

Coming! STUPENDOUS ATTRACTIONS! (See Inside.)

The BOYS' FRIEND Id.

IN TWO WEEKS' TIME! "FRANK RICHARDS' SCHOOLDAYS!"

No. 843, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 4th, 1917.



THE CAD OF ROOKWOOD GETS A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

MORNINGTON'S FOE!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Mornny's Way.

"Mornny here?"
Lattrey of the Fourth asked the question, as he looked into Study No. 4.
It was tea-time, and Peele and Gower, Mornington's study-mates, were there, with dark and discontented expressions on their faces. Mornington, the dandy of the Fourth, was not to be seen. "Where's Mornny?" asked Lattrey. Peele gave a grunt. "Talking to Erroll and Jimmy

Silver," he replied. "They're down in the quad."
"You can see 'em from the window, if you want to see how chummy they are," said Gower with a sneer.
Lattrey crossed to the window and glanced out.
Three juniors were chatting near the beeches, apparently on the best of terms. They were Kit Erroll, Jimmy Silver, and Jimmy's old rival, Mornington.
Lattrey gave them a bitter glance, and turned back into the study.
"I left 'em talkin' cricket!" said Peele. "Mornny's gettin' very keen on cricket. He's goin' to squeeze

into the junior eleven, if he can, for the Bagshot match. He's throwin' us over."
"Isn't he coming in to tea?" asked Lattrey.
Peele shrugged his shoulders. "When his lordship pleases!" he said sarcastically. "We're waitin' for him."
"I'll wait, too," said Lattrey.
"Nothin' much to wait for," grunted Gower. "We're goin' to have a skinny tea. I don't know what's come over Mornny. You know how he used to chortle at the grub rules. Well, he says now the grub rules are goin' to be kept in this

study. He's changed his mind, and we've got to change ours."
"When Mornny says turn, we all turn, you know," said Peele. "Catch me!"
"It's that rotter Erroll," said Gower. "Before he came, Mornny was one of us—a bit ahead of most of us. Cricket!" Gower gave a snort of angry contempt. "What's that? Kid's game! Mornny wastin' his time on cricket—and advisin' us to do the same! Us, you know!"
"This won't do!" said Lattrey.
"You've said that before. You can't stop it."

"I'm going to try," said Lattrey between his teeth.
He moved restlessly about the study.
Lattrey, the blackest of the black sheep at Rookwood, could not quite understand the change that was coming over Valentine Mornington, and it irritated him all the more because he could not understand it.
The supercilious dandy of the Fourth had been the leader in all the shady escapades of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood, till of late.
And Mornny, who was rolling in wealth, was too valuable a pal to be lost by that select circle.
The three juniors looked round sullenly as Mornington came into the study at last.
He was looking very cheerful.
"Hullo, tea ready?" he asked.
"If you call it a tea!" grunted Peele. "There's nothin' here but the regular allowance."
"Hard lines!" grinned Mornington. "But no harder on us than anybody else. Try cricket, old scout. It makes the war-bread go down like toffee."
"Hang cricket!"
Mornington laughed, and sat at the table and helped himself to bread and cheese. He ate that plain fare with a keen appetite. His chums watched him, in angry silence.
"Is that all you're goin' to have?" asked Peele at last.
Mornington nodded.
"Then you can have it to yourself," snapped Peele, and he went out of the study, followed by Gower.
Mornington shrugged his shoulders, and ate bread and cheese. He seemed amused by the irritation of his friends.
Lattrey remained in the study with him, watching him.
"Had your tea?" asked Mornington.
"No."
"Pile in, then—only get your own bread. Not allowed to stand that, you know." Mornington laughed. "These grub rules are a corker, ain't they?"
"Do you mean to say you're goin' to take any notice of them, more than you can help?" asked Lattrey, eyeing him.
"Certainly. Isn't it a merry patriotic duty?"
"I've never noticed you look at it like that before."
"Erroll's been jawin' me, you see. He's pointed out the error of my ways." Mornington chuckled. "Cricket instead of food-hoggin', what?"
Lattrey's eyes glittered.
"Are you always going to do as Erroll tells you?" he sneered.
"Why not? Saves the trouble of thinkin'."
Mornington finished his bread and cheese, and rose. The dark look on Lattrey's face evidently amused him.
Mornny was not an easy customer for even the cunning cad of the Fourth to deal with. It was useless to seek to "put his back up" by sneering at Erroll's influence over him. Mornny enjoyed parading Erroll's influence, as it were, for the amiable purpose of irritating his pals.
Lattrey controlled his temper, with an effort.
"Well, sit down, Mornny," he said. "Got the cards here?"
"Cards!" repeated Mornington.
"Yes—you remember I was going to show you how to play poker."
"Poker!" yawned Mornington.
"It's a ripping game," said Lattrey. "Beats bridge and banker hollow. A real game for sportsmen."
"Another time," said Mornington, taking his hat from a corner.
"Where are you going?"
"Cricket practice!"
"Look here, Mornny, I've put off something else to come here."
"Sorry! You shouldn't have—I
(Continued on the next page.)

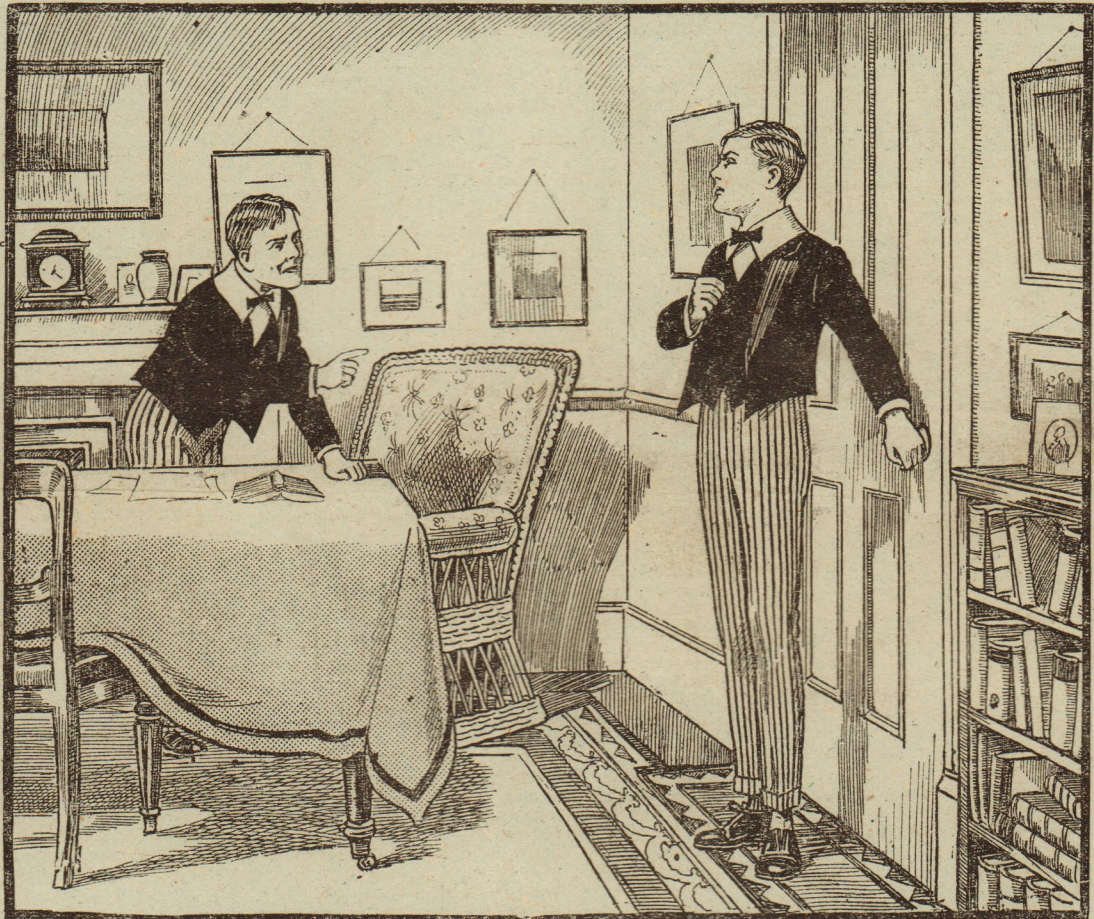
Jimmy. "Give him a wide berth. He's not wholesome!"
"I know he ain't, Master Silver. An' I wish Master Morny wasn't friends with him neither. He don't mean any good to Master Morny. But—but— Course, sir, if I tell you wot's worrying me, you won't say nothing?"
"I won't say anything, if that's what you mean."
"Yes, sir! Well, sir, Master Mornington sometimes gives me a written message to take to a place—some place——" Erbert stammered.
"The Bird-in-Hand!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I know!"
"Lattrey asked me to 'and him the next letter Morny give me to take there," said Erbert. "He says, says he, it was to see that Morny didn't write anything that might get him into trouble. But—but I don't trust Lattrey. He's a bad egg!"
"Quite right!"
"He said some shady rotter at the Bird-in-Hand might keep Morny's paper to keep a 'old over 'im!"
"Likely enough!"
"But—but I figured it out, sir, that that's what Lattrey wanted Morny's letter for 'isself."
"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.
"He don't like Morny, though they're friends," said the fag shrewdly. "He makes a lot of money out of 'im. I know that! He hates Master Erroll, who's a good pal to Morny. I know he's afraid of Morny chucking him over, and I believe he wants to get a 'old over Morny."
"Very likely. Don't do as he asks you, anyway."
"I ain't going to, Master Silver. But that ain't all. Suppose he had a letter like that there, it would do Master Mornington a lot of 'arm if it came out—to the 'Ead or the Form-master—wouldn't it?"
"Might get him the sack!" agreed Jimmy Silver.
"And then Morny would be under Lattrey's thumb?"
"I suppose so."
"Well, then, as he can't make use of me to get 'old of a paper like that, he may try some other trick," said the fag. "And—and I was a-wondering, Master Silver, if I ought to warn Morny? Course, I don't want to make trouble atween friends, an' I don't want to be tellin' tales. But—but s'pose Morny, in a careless way, wrote somethin' that Lattrey got 'old of, and—and kep'— He paused, his eyes fixed earnestly on Jimmy Silver's face. "Morny's so careless, sir. He might let Lattrey get a 'old over 'im like that, and then—then he wouldn't never be able to throw Lattrey over if he wanted to."
"My hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, staring at the fag.
He did not doubt that the keen-witted little waif had read aright the cunning scheme in Lattrey's brain. Lattrey's hold on the richest junior at Rookwood was very precarious. Morny was very unreliable, and Erroll was doing his best to win him from shady pursuits. It was only too likely that Lattrey was seeking to strengthen his hold upon his associate and dupe.
"So, p'raps you'll advise me, Master Silver," Erbert went on. "I—I don't like to seem to be tellin' tales and making trouble; but—but don't you think Master Mornington ought to know what Lattrey wants?"
"He ought to chuck up playing the giddy ox!" growled Jimmy Silver. "But, as he won't do that, he ought to know that his precious pal is trying to serve him a dirty trick. You'd better warn him."
"Erbert rose from the coal-locker.
"Thank you, Master Silver! I—I thought I'd ask you first. You think I'd better tell Morny wot Lattrey wanted?"
"I think you'd better!" said Jimmy, after a pause. "Morny has a right to know. He's fool enough to land himself into anything."
"Thank you, sir!"
The fag quitted the study, relieved in his mind. He placed great faith in Jimmy Silver—much more than in Morny—in spite of his unbounded admiration of the dandy of the Fourth.
Jimmy smiled as he went down to the Common-room to join his chums. He rather fancied himself in the role of Uncle James, giving sage counsel to youths in trouble.
And he felt that he had done Morny a good turn, and though he was not feeling very friendly towards

Morny just then, he was glad of it. He did not want even a reckless scapegrace like Mornington to fall into the clutches of a scheming, unscrupulous rascal like Lattrey of the Fourth.
The 5th Chapter.
A Startling Revelation.
Tubby Muffin smiled a genial smile of welcome as Mornington of the Fourth came into the first study. Lattrey, Tubby's study-mate, was there, finishing his prep. He did not even look up. But Tubby was all smiles.
"Come in, old chap!" said the fat Classical affectionately.
Mornington gave him a cool stare. Tubby's affection was founded upon Morny's ample wealth, but it was not in the slightest degree reciprocated by the dandy of the Fourth.
"You can cut off, Muffin!" said Morny curtly.
"Eh?"
"Cut off! I've come here to speak to Lattrey."
"Oh!"
"Outside!" said Mornington.
Even the worm will turn, and Tubby Muffin, instead of cutting off, gave a snort of indignation.
"Cut off yourself, you snob!" he said independently. "You're not going to turn me out of my own study!"

that you were a sneakin' cad!" went on Mornington. "I've been friendly with you because I've a queer weakness for the company of rotters and out-and-out rascals!"
"Take care what you say!" muttered Lattrey.
"It's my way," said Mornington. "I chum with Towny and Topsy, a pair of vicious duffers; and Peele and Gower, a pair of vicious rascals; and you, worse than the lot of them put together! I find you all rather amusin'. As for you, of course I knew you were after my money all the time, and I never bothered. It doesn't hurt me to lose a few quids at banker and bridge, and I dare say you're hard up an' want the money."
Lattrey's eyes glistened like a rat's.
"But that's comin' to an end now," added Mornington. "I was a fool ever to speak to a fellow of your sort. I knew you were a schemin' cad, but I didn't know what a dangerous scoundrel you were."
"Take care!" muttered Lattrey, clenching his hands almost convulsively.
"What else are you?" sneered Mornington. "You wanted to get somethin' compromisin' written in my hand, to hold over my head, to make me dance to your tune—what? That's what lawyers call blackmail. You're a blackmailin' scoundrel, Lattrey!"
Lattrey made a step forward.

will come down off your perch some day, Mornington, I can tell you that. Your money! You've shoved your money at me pretty often. Your money!" He burst into a bitter, sarcastic laugh. "Your money, you beggar!"
Mornington was turning to the door, having said his say. But he turned back at that.
"What did you call me?" he asked.
He was not angry, only surprised and amused. Truly, "beggar" did not seem quite the description to apply to the richest fellow at Rookwood, who had more fivers in his pocket-book than any other fellow had half-crowns.
"Beggar!" repeated Lattrey. "Beggar and impostor! That's what I call you! Money—your money! You haven't a cent in the world. Every shilling you spend is somebody else's money. And if that somebody else claims it, what are you going to do then? You'll lose your fine feathers. You may be glad to speak to me then, you swanking pauper!"
"Pauper!" repeated Mornington. "Yes, pauper! You like me to believe that you didn't know it!" sneered Lattrey. "You didn't know I knew it, certainly!"
Mornington looked at him in wonder.
"Have you gone off your rocker?"

"Tell me what you mean, Lattrey?" he said at last, and his voice was very low and quiet.
"I'll tell you fast enough. You stand to inherit twenty thousand pounds a year when you're twenty-one. What?"
"That's so, though I don't see how you know it!"
"You see that I do know it. And the Mornington estates—yours, if your cousin does not turn up; but whose, if he does?" grinned Lattrey. "My cousin?"
"Your cousin, Cecil Mornington, the heir of your father's elder brother," said Lattrey. "And you never knew?"
"It's a lie!" said Mornington. "I have no cousin Cecil!"
"Your uncle never told you?" Lattrey laughed. "No. I dare say old Stacpoole thought it wouldn't make you exactly happy to know the facts, and Cecil Mornington may never turn up. So he never told you."
He laughed.
"My father and his brother are both dead," said Mornington. "I was my father's only son, and his brother had no children. So I always believed."
"Your father's brother had a son. He married late in life, and his son is younger than you. That son was lost when he was a baby, and never found. But there has been search going on for him for ten years, and it's still going on. Sir Rupert Stacpoole is still paying the inquiry agents who are searching for him. If he's alive, he will be about twelve years old now. And why shouldn't he be alive? And if he's found, he takes everything—everything." Lattrey gave the dandy of the Fourth a gloating look. "You're left a beggar—your father was a beggar, dependent on his elder brother for an allowance. Old Stacpoole knows it. You'll be dependent on him for the bread you eat, if your cousin turns up, and he will!"
"And how do you know all this?" asked Mornington quietly.
Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.
"Because my father's the head of Lattrey & Co., the inquiry agents," he said coolly. "That's how I know."
"Your pater's a sneakin' detective, you mean," Mornington's lip curled. "Do inquiry agents confide matters of this kind to their sons?"
"Ha, ha! I imagine not! But there's precious few things went on at home that I did not know about, all the same!"
"I see! Followin' in your father's footsteps like a sneakin' spy. What!"
"Put it like that if you like. You see that I do know it."
"I shall ask my guardian if it's true."
"Do!" sneered Lattrey. "You'll find that it is!"
"But whether it's true or not, you've no right to know anything about it," said Mornington, his eyes glittering. "an' whether I'm goin' to be a beggar or not, I don't allow a sneakin' spyin' cad to call me one. Put up your hands, Lattrey! I'm goin' to thrash you!"
The dandy of the Fourth came on as he spoke.
Lattrey put up his hands quickly. But his defence did not save him. For five minutes there was a trampling and scuffling of feet in the study, and fierce panting and gasping. Then Lattrey lay on the floor on his back; knocked completely out. He blinked at Mornington through half-closed eyes, with blood on his face, groaning.



"Beggars!" exclaimed Lattrey fiercely. "Beggars and impostors! That's what I call you! Money—your money! You haven't a cent in the world! Every shilling you spend is somebody else's money!"
"Get out, Tubby!" said Lattrey, rising.
"Look here——"
"I'll kick you out if you don't!"
"I'll kick him out, anyway!" said Mornington.
Tubby Muffin dodged out of the study and fled. Mornington closed the door after him, and turned to face Lattrey.
The latter eyed him sneeringly.
"I've no time now for poker," he said.
"Thanks! I haven't come to play poker, dear boy!" said Mornington.
"I've come to tell you what I think of you!"
"You needn't trouble!"
"You want to get something in my writing," said Mornington—"something addressed to Joey Hook, or a chap of that kind, that would get me into trouble if it came out. You asked young Murphy to sell me out."
"Did he tell you so?" sneered Lattrey.
"Yes; to put me on my guard."
"Well, it's a lie!"
"It isn't a lie," said Mornington calmly. "Erbert doesn't tell lies; his upbringing has been quite different from yours, Lattrey. It's the truth; and you were schemin' to get me under your thumb, you cad!"
Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.
"I knew all the time

you were a sneakin' cad!" went on Mornington. "I've been friendly with you because I've a queer weakness for the company of rotters and out-and-out rascals!"
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Lattrey made a step forward.

He asked calmly. "I don't see how you can know anythin' about my affairs, anyway!"
"You see that I do!"
"Not at all. Unless you're mad, you're dreamin'," said Mornington. "But you're going to explain, Lattrey. What do you mean by what you just said?"
Lattrey gave him a hard, searching look.
"You mean to say that you don't know?" he asked at last.
"I know you're talkin' out of your hat! That's all."
"By gad!" Lattrey breathed hard. "Then your guardian's kept it dark from you. Sir Rupert Stacpoole hasn't told you——"
"Told me what?" exclaimed Mornington, a vague sense of uneasiness creeping over him, in spite of his scornful disbelief. "What do you mean? Out with it!"
"That you're a beggar!" Lattrey enunciated every word with slow relish. "That you haven't a quid in the wide world of your own money. That every shilling you spend may have to be accounted for if the right owner turns up, and he will—he will!"
Mornington searched the hard, bitter face with his eyes. There was intense earnestness in Lattrey's look. He was telling the truth, or so he believed. The dandy of the Fourth stood very still.
Could there be anything in it, he was wondering.

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THE RED CARAVAN.

—000—

Jack Robinson,
Rob Roy MacGregor,
Larry O'Rourke,
Johnny Jones,
Roly Foly, the fat boy,
and
Ben Brace,
an old sailor.

A Magnificent New Series of Complete Stories. By RICHARD RANDOLPH.



THE RIVAL CARAVANNERS

This Week: **HOLDING THE FORT!**

THE BLUE CARAVAN.

—000—

Dick Kent,
Sydney Hobart,
Victor Hale,
Walter Graham,
Nap, the black boy,
and
Gamaliel Game,
the janitor.

The 1st Chapter. Roly's Eggs.

"I've been done down!" howled Roly-Poly Tregvidden.
"Nothing new in that, is there?" asked Graham lazily.
"Sure, not a bit of it! Roly's the sort that's always after being done down. He goes about asking for it," said Larry O'Rourke.
"Phew! There's a very nasty smell, whatever," remarked Johnny Jones.
Larry O'Rourke, who had been lying down at Graham's side, turned over. He saw a bowl in Roly's hand, and he jumped to his feet.
Roly was sniffing at the bowl, and the look upon his face suggested that the smell failed to please him. It was the same smell which had caused Johnny Jones' remark.
And Larry knew that bowl. Wherefore Larry jumped up in all haste.
It had been he who had discovered the value as missiles of the bad eggs which had played so important a part in the rout of the lord of the manor and his minions, as Dick Kent called them.

Above the laager on the hillside the flag which Jack Robinson had made out of a blazer of the Crofton colours still floated gaily.
Six hours had passed since the attack made by the scratch army of Mr. Absalom Arkittel had been beaten off, and the enemy had not shown up again. But watch and ward had not been allowed to get slack.
Between the two carts which helped to form the front of the laager Hobart and Hale sat together, their legs dangling down the slope, their eyes ever on the white road below.
Between them was a pair of field-glasses, and from time to time one or the other would raise these to his eyes.

So, before they took up the watch, had Jack Robinson and Dick Kent sat there together, waiting for "the coming of the chariot of Sisera," as Dick said.
Roly thought cooking more important than anything else in life, or almost anything else. He had lately had a new idea upon this subject, and was rather disposed to think now that a really ripping girl—such as Lena Ware, who was the very good chum of them all—might be of more importance even than cooking.
But Lena was not there, and a fellow must eat. No one was more fully persuaded of the necessity of eating than Roly.
He liked his grub good and in plenty.

Roly had fetched the eggs when Jack Robinson had commandeered them as hand-grenades.
But he had not fetched them all. He could not believe that they were all bad. It might be true that even a fresh egg was a useful missile. But fresh eggs as missiles seemed to Roly a sinful waste.
So he had kept back a few—those which looked at a glance least hopeless. And now, being minded to make a Yorkshire pudding, he had broken one of them into a basin.
The result was almost beyond description. Roly had a momentary feeling of sympathy even for the enemies of the caravanners in the horrible fate they had experienced in coming into contact with such eggs as this.
Also, Roly felt angry. It was not at all reasonable to blame Larry O'Rourke for the badness of those eggs.
But Roly did blame him.
He came nearer, and there was something threatening in his attitude. Larry ought to have tried extra civility. He made a bad break when he said:

"Here, I say, keep off, ye fat spalpeen! I'm not going—"
"Yes, you are!" howled Roly.
He dashed the contents of the basin full into the face of the junior from County Cork.
"Ow! Ow! I'm suffoca—Grooh! Yow!"
"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Graham.
"You fat idiot! You cheeky worm! Grooh! I—" roared Graham again.
"It was your own fault, you ass! And don't you just look funny with a yellow nose! Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Roly.
"Tis a liar ye are, an' the truth is not in ye!" howled Larry. "Tis not my own fault at all, at all, but the wicked spite of ye, ye fat rascal! And it's not the colour I'd be after minding, though it's not the fashion in noses, but the smell. Sure, there never was another egg after being

a transport of affection he was rubbing his face upon Johnny's.
"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Graham again.
He stopped in his flight, and stood rocking, his hands to his sides.
But his laughter ceased on a sudden. Larry had gripped him.
"You rotter! Help—help, you fellows!"
"Not likely!" said Roly cruelly. "Serve you right! You—Oh, stop it, you wild beast! Yarooogh!"
Larry had darted from Graham to Roly now. The fat boy could not move fast enough to dodge him.
"I say, what's all this?" asked Jack Robinson, coming up with Rob Roy and Dick Kent.
They had been over the hill, to fetch water, and see that the horses were all right, and had only just returned to the camp.
"There ain't any left for you, I'm afraid, old chap," said Larry cheerily.

"They can't all be bad. Don't be so silly, Jack!" said Roly peevishly.
"Now, I suppose, I shall have to break them all, and perhaps not find one good one among them."
"Then you'd better get a new supposer—one that's not as addled as that egg, for if you break as much as one more I'll—oh, hanged if I won't break your neck, or jolly near it!"
Roly looked sulky. He was keen on Yorkshire-pudding. And he had milk to make it with, or he would have soon. Nap had gone off to find a farm, and get milk.
In another moment Nap strolled into the laager with a large can of new milk.
"Hallo, Roly boy, whose funeral is it?" he asked, grinning.
Napoleon Bonaparte Widgeon and Roly were great chums, though they did belong to opposite camps.
"I say, Jack, there ain't any grub left—at least, scarcely any," faltered Roly.

"There was. But someone left the van open, and Caesar and Pompey have got most of it. They're fighting over it now. Hark at them!"
Sounds of conflict came from a corner of the laager, where Caesar, Uncle Ben's yellow dog, and Pompey, Gammy's tortoiseshell cat, squabbled over the stolen bacon.
"That were Pompey," put in Uncle Bryce, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the reds, as unlike Gammy Game as man could well be. "Caesar don't steal, messmates. I should say as he's trying to get it away from that pirate of a cat, an animal as never oughter be allowed off the chain!"
"Sounds like Caesar," said Jack Robinson, with evident sarcasm.
Everybody loved Uncle Ben, except Gammy; but, in spite of proverbs, no one loved Uncle Ben's dog.
"That seems to suggest Caesar's a retriever," remarked Dick Kent. "I always thought of him as a miscellaneous dog. But we ain't likely to fancy the bacon much after Caesar's retrieved it."
"There's plenty of bread, of course," Rob Roy said.
"There's some," answered Roly.
"Jolly stale, too," said Graham.
"And cheese," said Graham.
"A pound or two. Not enough to go far."
"Bedad, we shall have to break another egg or two! They are after going far enough, and nobody with a nose on his face would want much to eat when he'd had a good sniff!" chuckled Larry.
Hobart had joined the group now.
"There must be heaps of tinned stuff," he said.
"We've two tins of tongue," said Nap.
"Oh, I know that!" Roly said simply. "Of course, I took over all your stuff. But the only other tins are fruit, and that ain't very filling. I like pineapple no end, but—"
"You fat ass! How came you to let the stock get so low?"
"Don't you sling abuse at me for that, Robinson!" flashed Roly.
"Everything ain't all my fault, I suppose, is it? How was I to expect this? There hasn't been a chance lately to lay in supplies. I meant to the first chance I got."
"Something will have to be done, and jolly sharp, too!" said the commander-in-chief. "We're not going to be starved out, and that's what it would come to!"



Caesar gave a low and angry growl, and Nap looked up, to see a face gazing at them through the opposite hedge.

quite so beastly in the niff of it as this one since the giddy worruld got on its legs and sat up!"
Graham and Johnny Jones were roaring. But their laughter ceased as Larry bore down upon them.
"Here, don't you come near me!" cried Graham, in alarm.
"Keep off, Larry! Indeed, whatever, if you put any of—"
"But I love ye both, me darlin'! The one desire of me yearnin' heart is to kiss ye!"
"Not with that nose—not on your life!" snapped Graham. "Keep away, you mad ass!"
"Ow! Yow! Yoooop!" roared Johnny.
Larry had got him. In what might have looked to anyone at a distance

And he had certainly got rid of the most of it.
"There's lots of niff, anyway," Dick Kent replied. "You're like the vase in the poem, Larry—a fellow might break and shatter it all he jolly well liked, but the scent of the roses would cling to it still. Only it ain't exactly roses in your case. Get further off, you—you smelling-bottle!"
"Have you idiots been wasting eggs?" demanded Jack Robinson.
"It was a bad egg, Jack," answered Roly, groaning, as he tried to cleanse his face.
"Ass! The worse it was the better it was. And you've wasted it!"
"Wasted it be hanged! I wanted to make a Yorkshire-pudding."
"What! With eggs like that?"

His cornflower-blue eyes were wide open, and under the coating of bad egg his face had grown quite pale.
"Oh, rot! There must be plenty."
"There was a great slab of boiled beef—jolly good stuff, too!" said Rob Roy.
"Well, there ain't now," replied Roly.
Gammy Game, the traitorous old janitor—Gammy travelled with the blues, at the command of the Head of Crofton, and very much to the disgust of the blues—had taken the boiled beef.
It was more than he could eat by far. But he had thrown away what he could not get outside of.
"There's lots of bacon," said Larry.

"The 2nd Chapter.
A Grub Expedition.
"I'll go and get grub," said Roly, with immense determination. "If you like, I'll go alone. But I'd rather have Nap with me, for it would be jolly hard work for one chap to carry all we want."
"Wouldn't you rader hab Peter, Roly boy?" inquired Nap.
Peter was Uncle Ben's mule. He was about as tractable and agreeable as most mules, which is not saying much; but it had occurred to the black boy that he could carry burdens more easily.
"No, I wouldn't!" Roly replied. "I ain't sure I can manage Peter."
They started out without Peter. Many were the adjurations bestowed upon them. Hale's was the briefest, and as much to the purpose as any.
"Keep your eyes skinned!" said the Canuck junior.
Jack Robinson drew on a scrap of paper a rough map of the way to Vernham, the nearest village.
"As if we were kids!" snorted Roly.
But Nap stowed the scrap of paper carefully away.
By the time they reached the road

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THE SECRET CITY!

A Magnificent Story of Thrilling Adventure in the Far East, introducing Cy Sprague, the Famous American Detective.

By DUNCAN STORM.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

TOM and FREDDY MORTON journey to India to visit their father, but find on arrival that the latter died some weeks previously. The boys fall in with CHIP PRODGERS, a young street arab, who is a member of the Indian Secret Service. Subsequently, they meet DAVID STRONG, the chief of the Service, who enrolls them as members. Later CY SPRAGUE, the famous American Detective, and LAL TATA join the party.

Cy Sprague learns of the whereabouts of the Secret City, and the little party set out to exterminate the place and capture the chief.

They arrive at Cashmere, and from there they travel by boats; but Chip, Lal Tata, and the two boys are separated from the main body by a storm.

Lal Tata, Chip, and the boys are captured by the Red Llama, and are about to be put to death, when the priest sees three perpendicular tattoo marks on Chip's forehead. The Red Llama falls on his knees and worships Chip, and acknowledges him as the great Delai Llama, whom they have been waiting for to come to life again. Chip fills this new role well, and the priests in procession make their way to the Secret City, bearing Chip in a gorgeous palanquin. The boys and Lal Tata are treated as friends of the great Delai Llama, and later on the procession come across Cy Sprague and the rest of the party, who take the hint, and follow on behind.

(Read on from here.)

Cy Means Business.

Chip, in a sense, was a prisoner in that gorgeous silk-lined, red-lacquered palanquin which was borne on the shoulders of eight sturdy priests.

These were yellow llamas, who wore robes of bright orange, and they had been picked up on the road two days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter.

There were forty-eight of these sturdy bearers altogether, and they worked in relays of one hour each.

Those who were not carrying the palanquin marched ahead in a sort of band, playing on the priestly shawms, or trumpeters, or beating cymbals, gongs and drums, to announce that the Delai Llama was coming.

Chip, the Delai Llama, whispered through the palanquin that the band was worse than the worst town band he had ever heard.

His friends were allowed to walk by the litter and to converse with him through the curtains, but he was not allowed to eat in their company, and Cy Sprague whispered that it would be as well if they all showed him the same respect as the Thibetans did.

So when Chip alighted from the gorgeous palanquin at the end of the various stages, the whole of his party gravely prostrated themselves before him.

Chip was a sight worth seeing in these days. Every day he wore a fresh robe, a gorgeous Chinese robe, stiff with gold embroidery.

Sometimes he would be dressed in blue from head to foot in robes covered with great sprawling dragons and mystic characters. Sometimes his robes would be flame-coloured.

His closely-shaven head now showed the three mystic red lines on his forehead which, since the boys had known him, had always been covered by the fringe or forelock which Chip called his quiff.

Now he looked for all the world like some young Buddhist priest.

Chip was in rollicking spirits, and tickled to death by this great adventure.

He knew that he was being carried direct to the city which was so mysteriously hidden away behind the white walls of the snow-capped mountain ranges, and that, in that city, he would be counted as master.

Bit by bit he had won from the Red Llama the secret of the city which was unapproachable, save by those who knew the key to the approach, and bit by bit he communicated this to Cy Sprague as he walked



Cosh! The snowball burst in a cloud of white on the neck of the Llama, causing him to give a shout of surprise.

by the side of the palanquin up the steep mountain paths.

It was hardly likely that any of the yellow llamas who were carrying the litter would have the slightest knowledge of English; but Chip was careful to wrap up his words in a veil of the London slang that was natural to him, and the American slang which he had picked up from the cowboys.

"That you, Mr. Sprague?" he asked, through the curtains of the palanquin.

"That's me, your Holiness!" replied Cy, laughing.

Chip's hand was thrust out of the curtains.

Cy laughed again at the sight of the hand. Chip's fingers were so stiff with rings that they could barely close upon the packet of cigarettes for which he was asking.

Fifty thousand pounds would not have bought the priceless array of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies with which the boy's fingers were loaded.

Inside the litter Chip lit up a surreptitious cigarette.

"I'm getting wise to the lay out, Mr. Sprague," said he. "We are eight days' march from the Secret City now, an' the ole Red Llama chap—ole Took 'is 'Ook—'e sez we shall soon be reaching the bit of the road that's a bit up an' down. The ole Wowsy sez that you've all got to be blindfolded when we come to the ticklish bit of the road, 'cause there's only two persons in this party that's allowed to see it."

"And who are those?" asked Cy.

"One's 'im and the other's me!" replied Chip calmly. "There's only three people that's allowed to 'ave the secret of the road to the Secret City, and I'm one of 'em. Bit of orright, ain't it?"

Cy whistled under his breath. Chip was getting ahead with a vengeance.

"Ole 'Arry Jobson, as I call 'im—the Red Llama—is getting confidential long o' me," continued Chip from behind the curtains. "He's palling up to me all 'e knows. Wants to keep on the right side of me, Mr. Sprague, you see. I think 'e's workin' up to tell me that if 'im and me gets together, we might upset the potato-can of the other chap—the third chap that knows the secret of the road."

"And who is this other chap?" demanded Cy.

"Come nearer to this ole egg-box," whispered Chip. "I've got 'is name at last—he's the party we are looking for—a Chinese prince, and son of the old Dowager Empress of China. But

I've got to whisper it low. It's death even to mention 'is name, and it's as likely as not that these 'ere Yellow Perils who are carryin' the palanquin may be his spies."

Cy put his ear close to the heavy sicken curtains.

Chip did not pronounce the name. He spelled it in English letters. "H U N - L A T - S E N," he breathed in a whisper that was barely audible, even to Cy.

Cy muttered an exclamation of astonishment.

The name that Chip had spelled was a man for whom he had long been looking—one of the most dangerous characters within the ken of the secret police of the world.

As remarkable a character as his mother, the woman who had ruled the teeming millions of China with a rod of iron for so many years.

"So that is the fellow!" he muttered. "I've been wanting him for years. He was in the East Side coming case, eight years ago, in New York, and there were two men murdered by him. He's as dangerous as a mad cat, and as tricky as a snake. You'll have to get up early in the morning, Master Chip, to upset that lad's potato-can!"

"But what was he doing in New York?" asked Chip greatly interested.

"What is he doing up in this country?" replied Cy, by way of answer. "You bet that whatever H L S is working, he's on a big thing, and that he is working evil. He was chucked out of China because he made it too hot to hold him. He was chased out of America because he was wanted by the police, and since then his hand has been appearing everywhere."

"I can now see how he has got this Secret City business to work! Somehow or other, he learned that these old priests who live up in these mountains by the thousand in their big monasteries, had stumbled on an enormous deposit of gold, a reef hidden away in the heart of mountains which would make the South African Rand and the Australian gold fields a small proposition if it were properly worked and developed."

Chip laughed. "That's true," said he. "Ole 'Arry Jobson says that up in the valley where the Secret City stands, the gold sticks in the rock like plums in a cake."

"These priests wanted to keep the gold quiet!" said Cy. "They knew very well that if it were discovered that a huge goldfield lay up here on

the roof of the world, nothing on earth would prevent the great gold rush of all the adventurous spirits who follow the gold. Then it would be all over with their Forbidden Land and their Secret City, and the rest of it. It has always happened that way."

"What are you goin' to do with this 'ere Hun-Lat-Sen when you get your fist on 'is neck?" asked Chip, in a low tone.

"Do?" replied Cy.

Then his face set, and the sun-browned hand that rested on the red-lacquered door of the palanquin tightened till the veins stood up in knots.

"I am going to kill him!" replied Cy quietly. "I'm going to kill him before he gets his chance of murdering you—as he murdered my brother in New York. My brother was an officer of the New York Police, Chip, and he attempted to arrest this scoundrel singlehanded in a Chinese house down in the Bowery. But Hun-Lat-Sen had his gang around him, and they overpowered my brother and tortured him till he died. So I am going to kill this man, and for this reason I have come to India to track him down!"

There was a harsh, grating tone in Cy Sprague's voice which made Chip draw aside the curtain of the palanquin with the tip of his finger and peep at his companion's face as he trudged beside the litter.

"Crumbs!" muttered the Delai Llama to himself. "This 'ere 'un is going to get his light put out! Cy means business!"

For the boy saw that in Cy Sprague's face there was death for the man who had murdered his brother.

The Gate of the Secret City.

Wilder and wilder grew the scenery as the little procession toiled up through the enormous mountain ranges, sometimes winding their way through narrow gorges where the rocks rose a thousand or two thousand feet overhead, sometimes crossing the immense shale slopes, which were spotted here and there with wide patches of snow, stretching down for miles.

They were on the backbone of the world, and had reached an elevation of sixteen or eighteen thousand feet.

It was mighty cold up there, and Fred and Tom were glad enough of the sheepskin coats which had been served out to the whole party.

The heats of the plains of India below had thinned their blood, and

the chill winds from the thousands of miles of snow-capped mountains bit and stung them.

Chip, in his palanquin, was "All right!" as he expressed it. The llamas wrapped him in heavily-wadded silken gowns, and supplied him constantly with foot-warmers heated by charcoal.

Up in this rarefied atmosphere the boys found themselves short of breath, and sometimes dizzy, by reason of the rarefied air.

But the Thibetans trudged along sturdily under the weight of the litter. This was their native atmosphere, and their lungs were adapted to it.

There were men amongst them who, before this excursion, had never reached a sixteen-thousand-foot level in their lives.

Bit by bit Chip had charmed his followers by his gracious urbanity and condescension. He had entirely secured the affections of the Red Llama, whom he addressed openly as "Arry Jobson."

This was supposed by the red and yellow llamas to be a title of tremendous honour—a saintship, as it were, conferred on their superior, and he was now addressed by all of them with profound respect and veneration as "The most reverend Ari Yoops'n."

Sometimes they stayed at night in Thibetan lamaseries, huge monasteries containing thousands of monks, who came out in processions to meet the red palanquin, prostrating themselves before it, for the news had gone forth that the Delai Llama was dead, and Chip, therefore, was now reigning in his stead.

Here Chip was led into the great halls, censured with incense, bowed to, and kowtowed to, as he sat on the high throne, stiff with jewels and gold bullion.

This was hard work for Chip. He had to sit still sometimes for five hours on end, with the incense smoke tickling his nose, listening to the droning of endless chants, the beating of drums, and the braying of shawms.

The constant stopping at these huge monasteries delayed their journey.

The eight days' march stretched to sixteen days, and they were still toiling through the valleys and over the snow-slopes that lay in the heart of the mountains.

Chip was heartily sick of being regarded as a supernatural being.

He wanted to get out of that closed-up, stuffy litter, which cramped and stiffened his limbs, and get down. He did one day, to the great wonderment of his following. They had dumped the litter on a snow-slope, and had stopped for the midday meal. It was a glorious day, and the sky around them was of an intense gentian blue.

From the spot where the litter was dumped was commanded such a panorama as had no equal in mountain scenery in the world.

For a hundred miles on each side stretched the boundless chain of the Himalayas, the pure snow-peaks stabbing the sky in glittering pinnacles.

It was too much for Chip. Up here the air was like wine—clear, exhilarating, and sparkling.

The boys were sitting eating their meal when they saw a white, silk-clad leg, shod with gold-crusted sandal, step out of the litter.

Then followed a bundle of rose-pink robes, studded with gold and jewels, and out of this bundle stuck the bald head of Chip, grinning all over his face.

The Thibetans did not see him, for he had descended from the far side of the litter. They were gathered round a fire, which had been made of wood brought from below.

Chip rolled a snowball and winked at his pals. Then he rolled another and another and another.

Then, with an armful of snowballs, he retired again into his gorgeous litter.

"Now, boys," said he, "you watch out 'e see me give ole 'Arry Jobson a snowball behind his ear!"

And sure enough he did! The Red Llama was seated absorbed in contemplation, clicking the beads of his rosary, when the curtains of the Holy One's litter were gently

