

FOR QUALITY & QUANTITY YOU CAN'T BEAT—

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending June 16th, 1917.

FROM FOES TO FRIENDS!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

No News!

Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth at Rookwood came into the School House with a serious expression upon his face.

It was Saturday, and morning lessons were over at Rookwood.

There was a match fixed between Moderns and Classics for that afternoon, but for once the thoughts of the Rookwood fellows were not turned on cricket, though it was a sunny, smiling afternoon, ideal weather for the great summer game.

The Fistical Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—were chatting by the hall. Erroll, the new boy in the Fourth, was with them, but he was not speaking. Tommy Dodd looked round, and came over to the group.

"Looking for you, Silver!" he said.

Jimmy nodded.

"Here I am."

"About the match this afternoon," said the Modern junior hesitatingly. "I suppose we're going to play, all the same?"

"We were just talking about it."

"I suppose it won't look unfeeling to be playing cricket when 'nobody knows what's become of Mornington of the Fourth?" said Tommy Dodd. "Of course, a chap doesn't want to seem unfeeling, but—"

"Might as well play," said Lovell.

"Well, Mornington was a Classical chap," said Tommy Dodd. "It's for you fellows to say. If you'd rather chuck it, say so."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

It was a strange situation.

Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth, had disappeared from school—vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

For twenty-four hours the police had been seeking him in vain.

What had become of him Rookwood could only surmise.

It was true that he had been on bad terms with Jimmy Silver & Co., but they felt a deep sense of concern for the missing junior. Indeed, they felt more concerned, to judge by appearances, than Mornny's own friends—Townsend, Topham, and the rest of the "nuts" of Rookwood.

Townsend & Co., in fact, seemed to be bearing their loss with great fortitude.

It did not seem likely that any accident had happened to Mornington.

The police theory was that he had been kidnapped by some person or persons unknown.

But nothing could be discovered for certain so far.

The mystery that hung over Mornington's fate cast something of a cloud on the Lower School. Even fellows who had not liked him shared in the general anxiety.

Nobody wanted to appear unfeeling, as if "business as usual" was going on in spite of what had happened to Mornington. But it did not seem that it would do Mornny much good to cut cricket and "mooch" about Rookwood doing nothing.

"Better play, all the same," said Jimmy Silver at last. "No good wasting the afternoon doing nothing, as far as I can see."

Tommy Dodd nodded.

"Well, I thought I'd ask you," he said. "Don't want to look as if we don't care. But mooching about with our hands in our pockets won't help

poor old Mornny, wherever he is. We play, then?"

"Yes."

"Right-ho! Stumps pitched at two."

And Tommy Dodd walked out.

"What do you think, Erroll?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a rather curious look at the new junior.

Erroll was the fellow who had seemed to be quite knocked over by Mornny's strange disappearance, which was odd enough, for Mornington had been his bitter enemy.

Kit Erroll started.

"Eh? You said—"
"Better play this afternoon—what!" said Jimmy.

"Oh! Oh, yes! Why not?"

"You seem to be jolly cut up about Mornny, Erroll!" said Lovell in wonder. "At least, ever since he vanished you've been looking jolly blue. You didn't like the chap, did you?"

Erroll shook his head.

"Well, I don't see how you could, considering how he treated you," said Lovell. "I can't say I expected you to care. Considering that Mornny was down on you from the day you came, and accused you of being the son of a merry burglar, or somethin', the silly ass—"

"Oh, never mind that now!" said Jimmy Silver. "We proved that was a lie. But really, Erroll, you do seem knocked over by it. I expect Mornny's safe enough, if it comes to that."

"He's been kidnapped right enough," remarked Lovell. "But they won't hurt him. Why should they?"

"It can only be a dodge to get money," said Newcome.

"And the bobbies may find him any minute, and bring him home," added Raby comfortingly.

"I—I don't suppose he'll come to any harm," said Erroll. "But I've been thinking about the poor chap. Must be having a rough time, wherever he is."

Erroll nodded to the Fistical Four, and sauntered out into the quadrangle.

He left the chums of the Classical Fourth looking very puzzled.

"Blessed if I see why Erroll should worry over it!" said Lovell. "Mornny was a beast to him."

"Tender heart, I suppose," said Jimmy Silver. "Hallo! There's old Stacky!"

Under that somewhat irreverent title Jimmy alluded to a white-moustached old gentleman who was coming across the quad to the School House.

It was Sir Robert Stapoole, one of the governors of Rookwood School, and uncle and guardian of Mornington of the Fourth.

The old gentleman's face was darkly clouded.

He had been staying at Rookwood since he had been apprised of his nephew's disappearance, hoping for news of the missing junior.

Jimmy Silver left his chums, and approached the baronet as he came into the House.

"Excuse me, sir! Any news of Mornington?" he asked.

Sir Rupert glanced at him.

"None, my boy!" he said.

"The police haven't found out anything yet, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing so far, I am sorry to say."

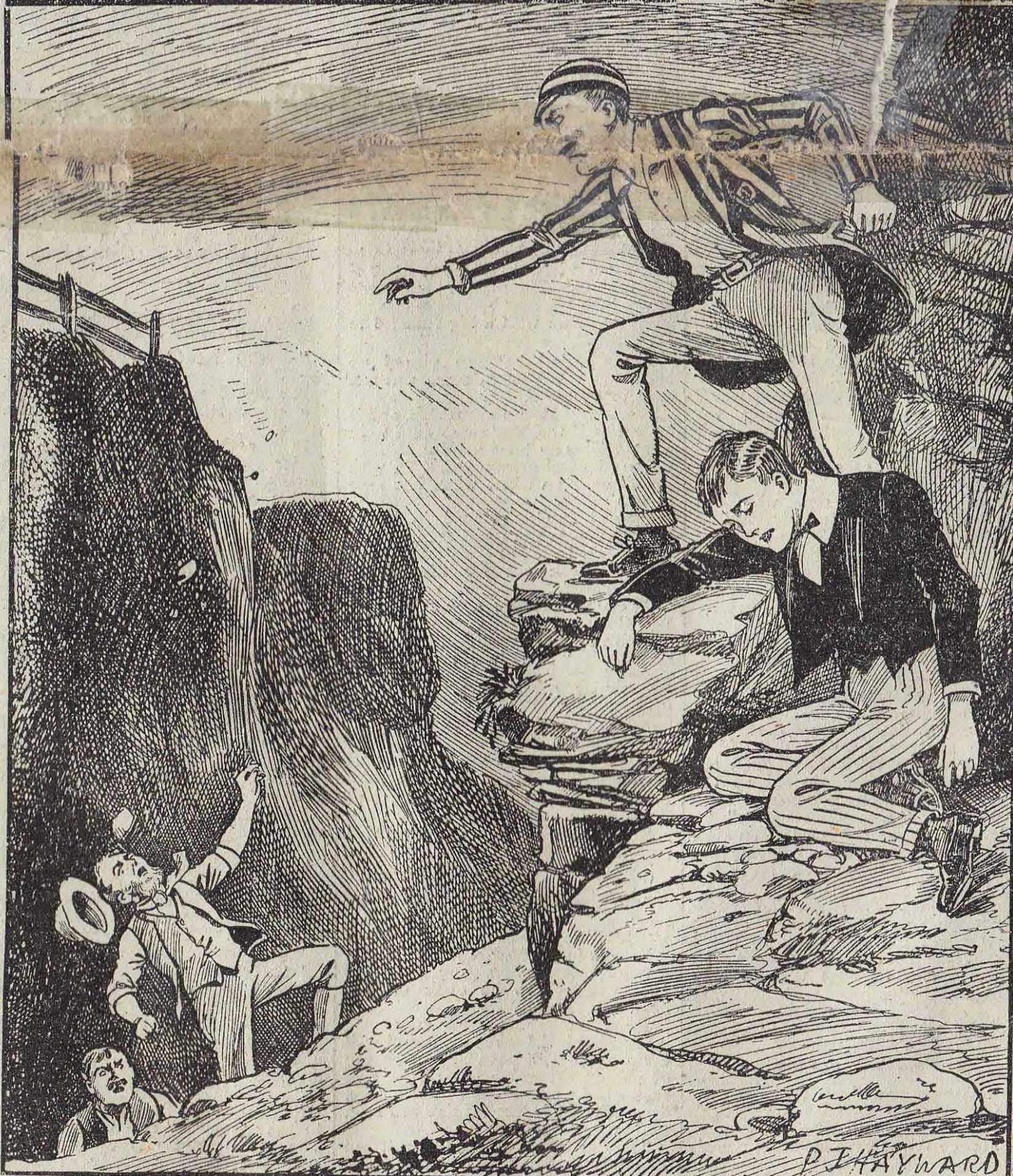
Sir Rupert passed on towards the Head's study.

Jimmy's face clouded for a moment. He had hoped that there might be news.

It seemed certain that Mornington of the Fourth had been kidnapped. Yet no demand had yet been made to his guardian for money, and it seemed that that could be the only object of the kidnapers. It was puzzling.

But the juniors dismissed it from their minds when the time came for

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KIT ERROLL'S DESPERATE ACTION!



stumps to be pitched. Jimmy Silver's Eleven went down to Little Side, with one exception. Erroll was not there, and Jimmy looked round for him. He found him in Little Quad. "Forgotten the match?" asked Jimmy pleasantly. "You want me?" asked Erroll. "Of course, fathead! Can't spare you!" "If—if you don't mind, Silver, I—I was thinking of going out this afternoon—" "Rats!" said Jimmy decidedly. "Come along to the cricket. Buck up! You've got to get changed, and the Modern chaps are ready!" He took Erroll's arm, and marched him away. And the new lot joined the Classical cricketers on Little Side. Erroll was too glad a bowler to be left out of the Classical Junior Eleven excepting for good reason.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Prisoner of the Quarry.

"My god, I can't stand much more of this!" Clink! Clink! It was the rattle of a chain. Some miles from Rookwood School, in the heart of the old moor, where the ancient disused quarries offered many a trap for the unwary, Mornington of the Fourth paced to and fro in a deep excavation in the deep quarry-side. On the moor the afternoon sun was shining warmly, but little sun penetrated into the old quarry. In the cave in the quarrryside a dim light reigned, almost of twilight. About the cave lay several rugs, blankets, cooking utensils, and a campstool or two. Few would have dreamed of looking for dwellers in that dark and remote recess. But it was there that the kidnappers of the junior of Rookwood tramped to and fro.

He was alone in the quarry cave. He looked little like the Mornington of Rookwood—the dandy of the Fourth—whose elegance was secretly envied even by Sixth Form "nuts." His well-cut clothes were thick with mud and dust. His hands and face were dirty, his hair unkempt. Camping out in the quarry cave had left its mark on the dandy of Rookwood. It was Saturday afternoon, and he had been there since Thursday afternoon. His eyes were burning under his knitted brows as he tramped to and fro.

Clink! Clink! A long thin chain was padlocked round the junior's waist, the other end riveted to a strong stake in the ground.

The kidnappers were running no risks with their prisoner. "By gad! How long is this goin' to last?"

Mornington muttered savagely as he tramped to and fro on the narrow confines of the cave, dragging the chain. His breast was seething with rage and bitterness.

He had hoped at first that the police would soon find him. He had looked forward with malicious anticipation to the arrest of the kidnappers and their punishment. He would not have regretted his discomforts, if they had led to penal servitude for Gentleman Jim and the Badger.

But rescue did not come. After forty-eight hours he despaired.

He realised that he would not be found. It was probable that the police would not even think of looking for him so near Rookwood.

He had to remain there, in dirt and discomfort and fury, till it pleased his captors to let him go.

He clenched his hands and ground his teeth as he thought of it. It was a bitter blow to the lofty pride of Mornington.

There was a step in the quarry, and a thick-set, heavy-jowled man stepped into the cave, with a couple of rabbits slung over his arm. He grinned and nodded to the restive junior.

"Change fur you to-day, young feller-me-lad," he said. "Look at these 'ere!" They ain't cost me nothing, either!"

And the Badger grinned. "Look here. How long are you

going to keep me here, my man?" hissed Mornington.

The Badger chuckled. "That's for Gentleman Jim to say," he answered. "You wait!"

"You'll go to prison for this!"

"Maybe." "Look here. I'll make it worth your while to let me go," said Mornington. "My guardian would pay you what you liked to ask—"

"More likely to send me to chokey," grinned the Badger.

"I will give you my word you shall be safe!"

"And what's that worth?" asked the Badger.

"You impertinent hound!" shouted Mornington.

"Oh, chuck it!" urged the Badger.

"Do you want a lick with this 'ere stick? If you do, you only got to keep on like that."

And the ruffian proceeded to prepare the poached rabbits for his repast, Mornington watching him with savage eyes.

He threw himself down to rest at last. How long was this going on? How long before he saw the light of day again?

He knew why he was kept a prisoner, because he had discovered that Gentleman Jim, the cracksman, had played his son at Rookwood, because he knew that Kit Erroll of the Fourth, supposed to be the son of Captain Erroll, was in reality the son of that nameless adventurer who had kidnapped him.

He knew, but now he could not tell. Erroll's secret was safe so long as Mornington remained a prisoner in the old quarry.

How long did the rascals intend to keep him there?

As soon as he returned to the school, Kit Erroll would be shown up in his true colours; he would have to go, if he was not arrested.

It could not be long—days or weeks at the most.

What was the object of the cracksman in taking such desperate measures to keep the secret which must, ere long, be revealed?

Mornington was fatigued with thinking over it.

His thoughts turned to Rookwood. It was afternoon now, and the Classical and Modern match would be going on, on Little Side.

Jimmy Silver & Co. would be playing Tommy Dodd's team, and Erroll would be prominent among the cricketers!

Erroll! Mornington's eyes blazed as he muttered the name.

The cracksman's son, who had cheated Rookwood into believing that a gallant Colonial soldier was his father, he was enjoying the limelight at Rookwood, while the fellow who knew his real identity was chained like a dog in the cave in the quarry-side!

He ground his teeth at the thought. When would the hour come, when, before all Rookwood, he would denounce the impostor, and hold him up to contempt, derision, scorn? Would that hour never come?

The savoury smell of the rabbit, boiling over a spirit-stove, filled the cave. The Badger glanced at the sullen-faced, furious prisoner.

"Take it quiet, young gent," he advised. "Take it heavy! You ain't goin' to be hurt. Only enjoying my society fur a day or two! Ain't that 'ere a pleasure—wot?"

And the Badger chortled good-humouredly. Mornington, savage and sullen, did not answer. When would the hour of deliverance and revenge come? That was his only thought.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Moderns are Lucky.

"Butterfingers!"

"Muff!"

Erroll turned crimson. Jimmy Silver gave his latest recruit a curious look.

The Moderns were batting, and Oswald had bowled. Tommy Dodd, at the wicket, had landed a catch fairly into Kit Erroll's hand at cover-point.

Erroll was a first-class bowler, and very reliable in the field—as a rule. His catches had often earned him cheers from the Rookwooders.

It was an easy catch this time.

Tommy Dodd had been careless for once.

And the ball, which should have floated fairly into Erroll's hand, slipped through his fingers and dropped.

Smythe & Co., the nuts of Rookwood, were watching the match, and that muffed catch was a delight to the nuts.

And they yelled in chorus: "Butterfingers!"

"By gad!" said Adolphus Smythe, grinning at his friends. "Did you see that, begad? And Jimmy Silver says we're not good enough for the eleven!"

"Rotten!" said Townsend. "The fellow can't field."

"Lot of fuss they've made about him, too," said Peele. "He was never as good as Morny! Poor old Morny!"

"Give him a yell!" grinned Smythe.

And the nuts gave the unlucky fieldsman another yell of derision.

It was but seldom that Smythe & Co. had an excuse for deriding one of Jimmy Silver's eleven on the cricket-field.

Now that the excuse had come along, they made the most of it.

Other fellows, as well as the nuts, stared at Erroll, and grinned. He had missed a catch that would have been easy to Snooks of the Second.

And it was only a beginning. Erroll, generally fit as a fiddle, was evidently off his form.

He was fit enough, so far as that went, but his mind was plainly off the game.

Jimmy sent him into the long field at last, not that he expected him to be very useful there, but he thought he would do least damage there.

Erroll had already been tried at bowling, and he had bowled in a way that was too profitable to the Moderns for Jimmy to try him again.

The Classical junior skipper began to regret that he had routed Erroll out of Little Quad after all.

He wondered what on earth was the matter with him. It was not a question of physical fitness; Erroll was quite well. It was as if he had something on his mind, which came between him and the game.

Yet, as a rule, he was one of the keenest of the Rookwood cricketers.

Erroll's mind was serious enough for the Classical side, in its results.

The Moderns scored 90 for their innings, a figure they certainly would not have reached if Erroll had been his usual self.

And when the Classics went on to bat, Jimmy left Erroll for the tail of the innings. He foresaw, only too clear, that his new recruit was very likely to retire with a big round 0 to his credit.

The Classical batsmen played up hard, but the Modern score was not easy to overtake.

It was a single-innings match, and it looked as if the Moderns would walk away victors on their innings.

The Classical score stood at 76, with Lovell at the wicket, when last man in was called.

Smythe & Co. grinned in happy anticipation as the latest recruit came out to join Lovell at the wickets.

"Now look out for fireworks!" said Adolphus.

"Two to one it's a duck's-egg!" said Gower.

"Five to one if you like!" chuckled Smythe. "You won't find any takers."

Smythe & Co. were right for once, though, as a rule, what they did not know about cricket would have filled large volumes.

Tommy Cook was bowling, and he gave Erroll a ball which, as a rule, would have been worth at least 2 to the batsman.

Erroll missed it hopelessly, and his middle stump flew out of the ground.

"How's that?" chuckled Cook. "Ha, ha!"

And the umpire chortled as he said: "Out!"

Erroll's face crimsoned, and he cast a quick, almost appealing glance at Jimmy Silver as he came off the field.

Jimmy's face was rather grim. If Erroll had backed up Lovell well there would still have been a chance of pulling the game out of the fire.

Instead of which he had been bowled first ball. The Classical side had been beaten by 14 runs.

"I—I'm sorry, Silver!" muttered Erroll. "I know I've played rottenly!"

"You have!" agreed the captain of the Fourth. "No mistake about that, old scout! What's the matter with you?"

"I—I—"

"You look fit enough."

"Oh, I'm fit enough, but—"

Erroll did not finish. Jimmy forced a grin. He was not

the kind of cricket skipper who rags and worries a man for a failure.

"Never mind, old son! Better luck next time!" he said. "Don't worry!"

"I meant to do better," said Erroll. "That's all right!"

The Moderns were looking very satisfied with their victory.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were far from attributing it to the inexplicable failure of Jimmy Silver's new recruit.

From the Modern point of view, the win was perfectly natural, and due to the superiority of Modern cricket.

Adolphus Smythe joined the cricketers as they came off, grinning. "Valuable man you've got there, Silver—what!" he remarked.

"Yes, rather! Worth fifty of you, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"After the show he's put up this afternoon!" sneered Adolphus.

"Yes, it was quite your style, wasn't it?" growled Jimmy.

And Jimmy strode on. "Well, we're licked!" said Lovell as the Fistical Four went in to tea.

"What on earth's the matter with Erroll, Jimmy?"

"Give it up!" said Jimmy. "A fellow gets off-colour every now and then, you know."

"He seemed to be half asleep half the time!" said Newcome.

"Never mind. We'll ask him to tea, to show that there's no ill-feeling!" said Jimmy.

"Tell him to bring his own bread and sugar, then, if he's got any!" grinned Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver looked for Erroll. He found Jones minor and Higgs in No. 2 study, but Kit Erroll was not there.

"Seen Erroll?" asked Jimmy. "Gone out!" said Jones minor. "Oh, right-ho!"

Jimmy remembered that Erroll had said he wanted to go out that afternoon, but he had stayed in for the match.

Owing to the Moderns' somewhat easy victory, the match had ended much earlier than had been anticipated, and Erroll had gone.

Jimmy returned to the end study. "Erroll's cleared off," he said. "Let's have tea. As we've got time on our hands, we'll have a trot out after tea, and pick up a row with the Bagshot Bounders—what!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Classics. And when the frugal party had been disposed of, the Fistical Four strolled out of the gates of Rookwood, with the laudable intention of improving the shining hour with a row with their old rivals of Bagshot School.

The 4th Chapter.

The Parting of the Ways.

"You're late!" growled Gentleman Jim.

Kit Erroll came up breathlessly to the old woodman's hut in Coombe Wood.

It was the same spot where the junior had met Gentleman Jim on a previous occasion, when Mornington of the Fourth had played the spy, and learned the secret—learning which had cost the dandy of the Fourth so dear.

The man who had appeared at Rookwood as "Captain Erroll" was waiting with knitted brows, chewing a cigar with savage impatience.

He muttered an oath as the Rookwood junior came up, breathing hard after his haste.

"Another cricket match?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yes," said Erroll quietly. "I tried to get out of it, but it couldn't be done."

"Well, this won't last much longer!" said Gentleman Jim.

"You mean I shall not be at Rookwood much longer?"

"Naturally. Mornington cannot be kept a prisoner for long. It is not likely that he will be discovered where he is hidden, but it is always possible, and I want the matter to be finished up. There is always risk."

"Why not let him go, father?"

"Don't be a fool, Kit! The moment he sets foot in Rookwood again you will be known as the son of Gentleman Jim; he knows the whole business. You will be kicked out of the school, if you are not arrested."

"I can leave at once."

"It does not suit my plans for you to leave at once!" sneered Gentleman Jim. "The game is up so far as your staying permanently at Rookwood is concerned. But all the trouble and expense is not going to be taken for nothing. We shall not leave empty-handed."

Kit Erroll set his teeth. "I shall leave empty-handed," he said.

"What has been done about Mornington since I last saw you?" asked the cracksman unheeding.

"His guardian is at the school now. The police are still searching for him."

"In what direction?"

"I don't know. Latham, I think."

Gentleman Jim grinned. "They have not thought of looking near the school?" he remarked. "I calculated on that."

"I don't know," said Erroll. "but I have not heard anyone suggest that he might be still near the school."

"Good! It was the easiest plan, and the safest. He could not have been taken to a distance without risk. Now, about your plans, Kit. Have you brought the plan with you that I told you to draw up?"

"No."

"You have had ample time to get it through."

"I know."

"You fool!" said Gentleman Jim between his teeth. "Do you understand that you are wasting time that cannot be recovered? It is always possible that Mornington may be found. It may occur to the police to search the old quarries on the moor. It is not likely, but it is always possible. If he should be found the game is up. You know that."

"I know it," said the schoolboy dully.

"Then why have you not done your work?"

Erroll did not reply.

"Listen to me!" said the cracksman. "There is danger, and time is precious. As you have not drawn up the plan of the school, I shall act without it. You will let me into the House, and you will be my guide. The sooner the job is over the better. I shall remain in the vicinity, and come to Rookwood to-night."

Erroll drew a deep breath.

The parting of the ways had come, and he was prepared for it.

"You will not come!" he said.

"If you do, I shall not let you in. If you force your way in, I shall alarm the House."

Gentleman Jim started back, his eyes glittering.

"Are you mad, Kit?" he ejaculated.

The schoolboy smiled bitterly.

"I've made up my mind. I told you so before. Isn't it enough for me to be at Rookwood under a false name, with a disgraceful secret to keep? Do you think I am going to repay the kindness I have received by letting in a criminal to rob the school? If you'd told me that before I went I would never have set foot in Rookwood!"

"My son will obey my orders!" said Gentleman Jim.

Erroll looked him in the face.

"I do not believe that you are my father," he said. "I have always had doubts, ever since I was old enough to think, and ever since I knew what you were. I do not believe it. But even if you are my father, you have no right to tell me to commit a crime. I will not do it!"

The cracksman bit through his cigar in his suppressed rage.

The boy's determination was clearly to be read in his face.

He was pale, but his face was hard and set, his eyes gleaming. Every line in the handsome face told of a resolution that was not to be shaken.

There was a long silence. Gentleman Jim broke it at last.

"You think that you will stay at Rookwood after defying me?" he muttered. "Take care!"

"I shall not stay at Rookwood. I cannot now Mornington's laws. I must go. And I shall go! I was mad to think that I could stay there, that a decent and honourable life was possible for me!" said the junior bitterly.

"And what will you do if you cast off your friends?"

"I shall be better without such friends as the Badger," said Erroll. "and without such a father as you!"

"Take care!"

"You have driven me to speak out. So long as you did not ask me to help in what you did I owed you obedience, I suppose. It seemed so to me. Now that you have done so I shall never see you again!" said Erroll.

"And what will you do?" sneered Gentleman Jim.

"Leave Rookwood."

"And then?"

"Work!"

"And what work are you capable of?" said the cracksman contemptuously. "You have been educated to take your place in the Lower Form of a public school. Are you going into the labour market, saying that you can construe Virgil, that you can compose tenth-rate Latin hexameters, that you are passably good at French and mathematics? When will you get a job?"

"I can work with my hands. Other fellows do. I have envied the grocer's boy who comes to Rookwood with

groceries," said Erroll. "I would gladly take his basket and do his work rather than keep on as I have done."

"Oh, you are out of your senses! And even a grocer's boy's job is not easy to get by a helpless public school-boy."

"I know that. But I will work at anything I can find. When I am a little older I can get work in a munition factory; too, and help on the war!" said Erroll, his eyes glistening.

Gentleman Jim gnawed his lip and stared at the boy. He seemed at a loss for words.

"You mean, then, to throw me over, and everything—to begin for yourself?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And if you starve—"

"I shall face that. I am not afraid."

"And you think I shall let you go?" said Gentleman Jim. "You think that I shall pardon your desertion? You think you will be allowed to start this wonderful new career without your past being revealed to your new employer every time you succeed in getting a job?"

Erroll compressed his lips.

"I only ask you to leave me in peace," he said.

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall face that, too. But"—his eyes flashed—"I warn you, too, to take care! I know enough of your doings, and the Badger's, and the rest that the police would be very glad to know. If I am meddled with I shall make you all sorry for it!"

"By gad! And this is my son!" said Gentleman Jim. "Rookwood has done this in a few weeks!"

"I do not believe I am your son."

The cracksman did not reply.

He stood looking at the schoolboy, his hands clenched, his eyes glittering. It looked for some moments as if he would hurl himself at the lad.

But he repressed his fury.

"You will think better of this, Kit!" he said at last.

"I shall not change my mind."

"Listen to me! The haul I could make at Rookwood may come to two thousand pounds—even more. You can be started at another school, under another name, at a distance, and lead there the life you wish to lead."

Erroll was silent.

"What do you say, Kit?"

"That I will be a beggar before I am a thief!"

The cracksman muttered an oath.

"You will think better of this!" he said. "You had better, or—" He left the threat unfinished. "I shall see you again, Kit."

"You will not see me again."

Without replying, the cracksman turned and strode away into the wood. Gentleman Jim's plans—for that night, at least—had to be abandoned.

Erroll waited till his footsteps had died away, and then he, too, moved from the spot. But he did not go in the direction of Rookwood.

The 5th Chapter. Erroll to the Rescue!

Clink!

Mornington was moving restlessly. The summer sun was sinking over the moor, and in the deep quarry dim twilight reigned. In the cave in the quarry-side there was deep dusk.

The Badger stretched on a heap of rugs and coats, dozing. He had been refreshing himself from a black bottle, and he was half-asleep. He moved, with an irritable growl, as the chain clinked.

"Keep still, can't you?"

Mornington gritted his teeth and stood still. More than once he had felt the heavy hand of the ruffian when he had irritated him.

He sat on a slate block, and stared moodily out of the cave over the recumbent ruffian into the dim quarry.

How long was this to last?

Escape was impossible, rescue seemed hopeless. His liberty depended on the caprice of his captors. How long? Even the prospect of revenge upon Kit Erroll had little comfort for Mornington now.

A moving shadow in the old quarry caught his eyes, and he watched it curiously.

He knew it meant that someone was moving along the quarry, though he could hear no sound.

Was it the cracksman returning?

Mornington felt his heart beating. If it was the cracksman, why was he moving so silently? But if it was someone else—

He glanced at the Badger.

The ruffian lay half-asleep, breathing stertorously, on the rugs. He did not see the shadow.

Mornington suppressed a cry as a figure appeared in the opening and peered into the cave.

Then, as he recognised the newcomer, he snapped his teeth.

He gave the Rookwood junior a glance of bitter hatred. It was not the rescue he had dreamed of for a wild moment; it was only one of his enemies who had come.

The Badger stirred and sat up.

"Hallo! You 'ere?" he mumbled.

"Did the boss send you 'ere?"

Erroll stepped quietly into the cave. His eyes rested on Mornington for a moment and gleamed. Then he faced the Badger.

"Gentleman Jim does not know I am here, Badger. I have been two hours hunting for this place. I knew you were hidden on the moor, that was all. Now I have found you."

"What do you want 'ere, then?"

"I have come to release Mornington."

"Wot?"

Mornington started.

"You heard me, Badger," said Erroll coldly.

The Badger grinned.

"Them ain't Gentleman Jim's orders!" he said. "I don't take no orders from you, Kit."

"I am going to release Mornington," said Kit coolly. "If you try to stop me, Badger, it's between you and me!"

He stepped towards the dandy of the Fourth, who watched him dazedly.

"Don't you play the goat, Kit!" said the Badger. "Look 'ere, Gentleman Jim is coming 'ere later, afore he goes back. You wait till he comes!"

The Badger twisted his head aside frantically.

"Ow! Don't! Give over!" he yelled. "I give in."

"Which pocket is the key in?"

The Badger sullenly indicated the pocket. With his left hand, Erroll groped in it, and drew out a small key. He tossed it to Mornington.

"Unlock the padlock," he said.

Mornington, dazed, wondering whether he was dreaming, picked up the key. It slid into the padlock, and in another moment the dandy of Rookwood was free.

"Help me to put the chain round him," said Erroll.

"Look 'ere, Kit—"

"Shut up!"

Mornington grinned faintly.

He grasped the Badger, not gently, and the two juniors dragged the wriggling ruffian within reach of the chain.

It was passed round the Badger's waist and padlocked.

Erroll, rose, breathing hard.

Mornington looked at him. He was so astounded by the sudden turn of events that he could hardly realise what had happened. The Badger, confined by the padlock that had lately held Mornington a prisoner, poured out a stream of oaths as he sprawled helpless.

"You've not been hurt?" said Erroll.

"No," Mornington gasped.

"You are free now."

same moment, and his face darkened with rage. He quickened his steps.

Erroll followed Mornington from the cave. A hunted look came into his face as he saw the cracksman hurrying down the rugged path.

Well he knew that Gentleman Jim's plans, though postponed, were not abandoned—that his design on Rookwood still held good, and that for the accomplishment of that design Mornington's imprisonment was indispensable.

He caught the dandy of Rookwood by the arm.

"Come!" he muttered. "We've got to run for it!"

"He's barring the way out!"

"The other way—quick!"

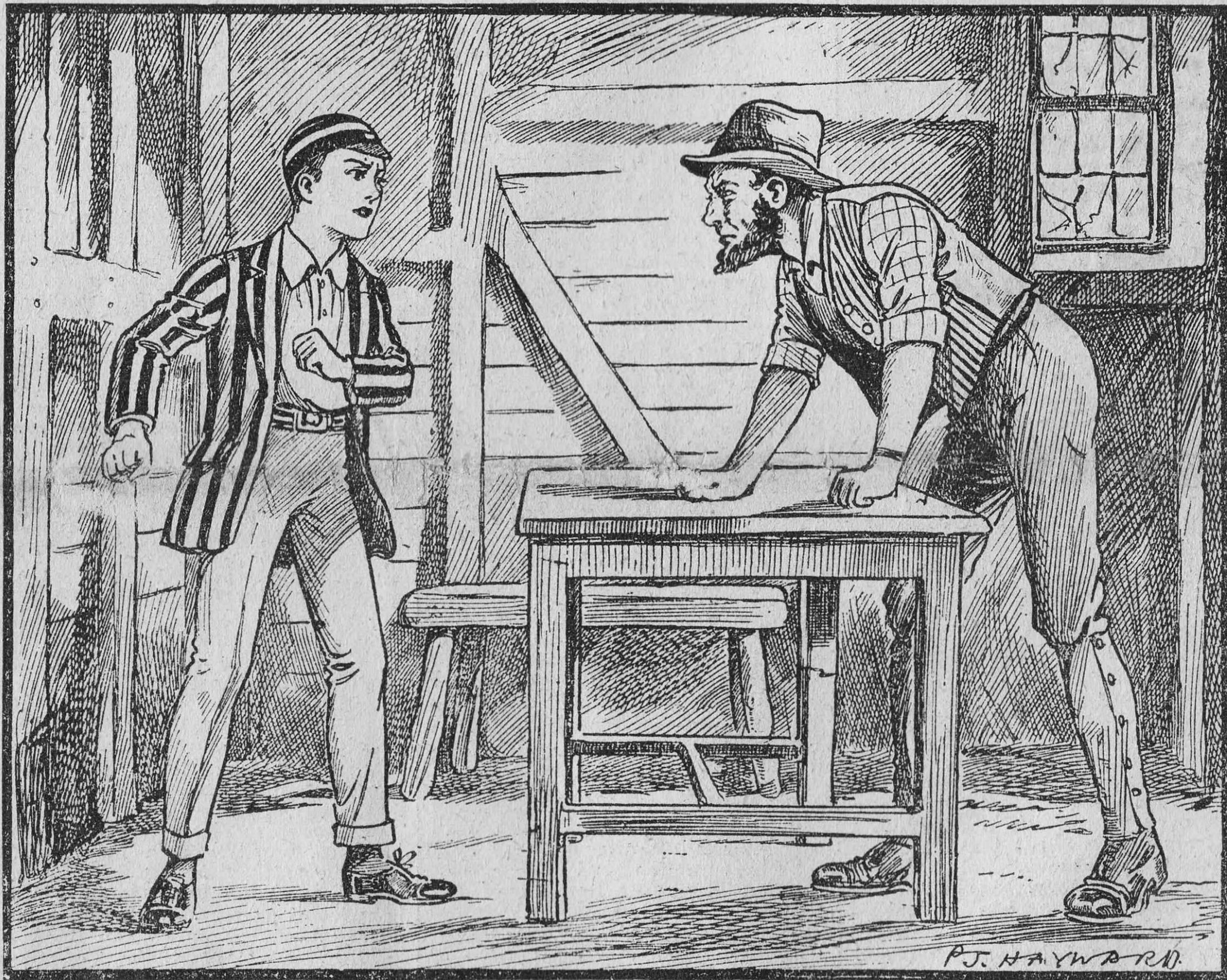
Mornington made no demur. His fate was in Erroll's hands. The two juniors rushed along the bottom of the old quarry, and disappeared from Gentleman Jim's sight as the cracksman came panting up to the cave.

The 6th Chapter. Saving His Foo.

"I—I can't run!" panted Mornington.

He stumbled blindly.

The prospect of liberty had for the moment endowed Mornington with strength. But as he ran, his limbs almost failed him. He realised that his imprisonment in the cave had told more upon him than he had imagined. He was weak in all his limbs, and his breath came in gasps.



"I warn you to take care," said Kit Erroll defiantly. "I know enough of your doings that the police would be very glad to know. If I am meddled with, I shall make you all sorry for it!"

"Gentleman Jim would be against me, Badger, and that's a good reason for not waiting till he comes," said Erroll quietly. "Have you the key to this padlock?"

"I've, and I'm keeping it."

"I want it, Badger."

"Mind, I shall hurt you," said the ruffian, as the sturdy junior advanced upon him.

He picked up a billet of wood.

Erroll did not recede.

"Will you give me the key, Badger?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I shall take it!"

"I'll brain you if you come on another step!" roared the ruffian.

Erroll sprang forward.

The heavy billet of wood swung down, and Erroll would certainly have fallen, stunned, if the blow had reached its mark.

But a quick backward spring saved him, and the Badger, almost overbalanced as his arm met with no resistance, staggered forward.

Before he could recover the Rookwood junior was upon him.

A drive straight from the shoulder caught the ruffian upon his stubby chin, and he went over backwards as if he had been shot.

The schoolboy was upon him the next moment.

His knee was planted on the Badger's chest, and the billet of wood was in his hand now, and it circled over the ruffian's terrified face.

"Better give in," said Erroll grimly.

"And you have set me free?" said Mornington.

"Yes."

For a moment some ray of gratitude, of friendly feeling, had flickered in Mornington's breast, as he had watched Erroll struggling with the Badger. But it was gone now.

It was with his old sardonic smile that he looked at Erroll.

"What game is this?" he said bitterly. "Did you think I should be found soon? I suppose you did. Sooner or later, anyway. I tell you plainly, you nameless hound, that this doesn't buy you off! The minute I get to Rookwood you'll be known in your true colours!"

Erroll smiled contemptuously.

"I did not expect it to buy me off," he said. "I do not want you to keep silent. I leave Rookwood to-day for ever. But I would not leave you a prisoner, and I have searched for you and saved you. That is all. You can go!"

Mornington, without another word, strode out of the cave.

He was free!

He drew in a deep breath of enjoyment as he stepped into the open quarry from the cave, and his heart beat.

But the next moment his face changed.

On the rugged path that led into the quarry from above a form appeared, and Mornington recognised Gentleman Jim.

The cracksman sighted him, at the

Erroll's strong grasp on his arm saved him from falling.

"Keep up, if you can," muttered Erroll, as he drew his companion on.

"They will be after us. Gentleman Jim is armed, and he is capable—"

He did not finish, but ran on, helping the panting dandy of Rookwood.

They ran and stumbled over the rugged ground, with its jagged edges of half-hewn slate. How far the old quarry extended they did not know. They were ascending, and Erroll hoped to emerge upon the moor. But the dusk was deepening into darkness now.

In the distance behind they heard the clatter of stones under hurrying feet, the echo of a shouting voice.

"I—I'm done!" Mornington stopped, and sank on his knees from sheer weakness. "I'm done! Let me alone."

Erroll halted in despair.

He looked back. The last twilight of the quarry was vanishing. Above, on the moor, a glimmer of light yet lingered, but it did not penetrate into the depths. Two voices were calling in the distance. He knew that Gentleman Jim had found the Badger in the cave and released him.

The two scoundrels were in hot pursuit, and if they came up— Erroll wondered dully. He knew the savage temper of Gentleman Jim. Mornington would be dragged into captivity again, where Kit Erroll would not be able to help him. And Erroll? In his case, would the savage cracksman stop short at threats?

But it was not of himself that Erroll was thinking, but of the wretched junior who lay exhausted at his feet—who was his enemy, but whom he was determined to save.

Mornington peered up at him in the growing gloom.

"You can cut off, Erroll," he said. "I—I thought at first it was some trick you were playing. I'm sorry! Get out, and leave me."

"I'm not going to leave you," said Erroll. "Come!"

He stooped, and, exerting all his strength, lifted Mornington over his shoulder. Thus burdened, he tramped on up the rugged slope, stumbling, but never losing his footing.

Mornington said no more.

Erroll clambered and stumbled on.

The slope was growing steeper. Would he ever reach the top, and emerge upon the moor?

Below a voice sounded, echoing.

"Kit! Kit Erroll! Stop!"

The panting junior stopped, and looked back. Deep in the gloom below the cracksman stood invisible. But a ray of the dying sun penetrated to the higher ground where Erroll stood, and he was visible to the man below.

"Come back!" shouted the cracksman, his voice hoarse with rage.

"You shall suffer for this, Kit!"

"I will not come back!"

"I warn you, Kit!" Gentleman Jim's voice was shaking. "By all the powers of darkness, Kit Erroll, if you do not obey me, I will shoot!"

"Shoot, then!"

Kit Erroll let Mornington slide from his back to the ground. He grasped a jagged fragment of slate from the soil.

"Keep back!" he called out steadily. "If you come on one step further I will stop you!"

There was a scrambling of boots on the rugged slope. With a steady hand Kit Erroll hurled the fragment in the direction of the sound.

There was a howl of pain. It was the Badger's voice, and the juniors heard him roll down the slope.

"By gad!" muttered Mornington.

"By gad! Erroll, old scout, if you get to us I'll stand by you. I've got a kick left in me yet!"

"They will not get to us," said Erroll quietly. "I could keep a dozen men down with these stones. They cannot overtake us now."

"And that man's your father!" muttered Mornington.

"I do not believe he is my father! But I am done with him, in any case," said Erroll, setting his teeth.

Deep below, in the gloom, the Badger was groaning and cursing. Gentleman Jim did not venture to follow his attempt. The fragments hurled from above would have swept him from his footing. And he knew that the Rookwood junior was in deadly earnest.

"For the last time, Kit!" There was a snarl, as of a wild animal, in the cracksman's voice. "If you do not come down, I shall shoot!"

Erroll did not reply.

He seized Mornington, and lifted him behind the shelter of a jutting spur of slate.

Crack!

The sudden report filled the old quarry with echoes. Gentleman Jim, in his fury, had kept his word.

Erroll gave a sudden gasp. Then he crouched behind the spur, a heavy stone in his hand ready for hurling.

"By gad!" said Mornington.

"Erroll, you're not hit?"

"No; it was near enough." Erroll laughed grimly. "There's a hole in my sleeve, Morny! And I'm glad of it! I know now that what I've always suspected is the truth—that that man cannot be my father."

He waited, and watched.

There was no second shot. Perhaps even the infuriated cracksman realised that his rage had borne him too far. There was a scraping of boots on the rough quarry side, and Erroll, with unfaltering hand, hurled the slate fragment. It crashed down the slope, and there was a cry and an oath.

Silence followed—a minute that seemed like a century to the Rookwood juniors.

Then there was a sound of receding footsteps, dying away into silence in the distance.

"They're gone!" panted Mornington.

"They're gone," said Erroll, "to try to cut us off at the top, Mornington. I don't think they'll be in time. Come!"

"It's no good," groaned Mornington. "I can't walk. I'm done!"

"I can carry you."

Erroll lifted the exhausted junior upon his shoulder, and tramped on. The slope was steeper, but the rugged slaty earth offered good foothold, and Erroll had one hand free to help.

But it seemed an age to the juniors before he scrambled out at last upon the moor, and sank down in the gorse.



FROM FOES TO FRIENDS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Exhausted by his efforts, Erroll lay without motion for some minutes. But he knew that there was no time to waste.

It was certain that the cracksmen had left the quarry in the other direction, and were hastening to intercept the fugitives.

Erroll struggled to his feet. Mornington peered at him with a strange expression on his white face. He made an effort to rise, but sank back.

Without speaking, Erroll picked him up, and staggered away with him across the moor, now buried in deep darkness.

More than a mile had passed under his weary feet before he stopped at last, under the first trees of Combe Wood.

There he lowered Mornington into the grass, and sank down himself against a tree-trunk.

"Safe now!" he said.

Mornington drew a deep breath.

"Thanks to you!" he said.

"You're a queer beggar, Erroll. You know I'm going to denounce you as soon as I get to Rookwood?"

"Yes, yes!" said Erroll impatiently.

"And yet you're taking me there?"

"As soon as I've rested, I'm going to take you to the gates of Rookwood," said Erroll quietly. "I shall not enter!"

"You're going, then?"

"Yes."

"Not going back to that gang, I suppose?"

"Scarcely!"

"What are you goin' to do?"

"I don't know."

And then there was silence.

The 7th Chapter.

From Foes to Friends!

For an hour or more the two juniors lay in the grass under the sombre trees, in silence. Both were utterly exhausted, and they lay resting while their strength came slowly back.

They were safe from pursuit. A mile lay between them and the old quarry, and on the wild moor there was no track, in the darkness, to guide their enemies.

They were no longer thinking of Gentleman Jim and his ruffianly companion. Both had food for thought. Erroll was thinking dully of the blank and dreary future that lay before him. Ousted from Rookwood—the only home he had ever known—cut off from his old associations, that inspired him only with horror.

Yet, through it all, there was one satisfaction—his doubts were set at rest. He was sure now that he was not the son of Gentleman Jim. That murderous shot fired in the old quarry had convinced him of that. And Mornington's brain was busy, too;

and the thoughts that worked in his mind were strange.

It was Mornington who broke the silence at last. His voice was low, and there was a tone in it that struck Erroll strangely.

"Erroll, that bullet might have knocked you out!"

"It didn't," said Erroll.

"What did you fish me out of their clutches for?"

"I thought I owed you that much before I went. They might have kept you there for months. You might have died there! Gentleman Jim would never have released you till I had carried out his instructions—and that I should never have done!"

"What were his instructions, Erroll?"

"To admit him to the school at night, and help him rob Rookwood," said Erroll quietly.

"By gad!"

There was another silence. Again it was broken by the dandy of the Fourth, whose eyes were glimmering curiously in the gloom.

"You're a queer beggar, Erroll. When I found out that you were really the son of that rotter, I thought you'd been planted at the school to help in a robbery."

"I had," said Erroll. "But I did not know it—then."

"I've done you an injustice!"

"It doesn't matter."

"It does matter—to me," said Mornington. "If we're going to part for good to-night, Erroll, we shall part friends, I hope!"

Erroll stared at him in the gloom.

"That's rather a change, isn't it?" he said.

"It's rather a change what you've done for me."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"How did you come to be mixed up in such a gang?" said Mornington. "You might tell me that. I don't understand!"

"I don't mind telling you," said Erroll wearily. "I'd rather you knew I wasn't—what you've supposed. Not that it matters—now!"

"It does matter," said Mornington. "Tell me!"

There was a pause, and then Erroll spoke, in a low voice.

"It's a queer story. A good bit outside your experience, Morny! I was brought up by that man—Gentleman Jim. We never lived long in one place. Sometimes we had plenty of money, sometimes we had none. He called himself my father; but, even when I was a little kid, I had my doubts about that. He was a hard and cruel man. I did not have a happy time then. I never knew any other relation, and I doubted whether he was really my relation."

"Sometimes I had a tutor, and sometimes I did not study for months together, unless I chose. But I was always a bit of a swot, in a way, and

I did pretty well in that line. Sometimes he was away for months at a time, and I stayed in lodgings, in the country. Sometimes I used to make friends, and joined in cricket, and so on; but there always came an end of it. He took me away somewhere else. He never liked me. I can remember being beaten as a child—more times than I could count."

"The brute!" muttered Mornington.

"I was about fourteen when I discovered what his profession was. I had never known, till then. The Badger let it out when he was tipsy. But I suppose Gentleman Jim would have told me sooner or later—as soon as I was old enough to be of use to him. It was a shock to me. You can guess that! After that, my life was a misery. I thought of clearing off. I did so once, but he found me, and took me back. He found me starving. A score of times he tried to make me enter into his schemes, and I would not. I couldn't have stood it much longer—but then came Rookwood!"

"How did that happen?"

"He told me I should have my way—and keep clear of his way of life. He was going to put me into a good school, and leave me to make my way there, and live my own life afterwards. I thought it was kindness. He chose the name of Erroll for me. I don't know why. I suppose he had a reason, but I had never heard the name before, and it seemed as good as any other. I—ought not to have come to Rookwood in a name that wasn't my own. I know it. But there was what I had to escape from. Anything seemed good that took me out of that."

"I meant to play the game—to study, to get on, and find some way of earning my own bread. He told me I could, if I liked, work for a scholarship, and owe him nothing, perhaps, after the first term. I could not understand his kindness, as I thought it, but I was glad and grateful then. Only lately I've found out what he really wanted."

"And that was?"

"He thought that when I'd got used to Rookwood I'd do anything rather than give it up and go back to what I'd come from. He thought I'd help him in his schemes rather than give up everything. It was a temptation, but—"

"But you refused?"

"Yes. When you found me out, that brought matters to a head. The game had to be played at once, or not at all. It won't be played at all. I think he had further schemes in his head, too—not only Rookwood. But if I made friends, and was asked home to fellows' places, I could help him all round. There was to be no end to it. I can see it all now. I should have been worth a fortune to him, if I'd been worth anything. But I think he understands at last that it's all over."

"By gad, you've had a queer life!" said Mornington, his voice curiously soft. "And you think that man isn't your father, after all?"

"I am sure of it now!"

"You remember nothing of the time before you knew him?"

"Yes, in a vague way," said Erroll. "I've got some dim recollection of another country—a tropical country, with a blue sky and palm-trees and lagoons, like the things I've read

about since. I think I was brought from a foreign country when I was too young to remember.

"But it's all dim. I can't fix anything. I can remember the sea, too—a long voyage. But it's like a dream. But I've heard Gentleman Jim say that he's never been out of Europe, and that was another reason why I doubted that he was really my father. But how I came to him I don't know."

"You must have people somewhere," said Mornington.

"I suppose so. I never knew them."

"It's a queer story. If I'd known it all—"

Mornington paused.

"Look here, Erroll, need you go?"

"What!"

"Why not stick it out at Rookwood?" said Mornington.

"It's too late."

"It's not too late." Mornington's voice was low and earnest. "Look here, that man won't dare to trouble you again there. He daren't show his face at Rookwood, where he palmed himself off as Captain Erroll. It does no harm for you to call yourself Erroll. You must use some name, and you don't even know your own. Why not stick it out?"

"You ask me that?" said Erroll.

Mornington coloured in the darkness.

"You don't think I'd give you away after what you've done?" he said.

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Well, I'm not going to!" said Mornington. "I've been against you; I know that. But—but that's all over now if you choose. We've been through some things together to-night. By gad, Erroll, you're just the chap I'd have chosen to make a pal of if I'd known you better! Why shouldn't we be friends?"

"Friends!" echoed Erroll.

"Well, why not?"

"You're dreaming, Mornington!"

Erroll peered at the dim face of the dandy of the Fourth in utter amazement. "You, the nephew of a baronet, the wealthiest fellow at Rookwood, with no end of titled people; and I, a nobody and an outcast, not knowing my own name, brought up by a thief. You're dreaming!"

"You're a jolly good sort. I know that," said Mornington. "You've got no end of pluck, and I'm your friend if you choose, and if you choose to stick it out at Rookwood, I'll stand by you like a pal."

Erroll was silent. He was too astonished to speak. Was this Mornington, the reckless, cynical black sheep of the school? Yet there was something in Morny's words, in his tone, that awoke a responsive throb in the outcast schoolboy's heart.

And to stay at Rookwood! It might not be all a dream, after all, to win a scholarship that would see him through, to live by his own efforts, and find an honourable place in the world.

If Gentleman Jim would leave him in peace, why should he not try it? And the cracksmen must know, too, by this time, that Kit was not to be bent to his purpose. Why should he not try it?

"Do you mean that, Mornington?" he asked, after a long, long pause.

"Every word of it," said Morning-

ton; "and there's my fist on it, Erroll. Is it a go?"

Kit Erroll grasped the hand that groped towards him in the gloom.

"It's a go, Morny, if you choose!"

"Done!" said Mornington. He broke into a chuckle. "By gad, won't Jimmy Silver be surprised when we come home pals?"

Erroll smiled.

"Can you walk now?"

"I think so, if you help me."

"Come on!"

With Mornington leaning heavily on his arm, Kit Erroll started for Rookwood.

"Not a word about your merry secrets at the school!" said Mornington. "Tell 'em all that concerns 'em, and no more. You found me in the quarry. You fished me out, and brought me home. I sha'n't be able to identify anybody. I fancy those two merchants will clear out pretty fast—what!"

"Good!" said Erroll.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking out of the School House doorway into the gloomy quadrangle. It was nearly bed-time, and Erroll of the Fourth had not yet returned. He had missed calling-over.

Some of the fellows were beginning to surmise that Erroll had been kidnapped, like Mornington, and Mr. Bootles had been asking anxious questions. There was a sudden ring at the bell at the gate, and a minute or two later two shadowy forms came across the quad.

"Here's Erroll!" said Lovell.

"Who's that with him?"

"Morny!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Mornington! My hat! Erroll's found him!"

"Morny's come back!" shouted Raby.

The news spread through Rookwood like wildfire. A buzzing crowd surrounded the two juniors as they came into the House.

"So you were looking for Morny, Erroll?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Yes."

"And you've found him!" said Lovell. "My hat! Was he kidnapped, after all? Were you kidnapped, Morny?"

"I was," said Mornington; "and Erroll found me and fished me out. We've got to go and tell the Head. Come on, Erroll, old chap!"

Mornington slipped his arm through Erroll's, and they went to the Head's study. Jimmy Silver blinked after them.

"Looks as if those two have made friends!" he remarked.

"By Jove, it does!"

"Well, I'm jolly glad of it!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Morny won't do Erroll much good, but Erroll may do Morny heaps of good."

"Ha, ha!"

It was later that Jimmy Silver & Co. heard of the happenings on the moor, and they did not hear all the story. What was told was true, but there was no need to tell all, for Kit Erroll had resolved to take Mornington's counsel, and to make a fight for his place in Rookwood.

And in that struggle his firmest friend was to be his former enemy—Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth.

THE END.

(Next Monday: "Light at Last!" Don't miss it!)

TALES TO TELL!

A Batch of Interesting Storyettes that will Send You Into Roars of Laughter.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

The shades of night had fallen. All was quiet. The whole street slept, when suddenly upon the knocker of the cyclemaker's door there came a virulent attack.

Bill Spokes turned over sleepily.

"Wot's wrong?" he bawled out.

"You let out a machine to Bobbie Adams this afternoon!" piped a childish treble.

"Well," growled Spokes, "I'm not gointer take it back this timer night! E'll 'ave ter keep it till mornin', an' pay by the hour!"

"I know that!" came the voice again. "But Bobbie's 'ad a bit of a will through runnin' into a moty-car, an' e' don't want ter pay for the 'ire of more'n 'e can 'elp; so I've brought back all we've found of the machine, so far!"

In his pyjamas, and a tearing rage, Spokes rushed downstairs.

"Where's the part?" he stormed.

"Ere!" responded the late caller, holding out his hand. "I've brought the ile-can!"

OH, SO SIMPLE!

Tarts were on the table, on the dresser—in fact, everywhere. It was the day of Mrs. Swankle's party, and the cook was making great preparations for the feast.

"Very nice—very nice!" said Mrs. Swankle impressively. "But what a pity, cook—they're all the same!"

"No, 'm!" replied cook firmly.

"Some's apple, and some's rasp-berry."

"But they're all marked 'T.A.'"

said the mistress. "How can you tell the difference between them?"

"Easy, 'm," was the cook's proud explanation. "The apple tarts are marked T. A. for 'Tis Apple, and the raspberry ones are marked 'T. A. for 'Tain't Apple!"

The Doctor: "You understand, don't you, that this is only to be used externally?"

The Patient's Wife: "Sure, sir, I allus makes him get out o' bed to drink it!"

STOPPING THE LEAK.

Observing that the eaves over his kitchen had become clogged by autumn leaves, Mr. Figgins, valiant head of the family, climbed a tree that stood right near the house, while his beloved Sophie watched him from below.

But as he was about to scoop out a handful of leaves, however, the dead limb on which he was standing gave way, and he started to fall.

Instinctively grasping at other limbs, he managed to check his fall, and hung there head downwards, his face the colour of a beetroot.

"Sophie—quick!" he gasped.

"Oh, Arthur!" she yelled.

"Quick—a chair!"

In a flash it was there.

"Now stand up on it!"

"But, Arthur," she expostulated, "I'm not strong enough to help you down!"

"I'll get down all right, soon as I can get right end upward," he panted.

"But what I want you to do is to take this fountain-pen out of my vest-pocket. It's leaking like the dickens!"

Magistrate: "You are charged with begging."

Tramp: "I have never begged. It is not my fault if a lady let fall a halfpenny into the hand which I was holding out to see whether it was raining!"

A COOLED DOUCHE.

The fair, fat, and forty landlady of No. 51 was showing the prospective lodger over the house.

"I think you'd find everything comferable," she assured him. "This'd be the livin'-room."

He poked his head inside, and nodded.

"An' this," said the landlady, conducting him down a way that was dark—"this is the bed-room. Good an' hairy you see!"

"Quite so!" assented the victim, withdrawing.

"An' this," proceeded the dame, "is our bath-room. Nice little room, ain't it?"

The young man stared blankly.

"Yes," he agreed; "but—"

"Oh, broke in the lady, "if you should ever want ter use the bath I dessay we could find another place for the coal!"

MORE SPEED, LESS HASTE.

"Drive like the deuce!" shouted Smith, springing from the taxi.

With a lurch the car darted forward, and away they went like lightning through the gathering fog. Crash!

They took off the wheel of a passing waggon. Hi, Hi! They missed flattening out a small child by two-ninths of a hair. Clang! They upset a milk-cart. People shouted, constables impatiently held up their hands, as the taxi dashed up one

street and down another, taking corners on two wheels and threatening every lamp-post with destruction.

At last, after half an hour's furious racing, they slowed up in a narrow thoroughfare, and Smith poked his head out of the window.

"Are we nearly there?" he asked breathlessly.

The chauffeur turned in his seat and shouted:

"Where did you want to go, sir?"

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

Ah! The audience held their breath and simply thrilled as Jack Braveboy, the hero, killed the last of the Indians.

He staggered about. He almost fainted with loss of blood.

Then he gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope.

"See!" he cried. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

The stage remained in darkness.

"See!" he yelled again. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!"

Still darkness remained.

"The dawn—the dawn!" he screamed, raging about the stage. "It breaks! The dawn!"

A head popped over the mountain-top.

"Old 'ard, guv'nor!" said the head.

"Don't be in sich a bloomin' 'urry! Someone's bin and turned the gas off!"