Besleys. "It's following you round the bed, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter enlightened Tubby Muffin.

"You—you—spoofing rotins!" he gasped.

"I—I don't believe a Zeppelin could get in at the window at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door opened.

"Are you awake, my boys?" It was Mr. Besleys' voice, but the Fourth could only see a dim shadow of their Form-master in the gloom.

"Yes, I see you are. Do not be alarmed."

"We're not alarmed, sir," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "It would take more than a silly bomb to frighten Rockwood chaps."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Besleys.

"Ahem! Quite so. It's a calm night, and above all, do not strike a light of any kind, and keep away from the window. The Zeppelin from the battlements may fall any minute."

"Yes, sir."

Dress yourselves quickly, and come downstairs," said Mr. Besleys.

"There is probably no danger, but we must take reasonable precautions."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Besleys moved away in the darkness, and the juniors proceeded to dress themselves, some of the clothes getting mixed in the gloom.

"Who's got my jacket?" demanded Higgs, in a sanguineous voice. "What silly idiot has got my jacket?"

"The same silly idiot who's got my socks, very likely!" said Townsend savagely.

"Where's my blessed waistcoat?"

"What thumper! as has collared my truck!"

"What the dickens does it matter?" said Jimmy Silver. "We're not going to be presented at Court, are we? Buck up, and don't jaw!"

"Yes, sir. I can hear the rotten thing!" said Lovell. From the window "Lester!"

The Classical juniors listened. Amid the deep, steady booming of the guns there came a peculiar thrumming from the gloom of the night. They did not need telling that was the sound of the airship's engines.

"My hat! Jolly close!" said Orwell.

"Passing over Rockwood, very likely."

"Ah, by gad!" mumbled Topham.

"Shut up."

"We shall all be slaughtered!" wailed Tubby Muffin.

"You will be, if you don't shut up," said Jimmy Silver, in disgust. "I'll only wall daughter you, you howlin' junk!"

"I—I say, suppose a bomb drops right on our heads?"

"Well, if it drops on your head, it won't go off," said Jimmy. "Bombs don't always go off, if they drop something soft."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, dash the Zeppelin!" groaned Townsend. "I've got my chaps all rumpled. I know that!"

"Hark!" ejaculated Rawson.

"Crash!"

There was a sudden, deafening explosion in the night, and the very walls of Rockwood seemed to shake.

The hearts of the juniors almost ceased to beat for a moment. Then



THE HERO OF ROOKWOOD!

(Continued from previous page.)

knew that a bomb had dropped—probably dropped at random by the assassins of the air, for in the darkness they could have seen nothing. The deafening roar of the explosion was followed by a deadly silence.

The silence was broken by a whimper from Tabby Muffin.

"Oh! Oh! Suppose it had dropped on us!"

"Shut up!" growled Jimmy Silver. "It may have dropped on somebody."

Bom—boom—boom!

The guns were thundering. Jimmy ran to the window. The bomb had dropped quite close at hand. Had it brought death to anyone at Rookwood? Across the black sky searchlights flashed and played. From the darkness of the school buildings came a weird gleam.

"Fire!" muttered Jimmy, in a flushed voice.

The bomb had fallen on Rookwood. High in the sky, the throbbing of the Zeppelin's engines had died away.

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in that building were Dr. Chisholm and his wife and child. Little Miss Dolly—she was there! Jimmy Silver's heart turned sick at the thought, and he shrank in anguish fit at the black sky. Had that fair-haired girl, so sweet and merry that afternoon, fallen a victim to the Kaiser's foul misdeeds?

A crowd rushed towards the House, tramping through the gardens. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, was rapping out orders to the schoolmen. Mr. Bootles tried in vain to keep the juniors indoors.

Lovell caught Jimmy Silver by the arm in the quad.

"What about Mornay?" he muttered.

"Hang Mornay!"

"He's in the samey, you know. It may catch—"

Jimmy halted.

"Quiet, please!" It was Mr. Manders' voice. "Everyone is safe; all are out of doors. Quiet, please."

Jimmy drew a sobbing breath.

"Thank Heaven! Miss Dolly's safe, then! I'll get Mornay out. Lovell, the cad may not be able to get out, if he's not shooting."

Jimmy Silver dashed away to the sash-room. But when he reached the ward, he found the room there empty. Mornington was already out. Jimmy Silver shrank his shoulders as he saw the turned-back bed, and noted that the invalid's clothes were gone. The Zeppelin alarm had been sufficient to cause the invalid to recover all of a sudden, and Mornington was probably one of the first up.

Jimmy left the sash-room again. Against the sky there was a red glare; the flames were bursting from the windows of the Head's house.

The 6th Chapter: The Hero!

"Miss Dolly?"

"Where's Miss Dolly?"

It was a cry of alarm in the crowd of Rookwood fellows. Mrs. Chisholm had been seen—the Head had been seen.

Dr. Chisholm had carried his wife, fainting, across to Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side, out of all danger. But where was Miss Dolly?

Lovell rushed up to Mr. Manders, and caught him by the sleeve—hardly aware of what he was doing in his excitement.

"Look out! There are all our sisters after you!"

Mr. Manders was very white.

"I thought so—I certainly thought so. But—but—"

"Is she in there?"

"I fear so."

Lovell groaned.

The incendiary bomb had done its work—well! The Head's house was a raging furnace. The school fire-brigade were at work, pumping sheets of water upon the flames. But the water sizzled into the fiery furnace with little effect. It was evident that the building would be gutted.

Jimmy Silver came up breathlessly. "Mornay's not there," he said. "He had got out—What's the matter, Lovell?" He stared at his chum's ghastly face.

Lovell pointed to the burning house.

"Miss Dolly!" he muttered.

Jimmy turned white.

"Manders said—"

"He was mistaken. The Head brought Mrs. Chisholm out; Miss Dolly's still there."

"Good heavens!"

Jimmy gazed in horror at the flaming house. Miss Dolly was there—there, in that fierce furnace—overcome by the smoke, perhaps, for not a cry had been heard. It seemed to Jimmy Silver that a hand of ice gripped his heart. He pulled himself together, and rushed towards the house. Bulkeley caught him by the shoulder and swung him back.

"One of the way, you young fool?"

"She's there!"

"What—who?"

"Miss Dolly!"

"My daughter!" It was the Head's voice. "Let me pass, Mr. Bootles; let me pass, I say! My child is there!"

"Let go, Bulkeley!" yelled Jimmy Silver furiously. "I'm going in, I tell you! Let me go, hang you!"

The Sixth Formers held him fast.

"You're not going in! Stand back! This is a job for me!"

"Bulkeley," shouted Mr. Bootles, "stay where you are! There is no hope; it is certain death!"

"I must try, sir!" panted Bulkeley.

"Dr. Chisholm—"

The Head groaned.

"Stay, Bulkeley! You shall not sacrifice your life. I order you to stay! There is no hope. Heaven have mercy!"

"I will try, sir!"

"Stand clear!"

"Step! I command you!"

Bulkeley hesitated. He still held Jimmy Silver. The junior would

have called him, hardly conscious of danger. It was true that there was no hope. The stars had been heard to fall, with a fearful crash and a myriad of rising stars. It was death and there was no chance of reaching the girl's room. Neddy and Knowles had rushed away for a ladder. Dr. Chisholm clutched his face with his hands.

"You're sure she's there, sir?"

muttered Bulkeley.

I called her; she followed me."

"The Head, in a trembling voice.

"My wife had fainted; I was carrying her. I thought Dolly was close behind me. The smoke must have overcome her. Heaven be merciful!"

"The ladder!" yelled Lovell.

"Back up with the ladder!"

Jimmy Silver ground his teeth.

"You fool, Bulkeley! Let me go!"

I tell you, I am going in!"

Bulkeley shook his head, and held him. It was death; and the sacrifice would have been useless.

"Look!" roared Oswald suddenly.

He pointed to a window.

The glass, cracked by the heat, had fallen out. Behind the blackened framework of the window a smoke-grimed face appeared. Blackened as it was, the junior knew it.

"Mornington!"

"Mornington!" cried the Head.

"What is he doing there?"

"He was in the sash-room,"

grasped Mr. Bootles. "In Heaven's name, how did he come in the Head's house?"

All eyes were upon the window, fascinated. It was almost the only spot in the furnace where the flames were not rolling and leaping. Mornington's blackened face looked down on the sea of faces, and his blackened lips curved in the snarling, ironical smile the Rookwood junior knew so well. What was he doing there? The Rookwood fellows soon knew.

Neville and Knowles rushed the ladder towards the window. Whatever Mornington was doing in the Head's house, he had to be saved.

"Climb out on the sill!" shouted Bulkeley.

Mornington did not climb out on the sill. He was writhing out of the ashes with desperate hands, as if to make a larger passage. Then he disappeared for a moment from view.

The hearts beat hardly beat.

There was a buzz, deepening to a roar, as Mornington reappeared at the window. He had wrapped his arms—a bundle rolled in a blanket. He pushed it through the window, and held it while the ladder was planted below. From the rolled blanket a tuft of golden hair escaped. Then they knew it.

"Miss Dolly!"

Jimmy Silver breathed the words.

Dr. Chisholm gazed at the blackened face of the expelled junior, and at the bundle he held by main strength on the sill, out of the rolling smoke and flickering flame.

"My daughter!"

The ladder crashed on the wall. Bulkeley rushed up it, his feet scurrying scarcely to touch the rungs.

Mornington grinded down at him

through the smoke. In that fearful moment he was the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless.

"Take her, Bulkeley. She's not hurt—only fainted!"

Bulkeley, without a word, took the unconscious girl in his strong arms. He descended the ladder with her carefully.

Miss Dolly was passed into her father's arms, and his tears fell upon the calm, unconscious face, smoke-grimed, but unharmed. And it was Mornington, the cad of Rookwood, the blackguard, the expelled rascal, who had saved her!

Could he save himself?

As Bulkeley ascended the ladder again, there came a gust of smoke and flame from the window where Mornington stood, and for an instant he was hidden from sight. A green went up. All Mornington's faults, all his baseness, all his treachery, were forgotten then. At that hour he was the hero who had saved a child from a fearful death in the fiery flames, and risked, perhaps lost, his own life in doing it. There was a gasp of relief as he was seen again. He was on the sill, clinging blindly to his clothes charred and singed by the flames; blind with pain, with smoke at the end of his strength.

But Bulkeley was rushing to his aid. The Rookwood captain's strong grasp closed upon him, even as his hold was relaxing. In Bulkeley's strong arms he was brought down the ladder. And as Bulkeley landed on firm earth there was a shout of victory.

"Another magnificent and per-

haps last of the Rookwood camp,

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read this splendid story.

Bulkeley laid the body on the ground. His eyes met hers; they opened again, and Mornington's sound eyes met his. Mornington's hands burst open; his fingers were almost gone, his complexion gone. He was half-insane, and he knew it.

"Mornay!" panted Jimmy, more than forgetting his old love.

Mornington grimed a blackened grin.

"Hello! You know I was away special this time, for good—wonder if this is the last time I shall be away in the family. I shall be back on the Fourth—next month or a month."

"My brave, noble lad!" The Rookwood captain's eyes shone with admiration. "My brave, noble lad! You have saved my life, and you have saved her from death! Heaven bless you, Jimmy!"

"All serene, sir," said Mornington coolly.

And then Mornington had been jaunted.

Rookwood was in his best of mind the next day.

The Head's house was a blackened ruin. But the head that lived there had been lost. The tragedy that might have come over the school had been averted.

And Mornington? Miss Dolly had been saved, apart from the fact that Mornington had found her eyes smoke-grimed, and with strange marks in the fear of fearful peril, before he wrapped her carefully in his arms before he made his way through the smoke to the window.

He had entered the burning building before the Head had emerged from it. No one had noticed him. Perhaps some thought he was in his mind of rendering poor assistance, and then impulsive thoughts of saving the master of the school. He had found her safe, but the flames in his way had forced him to leave her, and he had taken their vengeance upon Mornington of the Fourth Form sash-room, a "specie" but terribly ill, poor with pain, and suffering his last agonies.

There was no mention of expiation for Mornington. Jimmy Silver, whom he had so cruelly wounded, was the last to ask the Head of Mornington might be allowed to remain. The Head's answer? That Mornington was condemned, more than pardoned, gave satisfaction to all the school.

When Mornington recovered, he was to take his old place in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, and the Fourth were content to know Jimmy Silver was ready to give up the headship of the school.

But as soon as he was able to rise from the bed of his mother, he was eager to see visitors, the Fourth Formers eager to pay him visits, and Jimmy Silver was the first.

A scared face grimed as Jimmy from the white heat.

"Don't I look a picture?" said Mornington. "But the doctor said it will be in time. By goodness, I shouldn't like to keep a doctor like this! And I've got no going to be sacked, after all."

"And I'm jolly glad of it!" said Jimmy.

"You going to be a them is good side stall?" checked Mornington.

"When I'm back in the Town I'm going to give you a kiss, Jimmy Silver. I'm going to be cooing to you, Foorty, you!"

"More power to your elbow!" said Jimmy, laughing.

"But that's only one thing I say," said Mornington, after a pause. "I've been down a lot of times, while I've been in, been poor, I've played that dirty trick on myself, and there's my list on it, go like to like it."

And Jimmy Silver took it, with his heart.

THE END.

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