

ARE YOU READING OUR BARRING-OUT STORIES?

The BOYS' FRIEND 1d

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

No. 873, Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending March 2nd, 1918.]

HARD PRESSED!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. A New Enemy.

"Sergeant!"
"Huh!"
"Buck up with brekker!"
"Huh!"
"Anybody got a half-brick?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver & Co. were very merry and bright that morning. Sergeant Kettle was not. The school sergeant was in what he would have described as a "ole."

Once before in his career Sergeant Kettle had been a prisoner of war, during the South African War.

But he had never expected to be a prisoner of war within the precincts of Rookwood School.

Somehow, the sergeant did not seem able to get used to the position, and his temper had suffered.

"Young raskils!" said the sergeant, glaring at Jimmy Silver and his cheery comrades. "I wish I 'ad you in my old regiment! I'd make you 'op! You believe me!"

The juniors chortled.
"Attention, sergeant!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

"Huh!"
"Don't you know a state of war when you see one?" demanded Jimmy. "Don't you know there's a barring-out on?"

"Huh!"
"Don't you know that the Fourth Form are on strike, and keeping the old flag flying?" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"And that we shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, till the headmaster's militarism is knocked on the head?" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Look 'ere, I ain't cooking anything for you young varmint!" roared the sergeant.

"Mutiny, by gad!" exclaimed Raby. "Give him the frog's-march!"
"Look 'ere— Oh, crumbs!" gasped the sergeant.

The merry juniors seized him on all sides. The unfortunate sergeant went round the camp in the joyful frog's-march, to an accompaniment of loud shouts of laughter from the rebels of Rookwood and fiendish yells from Mr. Kettle himself.

In the Form-rooms at Rookwood all Forms but the Fourth were going in to lessons. But the Fourth Form were still in what Jimmy Silver rather grandly described as a "state of revolution."

Having proclaimed a barring-out to last until Lattrey of the Fourth was expelled from Rookwood, they were keeping their word, and in the entrenched camp on the school allotments they bade defiance to masters and prefects.

Lattrey was still in the school, and the rebels were still in their camp, and how the affair would end was a mystery.

Sergeant Kettle, having "clipped in," really had no right to complain

at being taken prisoner; and, as prisoners of war have to work, he had no right to complain of having to work.

But he did complain—loudly. It was long past breakfast-time now in the junior camp, and the sergeant was late with breakfast.

But the frog's-march had the desired effect.

Having made the round of the camp, the sergeant was set down—hard!

He sat on the ground, and gasped for breath.

"Had enough?" smiled Jimmy Silver.

"Groogh!"
"Give him some more!" grinned Newcome.

"Ands off!" gasped the sergeant. "I—I—I'll get your grub for you, if you like! Oh! Ow—wow!"

"That's right," said Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "Don't be a conchy."

Mr. Kettle was too breathless even to resent being called a "conchy."

He tottered into the allotment shed and started work with the stove.

There was no arguing with the rebels of Rookwood when their reply took the form of a frog's-march.

So the sergeant set to work.

"Tumble up, cooks!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Lend the sergeant a hand!"

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, unwillingly, set to.

The "nuts" of the Fourth bitterly resented being employed as camp cooks.

But they were not much use for anything else, and that was their duty—and they had to do it.

It was a sunny morning, though cold, and when the frowning sergeant and his scowling helpers served "brekker," the rebels sat about in the open air to dispose of it.

Meanwhile a watch was being kept from the earthen parapet, across the trench that surrounded the camp.

Jimmy was expecting trouble that morning.

All the Head's efforts to subdue the rebels had failed hitherto; but it was certain that more efforts would be made.

Soon after breakfast there was a call from Kit Erroll on the parapet.

"Here comes the Head!"

There was a rush of the juniors to the parapet.

Dr. Chisholm was seen in the distance, in company with a thin gentleman, whom the juniors knew by sight.

"That's Lattrey's pater!" said Lovell.

The rebels looked very curiously at Mr. Lattrey.

He was not a pleasant-looking gentleman.

His eyes were cold and steely, and his jaw was very square.

He looked a good deal of a Hun, as Lovell remarked.

The Head and his visitor were talking in low tones as they came towards the camp.



DAMPING THE REBELS' ARDOUR!

Dr. Chisholm had a troubled look.

The state of affairs in the school was a great trouble to the headmaster, and, angry as he was, he could not help feeling, deep down in his heart, that the rebels were not quite in the wrong.

Among the rebels was Mornington of the Fourth, the blind junior—blinded by a savage blow Lattrey had struck him.

The presence of the blind junior was more than enough to make the rebels determined to carry their point.

His brutal assailant was to go; they were resolved upon that.

And the Head knew that Mark Lattrey ought to have been expelled from Rookwood in ignominy.

The juniors could not know the power Mr. Lattrey had over the Head, by which he forced Dr. Chisholm to keep the cad of the Fourth at Rookwood.

From Jimmy's cousin, Algy Silver of the Third, the rebels had learned that Mr. Lattrey was to take a hand in the proceedings, during his visit to Rookwood.

But they did not fear the London detective.

What he could do, that the Head had not already tried, was not easy to guess.

"We're ready for the silly ass!" remarked Conroy. "I don't think much of him, from his looks. Looks like the kind of pater Lattrey would have!"

"He's a blessed detective, or something, in London!" remarked Tommy Dodd. "This isn't a job for his sort."

"Cap the Head when he comes up," said Jimmy Silver.

"What rot!" grunted Higgs.

"Fathead! There's such a thing as good manners!" said Jimmy Silver severely.

And when the Head and his companion arrived at the trench, the rebels on the inner parapet "capped" their headmaster very respectfully—a

salute of which Dr. Chisholm took no notice.

He was feeling neither amiable nor polite.

He fixed a stern glance upon Jimmy Silver.

"Silver!"

"Yes, sir?" said Jimmy politely.

"Mr. Lattrey is about to take this matter in hand. His methods will be somewhat drastic, and he has my full authority. Before anything is done I offer you the opportunity of returning to your duty."

"We've answered you before, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Our terms are that Lattrey is expelled from Rookwood!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the juniors. Mr. Lattrey broke in.

"How dare you offer to make terms with your headmaster!" he exclaimed. "This insolence will not serve you!"

"Oh, you shut up!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

"What?"

"Shut up!"

"You insolent young rascal!" shouted Mr. Lattrey, amid laughter from the rebels.

"Same to you, and many of them!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Your precious son has blinded Mornington! You ought to be glad that he's not sent to prison! He can't stay at Rookwood—the Fourth Form won't allow it! Where's Mornington? Let him see what Lattrey's done!"

"Here I am, my infant!" replied Mornington.

Kit Erroll helped his sightless chum on to the parapet.

Morny did not need much assistance.

Blind as he was, Morny's face was calm and smiling.

Under his terrible affliction, Morny had shown the real grit of his character in a way that had somewhat surprised his Form-fellows.

He looked towards the Head and his companion, though he could not see them.

"You're there, Mr. Lattrey?" The

detective looked at him curiously. "I'm sorry I can't see you—though probably it isn't much loss."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My son has told me that it was an accident, which he regrets bitterly," said Mr. Lattrey.

"Your son is a champion liar, sir!" answered Mornington coolly. "He struck me in the face with a weapon, without caring what the result was! He could have been sent to prison for it, and he knows it! He's goin' to be kicked out of Rookwood, Mr. Lattrey! The Head ought to have kicked him out already!"

"Mornington!" exclaimed the Head.

"So you ought, sir! And we're beginnin' to think that there's something fishy about your lettin' the fellow stay!"

"What!"

The Head's face crimsoned.

"Well, what are you lettin' the cad stay in the school for?" asked Mornington. "It's because you dare not quarrel with Mr. Lattrey!"

"How dare you!" gasped the Head.

"Oh, we know there must be some reason for it!" answered Mornington, with a curling lip. "Old Lattrey's got some hold over you, sir, or you'd have kicked his son out at once! All the fellows know it. There can't be any other explanation! Well, sir, we're not standin' the fellow here at Rookwood!"

"Hear, hear!" roared the rebels.

"Enough!" gasped the Head. "Come, Mr. Lattrey! I give you full authority to deal with these insubordinate young rascals, and if harm comes to them they may thank themselves!"

"We're willing to risk it!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

The Head strode away with Mr. Lattrey.

"What on earth is the game, I wonder?" said Lovell.

To which Jimmy Silver replied: "Wait and see!"

"Wait and see!"

(Continued on the next page.)



The 2nd Chapter. The Attack.

There was a good deal of excitement in the schoolboy camp after the Head had gone.

"Something" was evidently coming, but for the life of them the juniors could not guess what it was.

Already the entrenched camp had been assailed more than once.

The Sixth Form prefects had been ignominiously defeated.

Mr. Lattrey appeared to be alone in the school; he had brought no help with him.

They wondered whether he was thinking of calling for aid from the police. But that was scarcely feasible.

But "something" was coming, that was evident.

The juniors were excited, and though a few, like Towner & Co., felt uneasy, most of them were feeling very warlike.

Watch was kept from the parapet; there was no chance of the camp being taken by surprise.

Not that the rebels would have been sorry to see Lucas Lattrey attempt to enter the camp.

They would certainly have made him a prisoner, like the sergeant, and turned him into a camp cook.

"Hallo, they're starting," remarked Kit Erroll, at last.

Old Mack, the porter, came in sight round the school buildings, accompanied by Mr. Lattrey.

Mack was carrying a coil of hose.

Jimmy Silver started, as he spotted it. It was the school fire-hose, and one end was evidently fixed, for Mack was uncoiling it as he came along.

"My hat!" murmured Lovell. The rebels looked at one another.

Mr. Lattrey's plan dawned upon their minds at last.

They had not thought of this. Neither had the Head, till Mr. Lattrey came to his assistance.

There was dismay in some of the juniors' faces now.

The weather was cold and sharp. And cold water was a powerful argument.

"By gad, we can't stand that!" muttered Peele.

"For goodness' sake, let's chuck it before they begin!" exclaimed Gower nervously.

Jimmy Silver turned on them angrily.

"Shut up, you funks!" he snapped. "Look here, we can't be drenched with cold water!" howled Townsend.

"Go and hide in the shed!" said Lovell scornfully.

"By gad, I'm goin' to!" "Pelt that rotter when he gets near enough!" said Jimmy Silver, selecting a clod. "If he comes within range—"

"He won't!" said Erroll quietly.

Erroll was right. Two or three clods whizzed through the air, but they fell short of Mr. Lattrey, when he stopped and took the hose from the porter.

Jimmy Silver set his teeth. "By gum, this is going to be a circus!" murmured Tommy Dodd. "We're sticking it out, all the same, though!"

"There's the dug-outs," said Jimmy Silver.

A good many of the garrison were already retreating into the dug-outs in the camp. Jets of cold water were not pleasant to face on a cold morning.

The Fistical Four remained on the parapet, with Erroll, and Tommy Dodd.

Mr. Lattrey looked across at them, with a sarcastic smile upon his thin lips, his thumb on the nozzle of the hose.

"Will you come out now, and return to your duty?" he called out.

"Go and eat coke!" "Otherwise, you will be washed out like rats!"

"Yah! Rotter!"

"Get out of Rookwood, you interfering cad!" howled Raby. The detective did not answer that.

He turned a stream of water upon the camp, and Jimmy Silver & Co. hurriedly jumped down behind the parapet to escape it.

"Bedad, this is a go!" murmured Flynn. "I'm going into the shed."

"Same here!" remarked Oswald.

Mr. Lattrey had elevated the hose a little, and the water fell over the rebel camp in a shower.

The fellows who were still in the open rushed for shelter.

The parapet being undefended now, Mr. Lattrey advanced nearer, and played the hose on the camp at close range.

Water fell in a stream now.

Right and left the steady jet played, searching out every corner of the camp. The shed was packed with refugees, and the dug-outs were well filled.

But as the water poured in, it formed pools and streams on the ground, and speedily began to flow down into the dug-outs.

The juniors came scrambling out of their shelters, wet and gasping, wrathful and dismayed.

They were attacked by an enemy they could not touch, and the effect was demoralising.

As they scrambled out into the open, they got the full benefit of the showers of icy water, and there were yells and howls on all sides.

A rush was made for the shed, which was crammed.

The shed was not large enough to accommodate anything like the number of rebels.

There was a struggling crowd outside. "Faith, give a fellow room!" "Yo-ow! Keep off my feet!" "Blow your feet!" "Yaroooh!"

"Yow! I'm drenched!" "Oh, crumbs!" "Look here, I've had enough of this!" roared Townsend. "I'm goin'!"

The Fistical Four emerged from the shed. As leaders, they were bound to face the discomfort, since there was not shelter for all.

The three Tommies joined them outside at once—determined not to be outdone by Classics.

The Colonial Co. were with them, and Erroll. That left shelter inside the shed for the rest.

Outside, the water was falling steadily, and the camp was simply running with it. The full force of the stream was turned on, and hundreds of gallons had been discharged already.

And the flow never ceased. The dug-outs were full now, and overflowing.

Water was rising in the camp, and hardly a spot was less than an inch deep with it.

The trench was filling, slowly but surely. Jimmy Silver, for once, was dismayed.

What was to be done?

The 3rd Chapter. A Wash-out!

"There's the cad!" muttered Lovell savagely.

The figure of Lucas Lattrey, hose in hand, appeared on the outer parapet.

He had ascended to that coign of vantage, from which he had a full view of the interior of the camp.

The stream was playing now on the shed, directed by the steady hand of the London detective.

A grim smile was on Mr. Lattrey's face. There was danger to the health of the juniors, drenched with icy water in cold weather, but that fact did not trouble Lucas Lattrey in the least.

It troubled the Head, but he had consented to the method, as the only way of ending the revolt.

"Hallo, there goes old Kettle!" Sergeant Kettle had seen his opportunity.

He was running for freedom, but the juniors made no attempt to stop him. They were not bothering about prisoners of war now.

The sergeant plunged through the filling trench, and clambered up the outer parapet, soaked to the skin, but free.

He shook a knuckly fist at the juniors, and disappeared.

Mr. Lattrey did not even glance at him. He played the water steadily on the shed and the dodging group outside it. The position was growing untenable now.

For half an hour, now, the steady stream of water had poured into the camp. The trench round the camp had a foot of water in it.

But the inner parapet kept the flood from running away into the trench—it was like a dam that confined the flood to the camp itself.

And the water was rising.

"That beast is in range now!" muttered Jimmy Silver desperately. He groped in the water for a clod. The jet caught him on the back of the neck, and fairly pitched him over.

Jimmy sprawled in six inches of water. Splash!

"Groooh!" "Oh, crumbs!"

Jimmy Silver scrambled up, drenched and covered with mud. He dashed the water out of his eyes.

"Follow me!" he exclaimed, between his teeth. "Let's get at close quarters with the rotter!"

"I'm game!" muttered Lovell. Jimmy made a desperate rush, with half a dozen fellows at his heels.

Mr. Lattrey coolly turned the hose upon them.

Had they reached him, they could have dealt with him easily enough. But he was on the outer parapet, and there was the deep trench between.

The stream of icy water smote them, and drove them back.

Again and again they faced it, but it was useless.

Jimmy Silver, struggling on, reached the top of the inner parapet, but there he caught the full force of the stream, and was sent rolling down into the camp.

"By gad, this is too thick!" gasped Lovell. "I say, what's to be done, Jimmy?"

"Groooh!"

"We can't stand this!" panted Tommy Dodd. The juniors scuttled round the shed for shelter.

It was all they could do.

From within the shed, loud voices of complaint were rising.

For the water was rising there, and every fellow was nearly up to his knees in it.

Townsend & Co. made a break at last. They were fed up, and they made a rush to escape.

"Deserters!" howled Lovell, as they fled.

"Yah! Come back, funks!"

But the deserters rushed on, unheeding.

They were only thinking of escaping from the showering downpour.

Unfortunately for them, the enemy did not understand that they were deserters. The stream from the hose turned upon them, drenching them, and fairly bowling them over.

The nuts of the Fourth sprawled in mud and water, and the hose played upon them mercilessly.

With gasps and howls, they fled back to shelter.

But they found the Colonial Co. in the doorway of the shed, and there was no entrance.

Van Ryn and Pons and Conroy coolly pushed them out as they shoved in.

"Let us in, you rotters!" howled Peele. "You can stay out now, my infant!" grinned Conroy.

And stay out they did, crouching under the lee of the shed, for what shelter it afforded.

The water played on ruthlessly, and the flood rose.

The camp was swamped in every corner. Every fellow was wet to the skin, and had his boots full.

Even Jimmy Silver began to realise that it would not do.

The new and unexpected weapon had rendered the position untenable.

"I say, Jimmy, what's to be done?" muttered Lovell. "We can't stick this much longer. It will be up to our armpits if it keeps on."

"The beast is trying to flood us out!" groaned Raby. "Blow that parapet! It's keeping the water in, and this will soon be a pond instead of a camp."

"Groooh!" "I say, I'm c-c-c-cold!" gasped Higgs. "We shall all catch fearful colds at this rate. Groooh!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed under his knitted brows. He had to confess that he was "done."

The cold, grim man on the parapet was ruthless as any Hun. He evidently intended to flood out the camp.

Even if he desisted, the place was untenable now, for the drenched juniors could not remain there, without a change of clothes, unless they were to run serious risks with their health.

Jimmy Silver did not want the barring-out to culminate in an outbreak of pneumonia.

"The game's up, Jimmy!" muttered Oswald.

"Oh, stick it out!" exclaimed Mornington. "How can we stick it out?" demanded Hooker. "We can't! We're all booked for had colds, anyway, I reckon."

"We can't stay here wet to the skin!" wailed Leggett. "What's to be done, Jimmy?" asked Kit Erroll quietly.

"No surrender!" said Jimmy, between his teeth. "That's understood. But what's to be done?"

"We've got to get out of this," said Jimmy reluctantly. "This camp is done for. Who'd have thought of a dodge like this?"

"Not you!" grunted Higgs. "Shut up, Higgs!" exclaimed Oswald. "Jimmy's done his best, and we've beaten them for nearly a week, anyway. This couldn't be foreseen."

Higgs snorted. He was wet, and he was cold, and he was bad-tempered. "I wonder they don't think of trying this water dodge at the front!" groaned Lovell. "They could flood the Huns out of their trenches, I should say—if they had a Rookwood chap to show 'em how to do things."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yow-ow! Don't cackle!" mumbled Higgs. "Look here, Jimmy Silver, I'm not going to stay here till we're drowned."

"We've got to clear," said Jimmy Silver at last. "All together, and the barring-out goes on. We've got to get to the dorm, and dry up and change our things. Then—"

"Then the Head will collar us!" "I don't see how he can, if we don't choose," answered Jimmy Silver. "After we've changed, we march out of gates."

"Oh, my hat!" "And keep up the barring-out till the Head gives in."

"Hurrah!" mumbled Lovell. "I'm not going out of gates!" howled Townsend.

"You'll walk, or you'll be carried. Now, then, out you come!" said Jimmy Silver. "Follow me!"

The rebels poured out of the shed. In a body they started for the parapet, on the opposite side from that where Dr. Lattrey stood with the hose.

That gentleman smiled grimly. His drastic measures had succeeded. He shut off the stream of water.

Jimmy Silver & Co. scrambled over the parapet and the trench, and emerged from the flooded camp with chattering teeth.

Outside the camp, several prefects of the Sixth were to be seen.

They grinned at the sight of the draggled juniors. They were there to guard the hose, in case of an attempt to get at it and cut it, but it was not necessary.

The camp was no longer tenable, even if the water attack had been stopped. Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, came towards the draggled rebels.

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

If you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any newsagent to get it from:

Messageries HACHETTE et Co.,
111, Rue Reaumur, PARIS.

"Cut indoors, and get your clothes changed—quick!" he said. "We're going to," said Jimmy. The rebels tramped on, squelching out mud and water.

Mr. Lattrey handed the hose back to old Mack, who was grinning widely. Bulkeley and the other prefects followed the juniors back to the school-house.

Dr. Chisholm met them in the big doorway. He gave them a grim frown, but his expression was one of undisguised relief that the rebellion had been got in hand at last.

"Go to your dormitory at once, and dry yourselves!" he said severely. "After that, you will proceed to your Form-room, where I shall deal with you."

Without a word, the Fourth-Formers tramped up to their dormitory. The Head of Rookwood was evidently under the impression that the barring-out was over and done with, and that all that remained was to mete out stern punishment to the rebels.

But in that he was making a slight mistake.

The 4th Chapter. Not Beaten Yet!

Jimmy Silver locked the door of the dormitory when the Fourth-Formers were all inside.

There was to be no interference with the rebels until they were prepared to carry out their plans.

The Modern juniors had come up with the Classics, instead of going to Mr. Manders' House—with the exception of Leggett, the shirker, who had scuttled away down a passage and escaped.

Before five minutes had elapsed the handle of the door was turned. It did not open, and there came a furious rapping.

"Open this door!" came the angry tones of Mr. Manders, the senior Modern master.

"What's wanted?" called out Jimmy Silver.

"All Modern boys are to return to their own house at once!" snapped Mr. Manders. "Dodd, Doyle, Cook—all of you, you have no business in this dormitory."

"Go and eat coke!" called back Tommy Dodd. "What?"

"Coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Dodd! You—your insolent young rascal! You, sir, are marked down for expulsion from the school, with the other ringleaders!" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Bow-wow!" A sound was heard without, as if Mr. Manders were suffocating.

The Modern master had supposed, like the Head, that the barring-out was over, and that the time had come for handing out punishments.

He thumped angrily on the door.

"Silver!" "Hallo, old scout!" answered Jimmy, who was changing his clothes, and did not cease that necessary operation while he answered the Modern master.

"I order you to admit me." "Go hon!" "Will you open this door at once, Silver?"

"I think not." "You insolent boy!" "Rats!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Townsend, you are there? Open this door, Townsend!"

Towney made a step towards the door. "Knock him over," said Jimmy Silver, without moving.

And Conroy, who was nearest to Towney, knocked him over cheerfully, and poor Towney sprawled on the floor.

"Look here, I'm going to let Mr. Manders in!" exclaimed Peele fiercely.

"Knock him over!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Keep off, you rotter!" howled Peele, as Van Ryn strode at him. "You Dutch beast, keep your paws off—Yaroooh!"

Bump! Peele sat down. "Get up and have another!" suggested the South African junior.

"Yow-ow-ow!" Bang, bang! came at the door. Mr. Manders appeared to be getting excited.

"Clear off, you old duffer!" called out Lovell. "What?"

"Buzz off, fathead!"

Mr. Manders, choking with wrath, strode away at last. He rustled downstairs, where he sought the Head.

"Dr. Chisholm, the Fourth Form have locked themselves in their dormitory!" he exclaimed. "They refuse to open the door!"

"I intend to deal with them, Mr. Manders," answered the Head, somewhat tartly. "You may leave the whole matter in my hands."

Mr. Manders murmured something, and retreated. He returned to his own House, and ordered Knowles to send Leggett to him as soon as the junior had changed his clothes.

Leggett was fed up with the rebellion, and he had deserted, but as he was the only one of the rebels in Mr. Manders' power, it was probable that he would be made a scapegoat for the rest.

In a quarter of an hour Leggett presented himself in Mr. Manders' study, looking, and feeling, very nervous. The Modern master's eyes glinted at him.

"Come here, Leggett!" he said, picking up a cane. Leggett unwillingly approached.

"I—I had no part in it, sir," he stammered. "I—I was against it all along, and they forced me—"

"I do not believe that statement, Leggett," answered Mr. Manders, in a grinding voice.

"I—I swear it, sir!" "Silence! Hold out your hand!" At that moment Leggett sincerely wished that he had remained with the rebels.

The fate of the deserter was hard, for it was clear that Mr. Manders did not intend to believe any statement that would prevent him from wreaking his wrath upon his victim.

Leggett held out his hands in turn, howling with anguish as the cane descended again and again.

Mr. Manders was always rather fond of the cane; he did not believe in sparing the rod.

Certainly he did not spare it on this occasion.

The unfortunate Leggett was simply wriggling by the time Mr. Manders had finished.

He crawled away to his own study, groaning.

Meanwhile, the rebels in the dormitory had rubbed themselves dry, and changed into dry clothes.

Their spirits rose somewhat after that operation. Jimmy Silver & Co. were as determined as ever.

There came a tap at the door, and an exclamation, as it was found locked.

"Let me in!" It was Bulkeley this time. "Can't be did, Bulkeley!" replied Jimmy Silver.

"Silver! You are not keeping up this nonsense, I suppose?" exclaimed the captain of Rookwood.

"What-ho!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bulkeley. He, like the Head, had supposed that all was over, and the rebels reduced to obedience.

Had he supposed otherwise, the juniors would not have been allowed an opportunity of locking themselves in the dormitory.

The draggled crowd that had tramped from the camp to the School House did not look as if they had any "kick" left in them. But appearances were deceptive.

"Silver," said Bulkeley, at last, "this can't go on! It won't take very long to force this door. Take my advice, and make an end of it. It will be all the better for you."

"Is Lattrey gone yet?" "Lattrey? No; he is not going." "Then the barring-out goes on." "You'll be expelled for this, I'm afraid, Silver!"

"The Head intends to sack me, anyway, if I give in," answered Jimmy Silver coolly. "I'm not taking any, thanks!"

Bulkeley was silent.

Certainly the juniors had little to gain by surrender.

It meant expulsion for the leaders, and severe punishment for the rest.

It could scarcely lead to worse terms for them if the barring-out continued.

The captain of Rookwood descended to the Head's study.

"Well?" said Dr. Chisholm. "The Fourth have locked themselves in, sir."

"Is it possible that they intend to continue this reckless mutiny?" the Head exclaimed.

"It looks like it, sir. May I make a suggestion?" "Certainly, Bulkeley." "If—if you thought fit, sir, to let them off punishment, I dare say they would make an end of it."

"Bulkeley!" The head prefect of Rookwood did not flinch from the doctor's thunderous look and tone.

"I think I ought to tell you, sir, that all Rookwood thinks that Lattrey of the Fourth ought to be sent away," he said firmly. "There is a great deal of sympathy for the Fourth among the other Forms, even the Sixth."

"I am sorry to hear it, Bulkeley! I did not expect to hear a prefect condoning insubordination," said the Head harshly. "You need say no more."

"Very well, sir." Bulkeley left the study. There was a sound of wheels in the quad, and Dr. Chisholm glanced from the window.

Mr. Lattrey was departing for the station, under the impression that the rebellion at Rookwood was over, and that his work was done there.

The Head watched him with a bitter look.

Gladly he would have seen Lattrey of the Fourth depart with his father, gladly he would have ordered him to do so.

But he had not the power. The strange secret of the past was in the hands of the detective, who used it unscrupulously to bend the Head of Rookwood to his will.

The cab turned out of the gates and disappeared.

The Head, with a sigh, crossed to the door.

The Rookwood fellows, released from the Form-rooms now, were crowding in the quad, excitedly discussing the new phase in the rebellion.

Several fellows had been up to the dormitory door, and had learned that the rebels of the Fourth were there, and still holding out.

Dr. Chisholm ascended the stairs. A flag of the Third was outside the dormitory, calling through the keyhole. It was Algy Silver of the Third.

"Still keeping it up, Jimmy?" "Yes, kid!"

"I say, let me in! I'd rather join you than do lessons, anyway."

The sportive Algy seemed quite to have got over his feud with his cousin, for the present at least.

Before Jimmy could answer Algy heard the Head's step in the passage, and spun round.

"Boy!" thundered the Head. "Go away at once! Take five hundred lines! Go!"

Algy Silver fled.

Dr. Chisholm, with a ruffled brow, raised his hand and knocked at the door.

The 5th Chapter. Holding the Fort!

There was a breathless hush in the dormitory as the juniors heard the Head outside.

"Now for the circus!" murmured Lovell.

Knock!

"Hallo!"

"Kindly open this door," said the Head quietly.

"Sorry, sir."

"Am I to understand, Silver, that this insubordination is continuing?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy calmly.

"If you do not open this door, Silver, it will be forced."

"We shall resist, sir."

"You, Silver, will be immediately taken away from Rookwood in charge of a prefect. You are expelled!"

"Rot!"

"Wha-at? What did you say, Silver?"

"Rot, sir!"

There was a breathless chuckle in the dormitory.

Jimmy Silver was burning his bridges behind him, as it were.

"I will not speak to you, you insolent boy! I appeal to the others—to their common-sense, Silver, Erroll, Dodd, and Lovell will be expelled. The others will be punished. But if this continues there will be further expulsions."

"Go it, sir!" called out Conroy. "Better serve us all alike!"

"I shall add your name to the list, Conroy."

"Mine, too!" said Van Ryn.

"And mine!" chuckled Pons.

"And mine!" shouted Raby. "We're all sticking together, sir, and if one goes we all go."

"Silence! If you return to your duty at once I will use you as leniently as possible. Otherwise—"

"Rats!"

The Head retired at that.

"It's all rot," muttered Townsend.

"We can't keep it up. How can we stick in here?"

"Only until the coast's clear," said Jimmy Silver. "We're going out of gates, and we sha'n't come back till Lattrey is sacked."

"It's you that's goin' to be sacked, you fool!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Yes, shut up, Towny," said Lovell.

"It's the Fourth against the Head, and the Fourth have got to stick together."

"Barricade the door!" said Jimmy quietly.

Some of the juniors had begun to share Towny & Co.'s doubts. But Jimmy Silver's word was law.

Beds were dragged out of their places, and crammed against the door.

They made a formidable pile, backed up by the washstands.

The rebels worked hard at the barricade, and it did not take them long.

It was barely completed, when there was a tramp of feet in the passage.

They heard the sergeant grunting outside, and then there was hammering.

A crowbar was being driven in between the door and the jamb, close to the lock.

The door strained and creaked as the blows of the mallet drove the crowbar in deeper and deeper.

The juniors waited in grim silence.

"That'll do," said Sergeant Kettle at last. "Now you 'ang on to that there bar, and pull 'ard."

Knowles and Bulkeley and another prefect grasped the bar, and wrenched at it.

With a grinding crash the lock burst.

The door was open now.

But it opened only an inch or so, and then was held fast by the barricade piled within.

Bulkeley shoved at the door, and uttered an angry exclamation.

Through the narrow opening he could see the barricade.

"My hat! They've got it barricaded!" exclaimed Knowles.

"Let us in, you young fools!" exclaimed Carthew.

"Rats!"

"All of you shove together," said Bulkeley. "Lend a hand, sergeant!"

Half a dozen sturdy Sixth-Formers and the sergeant put their shoulders to the big, oaken door, and shoved.

"Back up!" rapped out Jimmy Silver.

"Put your beef into it!" grinned Lovell.

The juniors lined up at the barricade and shoved, to keep it fast against the straining door.

"Pull devil, pull baker!" chuckled Conroy.

"It's giving!" panted the sergeant, outside.

"Not quite!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

The door yielded another couple of inches, jamming the beds and washstands more tightly together, but that was all.

Even without the juniors inside, it was doubtful if the heavy pile could have been shoved over.

But with the Fourth-Formers shoving on their side, the task was impossible.

"Oh," gasped Bulkeley at last. "Ease off! It won't move!"

The pressure on the door ceased.

The prefects stood panting for breath, almost exhausted by the great effort.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Neville.

"This is a go! Better call the Head!"

"Here he comes!" muttered Knowles.

Dr. Chisholm rustled along the passage.

"You have opened the door?" he asked.

"Now—"

"It's barricaded, sir!"

"What?"

"It won't open," said Bulkeley.

The Head gnawed his under-lip with annoyance.

"Surely you can push the door open?" he exclaimed.

"We'll try again, sir," said Bulkeley shortly.

Again there was a general shove from outside, responded to by a general shove from inside.

The door creaked and groaned, but it

remained as it was before, a few inches open.

"It's no good, sir," gasped Bulkeley.

"I'll try to move some of the things," said Knowles, anxious to gain favour in the Head's eyes.

The Modern prefect thrust his hand through the narrow opening, and managed to seize the leg of a turned-up bedstead.

He dragged at it, attempting to work it loose, and there was a threatening swaying in the barricade.

Lovell felt over his jacket for a pin.

"Hold on!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy drew a whipcord from his pocket, and clambered on the barricade behind the door.

The juniors, guessing his intention, grinned as they watched him.

Knowles felt the barricade loosening, and he dragged and shoved at the bed he had grasped with all his strength.

Suddenly the whipcord was whipped round his wrists from inside and drawn tight.

The Modern prefect gave a yell, and strove to snatch his hand away.

But he strove in vain.

Jimmy Silver was dragging on both ends of the whipcord, and Knowles' hand was pinned close to the edge of the door, and held there.

"Yow!" roared Knowles. "Oh, my wrist!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on, Jimmy!" chuckled Lovell.

Lovell squeezed among the beds nearer the door with a cord in his hand.

He coolly passed it round Knowles' imprisoned wrist, made a slip-knot, and drew it tight.

Then he drew his cord tight, and knotted it round the handle on the inside of the door.

"Now you can let go, Jimmy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

Knowles was roaring, too, though in a different way.

That was the only resource left, excepting surrender. And surrender was not a word in Uncle James' vocabulary.

But the rebels were very hungry.

Towny & Co. were loud in complaints.

That did not matter very much, but the other fellows felt the attack upon the inner man bitterly.

At tea-time they were famished.

But though they let off steam, as it were, by grousing, the rebels had no intention of giving in—as yet, at all events.

Indeed, any fellow who had proposed surrender was in danger of getting a thick ear on the spot, if not a black eye.

Peele and Gower had already been severely bumped for proposing it.

But there was no doubt that the juniors were hungry.

And if the barring-out in the dormitory had lasted over the next day the barring-out would certainly have come to an end—in a "German peace," as Lovell put it.

But Jimmy Silver had his plans laid.

"Hungry isn't the word!" said Raby, who was blessed with a very good appetite. "I say the Head's a beast! This isn't playing the game!"

"All the other fellows have had dinner!" said Van Ryn dolefully.

"And tea!" groaned Higgs.

"I say, what price a steak and chips now?" said Newcome.

"Oh, don't!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "This is good training."

"Oh, rats!"

"We may all come to it yet before we've beaten the Germans," said Jimmy with undiminished cheerfulness. "I suppose you wouldn't suggest letting the Kaiser off for the sake of grub? Bother grub! After all, people ate too much before the war. You fellows eat too much as a rule, and a bit of famine will do you good."

"Oh, dry up, you fathead! I could eat a horse!"

The rebels had been driven out of the entrenched camp, but the last state did not seem much better than the first.

The dinner-bell was ringing below, and Bulkeley and the rest moved away. Knowles howled to them furiously.

He was a prisoner, and could not go.

"We've got to get down to dinner, Knowles," said Frampton.

"Don't you think I want any dinner, you fool?" yelled Knowles.

"Well, I know I want mine!" answered Frampton tartly; and he walked away.

Knowles was left alone in his unenviable position.

"You young scoundrel!" he groaned.

"Go it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let me go, will you?"

"No fear! Hang on!" said Jimmy.

"They can bring you some dinner, and you can eat it with one hand. You're better tied up."

"I—I—I— Look here, do let me go!" gasped Knowles. "I—I ask it as a favour."

"How the mighty are fallen!" chuckled Conroy.

"Well," said Jimmy Silver considerably, "if you own up you've been a bad boy,

And surrender was not a word in Uncle James' vocabulary.

But the rebels were very hungry.

Towny & Co. were loud in complaints.

That did not matter very much, but the other fellows felt the attack upon the inner man bitterly.

At tea-time they were famished.

But though they let off steam, as it were, by grousing, the rebels had no intention of giving in—as yet, at all events.

Indeed, any fellow who had proposed surrender was in danger of getting a thick ear on the spot, if not a black eye.

Peele and Gower had already been severely bumped for proposing it.

But there was no doubt that the juniors were hungry.

And if the barring-out in the dormitory had lasted over the next day the barring-out would certainly have come to an end—in a "German peace," as Lovell put it.

But Jimmy Silver had his plans laid.

"Hungry isn't the word!" said Raby, who was blessed with a very good appetite. "I say the Head's a beast! This isn't playing the game!"

"All the other fellows have had dinner!" said Van Ryn dolefully.

"And tea!" groaned Higgs.

"I say, what price a steak and chips now?" said Newcome.

"Oh, don't!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "This is good training."

"Oh, rats!"

"We may all come to it yet before we've beaten the Germans," said Jimmy with undiminished cheerfulness. "I suppose you wouldn't suggest letting the Kaiser off for the sake of grub? Bother grub! After all, people ate too much before the war. You fellows eat too much as a rule, and a bit of famine will do you good."

"Oh, dry up, you fathead! I could eat a horse!"

tiously, and the ropes were gently lowered out over the ivy beneath.

All was dark and silent in the quadrangle.

"Look here, I'm not goin' to risk it!" muttered Peele. "You fellows can go, an' you can leave us here."

"All together!" answered Jimmy Silver.

"Leave us here, or I'll call out to the prefects in the passage, an' give you away!" said Peele desperately.

"Will you?" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Collar them!"

Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham, were grasped at once and borne to the floor. They did not have much chance of yelling.

Sheets were bound over their faces, effectually gagging them, and blindfolding them as well.

Tommy Dodd and Doyle and Cook slid down the ropes to the ground, followed by the Colonial Co.

The rest of the rebels followed, cautiously and carefully, till the Fistical Four were left alone with the "nuts."

And then Towny & Co. were tied to the ropes and lowered into the hands of the juniors below.

It was probable that they objected, but they could not voice their objections. Only a faint gurgle came from under the gags.

"Now we're off!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "You fellows first."

Lovell, Raby, and Newcome slid down.

Jimmy Silver followed them, and joined the silent crowd in the darkness below.

"March!" he whispered. "The sooner we're out the better!"

"Gates are closed now!" murmured Lovell.

"I know. Make for the wall."

Silent as spectres, the rebels of Rookwood tripped away across the dark quad, with Towny & Co. in their midst.

Ten minutes later they were all over the wall and in the road outside.

There the nuts were released, and they gasped, with crimson faces, as the gags were taken away. Towny & Co. blinked round them.

"Now come on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Stick it out, you blessed funks! We're all in for it together!"

"Ow, yow!" mumbled Townsend.

But the nuts marched with the rest. They had no choice, and their footsteps died away down the dusky road.

It was some hours later that a knock came at the door of the deserted dormitory.

It was bedtime for the juniors, and the Head considered that hunger had probably reduced the rebels to a more reasonable frame of mind by this time.

He knocked at the door and called out.

"Silver!"

No answer.

"Answer me, boy!"

There was no reply from within.

The Head turned to Bulkeley and Neville, who were now guarding the passage.

"The boys have not left the dormitory?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"It is very strange. There seems no sound. Possibly they are asleep. Make an attempt to force the door."

Bulkeley called up the other prefects, and there was an attack on the door.

It yielded an inch or two, and then, with a terrific combined shove, the barricade within was loosened.

It was evident that it was no longer defended. Bedsteads and washstands tumbled right and left as the assailants continued shoving.

There were a series of loud crashes in the dormitory.

The door was open at last. The Head rushed in, catching a chill draught from the open window as he did so.

The room was in darkness. Bulkeley lighted the gas.

"My only hat!" roared Neville.

"They're gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the Head.

His eyes turned on the open window, where the bedclothes were flapping in the breeze. Then his glance fell upon a message chalked upon a looking-glass.

It ran, in large letters:



The Head gasped with amazement as he read the rebels' message chalked upon the looking-glass, whilst there was a faint chuckle amongst the prefects.

His wrist was considerably hurt by the tight cord, and his efforts to drag it loose hurt him still more.

But that was his look-out, and the juniors did not mind.

"Cannot you move the things, Knowles?" asked the Head impatiently.

"Ow, ow! Oh, dear!" was Knowles' reply.

"Have you hurt your hand, Knowles?"

"Ow! Yes—ow!"

"Why do you not withdraw it?" demanded the Head.

Knowles very nearly forgot the respect due to the Head of Rookwood at that moment.

"I can't!" he howled.

"I think they've caught Knowles' wrist in a cord, sir," said Bulkeley, suppressing a grin.

"Bless my soul! Release Knowles at once!" thundered the Head.

Only a chortle replied from the dormitory.

The rebels had not the slightest intention of releasing Knowles.

The Modern prefect gave up his struggles, which only added to his hurt.

So long as he kept his wrist still, the cord did not hurt it much. But he could not get his hand away.

His wrist turned the edge of the door, and was fast to the handle inside, and he did not venture to attempt to reach the cord with his other hand.

He did not want both hands tied there.

"Silver! I command you to release Knowles!" panted the Head.

No answer.

"You hear me, you rascally boy?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Let me go, you young fiend!" howled Knowles.

"Too fond of your company, dear boy!" chortled Lovell. "Can't spare you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Frampton, see if you can help Knowles."

Frampton very unwillingly put his hand in the gap, and felt for Knowles' wrist.

Arthur Edward Lovell reached among

Knowles, and ask pardon, we'll let you go."

"You young fool!"

"All serene. Stay where you are!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knowles trembled with rage. But he could not get his hand loose, and he did not want to be kept there in a position of ridicule all day.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but he got it down.

"I—I—I—" he mumbled.

"Go ahead!"

"I—I own up I've been a bad boy!" hissed Knowles through his set teeth.

The juniors shrieked.

"And—and—and I ask pardon!" hissed Knowles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Granted!" said Jimmy Silver loftily.

And he cut the cord, and Knowles of the Sixth jerked his hand away at last.

Jimmy shoved the door to, and the barricade was crammed a little closer.

That round, at least, had been won by the rebels of Rookwood.

The 6th Chapter. Unconquered.

"I—I'm hungry!"

"Same here!"

Jimmy Silver did not speak.

The day was drawing to its close, and the refugees in the dormitory had not been assailed again.

The Head was evidently willing to leave hunger to do the work.

After a day without meals it was only too probable the rebels would see the error of their ways, and come down from the dormitory of their own accord.

Two prefects were on the watch in the passage outside to see that no food was conveyed to them.

Jimmy Silver was waiting for dark, when he fully intended to lead his flock out of the gates of Rookwood.

"I could eat an elephant, and enjoy it!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, I say, I'm famished!"

There was a loud howl in the passage.

The juniors recognised the tones of Mornington II.—Erbert of the Second.

"You young rascal! What's in that bundle!" rapped out Knowles' voice.

"Cut off! And that bundle is confiscated."

There was a sound of retreating footsteps.

The juniors exchanged glum glances.

Mornington laughed.

"My cheery cousin tryin' to get some grub to us!" he remarked. "Good old Erbert! Nothin' doin', though."

"I say, isn't it about time we made a start, Jimmy?" muttered Lovell. "We can get some grub in the village, of sorts."

"Wait till dark!" answered the captain of the Fourth. "We don't want the prefects to rush us. The game would be up, then."

"It's getting dark!" urged Raby.

"Wait till it's got!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

And they waited.

The dusk was thickening over the old quadrangle of Rookwood, lessons had long been over, and most of the fellows below were at prep.

Jimmy Silver looked from the dormitory window as the dusk thickened more and more.

Ropes had already been made of twisted bedclothes, and placed in readiness. Jimmy Silver had tested those ropes very carefully.

It was a good distance to the ground, and that was the only way out.

"Time!" said Jimmy at last.

"Thank goodness!" breathed Lovell.

A bedstead had been dragged under the window, and to its legs the ropes were fastened.

Jimmy Silver opened the window cau-

ously, and the ropes were gently lowered out over the ivy beneath.

All was dark and silent in the quadrangle.

"Look here, I'm not goin' to risk it!" muttered Peele. "You fellows can go, an' you can leave us here."

"All together!" answered Jimmy Silver.

"Leave us here, or I'll call out to the prefects in the passage, an' give you away!" said Peele desperately.

"Will you?" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Collar them!"

Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham, were grasped at once and borne to the floor. They did not have much chance of yelling.

Sheets were bound over their faces, effectually gagging them, and blindfolding them as well.

Tommy Dodd and Doyle and Cook slid down the ropes to the ground, followed by the Colonial Co.

The rest of the rebels followed, cautiously and carefully, till the Fistical Four were left alone with the "nuts."

And then Towny & Co. were tied to the ropes and lowered into the hands of the juniors below.

It was probable that they objected, but they could not voice their objections. Only a faint gurgle came from under the gags.

"Now we're off!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "You fellows first."

Lovell, Raby, and Newcome slid down.

Jimmy Silver followed them, and joined the silent crowd in the darkness below.

"March!" he whispered. "The sooner we're out the better!"

"Gates are closed now!" murmured Lovell.

"I know. Make for the wall."

Silent as spectres, the rebels of Rookwood tripped away across the dark quad, with Towny & Co. in their midst.

Ten minutes later they were all over the wall and in the road outside.

There the nuts were released, and they gasped, with crimson faces, as the gags were taken away. Towny & Co. blinked round them.

"Now come on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Stick it out, you blessed funks! We're all in for it together!"

"Ow, yow!" mumbled Townsend.

But the nuts marched with the rest. They had no choice, and their footsteps died away down the dusky road.

It was some hours later that a knock came at the door of the deserted dormitory.

It was bedtime for the juniors, and the Head considered that hunger had probably reduced the rebels to a more reasonable frame of mind by this time.

He knocked at the door and called out.

"Silver!"

No answer.

"Answer me, boy!"

There was no reply from within.

The Head turned to Bulkeley and Neville, who were now guarding the passage.

"The boys have not left the dormitory?" he asked.

"No, sir!"

"It is very strange. There seems no sound. Possibly they are asleep. Make an attempt to force the door."

Bulkeley called up the other prefects, and there was an attack on the door.

It yielded an inch or two, and then, with a terrific combined shove, the barricade within was loosened.

It was evident that it was no longer defended. Bedsteads and washstands tumbled right and left as the assailants continued shoving.

There were a series of loud crashes in the dormitory.

The door was open at last. The Head rushed in, catching a chill draught from the open window as he did so.

The room was in darkness. Bulkeley lighted the gas.

"My only hat!" roared Neville.

"They're gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the Head.

His eyes turned on the open window, where the bedclothes were flapping in the breeze. Then his glance fell upon a message chalked upon a looking-glass.

It ran, in large letters:

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"FROM OUT THE
PAST!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

YEN CHIN ON THE WARPATH!

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.
Gunten's Little Joke.

"Helpee!"
Vere Beauclerc looked round quickly.
Beauclerc was gliding along on his snowshoes over the thick snow that covered the forest trail.

He had just reached the fork of the trail, where he was accustomed to meet his chums, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their way to school, when that peculiar cry reached his ears:

"Helpee me! You comee quick!"
"My hat!" ejaculated Beauclerc, in astonishment.

It was Yen Chin, the Chinese schoolboy of Cedar Creek, who was calling.

The little Chinese was standing on his snowshoes beside the trail, and his pigtail was drawn up on end above his head, the tip of it being tied to a branch above by a cord.

Beauclerc slowed down, looking at him in astonishment.

The unhappy Chinese had evidently been the victim of a cruel practical joke.

His pigtail was long, and he could not possibly reach to the point where it was possibly reach to the point where it was tied to the cord, and so he was held a prisoner to the spot.

His only means of escape was by cutting off his pigtail—a desperate resource which probably did not even occur to his mind.

His doleful face lighted up at the sight of Vere Beauclerc.

"You helpee me!" he gasped. "You good boy! Me fixee; no can loosee!"
"Who did this?" asked Beauclerc, as he stopped and felt under his furs for his pocket-knife.

Yen Chin's almond eyes gleamed.

"Guntee and Kellee!" he answered. "Me killee Guntee and Kellee! You letee me go, quick!"

"Right-ho, kid!"

Beauclerc opened his knife.

"No cuttee pigtail!" exclaimed the Chinese, in alarm. "No cuttee!"

Beauclerc smiled.

"I won't cut your pigtail, you young duffer! But how the dickens am I going to get at the cord?"

He looked upward, puzzled.

"Chimbee tiee," said Yen Chin.

Beauclerc nodded, and began to take off his snowshoes.

A cheery voice hailed him on the trail, as Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin came speeding up from the direction of the Lawless Ranch.

"Hallo, Cherub! What's this game?"

"My hat! Somebody's been lynching Yen Chin with his own pigtail!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

"It's one of Gunten's rotten jokes!" said Beauclerc.

"The awful rotter!" exclaimed Frank indignantly. "How long have you been here, kid?"

"Long timee," said Yen Chin dolorously. "Guntee hlingee me here—Guntee and Kellee. Me killee!"

"I shall have to shin up the tree to get him loose," said Beauclerc. "Give me a hand-up, Frank."

He kicked off the snowshoes, and Frank Richards bunked him up the frothy trunk.

Beauclerc crawled out on the bough above the Chinese schoolboy's head to reach the cord.

Yen Chin cocked his head, watching him anxiously from below.

He was evidently anxious for his precious pigtail.

"How did you get here, Yen Chin?" asked Bob Lawless. "This isn't your way to school from Thompson."

"Beastlee Guntee askee me comee with him," mumbled Yen Chin. "Blingee me long way lound. Me no tinkee playee tick. Me killee!"

Bob chuckled.

"You'd better not killee anybody, kid, or you'll be hanged in a more painful way than this," he remarked.

"Gunten knew we should pass this way," remarked Frank Richards. "He left Yen Chin here for us to find. If we missed school to-day the kid might have stayed here all day, and got nearly frozen."

His brow darkened as he spoke.

The cruel trick was quite in accordance with the nature of Kern Gunten, the black sheep of the lumber school, and his equally rascally associate, Keller.

The two Swiss were not popular at Cedar Creek.



Swoosh! There was a fiendish yell from Yen Chin as the hot liquid swamped fairly in his face. "Yow! Me scaldee! Me burnee! Ow!"

"Mind you don't tumble, Cherub!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, looking upward, as the bough sagged under Beauclerc's weight.

"Mindee don't cuttee pigtail!" called up Yen Chin.

Beauclerc sawed through the cord with his knife.

The pigtail, with a length of severed cord attached, fell upon Yen Chin's head, and he gave a howl:

"Yow-ow!"

"All serene now," said Frank Richards. Beauclerc dropped lightly from the bough into the snow-trail. He put on his snowshoes again.

"You lendee me kniffee," said Yen Chin.

"Eh? What do you want a knife for?" asked Beauclerc.

"Killee Guntee!"

"You young ass!" roared Bob Lawless. "You mustn't killee Guntee! You can give him a licking if you like."

"No can. Guntee too big."

"Well, that's so," agreed Bob. "Leave him to me, and I'll give him a licking if you like. It's high time he had one."

Yen Chin shook his head obstinately.

"Me killee!" he answered vengefully.

"Oh, dry up!" said Bob. "Let's get along to school, or we shall be late."

Yen Chin said no more, but there was a gleam of vengeance in his almond eyes as he slid along the trail with the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards & Co. arrived at the lumber school only just in time to kick off their snowshoes and follow the rest of the fellows into the school-room.

Gunten and Keller grinned as they came in with the little Chinese.

"So you found him?" chuckled Gunten.

"Yes, you rotter!" growled Frank Richards. "But suppose we hadn't found him?"

The Swiss shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I reckoned you would! Not that it would have mattered, I guess. I'm not worrying over a heathen Chinese."

"You waitee, Guntee!" muttered Yen Chin. "Me killee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunten.

Miss Meadows came into the school-room, and the pupils of Cedar Creek took their places.

But during lessons Yen Chin's eyes turned constantly in the direction of Kern Gunten with a vengeful glitter.

Frank Richards observed it, and he was a little troubled in his mind.

He resolved to keep an eye on Yen Chin as far as he could.

The 2nd Chapter.

Yen Chin on the Warpath!

"Come and lend a hand, you fellows!" said Bob Lawless, when the school was dismissed after morning lessons.

"What's on?" asked Frank.

"There's some logs to split."

"Right-ho!"

Splitting logs for the school was an optional duty, but the Cedar Creek fellows were generally willing to lend a hand when there was work to be done.

The three chums went round the schoolhouse to the wood-pile.

There was a sound there as they approached—the sound of a grinding axe.

"Hallo! Somebody starting work already!" remarked Bob.

"It's Yen Chin."

The little Chinese did not look round as they came up.

He had lost no time in getting to the wood-pile after lessons, and he was now engaged in sharpening the axe.

Frank Richards clapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you going to use that axe, kid?" he asked.

"Me usee," answered Yen Chin, without looking up.

"All right. I'll find another."

Frank fetched an axe from Mr. Slimmey's cabin, and Bob and Beauclerc

found implements, and they started on the logs.

Yen Chin went on grinding his axe.

The busy sound of chopping rang through the frosty air, and two or three other fellows joined in the work.

But Yen Chin did not seem to be in a hurry to start on the logs.

He went on grinding the axe till it was of an almost razor-like sharpness.

"That will do, kid!" exclaimed Bob, pausing in his labours. "You're not going to shave with it, are you?"

"No shavee."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"No choppee wooddee."

"No choppee wooddee."

"Then what the thunder are you grinding the axe for?" demanded Bob. "Give it to somebody else if you're not going to use it, you young ass!"

"Me usee."

Yen Chin felt the edge of the axe with his thumbnail.

Apparently satisfied that it was sharp enough for his purpose, whatever his purpose was, he rose to his feet, and put the axe over his shoulder.

"Where are you taking that axe to?" called out Frank Richards, in some alarm, as Yen Chin started off.

"Killee Guntee."

"What?"

"Allee light; only killee Guntee."

"Come back!" yelled Frank.

But Yen Chin darted on, and vanished round the log schoolhouse.

"After him!" exclaimed Frank, throwing down his axe.

"He can't be serious," said Beauclerc. "I don't know, but I'm afraid he is. Come on!"

"Phew!" murmured Bob. "Better stop him, anyway."

The woodcutters raced after Yen Chin.

There was a sound of a loud yell of terror from the school-ground, on the other side of the log buildings.

They recognized Gunten's voice.

The schoolboys came tearing round the house, and a startling scene burst upon their gaze.

Kern Gunten, his sallow face colourless with terror, was running wildly for the house, and on his track sped the little Chinese, brandishing the gleaming axe.

The usually bland expression on Yen Chin's face was quite gone now.

His look expressed the most blood-thirsty ferocity.

"Stop!" yelled Frank.

There were shouts of alarm on all sides. Yen Chin did not heed.

Without a glance to right or left, he raced on after the fleeing, terrified Swiss.

Gunten, yelping with fear, bolted headlong into the porch of the schoolhouse, the brandished axe gleaming only a few yards behind him.

Frank Richards & Co. tore on, almost sickened with apprehension.

Gunten reeled breathlessly in the porch, and glared back.

He met the glittering eyes of the Chinaman and the gleam of the brandished axe, and gave a howl of terror.

"Help!"

"Me killee!"

"Oh, help!" shrieked Gunten.

Miss Meadows ran out of the schoolhouse, and the Swiss dodged behind the schoolmistress, panting.

The ferocious face of the Chinese, and the uplifted axe, were enough to terrify anyone; but the Canadian girl stepped calmly into the way, and stood there, her hand upraised.

"Yen Chin! Boy! What does this mean?" she exclaimed.

Frank Richards & Co., dashing up at top speed, were too far off to help.

But Miss Meadows did not need any help.

Yen Chin lowered the axe, and a grin took the place of the savage expression on his queer little face.

"Allee selene," he said. "Only little

jokee, Missee Meadee. Me flighten Guntee."

"Oh!" panted Kern Gunten. "Ow! Oh!"

Miss Meadows' brow grew very stern.

"Put down that axe at once, Yen Chin!"

The little Chinese obediently laid down the axe, looking very penitent.

Frank Richards and his companions arrived on the scene very breathless, but greatly relieved.

"How dare you play such a foolish trick, Yen Chin!" exclaimed the schoolmistress sternly.

"Me solly!" murmured Yen Chin meekly.

"You young rascal!" panted Frank.

Miss Meadows looked at him.

"Surely you did not think that Yen Chin was in earnest, Richards?" she exclaimed.

"I—I was afraid so, ma'am."

"Nonsense!"

"Ahem!"

"He did mean it!" panted Gunten. "He was going to murder me, Miss Meadows."

"Don't be ridiculous, Gunten!" said Miss Meadows sharply. "Yen Chin, you have played a very foolish joke. If such a thing happens again, I shall punish you very severely."

"Me solly."

"Take that axe away, please, Richards."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yen Chin, you are not to touch an axe again here."

"Allee light, misseee."

"You are a very bad boy."

"Me solly."

"That will do. Gunten, there is nothing to be afraid of."

Miss Meadows went back into the house, frowning.

Kern Gunten stood gasping for breath, still very white, and looking at the Chinese with dread in his looks.

Yen Chin glanced at the axe in Frank Richards' hand.

"You givee me," he said.

"I'll give you a thick ear, you young idiot!" said Frank crossly.

"Me wantee killee Guntee."

"What?"

"You stupid young villain, you told Miss Meadows that was only a joke," said Bob Lawless, staring at him.

"Me tellee whoppee," explained Yen Chin calmly. "Now, Missee Meadee goncee, me killee Guntee, what you tinkee?"

"Well, my hat!"

Gunten skulked into the schoolhouse.

Whether the Chinese was in deadly earnest or not, he could not tell, but evidently he did not want to remain near him.

"Look here, you Oriental savage," said Bob Lawless angrily, "if you say another word about killing anybody, I'll lay a switch round you! Do you hear?"

The Chinese did not answer, but he looked very obstinate.

The chums of Cedar Creek returned to the wood pile, and Kern Gunten remained within the walls of the schoolhouse till afternoon lessons.

The 3rd Chapter.

Sentenced to Death!

When lessons were over that afternoon Yen Chin was the first out of the school-room, and he whizzed away on his snowshoes on the Thompson trail without losing a moment.

Kern Gunten was deeply relieved to see him go.

His own way home lay to Thompson, by the same trail, but he was in no hurry to take it.

He preferred to give the little Celestial plenty of time to get home.

Frank Richards came up to him as he was hanging about in the school-ground,

with a sullen and uneasy face, with his chum Keller.

Gunten gave the English schoolboy a lowering look.

"Look here, Gunten," said Frank abruptly, "do you think there is anything in what Yen Chin was saying?"

"I—I guess so," muttered Gunten. "The beast's simply a Chinese savage."

"Then something ought to be done," said Frank. "Look here, the best thing you can do is to see Yen Chin, and tell him you're sorry for the rotten trick you played on him, and promise to let him alone in the future."

Gunten scowled.

"I guess I'm not going to speak to the hound!" he snarled. "And when I want your advice, I'll ask for it, Richards!"

"You'll take your chance, then," said Frank. "It's your own fault, for being a bullying brute."

And Frank Richards went to join his chums.

Gunten and Keller looked at one another rather uneasily.

"We'd better get off," said Keller, at last. "We can't hang about here till dark."

"I—I suppose that young villain's in Thompson by now!" muttered Gunten.

"Well, we can't overtake him, at any rate. Let's get off."

"I guess we may as well."

The two Swiss donned their snowshoes, and started from the school gates. The trail through the timber was thick with snow, and it was easy and rapid going.

It was a lonely trail, shadowed by pine and larch, but it had never occurred to Gunten before that it was dangerous.

But now the Swiss was in an uneasy frame of mind.

His eyes scanned the shadows of the timber, as he glided on with his chum.

Suddenly he slowed down.

"Look!" he panted.

A fur-clad figure was visible, ahead in the trail.

It came speeding towards the two Swiss.

"Stoppee!" rapped out Yen Chin.

They stopped.

Gunten was almost frozen with fear at the sight of a revolver in the hand of the little Chinese.

Yen Chin levelled it full at the white, terrified face of the Swiss, his yellow finger on the trigger, his eyes gleaming along the barrel.

Evidently the little Chinese had been home to Thompson, and had obtained the weapon there, and Gunten's nervous delay at the school had given him time to return upon the trail and lie in wait for the Swiss.

"Put that down, Yen Chin!" muttered Keller huskily.

Yen Chin showed his teeth.

"Me killee Guntee!" he said. "What you tinkee?"

"You don't mean it?" panted Gunten.

"Put that down, Yen Chin, there's a good fellow! I—I'm sorry—I apologise!"

"Too latee," answered Yen Chin grimly. "You askee me comee as fiend, then you seizee and tiee with pigtail. Me killee you!"

Gunten fell on his knees, terrified almost out of his wits by the ferocity in the little Celestial's face.

"Don't!" he moaned.

"You gettee up! You coward!" said Yen Chin contemptuously.

"Mercy!" panted Gunten.

"Too latee! Me killee you!" answered Yen Chin. "You, Kellee, diggee glove in snow, or me killee you, too!"

"I—I guess—"

"You do what me tellee!"

The revolver swayed towards Keller, and the wretched Swiss' knees knocked together.

"I—I guess I'll do it!" he groaned.

"Turn that thing another way!"

YEN CHIN ON THE WARPATH!



(Continued from the previous page.)

"Use handee," Gunten made a movement, and the revolver was pointed at him at once. He fell on his knees again, almost fainting with fear. Keller, almost as terrified as his companion, hastened to carry out the grim order of the little Chinese. There was a deep snow-drift beside the trail, and, with hasty hands, Keller scooped out the grave. He was almost too terrified to know what he was doing, but he knew that he dared not disobey. Gunten's eyes were fixed beseechingly on the Chinese. Even yet he could not quite believe that the Oriental was in earnest. But there was no mercy in the yellow face of Yen Chin. Keller's work was done. There was a deep excavation in the snow-drift, and the grave-digger stood panting with his exertions. Yen Chin made a gesture towards the opening. "You gettee in, Guntee." "Let me off, Yen Chin!" groaned Gunten. "I swear I'm sorry! I'll never touch you again! I'll never—" "You gettee in!" shouted Yen Chin fiercely. "Kellee buly you before me go." "Oh!" groaned Keller. Gunten staggered to his feet. He still nourished a faint hope that the Chinese was only seeking to terrify him. The trigger rose a fraction, and Gunten, with a howl of fear, obeyed the order to step into the excavation. "Lie downee!" rapped out Yen Chin. Gunten obeyed. "You leady to buly him, Kellee?" Keller only groaned. "Now me givee you two minute, Guntee," said Yen Chin grimly. "In two minute you die!" "Mercy!" groaned Gunten. Yen Chin counted. "One!" "Mercy!" There was a sudden whir on the trail, and a shouting of voices, before Yen Chin could count two.

The 4th Chapter. No Danger!

"What are you waiting for, Franky?" The chums of Cedar Creek had their snowshoes on, and Bob Lawless and Beauclere were ready to start. Frank Richards did not seem to be ready, however. His brow was wrinkled in thought as he stood staring along the snowy trail towards the distant town on the Thompson River. "Well, Frank?" said Beauclere, with a smile. Frank's glance left the trail at last, and he looked at his chums. "You fellows in a hurry to get home?" he asked. "I guess not," said Bob, puzzled; while Beauclere shook his head. "But there's nothing to hang about for, is there?" "I'm thinking of Yen Chin." "Oh, bother Yen Chin!" said Bob. "He's gone home, anyway." "Gunten's gone the same way." Bob laughed. "Trust Kern Gunten to look after his skin," he replied. "You don't think the heathen is laying for him in the timber, do you?" "I don't know," confessed Frank. "I can't quite make the Chinese out. But I can't help feeling a bit uneasy. Suppose we have a run down the trail; we shall cover the ground pretty fast on snowshoes. Gunten is a howling cad, but I shouldn't like him to get hurt. And Yen Chin—" "I guess the heathen was fooling," said Bob. "But we may as well run down the trail. I don't mind, if the Cherub don't." "Not at all," said Beauclere. "Come on, then!" said Frank. "Race you!" said Bob, with a grin. And they raced. Over the velvety carpet of snow the Canadian lad led the way, Beauclere keeping close. Frank Richards was the least accustomed of the three to the use of snowshoes, but he kept up a pretty good speed. Bob smiled as he looked round, and slowed a little for his chum. Gunten and Keller had had a good start, and Bob's opinion was that they were at home in Thompson by this time. But Frank could not help feeling uneasiness. He was as much concerned for Yen Chin as for Gunten, as a matter of fact. "Hallo! There's somebody on the trail!" ejaculated Bob Lawless, as they came sweeping round a long bend. "It's Yen Chin!" exclaimed Beauclere. "And Keller!" "Great Scott!" panted Bob, as his eyes took in the strange scene from the dis-

tance. "You mad young idiot! Stop—stop!" "Yen Chin!" shouted Frank. They sped on breathlessly, their hearts thumping. In the excavation in the snowdrift Gunten lay, his face like chalk; Yen Chin, with the six-shooter aimed down at the trembling Swiss, standing beside the opening. Keller stood at a little distance, his knees knocking together. "Yen Chin, hold your hand—" The Chinese looked round hastily. "Flanky!" he exclaimed. "Don't shoot, you mad young villain!" "Me killee Guntee!" "Save me!" shrieked Gunten. "He's mad! Save me!" The Chinese gave him a ferocious glare. "You leady to die?" he hissed. "Me killee!" "Help!" Bob Lawless was the first to reach Yen Chin. He threw an arm round him, and dragged him over, and they rolled in the snow together. There was a yell from the heathen. The revolver rolled in the snow, and Frank Richards hurriedly picked it up. Gunten rose from the snow-grave, trembling in every limb. Bob scrambled up. Yen Chin still sprawled in the snow, yelling. The sudden fall had hurt him. "Got the shooter?" gasped Bob. "Here it is." "Thank goodness." "Yow-ow-ow!" came from Yen Chin, as he sat up dazedly in the snow. "Ow! Ow! You bumpee me—you hurtee poor little Chinese!" "I'll poor little Chinese you!" gasped Bob. "I'll lay a rope round you till you can't crawl, you murderous young villain!" "Chinee good boy!" wailed Yen Chin. "No layee lopee." "I'm going to the sheriff about this," said Gunten, through his chattering teeth. "You fellows are witnesses that the young villain was going to shoot me." Bob Lawless seized Yen Chin by his pigtail, and jerked him to his feet, to the accompaniment of a fiendish yell from the Chinese. "Now, you young rascal," said Bob. "Yoooooooh!" "Give me that shooter, Frank, and I'll blow his head off!" exclaimed Bob. The Canadian lad grasped the revolver, and turned it upon Yen Chin. He did not touch the trigger, however, in case of accidents. But the Chinese did not seem to be scared. He grinned. "Now, how would you like some of your own medicine, you young scoundrel?" demanded Bob Lawless. "Allee light." "What?" "You shootee, if likee—me no care." "You don't care if I shoot you?" exclaimed Bob in amazement. "No care. You shootee." "Well, I'm not going to shoot you," said Bob. "But—" "Shootee if likee," said Yen Chin cheerfully. "Me no get hurtee. Nothing in levellee." "Wha-a-at?" "No loadee," explained Yen Chin, with a chuckle. Bob's face was a study, for a moment. Beauclere smiled, and Frank Richards burst into a laugh. Kern Gunten ground his teeth. "It's a lie!" he panted. "He was going to shoot me!" "No loadee," persisted Yen Chin. "You lookee." Bob Lawless examined the revolver, and next moment he burst into a laugh. "It's not loaded," he said. "Look here." He pulled the trigger, and there was only a rusty click. He threw the revolver to the ground. Gunten's face was red with rage now. He could not doubt any farther, and the thought of the terror he had been through enraged him beyond words. He had begged for mercy on his knees, to the heathen, under the threat of an empty revolver! Even Keller was grinning. But Gunten did not feel inclined to grin. He started towards the Chinese, with vengeance in his looks. Frank Richards interposed. "Let him alone, Gunten," he said curtly. The Swiss clenched his hands furiously. "I'm going to smash him," he said, between his teeth. "I'll cripple him for playing that trick on me! I'll—I'll—" "No smashee Yen Chin," said the Chinese, dodging behind Frank Richards. "You playee tick on Yen Chin—me playee tick on you, allee samee. You beaste; me good boy." Frank pushed the enraged Swiss back. "It serves you right, Gunten," he said coolly. "You played a rotten trick on Yen Chin this morning, and he's frightened you out of your wits in return, and it serves you right. You won't touch him." "I—I wasn't frightened!"

"Ha, ha!" roared Bob. "You looked as if you were." Gunten tried to push past Frank Richards. Frank grasped him without ceremony, and flung him into the snow. "Cut off, Yen Chin," he said. "And look here, no more of your mad tricks! Cut off!" "Allee light. You good boy," smiled Yen Chin. "Me no killee Guntee, if Flanky no wantee." "Cut off, you young ass!" Yen Chin chuckled, and slid away down the trail. Gunten regained his feet, with a look of deadly malevolence at the chums. "Come on, Keller!" he muttered thickly. "Not yet," said Frank. "You're not going to handle Yen Chin after we're gone, Gunten. You can come away with us." "I won't!" "You'd better," said Frank, taking hold of his arm. "That's right—sashay a bit along with us, old scout!" grinned Bob Lawless. The Swiss clenched his hand, but he unclenched it again. There was no choice in the matter, and Gunten and Keller accompanied the chums a mile back along the trail before they were allowed to start for home. When they started, the two Swiss lost no time in speeding on the track of Yen Chin, but the little Chinese was safe at home in the paternal laundry long before they came in sight of Thompson. Frank Richards & Co. chuckled as they sped homeward. Yen Chin's curious vengeance upon the bully tickled them, and they were relieved, also, to find that the threats to "killee" Gunten were only a peculiar form of humour. "The young ass!" said Frank. "I half-believed he was in earnest!" "Gunten quite did!" chortled Bob Lawless. "His face was a picture when we came up!" "Ha, ha, ha!" And the chums chuckled loud and long as they swept over the frozen snow.

The 5th Chapter. Tit for Tat!

Frank Richards & Co. were early at Cedar Creek the next morning. As they stood chatting at the gate,

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES— 15/6 is the price of one certificate— 20/- is the amount your certificate will be worth in five years— 4/6 is the profit you will make on one certificate. —AND MAKE MONEY!

they sighted Yen Chin speeding up on the trail, with Gunten and Keller in hot pursuit. The Chinese joined them at the gate, and the two Swiss came up, panting. "No lettee whackee Yen Chin!" gasped the Chinese. "Keep your paws to yourself, Gunten," said Bob Lawless. "Look here, we can't be always looking after Yen Chin. You're to let him alone, do you hear?" "I guess I'll suit myself about that," answered the Swiss savagely. "We won't always have you around to protect him, hang you. I'll catch him on the trail one time, and then—" "You won't!" said Bob. "You touch him again, and I'll touch you, pretty quick. If Gunten goes for you, Chinny, you tell me, do you hear?" "Me tellee." "And then I promise you the hiding of your life, every time, Gunten," said Bob. "I mean that, so look out for squalls!" "You interfering hound!" "Shut up!" rapped out Bob. "Enough of that! If you don't want the shape of your face altered, you'd better keep a civil tongue." The Swiss set his teeth. Yen Chin, grinning, went on towards the log schoolhouse, and Gunten made a rush after him. Bob Lawless promptly caught him by the shoulder, and spun him round, and the Swiss was stretched on the ground. "Now, get up, and put up your hands," said Bob. Gunten got up, but he did not put up his hands. He had tried that before, with painful results.

He muttered under his breath, and swung away, but he did not follow Yen Chin. Keller followed his chum in without a word. In class that morning Yen Chin grinned at the two Swiss, evidently feeling quite secure in the protection of Frank Richards & Co. Gunten gave him a dark look. The Swiss was not of a forgiving nature, and he fully intended to make the Chinese suffer for the trick he had played on him. Yen Chin eyed him warily when the Cedar Creek fellows came out of school. Gunten did not approach him, however. Bob Lawless' heavy fists had to be argued with, if he did, and Gunten did not like the prospect. But when Cedar Creek went into the lumber dining-room to dinner—those who stayed at the school for the mid-day meal—Gunten dropped into the seat next to Yen Chin. Miss Meadows was at the head of the table, and Yen Chin, feeling quite safe in the presence of the schoolmistress, grinned at his neighbour mockingly. Along with the dinner there were jugs of hot lemonade, home-brewed by Aunt Sally, the black cook—a very agreeable beverage on a frosty Canadian day. Gunten reached to a jug, from which the steam was rising in a thick cloud, and as he did so his foot slipped. He fell towards the Chinese, and the contents of the jug, piping hot, swamped fairly in the face of the little Celestial. Swoosh! There was a fiendish yell from Yen Chin as he leaped to his feet. "Yow-yow-yaup! Yow! Me scaldee! Me burnee! Ow-ow-ow-ow!" "Gunten, how could you be so clumsy!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "I'm sorry, ma'am!" said Gunten meekly. "My foot slipped." "Yen Chin—" "Yow-yow-yow! Yooooooh!" shrieked Yen Chin, dabbing wildly at his face. "Me scaldee! Me hurtee! Ow-ow-ow!" There was a laugh along the table. The little Chinese' antics were comic enough as he mopped at the streaming liquid. He was not quite scalded, but he was certainly hurt, for the lemonade was very hot. His face was the colour of a boiled lobster when he sat down at the table at last. Frank Richards gave the Swiss a grim look across the table. He was quite well aware that there had been no accident. Yen Chin ate his dinner in silence after that. But presently he reached out for Gunten's mug. "Let that alone!" rapped out Gunten; and he rapped Yen Chin's knuckles with and he rapped Yen Chin's knuckles with the handle of his knife. "Me sorry!" murmured Yen Chin, withdrawing his hand. Gunten drank his lemonade, the Chinese watching him with a peculiar grin. Frank looked suspiciously at Yen Chin across the table. His eyes had been upon the Chinese, and he was almost certain that when the yellow hand hovered over the mug something had dropped from it into the lemonade. When the fellows came out after dinner Frank tapped the Celestial on the shoulder. Yen Chin looked up at him with a bland smile. "Did you put anything in Gunten's lemonade?" asked Frank. "No puttee." "Is that the truth, you young rascal?" Frank asked suspiciously. He well knew Yen Chin's truly Oriental disregard for veracity. "Honest truth! No can lie," said Yen Chin meekly. Frank Richards laughed, and went on into the school-ground. The snow was thick against the palisade, and the schoolboys were soon busily engaged in a snowball battle. Frank Richards had forgotten the incident of the dinner-table, but it was recalled to his mind when he came on Kern Gunten moving unsteadily towards the house. He was about to hurl a snowball, when he caught sight of the Swiss' face. It was pale, and his lips were twitching. Frank ran to him. "Are you ill, Gunten?" he exclaimed. The Swiss groaned. "I—I don't know. I—I've got something the matter. I feel as if I'd been poisoned! Ow!" "Poisoned!" repeated Frank, with a start. "Oh! Ow! Lend me a hand to the porch." Frank, with a chill at his heart, helped the Swiss to a seat in the porch. Gunten sat down, and pressed both hands to his stomach, the beads of perspiration thick upon his brow. "Hallo! What's the matter?" called out Bob Lawless, as he came up with several other fellows. "Gunten's ill." "Been sampling the whisky again, Gunty?" grinned Eben Hacke. Gunten groaned. "I'm poisoned! Ow! Ow!" "What rot!" said Bob. "You've only got a pain." "Ow! Ow!" Frank Richards looked round uneasily for Yen Chin. The Chinese was there, regarding the Swiss with a mocking grin. Frank grasped him by the shoulder. "You young madman!" he muttered. "What have you done?" "Allee light; me killee Guntee," said Yen Chin calmly. "Guntee great blute; scaldee poor little Chinese. Me killee." "What have you done?" exclaimed

Frank, shaking him fiercely. "Did you put anything in Gunten's lemonade?" "Me puttee." Gunten shrieked. "He's poisoned me! I'm dying!" "Good heavens!" exclaimed Beauclere. "What has the mad young idiot done?" "Only poison Guntee," said Yen Chin. Frank Richards simply staggered. Yen Chin looked round innocently at the startled, aghast faces round him. "All setene," he said. "Chinee poison velly quick. Gunten no suffer muchee. In five minute Guntee deadee." "Help!" moaned Gunter. "Send for a doctor! Oh, I'm dying!" He leaned back on the seat in the porch, gasping for breath, his hard face lined with pain. The schoolboys looked on in horror. "Call Miss Meadows!" gasped Lawrence. Chunksy Todgers ran into the house to seek the schoolmistress. "No call Misses Meadee!" exclaimed Yen Chin. "No gooddee. Guntee deadee in five minute. No mattee; onlee foieign tlash." Gunten groaned. "You mad young idiot!" breathed Bob Lawless. "Don't you know what you've done?" "Yes; me killee Guntee." Miss Meadows came hastily out of the schoolhouse, followed by the horror-stricken Chunksy. Her face was pale. "What is this?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the groaning Swiss. "I'm poisoned!" muttered Gunten. "I'm dying! Oh, the awful pain!" "Good heavens! What—" "It was Yen Chin!" said Frank. "He—he must be mad! I thought he was playing some trick with Gunten's lemonade. And he says—he says he's put poison in it because Gunten scalded him!" Yen Chin nodded. Guntee nearly deadee," he remarked. "Thlee more minute, and Guntee quite deadee. You no suffee muchee painee, Guntee." "It cannot be possible!" said Miss Meadows, aghast. "I do not believe it! You are speaking falsely, Yen Chin. Tell me the truth. Have you really placed anything in Gunten's drink?" "Yes, missiee." "What was it? Tell me the truth!" Yen Chin hesitated. His almond eyes were gloating upon Gunten's terror, but there was a glimmer in them that was more humorous than ferocious. "Me puttee in powdee," he said at last. "What kind of powder?" "Powdee buyee at chemist in Thomp-son," confessed Yen Chin. Miss Meadows breathed with relief. "Then it is certainly not poison!" she exclaimed. "The chemist would not sell you poison. It must be a harmless powder." "Yen Chin grinned. "Allee light," he said calmly. "Take one spoonee full, one dose. Take two spoonee full, velly big dose. Take thlee spoonee full, give lots of pain in tummee. Me give Guntee thlee spoonee full. Guntee no see. Guntee velly big fool. Guntee have painee, no die." The Swiss sat upright on the bench. The schoolboys stared blankly at the Chinese. His chuckle was reassuring. It was evidently a harmless medicinal powder he had given the Swiss, though painful inwardly if taken in overlarge doses. Gunten almost forgot his pain in his rage as he realised that he had once more been the victim of the little Celestial's cunning. "Feel better, Gunten?" grinned Bob Lawless. Frank Richards gasped with relief. Miss Meadows fixed a stern look upon Yen Chin. "How dare you play such a trick, you wicked boy?" she exclaimed. "You have spoken falsely, too!" "All Chinee tellee whooppee," said Yen Chin innocently. "Me playee tickee on Guntee because wicked Guntee scaldee Chinee." "That was an accident—was it not, Gunten?" "Ow! Yes! Ow!" "Guntee tellee whooppee." "There is nothing to be alarmed about," said Miss Meadows severely. "Yen Chin, I shall punish you. Come into my room!" The Celestial ceased to grin as he followed Miss Meadows in. There was a terrific yelling from within the schoolhouse for a few minutes, and then Yen Chin came out, doubled up, and still bowling. "My hat! Miss Meadows must have laid it on this time!" exclaimed Frank Richards. He clapped Yen Chin on the shoulder. "Cheer up, kid! Why—what—" Yen Chin suddenly undoubled, as it were, and looked up at him with a placid grin. "Allee light!" he said cheerfully. "Then what were you yelling about?" demanded Frank indignantly. The astute Chinese chuckled. "Yellee muchee, so Misses Meadee not hurtee poor little Chinese," he explained. "No hurtee, and no wantee be hurtee—savvy?" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. Frank Richards did not speak. He could only stare at the astute little rascal. He felt that Yen Chin, the wily son of the Flowery Land, was too much for him!

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY. "A REGULAR TERROR!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!