# ND!" MAURICE EVERARD'S GREAT

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ONE PENNY.

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His Cousin in Disgrace! Terrible News for Jimmy Silver!

### THE SHADOW OF SHAME!

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

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. From the Front!

Tubby Muffin was regarding the letter-rack with disconsolate eyes when Lattrey, the new boy at Rookwood, came along.

a letter, as a matter of fact. But he I'm short of money." had nourished a hope that an unexarrived.

Classical's disconsolate expression. junior stopped before the rack.

"How do you know, Fatty?"

said.

pected remittance might have asked Lattroy surestically.

He blinked at Lattrey as the new. prices. A chap's people ought to Lovell, and one for Mornington, and "Nothing for you, Lattrey!" he | time, you know. But my pater says | a letter for Rawson, and a postcard he may have to cut down my allow- for Jimmy Silver, from the Front!" ance! Think of that!" "Oh, dry up!"

Tubby's eyes. Tubby's idea was that if he'll come to Rookwood?" "A new experience for you?" peace couldn't come too soon, if this "Jimmy Silver would like you read-

"It's rotten," said Tubby, unheed- | "You needn't look 'em over, I said Lattrey.

But it hadn't! Hence the fat i ing the question. "Blessed food re- | Lattrey," he went on. "There's nogulations, and grub already at famine | thing for you. There's a letter for send him something extra in war- a card for Smythe of the Shell, and

"I've looked 'em all over, of Tubby snorted. Cutting down his "Jimmy Silver's cousin's written Tubby had been looking for a course," said Tubby. "I thought allowance, just when he needed extra to him," rattled on Tubby. "He's letter for himself. He did not expect | there might be something for me. | remittances, was an enormity in | expecting his leave soon. I wonder

kind of thing was going on. | ing his correspondence, I suppose?"

"I just happened to see that on it," said Tubby hastily: "Silver's rather a beast. He kicked me for reading a postcard once. You needn't mention it to him, Lattrey. We're study-mates, ain't we?"

"Yes, worse luck!" said Lattrey. Tubby Muffin gave him an indignant glare. Tubby regarded it as an honour for any fellow to be his studymate.

"Well, you needn't grumble," he said. "There isn't a fellow in the Fourth would have you in his study if he could help it."

"Shut up!" growled Lattrey. "You jolly well know it's true," said Tubby. "You ain't liked, Lattrey. You're too full of rotten tricks."

Lattrey scowled. "Lovell says you're the biggest cad that ever came to Rookwood," pursued Tubby Muffin victoriously. "I heard Rawson say he wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole. Conroy says-"

"Will you shut up, you fat fool?" "Conroy says you're a blackguard," grinned Tubby; "and as for Jimmy Silver, he gave you that nose you've got now, for getting Flynn to play cards with you!"
Lattrey rubbed his nose. It was

very red.

"You can be jolly glad I let you into my study," said Tubby. "I ain't proud of it, I can tell you. You're a rotter, Lattrey. Everybody says so. Jimmy Silver can't stand you, and I--- Yaroooch !" The fat Classical's agreeable re-

marks were suddenly cut short. Lattrey brought his boot into the conversation, and Tubby gave a yell as he staggered away.

"Yah!" roared Tubby. "You

rotter! Oh, crumbs!" He fairly fled, as Lattrey repeated the application of the boot. The fat Classical disappeared round the nearest corner, and the new junior turned to the letter-rack again, with a savage scowl upon his face.

Tubby Muffin's words had gone home, for Lattrey was well aware of the estimation in which he was held by the Rookwood Fourth.

He had been little more than a week at Rookwood, but that had been ample time for the Rookwood juniors to learn what he was like.

Mornington & Co., the "Giddy Goats" of the Fourth, associated with him, but in rather a lofty and patronising way. Jimmy Silver and his friends gave him a wide berth.

And Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, had bestowed two lickings upon him already-once for making Tubby Muffin smoke a cigarette, and once for inveigling Flynn of the Fourth into a game of cards.

Lattrey's blackguardism was his own business, perhaps; but as head of the Form, Jimmy considered it was his duty to keep the rascal of Rookwood from spreading his vicious tastes, so far as possible.

He had earned Lattrey's hatred; but but that did not disturb Jimmy's serenity in the slightest degree.

The new junior looked over the rack, and picked out the postcard addressed to Jimmy Silver, which Tubby Muffin had already read. Tubby was not very scrupulous upon such points.

Neither evidently was Lattrey, for he turned the card over, and read the few pencilled lines on the back.

It was a hasty message scrawled in pencil, by Jimmy Silver's cousin at the Front-Lieutenant Silver of the West Yorks.

It ran:

"Dear Jimmy, -Good news! I've got my leave at last, I think, and may see you when I get my few days in Blighty.—Bob."

Lattrey looked at the pencilled (Continued on the next page.)



message, and looked again, and then

It was a half-holiday, and every-

some time, but the letters were still

undisturbed. Jimmy Silver, he knew,

was on the river that afternoon with

his friends. Jimmy did not know

yet that that postcard was there; and

he was not likely to be back before

He hesitated a few moments; and

then, making up his mind, he slipped

the postcard into his pocket, and

The 2nd Chapter.

A Terrible Blow!

boat alongside the Rookwood landing-

Jimmy Silver & Co. brought their

The Fistical Four of the Fourth

They had raced Tommy Dodd of

The four Classicals looked back, as

the Modern side on the river, and

beaten the Modern crew to the raft.

they landed, and grinned at the

Modern skiff still tugging against the

current, with Tommy Dodd and Cook

and Doyle labouring at the oars, and

"Give 'em a yell!" grinned Lovell.

"Give 'em a yell! grinned Lovell.

And the Classicals gave their rivals

"What are you going to do with

"Are you trying to dig up the

The Modern oarsmen made no

reply; they wanted all their breath

to pull. Towle released one line, to

shake a fist at the grinning Classicals

"Beaten to the wide," said Jimmy

Silver, with satisfaction. "The

Moderns can't keep their end up

The Fistical Four carried their

skiff in, and walked up the path to

the school. They were in Rookwood

before the Modern juniors reached

the raft. If the rivals had met there,

the race would probably have been

followed by another encounter, of the

Tubby Muffin met them in the

he said. "And a postcard for Jimmy

"Ahem! There's 'Active Service

printed on the front of the card, you

from my cousin?" grunted Jimmy.

"How did you know it wasn't from

His inquisitiveness with regard to

other fellows' correspondence had

landed him in trouble more than

always nosing into a fellow's letters."

I say, I haven't," gasped

Tubby. "I-I thought it was from

your cousin, Silver of course, I

haven't read it. Just saw it in the

rack, that's all. Of course, I wouldn't

look at it. I thought you'd like to

know it was there," added Tubby,

Tubby. I suppose you can take my

"Never mind bumping him now."

he said. "It's barely possible he's

the truth sometimes. Buzz off, you

have tea. I don't mind joining you,"

"What about the grub rules, fat-

"Oh, that's all rot, you know," said

word, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy burst into a laugh.

with an injured look.

fat beetle!"

head?"

enough---"

Tubby Muffin backed away.

know," stammered Tubby.

couldn't help seeing that."

my uncle out there?"

Silver, from the Front. It's from

your cousin, Silver."

against the end study, my children.

My hat! I'm ready for tea!"

the crabs you're catching, Tommy

"Yah! Modern duffers!"

bottom of the river, Cook?"

"Ha, ha. ha!"

were looking ruddy and warm, a little

Lattrey's eyes glittered.

walked hurriedly away.

raft, and jumped out.

Towle steering.

a ringing yell.

on the raft.

fistical variety.

quadrangle.

Jimmy.

Dodd?"

fatigued, but very cheery.

he looked round him cautiously.

No one was in sight.

body was out of doors.

near calling-over.

THE SHADOW OF SHAME!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Muffin, confidentially. "All very well for some fellows, but I'm in need of nourishment, you know. I believe I'm fading away already!" said Tubby pathetically. "Ha, ha, ha! You look it!"

"Appearances are deceptive. I've lost weight since the grub rules came

"Well, you could lose a ton or two without missing it," grinned Newcome, and the Fistical Four went on their way, without taking the fat The afternoon's post had been in Classical to tea with them.

> "Let's get the letters first," said Lovell, and the chums of the Fourth made their way along to the rack. "Here's mine! That must be your card, Jimmy."

There was a postcard in the rack, with "On Active Service" printed along the top, and stamped Field Post Office. It was addressed to Jimmy, and he took it down, with a great deal of pleasure. He knew his cousin Bob's handwriting, and the card was very welcome. Jimmy's thoughts had been a good deal with his cousin, out there among the shells and the Huns. It was something to know that Bob Silver was still in the land of the living when so many brave lads had fallen.

Jimmy's face was very bright as he took the card, and turned it over to read the pencilled message on the

But as he read it he started. Every vestige of colour fled from his ruddy face, and his jaw dropped, his hand trembling as he held the

satisfaction, as he opened his letter. | the big printed words "On Active grasped him. "The pater's sending a sermon with Service" on the card in Levell's it, but never mind that. Now, if it wasn't for the grub rules \_\_\_ " Loyell broke off as he looked at Jimmy Silver. "Jimmy! What's matter?"

Jimmy did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the card, and his face was ghastly.

Raby caught him by the arm. "Jimmy!"

Jimmy groaned. "Jimmy!" exclaimed Newcome, in alarm. "Jimmy! Has-has anything happened to-to Bob Silver?" Jimmy nodded without speaking.

"Not killed?" exclaimed Lovell. "Isn't that card in his fist? He can' be worse than wounded, then! Buck

up, Jimmy!" "Buck up, old fellow." "It's not that," said Jimmy, in a low, strange, husky voice. "It's-it's worse than that! Oh, heavens!" He gave a groan of misery. "Bob-poor old Bob-it can't be true-it's a mis-

take somehow---" He broke off with a catch in his voice. "Jimmy, what is it?"

For once he did not seem to wish "Well, we're all goin' through his chums to see his news from his | it," said Topham philosophically. cousin at the front.

"How do you know?" growled looked alarmed.

they could not understand him in the | don't like Silver, and we're up | gered against the wall. least. It was evident that he had re- against him and his crowd, an' all | The next moment he was spring- | Lovell did not finish. ceived a fearful shock. And you knew from that that it's

"Worse!" repeated Lovell. "Worse than wounded!"

"Yes!" muttered Jimmy. "But he's not killed."

"Then what on earth is it!" exclaimed Lovell. "Pull yourself together, Jimmy. Is he a prisoner in Germany?" Bump him!" said Lovell. "He's

tell us, Jimmy. We're your pals, alone, Lattrey. He's had bad news dazedly. "Oh, gad! The hound!" ain't we?"

flushed crimson now.

have seen it already-it's been here heard is correct," said Lattrey. "I-I haven't read it!" yelled a couple of hours—the postman, too, "Silver looked like it," said Mornvery likely-and the folk at the post- | ington. "He was fairly knocked | "It's true enough," he said. "And | hours very likely. Tubby Muffin, for office perhaps. I suppose it can't be over." kept dark!"

wonder. telling the truth-even Tubby tells

"Look at it!" Lovell had taken the card, but he while it was sticking in the rack.

I say, Jimmy, if you're going to | hesitated now. "If there's something you'd rather | "What's the yarn, then?" asked said Tubby. "I haven't had we didn't see, Jimmy, we don't Tewnsend curiously. want to."

"Oh, read it," said Jimmy. | broke for showing the white feather," | "All right."

The three juniors read the card to- | "What!"

gether. And then their own faces became grim. For the pencilled message ran:

"Dear Jimmy,-I've got bad news for you. I've been turned out of my regiment on a charge of cowardice | haven't seen the message." he said. in the field.—Your miserable cousin,

#### The 3rd Chapter. Lattrey Talks too Much.

"Good heavens!" muttered Lovell. Raby and Newcome were silent, overcome with horror and dismay. It seemed too horrible to be true.

They could understand now how that terrible message had struck Jimmy Silver like a thunderbolt.

The juniors had seen Bob Silver once, when he had run down to Rookwood on leave to see Jimmy They remembered a fine, upstanding young fellow, handsome and manly in his khaki. They had often seen his cheery pencilled messages from the Front-a few words to tell Jimmy that he was still well. He had always written as if he enjoyed the life there, full of hardship and terrible peril as it was. There never had been a note of despondencyevery word was full of cheery hopefulness. And now---

It was too terrible! "It can't be true!" muttered Jimmy, huskily, at last. "It's a mistake, of course. As-as if poor old

Jimmy's voice failed him, and the tears came into his eyes. He was overwhelmed with shame

and misery. "Let's get to the study," said

Lovell softly. Mornington of the Fourth came along with Townsend and Topham. He gave the Fistical Four the usual supercilious glance he was accustomed to giving fellows he did not

But as he caught the book on "Ten bob for me," said Lovell with expression changed. He could see

> "Bad news, Silver?" he exclaimed quickly. "Sorry, old chap."

Jimmy did not even hear him. He moved away almost blindly that?" towards the staircase.

His chums gathered round him, and they disappeared up the stairs only repeated what a crowd of feltogether.

Mornington's look was contrite. "Poor old Silver!" he said.

Townsend stared at him. "What do you care about Silver?" | like the slandering oad you are!" he said.

Mornington. "Can't you see what's glittering. "Suppose you inquire happened? He's had bad news from | whether it's true first?" the Front. Somebody knocked

said Towny. "My uncle was killed | Erroll angrily. a few weeks ago." He glanced down at the black band on his arm. That sign of mourning had not de- is out there fighting the Germans, to tracted from Towny's cheerful spirits, | protect you, among others," said however.

for his relations than you do for your throat, you worm!" "There's a letter for you, Lovell," Jimmy crumpled the card in his yours," sneered Mornington. "He "Hear, hear!" grinned Morn- vague consolation. "He can't have looks horribly cut up."

"There isn't a family in the kingdom Lovell and Raby and Newcome | that hasn't lost at least one."

"Poor old Silver!" said Morningthat, but we can give him a rest for | ing at Erroll like a tiger. a bit."

wonder. The black sheep of the Fourth with right and left, and Lovell shifted uncomfortably.

trey's thin, keen face.

"Looks as if one of them has been bathe it." "You may as well see it," he said | bowled over."

"No wonder; but it's not a case of | we know, too. It will bring him | "Kept dark! What is there to killed or wounded," said Lattrey. down off his perch a bit, when all keep dark?" asked Newcome, in "I can't say for certain, but there's Rookwood knows that his cousin's Jimmy. "If he read it, it's all over a yarn going about. Some fellow broke for cowardice. We're going seems to have read that postcard to make the most of this." It's bad news, but not that kind."

said Lattrey.

"Gammon!" "What rot!" said Mornington incredulously.

Lattrey laughed. "Well, I can't say anything. "But that's what some of the fellows are saying."

"Who says so?" "It's being talked about," said it was there."

"It's rot!" said Mornington Bob Silver followed so message of that kind to send, he the dark path. But he had never wouldn't send it on a postcard, for | dreamed of this. How had it any prying cad to read. He would happened? How could it have put it in a letter, at least."

"Just what I thought," agreed The wear and tear of such a life grace.

"It's impossible!" happened more than once, I suppose. to Bob. There must be some miscousin?"

"Silver's get plenty of pluck, any-

"But his cousin mayn't have." don't believe it, all the same," said | strictest and fairest inquiry. It was talk about it, Lattrey."

"Why not? If it isn't the case, Silver's only got to show the postcard to prove that it isn't so. If his | himself, that was certain, when he cousin's been sacked out of the Army ! for cowardice, it's time he carried his head a little less high, in my opinion.

As Lattrey made that remark a grasp was laid on his shoulder from Jimmy Silver's face, Mornington's | behind, and he was swung round. It was Erroll of the Fourth who had school knew that his cousin, bearing

Errall leaked at him with eyes that glittered with angry scorn.

"You slandering cad!" he exclaimed fiercely. "How dare you speak about Silver's cousin like

"Take your paw off my shoulder, please!" said Lattrey coolly. "I've lows are saying."

"If they're saying it, you've started it!" said Erroll scornfully. "It's the kind of lie you would tell,

"You're calling me some pretty "Don't be a rotter, Towny," said names!" said Lattrey, his eyes

"I wouldn't insult Jimmy Silver by asking him such a question! And "It's happenin' to everybody," I won't allow you to repeat it!" said

"You won't allow!" "No. I won't! Lieutenant Silver Erroll. "If you say another word "Perhaps Silver cares a bit more | against him, I'll knock it back down

Lattrey's face was livid. "Let me go!" he muttered huskily. | "Must have been potty to do it," compressed savagely, and it hurt.

Jimmy's manner was so strange that | ton. "Look here, you chaps. We | aside contemptuously, and he stag- | when he wrote that card, Jimmy, he

And Towny and Toppy could only lightning, and he met the cad of the bitterness.

Fourth was always surprising them, Lattrey went down with a crash.

eurious sardonie expression on Lat- Erroll walked away. Mornington him. Might shake up any man's trev's thin, keen face.

"Then what's happened?" cx- | "Yes," said Mornington shortly. | helped Lattrey to his feet.

Jimmy Silver nodded, and held out "He had two out there a cousin Townsend. "He hasn't improved can be helped." He looked at his his postcard. His white face had and an uncle," said Townsend. your nose, old chap. Come and chums wretchedly. "I know you

> Topham. Lattrey ground his teeth.

Jimmy Silver's going to know that | instance--

"Better not while Erroll's about," grinned Townsend.

Lattrey scowled, and went away to bathe his nose. Erroll or no Erroll, That Silver's cousin has been it was quite certain that the cad of lupon Jimmy Silver.

### The 4th Chapter. The Shadow of Shame!

There was a dismal tea-party in the end study.

troubled, and utterly wretched. His chums sympathised with him keenly enough. Jimmy had had fears for his cousin's safety out there Lattrey carelessly. "Somebody must in the inferno of Flanders, and ho have taken a squint at the card while | had often wondered anxiously whether peace would come before decidedly. "If Bob Silver had a brave men who had gone down

happened?"

Jimmy Silver was pale and

Lattrey. "Of course, he may not | must be terrible, he knew that. Conhave had any notepaper at hand, or | stant danger and hardship, incessant he may have written a card because | slaughter among friends and comhe was in the habit of doing it, rades, might shake a man's nerve without thinking. I dare say he sooner or later. Had poor Bob been would want to prepare Silver for the | run down and seedy, perhaps, and in news before he came home in dis- some fearful moment, when he was not quite himself, had he lost his nerve? It might happen to the "Well, it's not impossible, if you bravest of men. Yet it seemed imcome to that," said Lattrey. "It's possible that it could have happened Why shouldn't it happen to Silver's | take some terrible mistake! Jimmy clung to that. Yet in his heart he realised that there could scarcely be such a mistake. How could such injustice be done? For such a charge "Well, I suppose it's possible, but I | must have been subjected to the Mornington. "You'd better not horrible to think of! It was a horrid puzzle! Yet Jimmy Silver clung to The new junior gave a sneering | faith in his cousin. And why had Bob sent such fearful news on a postcard? Why had he, indeed, sent it at all? He could not have been pencilled that message on a card that anyone might see!

> And had anyone seen it at Rookwood?

Suppose all the fellows knew! Jimmy's heart almost died within him at that thought. Suppose the his name, had been found guilty of cowardice in the field-had disgraced his name, his country, and the King's uniform! How could be look the fellows in the face if they knew? He turned over the tell-tale card in

his hands, staring at it with dull eyes. He had even hoped, in his I miserable extremity, that the card had come to the wrong address somehow. But there was his name, written in his cousin's well-known hand. Jimmy hardly tasted his tea. He did not feel like eating now. It. seemed to him that years of black misery had passed since he had stepped on the landing-raft after the race with the Modern juniors.

He looked at his chums at last. "You chaps had better clear off," he said huskily. "No need for me to put you in the blues. Better leave

me alone. "Rot!" said Lovell. "You'll have to stand it somehow, Jimmy," said Raby miserably. "It can't be helped, you know."

"Bob Silver must have been off his rocker a bit," said Newcome, with such a thing on a postcard."

Erroll's grasp on his shoulder was said Lovell. "It's the kind of thing most men would want to keep as Erroll released him, throwing him | dark as possible. If he was potty was potty when he-when he-"

"When he showed the white Erroll's hands went up like feather," said Jimmy, with miserable

"It's rotten, Jimmy! But but it but never so much as now. | Erroll waited a moment or two must be an awful life out there, with Lattrey of the Fourth came along | for him to rise, but the cad of Rook- | the guns going all the time, and and joined them. There was a wood lay gasping on the floor, and fellows he knows dropping all round

"Seen Silver?" he asked. Townsend, with a grin to Topham, I "I can't understand it!" groaned Jimmy. "It's got to be stood someclaimed Raby. "I suppose you can | "We've just decided on lettin' him | "Oh, gad!" muttered Lattrey how, I suppose. I-I don't like keepling secrets, as a rule, but but I don't from the Front." Beastly hard hitter!" remarked want the fellows to know this if it won't say a word, of course?"

"I say, it can't be true about | "Of course not, fathead!" "He's read it," said Raby. "Bump bitterly. "I dare say several fellows | "Not so bad as that, if what I've | Silver's cousin, though," remarked | "But-but the card may have been was there, in the rack, a couple of

"Tubby said he hadn't read it." "You know Tubby I" muttered the school by this time. He can't

keep his mouth shut." "Tubby hasn't read it.!" said Raby

decidedly. "How do you know? His word's

worth nothing." "We met him as we came in, and

the Fourth would make the very he told you the card was there. most of the shame that had fallen Jimmy. You remember? If he'd I read it, and knew that and knew what was on it, I mean-he would have shown some sign of it. would have been simply bursting with it."

Jimmy looked more hopeful. "That's so," he assented. "Tubby may have been telling the truth. But -but other fellows-"

who'd read another chap's correspondence, Jimmy."

"There are some, though. Leg-

"Leggett's a Modern chap, and he wouldn't be nosing among the letters on this side," said Newcome.

"Look here," said Lovell. "We'll soon see. You stay here a bit, Jimmy, and I'll scout round and see whether anything's known. If there's any talk among the fellows, I shall spot it at once."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Right-ho, old chap!"

study on his mission. He had his own doubts, but he would have been glad to take back to Jimmy Silver the information that nothing was known in the school of the terrible message on the postcard.

Oswald and Rawson were in the passage, and they left off talking as Lovell came by.

Lovell could not help noticing the constraint in their manner, and his heart sank.

Oswald coloured, and Rawson made a movement to go into his study; but he turned back, and came up to Lovell.

"I've got something to say to you," he said. "You'd better tell | Jimmy Silver. Some measly cad has started a yarn about his cousin." "About-about

his cousin?" faltered Lovell.

His hopes that the story was not known were dashed now.

"Yes; it's going round the school," said Tom Rawson. "It's a blackguardly lie, and Jimmy ought to inquire who started it, and hammer him. It's a yarn that Bob Silver's run away from Germans!" "Oh!"

"We know it's a lie," said Dick Oswald. "I don't know who could have started it. But the place seems buzzing with it. Might be Morny; but even Morny isn't mean enough to do a thing like that."

"Some sneaking cad!" said Rawson. "Will you tell Jimmy, Lovell? He ought to be told, so that he can scotch it at once."

Before Lovell could reply, Conroy, the Australian, came striding along the passage, with an angry brow. He was heading for the end study; but he stopped as he saw Lovell.

"Jimmy Silver indoors?" he asked. "Yes," muttered Lovell. "Have you heard-"

"I've got something to tell him,"

said Conroy.

He strode on to the end study, and Lovell followed him. Jimmy Silver looked up hopefully as his chum came in, but his hopeful expression died away as he caught sight of Lovell's face.

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Conroy, plunging into the subject at once. "You've had a card from your cousin at the Front this afternoon." "Yes," muttered Jimmy.

"There's an infamous yarn spreading about him. I've come to tell you, so that you can deal with it. If you want any help in finding out who started it, I'm your man. Jimmy was silent.

He understood the generous motives of the Cornstalk in coming supposed slander. Conroy never not a slander.

Jimmy, you'll show that postcard in black and blue."

There was an uncomfortable silence

in the end study.

Conroy looked round, not under-

standing.

"Doesn't that strike you as a good idea?" he asked. "Of course, you

startled tone.

"Oh!"

"But-but we'd like to know who nosed it out in the letter-rack," said Raby savagely.

Conroy looked fixedly at Jimmy Silver; but the captain of the Fourth did not speak. With a clouded brow, the Australian junior quitted the "There's not many fellows here study. There was nothing for him to

Jimmy Silver's face dropped into his hands.

#### The 5th Chapter. Under the Shadow!

Silence fell in the junior Commonroom at Rookwood when Jimmy Silver entered it that evening.

Jimmy had remained a long time in his study.

room.

Knowing now that his cousin's disgrace was known to all Rookwood, Arthur Edward Lovell left the end | the captain of the Fourth had shrunk from showing himself in public.

But his pride came to his rescue at

He would not hide away from the eyes of his schoolfellows; and, after all, he had to meet them sooner or

And at last Jimmy Silver came down, with a pale, set face, and joined his friends in the Common-

and Jimmy realised bitterly that the chief topic in the room had been Cousin Bob and his disgrace.

said Mornington. "I'm speakin' as | Higgs of the Fourth. "Where's | started a yarn about what was written a friend. You can't have failed to hear what's bein' said about your cousin. No decent chap believes a word of it. Why don't you knock it on the head?"

Jimmy was silent.

"You had a postcard from him this afternoon, and the yarn is that he told you, on that postcard, that he's found guilty of funk," said Mornington. "Well, there can't be anythin' private on a card, so why not stick it up on the wall for all the fellows to see?" Jimmy crimsoned.

"That would settle the rotten yarn, you know," urged Mornington.

All eyes were upon Jimmy Silver. Every ear was bent to hear his reply. If he did not adopt Mornington's suggestion, there was only one conclusion the fellows could come to.

And Jimmy was silent. There was an unpleasant cackle from Smythe of the Shell.

"Silver daren't show the card!" he "Shut up, you cad!" muttered

Adolphus Smythe sneered.

"If the yarn's a lie, why can't he deny it?" he said. "I don't choose to talk about it," said Jimmy Silver, with an effort,

speaking at last. "Thank you for The silence was general at once; | your advice, Morny; but I don't intend to take it. That's all!" "By gad!" muttered Mornington.

Tubby Muffin?" "It wasn't Muffin this time," said Jimmy Silver. "I feel pretty sure of that. He told me he hadn't read my card, anyway, this afternoon.

should like to know who it was, though." "Easy enough to nose him out," said Mornington. "Who first knew

the yarn? That's the chap!" "Echo answers who!" said Townsend. "The whole school knew it this afternoon. You needn't glare at me, Lovell. I never heard of it till Lattrey mentioned it."

"Lattrey!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Just the kind of cad who'd read a fellow's correspondence and talk about it!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Was it you, Lattrey?"

Lattrey sneered. "I knew nothing about it till I heard it mentioned," he said. "I don't bother my head about other

fellow's postcards." Jimmy gave the cad of the Fourth a very keen look. Lattrey was the fellow he distrusted most. They had been on the worst of terms since Lat-

trey had come to Rookwood. "It was Lattrey mentioned it to me," said Mornington. "You remember, Lattrey. Erroll punched your nose at the time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who told you, Lattrey?" asked



The microscope was laid on the card, and then it was easy to see faint traces of the writing that had been rubbed out before the second inscription had been written in its place.

Silver filled a prominent place in the | but it did not come. Morny, evidently public eye, in the little world of at a loss for words, turned away. But the Lower School. Everybody had he looked only surprised and conheard of his cousin at the Front; | cerned. to put him on his guard about the some had seen him. The mere rumour that Jimmy's cousin had been dreamed for a moment that it was | "broke" for cowardice was enough to make the Fourth Form buzz with "They're saying that your cousin excitement. Nobody believed it—till showed the white feather," said it was seen that no denial was forth-Conroy. "If you'll let me advise you, | coming from Jimmy Silver, and that he made no effort to track out the public, to knock the yarn on the head | supposed slanderer who had started | at the start, and then find out who | the story. Then the fellows did not started the lie, and hammer him know what to think. And most of those who were in opposition to the Fistical Four gave it their belief, and Jimmy's own friends did not know ! what to say.

Mornington, to do him justice, pooh-poohed the story from the start. With all his faults, the black sheep of | but most of the juniors were symmight think it beneath you to take Rookwood had none of the little pathetic. notice of such a yarn, Jimmy; but | meanness of a nature like Lattrey's. | there's your cousin's good name to Many of the juniors expected Jimmy's and Adolphus Smythe, inclined to from Lattrey," said Flynn. of letting off the rotter who invented story; and they were disappointed. story. the story."

Still Jimmy Silver was silent.

Conroy's face changed a little as he looked at him. The dumb misery in Still Jimmy in the Common-room.

Well, Silver owns up that it's every time!"

"Well, Silver owns up that it's every time!"

"Well, Silver owns up that it's every time!"

"It might have been Conroy I heard speaking of it," said Lattrey, breathing a rest?" asked said Jimmy Silver. "But nobody ing a little hard.

"Well, Silver owns up that it's every time!"

"It might have been Conroy I heard speaking of it," said Lattrey, breathing a rest?" asked said Jimmy Silver. "But nobody ing a little hard.

lighten him. approached.

It was natural enough. Jimmy the face of the dandy of the Fourth;

"It's true, then?" said Smythe. "It's no business of yours, anyway!" growled Rawson. "Hold your silly tongue!"

"Buck up. Jimmy!" said Van Ryn. "Even if it's true, nobody here will think any the worse of you for it. And very likely there's some mis-

"That's what I think," said Jimmy Silver, with a grateful glance at the South African junior. "It was on the card, but—but I hope there's some mistake, and it will be set right. Because—because it's impossible, you know!"

Smythe and his friends grinned,

There were very few like Lattrey

less he's a coward as well as a sneak, you, Lattrey." ow."

Jimmy Silver, with a dangerous gleam in his eyes.

"I forget." "Can't you remember?"

"I heard some fellow mention it," said Lattrey carelessly. "Blessed if I remember his name!"

"That's a bit too thick," said Lovell. "You could remember easily | enough if a fellow told you. Morny and Towny remember who told them. Nobody told you, you cad-you read the postcard!"

"I've never even seen the postcard," said Lattrey coolly. "I heard it from some chap who was talking over it with another chap. Might ! have been Oswald."

Oswald. "And I from Jones minor," said | subject.

Rawson. "And Flynn told me," said Jones | he began.

minor. "Thrue for you, and sure I had it

| Silver. "It comes back to Lattrey | left him there.

Jimmy's face could not fail to en- | Jimmy's eyes glittered as he had a right to know what was on that "I never spoke of it to a soul, ex- | at the fat junior, with a grin. old enemy; and Jimmy was not in a | I should like to know his name. Un- | Higgs, who told me he'd had it from | "Those rotters, you know—— Yow-

voice. "There are—are reasons why surprise, was quite friendly. set his teeth. "It's clear enough! Lattrey. he can't, Conroy." set his teeth. "Tubby," grinned you read my postcard, Lattrey, and "Well, I suppose they misunder.

on it."

"I did not!" muttered Lattrey. Jimmy's lip curled.

"If you haven't the courage to own up, you can go and eat coke!" he said. "If you own up to it, I'll hammer you!"

"Too rotten funky!" growled Lovell.

"Well, you chaps in the end study ought to know about funk!" sneered Lattrey. "One of you has funks in the family."

And with that Lattrey walked out of the Common-room. Lovell made a furious movement to stride after him, but Jimmy Silver stopped him. He was pretty certain that he owed it all to the new junior, but without absolute proof he did not want the "hammering" to ensue.

Jimmy Silver did not remain long in the Common-room. Sympathy was almost as hard to endure as sneers. under the miserable circumstances.

As he went to the stairs, Tubby Muffin joined him. There was a very odd expression on Tubby's fat face. "I-I say, Silver-" he stam-

mered. Jimmy paused.

"Well, Tubby?"

"About-about that postcard!" "It's all right," said Jimmy kindly. "I believe you, Tubby. It wasn't you that read it. It was Lattrey, right enough!"

"I-I don't mean that. But-but about what was written on it," stammered Tubby. "I-I've heard what the fellows say, and-and it's extraordinary."

Jimmy glanced at him. Tubby was red and confused.

"About your cousin," mumbled Tubby. "It-it isn't true, you know! -it's all rot! I can't understand it, Jimmy!" "All serene, Tubby," said Jimmy,

smiling a little. He supposed that this was a clumsy attempt at expressing sympathy. "But-but it beats me, Jimmy," stammered Tubby Muffin. "For how

could that be on the card, you know?" "My cousin wrote it to me," said

Jimmy. "He-he couldn't have-" "I'm' iffean 1-1 don't mean

- I-I say, Jimmy, let me see the card, will you?" asked Tubby. Jimmy frowned.

"Don't be an inquisitive little beast, Tubby!" he said. And he went upstairs, leaving Tubby Muffin staring after him blankly.

#### The 6th Chapter. The Mystery of Tubby Muffin.

The next day, Jimmy Silver was in a very subdued mood.

The affair of his cousin Bob was hardly mentioned.

Most of the fellows felt for Jimmy in this sore trial, and would not for worlds have added to the bitterness of the blow. And ill-natured fellows who would

have liked to utter taunts, forbore to do so, for Jimmy's chums were ready to "mop up" Rookwood with them at the first syllable. Lattrey ventured to wear a white

feather in his coat, as a hint to the Fistical Four, apparently thinking that they could not very well intervene, if he chose to wear a white feather.

But Lattrey was mistaken.

Lovel and Raby and Newcome spotted it in the passage, and they hurled themselves upon Lattrey, and bumped him up and down the passage till he roared for mercy. Lattrey did not bring any white

feathers into prominence after that. Jimmy's chums were prepared to take the law into their own hands at the slightest hint of a taunt to their leader, and Lattrey and his friends de-

cided that it was not good enough. One fellow who seemed to be giving the matter a great deal of thought was Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical seemed, in fact, quite distressed about "I heard it from Rawson," said it. After morning lessons he ap-

"About that postcard, Jimmy-"

proached the Fistical Four on the

He proceeded no further.

Lovell grasped him, and sat him down in the quadrangle, and the be considered. And you can't think old rival to make capital out of the said.

card excepting myself. Some sneak- cepting Jimmy Silver!" said the "Yow-ow! I've been bumped "Jimmy!" he muttered, in a He fully expected a taunt from his | ing cad read it from over!" gasped Tubby indignantly,

"Jimmy can't show the card, as it mood to endure it."

less he's a coward as well as a sneak, you, Lattrey."

happens," said Lovell, in a halting But Mornington's manner, to his he will own up, and put up his hands "Again, Lattrey!"

Jimmy Silver "Bullying you—what?"

asked



rotten about Silver's cousin.

understand it, you know!"

Tubby's fat face.

quietly.

know!"

then."

dismay.

he's got it."

wouldn't! I was only going to ask

to see that blessed postcard! I can't

Lattrey started a little, and his eyes

"What do you mean?" he asked

"About what was on the postcard,"

rocker, you know! There was

"Of course, I didn't read it," said

"Then you can't know what was on

"You'd better not tell Silver you

"Oh, dear!" gasped Tubby, in

"I suppose you looked at the card

and read it wrong," said Lattrey, eye-

ing Tubby with rat-like eyes. "Silver

must know what was written on it, as

be held to have started the yarn in

the Fourth about Silver's cousin.

said Tubby. "But I don't under-

stand it, all the same. It beats me."

Lattrey, and he walked away whist-

ling, but with a shade of anxiety

"I-I shall keep mum, of course,"

"Forget all about it," advised

Tubby rolled away disconsolately.

Lattrey's advice seemed good to the

Jimmy Silver's postcard from the

Front was evidently weighing upon

fat Classical, and he tried to take it.

But, in spite of himself, the subject

would not be dismissed from his

thoughts. After lessons that day he

rolled into No. 3 study in the Fourth,

where the Colonial Co. were having

tea. Van Ryn picked up a cricket-

"Oh, don't be an ass, Dutchy!"

"What about Jimmy?" asked

said Tubby Muffin. "I haven't come

to tea. It's about Jimmy Silver-"

you know. Jimmy Silver's gone

"What!" exclaimed the three

"I can't understand it, you know!"

stammered Tubby. "I've been

thinking it over, and it beats me.

"Nunno, of course not. I-I

groaned Tubby Muffin. "Jimmy

will be ratty if I tell him I read it,

"Very likely, you fat bounder! I

hope he'll kick you along the pas-

That means a ragging."

upon his sharp face.

Tubby's fat mind.

stump at once.

Pons.

potty!"

Colonials together.

it." said Conroy.

won't he?"

It's all rot, you know!"

"Yes. But-but it's extraordinary

"He would put the yarn down to you

Tubby hastily. "I wouldn't, you

nothing of the sort on the card!"

"How do you know?"

"Nunno: of course not!"

narrowed as they fastened upon

## SHAME!

Fublished

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

say anything if he's going to be kicked along the passage for it, can he?" said Tubby in an injured tone ... "You fat fraud! So it was you,

not Lattrey, who started the talk about Silver's cousin?" "No, it wasn't!" yelled Tubby, in

alarm. "I don't mean that. I never read that on the postcard." "I wasn't going to say anything

"Did you read it or didn't you?". demanded Conroy.

"Nunno!"

"Then what are you driving at?" "N-n-nothing!"

"Well, of all the howling asses! Are you off your chump?" exclaimed

Conroy, in astonishment. Tubby Muffin rolled out of the study without replying.

About an hour later Mornington said Tubby. "Silver must be off his found him in the passage leaning on the wall, with a deep wrinkle in his brow. The dandy of the Fourth grinned at the sight of him.

"Trying to think out a dodge for gettin' out of the grub rules, Tubby?" he inquired.

"No!" grunted Tubby. "I'm thinking about Silver's postcard. It beats me. Either he's potty, or else I am, Morny!" read his card, anyway," said Lattrey.

"Ten to one it's you, Fatty!" said Mornington, and he walked on, laughing.

"Oh, dear!" mumbled Tubby. say. Erroll-"

Erroll, who was passing along the

passage, stopped. "Anything up?" he asked. "Look at me!" said Tubby.

Erroll looked at him in wonder. "Do you think I look off my rocker?" asked Tubby.

"One thing's jolly certain-you'd better keep mum about it. If you Erroll, laughing. own up to having looked at it you'll

"I don't believe I am. But if I'm not, Jimmy Silver is," said Tubby. "I can't go and tell him, or the beast will kick me along the passage. But He's he's dreaming, you know. worrying over nothing, and I know it. I-I say, Erroll, do you think he would cut up rusty if I-if I told him I'd read his postcard?"

Erroll became very grave. "Was it you, Tubby, who told about his cousin?" he exclaimed.

"No!" yelled Tubby. "But you read the card?"

"Suppose suppose I said I did. I'm only putting a case, mind. Suppose I read it." said Tubby. "Suppose there was nothing on it about Bob Silver being turned out for cowardice-nothing of the sort. Suppose it's only some extraordinary mistake of Jimmy Silver's?"

Erroll started. Tubby's words were so extraordinary that he wondered for a moment whether Muffin really was quite right in the head.

"What would you do?" asked Tubby. "Suppose that was the case. I'm only suggesting it might be, you "About that postcard!" said Tubby distressfully. "I-I don't believe it,

quietly.

Tubby backed away. "N-n-no! He will be ratty at my reading the postcard!" he howled. "He said he would bump me, you know; and-and I only read it really "You can't know anything about by accident-"

"You read it?" said Erroll.

wouldn't read a chap's postcard!" out at last! "And you say there was nothing on it about Bob Silver being disgraced | claimed Tubby triumphantly. "He's for funk?"

"Nothing at all." "Either you're potty, or Jimmy | "It wasn't!" shouted Lovell. "I've | Silver is!" exclaimed Erroll, in utter | seen it." Well, a chap can't be expected to amazement. "This had better be

cleared up. Come with me, Tubby. Jimmy won't eat you."

"You'll see me through?" asked Tubby anxiously.

"All right: I'll come." And Tubby Muffin rolled after Kit | Erroll to the end study.

#### The 7th Chapter. Light at Last!

Jimmy Silver looked up from his work with a clouded brow as Erroll came in with Tubby. Jimmy's cheery face seemed to have become years older in two days.

"Hallo!" said Lovell, rather gruffly. Visitors were not very welcome in the end study just then. "Tubby's got something to tell you,

Silver!" said Erroll quietly. "If he promises not to be ratty!" put in the fat Classical anxiously. Jimmy smiled.

"I won't be ratty, Tubby. What is it, kid?"

"I—I—I—-" "Yes?"

"Get it off your chest!"

"I-I read your postcard yesterday in the rack!" stuttered Tubby Muffin, getting it out at last. "You fat rotter!" growled Raby.

Jimmy Silver frowned. "You told me you hadn't, Tubby!"

"I-I thought you'd rag me, you know!" stammered Tubby. "I-I didn't exactly mean it. It-it was really a figure of speech, you know." "Well, never mind," said Jimmy. "I suppose you didn't go about starting the yarn concerning my cousin, did you?"

"No! Nunno! Certainly not!" "Then somebody else read it, too, and I think I know who it was. Never mind, Tubby. Don't do such beastly mean things any more, that's

"But that isn't all!" said Kit "Not more than usual!" said Erroll. "Tubby says there was no thing on the card against your cousin, Jimmy."

"What!" "He thinks you've read it wrong, or something. I suppose you can't be making a mistake about it, can you?"

Jimmy stared. "Hardly!" he said.

"But-but you are!" stuttered Tubby. "I-I've been feeling rotten about it, Jimmy; but you wouldn't let me see the card, and-and I was afraid of your being ratty at my readit-quite an accident, too. Therethere was nothing on that card to worry about, Jimmy. You're dreaming, old chap!"

"I know what was on it!" said Jimmy drily.

"So do I!" said Tubby. "There was only one line, and I remember it, and-and anybody might have seen it. You've simply dreamed that there was something else on it, and you ought to show it to the fellows, and show them there's nothing in the yarn about your cousin."

"He's potty!" said Newcome, in

wonder. "You're potty!" exclaimed Tubby, exasperated. "I'll tell you what was "I think you'd better come with on the card if you like. I don't see me to Jimmy Silver," said Erroll anything to make a fuss about. Why can't Jimmy Silver let all the chaps see it? What does it matter if they know that Bob Silver's got his leave, I'd like to know?"

"His leave!" repeated Jimmy. "Yes, that's what was on the card," said Tubby.

"You must be out of your senses!" "Ye-e-es!" faltered Tubby. It was said Jimmy. "There was nothing about Bob having leave."

"Didn't I tell you so, Erroll?" exdreamed it. The card was about Bob Silver coming home on leave."

"Then you're potty, too! It was."

"Hold on!" said Erroll, very quietly. "Was the card written in

pencil, Jimmy?"

from the Front

always are."

"Yes - cards

"It was in the rack a long time | before you came in?"

"A couple of hours, I think." "Ah! Tubby, can you repeat word for word what you read on Jimmy's card?"

"Of course I can—only a line," said Tubby.

"Tell us, then."

got my leave at last, I think, and may | body else. see you when I get my few days in Blighty.—Bob!" quoted Tubby, triumphantly.

"That wasn't on the card!" said

"It was, word for word!" howled ! Tubby.

"It wasn't," said Jimmy.

"I think it was," said Erroll, "when Tubby read it. It was some time later that you read it, Jimmy. It's written in pencil, you say." "Well?"

"It must have been altered." Jimmy Silver jumped to his feet. "Altered!" he shouted.

"That's the only explanation," said Erroll quietly. "Tubby can't be mistaken like that, Jimmy. He read | it. what he says he read. And before you got hold of the card, some frightful cad had taken it away and altered

"But—but it's my cousin's hand!" stuttered Jimmy Silver, groping in his pocket for the card.

"Let's see it again," said Lovell. Jimmy Silver laid the postcard on

"That wasn't written on it when saw it!" he exclaimed, as he read | up to anything of the sort," smiled the message which had brought such shame and misery to the captain of the Fourth. "Is this another card, Silver?"

"I've only had one," said Jimmy.

Jimmy's lips trembled.

closely. The words were written in | to take this to the Head?" pencil, in a hand that was closely like | his cousin's, if it was not the same. breath. His eyes glittered like a But now that he examined it with rat's. There was no actual proof. minute care there was something he | though suspicion was strong-but he had never thought of noting before I knew how stern and strict an inquiry that caught his eye.

abraded in a way that could only | ter dared not risk it. There was too have been caused by the use of an | indiarubber,

"Hold on!" exclaimed Newcome excitedly. "Let me get my micro-

The microscope was laid on the Then it was easy to see faint traces

of the writing that had been rubbed out, before the second inscription had been written in its place.

The juniors gazed at it silently. There was no further doubt now.

Jimmy Silver sank back into his chair, pale as death, almost overcome with the shock of the relief. It was a foul falsehood that was

written on the card. After it had | been delivered at Rookwood some rascal had taken it, rubbed out Bob Silver's cheery message, and written over it the cruel words that had caused Jimmy so much sufferingcarefully imitating the handwriting ! of the lieutenant-not a difficult task,

"By gad!" said Lovell, between his teeth. "Who could have done itwho could have been beast enough to play such a trick?"

"Jolly lucky Tubby read the card, as it turns out!" said Raby, with a deep breath.

Tubby Muffin beamed. "Yes, isn't it?" he chirruped.

glad I didn't keep mum after all, as Lattrey advised me-"

mum, did he?" said Erroll.

"Yes-he said Jimmy would be down on me for having read the card, you know," said Tubby unsuspiciously. "Lattrey meant wellbut I'm glad I didn't take his ad-

"Lattrey knew the card was there. no doubt, while we were out on the river yesterday," said Raby.

"Of course he did," said Tubby. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet, his eyes glittering.

"I should have found out the truth in a few days," he said. "I shall see Bob when he comes home on leave, and, of course, I should find out then that this was a lie. The cad who did this only meant to make me suffer until then-and, goodness knows. I've felt pretty bad since I read that card. I know who it was-"Dear Jimmy,-Good news! I've | Lattrey. It couldn't have been any-

Jimmy Silver caught up the card and left the study. He kicked open the door of Lattrey's study, and the latter jumped up from his table.

Jimmy Silver held out the card. "There's your handiwork, Lattrey," he said. "I didn't know you were a forger, or I might have guessed."

Lattrey's teeth came together hard. For a moment he shrank from Jimmy Silver's glance, but he recovered his nerve quickly.

"I don't quite see what you're driving at," he began coolly.

"That card was taken from the rack, the message on it rubbed out, and a new lying message written on

"What a yarn!" said Lattrey. "Is that the best one you can think of, Silver?"

"And you did it!" said Jimmy

Silver. "Got any proof of that?" drawled

Lattrey. "Enough for me!" said Jimmy quietly. "I've come to hear you own

the table. Tubby Muffin stared at it. | up, and to make you answer for it." "I don't think you'll hear me own Lattrey.

"Then I shall take this card to the Somebody has forged my Head! cousin's hand on this card, and that's serious. If you did not do it, you "Then it's been altered, as Erroll | have nothing to fear. But the forger will be expelled from Rookwood, even if he can't be sent to prison, which He bent and scanned the card is quite possible. Do you want me

Lattrey drew a quick, panting the Head would hold, if the matter The surface of the card was | was brought to his notice. The plotmuch at stake for that. Jimmy Silver was already turning to the door when Lattrey spoke-in a husky voice.

"Hold on! I-I may as well own up-it was a joke, of course. I knew you'd find it out when your cousin comes home. It was a joke."

Jimmy turned back

"It's not the kind of joke that can be played at Rookwood," he said. He tore the card in pieces, and threw them into the grate. "There goes the proof of what you've done, you plotting, forging cad. Now put up your hands.

The next five minutes was very busily occupied. Lattrey put up a good fight-he had to. But Jimmy Silver, burning with indignation and scorn, could have thrashed two or three Lattreys at that moment. The cad of Rookwood was knocked right and left, under a rain of blows, and when Jimmy left the study at last the rascal laid on the floor breathless and for Bob Silver wrote a big schoolboy | groaning. He had made Jimmy suffer-but he had paid for it, and as he lay groaning after the captain of the Fourth had left him, it was probably borne in upon his mind that the game of rascality was not worth the candle.

Lattrey had suffered for his sins-"It and he had yet more to endure was quite by chance, of course. I'm | in the contempt he met on all sides among the Rookwood fellows when they knew the truth. Even Town-"Oh, Lattrey advised you to keep | send & Co. scorned him openly. And when, a week or so later, a handsome young officer in khaki came to Rookwood to see Jimmy Silver, the cad of the Fourth was very careful indeed to keep out of sight.

THE END.

(Another magnificent long, complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in. next Monday's issue of the Boxs' FRIEND, entitled: "Saving a Scapegrace!" Don't miss it!)



sage!" said the Cornstalk.

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