

COMING! GREAT BARRING-OUT SERIES!

The BOYS' FRIEND

"FRANK RICHARDS' SCHOOLDAYS!" "THE BOYS OF THE 'BOMBAY CASTLE'!" "TALES OF THE DORMITORY!"

No. 868, Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending January 26th, 1918.]

THE ROOKWOOD MUTINEERS!

A MAGNIFICENT NEW LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Absent.

"Lattrey!"
Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form, blinked over his spectacles as no answer came.

"Lattrey!" he repeated.
No reply.
"Dear me!" murmured Mr. Bootles, and he frowned.

Lattrey, of the Classical Fourth, was "gated" by order of the Head, yet he was not answering to his name at calling-over.

Mr. Bootles shook his head, and went on with the list.
Jimmy Silver & Co., in the ranks of the Fourth, were looking grim.

They could have told Mr. Bootles where Lattrey was if they had chosen. They did not choose.

After roll-call the Rookwood fellows came out of Hall, the Fourth-Formers in a much more subdued mood than usual.

Mr. Bootles stopped to speak to Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood. No doubt he was speaking on the subject of the "gated" junior who had failed to answer to his name.

"There'll be trouble soon, Jimmy," murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.
"Keep smiling," was Jimmy Silver's reply.

"It won't be so jolly easy to keep smiling when we're called up before the Head," remarked Raby.

"I sha'n't feel like smiling, for one," confessed Newcome. "Still, I'm not sorry we turned that cad out of Rookwood. The Head can't sack the lot of us."

"Can't be did!" said Jimmy Silver.
"He may begin with you, Jimmy, as an example to the Form," said Lovell, with a faint grin.

"We'll see about that!"
"We all stand by Jimmy, if it comes to that," said Kit Erroll quietly. "If Jimmy goes we all go."

"Hear, hear!"
"Nice reception we should get at home, I don't think!" remarked Townsend, with a sniff. "I'm not going, for one."

"I, for another," said Peele.
"You'll be taken by the scruff of your neck, if you don't!" snapped Lovell, with a glare at the nuts of the Fourth.

Townsend shrugged his shoulders and walked away.
The Classical Fourth were by no means quite united on the subject, though most of them backed up Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four went to the end study in a serious mood.

They did not put much heart into their prep that evening.

They knew that a storm was about to burst on Rookwood School, and they could not help thinking about it, and wondering how it would turn out.

Lattrey of the Fourth had been missed now, though it did not occur to Mr. Bootles for a moment that the end of Rookwood had been forcibly conducted to the railway-station by his Form-fellows, and packed off by train.

That the Fourth Form should have ventured to expel a member of the Form, on their own responsibility, was an idea that was not likely to occur to Mr. Bootles.

Yet that was what had happened. Even the most determined of the juniors who had been concerned in turning out Mark Lattrey felt uneasy at the thought of the inevitable interview with the Head that must follow.

There was a thump at the door of the end study later in the evening, and Bulkeley of the Sixth came in.

The prefect's brow was very grim. "You young rascals!" was his greeting.

"Thanks!" said Jimmy Silver.
"I've just been speaking to Neville," said Bulkeley. "He's told me that he found you at Coombe this afternoon. Is it possible that you've had the nerve to take Lattrey to the station, and send him off by train?"

"Yes, Bulkeley."
"We'll do it again, if he comes back, and flog him into the bargain!" growled Lovell.

"What-ho!" chimed in Raby and Newcome.

The captain of Rookwood seemed at a loss.

He could only stare at the determined faces of the Fistical Four for some moments.

"My hat!" he ejaculated at last. "I thought Neville must be dreaming when he told me what you'd done."

"I—I suppose it was a bit unusual," remarked Jimmy Silver, in a reflective way.

"I should say so!" gasped Bulkeley. "A junior expelled by the Fourth Form! Were you out of your senses?"

"Not a bit of it! I think the Head must have been out of his senses to allow Lattrey to stay in the school after what he'd done!"

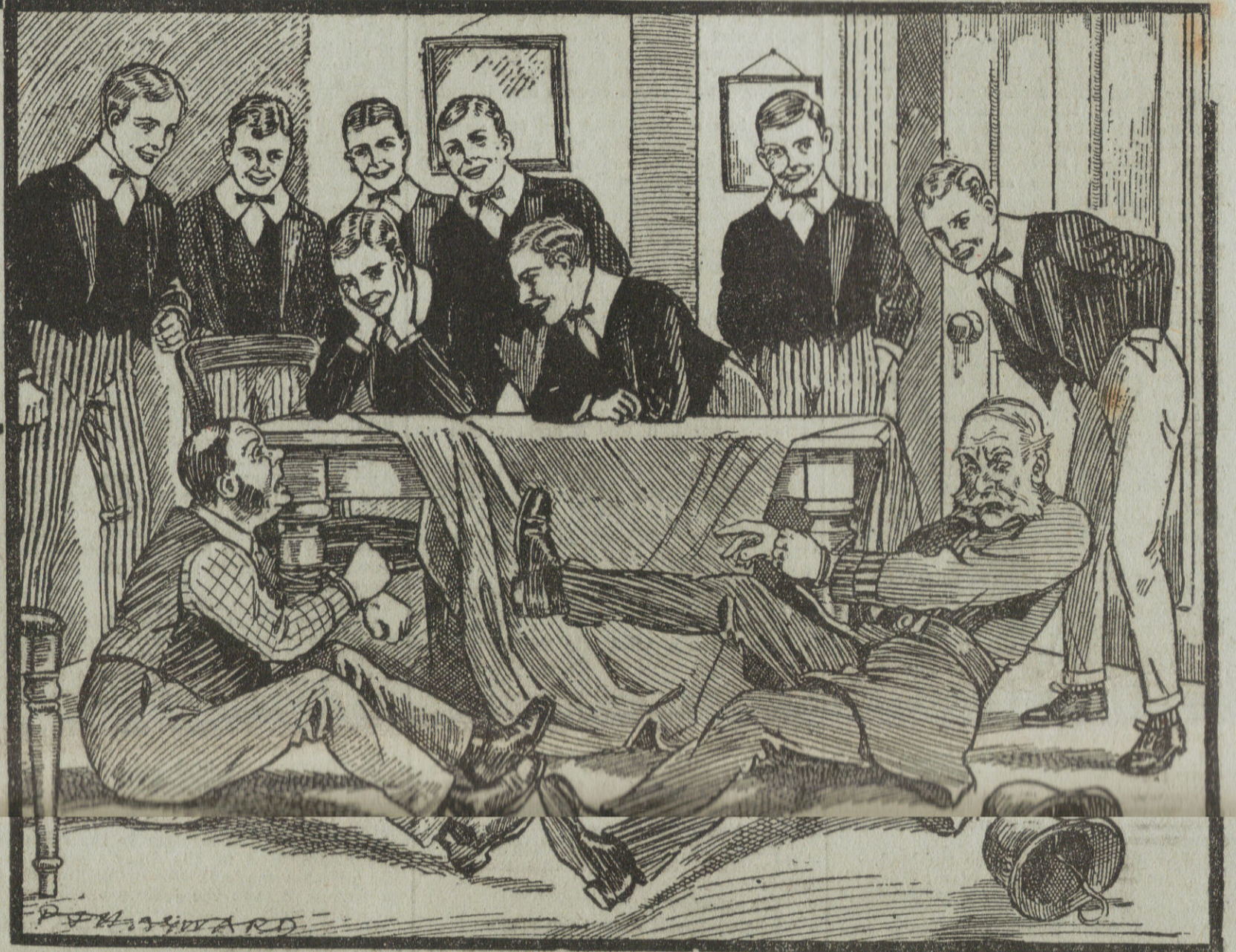
"What!"
"You know what Lattrey did!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, his face flushing, and a gleam coming into his eyes. "He blinded Mornington of the Fourth, by a cowardly blow in the face with a weapon in his hand. It's all very well to say he never intended it. He didn't care what happened. And he did it. A brute like that isn't wanted at Rookwood!"

Bulkeley did not answer that. As the juniors knew, Bulkeley himself was puzzled by the fact that Dr. Chisholm had not expelled Lattrey from the school.

"Why, the Head himself has gated the rotter, because he's found out about the beast pub-haunting, and chumming with betting blackguards!" exclaimed Raby hotly. "Any other fellow would have been sacked for that alone. Why wasn't Lattrey sacked?"

"I don't know," said Bulkeley frankly. "But I do know that Dr. Chisholm is headmaster of Rookwood, and his orders have to be obeyed."

"There's a limit," said Jimmy Silver stubbornly. "We won't stand Lattrey at any price. He's a dangerous hooligan, and Rookwood



TWO IN TROUBLE!

"Oh, you young rascals!" gasped the sergeant. "Young rascals!" spluttered Maok. "I'll report yer!" The juniors roared with laughter.

doesn't want him. The whole Form were in this, Bulkeley, Moderns as well as Classicals."

"I'm afraid it means a flogging for you, Silver, as the ringleader."
"I can stand it."

"And Lattrey will come back," added Bulkeley. "What you've done is simply idiotic. He will come back at once."

"He won't come back to-night," said Jimmy Silver grimly. "He was shoved into the train for Latcham, and there's no train back to-night."

"Then he will be missing at bedtime!" exclaimed Bulkeley.
"Yes."

"The Head will have to take the matter up, then," said the captain of Rookwood. "However, Lattrey may get back, and I sha'n't report this to Dr. Chisholm unless it's absolutely necessary. I'm afraid you young asses have brought trouble on yourselves, though."

The Sixth-Former quitted the study with a very thoughtful frown on his brow.

Bulkeley had foreseen trouble in the Fourth if Lattrey was allowed to remain at Rookwood. But certainly he had not expected it to go so far as this.

He wondered very uneasily what would come of it.

The Fistical Four looked at one another when Bulkeley was gone.

"Old Bulkeley feels the same as we do," Raby remarked. "Only a merry prefect can't be quite so candid as a Fourth-Form chap. I say, suppose Lattrey does get back?"

"We kick him out again!" said Jimmy coolly.
"In spite of the Head?"
"In spite of everybody and everything."

"Good egg!"
There was no faltering in the end study, at least.
If the Head insisted upon Mark Lattrey remaining at Rookwood, it

was war between the Fourth Form and their headmaster, and Jimmy Silver, long-headed as he was, could not guess how it would end.
But he did not falter.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Surprise for the Head.

Dr. Chisholm sat alone in his study. The Head of Rookwood had a deep line in his brow, and his whole expression was one of weary thoughtfulness.

There was a letter in his hand—a letter which had evidently given the Head unpleasant food for thought.

He glanced at it for the tenth time, his brows puckering more deeply as he read. The letter ran, in a small, neat hand:

"Sir,—I was surprised to receive your letter, as I considered that the matter was closed.

"In reply, I can only repeat that I cannot consent to my son being removed from Rookwood School. I was under the impression that I had made my decision quite plain when I had the honour of calling upon you.

"Your observation that you may be driven by circumstances into sending my son away I do not profess to understand. If this should happen, you cannot fail to be aware of the consequences that would follow. So far as I am concerned, the matter is closed.

"Yours faithfully,
"LUCAS LATTREY."

The Head crumpled the letter in his hand, his eyes glinting. It was the letter he might have expected from Lattrey's father.

"The man is a scoundrel!" muttered the headmaster, his lips quivering. "To keep his son here, against my will—against every decent feeling, because he has learned the miserable secret I have kept buried so many years."

Tap!

The Head started as the knock came at his door.

He tossed Mr. Lattrey's letter hastily into the fire, and watched it consumed in the flames before he called out: "Come in."

It was Mr. Bootles who entered. The Form-master did not observe the Head's agitation; he was in a somewhat agitated state of mind himself.

It was the bedtime of the juniors, and Lattrey had not returned, and Bulkeley, as in duty bound, had reported to Lattrey's Form-master what he knew of the matter.

To break that startling news to the Head was no pleasant task, and poor Mr. Bootles shrank from it.

Dr. Chisholm, though a kind-hearted man in the main, was cold and severe, and a perfect martinet in matters of discipline.

The masters, as well as the boys, regarded him with as much awe as respect, not unmixed with a kind of dread.

No master at Rookwood would have felt comfortable in facing the Head's steely glance, with the information that his orders had been disobeyed—Mr. Bootles least of all.

"Well?" said Dr. Chisholm, hardly concealing his annoyance at the interruption.

Mr. Bootles coughed hard. "Lattrey, sir—" he began.

"I desire to hear nothing of Lattrey, Mr. Bootles," interrupted the Head, with unusual acerbity. "The boy is in your Form, and completely under your orders. You will deal with him as you think fit."

"Ahem! But—but I have to inform you, sir, that the boy is absent!"

Thunder gathered on the Head's brow. "Absent!" he rapped out. "I have ordered Lattrey to remain

(Continued on the next page.)



The boys who forced Lattrey to go to the station will stand out."

The Fistical Four stood out at once, with the Colonial Three, and Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle, of the Modern side.

The Head seemed surprised to see so many.

"You were all concerned in this?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir!" chorused the ten.

"So we all were, sir!" exclaimed Dick Oswald.

"Did you go to the station, Oswald?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Then be silent. It appears that ten boys actually carried out this act," said the Head, his eyes gleaming at the ten.

"They will be severely punished. I have the impression, Silver, that you were the ringleader. If I had proof of this I should expel you from the school."

Jimmy was silent.

He had his own ideas about that, but it was scarcely possible to argue the point with the Head of Rookwood.

The Head took Mr. Bootles' cane.

That instrument was seldom used by Mr. Bootles, but it was destined to have some unaccustomed exercise on the present occasion.

"Hold out your hand, Silver!" said the Head harshly.

For a brief moment Jimmy Silver hesitated. He felt that he was being unjustly punished. But actual resistance to the Head was scarcely in the thoughts of the juniors—as yet.

The habit of discipline was strong. To "back up" against the headmaster was as hard as for a soldier to defy his officers. It might come, but only long-continued injustice could make it come.

Jimmy's hand was held out obediently.

He did not escape lightly. He received two cuts upon each hand, and they were what he afterwards described as regular "swipes."

Each of the ten followed with the same punishment. Even in his harshness the Head was just, according to his own views. He believed that Jimmy Silver was the ringleader of the outbreak, but without direct proof he would not punish him more severely than the others.

There were ten pale and suffering youths when the infliction was over. The Head himself was breathing rather hard.

He was not an athlete.

"You may go back to your places!" said Dr. Chisholm, in a grinding voice.

"I trust there will be no more of this! Any recurrence of this mutinous insolence will lead to floggings, and, if persisted in, expulsion! Let me hear no more of it!"

There was grim silence.

"Lattrey," continued the Head, "will return to Rookwood to-day, and he will take his place in the Form. If a finger is raised against him I shall take cognizance of the matter, and I warn the culprit to beware!"

With that the Head laid down the cane and rustled out of the Form-room.

Mr. Bootles took a dismal class for first lesson.

The kind little gentleman disapproved of the retention of Lattrey in the school, and disapproved of the Head's severity. His position made it impossible for him to confess it, but the juniors understood it well enough.

Mr. Bootles was very easy with his class that morning.

The 4th Chapter. Kicked Out.

"Lattrey!"

It was third lesson when the Form-room door opened and the outcast of Rookwood came in.

The Modern fellows were gone, being at work with Mr. Manders on their own side, and only the Classical Fourth remained with Mr. Bootles. Lattrey, who was a Classical, came in to take his usual place.

The cad of Rookwood looked pale and tired, but his eyes glinted maliciously at Jimmy Silver & Co.

The grim looks of the Classical juniors did not daunt him. Lattrey had a kind of courage of his own, compounded chiefly of cool impudence and insensibility to scorn.

The Fourth Form had kicked him out of Rookwood, and he had come back in spite of them; and he enjoyed his triumph.

He dropped into his seat between Townsend and Topham. The two nuts drew away from him.

Towny & Co. were very nearly as much down on Lattrey as the rest, though they lacked the nerve to go to the same lengths.

Lattrey gave Townsend a sarcastic grin.

"Back again, you see!" he murmured when Mr. Bootles' back was turned.

"Don't talk to me!" muttered Towny.

"Oh, rats!"

"How did you get back?" whispered Topham, allowing curiosity to overcome his repugnance.

"I put up at the Latcham Arms for the night," answered Lattrey coolly. "I came back by the morning train."

"Then you haven't been home?"

"No fear!"

"You're goin' to stick it out here?"

"You bet!"

"Well, you've got a nerve!" said Topham. "I wonder you can look the fellows in the face. I'd be glad to get out if I were you!"

Lattrey sneered.

"I'm not soft!" he said.

"Not decent, you mean!" snapped Topham.

"Put it as you like!" said Lattrey sarcastically. "I'm sticking it out, anyway. I've seen the Head, and he told me to come back here, and that I shouldn't be molested again."

"I fancy the Head's off-side there."

"Oh, rot!"

"Someone is talking!" rumbled Mr. Bootles, that fact having just dawned upon him. And the whispering ceased.

No one else felt inclined to whisper to

within gates till further orders. Is it possible that he has dared—"

"The—circumstances are very peculiar, sir," said Mr. Bootles, wishing that he had left this unpleasant task to Bulkeley. "As you are aware, Lattrey is—is very unpopular in his Form."

"I am aware of it, and desire to hear nothing more of it."

Mr. Bootles coughed still more emphatically.

"It has led the boys to take an unprecedented step, sir."

"What!"

"It is extraordinary," said Mr. Bootles. "I could scarcely believe my ears when Bulkeley reported the matter to me. But—but it appears that the juniors hold the view that Lattrey should have been expelled from Rookwood."

"Enough, sir!"

"That is not all, Dr. Chisholm," said Mr. Bootles, with some dignity. "I have to inform you that the boys have taken the matter into their own hands, and have turned Lattrey out of the school."

Mr. Bootles fairly gasped when he had said that. He stood, and waited for the earthquake.

There was a brief silence in the study.

Dr. Chisholm stared blankly at the Form-master, as if suspecting him of wandering in his mind.

He spoke at last, in a voice that resembled the rumble of distant thunder.

"You cannot be serious, Mr. Bootles."

"Unfortunately, that is the state of affairs, sir. It appears that the whole Fourth Form, acting in concert, have expelled Lattrey."

"Expelled him!" gasped the Head.

"Yes, sir."

"Then the Fourth Form have expelled a boy from the school," stuttered the Head, doubting if he had heard aright.

"That is what has happened, Lattrey, it appears, was taken forcibly to the station, and compelled to depart in the train for Latcham Junction. There is no return train to Coombe this evening."

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Chisholm rose to his feet, his brow black as midnight.

It was against his will that the Head was keeping Lattrey at Rookwood; he dared not quarrel with Lattrey's father.

He would have been glad to drive the cad of Rookwood in contempt from the school. But that made no difference to his view of the insubordination in the Fourth Form.

His only feeling now was one of the deepest wrath.

"Who has done this?" he rumbled.

"Apparently, the whole of my Form!"

"There must have been a ringleader!"

"Possibly. But—"

"I have little doubt that Silver was the ringleader. He took the lead in the impertinent representations the juniors made to me on the subject."

"Ahem! It is possible. However—"

"Upon my word! I have never heard of such insolence!" the Head exclaimed, as if still unable to believe his ears.

"May I make a suggestion, sir?" asked Mr. Bootles meekly.

"You may!" snapped the Head.

"Lattrey has done serious wrong, sir, and feeling in the Lower School is very much aroused. If the boy should be refused permission to return to the school this feeling would be allayed."

"I am surprised at you, Mr. Bootles! Do you suggest that a headmaster should allow himself to be dictated to by junior schoolboys?"

Mr. Bootles coughed, and was silent.

He might have pointed out that a headmaster who failed in his duty could not expect implicit obedience. But he did not venture to do so.

"Upon my word! Then—then the boy cannot possibly return to Rookwood to-night!" exclaimed the Head.

"It appears not."

"There shall be an exemplary punishment for this! I will see the Fourth Form at once."

"The Fourth Form have gone to their dormitory, sir," said Mr. Bootles mildly.

Dr. Chisholm made an angry gesture.

"Very well—very well; the matter may stand over till the morning, when Lattrey will doubtless return."

His look dismissed Mr. Bootles, who left the study in a dismayed mood.

Meanwhile, there was a buzz of talk in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth—and in the Modern Fourth dormitory, too, over in Mr. Manders' House.

It was long before the juniors thought of sleep. What was to happen in the morning was a burning question to all.

The 3rd Chapter. Facing the Music.

Clang! Clang!

The rising-bell rang out in the frosty, winter morning.

Jimmy Silver was the first to turn out in the Classical Fourth dormitory. Jimmy was very grave that morning.

Although he was resolved never to give in on the subject of Mark Lattrey, Jimmy realised the seriousness of the state of affairs, much more than some of the more thoughtless and reckless members of the Form.

Jimmy Silver, too, was the leader, and it was upon his shoulders that the heaviest responsibility lay.

But though Jimmy was leader, the feeling of the Fourth was so deeply aroused, that if Jimmy had stood aside another leader would have come forward at once.

Tommy Dodd, or Conroy, or Erroll would have taken the responsibility without hesitating.

The Classical Fourth came downstairs in a subdued mood, however. Kit Erroll was with his blind chum, Mornington, as usual.

Mornington was very quiet. The prospect of lawlessness in the school was exactly the thing to appeal to Morny's reckless nature, but his blindness held him back. He had never yet felt so bitterly the fearful misfortune that had fallen upon him.

But no one had heard a single complaint fall from Mornington's lips.

The pride that had often led him astray in his palmy days helped to sustain him now, and he faced a dark future with quiet courage and coolness.

Morny was already growing accustomed to his new and strange way of life. He no longer needed his chum's arm to guide him.

The loss of sight had had the natural effect of quickening the other senses. His hearing seemed to have grown remarkably acute, and on his face there had come an expression of a curious watchfulness, though he could not see.

Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he had never been much given to reading; it made his misfortune less heavy than it would have been to a studious fellow.

His work for a scholarship had been dropped. That could not be helped, but probably Morny was not very sorry for that.

He had driven himself to "swot" for a scholarship exam very much against the grain. Football was a greater loss to him.

Sometimes, when the juniors passed Study No. 4, they could hear the low, quiet voice of Kit Erroll reading to his chum.

Erroll never faltered in his devotion. Keen footballer as he was, he was neglecting the game now. And though Jimmy Silver wanted his services in the Junior Eleven, he could scarcely raise an objection.

Mornington strolled into the quad with his hands in his pockets, by the side of his chum.

He did not seem to need aid or guidance. But Erroll's eye was quick, his hand was ready, to aid him if needed.

"Hallo, Silver!" drawled Mornington, as the chums came on the Fistical Four and he heard their voices.

"Hallo, old chap!" said Jimmy.

"Somethin' excitin' on this mornin'—what?"

"Yes, Morny."

"Lattrey hasn't come back yet?"

"I haven't seen him yet," said Jimmy Silver, with a grim look. "If I do—"

"My dear chap, don't scowl like that—you'll get wrinkles," chuckled Mornington.

Jimmy laughed, and then he gave a start, as the strangeness of that remark from the blind junior struck him.

"How the dickens did you know I was frowning—scowling, as you call it?" he demanded.

Mornington laughed.

"Tone of your voice, dear boy."

"My hat! You'll be able to see with your ears soon, if you keep on like this, Morny!" exclaimed Lovell, and Morny chuckled.

"What are you goin' to do, Silver, when the Head calls you up?" he asked.

"See it through," said Jimmy quietly.

"And if Lattrey comes back?"

"We shall boot him out again."

"With a flogging first," added Raby.

"Good!" grinned Mornington. "I don't bear malice, you know, but I really think Lattrey ought to go. He might give another fellow what he's given me, and that's not good enough."

He walked on with Erroll.

"Morny takes it splendidly," said Jimmy Silver, glancing after the blind junior. "But that makes me all the more determined that that cad Lattrey shan't get off scot-free! If the Head has any sense he'll keep the cad away now he's gone; if not, there'll be trouble."

The juniors went in to breakfast.

There was a tense feeling in the Fourth when they went to their Form-room, Moderns and Classics together.

They knew that the interview with the Head was coming next.

They were not mistaken on that point. Dr. Chisholm came in with Mr. Bootles.

The thunder in his brow warned the Fourth that the Head had taken their action in the worst possible way. Jimmy Silver set his lips; Tubby Muffin tried to squeeze out of sight.

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, tried to look as meek and submissive as they could. But the Head could not fail to note a certain grimness in most of the faces in the Fourth.

"Silver!" rapped out Dr. Chisholm.

"Yes, sir!"

"I understand that you were the ringleader in the utterly audacious and mutinous action of this Form yesterday."

"I helped, sir," said Jimmy.

"So did I, sir!" exclaimed Lovell.

"We're all in it."

"All of us, sir," said Conroy, the Australian.

"I very man jack, sir!" said Flynn.

"Silence!" thundered the Head. "I did not come here to listen to insolence!"

Lattrey. Mornington turned his eyes in the direction of the cad of Rookwood, though he could not see him.

Erroll's face had flushed with anger at the sight of Lattrey, but he was silent.

In the Form-room, and under the eyes of Mr. Bootles, there was nothing to be done. But afterwards Lattrey was to be dealt with.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were still aching from the castigation they had received, but their determination was unshaken.

The hour of dismissal came at last.

The Classical Fourth streamed out, and a number of the juniors gathered round Lattrey in the passage.

Lattrey gave them a look of sullen hardihood.

"No rags!" he said between his teeth.

"Mind, I'm not standing anything from you. The Head's told me to report to a prefect at once if I'm touched. And I'm going to do it! You can call it sneaking if you like. That's the programme!"

"You've come back, Lattrey!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Can't you see me?" sneered Lattrey.

"You were warned what would happen to you if you came back!"

"Oh, yes, thanks!" drawled Lattrey.

Mr. Bootles passed the group of juniors coming away from the Form-room. Lattrey felt safe in his presence, and he laughed.

"After all your tall talk, it's time for you to climb down, Jimmy Silver!" he said tauntingly. "Lay a finger on me if you dare!"

"There's more than a finger going to be laid on you, Lattrey!" answered the captain of the Fourth calmly. "You're going to be flogged, and kicked out of Rookwood again!"

"Hear, hear!"

"That's the ticket!" exclaimed Conroy.

"Wait till Bootles has bunked!" whispered Newcome.

Lattrey backed away in alarm. But the juniors were round him, and he could not escape.

"Mr. Bootles!" he shouted.

The Fourth Form-master turned back from the end of the passage with a troubled and harassed expression.

"My boys!" he exclaimed. "You have heard the Head's orders! I forbid you to molest Lattrey in any way!"

The juniors did not seem to hear—at all events, they did not heed. Hands were laid on Lattrey from all sides.

Van Ryn ran into the Form-room for Mr. Bootles' cane. He came back in a few seconds.

"Hand it over, Dutchy!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Van Ryn shook his head.

"Leave it to me to flog him, Jimmy. You've made yourself conspicuous enough, you know. You may as well let me be dropped on as ringleader this time."

Jimmy grinned.

"Just as you like, Dutchy! Lay him over, you fellows!"

"Help!" yelled Lattrey, struggling frantically in the grasp of the incensed Fourth-Formers.

But there was no help for Lattrey. Mr. Bootles, scarcely venturing to believe his eyes, stood rooted to the floor, gazing spellbound at the scene over his spectacles. Lattrey was flung across Conroy's knee, and held there.

The cane, in Dick Van Ryn's determined grasp, rose and fell rapidly.

Lattrey's yells rang along the corridor.

The cad of Rookwood had been promised a flogging if he returned. He was getting it now.

Lash, lash, lash!

The cane fairly rang upon the cad of the Fourth, and he wriggled and squirmed and yelled frantically.

Mr. Bootles whisked up to the juniors at last, fairly stuttering.

"Boys! Cease this at once! How dare you—how—what—what—"

Four or five juniors lined up and blocked Mr. Bootles' way. The excited Form-master could not reach Lattrey.

And meanwhile the flogging was going on with great vigour.

"Let me pass!" spluttered Mr. Bootles excitedly. "Boys—really—bless my soul—I—I—" Words failed him.

"Sorry, sir," said Pons respectfully.

"No disrespect intended, sir, but Lattrey has asked for it."

"Let me pass, Pons, at once!"

The Canadian junior stood like a rock.

"Can't be done, sir!"

"Bless my soul! What—what—"

What to do was a mystery that Mr. Bootles could not solve. He whisked away at last to call the Head. That was his only resource.

"That will do, Dutchy!" said Jimmy Silver, as the South African junior delivered the twelfth lash upon the yelling Lattrey. "He's flogged, and now he's going to be kicked out! Bring him along!"

"Sharp! Before the Head comes!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Help!" shrieked Lattrey.

In the grasp of a dozen hands, the cad of Rookwood was rushed out of the School House.

In the quadrangle a crowd of Moderns joined the Classics, and Modern hands were laid upon Lattrey.

In an excited, yelling crowd he was rushed down to the gates and tossed out into the road.

He fell there, and lay sprawling in the dust.

"Come in again, if you dare!" shouted Jimmy Silver, as Lattrey sat up in the

"Better stay where you are, old scout!" grinned Tommy Dodd.
"I'll report yer!" roared Mack.
"Bow-wow!"
Mack scrambled up, red with wrath, and charged at the juniors in the doorway. He was promptly seized on all sides.

"Eep!" roared Mack, struggling.
Sergeant Kettle looked into the lodge.
"Young gentlemen!" he exclaimed, greatly shocked.

"All serene, sergeant; buzz off!"
"Lend me a 'and, sergeant!" howled Mack. "The 'Ead's sent for me, and these 'ere young demons won't let me go!"

"Shut up, Mack!"
"Now, then, young gents, this won't do!" said the sergeant, striding in. "Let Mr. Mack go at once!"

"Rats!"
"Get out!"
"Buzz off, sergeant, or you'll get hurt!"

The old hero of the Boer War did not think of buzzing off, however. He came to Mack's assistance.

But Lovell & Co. were not disposed to brook interference.
The gallant old sergeant was much respected at Rookwood, but on this occasion the conduct of the Fourth was not very respectful.

The sergeant was collared, and bumped down on the floor.
"Yow!" he gasped.
"Sit on him, Tubby!"
"Ha, ha! Make Tubby Muffin sit on him."

"No fear!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin, and he promptly backed out. But a dozen hands held the struggling sergeant.

"Prisoner of war, sergeant," said Erroll. "Take it quietly."
"I'll wallop you!" roared the sergeant.
"Lemme go!" shrieked Mack. "I'll report yer!"

"Will you keep here quietly?" demanded Lovell.
"No!" yelled the two together.
"Then you'll be fastened up."
"Good egg!" exclaimed Flynn. "Bedad, and here's the blind-cord that will do!"

"Ha, ha!"
"Don't do damage here, Flynn, old chap—" began Erroll.
"Sure it doesn't matter—Mack can mend it agin!"

Flynn tore out the blind-cord, Mack glaring at him speechlessly as he did so.

The juniors' blood was up now, and they did not stand on ceremony.

The sergeant's arms were dragged round a leg of a table, and his wrists tied together, in spite of his resistance. Then old Mack was served the same, to the next leg of the table.

The two men sat on the floor, embracing the legs of the table, and fairly spluttering with wrath.

Their looks, in that position, were so utterly absurd, that the juniors bowed with laughter.

"Oh, you young rascals!" gasped the sergeant.
"Young rascallions!" spluttered Mack. "I'll report yer!"

Lovell took down the key of the door from a nail.
"Better lock 'em in!" he remarked.

The juniors crowded out of the lodge, and Lovell slammed the door and locked it, pitching the key away under the beeches.

"Here comes the Head!" squeaked Tubby Muffin.
And the juniors—not yet quite excited to the pitch of defying the Head—promptly scattered on all sides.

**The 6th Chapter.
Not a Flogging!**

Jimmy Silver stood waiting in the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm sat at his desk as he waited for Mack to arrive. He had laid the birch ready.

Jimmy had resolved to take his flogging quietly, as there seemed nothing else to be done. It made no difference to his resolution, however.

After the flogging, Lattrey was to be kicked out again, if Bulkeley brought him in.

It was a tug-of-war, now, between the headmaster and the Fourth Form, and Jimmy Silver did not intend to surrender at any price.

But he was not anticipating the flogging with any pleasure. It was a very painful ordeal to pass through.

He waited in very disagreeable anticipation for old Mack to arrive to "hoist" him.

But old Mack did not arrive.
The Head, growing impatient at last, touched the bell, and the page appeared.

"Did you not take my message to Mack?" rapped out the Head.
"They won't let him come, sir!" faltered the page.

The Head started up.
"What? Who will not let him come?"
"Them, sir—the young gents."
"Upon my word!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed.
The page vanished, almost scared by the expression that came over the Head's face.

The youth in buttons decamped to the lower regions, where he confided to the cook that the Old Man was in no end of a rip.

The "Old Man," as Buttons irreverently termed the Head, stood for a moment, staring from his study window, his face contracted with anger.

Without a glance at Jimmy Silver, he strode from the study.
"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy.
He ran to the window.

From the window he saw the Head stride out of the House and away towards the gates.

He could see the porter's lodge in the distance, through the beeches, and he saw the Fourth scatter at sight of the Head.

Dr. Chisholm strode up to the lodge, and turned the handle of the door. As it was locked, naturally it did not open.

He frowned, and rapped on it sharply with his knuckles.
"Mack!" he snapped out.
"Oh, crumbs!" came dismally from within.

"Why have you not come to my study, Mack?"
"I couldn't come, sir!"
"Open the door at once!"

"I can't, sir!"
"Why cannot you?" rapped out the Head angrily. "Do not be absurd, Mack. Open the door immediately!"

"I'm tied up, sir!"
"What?"
"Tied up, sir!" mumbled Mack. "And the sergeant along with me. Which them young demons—"

"Bless my soul!"
Dr. Chisholm strode to the window, and looked in. His eyes almost bulged from their sockets, at the sight of Mack and Sergeant Kettle sitting on the floor and embracing the legs of the table.

He groped over the window to open it, but it was fastened within. Then he rapped with his knuckles on the glass.

"Mack!"
The porter squirmed round on the floor to look at the window

"Allo, sir!"
"Can you not get up?"
"Ow can a man get up, sir, when his 'ands are tied together round the leg of a blooming table?" exclaimed Mack, exasperated out of his usual respect.

"Don't answer me in that impertinent manner, Mack!" thundered the Head. "If you cannot release yourself, I will send someone to release you. Who was it fastened you in that ridiculous manner?"

"All of 'em, sir!" grumbled Mack sulkily. "All them young demons, sir!"
"I will see that you are released."

The Head whirled away from the window.

"Oh! Good heavens!"
A snowball smashed on his gown.
The Head almost fell—not from the force of the missile, but from surprise and horror.

A snowball hurled at him—the Head of Rookwood! It was time for the skies to fall.

For a moment or two he was too astounded to move. Then he rushed towards the beeches, forgetting even his dignity in his wrath.

But the juniors there were scattering, and the last of them disappeared through the arch into Little Quad by the time the Head reached the trees.

Dr. Chisholm paused, panting.
His dignity had been cruelly outraged by that snowball, but it was in still more danger from his hasty chase of the elusive juniors.

He restrained himself, and strode away towards the house. He caught sight of a grinning face at his study window.

Jimmy Silver, apparently, could see something comic in the horrifying incident.

The Head compressed his lips, and strode into the House.
Jimmy was not grinning when he entered the study; it was no time to grin.

Dr. Chisholm touched the bell, and the page appeared.
"Tupper, Mack is—is confined in his lodge. Kindly go at once and release him by some means," said the Head.

"Yessir!"
The lurking grin of the page made the Doctor compress his lips hard. He realised that he was growing ridiculous in the eyes of his own servants.

That reflection brought a very bitter look to his face. His expression, which was usually kind, though cold, had nothing kindly in it now.

He could willingly have boxed Tupper's

only two on either hand, but, added to the smart already there, they hurt him enough.

Dr. Chisholm pointed to the door, and the junior left the study.

His face was a little pale, but very stubborn. Dr. Chisholm, in that peculiar contest, was up against a will as strong as his own.

**The 7th Chapter.
The Last Straw.**

"Here you are, Jimmy! Not flogged?" Jimmy Silver's chums surrounded him in the quadrangle.

"Not flogged," answered Jimmy quietly. "Caned! It hurts; but never mind. I'm much obliged to you fellows."

"A flogging would have been worse," remarked Tommy Dodd.
Jimmy grinned.

"Has Lattrey come in again?" he asked.
"Yes; Bulkeley's taken him in."

"I snowballed him," said Oswald.
"Lovell gave Bulkeley one, and that wild Irish duffer Flynn buzzed a snowball at the Head."

"Great Scott!"
"Sure, an' I couldn't resist it!" said Flynn. "Ather all, we're up agin the Head now. If he stands by Lattrey there's going to be trouble."

"Better be respectful to the Head, all the same," said Jimmy. "I don't pretend to understand why he lets Lattrey stay here. I suppose he has some reason that seems good to himself. We always thought him a just beast, up to now. Lattrey's got to go, but we don't want to cheek the Head."

"And, faith, how are you going to defy the ould omadhaun's authority without cheeking him?" demanded Flynn. "If this goes on it will lead to a riot, bedad!"

"Not if we can help it," answered

The Fourth Form were very orderly when they went into the Form-room that afternoon.

Lattrey came in with Mr. Bootles and took his seat in the Form.

It was only respect for Mr. Bootles that kept the Fourth at their desks that afternoon, and prevented them from breaking ranks and dealing with Mark Lattrey on the spot.

But Jimmy was leader, and Jimmy's directions were obeyed.

Afternoon lessons went off quietly and peacefully, much to Mr. Bootles' relief. When lessons were over, and he dismissed the class, he signed to Lattrey to remain behind with him.

Lattrey was only too glad to do so. But as the Fourth marched for the door Jimmy Silver gave the signal, and they swung round and closed in on Lattrey.

"Collar him!"
In a moment Lattrey was in their grasp and whirling away, struggling, towards the door in the midst of an excited, shouting swarm.

"Help!" he shrieked.
"Boys!" shouted Mr. Bootles.
He seized his cane and rushed forward. A foot was put out—whose foot Mr. Bootles never knew—and he tripped and went over in a heap, tangling up in his gown.

There was no help for it. Mr. Bootles could not be allowed to interfere, and the juniors could only hope charitably that he wasn't very much hurt.

Out of the doorway Lattrey went in a raging mob of juniors.

He was whirled away down the passage towards the big doorway, which stood open in the winter dusk.

"Outside with him!"
"Out of the gates, you fellows!"
"Kick him out!"
"Arrah! Bring him along, the thafe of the worruld!"

Lattrey, kicking and struggling wildly, was borne to the doorway. But there a stately figure opposed the rush of the juniors.

"Stop!" thundered Dr. Chisholm.
"Oh, my hat!"
"The Head!"

In spite of themselves the Fourth-Formers stopped.

With a breathless panting and trampling the crowd halted, Lattrey squirming and struggling in their midst.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand.
"Release that boy at once!"
There was a moment's hesitation, and then Lattrey was released.

He was pitched forward by way of releasing him, and he sprawled on the floor at Dr. Chisholm's feet.

He scrambled up breathlessly.
Dr. Chisholm's glance swept over the flushed, excited sea of faces. There was defiance in many faces now. The Fourth Form of Rookwood were getting out of hand.

"What were you about to do with Lattrey?" rumbled the Head.
"Turn him out!" shouted a dozen voices.

"I have expressly forbidden you to touch him!"
"Why isn't he expelled?" shouted two or three juniors.

"That is a matter for me to decide, not for you!" thundered the Head.
"Rats!" came a voice from the back of the crowd.

The Head started.
"What! What! Who spoke?"
Silence.

"There has been enough—more than enough—of this insubordination!" said Dr. Chisholm, his voice trembling with anger. "I am ashamed of you! You are a disgrace to Rookwood!"

"Rot!" came a voice from somewhere. But again the speaker could not be identified.

The Head's face was a study. Mr. Bootles, gasping, looked on helplessly from the doorway of the Form-room.

"Lattrey," said the Head, "you will go to my house. For the present you will remain there."

Lattrey, without a word, skulked behind the Head, and disappeared from view. There was a movement among the juniors, but the stately form of the Head interposed between them and the object of their vengeance, and they stopped.

"Boys of the Fourth Form!" The Head's voice was hard and stern. "You have transgressed all bounds. Every boy here will be flogged before lessons to-morrow morning—in public, in the Hall! Now disperse."

The Head swept away.
The Fourth-Formers streamed into the Common-room. Every face was grim now. And all eyes turned on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy's lips were set.
"That's the programme!" he said. "Lattrey's to be kept in the Head's house—safe, and still at Rookwood! We're to be flogged—all round. Well, if we stand it we shall deserve to have it to stand, that's all."

"We won't stand it!" roared Lovell.
Jimmy's eyes flashed.

"We've got to stand it, or back up against the Head! There's only one way of doing that. Who's for a barring-out?"
"Phew!"

There was a brief pause. But the next moment a ringing cheer echoed through the Common-room and down the passages.

"Hurrah!"
The Head, in his study, heard the echoing of that tremendous shout, and wondered, perhaps, what it portended. He was destined to discover ere long.

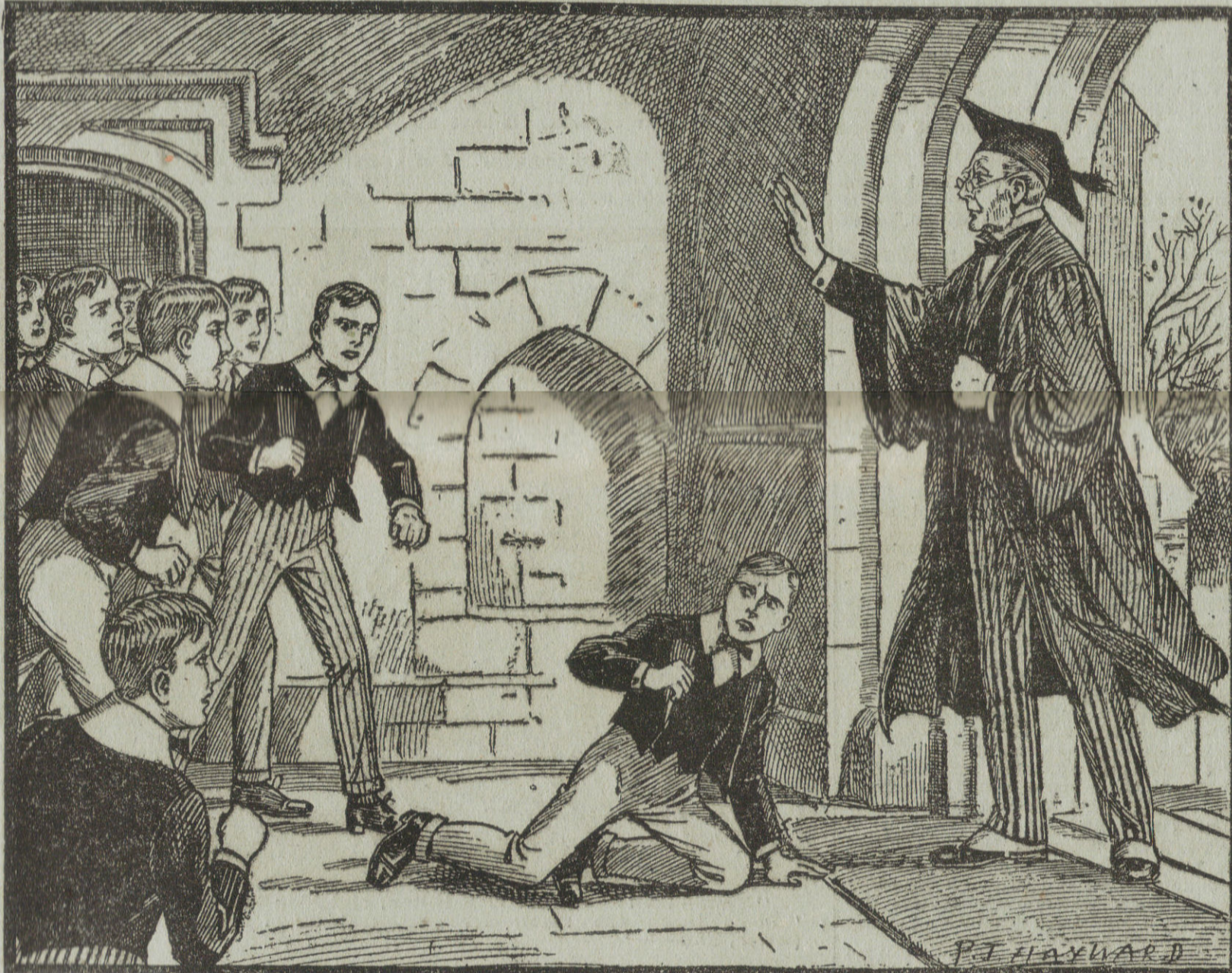
THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"REBELLION AT ROOKWOOD!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!



"Release that boy at once!" commanded Dr. Chisholm. There was a moment's hesitation, and then Lattrey was pitched forward. He sprawled on the floor at the Head's feet.

Bulkeley of the Sixth was coming in at the gates, with Lattrey.

He had found the "expelled" junior down the road, very unwilling to trust himself inside the gates again without protection.

Even in Bulkeley's company, Lattrey was not feeling at all at ease.
"Oh! You have found Lattrey!" exclaimed the Head.

Lattrey blinked uneasily at the Doctor. He was well aware how little Dr. Chisholm liked his presence at the school. But the Head hardly noted him.

"Take the boy indoors, Bulkeley. In case any of the juniors should offer to molest him again, you will protect him."

"Yes, sir!" muttered Bulkeley.
He marched the end of Rookwood across the quad, decidedly displeased with the task allotted to him.

He would have preferred to bundle Lattrey neck and crop out of the school. Dr. Chisholm followed them, fuming.

There was a sudden whiz.
Snow, from the last snowfall, was still piled under the beeches in the quad, and the rebellious juniors were in cover there.

A snowball whizzed across, and struck Lattrey on the cheek. The cad of the Fourth gave a howl.

Bulkeley looked round furiously.
Whiz! Smash!
The captain of Rookwood staggered as another snowball caught him fairly on the nose.

Dr. Chisholm stood petrified.
Under his very eyes, his head prefect was being snowballed for carrying out his orders!

It was an indication of how far the spirit of rebellion had spread.
He spun round towards the beeches. "Boys!" he thundered.
Whiz!

ears, but he did not allow himself that luxury.

Tupper disappeared, and the Head was certain he heard a chortle down the passage as the chubby youth went.

Jimmy Silver certainly heard it, and he very nearly chortled, too. But under the glinting eyes of the Head it was no time or place for chortling.

Dr. Chisholm waited impatiently.
Jimmy's flogging had to be administered, and somebody was needed to hoist the condemned junior.

But Tupper did not return. He was apparently finding that it took time to negotiate the difficulty of a locked door from which the key had been removed.

Jimmy Silver remained perfectly grave, but the situation was growing more and more absurd, and the Head realised it.

He took up his cane at last. He could have ordered Jimmy to bend over a chair to take the flogging, but he had a premonition that the junior would not obey the order, and that the punishment, in that case, might even degenerate into an undignified struggle.

It was evidently ridiculous to avoid anything approaching that.

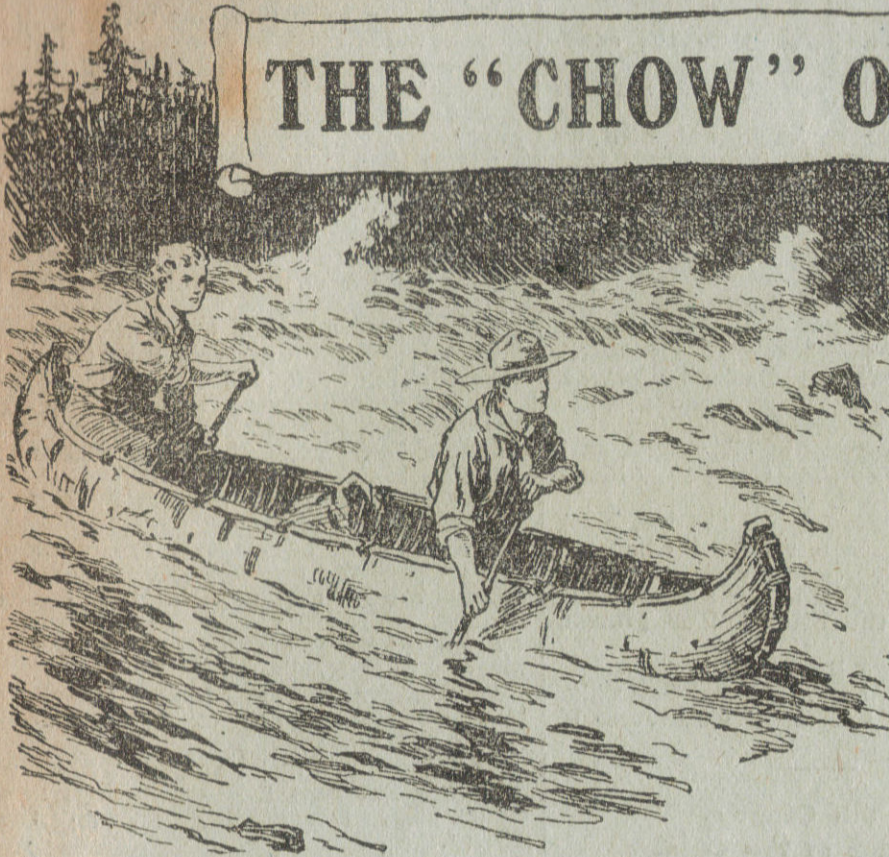
"Silver, I shall cane you on this occasion, instead of administering a flogging. I trust that it will not be necessary for me to punish you again. If it should prove so I shall be very severe. Hold out your hand!"

Jimmy went through the ensuing infliction with all the stoicism he could muster. His palms still had a lingering ache from the caning of that morning.

He could not help wincing at the strokes, though he uttered no sound, and the Head, having caned him that day, was bound to "draw it mild," as Jimmy would have expressed it.

The captain of the Fourth was given

THE "CHOW" OF CEDAR CREEK!



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.

The New Boy.

"A gol-darned Chow!"
 "A which?" inquired Frank Richards.
 "A gol-darned Chow!" repeated Eben Hacke, in utter disgust.
 Frank Richards & Co. had just arrived at Cedar Creek School when Eben Hacke greeted them with that information. Ebenezer looked disgusted.
 "A Chinaman—here?" asked Bob Lawless.
 "Yep!"
 "A Chinese come to school?" asked Vere Beauclerc.
 "That's it."
 "Well, what's the matter with him?" Frank Richards further inquired.
 Eben Hacke replied to that question with a snort.
 "Where is the galoot?" asked Bob Lawless, looking round. "We haven't had a Chow here before."
 "He's gone in to see Miss Meadows!" grunted Hacke. "Hallo! Here he is!" he added, as the subject of the discussion came out of the lumber schoolhouse.
 The new fellow at Cedar Creek was surrounded at once. Frank Richards looked at him very curiously.
 Yen Chin was a small fellow, small and slim, with a yellowish complexion and long, almond-shaped eyes. He was dressed in his own Chinese garb, but he wore a Stetson hat over his pigtail.
 His expression, like that of the celebrated Ah Sin, was "childlike and bland."
 He grinned good-naturedly at the curious Cedar Creek fellows. Evidently he did not see any reason why he should not be quite welcome in the lumber school.
 "So you're a new kid here?" asked Frank Richards, feeling that someone was called upon to say a welcoming word.
 Yen Chin nodded and grinned.
 "Me come to school," he answered.
 "Me Yen Chin. Me learnee hele allee samee Melican man."
 Eben Hacke snorted wrathfully.
 "And what do you mean by coming to a white man's school?" he demanded.
 Yen Chin blinked at him.
 "You no likee me comee?" he asked.
 "Nope!"
 "Me comee allee samee."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Got you there, Hacke!" grinned Bob Lawless.
 "The gol-darned cheeky heathen!" exclaimed Hacke. "I'll have his pigtail off for his sass!"
 "Leave him alone!"
 "I guess I'm having his pigtail off!" Hacke took out a large clasp-knife, and opened it with an air of great deliberation.
 Yen Chin's almond eyes grew wide with alarm.
 "No cuttee pigtail!" he exclaimed shrilly. "You cuttee pigtail, me killy!"
 "The fathead's only joking, kid!" said Frank Richards.
 "I guess not!" snorted Eben Hacke. "I'll have his pigtail off, and make him look a little less like a heathen. Now then, you Chow!"
 He strode at the little Chinese, flourishing the clasp-knife.
 Yen Chin dodged round Frank Richards.
 "No cuttee!" he yelled.
 "Leave him alone!" exclaimed Frank sharply, pushing Hacke away.
 "Mind your own business, Richards!"
 "I tell you—"
 "Rot!"
 Hacke rushed after the little Chinese, and caught him by the shoulder.
 The next moment Yen Chin curled round him like a cat, and Hacke came to the earth with a heavy thud.
 "Ow!" roared Hacke.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 The sudden fall of the burly Eben brought a shout of laughter from the Cedar Creek fellows.
 He had smitten the ground with great force, and he lay there dazed and gasping, while the little Celestial dodged into the schoolhouse porch.
 "Waal, I sww!" ejaculated Hacke, sitting up at last. "How the thunder did I get down byer?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I'll break him into little bits for that!" spluttered Hacke, as he scrambled to his feet. "I'll—I'll—"
 "Hacke!"
 It was Miss Meadows' quiet voice.
 The schoolmistress looked out of the porch with a severe frown, and Hacke's

rush in pursuit of the Celestial stopped suddenly.
 "Ye-es, marm!" he stammered.
 "No cuttee pigtail!" wailed Yen Chin.
 "Were you going to cut Yen Chin's pigtail, Hacke?" asked Miss Meadows sternly.
 "Nunno! Only skeering him, marm!" stammered Hacke.
 "You will be careful to do nothing of the sort again," said Miss Meadows.
 "Ye-es, marm."
 "I shall keep an eye on you in future, Hacke. If you bully this lad in any way, you will answer for it."
 Miss Meadows went back into the schoolhouse, and Hacke was left with a red and sheepish face.
 He put the clasp-knife away.
 "You little toad!" he said, shaking a knucky fist at the Chinese, who was grinning now from the porch.
 "Melican chappie great fool!" remarked Yen Chin.
 "What?"
 "Gleat fool! Suppsee bullee Yen Chin, Missee Meadee whackee!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 That was too much for Hacke.
 Miss Meadows had disappeared, and the big schoolboy made another rush at Yen Chin.
 Frank Richards caught him by the shoulder just in time.
 Hacke came spinning round in his grasp and brought up against the log wall of the schoolhouse with a bump.
 "You pesky coyote!" yelled Hacke.
 "Whatter you mean?"
 "Let him alone, old son," said Frank.
 "He isn't up to your weight, you know. Don't be a bully."
 "I'll smash him!"
 "You'll smash me first, then!"
 "And then me!" grinned Bob Lawless.
 "And me third!" remarked Vere Beauclerc, with a smile.
 "Me for fourth!" chuckled Tom Lawrence. "Don't be a brute, Hacke. The kid's done no harm."
 Hacke glared round at his schoolfellows. Opinion was evidently against him. He grunted discontentedly, and strode away.
 Yen Chin glided up to Frank Richards as the latter was turning away. He tugged at the English schoolboy's sleeve, and Frank looked down with a smile.
 "Whatter namee?" asked Yen Chin.
 "Frank Richards."
 "Frank Richards? Me lemembel," said Yen Chin in his peculiar "pidgin"-English, in which all the "r's" were changed into "l's." "Frank Richards goodee boy. Me, Yen Chin, goodee boy. Me fiend."
 "All right!" said Frank, laughing.
 "Me lemembel."
 And Yen Chin nodded seriously.
 Frank's interference with the heavy-handed Eben had made an impression upon the mind of the little Chinese.
 The school-bell called Cedar Creek into class, and Yen Chin glided in with the rest.
 He occupied most of the morning in blinking round him with his almond eyes, taking note of his surroundings. Only Eben Hacke gave him hostile glances.
 The inglorious result of Hacke's encounter with the little Chinese was not to be forgotten easily, and Hacke did not forget it.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Little Present.

Frank Richards and his chums were chatting in the school-ground, after morning lessons, when the bull-voice of Eben Hacke was heard in loud and wrathful tones.
 "Anybody got my knife?"
 "Lost it?" inquired Bob Lawless.
 "I guess I haven't lost it, as it was in my pocket when I went into class!" growled Hacke. "Somebody's taken it!"
 "Rubbish!"
 "I tell you it's gone!"
 "Then you've dropped it somewhere, fathead!"
 "I calculate I've done nothin' of the sort! Somebody's hooked it out of my pocket!" persisted Hacke.
 "Rot!"
 "I tell you—"
 "Oh, rats!"
 The three chums sauntered away to the creek, leaving Eben Hacke fuming.
 The ice was thick on Cedar Creek, and the trio intended to slide till dinner.
 But as they came down to the bank Yen Chin came scuttling after them, his loose garments blowing out in the wind.
 "Stoppee!" he called out.

"Hallo, heathen!" said Bob.
 "Me wantee speakee to Frank Richards!"
 "Here I am!" said Frank, smiling.
 "Allee lonee?" said Yen Chin mysteriously.
 Frank looked puzzled.
 "What the dickens do you want to speak to me alone for?" he demanded.
 "Allee lonee," persisted Yen Chin.
 "Come on, Cherub!" grinned Bob Lawless. And Frank's chums moved off.
 "Well, what is it, Yen Chin?" asked Frank, mystified.
 "You come with me."
 Yen Chin led the mystified schoolboy under the trees.
 His manner was one of great mystery.
 "Well, now, what is it?" exclaimed Frank, as soon as they were in the timber.
 "You stoppee Melican chappie beatee Yen Chin. You good boy," said the Celestial. "Me, Yen Chin, good boy. Me makee you nicee present."
 "You young ass!" exclaimed Frank, half-laughing and half-vexed. "I don't want you to make me a present."
 "Yes, yes. Me makee present. Nicee knife."
 "Wha-a-at!"
 With a mysterious air Yen Chin produced a clasp-knife from the recesses of his loose garments.
 Frank stared at it blankly. He knew that knife by sight.
 "You takee!" said Yen Chin. "Goodee knifee. No lettee Melican chappie see."
 "My only hat!" ejaculated Frank.
 He could hardly believe, for a moment, that the little Celestial was trying to make him a present of Eben Hacke's clasp-knife.
 But Yen Chin was evidently in earnest, and it was equally evident that he did not see any harm in what he was doing.
 "You takee!" urged Yen Chin, trying to push the knife into Frank's hand.
 "Nicee knifee. Costee thees dollee in Thompson. You puttee in pocket."
 "Oh, my hat! You young rascal!"
 "Whatee sayee?"
 "You young rascal!" exclaimed Frank indignantly.
 Yen Chin looked injured and sorrowful.
 "No lascal; good boy," he replied.
 "Bob!" shouted Frank. "Bean! Come here!"
 "No tellee!" whispered Yen Chin hurriedly, in alarm.
 "Come here, you chaps!" shouted Frank, unheeding.
 His chums came through the trees and joined him.
 Yen Chin whipped the knife out of sight at once.
 "What's the row?" asked Beauclerc.
 "That young idiot's stolen Hacke's knife, and he's trying to give it to me!"
 "Oh, gad!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.
 "No tellee!" said Yen Chin anxiously. "Allee light! Frank only jokee. No gottee knifee!"
 "You awful young rascal!" exclaimed Bob. "Don't you know it's wrong to steal, you blessed heathen?"
 "No stealee. No gottee knifee!" said Yen Chin, with a face of perfect innocence.
 "Why, you've just shown it to me!" shouted Frank.
 "Flankee mistakee."
 Frank Richards drew a deep breath.
 "You young scamp!" he said. "You ought to have your pigtail cut off! How did you get that knife away from Hacke?"
 "No gottee. No gottee."
 The chums of Cedar Creek looked at one another and burst into a laugh. They could not help it.
 The Oriental indifference to the truth was very much developed in Yen Chin.
 "Come with me, you young rotter!" said Frank. "You'll give Hacke his knife back, and ask his pardon!"
 He grasped Yen Chin by the shoulder and led him back to the lumber school.
 The Chinese wriggled in his grasp.
 "Lettee go!" he pleaded. "Frank Richards no wantee knifee?"
 "Of course not!"
 "Me keepee, then."
 "You jolly well won't keepee, you young rascal!"
 Frank Richards marched the wriggling Chinese into the school-ground, where Eben Hacke was still inquiring after his lost clasp-knife.
 His grinning chums followed.
 It was difficult to be angry with the little Celestial, whose ways evidently were not the same as the white man's ways.

"Hacke!" called out Frank.
 "Seen my knife?" demanded Hacke.
 "Yes. Yen Chin's got it."
 Yen Chin gave Frank a look of deep reproach.
 Hacke came towards him threateningly.
 "You've got my knife, you gol-darned heathen?" he exclaimed.
 "Me findee," said Yen Chin, producing the knife and holding it out meekly.
 "Me pickee up on ffool."
 "I didn't drop it on the floor, you lying heathen!" exclaimed Hacke, grabbing the clasp-knife. "I guess I should have heard it drop."
 "Me pickee up on glood," amended Yen Chin.
 "That's another lie! You stole it!" roared Hacke.
 "No stealee!" exclaimed Yen Chin in alarm. "Me findee, and blingee to you, because you good boy."
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless.
 "Don't he take the cake? I wonder if he could tell the truth if he tried."
 "Chinese boy always tellee thuth."
 "So you stole my knife, you heathen!" said Eben Hacke. "I'm going to cowhide you for that. How did you find him out, Richards?"
 "The young ass doesn't know any better," said Frank. "He brought it to me to make me a present of it."
 "Gee-whiz! He reckoned you'd take it?" ejaculated Hacke in astonishment.
 "Ha, ha! Yes."
 "Waal, if he don't beat the Dutch, even for a heathen! You hand him over to me, and I'll take it out of his hide."
 "Let him alone," said Frank. "You've got your knife back, and the poor little beast doesn't know any better."
 "A lambasting will do him good!"
 "I'll talk to him instead."
 Yen Chin was trying to wriggle away, but Frank kept hold of his shoulder.
 "Look here, kid!" said Frank quietly. "What you've done is a beastly rotten thing, though you don't seem to understand it. A thief is the meanest kind of rotter on earth. Do you understand?"
 "Me savvy," said Yen Chin humbly.
 "If you take anything again that doesn't belong to you, Miss Meadows will

"Look here, better give him the cowhide!" exclaimed Eben Hacke.
 "Me keepee plomise!" howled Yen Chin. "Me good boy! Me keepee plomise! No givee Yen Chin cowhide! Yen Chin good Chinese!"
 "Well, mind you keep your promise, that's all," said Frank, and he gave it up at that.
 But it was very doubtful whether Yen Chin's truly Oriental mind had benefited by Frank's instruction.
 Frank Richards had very great doubts on that point.

The 3rd Chapter.

Gunten Meets His Match.

Yen Chin had his dinner at the lumber school, with the Cedar Creek fellows whose homes were at a distance.
 Frank Richards drew him to a seat between himself and Vere Beauclerc, as Hacke still had a hostile eye upon him.
 After dinner, he toddled out with Frank and his chums.
 "Frank Richards nottee angly now?" he inquired.
 "No, you young ass!"
 "Allee light," said Yen Chin, beaming.
 "Yen Chin good boy; keepee plomise. Yen Chin makee Flankee present, allee samee!"
 "What have you been stealing now?" exclaimed Bob.
 "No stealee!"
 Yen Chin groped in his loose garments, and produced three or four ten-dollar bills, and extended them to Frank.
 "You takee nicee present," he said.
 "Did you steal that money?" exclaimed Frank, aghast.
 "No stealee! Mine!"
 "It's your own?"
 "Yes. You takee."
 "But I don't want your money, you fathead!" gasped Frank. "Put it in your pocket!"
 Yen Chin's face fell.
 "No takee present?" he asked.
 "No!"
 "Yen Chin velly sorry!"
 The little Chinese looked despondent, as

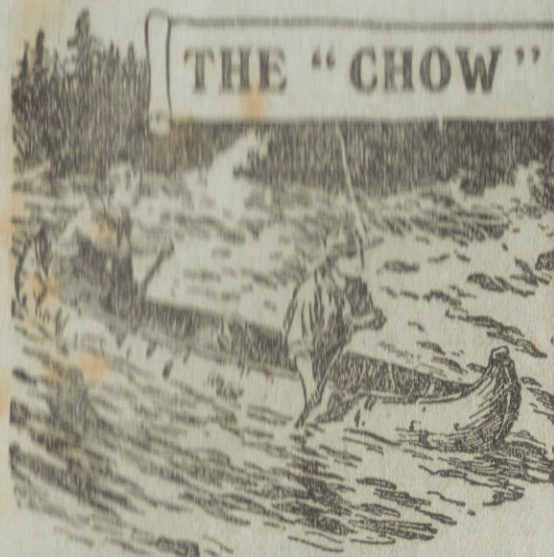


"Hold on, Yen Chin!" shouted Frank Richards, rushing up with his chums. "Me holdee on!" muttered the little Chinese faintly.

he told, and you will be turned out of the school."
 "Me sorry!"
 "Well, if you're sorry, that's something," said Bob. "But what are you sorry for, Yen Chin?"
 "Me sorry makee Flankee angly."
 "Oh, dear!" said Frank. "That isn't the point, you young duffer. You ought to be sorry because you've done wrong."
 "Me velly sorry!"
 "It's wrong to steal and tell lies," said Frank impressively. "Can you get that into your head?"
 "Allee light!"
 "Now you know why you shouldn't steal?"
 "Me knowee!"
 "Why, then?" asked Bob, suppressing a grin.
 "Because gettee foundee out," replied Yen Chin.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Frank. "It's no good talking to him. Yen Chin, you'll promise me never to do anything of the kind again, or I'll take you to Miss Meadows at once."
 "Me plomise!"
 "You'll keep that promise?"
 "P'taps!"

the chums moved away. Evidently he was bent on making his protector a present.
 "Blessed queer little beggar," grinned Bob Lawless. "He won't keep that cash long, if Gunten gets wind of it. Gunten will get him playing poker."
 "I'll jolly soon stop him, if I see it!" exclaimed Frank.
 "Dear old chap, you can't dry-nurse the Chinese," said Bob, laughing. "Come and have a slide on the creek."
 The chums went on the ice, but Frank was thinking of Bob Lawless' words. He was well aware of Kern Gunten's peculiar manners and customs.
 The Swiss had been in disgrace before, for inducing the fellows to gamble with him. And Frank's eyes gleamed at the thought of the cunning Gunten "skinning" the innocent little Chinese at some game he did not understand.
 He was looking thoughtful when they came off the ice.
 And as they sauntered back to school, Frank was not surprised to hear Gunten's voice from the timber.
 "I guess I raise that!"
 Frank halted.
 "Wait a bit, you fellows," he said.
 Bob Lawless gave a comical groan.

THE "CHOW" OF CEDAR CREEK!



(Continued from the previous page.)

"Are you going to chip in?" he asked. "I think we ought to."
"Oh, all right; I'm your antelope!"
"Gunter ought to be stopped," said Vere Beauclerc, knitting his brows. "It's too bad—a silly kid like Yen Chin."
Frank Richards & Co. entered the timber, and soon came on the scene.
Out of sight of the lumber school, Kern Gunten and Keller and Yen Chin were seated on a fallen trunk, playing poker.

A hat served as the pool, and it was pretty full of money already.
Little Yen Chin was well provided with that useful article, and he was playing ducks and drakes with it.

His serious little face was puckered over the cards in his hand.
Gunter and Keller were grinning.
Gunter looked up, and scowled, however, as Frank Richards & Co. came up.
Yen Chin grinned at them agreeably. "Nice game, pokie," he remarked.
"You young rascal!" said Frank. "Gunter, you hound, you've got to stop this! I won't stand by and see that kid cheated!"

"Have they made you headmaster?" sneered Keller.
"No stoppee," said Yen Chin. "Gunter no cheatee. Allee light. Me wantee playee—me likee playee pokie."
"Can't you mind your own business, Richards?" exclaimed Gunter savagely. "As for cheating, Yen Chin was dealer this round."

"You can see he knows nothing about the game!"
"That's his funeral!"
"Me knowee," said Yen Chin. "Me playee allee light. Me laise you ten dollee."

He threw a ten-dollar note into the hat.

"Pass!" said Keller laconically.
Gunter covered the stake.
He had four aces in his hand, which the little Chinese had dealt him, and that was a hand almost good enough to stake his life upon.

It could only be beaten by a royal flush.
Frank Richards & Co. stood looking on grimly.

They had no right to interfere, so far as that went, but it went against the grain to allow the swindling Swiss to "skin" the little Chinese.

Still, as Yen Chin had dealt the cards in that round, there could be no cheating so far as Gunter was concerned, unless he had cards up his sleeve.

Yen Chin, with a smile, tossed in another ten-dollar bill.
"Me see you," he remarked.
"I guess you've got a good hand!" muttered Gunter dubiously.

"Me tinkee. No knowee muchee of pokie, but tinkee handee good."
"Well, I guess I'll see you again."
And Gunter tossed in his stake.
Yen Chin appeared to hesitate.
Then he dropped twenty dollars into the hat.

"Oh!" ejaculated Gunter.
It cost him twenty dollars to come in now, and though Gunter had plenty of money, it would clear him right out.

But he threw in the bills, and called for a show of cards.
"Four of a kind!" he announced, throwing his cards face up on the log.

"Velly good!"
"I guess I take that pot!"
"No tinkee!" Yen Chin laid down his cards. "Looke!"

Gunter's face turned almost green as he saw a king, queen, jack, ten, and nine of hearts.
It was a royal flush, and he was beaten!

Yen Chin stretched out his hand to the hat, and ladled the bills into his pocket.
Gunter sat with a stunned look.
Bob Lawless burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! Honesty is the best policy, after all, Gunty!"
The Swiss gave the little Chinese a deadly look, and rose to his feet, quite white.

Too late, he understood that the young rascal's ignorance of the game was affected, and that he had deliberately led him on into recklessness by that affected simplicity.

The Swiss was fairly "cleaned out." All his own money, and all the profits of his poker-playing among his schoolfellows for weeks past, was in the hat which Yen Chin was cheerfully emptying into his pockets.

He clenched his hands hard.
"You confounded heathen!" he muttered. "You've fooled me! You—you dealt me four of a kind to lead me on! You've swindled me!"

"No cheatee—how can?" said Yen Chin. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.
The Swiss, with a white face, stumbled away.

It was the first time Kern Gunter had been defeated so utterly in his career as an amateur cardsharpener. But this time the defeat was simply overwhelming.

Yen Chin rose from the log, with a grin.

"Goodee gamee, pokie," he remarked. "You know the game?" exclaimed Frank, staring at him.

The Chinese chuckled.
"Me knowee. Me savvy! Guntee great fool," he said complacently. "Kellee great fool, too!"

Keller scowled, and followed Gunten. He had been hit hard, though not so hard as his chum.

Yen Chin chortled spasmodically. "Gleat fools!" he remarked. "Me savvy! In firstee lound, Guntee cheatee, me sayee noting. Plentend no see."
"Oh!" ejaculated Frank.

"Second lound, Kellee dealee, cheatee again—me pretend no see," smiled Yen Chin. "Third lound, me dealee, cheatee."

"What?"
"Me cheatee allee samee Guntee," said Yen Chin calmly. "Givee Kellee goodee cards, givee Guntee velly good cards. Givee me, Yen Chin, loyal fushee. Leadee Guntee playee high, and takee allee cashee. Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards & Co. simply stared at the Chinese.
The innocent Oriental they had come there to save from Gunten's dishonest clutches, evidently did not need their protection.

He had led on the two intending swindlers, and swindled them, and cleaned them out to their last dollar.

And not till the game was over, and their money in Yen Chin's pockets, had the two Swiss realised that they were being "played."

"My hat!" murmured Frank, almost overcome.
"Don't he take the cake?" gasped Bob Lawless. "It's a lesson that Gunten's wanted for a long time. But—"

"Yen Chin," said Frank gravelly, "it's wrong to gamble."
"You tinkee?"
"Yes. You must not do it again."

"No tinkee Guntee playee again, if Chinese wantee."
"Ha, ha! Not likely," chuckled Bob. "Will you promise not to gamble again at Cedar Creek, Yen Chin?" asked Frank. "Otherwise, we'll duck your head in the creek!"

"Flankee angry?"
"Yes."
"Yen Chin solly. No playee pokie any mole."

"Well, keep to that!" said Frank. "Me keepes plombee, Chinese good boy."

And Yen Chin toddled after the chums to the school, evidently in a contented and satisfied frame of mind.

It was dawning upon Frank Richards that if he undertook to initiate the little Celestial into the white man's ways of thinking he had an uphill task before him.

The 4th Chapter.

Cornered!

There was a cheery sound of chipping axes from the direction of Mr. Slimmey's cabin.

Some of the Cedar Creek fellows were at work there, splitting logs, and Frank Richards and his chums joined them.

It was still half an hour to afternoon lessons, and Frank especially was very willing to render any service he could to the assistant master of Cedar Creek.

Hackee was working with the others, but as the trio joined in the work, Ebenezer threw down his axe and strolled away.

Eben Hackee was not exactly a bully, but he was an extremely heavy-handed youth, and he disapproved emphatically of Frank's method of dealing with the new boy at Cedar Creek.

His idea was that what Yen Chin wanted was a thorough good cowhiding, and his idea also was that Yen Chin was going to get it.

He did not want a fight with Frank Richards, however, partly because he had already signally failed in a combat with the English schoolboy, but partly because he rather liked Frank in his rough way.

So he waited till Frank and his chums were busily engaged on the logs before he started in search of the Celestial.

Yen Chin was by himself, outside the gate, when Hackee caught sight of him, and started towards him at a run.

The little Chinese looked at him very warily.
"Whatee wantee?" he demanded.
"I guess I want you, you heathen," growled Hackee, "and I guess I'm going to lambaste you!"

Yen Chin dodged nimbly.
"Come here, you ornery heathen!" shouted Hackee.
"No comee!"

"By Jehoshapat! I'll fairly skin you when I get a holt of you!" gasped Hackee, as he pursued the nimble Chinese among the trees.

But Yen Chin was not easy to get a "holt" on.

Hackee barred him off from the school, taking care that he did not get a chance to double back to the gates.

But the little Celestial dodged him among the trees, and Hackee's temper grew worse and worse as he panted in pursuit.

Yen Chin was driven out on the bank of the creek at last, still dodging.
"I guess I've corralled you now!" panted Hackee.

He rushed on.
But Yen Chin was not corralled yet. He shinned up the trunk of a large tree that grew by the water's edge, its branches extending over the frozen creek.

Hackee came to a halt under the tree, glaring up wrathfully.
He was tired and breathless with the chase, and he brandished his riding-whip at the grinning Chinese above.

"Come down, you critter!" he roared. "No comee!" chuckled Yen Chin. "I guess I'll skin you if I come after you."

"Hackee gleat fool!"
"Oh, you cheeky, ornery heathen!" gasped Hackee.

He began to clamber up the sloping trunk.
Yen Chin promptly retreated along an extensive branch which hung low over the ice on the creek.

The branch swayed and sagged under his weight, and drooped till the twigs at the extremity almost touched the ice.

Hackee clambered astride of the branch, glaring at the elusive Chinese, still far out of his reach.

"Will you come back?" he howled. "No comee backee!"
"I'll skin you!"
"No skinee. Hackee gleat fool!"

"I'll give you great fool!" panted Hackee. "I'll wring your heathen neck with your own gol-darned pigtail when I get a holt on you!"

Astride of the branch, he worked his way along it towards the Chinese, his whip held in his teeth.

Yen Chin looked alarmed now.
The branch swayed and creaked as Hackee's heavy weight was added to that of the Chinese.

Slowly but surely he was working his way along, the branch drooping more and more towards the ice, and creaking in a threatening way.

"Blanch bleakee off!" gasped Yen Chin. "I don't care—come back, then!"
"No comee!"

"Then I guess I'm coming for you!"
Hackee worked on, and Yen Chin began to sway on the long branch, causing it to swing to and fro, with a louder creaking each time.

Hackee had to stop then, and clutch tight with both hands to keep from falling off.

"Stoppit!" he gasped. "You'll—you'll have me off, you silly heathen!"
Yen Chin chortled.
"Oh, by gum!" stuttered Hackee helplessly.

He was not so nimble as the Chinese, who seemed to have the activity of a cat, and his weight was more than double that of Yen Chin.

With the branch swaying and dancing under him, he could not keep his balance.

In spite of his frantic efforts, he rolled to one side, and pitched helplessly over, hanging on underneath the branch with both hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Yen Chin. "You dloppee. You gleat fool!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"
Hackee clung desperately to the swaying branch.

His boots, as he swung, were six feet above the ice.

He knew that he could not hold on many minutes, and he knew, too, that the ice would never bear his weight if he crashed on it from that height.

"Will you stoppit, you yellow coyote?" he howled. "I'm going! Oh, Jehoshapat!"

His grasp parted on the branch.
Crash!

As he hurtled downwards his thick, heavy boots smashed through the ice, and Eben Hackee shot down and through into the black water beneath.

The branch, relieved of his weight, shot up again, and Yen Chin clung to it like a cat to save himself.

Hackee disappeared under the water for a moment, and then his head came up, wet and draggled, and he clutched desperately at the edges of the broken ice.

From above the little Chinese grinned down at him.

"Help!" panted Hackee.
"Hackee gleat fool!" grinned Yen Chin. "Hackee gettee wettee, gettee dlownee!"

"Help!"

Eben Hackee's husky shout rang through the timber.

He was holding on to the crumbling edges of the ice, the black waters bubbling round him in the broken gap.

The bitter cold of the water penetrated to his very bones, and his face was as white as chalk.

He could not clamber out, for the ice chipped off in his grasp as fast as his weight was put on it.

And he was some distance from the shore.
"Help!"

Yen Chin's expression changed.
"Hackee dlownee!" he muttered.

"Gleat fool!"
"Help me, you heathen beast!" groaned Hackee. "I—I can't hold on much longer! I'm frozen! Help!"

"Me helpee!" said Yen Chin suddenly.
"Don't jump down!" panted Hackee. "You'll go through!"

"No jumpee!"
Yen Chin sidled along the branch towards the trunk till he was over the gap where the half-frozen boy was hanging on to the ice.

There was a sound of shouting in the distance.
Hackee's cries had been heard, and voices were calling; but it was very doubtful whether help would reach him before the bitter cold forced him to loose his hold.

There was fear in his white face now—a gnawing fear. For he knew that once his hold was loosened he would be swept away under the ice, never to be seen again till the creek melted in the far-off summer days.

"Help!"
His voice was growing faint.

Yen Chin swung himself over the branch, holding on by his hands.

He lowered himself, the branch sagging under his weight, till his feet were close to Hackee's head.

"You holdee on me!" he panted.
Hackee understood.

He shifted the grasp of one chilled hand from the ice to Yen Chin's right ankle. The other followed to the Chinese's other ankle.

The strain upon the little Celestial was great, but he bore it without a murmur.

"You holdee on?" he called out.
"Yep!" gasped Hackee.
"Now you climbee out, Hackee."
"I—I'll try."

The Celestial's ankles made an easier hold than the crumbling edge of the ice. Hackee had a good grip, and it was pretty certain that he would not let go.

If Yen Chin's strength had failed him under the strain, he would have been dragged down into the gap in the ice, to find his death in the black depths below. But he held on to the branch grimly.

"You holdee on, and climbee, gettee feet out on icee!" he panted.
Clutching Yen Chin's limbs and loose garments, Hackee essayed to pull himself out of the gap.

He came up as high as his waist, but he could get no footing on the ice, cracked and broken all round the gap.
Yen Chin's face was hard and set.

The strain upon him was terrible. His hands were almost dragged from the branch above, but still he held on.

There was a crash in the thicket, and Bob Lawless came tearing down to the bank.

"Here he is!" shouted Bob.
Frank Richards, and Beauclerc were at his heels, and three or four other fellows after them.

"Hold on, Yen Chin!"
"Me holdee on!" muttered the little Chinese faintly.

"Good man!" panted Frank Richards. "Lend a hand with this branch!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc.

A big branch, lately lopped down by the woodman's axe, lay in the timber, and the schoolboys grasped it, and rushed it down to the water.

It was pushed out cautiously on the ice towards the gap.

The end of it lapped over the opening, and reached the opposite side, forming a bridge across the gap in the frozen surface.

Frank Richards crawled out on it, and reached Eben Hackee.

He grasped the half-frozen schoolboy by the collar, and held on to him, kneeling on the branch.

"All right now!" he gasped.
Hackee, who was half unconscious now from cold, mechanically let go the Chinese.

Frank, with a strong grasp on him, drew him steadily on the branch that lay on the ice.

Bob Lawless and Beauclerc crawled along to his aid, and among them the helpless schoolboy was drawn back to the bank.

"Yen Chin!" exclaimed Frank.
The Chinese was still hanging on the bough over the creek. His strength was spent, and he could not pull himself up.

"You helpee," he murmured faintly. "No can climbee. Me dloppee if no helpee."

"Hold on, kid! I'm coming!"
Bob Lawless and Beauclerc raised Hackee in their arms, and rushed him away towards the lumber school.

Frank clambered into the big tree, and out along the overhanging branch to where the little Chinese hung suspended.

He grasped Yen Chin, and by main strength dragged him up into the tree.
"Safe now, young 'un!" he said breathlessly.

"Allee light!" breathed Yen Chin.
Frank drew him into the tree, and Tom Lawrence and Dick Dawson received him from below as Frank lowered him down.

"Allee light!" murmured Yen Chin.
Eben Hackee did not turn up to afternoon lessons that day. He lay in bed in the house, piled with blankets, with a hot-water bottle at his feet.

But for his hardy constitution he would have been booked for an illness.

But when the Cedar Creek fellows came to school on the following morning they found Hackee up and out of doors, looking a little pale, but otherwise nothing the worse for his perilous adventure.

He came towards Frank Richards & Co., who had been joined on the trail by the Chinese schoolboy from Thompson.

Yen Chin scuttled behind Frank as he came up, warily.

"You young jay!" exclaimed Hackee. "I'm not going to hurt you!"
"No wantee cowhide!" said Yen Chin. "So you're all right again, Hackee?"

"Yep, I guess so. And that gol-darned Chow saved me," said Hackee. "That blessed Chin—that pigtailed heathen! But for that Chow I should be under the ice on Cedar Creek at this blessed minute!"

"How did you come there?" asked Beauclerc.

Hackee coloured.
"I was after him with my ridin'-whip," he confessed. "I thought he wanted a hiding; and I guess he did, too. I followed him out on the branch, and fell. And—and that Chow held me up—you saw him—"

"I saw him," said Frank Richards quietly. "He saved your life, Eben Hackee, after you had run him down with a riding-whip! You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself!"

"I guess I am, if you come to that," said Hackee frankly. "I calculate I never thought the gol-darned heathen had it in him. I guess I was down on him because he's a Chow, and I guess I ought to be kicked for it. Yen Chin, you yellow heathen, I ain't going to lambaste you. Give me your fin!"

He held out his hand to the surprised Celestial.

Yen Chin eyed it warily.
"No tlickee?" he asked suspiciously.
"No, you heathen! Give us your fin!"
"Allee lightee!"

Yen Chin shook hands with the big youth from the States.
Hackee gave him a grip that made him wriggle a little.

"All O.K.," said Hackee. "You're a real white man, Yen Chin, though you're a lyin', thievin' heathen in some things. And I'm your friend, and any galoot that wants to cowhide you has got to walk over me first!"

Yen Chin grinned with satisfaction.
"Allee light! Yen Chin goodee boy!" he remarked. "Hackee goodee boy—oh, yes! Allee light!"
And for a day or two at least there was much limelight for the Chow of Cedar Creek.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"CHUNKY'S GOLD MINE!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!

Out on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, a Splendid New
Long Complete Tale of JIMMY SILVER & CO.

IN BOOK FORM

ENTITLED:

"THE FEUD AT ROOKWOOD!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

Ask Your Newsagent to Save You a Copy of No. 413 of . . .

THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 4d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.