SAVING A THE SECRET SCAPEGRACE!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

By DUNCAN STORM.

THE RIVAL | CRUSOE THE COLOURED CARAVANNERS! ISLAND!

By RICHARD RANDOLPH.

By HERBERT BRITTON.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 840, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 14th, 1917.



WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

See Our Grand School Tale! -

SAMME AUSCAPERACE.

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

CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Morny's Chum.

Erroll of the Fourth joined Jimmy Silver, as the juniors came out after morning lessons.

Junioy gave him a cheery nod. It was a sunny summer's day, and Jimmy Silver's face, always cheerful,

was beaming with contentment. "Ripping weather!" he remarked. "I hope it will be like this when the

Grevfriars team comes over on Saturday."

hesitated a moment or two. "Do you mind if - if I speak to you about --- " He broke off.

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're playing on Saturday, of course. We couldn't leave you out."

"You've made up the team?" "Well, it's pretty well settled." said Jimmy Silver. "Raby's crocked his wrist, and he may have to stand

"Of course, I'm not going to give you advice about making up the

"You can if you like," said the captain of the Fourth, laughing. "I get no end of advice about it, and a "I hope so" assented Erroll. He little more won't hurt. Besides, you know something about the game. Have I overlooked some budding

on Saturday if I gave him a chance?" I ing-field. There can't be two skippers

"Not exactly."

"You think we're playing too many Moderns?" asked Jimmy. "Old scout, I've had that from every Classical chap who's mentioned the matter to me.'

"Not at all. I was thinking of Mornington."

"Oh, Mornington!" said Jimmy Silver, frowning a little.

"He's a good bowler, Jimmy. The

eleven isn't too strong in bowlers." "I know that," assented Jimmy Silver, wrinkling his brows a little. "But Morny is out of the question. to a team, you know."

"I know. But--" "I gave him a trial in the footer," said Jimmy. "That was before you came to Rookwood. He chucked a match away out of sheer temper. Can't be expected to trust a fellow after that."

Erroll was silent.

"I don't say Morny hasn't his good points," said Jimmy. "The way he took up that little ragamussin, 'Erbert, and got his guardian to send him to Rookwood, was ripping. He's often played up toppingly. But I'm genius who could stagger Rookwood! He never will too the line on a play- surprised at the way you've chummed

up with him, Erroll. He's not your sort." "He's a good sort to me," said

Erroll, colouring. "But you don't smoke, and don't play nap or banker, or sneak out of the school after lights-out," said Jimmy. "Morny does-all the Form knows it. I must say, I never expected you two to hit it off."

"We're good friends," said Erroll, his colour deepening. "Morny's got his faults, but he's got splendid qualities, too. I wish you could see your way to giving him a show in the cricket this season, Jimmy. I know he hasn't always been reliable. But I think he's changed a bit--"

"Never seen any signs of it," grunted Jimmy Silver. "He was out of bounds last night; I know that."

"Suppose you gave him a chance of showing what he can do at practice?" "He's welcome to join the practice whenever he likes.'

"Well. I won't say any more," said Erroll. "You're skipper, Jimmy." Jimmy wrinkled his brows again.

"Of course, I want to be fair to Morny," he said. "I dare say the can't help being a blackguard in some ways. If he did his best, he would he very useful in the cricket. Look here. Ell toll circu to come district to practice, and see how he turns out, if you like.

" Good!" said Erroll. Jimmy's chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, came out of the School House with bats under their

"Come on, Jimmy!" called out Lovell. "Wait a minute. I'm going to speak to Mornington."

"Oh, bother Mornington! Come

"Yes, come on," said Raby, "I've got your bat, Jimmy. Blow Morny!"

"I'll follow you." said Jinnay. "Oh. rats!" said the Co. together, and they walked away to the cricket ground.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and crossed over to Mornington, who was chatting under the beeches with Peele and Gower and Townsend, and Lattrey, the new junior in the Classical Fourth.

Lattrey was giving his opinion on the stoppage of racing-a very unfavourable opinion. The nuts of Rookwood agreed with him. No more racing meant no more plunging on "geogees" for the merry company of "Giddy Goats."

"Coming along to the cricket, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The nuts looked at him. "Cricket!" yawned Townsend.
"What a fag—in this weather, too!"
"Horrid bore!" remarked Peele.

"Rotten weste of time!" succred Lattrey. "You're not going, Morny?

Mornington, unheeding his friends, gave the captain of the Fourth a curious look.

"Do you want me?" he asked. "If you'd like to come. Erroll's been recommending you to me as a recruit for the eleven on Saturday," said Jimmy, with a grin.

Mornington stared. "You're not thinkin' of playin'

me?" he ejaculated. "Well, I might think of it." "Oh. don't give us any of that!"

yawned Peele. "You won't play a better bowler than yourself, Silver." And the nuts chortled at that remark.

"I would, if there were one at Rookwood." said Jimmy Silver "There doesn't happen to calmly. be. Are you coming, Morny?"

"Don't!" said Morny's friends, with one voice. Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not?" he said. "I was (Continued on the next page.)



thinkin' of goin' down to the nets, in

any case. What's the good of slackin'

Mornington gave his companions a

"That's just like Morny!" said

cool ned, and joined Jimmy Silver

and Erroll, and walked away with

Townsend viciously. "No dependin"

"It's Erroll," he said. "I haven't

been here long, but I've noticed that

Mirroll's got a lot of influence over

Morny. He's always trying to keep

the peace between him and Jimmy

Blessed are the peacemakers,"

"It won't suit us." said Lattrey.

"We can't afford to have Morny join-

"You can't, anyway!" said Town-

send, with a scarcely-concealed sneer.

"I believe you make a good thing

jolly queer Morny chumming with a

sobersided fellow like Erroll," said

Lattrey. "Chap who never smokes,

or plays cards, or puts a half-quid on

a geegeé. Not at all in Morny's line.

Lattrey. "I've had my rubs with the

end already. But it looks to me as if

his pockets, and a wrinkle of thought

Townsend & Co. contented themselves

with sneering and shrugging their

shoulders. But Lattrey was consider-

in the wheel. Morny, under good in-

The 2nd Chapter.

Mornington on Little Side.

Jimmy himself.

a little too intractable.

with great keenness and zest.

Tubby Muffin Knows Too Much!

The dandy of the Fourth was throw-

There was no doubt that Morny,

when he liked, was a first-rate

cricketer, and, on his best days, he

The Rookwood Junior Eleven was

weakest in bowlers, and Jimmy Silver

as a possible recruit if only his form

had to be considered. But Morny was

He had a passionate and unreason-

able temper, and he regarded the

game as being centred round himself.

And if he cut up rusty during a match

-as he was quite likely to do-there

was no telling what his actions might

be. He was as likely to play into the

But the captain of the Fourth ad-

something of a change in Mornington

of late, and he wondered whether he

might not, after all, give him a chance.

again. But, do as you think best,

during the week, and decide later,"

said Jimmy. "If he means business,

he ought to have a show, and we may

changed his spots."

as well let bygones be bygones."

Jimmy. The giddy leopard may have

As the Eistical Four left the ground

hands of the enemy as not.

point with his chums.

dubious.

we shall lose Morny at this rate."

"Can't be helped!"

of the Fourth to think out.

Luttrey, thoughtfully.

in his brow.

to know.

That's my bizney, if I do. It's

ing the goody-goody gang."

out of Morny at banker."

The nuts looked rather blank.

Lattrey closed his lips.

about?"

them.

Silver."

Peele.

on the chap."

grinned Gower.

SAVING A SCAPEGRACE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

looked after them with a sarcastic

"Morny in the Eleven!" he murmured. "I fancy that won't quite suit me, my estimable Jimmy! fancy it won't come to pass if I can

Lattrey joined Mornington as he came in, with his bat under his arm, looking unusually ruddy and goodhumoured. Erroll was with him, also "Hear, hear!" said Jimmy, "Come on!" looking extremely cheery. . .

"Enjoyed yourself?" asked Lattrey, with a suppressed sneer. "Oh, rippin'," said Mornington. "I noticed your bowling-it was

topping," said Lattrey. "I didn't know you were so keen on cricket." "I don't know that I am!" yawned Mornington. "It's one way of killin"

time, that's all." "I suppose you'll be playing on Saturday?"

"I don't know."

"Silver can hardly leave you out of the eleven, I suppose. I hear that the Greyfriars match will be a pretty tough tussle."

"Silver will please himself," said Mornington, with a satirical curl to his lip. "Silver is a little tin god, and all we common mortals have to do is to bow down and adore."

Lattrey laughed. "I can't quite fancy you in that role, Morny," he said. "Coming up table. to the study? Peele and Gower are waiting."

"Right-ho!"

Mornington nodded to Erroll, and pals, you know!" followed Lattrey up the big staircase. Tea was ready in Study No. 4. Morny But I believe Erroll's the chap he pitched his bat into a corner.

can't pull with Erroll at all—can we?" | marked. "Same old workhouse fare." I wonder when this war will be over.

"Don't want to, either," grunted As a matter of fact, Morny's study was much better provided than most "I certainly don't want to," agreed of the junior studies. In all articles of diet that were not restricted the dandy of the Fourth expended his money freely. And Peele and Gower "The might be helped," remarked did yery well in that line, out of their wealthy study-mate.

And he walked away, his hands in "Now, about Saturday," said Lattrey, as they sat down to tea. "We're ! getting up a little party for Saturday It was a little problem for the cad afternoon, Morny.'

"Hope you'll enjoy it," said Morn-Morny's intimacy with Erroll was ington. "Pass the sugar, if there is exasperating to all the nuts, but

"There isn't any!" grinned Peele. "Well, the saccharine, then."

Morny helped himself to that exing whether he could not put a spoke pensive sugar-substitute. "You don't want to come on Saturfluence, was not the Morny he wanted;

day?" asked Lattrey.

"What's on?"

"We're going to the Ship," said Gower. "Rather a merry afternoon, I think. But it will be spoiled if you don't come, Morny."

"Thanks." Jimmy Silver kept his eyes on "Oh, we shall have a good time," said Lattrey. "There's going to be some sporting fellows there, and ing himself into the cricket practice there'll be a little game—and a decent feed-regardless of grub rules-and champagne. We're all standing our whack. But, if you'd rather play cricket, of course-" was a bowler very nearly equal to

"I don't know that I would," said Mornington. "If Jimmy Silver asks me to play for Rookwood, of coursewould have thought of Morny before

"He's not likely to," said Gower. "I don't know."

Saturday open, in case his lordship | the captain of the Fourth. chooses to ask you to play," said Lattrey warmly. "Let him ask you now if he wants you.

"Well, yes. But-" "I'll tell you what. We shall have Greyfriars. Are you going to play to make the arrangements in advance for the affair on Saturday. If you're booked, we'll leave it to the following mitted to himself that there had been Saturday. Only let us know."

> "Yes, you can do that, Morny!" chimed in Peele.

Mornington nodded.

"All serene! I'll speak to Jimmy after practice, Jimmy discussed that | Silver about it. Erroll thinks he may want me, but I don't see why he can't Lovell and Raby and Newcome were | make up his mind. Dash it all, I'm not hangin' up on a nail for Jimmy "He's had a chance before, and he Silver to take me down when he wanted to run the team," said Lovell. | pleases."

"It would only be the same story over | "I should jolly well say not!" "It will be rippin' at the Ship," went on Lattrey. "A real gay timewe haven't seen much gay times lately. "I'll see how he sticks to practice I think—" He broke off, and rose quickly to his feet, his teeth snapping

together. "What's the row?" asked Morning-

School-house as Jimmy made that re- | quickly and quietly to the door, and |

of the Fourth almost fell into the ment for Saturday, Mornington," he

Lattrey grasped him by the collar. "Yow!" roared Tubby. "Leggo! I -I was only coming to see if you were | Mornington. coming in to tea, Lattrey!"
"You fat, spying cad—"

up Mornington's cricket-bat. Tubby Muffin roared with apprehension. be careful about it. I'm making up There was a cruel gleam in Lattrey's | the list finally on Friday. I haven't

"Yaroooh! Stop it!" yelled Tubby. "I haven't heard a word-I mean, if | because you've got an engagement you touch me I'll go straight to Bul- to go out blagging with a set of keley and tell him you're going to blackguards, is pure cheek. See?" the Ship on Saturday."

"Let him alone, Lattrey!" muttered /Peele Thastily.

Lattrey held his hand.

Tubby's scared voice had rung along the passage, and several juniors, who were coming in to tea, had heard him. "Faith, is it going to the Ship you

are?" exclaimed Flynn of the Fourth. "Sure, it'll serve yez right if a prefect. drops on you there."

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Nothing of the sort!" said he hurriedly. "It's only Muffin's silly rot." "Lucky for you Bulkeley or Neville didn't hear his silly rot," said Dick Van Ryn drily.

"They're going." said Tubby Muf fin. "I heard them--" "Come on, Tubby!" called out Gower. "We've been expecting you to tea, old chap."

Tubby Muffin smiled at once. "Yes, I was just coming," he said affably. "Thanks! I say, what have

you got for tea?" The fat Classical rolled into the study. Lattrey closed the door, his

face dark and savage. Tubby dropped into his chair at the

"Jolly decent of you fellows to ask me to tea," he remarked. "Of course, I'm not going to say a word-among

Mornington glared at him. He had no intention of being claimed as a pal by the fat Classical. But Morny's likes best in the Fourth. And we "By gad, I'm hungry!" he re- companions laboured to be civil to Tubby. They did not want their intended expedition to be tattled up and down the school. The Ship Inn was a place with a most unenviable reputation, and Rookwood fellows going there would have been in great danger of the "sack," short and

> Lattrey controlled his tenmer, and was quite civil to Tubby. Morny rose from the table, his lip curling

"Not goin', Morny?" said Peele. "I'm not goin' to sit down to tea! with that fat cad," sneered Mornington. "If you want him, I'll clear

'Look here, Morny," began Tubby hotly, with his mouth full. "Don't you be a cheeky rotter! I'm visiting your study-mates, and you can shut up! See?" Mornington left the study without

replying, and slammed the door. Tubby Muffin did not leave so long as there was anything eatable left on the table. The fat Classical was in clover for once.

> The 3rd Chapter. Morny Wakes Up His Mind!

"Just a word, Silver," It was the following day, and Mornington had dutifully turned up for cricket practice after lessons.

He joined Jimmy Silver when the latter left the field. Jimmy gave him a cheery nod.

"Go ahead!" he said. "What do you think of my form?" "First rate!"

"Oh, you think so?" said Mornington, somewhat taken aback by "Dash it all, you can't leave this unstinted commendation from

> "Yes. I should say so if I didn't." "Well, what about the match on like to play for Rookwood against

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful. "That depends, Mornington," he "You are—excuse me—a bit unreliable. You're sticking to practice now; but it may be only a flash in the pan. I'd rather leave deciding ! a bit later."

"That won't do for me," said Mornington, with all his old arrogant Jimmy's eyes glinted. Meanwhile, Mornington had gone Doyle, and Towle.

tersely. "It's the best I can say." on Saturday?"

choose to keep steady at practice, that trouble. I'll' tell you for certain on Friday." | After tea, Higgs and Jones minor "I've got an engagement for left, and Morny stayed chatting with Saturday afternoon," said Morning- his new chum. Errolf was looking s well let bygones be bygones." ton in surprise. ton, controlling his temper. "I want thoughtful, and he noticed it. "swank." As he The Fistical Four were entering the Lattrey did not answer. He stepped to know for certain." "Thinkin' about the Greyfriars Morny paid for it!

mark, and they passed Lattrey in the threw it suddenly open. at him. at him. at him.

said. "I've heard that from Tubby Muffin."

"The tattlin' cad!" growled

"There's a good many fellows keen enough to play Greyfriars," con-Lattrey looked round, and caught | tinued Jimmy Silver. "It's one of our biggest matches, and I've got to even decided about Lovell yet. And I to ask me to decide before I'm ready,

> Jimmy Silver did not mince his words. His object was to make his meaning clear, and he certainly did

> But Mornington was not in a reasonable mood. He seldom was crossed.

on in case you want me?" he Morny!" sneered. "Well, that's not good | enough."

"Then go and eat coke!"

And with that Jimmy Silver walked on, leaving the dandy of the Fourth alone. Mornington clenched his hands. For some minutes he stood in angry thought, and then he went in search of his friends. He found Lattrey & Co. in the quadrangle.

The nuts of the Fourth exchanged glances as he came up, with knitted brows, and his eyes gleaming under

"Fixed it up with Jimmy Silver about the match?" asked Lattrey carelessly.

"I'm not playin' on Saturday. I'm comin' with you fellows," said Mornington. "You can make your arrangements, an' count me in." "Good egg!" said the nuts

heartily. "Now you're talkin'!" said Townsend. "We're goin' to have a high old time, Morny—a bit more lively than knockin' a silly ball about."

"Oh, rats!" said Mornington unexpectedly.

Townsend coughed. "I'd rather play in the Greyfriars match," said Mornington deliberately. "I'd rather, no end!"

"Play in it, and be blowed, then!" said Townsend sulkily.

"Only I'm not hangin" up on nail for Jimmy Silver, that's all. he wants me, he can say so-an' he won't! Well, I'm comin'. How are we goin' to get to the Ship? It's miles from here."

"Bike it," said Topham. can't have a car out now. It's not allowed. Rot, if you like; but there you are."

'Might get a trap in Coombe, said Mornington. "I'm not goin' to bike it! Hang bikin'! What about a trap? I'll stand the trap."

"Good! I'll see about it, if you like," said Lattrey. "I'll arrange for it to pick us up on the road on Saturday. Better not come here—fellows might get askin' questions."

"That fat idiot Muffin has been tattlin' already," growled Morning-"Silver knows already."

"Well, Silver isn't likely to sneak. As for Tubby Muffin, he can be bottled up till after Saturday," said Peele. "It only means havin' the fat beast to tea.

"I don't want the cad in my study!'

"You don't want him to jaw, I suppose? It would be a bit serious if Bulkeley heard anything."

"Well, you can have him if you like. I'm goin' to tea with Erroll,"

said Mornington. And he walked away to the School House.

Townsend drew a deep breath. "Blessed if I don't feel inclined to

Saturday?" asked Mornington. "I'd let Erroll have him," he remarked, when the dandy of the Fourth was gone. "I feel sometimes that I can't stand much more of Morny's swank." "Let him swank, if he stands the

trap and the feed at the Ship," said Lattrey. "He's paying for his swank!"

"That's all very well for you; but we don't sponge on Morny," said Townsend tartly.

And he strode away, leaving Lattrey to digest that remark as best he could.

"Well, if that won't do for you, to Erroll's study. Jones minor and Mornington read the list down with you can go and eat coke!" he said Higgs were there with Erroll. Both a sneer upon his face. ersely. "It's the best I can say." of them were fellows whom the lofty By gad! You're left out. "That means that I'm not to play Morny regarded with disdain. But Morny!" remarked Lattrey, reading Morny constrained himself to be "You can take it at that. If you civil—though he did not often take

Eleven, Morny. And if you do, you may keep in for the rest of the season. That will be worth while, won't it?"

"That's all off." Erroll's face fell.

"Off!" he repeated. "Yes. Jimmy Silver wanted me to hang about till Friday for his answer, and I told him I wouldn't." Erroll's face was very grave.

"Besides, I'm goin' out on Saturday now," said Mornington. "I've fixed it up with some fellows. You're playing, of course? You wouldn't care to come with me, anyway."

"Not if it's to the Ship certainly!" "You've heard about that, then?" growled Mornington.

"I think a dozen fellows heard Muffin howling it out in the passage yesterday," said Erroll. "There's when his lordly will and pleasure was been some talk about it in the Common-room, too. It's rather "You mean I'm to keep haugin' serious, going to a place like that,

> "You're not goin' to begin' preachin' to me, are you?" asked Morny laughing. "You know our agreement when we became pals-live an'

"I know. And you need not fear I shall interfere with you. All the same, I wish you'd look at things a bit differently," said Erroll quietly.

"It's a mug's game, really, Morny." "Mugs are born, not made," said Mornington. "I must have some excitement!"

"Rather too exciting, I should think, if a prefect or Mr. Bootles spotted you there!"

"Pooh! There's no risk. Even Tubby Muffin isn't a sneak. Besides. I don't care if there's risk. Tife isn't worth livin' without some risk!' "I'd rather see you playing in the Greyfriars match."

"Well, so would I; but that's off." Mornington took a case from his pocket, opened it, and selected a cigarette. Then, as he caught Erroll's look, he laughed, and put the smokes away. "Sorry! I forgot. Nothin' of that kind here. Well, Vill be off. Ta-ta!"

And Mornington lounged out of the study, to get his smoke in his own quarters.

He left Kit Erroll looking very

It was strange enough, perhaps 4 that a fellow like Erroll, greet and steady, and true as steel, should be chummed wit a reckless volatile blackguardly fellow like Mornington. But there were good qualities Morny's nature, and, curious as their friendship was, it was deep and sim-

In Erroll's mind was a vague, half formed project of reclaiming the dandy of the Fourth, and saving him, in spite of himself, from the end that was bound to come in the long run, i he kept on as he was going now.

But it was likely to be uphill work. and success was very problematic. And Erroll realised, too, that his most dangerous enemy would be Lattrey, the new boy in the Fourth.

Lattrey had gained a great deal of influence over Mornington, and his influence was used wholly for evil. And Erroll, who could not descend to the insidious wiles of the cad of the Fourth, was at a disadvantage in dealing with him, and realised it only

too clearly.

The 4th Chapter. A Precious Pair!

Mornington of the Fourth was not seen at cricket practice again for some days.

Having had his answer from Jimmy Silver, as he regarded it, Morny decided that cricket was a waste of time, and Erroll could not induce him to go down to the nets.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders when he noted it, but made no remark.

Had Morny played up at his best, Jimmy would have been glad to put him in the Rookwood Junior Eleven: but there were plenty to choose from. On Friday the eleven was finally made up, and the list was posted on the notice-board, and Mornington's name was not included in it.

The list ran: Silver, Erroll, Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Oswald, Rawson, Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, Tommy

the list over his shoulder. "You knew I was goin' to be left

out!" snapped Mornington. Lattrey nodded, taking no notice of Morny's unpleasant tone. He was quite prepared to tolerate Morny's "swank." As he had remarked,

Jimmy Silver stopped and looked match?" he asked, with a laugh. "Yes; but if Silver had any sense doorway. The cad of the Fourth There was a gasp, and Tubby Muffin 1 "I know all about your engage- chance of your getting into the you, Morny," he remarked "I

the shade. Bowling is his line!"

voice. pleasant look.

"then?" he sneered.

to a mind like yours!"

"Thanks! As a matter of fact, the Junior Eleven. I don't like favouritism myself!"

Erroll flushed angrily. "Oh, don't rag, you two!" broke in Mornington. "What's the good of raggin'? I'm out of the team, any- "geegees" or billiards. way, and I dare say I'm goin' to have a passable time to-morrow. I hope you'll beat-Greyfriars, Erroll!"

"I wish you were going to help us do it," said Erroll. "The emperor of the end study has

decided not!" grinned Mornington. Erroll drew his friend's arm through his own, and they walked away, leaving Lattrey biting his lips. Somehow, well as he pulled with Mornington, Erroll always seemed to have the upper-hand if it came to a contest.

At that moment the cad of the Fourth felt a savage hatred for Erroll surge up in his breast, and the look he cast after him was savage and bitter.

"Look here, it mayn't be too late, Morny," said Erroll, as he walked away with his friend. "Come down to the cricket now; there's plenty of light. Silver's a bit doubtful about Rawson, and Rawson's not keen on playing. I mean, he'd just as soon have an afternoon with his books. You know he's working for a prize!"

"I don't know anythin' about the prize-huntin' cad!"

Erroll bit his lip. "Rawson's not a cad, Morny." "Oh, he's an angel, if you like!" grinned Mornington, "Look here, Erroll, I'm booked for to-morrow,

anyway!" "Oh, come down to the cricket!

You've been chucking it for days!" Mornington hesitated, but Erroll had his way, and they went down to Little Side where Jimmy Silver & Co. vere at \ a letice. It was the last practice before the Greyfriars match, and Jimmy was putting his men

through their paces, so to speak. "Come and give us a ball, Erroll!" called out Jimmy cheerily.

Erroll, next to Jimmy Silver, was the best bowler in the eleven. great deal depended on him in the morrow's match.

Erroll went on to bowl, Mornington watching carelessly, with his hands in his pockets. But after an over Erroll called to him:

"Try Silver's wicket, Morny!" "Oh, all right!" yawned Morny. He went on, and Jimmy Silver faced his bowling. It was seen at once that the dandy of the Fourth was in great form, in spite of his recent neglect of

practice. Two balls were stopped by the captain of the Fourth, but the third whipped his leg stump out of the ground.

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver, with perfect good-humour. "Let him try me," said Tommy

Dodd.

Modern junior. Tommy Dodd was a | easily enough; only see that he loses | with the lordly Morny. mighty man with the willow, and his precious cricket-match! Hang it, Towny and Toppy were not on the there were few junior bowlers at and hang him!" Lattrey ground his list of the "spongers," and there was Rookwood who were dangerous to his teeth. "He's so keen on playing in a limit to the amount of insolence they wicket. But Morny was on the warpath now. With the first ball he sent Tommy Dodd's bails flying. "My hat!" ejaculated Tommy,

astonishment.

Mornington grinned as he tossed the ball to Oswald, and came off the ground. He sauntered away, leaving Erroll

with the cricketers. Jimmy cast rather a curious look after him. "It's a pity!" he remarked.

"You might do worse than play Morny to-morrow," said Erroll. Jimmy shook his head.

"The eleven's made up now." we want bowlers."

do him good to get away from his Jimmy remarked; "but the bowling books for an afternoon, whether he will be chiefly between you and me, wants to or not," said Jimmy, laugh- Erroll, and we've got to go out for ing. "I think, if Morny had been hat-tricks!"

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suppose he doesn't want to be put in | reasonable, I'd have decided on him instead of old Oswald; but I'm jolly "That's not true, and you know it. | well not going to drop Oswald at the

Published

Every Monday

Lattrey," broke in Erroll's quiet | last minute for Morny!" "Well, you couldn't very well do Lattrey gave the junior an un- that. I suppose it can't be helped," said Erroll; and the subject dropped.

"Why doesn't Silver play Morny, As Erroll came back to the School House in the growing dusk, he passed "Not because he's jealous of his Lattrey of the Fourth in talk with form," said Erroll contemptuously. Leggett, under the beeches. Leggett, "That's an idea that would only occur of the Modern Fourth, was a fellow after Lattrey's own heart.

Arthur Edward Lovell had remarked you've got Morny's place in the team | humorously that Leggett ought to be yourself!" sneered Lattrey. "You're | glad that Lattrey had come to Rooka new fellow here, and new fellows wood, as now Leggett wasn't the don't generally get asked to play in | biggest blackguard in the school. The two juniors ceased speaking suddenly as Erroll came by.

> Erroll's lips curled as he walked on. He had no doubt that the two dingy young rascals were discussing

He was mistaken on that point for once, however. Lattrey's eyes gleamed after him in the dusk.

"You'll do it, Leggett?" he muttered, when Erroll was out of hearing. "It's risky," muttered Leggett.

"Where's the risk?" said Lattrey | sunny half-holiday. impatiently. "You couldn't be bowled out; it will be an accident. | minutes later, and he also disappeared | a car somewhere?" I'd handle him myself, but it would through the gates. There remained Mornington stopped, and turned not follow all their sportive prebe a bit too palpable, considering the only Mornington. Townsend and back, gritting his teeth. terms we're on, and I don't want a Topham had declined to join the "Will you clear off?" he hissed.

The 5th Chapter. Tubby Does Not Go!

Tubby Muffin, of the Fourth, rolled out of the School House the next day after dinner with a determined expression upon his fat face. He posted himself on the steps and waited.

He was waiting for Mornington. Lattrey came out, and sauntered away towards the gates, and Tubby grinned after him. A few minutes later, Peele appeared, and took the same direction, and Tubby gave another fat grin.

In the leafy lane, at some distance from Rookwood, the trap was waiting which was to take the nutty party on their excursion that afternoon. But the nuts of the Fourth were very careful.

Had any of the prefects got wind flogging all round, at least.

And the nuts had arranged to leave | noon, at Morny's expense. the school one by one, and meet where the trap was waiting-at a distance. Each fellow looked as if he angry junior strode on fast.

"I-I say, Morny-" Mornington turned his back on Tubby, and strode on. Tubby dashed after him.

The fat junior had quite made up his mind that he was going to be one of the merry nutty party that after-

It was true that money was required for such a treat, and Tubby | Sixth-Former, with a smile. hadn't any money. But Morny had borrow some.

Considering that he knew all about | because I told him he was disgracing the excursion, and that a word from him to a prefect would have meant discovery and punishment, Tubby felt

much obliged to him for holding his | Yaroooop! I told him so plainlytongue, Tubby considered. He had | groogh!' extracted several small loans from Peele & Co. on the strength of what | denly grim, caught Tubby Muffin by of the intended expedition there he knew, and the danger that lay in the shoulder, and jerked him to his would have been serious trouble—a his tattling tongue. Now he was feet. going to be a "nut" for the after-

kept pace with Mornington, as the

were going on an innocent stroll that | "Don't walk so fast, old chap!" | sneak, you know!" gasped Tubby, gasped Tubby. "You're making me Gower was the next, about ten | run, you know. I say, have you got |



"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yocop! Yarocoh!" reared Tubby Muffin, as the light cane whisked round his legs. "Leggo, you beast! I don't want to come with you! Yaroooh!"

Jimmy handed the bat to the row with Morny. You can work it | party, after all, having had "words" the Greyfriars match, I don't think | would stand from the dandy of the anything could cut him up more than | Fourth.

Leggett grinned.

"I'm willing to make it worth your while," went on Lattrey. "You don't get a half-quid for nothing every day, Leggett!"

"Well, I'll try," said Leggett.

And the two juniors separated. Jimmy Silver & Co. were discussing the morrow's match in the Commonroom that evening, when Lattrey came in.

The cad of the Fourth listened to "Rawson isn't specially keen, and the discussion, with a mocking curl to

"Rawson's the man, though. It'll "We're strong enough in batting,"

"We'll try, anyway!" said Erroll, laughing.

Lattrey strolled away, velopers have been distri- smiling, with a mocking buted. The Free-Gift- light in his eyes. Jimmy Silver & Co. would not have British boys who send 2/6 & been anticipating the match so cheerily if they had course of lessons, and who pro- known the thoughts that mise to practise regularly. Abroad 1/- were in the mind of the cad cent Rd., Alexandra Pk., Longen, N. of the Fourth.

Mornington having passed the limit, Townsend and Topham had bestowed the honour of their company for the afternoon upon Smythe of the Shell—a matter of the utmost indifference to Morny, as a matter of fact.

elegant as usual. Erroll was with him, but the latter was in flannels. He walked down to the gates with Mornington, and Tubby Muffin rolled | fat legs. after them.

At the gates the two chums parted, down the road at a good pace. Tubby | come! Yaroooh! Help!" Muffin broke into a run after him. "Hold on, Morny!" he gasped.

Mornington looked round. His face darkened at the sight of

the panting fat Classical. "What do you want?" he snapped. "I'm coming, old chap!" gasped

Tubby, joining him. Mornington stared at him. "You're what?" he ejaculated.

"I'm coming," smiled Tubby. You don't think I'd desert my old pals on a half-holiday, do you? Are

you walking to the Ship, Morny?" "You silly, fatheaded chump!" shouted Mornington. "Clear off!"

"Don't you want me to come with you, old chap?" asked Tubby, in an injured tone.

"No, I don't!" Tubby Muffin snorted; he was beginning to get angry, too.

"If you put it like that, Morny, I shall have to consider whether I can allow this kind of thing to go on," he said loftily. "You're going to disgrace the school, and— Yaroo-

Tubby Muffin broke off suddenly, Mornington came out at last, as | with a wild yell, as Mornington seized him by the collar.

> The light cane the Fourth Form dandy carried whisked round Tubby's

Whack! Whack! Whack! "Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yoop! Yar-Erroll going towards the cricket- oooh!" roared Tubby. "Leggo, you ground, and Mornington starting beast! Stoppit! I don't want to

> Whack! Whack! Whack! "Yow-ow-ow-wooop!"

"There!" panted Mornington. "Now, clear off, you tubby little scoundrel!" And Mornington strode on, leaving

Tubby Muffin sitting in the grass by

the roadside, gasping and groaning.

Tubby Muffin deserved his licking, doubtless; his attempt to "plant" himself upon Morny for an expensive excursion was very much in the his right arm, and then it dropped to nature of blackmail. But Tubby did his side again. not realise that himself, and he was feeling very injured and ill-used. He sat in the grass and groaned.

Yow-wow-wow "Yow-ow-ow!

Wow!" "Hallo! What's the matter with

Tubby blinked up at Bulkeley of the Sixth. The captain of Rookwood had paused, in passing, at the sight of the anguished Tubby.

"Been run over?" asked the big "Yow-ow-ow! That beast Morny!" plenty, and Tubby was prepared to | howled Tubby. "Yow-ow! He's | been whacking me-yaroogh! - just

the-yow-ow!-school." "Eh?" "I wouldn't go with him if he that he held the whip-hand asked me, the rotter! Yow-ow-ow! The nuts ought to have felt ever so | I wouldn't be found dead at the Ship!

Bulkeley, his face becoming sud-

"Now, then, what's that?" rapped out the captain of Rookwood. "Has And Tubby meant business. He | Mornington of the Fourth gone to the

> "I-I say, I-I'm not going to realising that he was speaking to a prefect, whose duty it was to see that sportive youths like Morny & Co. did dilections.

Bulkeley shook him. "Who's gone to the Ship?" he ex-

claimed. "Now, then, sharp!" "Groogh! You're chook-chookchoking me! Yarooogggggggg! "Answer me!"

"Yow-ow! Morny and Peele and Gower and Lattrey-yoooooggghh!" Bulkeley scanned the fat junior's face, and then released him. He had been walking towards Coombe when he came upon Tubby. He changed his direction now, and strode away by a path that led to the moor. Tubby gasped, and blinked after him. He knew that Bulkeley was heading for the Ship Inn-a long walk across the

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Tubby. "If they've gone in a car or a trap, they'll get there first—an hour first and—and Bulkeley will spot 'em! Oh, dear! They'll think I sneaked, the rotters! Well, it's all Morny's fault! Blow 'em!"

And Tubby rolled back to Rook. wood, still struggling for breath.

> The 6th Chapter. A Chance for Mornington.

"The Greyfriars chaps will be here pretty soon," Jimmy Silver remarked as he stood outside the pavilion, with a very cheery face. It was a brilliant summer's afternoon, and the wellrolled pitch was green as emerald and smooth as a billiard-table. "What a topping day! This is something

"Ripping!" said Lovell. Erroll nodded. He was cheerful enough, and keen on the match, but he could not help thinking of his chum a little. Morny was gone on his shady excursion-even now the nuts of the Fourth were driving for the Ship Inn, bowling along in the trap from Coombe—to spend a sunny afternoon in smoking, gambling, playing

billiards. What attraction they could find in it was a puzzle to Kit Erroll. But for Lattrey, and his cunning working on Morny's unreasonable temper, the dandy of the Fourth might have been on the cricket-ground, playing with his chum for Rookwood.

Leggett of the Fourth came along to the pavilion. He had a cricket-ball in his hand, which he was carelessly throwing up and catching. There was a furtive gleam in the eyes of the Modern junior.

"Hallo! Are we going to have the honour of playing under your eyes, Leggy?" asked Jimmy Silver, and there was a laugh. Leggett seldom troubled the cricket-ground with his presence.

"Oh, I'm going to see you begin!" said Leggett. "But I'm going to do some bowling for Carthew of the Sixth over yonder, when he comes down."

"Fagging at bowling?" said Van Ryn. "That's a new departure for you. Don't knock Carthew's brains

"I could bowl your head off!" "I dare say you could. You couldn't bowl a wicket down, though."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, rats!" said Leggett. "Here.

Erroll, you're the giddy champion in the field. I'll give you a catch you can't hold." "Done!" said Erroll, with a smile.

Leggett stopped a dozen paces from Erroll, to toss him the ball. Instead of tossing it, however, he hurled it with a sudden deadly aim, and Erroll staggered back with a cry. He raised

"Ha, ha!" roared Leggett. "You didn't hold that!"

The cricketers looked on in blank

that?"

sorry!"



Jimmy Silver caught Leggett by the

collar. Erroll's face was pale with

pain. The ball had struck his right

Jimmy Silver, shaking Leggett like

a rat. "What do you mean by

"Ow! Let go!" spluttered Leg-

gett. "Only a-a joke! I said he

touch the silly fool, Jimmy. I sup-

ball a joke!" exclaimed Lovell wrath-

gett. "I haven't really hurt you,

have I, Erroll? I'm sorry—awfully

"You've hurt me, you idiot!

"I don't believe it was a joke!"

"I-I meant it to give him a tap."

"Your arm, Erroll-" began

"I'm sorry, Jimmy; I sha'n't be

able to play this afternoon." he said

enietly. "I couldn't handle a bat

Jimmy stood in dismay. Every

moment now he expected the arrival

of the Grevfriars cricketers from the

station. And his best bowler was

crocked on the very eve of the match.

"That ruffianly brute did this on !

purpose to crock you!" he exclaimed

can't think so, Jimmy. It was idiotic;

but he couldn't have meant that. It

can't be helped, anyway. Let him

hard lines, on the very eve of one

to lose his best bowler. He could

have spared a couple of batsmen more

"And that silly fool Morny's gone

Erroll's face brightened through

"Jimmy, if you want Morny-"

you can't play. He can bowl. But

he's gone, goodness knows where!"

"You can't; you're crocked."

"Well, he could take your place, if

"I know where he's gone, Jimmy. I

out blagging!" muttered Jimmy, with

savage anger and contempt.

Jimmy knitted his brows. It was

"No." Erroll shook his head. "I

"You're sure?" he

Erroll compressed his lips.

or a ball to save my life!

"Great Scott!"

"Yes. Sorry!"

Jimmy set his lips.

fully. "I call it a hooligan trick!"

"Crocking a chap with a cricket-

"It—it was a joke!" gasped Leg-

couldn't hold the catch."

"Are you hurt, Erroll?"

pose it was meant as a joke."

"Yes. My arm's hurt!

Erroll tried to smile.

You've crocked my arm!"

pitched the ball at Erroll."

Modern junior.

punished for it.

Jimmy.

anxiously.

fiercely.

alone."

easily.

ita pain.

eagerly.

arm with terrific force, numbing it.

SAVING A SCAPEGRACE!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

Raby, old chap, get my bike out, there's a good fellow!"

Raby looked at Jimmy Silver, who nedded, and then he cut off to the bike-shed. Erroll was smiling now, in spite of the bitter pain in his bruised arm that drove the colour from his cheeks.

"Morny mayn't come!" growled Jimmy Silver. "He's rotter enough to cut up rusty, asked at the last minute! You mayn't find him, "You howling cad!" shouted either-"

"If he's not here in time you can play another chap. Let me try."

"Well, no harm in trying!" conceded Jimmy. "I'll play Morny it he comes in time. If we bat first it will be all right, anyway."

"And if you don't, you can put a substitute in the field till Morny comes."

· Jimmy laughed.

Don't

asked

"Oh, all right!" Kit Erroll hurried down to the

gates whither Raby was wheeling his I machine. Raby held it for him to mount-

he could not use his right arm. With his left hand gripping the centre of the handlebars Erroll pedalled away, going down Coombe Lane at great

His arm hurt him severely, but he growled Van Ryn. "Leggett fairly hardly noticed it. He was keen to run down the trap, and fetch Morny Jimmy Silver ran to Erroll back to the cricket-ground, to play anxiously. Lovell & Co. surrounded in the match, instead of playing the Leggett, and helped him away with | blackguard with Lattrey & Co.

He knew the road the trap must their bats, amid loud roars from the take, and he knew that he was a very long start.

He left the lane behind, and rode | "I'm paying my whack, in any | bordered the heath.

dust rose round him, but he did not season, if I, know ut." heed. Without a pause he drove en He had jout his leg over Enry at lightning speed.

And at last he sighted a trap ahead. with four juniors seated in it, one of whom was driving. And one of the juniors, looking back, spotted the dusty cyclist, and ejaculated:

"Erroll, by gad! Hold on. Peele! Hold on, I tell you! Stop!"

The 7th Chapter. Well Done, Morny!

Erroll jumped off his bicycle by the halted trap. Mornington jumped down, and Peele, Gower, and Lattrey eyed him from the trap, the latter with eves that seemed to burn.

"What on earth are you doin' here, of the biggest matches of the season. Erroll?" exclaimed Mornington, in amazement. "What's the matter with your arm?"

"Crocked!" said Erroll briefly.

f'By gad!" "Missing the match - what?" "How did it drawled Lattrey. happen?"

"Leggett fooling about with a cricket-ball," said Erroll.

"What rotten luck!" smiled | Lattrey.

Erroll gave him a glance of sudden [Shall I go after him?" asked Erroll suspicion. He remembered the whispered talk of the previous pair under the beeches the previous day.

hand. I could run down their trap | seemed to enlighten him, and it | in a jolly short time," said Erroll. | flashed into his mind that it had been | never dreamed that the outcome of | that. Give me the chance, Jimmy. been a cunning scheme devised by I this!

him for the Greyfriars match.

Mornington.

asked Peele, from the trap. "You're school. He knew that the Greyfriars' for Rookwood, and they needed it. welcome! We're goin' to have a match must have been long under high old time!"

Erroll did not heed him.

"Morny! Get on my bike, and "You're wanted in the team." "Oh, gad!" said Mornington.

"You're going to play in my "Can' place," explained Erroll hurriedly. head?" "Buck up, and you may get back to Rookwood before the Greyfriars fellows arrive. You'll do it, Morny? I've raced after you for that. You'll

Mornington laughed. "What-ho!" he said at once. "I'l do it like a bird! It's jolly good of you to come an' tell me, Erroll! It can't have been casy riding for

"It wasn't. But it's all right, you get back," said Erroll, 'smiling. "Take my bike; I can walk it." "Good man!"

"Look here. Morny!" shouted Lattrexa You're not deserting us? "Morny!" chorused Peclo and bowled him." Gower.

"Sorry!" smiled Mornington. "Call of duty, you know!"

trey, utterly dismayed and enraged friars took fifty-nine for their innings, by this unexpected outcome of his leaving us one run ahead. Now we're plotting. "You can't go, Morny! thirty up for five wickets, and there | ball, and from the third a catch was The fellows are expecting us at the you are!"

Tell 'em I'm sorry I can't come. Erroll?"

"Yes, yes. Off you go!"

husky with rage. "You've got to with a smile. Whether it was really a foolish joke cycling at more than double the rate come, Morny! Why, we've made "I'm glad you sent Morny back, "Hu or an ill-natured trick, Leggett was of the horse, and Morny had not had all arrangements! You can't back Erroll," he said. "He's in great crowd. come, Morny! Why, we've made "I'm glad you sent Morny back, "Hurrah!" roared the Rookwood

> hard on the high-road where it case, said Mornington coolly. "You can rely on me for that. If it's my He passed vehicle after vehicle sweet company you want, you can without a pauce. The perspiration do without it for once. I'm not ran down his face in streams, and the missin' the biggest match of the at the pedals, which whizzed round machine, and, as be spoke, he slid

into the saddle, and the pedala whizzed round. Erroll drew a breath of relief as the slim figure of the dandy of the Fourth, bending low in the saddle, vanished down the road in a cloud of

dust towards distant Rockwood. He had won that round, at all events! He had beaten, for once, the rascal who was contesting with him for Mornington's honour. And he started on the long tramp home to Rookwood, heedless of the biting pain in his arm and of the fatigue and the hot sun.

In the halted trap, Lattrey & Co. looked at one another with feelings too deep for words. Lattrey was pale with rage. Peele, shrugging his shoulders at last, drove on again.

"By gad!" muttered Lattrey, through his clenched teeth. "By gad! I'll make them suffer for this, somehow-both of them!"

"Oh, we can get on all right without Morny!" said Gower. "After all, I he's paid his whack-and a bit more, if you come to that. Morny's not !

"I'm not thinking of that. Hang

Rotten unlucky that Erroll should I have got crocked, wasn't it?" remarked Peele.

Lattrey gave him a black look, and I did not reply. It was due to his for the cricket-match, but he had you're going to beat them."

the cad of the Fourth to "crock" suspect that as he tramped homeward | Mornington. The dandy of the I in the sun-blaze. He had done well | Fourth was at the top of his form. He made a step towards the trap, for Mornington that afternoon, but And his luck, as well as his form, was but he paused. There was no time he did not know yet from what he phenomenal.

"You're comin' with us, Erroll?" | dead-beat by the time he reached the way. He went directly to Little Side when he arrived.

"Hallo! Been dust-collecting?" scoot back to Rookwood," he said. grinned Newcome, as he arrived on the ground.

"Morny here?" "Can't you see him batting, fat-

"Oh, good!"

Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, were in the field. A dusky junior, of Indian complexion, was bowling against Mornington's wicket. The dandy of the Fourth had evidently arrived in time to play.

"How's it going?" asked Erroll. "Good, so far," said Newcome cheerfully. "Started five minutes after you left. Jimmy won the toss, and we batted first. Morny arrived in time to be sixth man in. Sixty for us first innings. Morny took ten of them. His bike-ride didn't seem to have tired him much. The darker

"That inky chap's a good bowler," remarked Raby.

"Yes; his name's Jampot, or some-"Oh, don't be a fool!" hissed Lat- thing," said Raby. "Well, Grey-

"Good!" said Erroll.

form. He's taken three Greyfriars' wickets in their innings, and his batting is pretty good, too."

"I'm glad," said Erroll. "How's your arm?"

"Rotten!"

"Leggett's feeling pretty rotten too. I think, said Jimmy. "He's had a frog's march and his head ducked in the fountain."

Erroll laughed.

"Serve him right!" he said. "Hallo, there goes Lovell's wicket!" Lovell, clean bowled by Frank Nugent of Greyfriars, carried out bis bat. Van Ryn joined Morny at the wickets.

Jimmy Silver looked on cheerily, but his ruddy face became grave as Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, of Greyfriars, went on to bowl again. For Morny's wicket fell to the first ball from the dusky junior, and Tommy Dodd's followed when he took Morny's place; and Tommy Cook, who followed him in, was dismissed with a duck's egg.

There was a cheer from the Greyfriars cricketers.

"The hat-trick! Hurrah!" "Good old Inky!"

"Last man in!" said Jimmy Silver. Last man in was Dick Oswald, and he and Van Ryn piled up 10 runs between them before a catch from Harry Wharton at point downed the South African's wicket.

"All down for forty!" said Lovell "You never know your luck!" said Jimmy Silver philosophically. "Keep smiling!"

"How are you feelin', old scout?" asked Mornington, joining his chum.

"Oh, not all roses!" said Erroll. "Never mind that. You'll have to can bike all right with one The mocking light in Lattrey's eyes | scheming that Erroll was "crocked" | pile in with the bowling, Morny, il

"I think we can do it!" said Morn-"Morny would come, I'm sure of no foolish joke of Leggett's. It had his treacherous scheming would be ington cheerfully. And Erroll smiled. Morny looked now nothing His face was but a keen cricketer, very unlike dark and savage what he would have looked had he as the trap drove | carried out his own intentions that on, and he was afternoon.

Mornington nodded to his chum when the three when the call came to go into the roysterers field, and followed Jimmy Silver & arrived at the Co. Greyfriars opened the innings Ship and joined with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, their sporting mighty batsmen both.

The Greyfriars fellows seemed to And he would be in a confident mood. They were probably have I behind on the first innings, but been still less they had no doubt of topping the satisfied if he Rookwood total for the second.

had known that And the batsmen started well. at that moment | Bob Cherry had knocked up 15 when | Bulkeley of the he was caught out by Tommy Dodd, Sixth was tramp- and Wharton had added 12 to the ing along the score when he fell. Jimmy Silver footpath over tossed the ball to Mornington.

"Go it, Morny!" he said. And Morny smiled cheerily, and

to call Lattrey to account, and he had had saved his scapegrace chum. Nugent, Field, and Hazeldene. of no proof. He turned again to It was a long tramp back to Rook- Greyfriars, fell one after another to wood, and Kit Erroll was almost his bowling, and the Rookwood crowd roared. It was the hat-trick

> But that was not the end. Johnny Bull followed at the wicket. and to his surprise he was caught out first ball from Morny's masterly bowling. And Hurree Singh, who was next man in, saw with dismay his leg stump levelled with the ground. And even that was not the finish, for Peter Todd, a mighty bat, was dismissed with a duck's egg to wind up that wonderful over!

Rookwood simply roared. The "double hat-trick" was. naturally, uncommon enough on the Rookwood ground. And it was Mornington, the dandy and slacker, the recruit brought by chance into

the team, who had performed it! Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the back as the field crossed over. "Good man! Bravo! Good man!"

roared Jimmy in exuberant delight. "Rather good-what?" grinned Mornington.

"Topping! Bravo!"

Eight down for 27! was the record. Harry Wharton & Co. eyed Mornington curiously. They did not often come across bowling like this. And Jimmy Silver, who bowled the next over, seemed to have caught Morny's wonderful luck.

He took a wicket with the second given to Conroy in the field.

The innings, which had opened in a He moved on to the pavilion, and way that bade fair to last out till I'll look in another day. Sure you sat down on one of the seats. He was dusk, had come to a sudden terminacan get back all right hoofin' it, | tired out, and he had a heavy, dull | tion, with what the Greyfriars fellows ache in his arm, but he meant to see regarded as a run of phenomenal bad the match through. Jimmy Silver, luck, but which was, naturally, re-"Morny!" Lattrey's voice was whose wicket was down, joined him, garded in quite a different light by the Rookwooders.

"Well, cricket's an Auncertain game," remarked Bob Cherry to his comrades. "But this beats records! It beats me hollow!"

And Hurree Singh remarked that I the hollowfulness was terrific, a remark that made the Rackwooders chuckle.

Jimmy Silver & Co. saw the Greyfriars fellows off at the station. As they came back to Rookwood a peculiar sight met their gaze. Bulkeley, of the Sixth, was striding in at the gates, and after him, with sullen and apprehensive faces, slunk three juniors-Peele, Gower, and Lattrey. "My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "That looks like a catch!"

It was a "catch." An hour later the school was assembled in Hall to witness a public flogging. Lattrey & Co. were the victims. And as all Rookwood knew that the prefect had caught them at the Ship, chumming with a gang of "boozy" blackguards, there was little sympathy for them. Mornington's face was very grave as he came away from the Hall, and he pressed Erroll's arm.

"Rather lucky you came after me, old chap-what?" he murmured. Erroll drew a deep breath.

"Thank goodness I came, and that you came back!" he said. "You wouldn't have liked to figure in that scene. Morny! Look here, Morny! I'm not going to sermonise you, but you know it's not good enough! Why don't you stick to the cricket, and let those shady rotters slide?"

"Blessed if I don't think it over!" said Mornington. And Erroll could only hope that

Morny's thinking it over would have a good result. THE END.

MONDAY!

"SMYTHE'S TERRIBLE UNCLE!"

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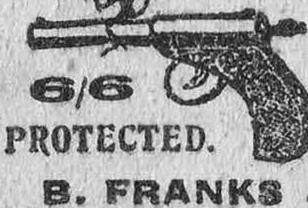
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