THE BOYS OF "BOMBAY CASTLE"!

A Magnificent New Story, dealing with the School Afloat, and introducing Captain Handyman, Cy Sprague, Lal Tata, and Chip, appears in this issue.



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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending October 27th, 1917.

MORNINGTON'S TRIUMPHY

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

The 1st Chapter. Quilty or Not Quilty?

"Trot in, 'Erbert!"

The Fistical Four, of the Classical Fourth, were in the end study, when 'Erbert of the Second Form tapped timidly at the door, and looked in.

Jimmy Silver's usually sunny face was very serious.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome
were very grave, too. The Fistical

Four were not by any means in their

accustomed cheery mood. Jimmy Silver gave the fag a welcoming nod as he appeared in the

Mornington 11.—more generally known as 'Erbert—was pale, and there was a suspicious redness about his

He came timidly into the study.
"Cheer up, kid!" said Lovell

"It wasn't your fault, 'Erbert," said Raby. "You couldn't help your precious cousin bagging your bank-

'Erbert's pale face flushed.
"He never did!" he exclaimed

hotly. "Erbert, old chap!" murmured

Jimmy Silver.

"That's what I come 'ere to speak about," said 'Erbert. "Master Sil-ver, won't you stand by Mornington, an' see him through? All the fellows are saying that he is a thief!'

"Well, isn't he?" demanded New-

"No, he ain't!"

"You young ass!"

"Master Silver-"

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.
"Look here, 'Erbert," he said quietly. "This won't do. I know you're attached to Mornington, and that he did a lot for you in the past, but there's such a thing as common sense, you know. Morny came to your dorm last night and bagged two fivers from your pocket. You know he did. What's the good of sticking out that he didn't, when you know he

"He didn't!"

"Oh, rot!" "Then you won't 'elp 'im?" said 'Erbert wistfully. "I thought you 'ad more sense, Master Silver! As if Morny could be a thief!"

"He's a gambler," said Raby curtly. "It's not such a tremendous

step from gambling to stealing."
"He couldn't 'ave done it!" 'Erbert's voice trembled. "As if he would! If he'd asked me, I'd 'ave given 'im the money, and all I 'ad, too! You know what Master Morny done for me! Me, what was starving in the road, when he found me and brought me 'ome, and all his 'igh-class pals sneerin' at 'im for doin' of

'Erbert's voice broke. Jimmy Silver shifted uneasily. He had no doubt of Mernington's guilt, but 'Erbert's loyal faith held true, in spite of the clearest of evidence.



See Our Grand School Tale!

"It ain't proved!" went on 'Erbert.
"It can't be proved! I didn't think you would go for a chap what was down, Master Silver!"

Jimmy made an impatient gesture. "Look here, 'Erbert, it is proved!"

he exclaimed. growled "Clear as daylight!"

Lovell.

"It ain't!" said 'Erbert.
"For goodness sake, listen to me!"
exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "I'll try
to make you see sense. Two fivepound notes were taken from your pocket-book while you were asleep last night. Mornington's handker-chief was picked up in your dormitory."

"It was put there!" said 'Erbert. "Oh, rot! Morny's own chum, Erroll, suggested searching him, to prove that he hadn't got the bank-notes," said Jimmy Silver. "Erroll thought that would clear Morny, and facts" we all hoped it would. And Morning-

by force."

"He's proud!" said 'Erbert. "He wouldn't be suspected, an' he wouldn't be touched. He's proud, I know. And ain't he got a right to be proud—a splendid feller like 'im!" "He had to be searched by force," said Jimmy, unheeding. "And one

of the banknotes was found on him."
"I—I know it was." "Well, what evidence do you want stronger than that?" demanded New-

"It was planted on 'im, some'ow!" "That's pretty steep," said Jimmy Silver. "But a fellow might take that view if Mornington hadn't rosisted the search. But he did resist, and the banknote was found on him. Look here, 'Erbert; I know all that Morny did for you, and it was ripping of him-I've said so. But facts are

"He wouldn't soil his 'ands steal-

ton objected, and had to be searched | in'," said 'Erbert. "Besides, where was the need for 'im to steal?'

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"That's plain enough. He's hard up, and he's always been accustomed to have plenty of money, and making ducks and drakes of it. Last term he was the richest fellow at Rookwood. This term he's one of the poorest. Since his missing cousin turned up—your merry self, Erbert—Morny has been practically on his uppers."

" But-"

"Yes, I know his uncle looks after him, but it's different. Besides, he hates taking money from his uncle, and he's even working for a scholar-ship to avoid doing so. I'm willing to admit this much—that perhaps he looks on himself as having a right to your money, as he was brought up to believe that the Mornington money was his. He mayn't have looked on it as ordinary theft,

But that's all that can be said for him."

'That ain't all!" said 'Erbert. "Well, what else is there?" asked Jimmy Silver impatiently

"There's this 'ere," said 'Erbert.
"Morny 'adn't any need to steal.
Think I've forgotten all he done for me? I wouldn't never ave knowed my own name, or 'ad any money at all, if Master Morny hadn't taken me in when he supposed I was jest a tramp on the road. I've begged Master Morny to take 'arf my money, and he's refused."

"That's his pride, if you like."
Them banknotes," continued 'Erbert. "Why, I'd 'ave been 'appy to 'and them to Master Morny if he'd wanted them-he had only to say the word. I'd 'ave given him them, or anything else, and been 'appy to do it. Think he'd steal them when he could 'ave them for the askin'!"

"That's where Morny's pride come, a," said Jimmy, with a curl of the lip. "I know he wouldn't ask you for money. But he's taken it."

"You're up agin Master Morny," said 'Erbert. "I thought you'd see wot was right, Master Silver, but you don't."

"Oh, rats!" "Do you mean to say that you still believe in him?" demanded Lovell. "Yes, I does."

"Then you're a young idiot!"

"I'd rather be a young idjit than believe that Master Morny was a thief," said 'Erbert simply. "I know he ain't! And if this 'ere matter comes before the 'Ead, I won't let Master Morny suffer. I'd rather tell lies, an' swear that I never 'ad any banknotes at all."

"It won't come before the Head," said Jimmy Silver, after a pause. "It's not known to any of the masters or prefects. I don't suppose that anybody will report it. We all know what to think of Mornington now. He'll be sent to Coventry by all the Lower School, and I hope he'll clear out. I sha'n't say anything about him, at all events.

"We don't want a thief at Rook-

wood," grunted Lovell.

"He can't stay, now he's found out," said Jimmy. "Let him leave quietly, without a scandal. If he doesn't go, we'll put it to him plainly."

"Well, that's all right."
"And so you're down on 'im, all

of you?" said 'Erbert.
"Yes, rather," answered the Fisti-

cal Four, with one voice.

'Erbert gave them a miserable, haggard look, and turned and left the study without another word.

"Young ass!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver had a troubled look. "He is a young ass, and no mistake," he said. "But—but this is a blow to the poor kid. He simply worshipped Morny, and—and, after all, it was splendid the way Mornington

(Continued on the next page.)



Published

you going?"
"Goin'?" repeated Mornington.
"Yes. I suppose you're not stayin'

"You won't be allowed to," said Lattrey, with a laugh. "The fellows are discussin' it in the Common-room

now. Some of them think the affair

ought to be reported to Bulkeley, or Mr. Bootles."

"Let them report it!"

"That would mean the sack," smiled Lattrey. "Most of them,

though, think that if you get out of the school, you should be allowed to

go quietly, and save a scandal. But

"You're going to stick it out

"You always had plenty of nerve," grinned Lattrey. "But I don't think your nerve will be equal to that.

You'll be sent to Coventry at once."

"You won't find it pleasant. And if you make it clear you're not going, the affair will be reported. The fel-

lows won't stand having a thief in the school!"

"You want me to go, Lattrey?"

"Naturally. I'm not a particular

"You call me a thief?"
"What are you?" sneered Lattrey.

A hand was laid on Lattrey's collar from behind, as he spoke, and he was swung round in a grasp of iron.

It was Kit Erroll of the Fourth

who had seized him. His eyes blazed at Lattrey's

startled face, as he shook the cad of

the Fourth, and shook him again

"Let go!" he gurgled. "Let go, you hound! Let go!"

and then flung him savagely away.

Lattrey reeled along a couple of paces, and fell at full length on the

Kit Erroll's eyes blazed down at

"You cad!" said Erroll, between his teeth. "Get up, you cad, and I'll

lick you within an inch of your life!"

Lattrey's eyes gleamed with hatred,

"So you're standin' up for that thief, Erroll?" he said thickly.

"Get out, or I'll kick you out!"

Lattrey struggled to his feet, and

Erroll turned to Mornington, who

was regarding him with a curious

expression. "What does that mean, Erroll?"

drawled Mornington. "Does that

"I called to you when you left the study," said Erroll. "I've been

Mornington smiled mockingly.
"I thought you were joinin' the rest," he said. "You looked like it when I left you."

"I was fairly knocked over," he said. "It was a shock. I—I didn't

"But you think the evidence is

know what to think. But-but-

looking for you, Morny."

"You believe in me?"

mean that you are standin' by me?"

as Erroll made a stride towards him

him, as he rose on his elbow.

Erroll shook him again and again,

chap, but I draw the line at a thief.'

Mornington set his teeth.

Lattrey gave him a keen look.

at Rookwood after this?"

"You think not?"

you'll have to go!"

"Oh, rot!"

savagely.

Lattrey struggled.

but he did not get up.

he hurried away.

"Yes."

"By gad!"

Erroll flushed.

" Yes."

conclusive?"

here?" "Yes."

"I am not going !"

took him up. It was pretty hard on Morny, 'Erbert turning out to be the missing heir of Mornington. But there isn't any excuse for a thief. But—but I'm sorry for 'Erbert."
And the Fistical Four went down

to the Common-room with glum

They were sorry for 'Erbert, and touched by his devotion to his hero. His blind faith in Morny, in spite of the evidence of the plainest facts, was a little exasperating; but it was touching, all the same.

The whole affair was disturbing and troublesome. It was not pleasant, either, to think of its getting about Rookwood, especially to the ears of

the Moderns. It was a disgrace to the Classical side, and to Rookwood generally.

The only thing was for Mornington to go, and the sooner he went, the better it would be for all concerned.

The 2nd Chapter. A Loya! Chum.

"Thief!" Valentine Mornington started violently.

'the dandy of the Fourth was tramping to and fro under the old beeches in the quadrangle, in the deepening dusk.

His hands were driven deep into his pockets, and there was a deep wrinkle in his brow.

The blow that had fallen upon Mornington was a heavy one, though it had not crushed him-yet!

All the Classical Fourth knew the facts-most of them had witnessed the finding of one of 'Erbert's banknotes upon him.

He was adjudged a thief by all his Form-fellows.

Mornington had always carried his head high. Even his fall from fortune-the startling change in his circumstances-had not made any differ-

ence to that. He had borne the change with a cool and cynical philosophy.

But this blow seemed the culmination of his bad luck. The haughty, proud-spirited dandy of the Fourth was condemned as that meanest of all things—a thief; despised even by "outsiders" like Lattrey and Peele. 'Erbert, it is true, still clung to

his faith in him. And his own chum, Erroll—what view did he take? Mornington did not know; but he fully expected Erroll to take the same

view as the rest. He was thinking the matter out gloomily, alone under the dusky trees, when a sudden voice reached his ears. "Thief!"

The dandy of the Fourth spun round, his face flaming with rage.

Lattrey of the Fourth stood before him, a sneering, mocking smile on his

Mornington clenched his hands as he looked at his old enemy.
"You!" he muttered.

Lattrey laughed.

"I've been lookin' for you," he drawled. "I wondered how you were takin' it. How does it feel to be found out, Morny?"

Mornington did not answer, but his

hands clenched harder.

"You've held your head pretty high here," continued Lattrey. "I've stood a lot of insolence from you, as well as other fellows.

"Well, yes. You can't expect the other fellows to believe in you."

"Quite so. You mean you're believin' that I'm innocent, although you know I'm guilty?" grinned Mornington. "You feel that it's up to you, as a pal?"

Erroll did not answer.

As a matter of fact, Mornington had put it in a nutshell. It was only because Erroll was his pal that he was keeping his faith in him.

In reason he could not doubt Mornington's guilt. But his belief came from his heart, not from his

"You deny it, of course, Morny?"

he asked at last.
"Naturally."
"Morny! You are not a thief?"
"Not at all!"

Erroll made a gesture.

"Morny, I don't understand you!
This isn't a laughing matter."

"My mistake! I thought it was!"

said Mornington coolly.

"Surely you can see how serious it is?" exclaimed Erroll, aghast.
"Every fellow in the Classical Fourth believes that you're a thief—with one exception."

"Two exceptions," said Mornington, with a smile. "Don't deceive yourself, Morny. I'm the only fellow in the Form who

doubts your guilt for one moment."
"Not at all! There's one other."
"If you mean 'Erbert—"

"'Erbert's in the Second, not the Fourth. But there's another fellow in the Fourth who knows I am innocent, old scout." "Who is it?"

"The real thief, naturally."
"Oh!" said Erroll.

"The cheery merchant who bagged 'Erbert's banknotes naturally knows that I did not bag them," said Morn-

"I-I suppose so."
Mornington looked at Erroll's troubled, harassed face, and burst into a laugh.

"You don't half believe me, even you," he said.
"I do I do !"

"You mean you're determined to, against common-sense," Mornington.

"Why did you resist the search?" said Erroll huskily. "It was mad-mad! Oh, I know it was your confounded pride! Hang your pride! But everybody else believes it was because you knew the banknote was in your pocket, and you can't blame them, Morny.'

"I don't blame them," said Mornington tranquilly. "Besides, I deserve this. I'm not complainin', Erroll. If ever a fellow deserved this, I do."

"I—I don't understand you—" "I'll explain," said Mornington quietly. "I'll tell you somethin" that happened before you came to Rookwood, Erroll, though I dare say you've heard allusions to it. I was up against Jimmy Silver at the time -we never pulled together. I tried to make him out a thief, by plantin' a banknote on him.

"Morny!" said Erroll huskily. "Shockin', ain't it?" yawned Mornington. "You picked out the biggest rascal at Rookwood, Erroll, when you chummed up with me. Well, that's what I did. I don't quite know how I came to do it. I was a hound, there's no mistake about that! I was glad afterwards that the trick failed-jolly glad! It's one of the few things in my life that I'm really thankful for. Erroll, old scout, do you believe in judgments?" "I don't catch on.

"Well, I do," said Mornington. "This is a judgment on me. That rotten trick I played on Jimmy Silver, because I hated him, has been played on me by a fellow who hates me. I haven't the slightest doubt that he's heard the yarn about the way I treated Silver, and that that put it into his head. It's my own rotten game, turned on me, Erroll, and it serves me right!"

"Morny!" muttered Erroll. "I'm not grumblin'," said Morn-ington. "If ever

a fellow asked for it, I did-and now I've got it! But this fellow-who-ever he is-is a bit worse than I was. I plotted to ruin Silver, but I wouldn't have touched stolen money. But this dear fellow-whoever he is, Erroll -used only one of 'Erbert's banknotes to plant on me. He's kept the other. That's a bit lower down than I ever went,

at the worst!"

"He's a bigger rascal than I was," said Mornington lightly. "That's a comfort. I'm not the blackest sheep

in the merry flock! What are the fellows saying about it, Erroll?"
"I don't know, but—but I think

"Let's go in."
"Better not, Morny-better keep

away for a bit. I-"By gad, they'll be thinkin' that I'm keepin' out because I don't dare to face them!" Mornington's eyes gleamed. "I'm goin' in, Erroll; you can please yourself about comin'.

And Mornington strode away towards the School House. Erroll hurried after him.

The 3rd Chapter. Facing the Music!

There was a crowd in the junior Common-room.

Nearly all the Classical Fourth were there, and most of the Shell.

An excited discussion was going on. The discovery of Mornington's dishonour had greatly excited the Classical juniors.

No one was inclined to lay information before the Head on the subject. But that Mornington, a proved thief, should stay at Rookwood, was impossible.

He must go!

If he did not choose to go, he would have to be made to go; that was the general opinion. And Jimmy Silver, disinclined as he was to kick a fellow who was down, heartily agreed.
As captain of the Fourth, Jimmy

Silver was expected to take the lead in the matter. He was quite prepared

The fellows were not surprised that Mornington did not put in an appearance. In the circumstances, it was natural enough that he did not want to face his schoolfellows. Even Morny's nerve was not equal to that.

But the Classicals were quite mistaken on that point. The discussion was still going on, when Tubby Muffin squeaked out:

"Here he is!"

The elegant dandy of the Fourth stood in the doorway, looking at the crowd of juniors with a cool smile. All eyes were turned on Morning-

"By gad!" ejaculated Townsend.
"He's got the cheek to show himself

here, after all! By gad!"
"What a nerve!" said Smythe of the Shell.

"Don't come in here, Morning-ton!" growled Higgs. "You're not wanted here! We bar thieves!"
"Yes, rather!"

"Get out, you rotter!"
Mornington stepped calmly into

the room. Angry looks and jeers had no more perceptible effect upon him than hail upon glass.
"By gad! You fellows

excited this evenin'!" said Mornington calmly. "Anythin' special on?"
"What a nerve?" repeated Adolphus Smythe, with some admiration. "Doesn't he take the merry biscuit—what?"

"He'll take somethin' else if he sticks here!" grunted Lattrey. "Does the fool think he can brazen it out?" "Looks like it!"

Erroll followed Mornington into the Common-room, and joined him. He was dismayed by Mornington's insolent coolness, but he would not desert his chum. Jimmy Silver's brow was dark.

Morny's supercilious cheek was not pleasant at any time. At the present time it was intolerable, and not to be There was a threatening murmur

from all sides.

It did not affect Mornington. With his hands in his pockets, and a cool smile on his face, he glanced round at the lowering juniors.

"Quite a merry meetin'!" he re-marked. "Am I flatterin' myself unduly, or is this excitement on my account?"

"Ye thate of the world--" growled Flynn. "Look here, you rotter-" be-

gan Lovell hotly. "You sneaking worm!" "You thievin' cad!"

"Don't all speak at once!" urged Mornington. "You're all delightful; but if you all speak at once, I lose some of the pleasure of your conversation. Take it in turns.

Jimmy Silver strode towards Morn-The dandy of the Fourth eyed him

coolly, and did not recede an inch. "You takin' first turn?" he asked. "Ring off, you others, an' give Jimmy Silver a chance! I'm sure we shall enjoy his well-known eloquence. Go it, Silver!"

"If you think you can brazen it out, Mornington, you're making a mistake," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "You've brought a good deal of disgrace on your Form, one way and

another. You've touched the limit now. A thief isn't wanted at Rookwood. You can understand that, I suppose. "Quite!"

"Nobody wants to inform against you," went on Jimmy. "That's not in our line. But we expect you to get out of the school. It's not much to ask, considering that you would be expelled at once if the Head knew the facts!"

"Why?" echoed Jimmy, taken aback.

"Yes; why?" "Are you potty? I suppose you know the Head would expel you if he knew you were a thief?" ex-

claimed the captain of the Fourth.
"You said if he knew the facts!" smiled Mornington. "If the Head knew the facts, dear boy, he would pat me on the back, as a sadly wronged an' innocent youth, and I suppose he would expel the fellow who pinched 'Erbert's banknotes. I'm sure I hope he would!'

"You silly, cheeky ass!" roared Lovell. "Do you think you're going to get anybody to believe that?"
"Certainly!"

"Well, you're mistaken," said Jimmy Silver. "You needn't take that line, Morny. It won't do you

any good."
"You know you're guilty, you rotter!" growled Conroy. "What's the good of lying?"

"Am I allowed to speak a word or two?" asked Mornington, with undiminished calmness. "I believe there's such a thing as fair play."

"You can say what you like," said Jimmy Silver. "It won't make any difference!"

"Thanks! In the first place." said Mornington. "I am innocent!"

"Rats!"
"Rot!" "Liar!"

"Shush! I haven't finished yet, and

this is my innings, you know."
"Let him run on," said Jimmy.
"Thanks! Bein' innocent, gentlemen, I am sorry to see you backin' up like this, and playin' the game of the rotter who planted 'Erbert's banks

note on me. "Oh, draw it mild!" said Van Ryn,
"I beg to point out that Jimmy Silver, our respected and never-sufficiently-to-be-admired Form captain, was once suspected of theft, owin' to a banknote bein' found in his clothes. Is there any gentleman present who doubts the lofty an' unstained moral

character of Jimmy Silver?"

"Why, you rotter," roared Lovell,
"it was you planted it on him, and
you owned up to it!"

"Quite so. I am only mentionin" the circumstance as an illustration," said Mornington urbanely. "I have first-hand knowledge of the matter, as I planted it on Jimmy Silver, as you express it. May I suggest that another rogue-even worse than I was at that time-has heard of that trick, and is usin' it against me? It's possible, you know."

"Why did you refuse to be searched then?"

"Because he knew the banknote, was in his pocket," said Lattrey. "Let him answer!"

"I'm willin' to explain, dear boys, I refused to be searched, because I regarded a search of my person as a rotten insult—and I still do. I hadn't the faintest idea that Lattrey had put

the banknote in my pocket."

"Lattrey!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"I?" yelled Lattrey.

Mornington nodded.

"Yaas. I'm sure I hope that you don't mind my mentionin' it, Lattrey, as it's rather a personal matter. But, the fact is, I suspect you of stealin' 'Erbert's banknotes." "You slandering rotter!" shouted

Lattrey furiously.

There was a laugh from some of the juniors. Mornington's coolness and his unfailing politeness struck them in a comic light.

"Don't shout, dear boy," chided Mornington. "I didn't shout when I was accused. I think it was you, Lattrey. I'll give my reasons. You are about the only fellow at Rookwood mean and unscrupulous enough to play such a dirty trick. You admit that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You hound!" hissed Lattrey. "Secondly, you have been my enemy ever since I gave up pub-

haunting and gamblin' with you," said Mornington.
"That's true!" said Erroll.
"Thirdly, my dear Lattrey, I

pulled your nose the other day, because you proposed to me to go into partnership with you, an' swindle young 'Erbert out of his money at nap and banker. I believe you were very much annoyed at havin' your nose pulled, though you disdained to fight me about it.

Lattrey's face was a study.



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"And is that all?" asked Jimmy

"That's all at present, dear boy."
"Well, there's nothing in it. You could make that accusation against anybody, if you don't bother about proofs. I don't believe a word of it."

"I didn't expect you to. I'm statin' it because it's the fact, not because I expect you to believe it.' "Have you anything more to say?"

Mornington reflected.

"No; I think that's the lot," he said at last.

'Then you can hear the decision of the Form!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "You're guilty of theft, and you've got to get out of Rookwood. You'll be given time to write to your uncle, and ask him to take you away. In any case, you'll go. If you're still at Rookwood at the end of the week, we shall have to consider whether to take you to Mr. Bootles, and report the matter. We're not having a thief in the Fourth Form, and that's settled!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Good," said Mornington, unmoved. "And if I prove my innocence, dear boys, I suppose I may count upon an apology from you?" "Oh, don't talk rot!

"And can I count upon your assistance, Silver, in provin' my innocence?"

"You silly ass!"

"I may need it," explained Morn-

ington.
"Enough said!" said Jimmy Silver. "You've heard the verdict. And you're sent to Coventry as long

as you stay here."
"Thanks! I shall try to bear up under the misfortune of missin' your entertainin' conversation.'

Erroll stepped a little nearer to his chum. Jiminy Silver observed him with a frown.

"You're not sticking to that fellow, Erroll, after what he's done?" he exclaimed.

"I believe in him, and I'm standing by him," said Erroll quietly.
"Then you're a silly ass!"

Erroll did not reply to that. His mind was made up, and his intention was fixed.

"Send him to Coventry, too!" exclaimed Lattrey. "If they're birds of a feather, let 'em have the same measure."

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver crossly. "Let Erroll alone! He's a silly ass; but if he believes in that fellow, let him stick to him. won't be for long, anyway-Mornington's going!'

"A little mistake on your part, dear boy," said Mornington. "I'm not going. At all events, I'm only

going—to do my prep! Ta-ta!"

And Mornington strolled out of the
Common-room with Erroll, leaving the Classical juniors in a state of great exasperation.

The 4th Chapter. A Study Ragging!

Kit Erroll glanced at his chum several times uneasily, as they sat doing their preparation in Study No. 4 that evening.

He could not understand Morning-

The dandy of the Fourth was working away sedately, apparently quite in his usual mood. Erroll worked, too, but less

steadily. He was more concerned for Morn-

ington than Morny appeared to be for himself. Mornington pushed his books away

at last, with a yawn.
"Finished?" he asked.

"Yes, if you are.' Morny laughed. "My dear chap, don't neglect your prep! You'll have to have it out with Bootles in the mornin' if you

do.' "Never mind Bootles now," said Erroll. "I can't put my mind into prep. I'm thinking about you,

"Thanks!" "Morny. You're in an awful

"Yes, it looks rather rotten for me, doesn't it?" said Mornington calmly. Lattrey has played his cards well.' "You think it was Lattrey?"

"Sure of it, dear boy. Whom else could it have been?

Erroll was sile at.

He had declared that he believed in his chum's innocence—and he did! It followed that someone else was guilty-and that that someone had striven to throw his guilt upon Morn-

Lattrey, as Erroll knew, was a rascal, and he hated Mornington. Yet to suspect the fellow of such

baseness, without an atom of proof, went against the grain.

with an amused smile.

"Look here, Mornington, if you suspect Lattrey, why not demand a search of him and his belongings?" asked Erroll at last. "He could not refuse—the fellows wouldn't let him refuse. The second banknote hasn't turned up yet, and if Lattrey's got

"He's got it." "Then it could be found."

"My dear chap, Lattrey isn't such an idiot as that. That banknote isn't about him, or about his belongings. It's hidden in some place where, if it were found by chance, it couldn't be connected with Lattrey at all."

Erroll's face fell.

"I suppose you're right," he said slowly. "But—but—Morny! There's no proof whatever that Lattrey was mixed up in it! I-I don't like your saying such things of him without

any proof."
"Whom else could it have been?"
"I don't know."
"Lattrey or I," smiled Mornington. "If it was I, where's the other banknote? It wasn't found in the search of my study. Hidden somewhere, the fellows would say. But why should I have hidden one bank-

my pocket? What?" Erroll nodded.

There was a thump at the door, and Conroy of the Fourth opened it. Half a dozen juniors were with himand Lattrey.

note somewhere and kept the other in

Erroll rose to his feet. Morning-

Mornington glanced at his chum as there was not the faintest shadow of proof to be adduced.

The thought that the reckless accusation might have been made against any one of themselves naturally made the juniors very

Indeed, Mornington was more severely condemned for that wild accusation than for the theft itself. No fellow's reputation was safe if the reckless black sheep of the Fourth was allowed to make such wild and whirling charges.
"Is that all you've got to say,

Morny?" demanded several voices.

"Oh, yaas." "Then you're a slandering cad!" said Conroy.

"Thanks!"

"And a mean rotter!" roared Higgs.

"Good!"

"As well as a thief!" hooted Flynn.

"Keep it up!"

"Erroll, you're not standing by that outsider?" shouted Conroy. "You see what he is—a thief and a slanderer!'

Erroll's face was pale and harassed. But he did not falter.

"I'm sticking to Morny," he said

"Perhaps you believe what he's said about me?" said Lattrey, with

"I don't know what to believe about that."

Morny smote the floor thrice again with sounding concussions.

"Now, are you going to withdraw your lies?" demanded Flynn.
"Hang you, no!"

Bump, bump!

"That will do!" said Conroy.
"He's an obstinate beggar! Mornington, that's for a start! Another word about Lattrey from you, and you get the same over again! Come on, you chaps!"

The raggers crowded out of the

Mornington rose to his feet, dusty, panting for breath, his eyes gleaming with fury.

"The hounds!" he panted.
"It's natural they should be ratty," said Erroll quietly. "It's a bit thick your accusing a chap without any proof."

Mornington gritted his teeth.

But he did not answer. He brushed down his clothes, and set his tie straight. Then he glanced at his watch.

"Hallo! Time we were movin'," he remarked.

"What-"
"I told 'Erbert to go to the end study as soon as Second-Form prep was over," said Mornington. "We're

going there to see him. Come on!"
"But what the dickens—" exclaimed Erroll, in astonishment.

"You'll see! Come on!" Mornington left the study, and Erroll, in blank amazement, followed him to Jimmy Silver's quarters.

you're captain of the Fourth, and you're straight. I want your help.' "Oh, rot! What do you mean?"

"To prove my innocence, dear boy!"
"Oh, cheese it!"

"Look here, Mornington, you get out!" growled Lovell. "You're not wanted here, and that's flat!"

"You won't hear what I have to

say?"
"You had a chance of saying anything you wanted in the Commonroom," said Jimmy. "You said too
much, as a matter of fact. No good
beginning again here."
"I couldn't speak out there."
"Why not?"
"I'll avaloin if you'll side man."

"I'll explain, if you'll give me a chance. Look here, admitting the bare possibility that I am innocent, you'd like to nail the guilty party, I suppose, and see justice done?

Of course. But-

"Give me a chance, then." "Dash it all, you can hear him, Jimmy!" exclaimed Erroll warmly. 'That won't do any harm, I sup-

"Oh, all right!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "Only more jaw, I suppose; but you can run on, Morn-

ington."
"Cut it short!" said Newcome.

Mornington sat on the corner of the table, cool as ever.

"I couldn't bring it all out in the Common-room," he said. "I couldn't put the thief on his guard without spoilin' my own game. That is how the matter stands. 'Erbert lost two banknotes. One was found on me. Where's the other?"

"You ought to know!" said Raby

"You're beggin' the question, dear boy. I don't know. The thief knows. "'Erbert!"

"Yes, Master Morny." "Did Lattrey know that you had two fivers in your pocketbook?" "Yes."

"Oh!" said Jimmy Silver. "How did Lattrey know that, 'Erbert? You don't have anything to say to Lattrey, as a rule!"

"He spoke to me arter I had been to see Master Morny in his study yesterday," said 'Erbert, colouring. "He made out that Morny 'ad been borrowin' my money, and wouldn't believe different till I showed 'im the notes. Tracy minor 'ad told him I 'ad them; he's thick with that young rotter.'

"Oh," said Jimmy Silver. Mornington smiled

"Lattrey had heard of the fivers, and he wanted to make sure 'Erbert had them, and to see if he carried them about with him," he said lightly. "That's why he pretended to think I had borrowed 'Erbert's tin. He found out what he wanted to know that way."

Jimmy Silver was silent.
"Last night," continued Mornington, "you heard someone leave the dorm, Silver. My handkerchief was picked up on the floor in the Second dorm. A fellow who sneaked out of one dorm to another to pick a pocket wouldn't take the trouble to dress first. My hanky was left in my pocket when I went to bed. The chap who went to the Second dorm went in his pyjamas, I fancy; but he took my hanky to leave there. He bagged two fivers from 'Erbert's pocket-book. He planted one in an inside pocket of mine when he came back from the Fourth-Form dorm. It was

other-"Lattrey's been searched at his own

found there to-day. But the

request," said Raby. "Quite so; he didn't keep it about

him. You see the game-killin' two birds with one stone. One bank-note was used to fix it on me an' clear himself. The other he is keepin' to spend. Lattrey's hard up-he's had bad luck on the cards and the gee-gees. Towny & Co. will tell you that if you ask them. Lattrey's goin' down to the Bird-in-Hand to-nightyou know that. Towny's mentioned

"I know it!"

"And he's goin' to take 'Erbert's other banknote with him," said Mornington coolly. "He knows 'Erbert can't report the theft an' give the numbers—because it's fixed on me, an' 'Erbert won't see me suffer. So he's quite safe to pass the banknote. But 'Erbert's got the numbers.

"Yes, Master Morny."

"The note found on me was 0002468," said Mornington. "The missin' one is the next number—0002469. If that note's found on Lattrey, what then?"

"Lattrey's been searched!" "Exactly. The note isn't on him. My belief is, that, after he gets out of the dorm to-night, he will take



"You cad!" said Kit Erroll. "Qet up, and I'll lick you within an inch of your life!"

ton looked round, with a cool smile, without rising.

"Trot in!" he said genially. "Have you come to apologise?

"No!" said Conroy grimly. "We've come to tell you something -and Erroll. You accused Lattrey of stealing 'Erbert's banknotes, and planting one of them on you.'

"Yaas." "Nobody believed a word of it, of

course," said Jones minor.
"Not really?" "No," growled Conroy. "But Lattrey asked that a search should be made, to make it clear. He had a right to that. He has been searched, and his study, too, and there's no sign of 'Erbert's other banknote. You had better withdraw what you said about Lattrey, Mornington. It's the least you can do.'

"Not much good expecting a thief to do the decent thing," sneered

"Well?" snapped Conroy.
"I'm withdrawin' nothin', dear boy," drawled Mornington. "Shut the door after you, will you?"

The Australian junior gave him a dark look. Conroy, like all the Classical Fourth, looked upon Morny's accusation against Lattrey as nothing but an example of utterly

reckless slander. As several fellows pointed out. Morny might just as well have said it about any other chap as Lattrey, in the grasp of the Colonial juniors.

"Why, you rotter-" "It's not fair," said Conroy. "I don't like Lattrey. You fellows know I've always been down on him. I can't stand him. But there's such a thing as fair play. Morny has accused him without a shadow of proof or reason. Morny's got to take it back."

"Rats!" said Morny.

"That's only fair!" said Rawson.
"Go an' eat coke!"
"You'll withdraw it, or you'll take a jolly good ragging, Morny."
"Look here—" began Erroll.

"Shut up, Erroll! We're speaking to Morny. What's your answer, Mornington?"

"Rats!" "Collar him!" exclaimed the exasperated Conroy.

There was a rush at the dandy of the Fourth. Mornington jumped up, and Erroll

sprang to his side at once. But the Colonial Co. pitched Erroll aside, and barred him off, and the other fellows seized Morny, and, in spite of his savage resistance, bore

him to the floor. "Bump the cad!" roared Pons.
"Give him jip!" said Higgs.
Bump, bump!
"Oh, by gad!" gasped Morning-

ton, struggling furiously in the grasp of the raggers. Erroll, struggling fiercely, was held

The 5th Chapter. Up to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had just finished their prep when Erbert tapped at the door, and came into the end study. The fag glanced round as if expecting to see someone else there.

"Hallo, kid!" said Jimmy. "What is it now?" "Master Morny ain't 'ere?" "Eh? No. He's not likely to be

here, I suppose."
"Master Morny told me to come 'ere," said 'Erbert. "He told me to come when prep was done. So I've

"What the dickens for?" grunted Lovell. "Well, sit down, and have some of

these chestnuts, as you're here," said

Jimmy Silver good-humouredly. The half-open door was pushed open a few minutes later, and Mornington and Erroll came in. Mornington carefully closed the door after him, that proceeding being watched grimly by the Fistical Four.

"Have you come here for a thick ear, Morny?" demanded Raby.
"Thanks, no!"

"Then you'd better slide." "What does this mean?" demanded Jimmy Silver angrily.

"I don't know," said Erroll. "No good asking me." "Let me explain," said Mornington calmly. "We've never been that fiver from the place where he's friends, Jimmy Silver, and I'm not hidden it, and take it out of the pretendin' to feel friendly now. But school with him."

He was thinking of the morrow as

he lay sleepless through the hours of

darkness. The way of the transgressor

The next morning Jimmy Silver

gave Lattrey a very significant look

when the Classical Fourth turned out

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!"?

drawled Mornington. "Before you

go down, our dear friend Lattrey has

Lattrey gave him a look of hatred. "Pile in, you cad!" growled Lovell. "Hallo, what's on?" asked Conroy.

Lattrey's lips opened, but they closed again. His look was haggard.

All eyes in the dormitory were turned

make to the whole Form," said Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "Lat-

trey stole 'Erbert's banknotes, planted

one on Morny to make out that he

was the thief, and hid the other, to

take down to the Bird-in-Hand to

gamble with. We found it on him.

Lattrey muttered something indis-

"He's going to own up, or we're

"My hat!" said Conroy. "Lattrey,

"By gad!" said Townsend.
"I—I—I never meant——" Lattrey stammered helplessly. "I—I was

going to—to own up, anyway !"
"Yes, you look like it!" said Con-

Lattrey's voice died away. He was

not sensitive, but the contempt and

disgust in every face stung him.

Even Peele and Gower gave him

The punishment of the wretched

schemer was, perhaps, severe enough.

His face was haggard as he left the

"By Jove!" said Conroy, with a deep breath. "The rotten rascal

ought to be in prison. He will have

to get out of Rookwood. If he don't

"Gentlemen," said Mornington,

"you owe me an apology! Now that

you are all satisfied that I am not a

thief, you owe me some little repara-

tion, I think. May I ask a favour?"

been shown up-and he's pretty hard

hit. Let nothing more be said about

it. It's a lesson to him-he's not

likely to play any game of that kind

The juniors stared at Mornington in

blank amazement. Morny was the

injured party; he had very nearly been disgraced and ruined by Lat-

trey's scheming. Yet he was asking

for mercy for the discovered schemer.

suggestion! Send him to Coventry

for the rest of the term, if you

after a long pause. "Blessed if I

"Are you potty?" demanded Jimmy

"What are you driving at?"

"Let Lattrey down lightly. He's

dormitory, with dragging steps.

go, we'll see that he's sacked!"

The words seemed torn from

going to take him to Mr. Bootles,'

"Lattrey's got a confession to

at the clang of the rising-bell.

a merry little yarn to tell you.

Lattrey licked his dry lips.

The time had come!

on him in wonder.

Is that so, Lattrey?"

added Jimmy.

roy scornfully.

scornful looks.

grunted Conroy.

"My only hat!"

"Morny, you ass!"

"By gad!"

Lattrey.

was hard!



(Continued from the previous page.)

Jimmy shook his head.
"Blessed if I know what to think! But it's up to us to give Morny a chance-and we're going to do it!" And the Co. agreed to that,

fellows when Lattrey was gone. But Jimmy kept awake, too, and so did Erroll. They lay silent, in the dark

still in the Fourth-form dormitory. was the sound of a movement.

then the faint noise of a closing door.

gone. His destination was the back parlour at the Bird-in-Hand, where Joey Hook and the other "sporting gentlemen" were improving the shining hour with cards and dice.

It was Mornington's cool, drawling

Jimmy Silver slipped out of bed, and awakened Lovell, and Raby, and

The six juniors dressed rapidly in

Taking shoes in their hands, they crept out of the dormitory, and Jimmy Silver closed the door softly.

lights below, though the upper passages were in darkness. The window of the lower box-room was

In a few minutes the juniors were on the ground, and scudding away through the shadows towards the school-wall.

start.

That was sufficient time-if Morn-

But the juniors were very silent and cautious as they approached the school-wall in the darkness. They did not want to run into Lattrey

"Hark!" whispered Erroll sud-

It was a scraping sound in the silence-the sound of someone sliding down the wall on the outer side. The

one by one into the road outside.

There was no sound on the road. Lattrey was gone.

The juniors ran as softly as they could, making little sound. Their eyes were on the road ahead, in the pale starlight.

A figure loomed up dimly ahead. "Lattrey!" grinned Mornington. The dim figure halted, and turned. Lattrey had heard the pursuing footsteps.

Jimmy Silver ran on at top speed. "Stop, Lattrey!" he called out. Lattrey had started running. "Stop!

The cad of the Fourth did not stop, and Jimmy ran his hardest. In a minute or less his hand was on Lattrey's shoulder. The black sheep of the Fourth was not much use in a race with Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy's grasp closed on his shoulder, like a vice, and Lattrey was swung to a halt. The rest of the party came up panting.

Lattrey's eyes glittered at the captain of the Fourth.

"Let me go, you fool! What do you want with me? I'm in a hurry!"

Mornington laughed softly. "You fellows handle him," he said, keeping his hands in his pockets. "I'm not coming near him! If I touch him, he'll have a chance for

some more lies."

"Keep back!" said Jimmy.

Lattrey's face had paled, and he made an effort to tear himself loose.

"What do you want?" he panted. "We want to know whether you have 'Erbert's missing banknote about you, Lattrey!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Lattrey staggered. "I! Are you mad? You think-"We're going to find out."
"You—you dare to insinuate—"

panted Lattrey. Jimmy Silver interrupted him without ceremony.

"Oh, cut that out, Lattrey. Morny says you planted one fiver on him, and kept the other. It's going to be proved, one way or the other. That's why we're here."

"You know I was searched this evening-I demanded it myself, said Lattrey, in a choking voice. "You know that!"

"Yes, I know that!" "Then how could I have the bank

note?" enarled Lattrey. Mornington chuckled. "Because you had it hidden some-

where, you rotter, and you left it hidden, till you thought it was safe to get it out of the school. You stole it to gamble with at the Birdin-Hand, and that's where you're goin' now."

"It's a lie—a lie!"
"We shall see!" grinned Mornington. "My idea is, that you shoved the banknote somewhere outside the House-most likely in a crevice of the wall, so as to be handy. You only had to pick it up on your way out to-night-and you've get

five quids in your pocket for the little game at the Bird-in-Hand, I fancy you're fixed, you rotten plotter!" "It's a lie!" muttered Lattrey; but his face was pale as death.

"Do you object to being searched?" said Erroll.

"Yes, hang you!"

"That settles it," said Jimmy Silver. "Hold him!"

Lattrey began to struggle fiercely. But Lovell and Raby held his arms, and Newcome had a grasp on the back of his collar.

He was helpless in the hands of the

Classical juniors. Jimmy Silver turned out his pockets.

It was not a pleasant task, but Jimmy did not shrink from it. It was necessary for someone far above the Fourth that night.

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possible suspicion to undertake the search. And Jimmy Silver went through with it quietly.

But the search was not a long one. He turned out a leather purse from Lattrey's pocket. The purse was opened, and among the shillings and half-crowns in it was a folded crisp

Jimmy Silver unfolded it.

"Well?" said Erroll breathlessly. "A five-pound note!" said Jimmy very calmly.

"That settles it." Lattrey panted.

"That's mine!" he said thickly. It—it's mine! I—I had it from my uncle yesterday."

"You had this note from your uncle?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Very well! If it's yours, it's yours. We shall see." Jimmy Silver struck a match and

read the number on the note. "0002469," he said.

"That's the number of 'Erbert's note, next number to the one that was found on me," grinned Morning-

Latrey made an inarticulate sound. "You sneaking thief!" said Lovell, with bitter contempt. "So it was you, all the time, Lattrey !"

"That's 'Erbert's note," said Jimmy Silver. "I shall keep this note, Lattrey, and give it to 'Erbert in the morning.'

"It—it's a trick!" muttered Lat-trey hoarsely. "Morny's done it— he's changed that note for mine, somehow."

"You had no note about you when you were searched this evening," said Lovell. "You said nothing about a note from your uncle then. Don't tell any more lies."

"Oh, let him run on!" smiled Mornington. "We'll go to Mr. Bootles, and ask him to write to Lattrey's uncle and inquire whether he sent Lattrey a fiver yesterday. That suit you, Lattrey?"

Lattrey choked He did not want that.

"You-you won't go to Bootles!" he muttered. "Jimmy Silver, youyou won't! You let Morny off that, when-when you thought it was

Jimmy Silver gave the wretched junior a look of scorn.

"No!" he said. "We won't-on conditions! To morrow morning, Lattrey, you'll own up to the truth before all the Classical Fourth, to set Mornington right with the Form! And then you'll arrange to get out of Rookwood at the earliest possible

date." " I-I-"

"On those conditions, we say nothing about it. But, mind, if you again. Let him off! haven't owned up to the whole Form before lessons to-morrow, I go straight to Mr. Bootles after lessons, and tell him the whole story."

Lattrey groaned.

"I-I'll do it!"

"That's enough! Come on, you fellows!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned towards Rookwood.

Lattrey followed them, more slowly. He did not feel inclined to pay his visit to the sporting gentlemen at the Bird-in-Hand now. His "capital" was gone, and for that night, at least, all desire for blackguardly en-

joyments was knocked out of him. There was no sleep for the cad of

"Not at all, dear boy! Forgive and forget, you know. I've got a few little sins on my conscience myself-surprisin' as it may seem to you -an' I don't want to be hard on Lattrey. Let him off! As the injured party, I've a right to make the

like, and let it go at that!" "Well, if Morny says so, we may as well say so," said Jimmy Silver,

expected Morny to take that view!

What's the matter with you, Morny?"

"It's Erroll!" explained Mornington blandly. "Erroll's exercisin' a
wonderfully improvin' influence on my merry character!"
"Fathead!" said Erroll, laughing.

"But I'm glad to hear you speak as you did, Morny. Let it drop! And Mornington had his way.

Lattrey, to his surprise and relief, did not find himself driven from Rookwood, but in the cold shades of "Coventry" he had plenty of time to meditate upon his rascality, and Jimmy Silver & Co. hoped that the lesson would not be lost upon him.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

"IN ANOTHER'S POWER!" By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

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Silver, the great and only, is above suspicion. You've got to collar Lattrey to-night, Jimmy Silver, after he's started for the pub.

note. I know it's risky, gettin' out of bounds at night. But—" "Never mind the risk," said Jimmy Silver. "If I thought there was anything in it-

You've got to search him for that

"There's this much in it," said Mornington. "If you don't do it, I'm going down to the police-station at Coombe, and goin' to get a police-man to do it. That means an awful scandal, an' prison for a Rookwood chap. I'm givin' you the choice of savin' that, if you choose. But my mind's made up.'

"You can't refuse, Jimmy," said Erroll, whose eyes were glistening

Jimmy Silver was silent. The Fistical Four looked at one another. Oddly enough, Morning-ton's cool confidence had taken them

quite aback. They could not help admitting that Morny's contention was, at least, possible. If he was the victim of a cunning plot, it was up to them to

get at the truth. And what motive could he have for telling them this, unless he believed it himself? For a search of Lattrey's person, after he had got out of the school, would settle the matter one way or the other.

Jimmy Silver spoke at last.
"I'll do it, Morny. Blessed if I don't half-believe you."

Mornington grinned.
"Thanks! You'll wholly believe me later, I think. Of course, not a whisper about this-if Lattrey had the faintest suspicion it would be no

"I don't see how we're to get out of the dorm to-night without his knowing," said Lovell.

"Easy enough. Let him go first," said Mornington. "After he's gone, we go. He has to go straight up the road to the Bird-in-Hand; and we can put on a spurt and run him down.

"Well, that's so!"
"It's a go!" said Jimmy Silver resolutely. "Lattrey hasn't the note about him now, that's certain. If he has it about him, when he's out of bounds to-night, it's because he's stolen it and hidden it somewhere, to take-away when it's safe to do so. It follows that he kept one note for himself, and planted the other on you, Morny. We shall see—to-night." Mornington slipped off the table,

with a grin. "We shall see," he agreed. And he left the study with Erroll and 'Erbert.

Jimmy Silver looked at his chums.

The 6th Chapter. Landed at Last! Jimmy Silver did not close his eyes that night, after Bulkeley had seen lights out for the Classical Fourth.

Mornington was keeping awake, and he had promised to call the other

dormitory, waiting. An hour passed. All was dark and But soon after half-past ten there

Jimmy Silver lay very still. He heard the slight sounds of someone dressing in the dark, and

The blackguard of the Fourth was

"You fellows awake?"

Newcome. Erroll and Mornington were already up.

the dark.

The juniors moved along the passage on tiptoe. It was necessary to be cautious, for there were still unfastened; Lattrey had gone out

that way.

Lattrey had five or six minutes'

ington's theory was correct-for the cad of the Fourth to take the stolen banknote from its hiding-place, and get out of Rookwood with it.

within the walls.

denly.

soft thud of feet on the road followed.

"Good!" murmured Jimmy Silver. They waited a minute, within the wall, and then climbed, and dropped

There they waited to listen.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Well, what do you think, Jimmy?" asked Lovell. He led the way at a run. FOR SELLING OR USING 1/- WORTH of Beautiful XMAS Cards SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU. As an advertisement we give every reader of this paper a splendid present absolutely FR = E. simply for selling or using 1/- worth of Beautiful Xmas and New Year Cards. (Gold-mounted, + mbossed, Silk-Tied Folders, Glossy, Cômic, Patriotic, etc.) Our up to-date Illustrated Prize List contains hundreds of different free gifts for everyone, i cluding Ladies' and tains hundreds of different free gifts for everyone, i cluding Ladies' and Gents' Cycles, Gold and Silver Watches, Flash Lamps. Ostr ch Feathers, Fur Sets, Boots Suits of Clothes. Cameras, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Footballs, Gramophones, Air Guns. Engines, Tea Sets, Dolls, Toys, etc., etc. All you have to do is to send us your Name and full Address (a postcard will do), and we will send you a selection of lovely Cards to sell or use at 1d. and 2d. each. When sold send money obtained, and we will immediately forward gift chosen according to the Grand Illustrated List we send you. Start early. (Colonial applications invited.) Send a postcard now to—THE ROYAL CARD CO. (Dept. 22), KEW, LONDON LADIES' **GENTS** LADIES' or GENTS

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The 1st Chapter. The Nuts Object.

"It's the limit!" Cecil Ponsonby, of the Fourth Form at Higheliffe, made the remark. Pon was one of the "nuts," and at the present moment there was a very indignant look on his nutty countenance.

Gadsby, Monson and Vavasour nodded their heads in agreement with the lordly Ponsonby.

"To think that the old boy should lower himself to allow a beastly professional boxer to enter a school like Highcliffe," went on Ponsonby fervently. "Why, the chap is probably a pickpocket, and—"

"Oh, go easy, Pon," interrupted Vavasour drawlingly. "I'm in

Vavasour drawlingly. "I'm in perfect agreement with you that the chap shouldn't be allowed to come here, but it ain't exactly fair to dub him before you have seen the fellow.'

"Oh, isn't it?" snapped Ponsonby. "It's fair enough for me, and I'm not going to stand it, by gad!" "No fear!" concurred Gadsby and

Monson. "The Head must have been stark, staring mad to invite the fellow," went on Ponsonby enthusi-astically. "I'd go and tell him so,

only—"
"Only he'd probably tell you to mind your own business—what!"

interrupted Gadsby, with a laugh.

"Look here, Gadsby!" snapped
Ponsonby furiously. "If you're
suggesting I'm funkin'—"

"Not at all, dear boy," said
Gadsby, "but I've got a far better
wheeze than that. Have you for-

whence than that, mayo you forgotten Mobby?

" What about him?"

"Don't you think he can help us in this matter?" drawled Gadsby. Suppose we go to him, and tell him that we object to that low-down hoxer, Travers being allowed to enter the school. He'll most likely sympathise with us, and put his foot down."

"Oh, good!" said Ponsonby. That's just the wheeze. I believe old Mobby would do anythin' for me, don't you know. Besides, I wouldn't mind bettin' that he objects the same as us to Highcliffe being disgraced like this." Course he does," said

"That's obvious to anybody!" "Well, look here," said Ponin a deputation, and put it to him in a proper manner. You chaps had better come as well, in case he wants a little convincin'."
"Right-ho, dear boy!" said the

nuts in chorus, and they followed the indignant Ponsonby out of the

Ponsonby led the way to Mr. Mobbs' study. There was a very confident expression on his face. Ponsonby had, indeed, cause to be confident. Many a time old Mobby, as the nuts termed their Formmaster, had pandered to their whims, and Ponsonby saw no reason why Mr. Mobbs should not pander once again.

Tap! Ponsonby knocked at the door of the Form-master's study. "Come in!" sang out Mr. Mobbs. The nuts entered, and lined themselves up in a row by the side of

the master's desk. Mr. Mobbs looked up at Ponsonby & Co., a deep frown on his thin face. Mr. Mobbs was not in a very good

"We're a deputation, sir," said Ponsonby, coming to the point at

"Ahem!" said Mr. Mobbs. "We have heard that a common booth-boxer named Travers," continued Ponsonby quickly, "is—er—

coming to Highcliffe." "That is quite true!" said the

Fourth Form-master. "We strongly object to his coming," went on Ponsonby coming," went on Ponsonby emphatically. "We think that it is

a thorough disgrace to the school, "I agree with you entirely,"

interrupted Mr. Mobbs.

Ponsonby smiled broadly. "I naturally thought you would,
r," he said confidently. "And sir," he said confidently.

Perhaps if you saw the Head-" Mr. Mobbs shook his head sadly, and Ponsonby's hopes received a severe shock.

"I have seen Dr. Voysey," explained Mr. Mobbs. "I have protested to him, but my protests have been entirely disregarded. It appears that the Head is an old acquaintance of John Matthews, the boxing promoter, who is accompanying the boy Travers to Highcliffe, and, therefore, Dr. Voysey insists that they shall stay here."
"By gad!" exclaimed Ponsonby in

amazement.

"It cannot be helped," went on Mr. Mobbs. "I have done my best,

"But think of the school, sir," protested Ponsonby. "It's positively disgraceful. Why, the fellow's probably a low-down thief, and supposin' he should decide to rob us!"

"You must run that risk, Ponsonby," said Mr. Mobbs. "The Head's decision cannot be altered. He has made up his mind that Travers shall come here and box the champion junior of Highcliffe, and I cannot alter matters. I

have appealed in vain!"
"Rotten!" exclaimed the nuts in

"Absolutely!" drawled Vavasour. Mr. Mobbs raised his head quickly. "Of course, Ponsonby, if you care to represent Highcliffe," he remarked. "Courtenay has asked me for permission to do so, but I do not think I shall grant it."

Ponsonby looked surprised.
"You suggest that I shall box with a blackguardly bruiser," he exclaimed. "Why
"Not if you don't want to."
"By gad!"

Ponsoby's eyes had suddenly di-lated. There were immense possibilities in Mr. Mobbs' scheme from his point of view, and Ponsonby

saw them at once.

"I'll take him on with pleasure, sir," he said. "I'll teach him to come to a decent school, and disgrace it with his presence. I'll give the young blackguard the hiding of his

One would have expected Mr. Mobbs to call Ponsonby to account for his remarks, but not so Mr. The Fourth Form-master was as indignant as the nuts were that Bob Travers, the boy boxer, should be permitted to enter High-cliffe, and he was especially anxious that the latter should be given a severe hiding.

"Very good, then," he said. "I will tell Courtenay that his claim to represent Highcliffe has been dismissed. You may go!'

The nuts left the Fourth Formmaster's study, grinning hugely. "By gad!" exclaimed Ponsonby as

they made their way towards their study. "I'll have no mercy on the young blackguard. I'll knock him into little pieces, by gad!"

"Oh, good!" said Monson, "By gad!"

Gadsby had happened to glance through a window in the passage, and his eyes became fixed on four juniors walking across the quad.

"What's the matter, dear boy?" asked Ponsonby. Gadsby. "Look!" exclaimed

"Can't you see who's down there? "Courtenay and his gang, and-"And Bob Travers!"

The four nuts gazed spellbound at the four figures in the quad.

"I suppose Courtenay has taken it upon himself to welcome the rotter to Higheliffe," said Ponsonby, with a sneer.

"Possibly he's under the impression that he's going to box the bounder," suggested Monson.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ponsonby. "He can be for all I care. Mobby's given me permission, and that's good enough for me. Mobbs isn't the sort of chap to alter his mind.'

"No fear!" Ponsonby dragged his chums forward.

"Let's get back to the study, and have a game of nap," he said. "We want somethin' to take this beastly matter off our minds."

"Rather!" chorused the nuts, and that is why we have come to you. in another five minutes they were We want you to use your influence seated round the table in their study, to prevent his entering the school. deeply engrossed in a game of cards.

Money changed hands frequently, and in less than half an hour, Monson was out of pocket to the extent of two pounds. Incidentally, Monson was a little out of temper, too. Monson did not like losing at cards.

At the present moment, Monson was not in a state of affluence; the two pounds was the limit of his

"I'm skinned out, by gad!" he ex-claimed, jumping up from the table.

The nuts laughed. "That's nothin'," said Ponsonby. "Your luck always changes, dear boy. Play on an' win. You don't want to throw up the sponge just because you've lost a few bob."

"Few bob, be hanged!" snapped Monson. "I've lost a couple of

"What's a couple of quid?" exclaimed Ponsonby. "Sit down,

"No! I have had enough!" said Monson. "I'm goin' for a stroll round the quad. I'll see you fellows later.'

"Just as you like," said Ponsonby, commencing to deal out the cards once more.

Monson left the study in a very dispirited mood. He had wanted that two pounds very badly to put on a gee-gee, and its loss upset him considerably.

He left the house, and was cross-

"you needn't take notice of my warnin'. But, look here, that chap's

Priss

One Penny

got muscles like iron, and——"
"Where is he?" asked Ponsonby, suddenly becoming interested.

"In the gym."
"Oh, good!" drawled Ponsonby.
"I think I'll go down and have a look at him."

Ponsonby went, and when he returned a little later, his confident air had vanished. Ponsonby was not quite so sure now that he would knock Bob Travers into little pieces. The leader of the nuts had received a great surprise.

The 2nd Chapter. Bluffed and Beaten.

"I've got some rotten news for

you, Travers, old son!"
Thus Frank Courtenay as he entered the little room that Bob Travers was occupying during his short stay at

Highcliffe. "Hallo! What's happened now?" asked Bob.

"I sha'n't be meeting you to-morrow," explained Frank Courtenay

disappointedly. "Why not?"

"Well, it wants a lot of explaining," said Frank Courtenay. "Old Mobbs, one of our masters, is a bit of a rotter, and he always sticks up for those bounders, Ponsonby and Gadsby and Monson."

"What's that got to do with our fight?" asked Bob.

"I'm coming to that. As I said, Mobby sticks up for Ponsonby and his gang. Ponsonby has evidently asked him for permission to represent Higheliffe, and Mobby has given it."

Bob Travers looked disappointed, for he had taken a great liking to the good-natured Frank Courtenay. "That's jolly rotten!" he said. "But, I say, can Ponsonby box?" "Oh, yes, he's pretty handy with



A blow that to Ponsonby seemed to rush through the air like a twelve-inch shell, crashed into the side of his head, and he was sent violently to the floor.

cheering in the gymnasium caused him to stop in his walk.

He listened for a moment, then, his curiosity aroused, he trudged over to the gym, and looked inside.

The sight that met his gaze caused him to start back in amazement. Bob Travers was there, punching away merrily at a punchball. He watched Bob's fists fly out in quick succession, and he watched, too, the splendid muscles on the boy boxer's arms and

For two minutes Monson stayed gazing at the scene. Then he shut the door quietly, and turned in the direction of the house once again. He walked straight upstairs, and flung open the door of the nuts'

Ponsonby & Co. jumped to their feet quickly. They thought for a moment that it was a master who had entered, but when they recognised Monson, they glared at him in a wrathful manner.

"What's the game?" cried Ponsonby.

"By gad!" exclaimed Monson. "You've got to look out, Pon, dear boy." What do you mean?"

"Why," explained Monson, "I've just been watchin' that rotter Travers doing some punchball exercise. He's hot stuff, I can tell you. You'll be whacked, Pon, for a cert.' "Oh, rats!" said Ponsonby, with a

"All right, then," said Monson, I

ing the quad, when the sound of | his fists," said Frank Courtenay. "But, all the same, I don't consider him the best boxer at Highcliffe." "I'm awfully sorry," declared Bob.

"I suppose-Bob broke off sudenly, as the door of the room was opened, and in walked the lordly Ponsonby.

"I-er-hope I don't intrude," he said, with his usual drawl.
"Not at all, said Courtenay curtly. "I suppose you've come to discuss

your fight with Travers?" "Quite right, dear boy," said Ponsonby, with forced politeness. "But, of course, that can wait. I don't wish to interrupt your conversation, you

know."
"You won't interrupt," said Courtenay bluntly. "We've finished, thanks. See you later on, Travers!' "Right-ho!" said Bob.

Frank Courtenay left the room, and Ponsonby took a seat by the fire. "Thought I'd look in, dear boy," he said, "and have a little chat about our fight to-morrow. I suppose you're a little disappointed at not being able to box Courtenay?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am," declared Bob.
"But it can't be helped," said Pon-

sonby. "Courtenay's a pretty good boxer, you know; but I'm just a little better, and Mr. Mobbs thought it only right that the best man should represent Highcliffe." "Quite so," said Bob, in no way

impressed with the lordly Pon.
"I'm awfully keen on meeting you," continued Ponsonby suavely. "You see, we fellows don't get much

chance of meetin' you ring boxers. The beaks are awfully down upon professional boxers as a rule."
"Really?"

"Yes; they consider they're all blackguards, and thieves, and goodness knows what."

"Well, some of them are," said Bob. "You meet all sorts in the ring."

"Yes, dear boy," said Ponsonby, "so I understand. You know, I often feel very sorry for you chaps.

I suppose it's a pretty hard life with very little money in it?" Bob laughed.

"You're quite right," he said.
"We manage to earn a living, and that's about all."
"By gad!" exclaimed Ponsonby.
"How rotten! It isn't to be won-

dered, then, that some chaps play to lose."
"That depends."

"But what I mean is this," said Ponsonby, warming to his task. "A booth boxer would generally be pretty grateful for an unexpected gift of, say, five pounds?"
"Well, it would be a foreuse to

many," said Bob.
"I thought so," said the Highcliffe junior. "Supposing I offered
you a fiver, I—er—you wouldn't be offended, would you? I wouldn't hurt your feelings for worlds, only

"I certainly shouldn't take it as a gift," said Bob calmly, wondering what the nut of the Fourth was lead.

ing up to. "Naturally," said Ponsonby, "that would be too much like charity. I would sooner you did something for it, don't you know."

Bob Travers eyed the nut of the

Fourth critically.

"I'm awfully keen on beating you,"
went on Ponsonby. "It would be a
fine thing for the school."

"Of course it would," agreed Bob.
"I can't say I hope you win, of course, as I want to win myself."
"Er-er-quite so," faltered Ponsonby nervously. "But, I say, you'd like that fiver, wouldn't you?"
Bob laughed heartly. He was slowly beginning to understand Ponsonby's little scheme

sonby's little scheme.
"Five pounds would come in july

"You'd be willing to earn it?"
"Rather!" "Well, I wonder whether my little idea will appeal to you?" said Ponsonby. "I wouldn't think of asking you to intentionally lose the fight

with me, but—er—er——"

"Oh, I've been asked to lose a fight before," remarked Bob.

"That's a bit too thick, of course," said Ponsonby; "but what do you say to putting up a rotten show in the first two rounds? I guess the first two rounds? I guess you're pretty hot stuff, you know, and, being a bit sensitive, I'm afraid that if I don't last out three or four rounds, the fellows here will make my life a misery. After the two rounds you can do just what you like

with me. "But supposing you knocked me out in the first round?" suggested

Bob. "Imposs, dear boy!" exclaimed Ponsonby. "I couldn't do it with six hands, let alone two. What I want is to, say, last out four rounds; and if you care to go easy for two rounds, I'd be only too pleased to make you a present, if you're willin', of a fiver."

Bob saw through the nut's scheme at once, but the expression on his face did not make the lordly Ponsonby at all suspicious. Ponsonby reckoned that if Bob "played slow" for the first two rounds, no further rounds would be needed, because he would have knocked the boy boxer out before the third round commenced. He little thought that Bob saw the scheme in the same light.

"I'm quite willing to go easy for a couple of rounds, if you like," he said. "But, all the same, I don't think I'll take the money.'

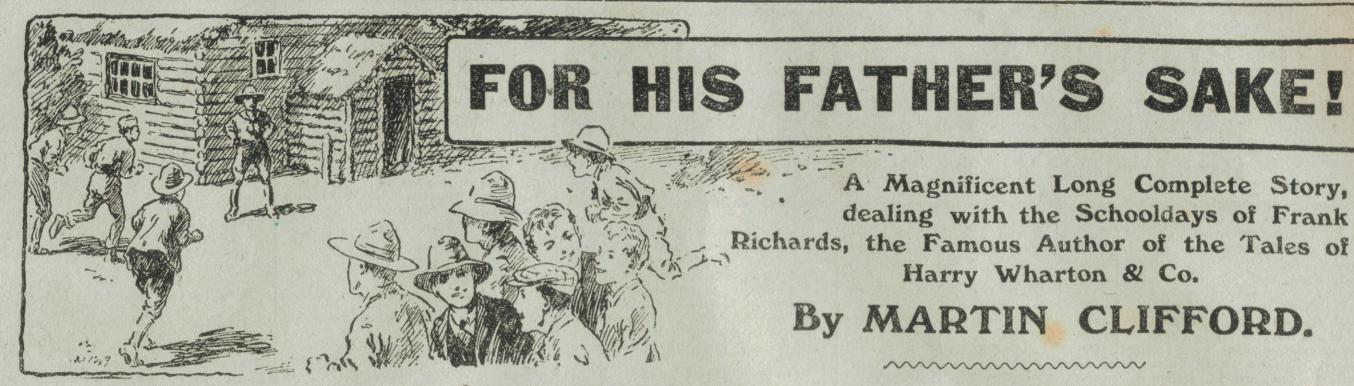
"Leave that till afterwards, dear boy," said Ponsonby affably. pop in and see you directly the fight is over."
"Good!"

Ponsonby bid Bob good-bye, and walked back to his own study. When he had seen Bob box he had become convinced that he himself was in for a good hiding. The muscles on Bob's arms and legs told Ponsonby that his opponent would prove a hard nut to crack.

Now, however, Ponsonby felt very confident. Those two rounds in which Bob was going to "play slow" would be quite sufficient for him to put the

boy boxer down for the fatal count. Then it was Ponsonby's intention to announce to the whole school that he had offered Bob the money to test him, and have him kicked out of Higheliffe as a low-down blackguard.

But Ponsonby's little scheme was (Critinued on page 204, col. 5.)



A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays of Frank Richards, the Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. Beaucierc's Trouble.

"Beauclere!"

Miss Meadows' voice was quite

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless glanced round rather anxiously at

Beauclerc was sitting silent in his place in the class, with his book before him, his eyes fixed upon it in a

He did not seem to hear the voice of Miss Meadows.

Beauclerc's handsome face was deeply clouded, and there was a deep line in his brow. He had hardly spoken a word that morning to his chums, and Frank and Bob were well aware that something was the matter, though they did not know what it

was. "Beauclere!"

Still the remittance man's son did not look up. His thoughts were evidently far away from the school-room

of Cedar Creek.
Some of the fellows were grinning.
Chunky Todgers jerked a paper ball
towards Beauclerc, to attract his attention to the fact that the school-

"Fodgers!" rapped out rapped out Miss Bleadows. Y 0-0-08, mum!"

stammered Frank Richards reached along with

his foot, and kicked Beauclere's ankle. Vers Beauclere looked up at that,

startled, his face reddening.

He glanced at Frank.

Frank Richards made a sign towards Miss Meadows, who was looking quite angry, though as a rule her temper was sunny and serene.

"Beauclerc, I have spoken to you three times!" exclaimed Miss Meadows sharply. "What are you thinking of?"

Beauclere's face became crimson. l am sorry! he stammered. "You are not giving attention to the lesson, Beauclerc!'

Beauclerc did not deny it. It was pretty clear that his attention had been anywhere but upon the work in

"Are you even aware of what the lesson is?" exclaimed Miss Meadows, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Yes, I-I think so, ma'am," stammered Beauclerc. "I-I am sorry I forgot that I was in school!"
"By gum!" murmura Bob Lawless. "Forgot he was in school!

What's the matter with the Cherub, Franky?" Frank shook his head.

"This will not do, Beauclerc!" said Miss Meadows. "You will be detained an hour after lessons today!"
"Very well, ma'am," said Beau-

clerc quietly.

"And now kindly give me your attention!"

"Certainly, ma'am!"

Beauclere roused himself with an effort. Some of the Cedar Creek fellows chuckled, but the chuckle died away as Miss Meadows' severe glance swept over the class.

It was nearly the end of the afternoon lessons at Cedar Creek School. Most of the fellows were glad enough when school was dismissed. A party of the fellows were going down to Thompson Town, where there was a boxing entertainment at Gun-

Frank Richards and his friends had been going with them, but Beauclere's detention stopped that.

When school was dismissed, Frank and Bob went out with the rest, and Vere Beauclere remained in the

school-room alone.

Beauelere's face was frowning and thoughtful, and he was giving but little attention to his detention-task.

Miss Meadows had set him that | task, and left him to it, alone in the

big, log school-room "Beau, you ass!"

"Cherub, you fathead!" Beauclerc looked round.

Two faces were looking in at the open window behind him. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless

shook their fists in at the window.
"You chump!" said Bob. "We sha'n't be able to get down to Thomp-

shant be able to get down to Thompson for the boxing now!"

"What the dickens did you get yourself detained for, you ass?" demanded Frank Richards.

"It's all right, you fellows. You go," said Beauclerc. "I don't feel much inclined for it, anyway."

"Rats!"

"Really!" said Beauclerc. "I'd rather you went! No good hanging about because I'm detained."

"Bosh! You're coming with us when we go!" said Bob Lawless.
"We'll make it to-morrow instead. "We'll make it to-morrow instead. The boxers are going to stay at Thompson for a week, Gunten says. All the same, you're a silly ass!"

Beauclerc smiled faintly,

"Is anything wrong, Beau?" asked Frank Richards, a little anxiously.

"At home, I mean?"

"Oh, nothing!" Beauclerc reddened. "You fellows cut off! I'd better get on with this!"

He turned to him task again.

Frank Richards and Bob left the window, leaving their chum to his work, and strolled away to the gates.

Most of the Cedar Creek pupils

Most of the Cedar Creek pupils were starting for home, but the party for Thompson were gathering round Kern Gunten.

Gunten was the son of the store-keeper at Thompson, an emigrant Swiss, at whose "show" the enter-

tainment was being given.
"You guys coming?" as
Gunten, glancing at the cousins. Bob shook his head.

"No; the Cherub's detained, you "Well, you can come without him,"

said Gunten. "Thanks! We don't care to."

"I guess it will be worth seeing!" remarked Eben Hacke. "The Dakota Kid is challenging all comers, and there'll sure to be a galoot in Thompson who will take him on. The Kid puts up fifty dollars to be boxed for. I guess I've a good mind to take him on myself!"

"Fifty dollars!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers. "By gum! Blessed if I don't take him on! He's not much

bigger than I am, anyhow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hacke.

"You would burst if the Kid gave you one punch! He's licked Poker [Pete already, and Pete's twice as big

"Oh, then I guess I'll let him alone!" said Chunky. "What about you, Richards? You can box."
"The Kid would knock Richards into a cocked hat!" said Gunten dis-

dainfully. "Now, then, you fellows who are coming, get a move on!" And Gunten and his companions went out of the gates, and started

down the trail for Thompson.

Bob Lawless grunted. "Blessed ass, the Cherub!" he said. "What's the matter with him to-day, Franky? If the Dakota Kid gets licked this evening, it's an end of the show, and we shall miss it. What's up with the Cherub? He's been half-asleep all day.'

Frank Richards' face was grave.
"I'm afraid there's something wrong at home," he said. "Poor old Beau looks fairly knocked out, though he tries to hide it. I suppose his father's in trouble again."

Bob became serious at once. 'Poor old Cherub!" he said.

"It's rotten for him!" said Frank lichards restlessly. "Nothing a Richards restlessly. fellow can do, though—except pretend not to notice. Poor old Beau is

awfully sensitive about his pater. Bob nodded, and the subject

dropped. The chums waited till the hour was up, and then Vere Beauclere came out and joined them.

"Sorry I kept you!" he said. "It's too bad! Too late for Thompson now, I suppose?"
"I guess so!"

"Never mind!" said Frank cheer-

"Never mind!" said Frank cheerfully. "We'll get along there tomorrow. Come on, Beau! We'll
walk through the timber with you
before we start for home."

The three schoolboys went along
the creek, Frank and Bob leading
their ponies. Vere Beauclerc was
silent and grim. Half-way to the
"shack," where the boy lived with
his father, the remittance man, he
stopped.

stopped.
"Don't come any farther," he said.
"May as well," said Bob. "It's not much longer to ride home from your place than from here."
The colour deepened in Beauclerc's

"I-I'd rather you didn't come al! the way!" he muttered. "You don't

mind my saying so?"

"Oh, right-ho!" said Bob hastily.
"So-long, then, old chap!"

"Ta-ta, Beau!"

The cousins jumped on their ponies, and rode away, leaving Vere Beauclere to tramp along in the dusk

Frank and Bob were very silent as they rode towards the Lawless Ranch. It was Frank who broke the silence at

"It's rotien, Bob!"
"Beastly!" agreed Bob.

"I wish something could be done." "But it can't. And poor old Cherub's as proud as Lucifer, and he would fire up at the bare suggestion of anything being done for him," said Bob ruefully.

The cousins arrived at the ranch. Frank Richards was not feeling so cheerful as usual. As he sat down at the well-spread supper-table in the handsome dining-room of the ranch. with Mr. and Mrs. Lawless and Bob. he could not help thinking of his chum in the lonely shack by the creek.

But poor Beauclerc's troubles were beyond the help of his chums.

The 2nd Chapter. The Shadow of Crime.

Vere Beauclere tramped on slowly in the dusk, after his comrades had left him.

While they were with him, he had striven to keep a cheerful face, though not with much success.

Now that he was alone, the gloom settled over his handsome face like a dark cloud.

It was a strange life that Vere Beauclero led — a strange and shadowed life. But it had been brighter since he had started at Cedar Creek school. The friendship of Frank and Bob made a great difference to the lonely lad.

His sensitive pride had led him to repel their friendship at first, but he was glad-very glad-that they had become friends.

Frank and Bob never made any allusion to his father, though fellows like Gunten were not quite so delicate.

Beauclerc had vague recollections of his earlier life in England-of a rich and stately home It seemed like a scene from another life entirely when he thought of it now.

His affection for his father had never faltered. But he knew that Mr. Beauclerc's ruined life was largely his own fault. Yet he clung to the belief that his father was more sinned against than sinning.

Brought up in a rich home, with expensive tastes, Vere's father had been thrown on his own resources at last, and he found that his own resources were of little use.

A grudged allowance from his elder brother was all that stood between the nobleman's son and utter want.

Beauclere did not know all, but he had some vague knowledge of what had passed. Idleness and expensive tastes could not be indulged upon a small allowance.

There had been trouble—some story of racing, of cards, ugly hints of swindling. And Vere and his father had come west to a new country, where the father had settled down to the unprofitable life of a "remittance

Like the prodigal of old, he could not dig, and to beg he was ashamed.

When the remittance from home was late in arriving, or when it was gambied away by Mr. Beauclerc, there were hard times in the shack by the creek.

Hard times Vere was used to. He did not complain.

did not complain.

But his father, whom he still loved and tried to respect, was an object of pity and contempt, even to the rough cattlemen of Cedar Camp.

When he was in funds, he was generally "painting the town red."

When he was hard up, he would hang about the hotels in the camps, glad of a stray drink that came his way, and seeking to "raise the wind" by any means but hard work.

In the Canadian West, the remittance man is known—and condemned

tance man is known-and condemned -far and wide. And Mr. Beauclerc was a finished specimen of that peculiar race.

But these were old troubles; Vere was used to them. There was a new trouble in his thoughts now—a vague uneasiness and apprehension that he vainly strove to dismiss.

Darkness was thickening as he reached the lonely shack on the bank of the creek, on the edge of the

Lights gleamed from the little living-room. There were but two rooms in all the building.

Mr. Beauclere was at home, and he was not alone. The sound of deep and gruff voices could be heard outside.

Through the half-open door Vere ould see the interior of the shack, and he saw his father and two com-

He knew them by sight-Dave Dunn, a ruffianly character of Cedar Camp; and Poker Pete, of Thompson. Poker Pete was a professiona! "sportsman" from California, a gentleman who had left his country for his country's good.

He lived by playing poker and euchre with the cowboys and ranchers, winning their money by his superior skill with cards, perhaps sometimes assisting fortune by "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain."

That was the new trouble that had come into Vere's life-his father's friendship with these two.

More than once Vere had found them at the shack on his return from school, sometimes playing poker, sometimes discussing some matter of which the schoolboy knew nothing.

Whatever it was they discussed, the talk ceased instantly the boy appeared on the scene.

What did it mean, Vere had wondered miserably. What had his father in common with these men—one a horse-thief, the other a gambler. There was an undefined fear in his breast of coming trouble.

It seemed to him that his father was growing more reckless and desperate as time passed—the natural result of drink and idle loafing. "I guess it's a cinch!" Poker Pete

was saying, as the schoolboy came up to the door, in the shadows outside. "A real cinch!"

"Old Lawless is worth a good bit, I reckon," Dave Dunn remarked. "But the riffle will have to be worked "Hist!" exclaimed Mr. Beauclere

hastily. Vere stood in the doorway.

Poker Pete muttered an oath. "Hang the kid! What are you hanging about there for?" he exclaimed violently. "How long have you been there?"

"I have just returned from school."

said Vere quietly. "I have not been hanging about.

The "sport" gave him a dark and suspicious look.

"If that's the truth—" he began.
"That's enough!" interrupted the remittance man sharply. "My son does not tell lies! That's enough!"

Poker Pete gave him a surly took.

"You know what it means if the kid starts chewing the rag about what we've been talking of!" he growled.

"Enough, I tell you!"

"I guess it's time we vamoosed," said Dave Dunn, getting up from the tub he was sitting on "Coming

tub he was sitting on. "Coming down to the Continental to-night,

"Yes, later." Poker Pete and Dunn left the shack, tramping away in the gloom towards the camp. Mr. Beauclere looked rather uneasily at his son. He assumed a cheerfulness of manner that

did not deceive the schoolboy. "You're late, aren't you, Vere!" he said. "Yes; I was detained."

"How are you getting on at the school?"

"Quite well."

"You like it there, my boy?"
"Yes, father, I like it."
"You've made friends there?" said

the remittance man. "Yes; Bob Lawless and Frank Richards; we're great friends. Many of the other fellows are very agreeable, too. I did not like it at first, but I am glad now that I am going. But, father—" The schoolboy hesitated. "Yes, it's time for supper," said

Mr. Beauclerc, rising.

"Never mind supper for a minute, dad! I—I want to speak to you about something else," said Vere slowly.

"If it's money, my boy—"
"It's not!"

"I know it's hard on you, Vere. You never have money in your pockets," said the remittance man, with a touch of remorse. "It's hard lines. You'd like a pony like Bob Lawless, and-

"I don't care about that, dad!" "Things are looking round a bit, Vere. It's quite possible I may be making money shortly," said Mr. Beauclerc, without meeting his son's steady eyes. "I've got some plans on hand to clear us of debt, and start fresh."

"Father!"

"Well?" snapped the remittance man, his manner changing.

The schoolboy came nearer to him. "Father, I must speak! I-I can't stand it any longer! What are those two men doing here—those two scoundrels? Why have you made friends with them?"

"That is no business of yours, Vere!" said his father gruffly. "Ask me no questions, and you'll hear no

"I must ask you, father! One of them was mentioning Mr. Lawless as I came up. I know they are trying to lead you into evil." Vere's face was white and strained. "Father, we've had disgrace enough! I've never complained. But-but-

The remittance man's bearded face flushed with anger. He clenched his hand for a moment. But the white misery in Vere's face seemed to move him in spite of himself.

His hand unclenched and his expression changed. He sank down on the log stool from which he had risen, his face gloomy and troubled.

"Father, won't you tell me? We can stand poverty-we've stood it long enough—but there's worse things than that. Those men, they're well known to be rascals-one a thief, the other a cheat. What are they trying

to lead you into, father?" The remittance man did not reply for some minutes.

"You-you don't understand, Vere," he muttered at last. "Something must be done. We can't starve. And I'm in debt-in debt, boy. I



ewe money at the Continental and at the store, and we can't starve.

"But the remittance can't be delayed much longer, father.' Mr. Beauclerc started as if the

schoolboy had struck him. "Vere, won't you understand? The

remittance came-'Then if it came-"

"I—I've lost it, Vere!"
"Lost it!" said the boy blankly. The remittance man flushed again. working himself into anger, the natural resource of a weak character.

"Hang it all! I won't be questioned. I'm your father, I suppose? Don't worry me. I lost the whole amount the first day at poker, if you must know. There's nothing more for a month, and I'm piled up with debt. Unless I find money from somewhere, we shall starve—starve! Do you understand?"

Vere was silent.

"Now you know!" snapped the remittance man irritably. "I've got to have money. Never mind how. That's not your business. If you want me to show Poker Pete the door, bring me fifty dollars in a lump, and I'll do it like a shot. Unless you can do that, hold your confounded

The schoolboy did not speak again. That reply had effectually silenced him. His face was white as he went mechanically about the work of get-

ting supper for himself and his father.
He did not eat. The food would have choked him. And a little later his father left the shack, and disapposed in the little later. peared in the direction of the camp. Vere Beauclerc went into the inner room to his rough bed.

It was long, long ere he slept. His father had in effect confessed that the "plans" he had afoot with Poker Pete and Dava Dunn were dishonest. Vere had known it must be so. Henest work never came the way of those rascals.

He had feared that his father, from the stages of drunkenness and gambling, was sinking still deeper-into crime.

Now he knew it.

And he was helpless. Crime or famine-that was the choice according to the remittance man.

Vere's choice would have been easily made, but his father did not possess his strength of character.

There was no arguing with a man of weak principle driven to desperation by the result of his own folly and

There was one way that the remittance man could be saved from that plunge into the lower depths. Money! Money! But where was the penniless schoolboy of Cedar Creek to find money?

He laughed bitterly in the darkness at the thought. Work, if he could find work, was not paid for in such sums as his father needed.

The unhappy boy was still awake, when unsteady steps entered the shack, and a dim form lurched to the bunk in the other corner.

Vere Beauclerc turned his face to the wall. Brave as he was, brave and resolute, he felt that his burden was more than he could bear.

The 3rd Chapter. Beauclero's Chance.

Frank Richards looked anxiously at his chum when they met at school on the following morning.

But he had no time to speak, for Beauclerc arrived only just in time to enter the log school-room as the bell ceased ringing.

Beauclere was always quiet and reserved, and he never talked about himself. But he seemed now frozen into a deeper reserve than ever. Frank noticed that his face, unusually pale, had the signs of deep and painful thought upon it.

There was deep anger in Frank's breast towards the remittance man. It was easy enough to know that Vere's trouble was on account of his father, though Frank did not guess in

what way. Miss Meadows gave Beauclerc two or three curious glances during the morning. He did his best during the lessons, but his thoughts wandered sometimes, and Miss Meadows was very considerate towards him.

The schoolmistress noticed that all was not well with the Cherub. After morning lessons Frank and Bob joined Beauclere in the school ground. They did not pass any remark on his look, though they were both a little anxious.

(Continued from the

previous page.)

Gunten and Hacke and Dawson and several other fellows were talking in a group of their visit to Thompson the previous day, and Frank Richards & Co. joined them.

Eben Hacke was full of admiration for the boxer, the Dakota Kid. According to Hacke, the boxing match had been "it."

It was a travelling boxing show that was visiting Thompson Town, and it was doing good business apparently.

"The store was fair crammed,' said Hacke, as the chums came up. "Half Thompson was there, you fellows, and it was a stunning fight. Young Dawson stood up to the Kid,

and was knocked out in four rounds."
"My brother," said Dick Dawson, with an air of pride; "he's a good man, too. The Kid was too much for him, though."

"The Kid's a cheeky chump!" said

Chunky Todgers. "See him swagger when they ask if any gentleman present would care to stand up to him for a few rounds! Looks as if Hacke. "He's heavier and a bit Chunky Todgers. "See him swagger when they ask if any gentleman

grim in the place comes and pays his fifty cents to come in, you bet. Course, old Spanner ain't risking much. There ain't a galoot between the line and the Yukon to touch the

"Rot!" said Bob Lawless. "I'll bet the Kid's been licked often enough if he asks for it in Canada, but he don't mention that bit.'

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Waal, he ain't been beat in Thompson," said Hacke loftily, "and I calculate he won't be, neither. You watch out."

"Do they use gloves?" asked Frank Richards.

"Do they?" grinned Hacke. "No, they don't. It's a case of knuckles, and the hardest knuckles get there, I

"Phew!"

"How big is this chap, the Kid?" asked Beauclerc.

The remittance man's son seemed to come out of his reserve all of a sudden. His eyes were bright, and

his handsome face animated.

Frank and Bob looked at him in surprise. They could not understand his sudden interest in the American

He had shown no interest in the matter before, and, indeed, had only consented to visit Thompson to see

Frank and Bob had plenty of food for thought that afternoon.

They had never seen the Dakota Kid; but the bare idea of the slim, handsome Cherub standing up to him in combat dismayed them.

They knew the Kid had defeated several fistical characters in Thompson, and at the towns along the Fraser Valley; and the fact that Silas K. Spanner offered a purse of fifty dollars to whoever could beat him, showed that Mr. Spanner did not think the Kid's defeat was at all probable.

It seemed a wild idea to Beauclerc's character in the seemed a wild idea to Beauclerc's character in the seemed as the see

chums, and they hoped he would think better of it when he saw the

boxer at close quarters.

After school, the three chums joined Gunten, whose home was in Thompson. Gunten regarded Beauclerc with an amused grin. But Frank and Bob were serious.

The expression on Beauclere's face was quiet and resolute, and they could not help thinking that his mind was already made up. And the prospect filled them with dismay.

The 4th Chapter. Schoolboy and Boxer!

Gunten's store, at Thompson, was crowded.

Frank and Bob left their ponies outside, with a crowd of others that were hitched to a tree, and joined the crowd pouring into the building. It was nearly time for the show.

The boxing-match took place in a



"Old Lawless is worth a good bit, I reckon," remarked Dave Dunn. "But the riffie will have to be worked careful—" "Hist!" exclaimed Mr. Beaucierc hastily, as Vere appeared in the doorway.

"P'r'aps he swells a little," admitted Hacke, "but he's a good man. There ain't a galoot north of the line that can touch him."

"Rats!" said several voices. "Well, they ain't touched him yet," said Hacke, evidently very proud of the prowess of his countryman. "There's fifty dollars for the man who can knock the Kid out, and that fifty dollars has been hawked up and down the Fraser Valley and up and down the Thompson River, and it

ain't been claimed yet."

"And he's only a kid, too," remarked Lawrence. "Not over eigh-

teen, at the most." "But he's all there!" grinned

"Well, we're going to see the wonderful man this evening," said Frank Richards. "I suppose he's boxing again to-day?"

"Yep. They're at Thompson till Saturday."

"What's that about fifty dollars?" broke in Vere Beauclerc. "How is there fifty dollars for beating the boxer?"

"I guess it's like this," said Hacke, eager to explain. "The Kid's boss, old Silas K. Spanner, puts up a purse of fifty dollars for any comer who can beat the Kid. Of course, it's an advertisement. The Kid boxes with a nigger in the show, but a real fight But we'll see—when we get to makes it more interesting. When a Thompson this evening. There's the galoot takes on the Kid, every pil- dinner-bell!"

the place isn't big enough to hold | more solid, and he's got a fist like a | Texas cow-puncher."

"And the money would be paid if he were beaten, you think?"

"Sure! I guess the boys would lynch Silas K. Spanner if he didn't square up. But he'd square all right. He's a white man." Hacke burst into a laugh. "You thinking of tacklin' the Kid, Cherub?'

"I might," said Beauclerc coolly.
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hacke.
Beauclerc walked away in a thoughtful mood. His chums hurried after him, and Bob caught him by

"Cherub, you ass, you didn't mean

that?" he exclaimed. "I'm thinking of it."

"My word! Why, that blessed prize-fighter would smash you up!" exclaimed Bob.

Beauclerc smiled faintly.

"I'm not afraid of getting hurt. It doesn't matter if my beauty's spoiled a little. After all, somebody ought to stand up to the Kid, as he seems

to be challenging all Canada."

"But you!" exclaimed Frank
Richards. "You, a schoolboy!"

"The Kid isn't much more than a schoolboy, from what Hacke says."

"Look here, Beau—"
"I can box," said Beauclerc quietly.
"I'm as hard as nails; you know that. I'm thinking of taking it on.

large room behind the store, which Mr. Gunten let for shows, meetings, and dances.

The three schoolboys passed in with the rest. Round the big room, wooden seats

were crowded together, and many of the seats were already filled.

Space was left for the ring in the centre of the room. Silas K. Spanner, a tall gentleman,

with a good-tempered, ruddy face and a big cigar, was in the room, chatting with the gathering crowd. Billy Cook, the foreman of the Law-

less Ranch, was there, on a front bench, and he called to Bob and his chums, and made room for them. The chums sat down along with the

ranchman and waited. More and more of the citizens of Thompson were coming in. Shows of any kind were few and far between in the backwoods town,

and Silas K. Spanner was doing good business with his boxers. The Kid's glove-fight with a negro

boxer was entertaining enough in its way; but it was the Kid's challenge to all-comers which helped to

draw a big audience.

The Thompson "galoots" were very keen to see a fellow-townsman taking on the boxer from the States, for the honour of the Land of the

Maple Leaf. But two or three had tried it already, and they had had no luck. It was doubtful if another candidate | less amused. would be forthcoming.

There was a buzz in the crowded room when the Kid entered.

The schoolboys looked at him with great interest. He was a lithe, muscular fellow, not much taller than themselves, but much heavier, and evidently in good condition.

His manner was somewhat swanky. and it was not difficult to see that the Kid had a good opinion of himself.

A big negro followed him in, a head taller than himself. This was the black boxer whom the Kid was accustomed to knock out in ten rounds, when no amateur was forthcoming to face his knuckles.
Silas K. Spanner removed his cigar,

and addressed the audience:

"Gentlemen and galoots, hyer stands the Dakota Kid, the best man with his fins between the Rio Grande and the Yukon River. The Kid's offer, gents, is still open, and fifty dollars is still waiting to be roped in by the lucky man. Any galoot who knocks the Dakota Kid out rakes in the jackpot, and there's the green-

backs. Money talks!"
Silas K. Spanner held up a little bunch of ten-dollar notes.

There was a murmur in the crowd. Several fellows were being urged by their friends to make the attempt. But the defeat of the local champion the previous evening had discouraged the rest.

Vere Beauclerc drew a deep breath.
"Beau"—Frank Richards caught
his arm—"Beau, old chap, don't be-

Beauclere did not answer.
"Now, gents," said Mr. Spanner
persuasively. "Who's standing up
for the Maple Leaf? Who's got some-

thin' to say for Canada?"

Vere Beauclerc stood up.

He shook off Frank's detaining hand, and stepped into the open space before the crowded benches.

Mr. Spanner glanced at him, not understanding for a moment.
"Get back, kid!" he said. "You're

in the way hyer!" "I'm your man," said Beauclere quietly.

"Wha-a-at?" "I'm standing up for the Maple Leaf," said the schoolbox calmly. "And when the Kid's ready, I'm

ready!"
"Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Mr.
Spanner, in astonishment.

The Dakota Kid grinned hugely. "Go home, little boy!" he re-narked. "Go home and find marked. nursey!

"Ha, ha, ha!" "This hyer ain't a joke, my boy!" said Mr. Spanner at last. "away, sonny. Now, gents-You run

"I claim the fifty dollars if the Kid refuses to stand up to me!" said Vere Beauclere coolly. "It's forfeit if he backs out."

"Back out!" yelled the Kid. "Me back out! Oh, Jerusalem!" "Look here, laddie, if you mean it—" said Mr. Spanner, hesitating.

"I mean it."

"You'll get hurt, you know." "Possibly."

There was a shout of encourage-

ment from the audience. Nobody present believed that the handsome schoolboy had any chance against the Kid. But his pluck appealed to the crowd.

"Go it, young 'un! Bravo!" "Give him his chance, old Stars and Stripes! "Gentlemen," said Silas K.

Spanner. "If the youngster wants to commit suicide, I ain't standing in his way. Kid, there's your man!' The Dakota Kid chuckled.

Vere Beauclerc glanced back at

his chums. "You'll second me, Frank?" "What-ho!"

Frank Richards stepped into the ring. He was apprehensive for his chum, but he was glad to back him up as well as he could. Bob Lawless sat in dismay.

Bob knew that Beauclerc, slim and handsome as he was, was hard as nails, and a first-class boxer. He had learned that in an encounter with him. But he had no hope of seeing

him successful now.
"The young ass!" groaned Bob.
"He'll get smashed up, Billy!" Billy Cook, the ranch foreman,

"The lad's got lots of pluck," he remarked, "But, of course, he'll get

smashed. Lucky I've got the buggy here; I'll take him home in it afterwards. He won't be able to walk home, I guess."

"Poor old Cherub!" muttered Bob.

But the Cherub did not seem to share his chum's dismal anticipations as to his fate.

He stripped to his shirt, and tight ened his belt a notch. He stripped well, too, and at sight of his arms and chest Mr. Spanner looked a little

There was strength and muscular

Every Monday

Published

I would like all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be of use to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would like to write to me.

IN TWO WEEKS' TIME!

A Magnificent New Series!

In a fortnight's time the first splendid long, complete tale in our magnificent new series of complete tales, introducing Dick and Frank Polruan, old Joe Tremorne, and Pieface, and entitled,

"KING NADUR'S DIAMONDS!" By Maurice Everard.

will appear in the Boys' FRIEND. This grand new series will deal with the further adventures of the famous adventurers in Darkest Africa. The famous four had some very exciting times on Crusoe Island, but their experiences in the Dark Continent

will be of a still more exciting nature.

The quest for King Nadur's diamonds will be a very thrilling one, and when they decide to undertake it, the four adventurers little realise the size of their task. However, this all makes for fascinating reading matter, and therefore I am confident that our great new series will supply you with an endless amount of enjoyment. Don't forget, the first story will appear in the Boys' FRIEND the week after next.

the first story in a splendid new series of complete tales, under the title of

"TALES OF THE DORMITORY!"

Each week in the Boys' FRIEND will appear a story, told in the dormitory by a junior at Rookwood School. The first tale in this fine series will be entitled.

"THE MAKING OF MORLEY!", By Jimmy Silver,

and will, I feel sure, meet with general approval. Tell all your chums about these splendid forthcoming attractions, and persuade them to become loyal supporters of the Boys' FRIEND.

NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME.

Stories You Will All Like!

The story in our next issue, which will appeal most to readers is, I am sure, that dealing with the schooldays of Frank Richards, the famous author. This story will be entitled.

"THE SCHOOLBOY AUTHOR!" By Martin Clifford.

The schoolboy author is, of course, none other than Frank Richards himself. In this story Mr. Martin Clif-

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wrote his first story at the school in

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY

the backwoods, and how he succeeded, in spite of the cunning schemes of an enemy, in gaining a prize in a competition held by a famous Canadian paper. This is a most interesting story, and on no account should you fail to read it.

Next Monday's splendid instalment

By Duncan Storm,

is by far the best which has so far appeared. The instalment is packed In three weeks' time will appear | ford describes how Frank Richards | from start to finish with laughable | riage of justice.

severely handled.

And keen observers could see that the Kid was beginning to have bel lows to mend.

As a matter of fact, the Kid was accustomed to easy victories, and he did not keep in training. Too many cigars and drinks at hospitable bars were telling on him, now that he needed every ounce of his strength and his wind.

Beauclere was younger, and not so strong, but he was as sound as a whistle. And his skill in the boxer's art was a revelation to the Thompson crowd. They had never seen anything like it. Neither had the Dakota Kid, for that matter.

After six rounds it was strength against skill, and the Kid was sadly conscious of bellows under repair.

The seventh round ended with the man from Dakota on his back, and there was a roar of cheering from one end of Thompsor to the other.

"Holy smoke!" said Bob Lawless. "The Cherub will pull it off, Billy!" Billy Cook grinned and nodded.

"Carry me home to die if he don't!" he replied. "Time!"

Crash!

Another round, and another! Both the boxers were looking very groggy, but it was quite clear that the Kid was the groggier of the two.

Silas K. Spanner was looking very blue. His fifty-dollar offer was a good advertisement, but it looked as if it would cost him fifty dollars this time.

The Dakota Kid went down on his back, stretched there by a terrific right-hander that caught him on the

point of the jaw. Poker Pete counted. But the count was hardly wanted.

The Dakota Kid lay gasping heavily, and he could not rise. Ninth round was the last. "Oh, Jehoshaphat!" mumbled Mr.

Spanner. "I guess this lets me out! He glanced anxiously at the Kid.
"I reckon I'm done!" gasped the
Dakota Kid. "Oh, gum! Oh, Jeru-

salem! I guess this bottles me up! Frank Richards caught Beauclerc

by the arm. The Cherub was tottering. But he would have faced another round, if there had been another round left in the man from Dakota. But there was not.

"Good man!" whispered Frank. Beauclerc tried to smile. He blinked at Frank with half-closed eyes.

"I'm pretty well done!" he mut-tered. "I-I couldn't have stood it out. Frank; only—only—" He did not finish.

Frank bathed his bruised face, and helped him on with his things. Vere was like a fellow in a dream. He had won the contest, but he had received a punishment more terrible than he | Vere Beauclere sat wrapped in the

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, The BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street. London, E.C. 4."

and exciting incidents. When Chip goes overboard to rescue Peter, the cat, he little guesses he is diving into terrible danger. But such is the

However, the incident has an extremely amusing sequel, and a shark, landed by Captain Handyman, is the cause of considerable excitement. The boys of the floating school have the time of their lives, and celebrate the occasion in a manner which is the cause of the Skeleton rushing into a perilous position.

Our next story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the chums of Rookwood, is ontitled,

"IN ANOTHER'S POWER!" By Owen Conquest.

Knowles, the bullying prefect of the Modern side at Rookwood, is the chief character in this fine story. Knowles, as readers of the Boys' FRIEND know, possesses a very shady character. He is addicted to gambling, and his rascally ways lead him to disaster.

Knowles finds himself in another's power—in fact, he has the most anxious time of his life. Jimmy Silver & Co. play a very prominent part in this tale, and they are the means of preventing a great miscar-

Next Monday's tale of the Crusoe Island adventurers is entitled,

"THEIR LAST ADVENTURE!" By Maurice Everard,

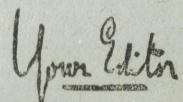
and as the title suggests, it is the concluding story in this most successful scries. Needless to say, there is an abundance of thrilling incidents, which mainly deals with a terrific encounter with the four adventurers and the natives of the island.

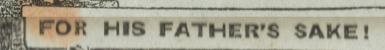
The concluding story in next Monday's issue is that dealing with Bob Travers, the boy boxer, entitled,

"BOB TRAVERS AT GREY-FRIARS!"

By Herbert Britton.

In this story Bob goes to Grey-friars to box Bob Cherry. The crafty scheming of Skinner, the cad of the Remove, the clover way in which Wun Lung, the little Chinee, puts paid to the account of the latter, and the great fight between the two Bobs, all help to make this story one of the most interesting of the series.





(Continued from the previous page.)

power there, young as he was, and it exert himself to the full, and that was pretty plain that there was plenty of pluck.

Mr. Spanner called on a gentleman in the audience to keep time. Poker Pete came forward, watch in hand. The "sport" gave Beauclere a very curious look.

The Kid lounged up to Beauclerc, and gave him his hand, with a goodprofessional umoured grin. boxer evidently regarded the contest as a little comedy.

Beauclere shook hands with him

He did not feel at all certain of victory over his redoubtable adversary, but he knew that he had a chance. And he knew that he meant to do his best, whatever it cost him.

No one there knew what was urging him on. None could guess that it was his father he was fighting for-that it was to save the remittance man from black ruin that he was facing the certainty of a terrific mauling, whether he was successful or not.

"Time!" said Poker Pete. There was a breathless hush in the room as the fight commenced.

The Dakota Kid lounged through the first round, with a grin on his face, making the mistake-for mistake it was-of underrating his schoolboy antagonist.

He was somewhat surprised to find that the schoolboy's guard was perfect, and that none of his careless lunges reached the mark.

The Kid began to put a little more beef into it, but still Beauclerc made a sound defence. He had not been touched when time was called.

"By Jehoshaphat, murmured Mr. Spanner to the kid, "there's something in that young guy! You'll have to go all cut, Kid!"

'Leave that to me!" said the Kid. Franch Richards drew his chum to the bench at the corner of the ring. He was surprised and relieved to see Beauclere come through the first round so well. Beauclerc gave him a faint smile.

"Not lieked yet!" he remarked.
"Good man!" said Frank. "Good

luck to you, old scout!"
"Time!" Beauclere, with a springy step, came up for the second round, and this time the Dakota Kid was going "all out." And there was deep silence in the crowded room as it was still the Canadian schoolboy was standing his ground.

The 5th Chapter. A Fight to a Finish.

"Bravo!" "Good man !"

It was a roar of surprise and delight in the crowded room behind Gunten's store. For the Dakota Kid was on his back on the planks, stretched there by an upper-cut from the schoolboy boxer, and he sprawled dizzily, hardly knowing how he had got there.

Beauelere stood panting, a little

flushed, but cool.
"Bravo!" yelled Bob Lawless in exuberant delight.

"Well done, youngster!" roared Billy Cook. "Well hit! That was a sockdolager, and no mistake! Bravo!" "Oh, Jehoshaphat!" murmured Mr.

Spanner. Poker Pete was counting. The

Kid lay sprawling, gasping for breath, but more astonished than hurt. But the call of "Time!" saved him, and Beauclerc retired to his corner.

Frank Richards squeezed his arm. "Good old Beau! Who'd have thought it!"

He sponged the Cherub's heated face. There were several marks on it now. Beauclere had not come through unscathed. But he was as cool as ice. "Time!"

The Kid was looking somewhat ugly as he stepped up again. He had learned that the schoolboy was not to be despised, and that he had to do his best. And in that round the Kid did his best, and it was a very good best.

The round finished with Beauclerc on his back, gasping. Frank Richards picked him up, and sponged his face. His nose was streaming crimson, and its handsome shape was altered, and his left eye was nearly closed.

But he stepped up undaunted for the fourth round. Hammer-and-tongs the boxers were

going it now. As no gloves were used the damage done was considerable on both sides. Vere Beauclerc's handsome face

was hardly recognisable. One eye was darkly circled, the other had a "mouse"; his nose was swollen and red, his lip cut, and bruises darkened seen that the boxer was forced to his cheeks and forehead.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T than a dozen schoolboy lickings.

Like one in a dream, he heard Silas K. Spanner's nasal tones. The showman was not pleased, but he was taking the result like a sportsman.

"Gentlemen and galoots, the young buck has knocked out the Dakota Kid-"Hurrah!"

"Gentlemen, the fifty dollars has been won," announced Mr. Spanner, and hyer's the bills to prove it!"

"Bravo!" "Young man, hyer you are!" said Mr. Spanner grandly. He extended the bunch of notes to

Beauclerc. "Take them for me, Frank."

Frank Richards took the notes for his chum. Beauclere was leaning heavily on his shoulder, hardly able to keep his feet. His hands were nerveless, his brain swimming. Frank stowed the notes safely into Beauclerc's inside pocket.

Loud cheers followed Vere as Frank led him from the ring. The men of Thompson were exuberantly delighted by the defeat of the boxer, and they roared their appreciation.

Beauclerc hardly heard them. Bob Lawless took his other arm.

and the two chums led him away. Beauclerc recovered a little when the cool evening air blew upon his face outside. A faint smile played over his bruised face.

Billy Cook came up, leading a horse and buggy.

"Hyer you are, sir!" said the ranchman. "I'm driving you home. I guess you can't walk— Hay?"
"Thank you very much!" muttered Beauclere. "You're very kind.

I-I don't think I could walk. "I reckon you couldn't!" chuckled the ranchman. "All O K. I'll see you safe home, sonny. Up with you!"

The ranch foreman lifted Beauclerc in his powerful arms and placed him in the buggy, and drew the buf-falo-robe round him. Now that the exertion was over, the Cherub was weak and sick with the reaction. He had come through the fight triumphantly, but it had told upon him ter-

Frank and Bob mounted their ponies, and rode with the trap to the fork in the trail. There they said good-night to their chum.

"How are you feeling now, Cherub?" asked Bob. "Rotten!" said Beauclerc frankly.

"I guess you would. No school to-morrow, I fancy."
"I think not." "Good-night, old chap!" said Frank Richards, squeezing Beauclerc's hand.

And the cousins rode away for the ranch, while Billy Cook drove on the buggy down the trail.

But the Dakota Kid was quite as | had ever faced before-more terrible | buffalo-robe, conscious only of a dull ache all over him. He had been more hurt than he had realised at the

time-indeed, it was a wonder to him now that he had come through the fight at all! But he had nothing to regret.

The buggy stopped at last, a short distance from the old shack by the creek. A light was burning there. Billy Cook lifted the schoolboy to the ground, and Vere stood unsteadily upon his feet.
"Manage now?" asked the ranch-

"Yes, thanks! Thank you for driving me home!" said Beauclero

gratefully. "Not a bit! So-long, sonny!" And Billy Cook drove away in the

buggy, and Vere Beauclere limped to the shack. His father was there, alone. He was seated at the log-table at his evening meal, with a clouded brow. He looked up with a scowl as the boy came in, but his expression changed at the sight of Vere's face. He sprang to his feet in alarm and con-

sternation. "Vere! What has happened?" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? My boy!"

A flush came into the schoolboy's bruised face. There was affection in that anxious cry, affection that the selfish remittance man seldom showed. It was enough to reward his son for what he had done.

"Only a fight, father," muttered Vere. "I—I took on the Dakota Kid at Thompson."
"Vere! You must have been mad!

What induced you-" "This!" Beauclerc fumbled in his pocket. His father started, incredulous, as the schoolboy held out the bunch of

"Vere!" He took the notes mechanically. "It-it's what you wanted, father. And-and now-that will see you through, won't it? And-and you

won't need-He did not finish, but the remittance man understood.

"My boy!" There were tears in the wastrel's eyes. "My dear boy! And you've done this for me! I-I don't deserve it! I sha'n't forget this, Vere! And—and I'm done from this night with Poker Pete and his

rascally schemes! I swear it!"
And Vere Beauclere, bruised and aching, was happy that night. He had not done in vain what he had done for his father's sake.

NEXT MONDAY!

THE END.

"THE SCHOOLBOY AUTHOR!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!



Published

Every Monday

saw that all his companions were suppose. The women are collecting

similarly situated.

Nor did the awful din abate. Amid shouting and yelling, the whole party dragged their prisoners up the slope, and made off at a rapid rate for the

When Joe and Frank came to, they found themselves, with Dick and Pie beside them, lying on the mud floor of a closed hut, while the noise outside portended only one thing-death for them all!

The 2nd Chapter. Joe Tremorne's Ruse.

Even after they had recovered consciousness, it was a long time before either of the four spoke.

Truth to tell, for one reason and another, they didn't feel much like

If the savages had suffered-and suffered terribly at their hands, they had not escaped unscathed.

Joe had a lump on the back of his head as big as his fist—and that is saying a good deal.

One of Dick's eyes was closed and fast assuming alternate reds, and purples, and green, destined later to settle into a sombre black.

Frank's arm, ripped by the spear, had bled pretty badly, thus making him feel weak, while Pieface, from head to foot, was one mass of bruises.

At last, Joe Tremorne ventured with a remark.

"We're going to have trouble before we're out of this," he said.

"Guess we've had a tidy-sized bunch of trouble already." agreed Frank, narring his arm, which pained horribly. "What do you think they'll do?"

"Think they'll do?" repeated Jce, in disgust, "There ain't much doubt over that. Jest you hark to 'em. Never heard such goings on in all my nateral."

The din was certainly dreadful-far exceeding anything of the sort heard since their arrival on the island.

There were brayings and bleatings, moanings and sighings, screams and yells, while whoops and shouts rang across the clearing and mingled strangely with the dismal sighing of the evening wind that rustled the trees of the forest.

It had been the easiest thing possible to disengage themselves from their bonds.

Apparently the savages didn't trouble overmuch about the efficacy of these, relying for the safety of their captives on the hundreds of people-men, women and childrengrouped about the hut.

Nothing had been taken from them but the pearls—the loss of which Frank particularly regretted.

He had not said so to the rest, but he had nourished hopes, that, with plenty of money to hand, once clear of the Antipodes, he would be able to induce Joe to take on an expedition through either South America or the heart of Africa.

And now, it looked as though all of them had unexpectedly come to the end of their tether.

Joe voiced his feelings aloud. "They're all round us like a swarm o' bees," he muttered, glueing one

eye to a crack in the wall. Outside, the day was dying in a glory of brilliant colour. The sky, no longer like an immense vault of burnished brass, was turning to

purple with slanting ribbons of gold, and here and there, a silver star gleamed like diamond points against the deepening blue. Save for the croaking of the frogs,

and the occasional scream of a parakeet in a noisy flight, and the moan

of the wind, the forest was sleeping.
"No help in that direction,"
thought Joe. "Oh, my! They're
not half going through it."

Dick caught the muttered exclamation and drew himself to the watcher's

"What's going on, old bird?" he

asked. "They're going to make a night of it-and an end of us!" was the answer. "The old chief has turned

traitor, and is urging them on!"

sticks for a fire. And, sink me, i they're not bringing out the old cookin'-pot again!"

The faces of the boys became white and set against the gloom.

"Is there nothing we can do?" asked Dick.

"Nothing—till it gets dark." said Joe. "They're getting awful ex-cited, and soon they'll be stark, raving mad. Some of 'em will dance till they fall down exhausted; others will lose their heads and start fighting. Here, what do you want?"

He swung round as Pie laid a hand on his arm and whispered through the gloom.

"Look here, Joeymans, see what dis chile hab found!"

Joe went back into the middle of the hut. Here and there thin streaks of illumination were piercing into the darkness of the prison as the fire in the clearing, every moment mounting higher, began to change the evening into the brilliance of day.

Pie stood over a bundle heaped in one corner and stirred it with his foot.

It consisted for the most part of native garments with ornaments of human teeth in strings, and brightlypainted feathers.

And, underneath, were curiouslyshaped objects somewhat resembling beehives.

In each of them were two circularshaped holes an inch or two apart. Joe gasped.

"The dresses worn by the devildancers," he explained. "I've seen The magic medicine men wear this. em to disguise themselves with. When the real dancing starts they go in and out of the rest and point to any they don't like—or want to get rid of. That means the poor beggars go into the cooking-pot. Jolly good way of getting rid of your enemies-eh?

"Then, maybe, we sha'n't be the only ones to be boiled," suggested

"Like as not there will be others," agreed the old salt. "Once they start they may keep this gadget up for several days and nights. Ah, now they're going to liven the proceedings with a little music."

and made out a strange, but fearsome sight. The clearing was now vividly bright as the red flames danced higher, and the night sky deepened to sapphire.

The savages-at least, a good hundred of them-had formed in a slowly-revolving circle, every man being armed with a reed from which he produced the most weird sounds.

And, as they walked, they lowered their brutal, painted faces, and raised their knees to a rhythmic chant, which stirred the onlookers to wilder frenzy.

For an hour or more the dance of death went on, the music shrilling up only do die away in dismal moans, as here and there a player dropped out and fell exhausted on the grass.

And, all the while, the night was rent with screeches, shrieks and eries, which even the loud thumping of the tom-toms and the wail of the pipes, failed to drown.

More and more wood was heaped

on the fire, which was now deemed large enough to have the cauldron placed over it.

An immense tripod, formed of the trunks of three huge teak-trees, was dragged around it, and the legs placed so as to be just out of reach of the licking flames.

In turn, the captives put their eyes to the hole in the wall and watched the hideous proceedings.

Pie was inconsolable. "Dey'll kill my pore dear likklums Bunjik when dey've cooked me," he moaned. "Oh, if ony dat Bunjik was here with me!"

"He'd have to die all the same," said Frank consolingly. "It's no good, Grate Polish, our numbers are up, and we can only keep quiet till

the end comes." "Don't know so much about that," interrupted Joe. "If only you kids

the gloom behind the sailor.

"Yes, things is getting purty lively about these parts," he went on. "What's happening? Why, the first of the devil-dancers has shown up, that's all. And, my giddy aunt, a queer fellow he is, his body all covered with feathers and rows of teeth, which rattle as he goes, and a mask on his head resembling a pig. There, you can look for yourselves.

With swift, powerful jabs of his clasp-knife, Joe punctured the thin wall in three places, and three pairs of eyes looked out on the clearing. The din was terrific, and the danc-

ing became madder than ever, Suddenly into a pathway of radiance came the incongruous and terrifying figure of the devil-dancer.

The long, wooden headgear, shaped with a pig's long snout, with ears attached, moved up and down, and, by an arrangement, a mouth, filled with red-painted teeth, opened and shut as the wearer emitted strange growls and grunts.

Then, from behind the native huts, the magic medicine men appeared.

All their heads were covered, some with box-like arrangements made out of plaited grass and daubed with brilliant colours, some with headpieces like beehives, similar to those lying at the feet of the watchers, and others with light wooden coverings carved and painted to resemble the animals of the forest.

The men and women continued to dance, and in and out of the revolving figures the devil-dancers hopped, pointing here and there at a cringing man or woman, and as each hand was extended as though in accusation, a fearful wail went up, and the luck-less victim, after a feeble struggle, was dragged away.

"When those wretches are through with their own lot, they'll start on Joe whispered; adding, in an aside, "that is, if we're mugs enough

to give them the chance."
"Don't see what we can do," said Frank, whose head ached horribly. "I do," said Joe. "Dick, old son, get busy with your knife, and start

working out a panel in the back wall of this hut. Where's Pic?" "Dis chile am heah," came a melancholy voice out of the darkness.
"Good for you!" snapped Joe.
"In the far corner by the door, the pigs who lived in this shanty had a fire not so long ago. Take that gourd, and pour the water into a hole in the floor; then mix mud and ashes with it until you've got a black, sticky

mass. "What's the move, Joe?" Frank

"Start taking your togs off, laddie. Our legs hev got to go bare for a bit. We're goin' to make ourselves up black-brown, like the natives-at least, those parts of us which the He ran to his crack in the wall clothes in the heap won't cover."

Dick could have yelled with de-

light. "I see. You mean, we're to dis-"That's it," purred the sailor. "I

notice that every now and then, after he's pointed to a wictim, the devildancer hops off and disappears among the trees. Our gadget is to do likewise, otherwise, ditto. Come here, Frank boy, and learn how they do the dancing.

While the others worked at their task, Frank watched.

"Think you've got it?" asked Joe anxiously.

The boy nodded. "I believe so. First they raise the right leg, hop once or twice on the left foot, then raise that, touch the backs of those in front with their

hands, and repeat."
"Right!" said Joe. "Now, you Dick, come and watch while Frank practises the hopping once or twice up and down the hut!

It took Dick very few moments to grasp the gist of the performance. and then he and his cousin initiated

It was the weirdest and most comical sight imaginable to see them dancing up and down in the limited space of their prison.

The boys managed the performance tolerably well, but poor old Joe made a most horrible mess of it, especially when it came to the hopping about on one leg.

He invariably fell over, barking his shins, and putting on his face a good deal more mud and dust and dirt than the disguise warranted. However, in a little while the boys

pronounced him perfect. "We shall put you into Group A.

general service, with no right of appeal," said Dick.
"And, wiv a bump on my head as "He's givin' 'em juice out of a keep quiet and do exaccerly as I tell big as a basin, I feel like a total big gourd; stuff to get 'em excited, I how."

A chorus of "Oh's" came out of it all over your chests, arms, and legs until you look the colour of mud. For several minutes there was a

fearful scramble for the mud-bath. There was just sufficient water to provide enough of the sticky stuff to take the whiteness out of their

"Now for the togs, and if we're not slippy they'll be fetching us out for the cooking-pot!" said Joe.

"Ugh! These things do buzz, no end, and they're full of insects!' complained Frank.

Joe laughed. "You'll be mighty glad you had them before long, my boy, insects or no insects. Come here, an let me fix your headpiece on! There, can you see all right?"

"Quite," replied Frank, adjusting the beehive-shape arrangement. "Now, Dick, have you got that opening ready? I'm off to join the

devil-dancers. "Make for that opening between the trees," counselled the sailor, pointing through the portion of the wall which Dick had cut away. "Hide behind the bushes as soon as you get out of the crowd, and we'll join you one at a time. Then it's all together

for home.' By this time the excitement had reached an intense pitch.

Cries and yells mingled with the shrilling of the pipes and the beat of the drums, as men and women pointed out by the devil-dancers were dragged away to a terrible fate.

Joe wiped the moist re from his forehead.

Crumbs, they're not half going This jaborree will result in the deaths of half the folk on the island before it's through! Now, Frank, off you go and join the line, and may the best of luck go with you!

Dick's eyes were suspiciously moist as he saw his chum slip through the hole in the wall, let himself down flat on his face, and worm his way along the ground until he came to the edge of the fireglow, where the circle of dancers showed continuously.

With a hop, a medicine man, wagging his grotesque head furiously, cleared the line and vanished amid the bushes.

This was Frank's chance. He stepped into his place, and the next minute they saw him dancing with the rest.

"You next!" said Joe, thrusting an open clasp-knife into the lad's hand. "If anyone looks like giving you trouble, deal him out a dose with

Dick understood that it was a matter of life or death for all of them, and screwed up his nerve to breaking-tension.

"Good-bye, old Joe, and I hope we meet again-this side of sunrise? The sailor gripped his hand and

turned away. When he looked again Dick had joined the giddily-revolving throng but Frank was nowhere to be seen.

"No. 3, Pieface by name!" whispered Joe. "You've seen what the other two did. Go and do likewise.' There was something of the savage

about the black boy as he took on himself the dreadful task. Perhaps he had seen scenes like this before in his native Africa. Anyway, he slipped out with a smiling face.

The sailor adjusted his headpiece, and, gripping a weapon under his native dress, gozed like a shadow through the opening, and with a terrific yell bounded among the dancers. A man screamed as Joe pointed at

him, and ran away into the forest. In a flash the sailor was after him. but, once in the shelter of the trees, he made a quick detour and came to the spot where the chums were wait-

There was no time for congratula-Joe merely pointed to the tions.

"We've got about ten minutes, that's all-ten minutes in which to cover a good two miles. At the end of the journey are guns-and safety. Can you do it?"

"Only try us!" replied the three in chorus.

Joe did, and they all won through. "But," said Joe, as he barred and locked the door of their little blockhouse, while Dick handed rifles and revolvers all round, "I guess if a ship put in to-morrow we'll be jolly wise to take it!"

And the tired-out three thought so 100.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

THEIR LAST ADVENTURE! By MAURICE EVERARD. DON'T MISS IT!

E ANAMANAMAN E THE BLUFFING OF PONSONBY! By HERBERT BRITTON. (Continued from page 199.) in many many

doomed to failure. Bob had seen through it, and he meant to make the nut of the Fourth pay for his cun-

The next afternoon the gymnasium at Highcliffe was packed with juniors, eager to witness the coming fight.

As soon as "Time!" was called,
Ponsonby leaped to his feet, and

lunged out at Bob. The blow got home on Bob's head, and the Highcliffe juniors cheered.

An instant later Ponsonby scored

again with his right, and then his left sent Bob staggering towards the ropes, Gadsby and Monson cheered their leader for all they were worth.

At the conclusion of the round there were red marks all over Bob's body, whilst Ponsonby was untouched.
"The next round will do it, Pon,
my boy!" remarked Gadsby. "The

chap's nearly done now. Look how he's puffin'!"
"Time!"

Bob Travers rose slowly from his corner. He looked for all the world as though he was done.

Ponsonby wasted no time. Swinging his arms quickly backwards and forwards, he smashed them home on

Bob's face and body.

"Another one, Pon, an' he's down!" shouted Gadsby.

Ponsonby gave Bob another one, and, to the amazement of the onlookers, Bob Travers recled to the floor and lay there. "One-two-three-" counted

the timekeeper. And Pensonby hung on every "Four-five-six-seven-"

Looking thoroughly exhausted, Bob crawled to his feet. And then, just as Ponsonby was preparing to dole out an upper-cut, "Time!" was called, and the two combatants went to their corners.

to their corners. "By gad, you've done well, Pon!" remarked Monson. "He's done for now. Another straight left, and he's down and out!"

Ponsonby's straight left never reached its mark again. As soon as "Time!" was called, Bob jumped up from his corner, and, to the amazement of the onlookers, who thought him to be beaten, he went for his

opponent like a whirlwind. Ponsonby was showered with blows. He had never expected anything like this. No matter how he shifted his guard, Bob crept between it. Pon-

sonby was quickly sent to the boards. "Buck up, Pon, for goodness' sake!" urged Monson.

Ponsonby did try to buck up, but it was no good. His opponent was a far better boxing-man than he; in the last ten seconds of the third round a blow that to Ponsonby seemed to rush through the air like a twelve-inch shell, crashed into the side of his head, and he was sent vio-

lently to the floor. All the fight was knocked out of him; he had hardly enough strength left to fight a fly.

"What ever did you want to let that fellow have his own way for during the first two rounds?" asked Frank Courtenay, some time later, when he was sitting in Bob Travers' little room.

Bob explained. "You see," said Bob. "I guessed the sort of fellow he was, and I thought it would be a good idea to teach him a lesson." "And he'll get another lesson, too,

from us!" said Frank Courtenay. Ponsonby got the lesson. An hour or so later, when Bob was leaving the school with John Matthews, the boxing-promoter, the man who was going to present Joe Barnett, the old boxing-showman, with a new booth, providing Bob defeated no less than six schoolboy boxing champions, Frank Courtenay and his chums were busily engaged in ducking Ponsonby

in the pond. The nutty Pon had proved the easiest of Bob's opponents. He still had to meet two more schoolboy champions before he won through. There was, however, no lack of determination in Bob's mind at that moment.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY!

BOB TRAVERS AT GREYFRIARS!" By HERBERT BRITTON.

DON'T MISS IT!