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

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ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending March 16th, 1918.

THE LAST OF LATTREY!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Mornny Decides.

"Well, Jimmy?" Arthur Edward Lovell asked the question after a long silence. Jimmy Silver was standing outside the cave in the old quarry on Coombe Heath, with a deep wrinkle of thought on his brow.

The sun had risen over the heath, and light and warmth penetrated into the quarry.

Lovell had been watching the captain of the Rookwood Fourth for some time without speaking, but he broke the silence at last.

He, too, was looking very thoughtful.

Jimmy Silver looked up. "We're in a fix," he said. "We are!" agreed Lovell. "It's a rotten position!" "I know it is, old scout!" "And I'm blessed if I quite know what to do!" said Jimmy Silver frankly. "Hallo, Mornny!"

Mornington, the blind junior, came out of the cave with Kit Erroll. The quarry cave was crowded with Rookwood juniors, eating a rough-and-ready breakfast.

"Thinkin' it out, Silver?" asked Mornington, turning his unseeing eyes upon the captain of the Fourth. "Ye-es."

"Any result?" asked Mornny, with a smile.

"Well, no!" "Let Mornny give his opinion," said Lovell. "After all, it's about Mornny—the barring-out and the rest of it."

Jimmy Silver hesitated. "We can't give in," he said. "Nothing's happened to make us give in. Only—only things are a bit different at Rookwood now. We barred out the Head for a good reason—we were in the right, and he was in the wrong."

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell. "He refused to expel Lattrey of the Fourth after the rotter had blinded Mornny," continued Jimmy Silver. "We undertook to keep up the barring-out till Lattrey was kicked out of Rookwood. Nothing's happened to alter that. Lattrey's still at Rookwood, and we've left, camped here—to keep it up. And we'd keep it up till Dr. Chisholm caved in, only—only—"

He paused. "Only the Head's brother is lying ill at Rookwood, and may die," said Lovell quietly. "And under the circumstances it's no time for giving the Head trouble, though he's in the wrong."

"I was thinking of that," said Erroll. "Only," said Jimmy Silver, "we're fairly committed to it now. It isn't only that we won't stand Mark Lattrey at Rookwood after what he's done; but we can't surrender. If we give in now on account of the Head's trouble, we can't begin again. And besides that, the Head's promised to sack some of us and flog the rest for barring him out. We can't be expected to walk into Rookwood and take that smiling."

"The Head may change his mind about that after what's happened," said Mornny.

"Perhaps. He hasn't said so." "He can't be thinking of anything now but his brother," remarked Erroll.

"Yes, I know. But—" There was a silence, and Jimmy Silver's brows wrinkled again.

It was a difficult position for the rebels of Rookwood, and Jimmy, usually full of resource, did not see a way out.

For days the barring-out at Rookwood had gone on, till the rebels were driven from their position, and then the whole Fourth Form had marched out of the school in a body, with "No surrender" for their motto.

What would come of it they did not know; but they knew that they did not intend to return to Rookwood while Mark Lattrey was there.

But the tragic happenings of the previous night had wrought a change. "My hat! Here comes Bootles!" exclaimed Lovell suddenly.

"Bootles, by Jove!" called out Raby.

The rebel juniors crowded out of the cave in some excitement.

Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, was descending the rough path into the quarry, panting a good deal with his exertions.

He was gasping as he came up to the group of juniors.

Jimmy Silver & Co. "capped" him respectfully. They had no quarrel with their Form-master.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Newcome politely.

"Ah! Ahem! H'm!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Good-morning, my boys!" "So kind of you to give us a look-in, sir!" said Conroy.

Mr. Bootles coughed again.

"My boys, I have come from the Head," he said impressively.

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"Dr. Chisholm has acquainted me with what happened last night," said Mr. Bootles. "A most extraordinary occurrence! It appears that some rascally character was caught making light-signals on the heath to the air raiders—"

"A filthy German spy, sir!" said Jimmy Silver. "They've got him now. The police fetched him away."

"And a soldier was severely wounded in arresting him," said Mr. Bootles. "I was gone to bed at the time, but the Head informs me this morning that you, Silver, and some others carried the wounded man to the school."

"That's right, sir!"

"It is possible that he may recover," said Mr. Bootles. "And, in that case, undoubtedly you saved his life, Silver. It appears that it was also due to you that the wretched German was arrested. You are already aware, I think, that this soldier—Private Smith—is really the Head's younger brother, who enlisted under an assumed name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."



COLLARING CARTHEW!

"The Head is naturally very grateful for the assistance you rendered to his brother," said Mr. Bootles.

"Under the circumstances, he is prepared to overlook your conduct in rebelling against his authority. You will see for yourselves, my boys, that this is no time for further lawlessness. Mr. Oliver Chisholm lies in the shadow of death."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Return to the school at once, and I have the Head's assurance that the whole matter shall be buried in oblivion," said Mr. Bootles. "There shall be no question of punishment for anyone who has taken part in the barring-out. The matter shall be forgotten. I am sure, Silver, that you realise that rebellion is quite—quite out of place in the present serious juncture."

Jimmy Silver looked at his comrades.

"What about Lattrey, sir?" he asked at last.

"Lattrey is still at Rookwood."

"But—"

"I may tell you, my boys, that Dr. Chisholm had very serious reasons indeed for allowing Lattrey to remain at the school, in spite of his offence," said Mr. Bootles. "But, apart from that, you must surely see, Silver, that you cannot push this controversy farther while the Head is suffering from such terrible anxiety on account of his brother."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

Mr. Bootles' appeal went to his heart. He had been thinking much the same already.

Yet to accept the Head's offer was to give up the whole matter in dispute, and to allow the cad of Rookwood to remain at the school, unpunished and triumphant.

It was not a pleasant position for

the leader of the Rookwood rebellion, and his face showed how troubled he was.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Bootles. It was Mornington who broke the silence among the rebels.

"Better take the offer, Silver," said the blind junior quietly. "We can't rag the Head now—that's impossible. As for Lattrey, there are other ways of dealing with him. It's impossible to keep on under the circumstances. But if Lattrey doesn't go, there's nothing to prevent another barring-out when the Head's brother is well again."

"Something in that," assented Lovell.

"Let it stand over," said Mornington.

Jimmy Silver made up his mind. Mornington, as the victim of Lattrey's ruffianly brutality, had the right to decide.

"We're coming back, sir," Jimmy said at last.

Mr. Bootles looked relieved.

Tommy Dodd, the Modern junior, broke in.

"It's understood—no expulsions, no punishments of any sort?" he exclaimed.

"You have my assurance on that point, Dodd," said Mr. Bootles, with dignity. "Dr. Chisholm has also spoken to Mr. Manders, and given him very definite instructions."

"Very well, sir," said Tommy.

"I am glad that you have come to this very proper decision, my boys," said Mr. Bootles kindly. "I shall expect you at Rookwood."

And the little gentleman laboured away up the steep path from the quarry, leaving the rebels of Rookwood to follow.

The Rookwood rebellion was over—for the present, at least.

The 2nd Chapter. Algy is Too Sportive.

"By gad, they're here!" Adolphus Smythe of the Shell looked round, and stared at the Fourth-Formers in the dining-room.

The Classical Fourth were there. They had turned up to dinner as if nothing had happened.

As a matter of fact, they were not sorry to turn up to dinner.

Had the rebellion gone on the food problem would probably have become very acute.

A barring-out in war-time had its own drawbacks.

"Cheeky young bounders!" remarked Tracy of the Shell. "I suppose there's goin' to be floggin's all round this afternoon. It'll do 'em good."

"Lots of good!" agreed Smythe heartily.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. looked cheerful enough.

There was only one dark face in the Classical Fourth—that of Lattrey.

Lattrey of the Fourth did not find it pleasant to be among his Form-fellows once more.

With Mornington, the blind junior, still in their midst, the Fourth were not likely to forgive Lattrey.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had not wavered in their demands. Lattrey would never, with their consent, remain at Rookwood.

The dispute was simply left over for the time, to be renewed when the present shadow was lifted from Rookwood.

Lattrey knew it.

True, it might not be an easy task to revive the barring-out—it might be impossible.

But that was the present intention of the rebels, if Lattrey did not go.

(Continued on the next page.)



THE LAST OF LATTREY!

(Continued from the previous page.)

if you tried it on!" said Algy, blowing out a little cloud of smoke. "You haven't answered my question, Jimmy."

"What question?" growled Jimmy. "About Monday afternoon's race. Do you fancy Powder Puff?"

"Is that rot still going on?" asked Raby. "I heard that racing was abolished for the duration."

Algy chuckled.

"No jolly fear!" he said. "They report that every now and then, blessed if I know why! It's goin' strong. I fancy I shall pick up some quids over the Woodford races. Like to have a sov. on, Jimmy?"

"You shady little blackguard!" said Jimmy Silver, his anger breaking out at last. "Put that smoke away!"

"Rats!"

"Then I'll make you!"

"Hands off, you silly fool!" shouted Algy furiously as his cousin grasped him. Jimmy Silver did not heed.

The cigarette slid into Algy's mouth as Jimmy shook him, and he yelled as he got the hot end. He spat it out as he struggled in Jimmy's grasp.

"Let me go! I'll kick your shins!" yelled Algy.

Jimmy held him fast with one hand, and with the other extracted a packet of cigarettes from his pocket.

He threw them on the ground, and crushed them under his boot.

Then he sat the struggling fag down on the ground, with a bump, on the crushed smokes.

Algy Silver was left sitting there, gasping for breath, and not looking quite so sportive, as the Fistical Four walked on their way.

Jimmy's brows were knitted.

"That's the young scamp that my father and uncle expect me to keep an eye on!" he growled. "What's a fellow to do with him?"

"What you've just done, and a little more!" grinned Lovell. "That's what he wants, and a lot of it!"

But Jimmy only frowned.

He had a sense of duty towards his cousin in the Third Form, but how he was to do his duty, and keep the reckless fag from the downward path, was a deep problem.

The 3rd Chapter.

Carthew Has No Luck.

Mr. Bootles coughed as he came into the Form-room that afternoon to take the Fourth.

It was quite a considerable time since the Fourth Form had turned up to lessons, and Mr. Bootles was very glad to have matters on their old footing again.

He expected some slackness in the class, and he was prepared to "go easy" for a time till things settled down.

But Jimmy Silver & Co., having come to a decision, decided to "go the whole hog," and they were quite respectful and attentive to their Form-master.

Only Towny & Co., the nuts of the Fourth, indulged in slackness, but that was because they were slackers.

They had been very slack in the barring-out, but they were ready to use the barring-out as an excuse for slackness in class.

Mr. Bootles, however, was quite prepared to deal with the nuts, and he soon brought Townsend & Co. to order.

Lattrey was in the class, his presence totally ignored by the rest of the Fourth.

Mr. Bootles, indeed, had no more to do with Lattrey than he could help.

The cad of Rookwood inspired him with as much disgust as in the case of the Form.

The outcast of Rookwood was "persona non grata" with a vengeance!

Lattrey's face was sullen and dark, and he was as slack and impertinent to the Form-master as he dared to be.

Mornington came in for lessons that afternoon, and afterwards the blind junior came to tea in the end study with the Fistical Four, Erroll coming with him.

"I'm leavin' you after tea," Mornington announced, with a smile. "My merry old guardian seems to have been rather waxy about my comin' back with Erroll for the barrin' out. I'm goin' home again to see his giddy specialist."

"I hope he'll be able to help you, old chap!" said Jimmy Silver.

"While there's life there's hope," answered Mornington coolly. "I should be glad if he could. I don't want to miss the cricket when it begins, if I can help it. You'll want a bowler."

Jimmy laughed.

"You take it jolly cheerfully, anyway!" he remarked.

"What's the good of grousin'?" said Mornington. "Tain't so bad, either. Erroll's comin' home with me for a few days. The Head's agreed. I'm a privileged person these times. Erroll seems to like yankin' me about. When he gets tired of it I shall buy a dog."

"I sha'n't get tired of it, old fellow," said Erroll.

"No accountin' for tastes," said Mornington.

After tea Jimmy Silver & Co. saw Mornington and Erroll off at the station.

They had a keen desire to hear good news of the junior, who had borne his terrible misfortune with such cool and good-humoured fortitude.

They met Bulkeley of the Sixth in the quadrangle as they came in.

The captain of Rookwood gave them a rather grim look, but then he smiled and nodded.

"I'm glad you're settling down at last," Bulkeley remarked, rather sarcastically.

"Yes; it's a change, isn't it?" agreed Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm really sorry we had to biff you, Bulkeley, when you were backing up the Head the other day. No offence meant, of course!"

Bulkeley laughed.

"Well, mind your p's and q's, that's all!" he said, and walked away.

"Good old Bulkeley!" said Lovell approvingly. "He don't bear malice—though he's a prefect and we walloped him like a fag! I fancy all the prefects don't feel the same, though."

"They can't touch us," said Newcome. "It's arranged for everything to be looked over."

"Some of them will treat that like a scrap of paper, I fancy."

"We'll be ready for them, if they do," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Lovell's words were a prophecy.

Carthew of the Sixth met the juniors as they went into the house, and stopped them.

The bully of the Sixth had not forgotten the "walloping," if Bulkeley had.

"Oh, here you are!" he snapped. "Here we are, as large as life, and twice as natural," answered Jimmy Silver. "Did you miss us much, Carthew?"

"It seems that the Head's let you off!" growled Carthew.

"Looks like it, old scout."

"Well, if you think I'm going to let you off, you're mistaken," said Carthew. "Come into my study!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked belligerent at once.

This was breaking the terms of peace with a vengeance.

But Jimmy Silver made his chums a sign to obey, and they followed the prefect into his study.

Carthew picked up a stout cane, with a grin.

"I dare say you thought you had got clear off," he remarked.

"We thought so," assented Jimmy Silver.

"You seem to have got round the Head over that affair of picking up the soldier on the heath."

"Just so."

"But you haven't got round me," said Carthew grimly.

"Perhaps we may be able to get round you," suggested Jimmy Silver, closing one eye at his chums.

Carthew laughed.

"I think not," he said. "You handled me, when you were barring out the Head—me, a prefect of the Sixth! I'm not likely to let you off for that."

"I suppose not."

"In fact, I'm going to give you such a thundering good hiding that you'll remember it for the rest of the term," said Carthew, his eyes gleaming. "You first, Silver. Hold out your hand!"

"What for?"

"To be caned, you young fool."

"No need to hold out my hand, then," smiled Jimmy Silver. "I'm not going to be caned."

Carthew squared his jaw.

"I'm not here to talk to you," he said. "I'm going to lick you. You can have it on you paw or across your shoulders. Take your choice."

"Neither, thanks!"

Carthew strode at Jimmy, cane in hand. "Line up!" rapped out Jimmy.

The Fistical Four did not wait for Carthew. They rushed at him.

The prefect lashed out with the cane, and Jimmy yelled as he caught it with his neck.

But Carthew had time for only one lash.

The next instant he went with a crash to the floor, with the Fourth-Formers sprawling over him.

"Yarrah!" roared Carthew. "You young villains—"

"Pin him!" yelled Jimmy.

"Hurrah!"

"Turn him over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver snatched up the cane, while Lovell & Co. whirled Carthew over and pinned him face down on the floor. The Sixth-Former struggled furiously,

but three pairs of knees were planted in him, pinning him securely.

Then Jimmy got to work with the cane.

It rose and fell with great rapidity. Whack, whack, whack!

Wild yells came from Carthew as he struggled under the juniors.

"Yow! Ow! Ow! Help! Yooop!" Whack, whack, whack!

The door was thrown open, and Bulkeley of the Sixth strode in.

The Rookwood captain stared, almost petrified, at the sight of a Sixth-Form prefect being flogged by juniors.

"What's this?" he gasped. "What—?" Jimmy Silver threw down the cane.

"That'll do, you fellows," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What does this mean?" roared Bulkeley.

"Carthew was breaking the truce," explained Jimmy Silver. "He brought us here to cane us for the barring-out. So we caned him."

Carthew sat up, gasping.

"Collar them, Bulkeley, the young fiends! Yooop!"

Bulkeley pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he said briefly.

"Certainly."

"Stop them!" howled Carthew, staggering up. "I'm going to lick them—I'm going to smash them! I—I—"

Bulkeley stepped in the enraged prefect's way as the Fistical Four walked out of the study.

"That's enough," said the Rookwood captain curtly. "The Head's pardoned them, Carthew, and given instructions that the matter is to be dropped. You should not have revived it."

"I—I—I—" stammered Carthew.

"You've got what you asked for," said Bulkeley. "If you touch them again, on account of the barring-out, you'll have to deal with me, Carthew!"

He left the study, leaving the bully of the Sixth gritting his teeth.

After that incident Carthew decided to let bygones be bygones, which was just as well for Carthew.

The 4th Chapter.

A Leaf from the Past!

"Oliver!"

Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood, spoke in a low, soft tone.

The Rookwood fellows would hardly have known their severe, stern-featured headmaster at that moment.

The sick man turned his head a little, and smiled at his brother as he sat by the bedside.

For many days Oliver Chisholm—once known as "Private Smith"—had lain in terrible weakness upon his bed of pain.

But the crisis had passed; loving care had done much for him, and he was on the mend, though slowly.

During those days the Head of Rookwood had been pale, troubled, silent—little seen in the school.

The barring-out of the juniors was a forgotten incident to the Head, absorbed by his brother's danger—even the power wielded over him by Lucas Lattrey, the father of Lattrey of the Fourth, had faded from his mind.

For his brother's danger had broken through the Head's icy reserve.

He had cast off the outcast, he had determined never to speak or to hear his name, but in spite of himself the old affection had survived somewhere in his heart, almost unknown to him.

His brother, twenty years younger than himself, had been more like a son to him in the old days, and the old, kind affection had revived while Oliver Chisholm lay in the shadow of death.

In that terrible hour when he had believed himself dying, Oliver Chisholm had spoken to Jimmy Silver a message to the Head—a message that he was innocent of the black crime charged against him, and for which he had suffered.

The Head had believed him.

The miserable doubt of years had been swept away in a moment.

But what the Head believed was not likely to be believed by others.

If it was true that "Private Smith," of the Loamshire Regiment, was the "Lieutenant Smith" who had been condemned for treachery in the South African War, Oliver Chisholm would pass from his sick-bed to grim judgment.

"Oliver!"

The Head's voice trembled.

"I am out of danger now," said the sick man, in a low voice. "But you, Edward—do you believe in me now?"

"I do, I do!" muttered the Head. "And yet—"

"After that—that misery fifteen years ago I wrote to you—"

The Head flushed.

"I did not read your letter, Oliver. I—I believed that you were guilty—you were condemned by court-martial."

"It was a mistake," said Oliver Chisholm quietly. "When I joined up in the South African War I meant to do my

duty, and atone for the recklessness of the past. I did my duty. I was given a commission. I hoped to be able to return to my own country in my own name. But then came Hermann Schultz. A bitter look came over his pale face. "We did not know the Germans in those days, Edward, as we know them now. Schultz fell into my hands. I took him for a volunteer on the Boer side. I did not know then that he was a spy and a scoundrel, sent from Germany to stir up strife in South Africa."

"But—but—the Head breathed hard—"

"Oliver, according to the evidence at the court-martial, you were in league with this German, and in concert you led your detachment into an ambushade."

The pale cheeks of the invalid flushed.

"He was too cunning for me," he said. "He offered his services as a guide. I was in command of a detachment, pursuing a commando which had long eluded our troops. I made use of him, without trusting him. He guided us to the kloof where the Boers were in cover. I left my men at the head of the kloof, and went to reconnoitre the position, taking the guide with me."

"He escaped, and in my absence my men were attacked and dispersed. They would have been destroyed, had not a cavalry detachment arrived in time to save them. I heard the firing from a distance, but I was taken by half a dozen fleeing Boers, and they carried me away with them, a prisoner. It was weeks later that I escaped, and as soon as I fell in with British troops I was placed under arrest."

He paused.

"Go on," said the Head quietly.

"Schultz had been taken, and tried as a spy. He had declared, from sheer malice and hatred of me, that I was his confederate. It was not believed that I had been a prisoner at all. It was known that I had known Schultz before, though only as a mere acquaintance. It came out that I had joined the Army under an assumed name. Everything was against me. I had been tricked by the German's treachery, but it looked as if I had been a party to it. I could not complain, for on the evidence the court-martial could have given no other verdict. I escaped before my sentence could be carried out. That is my story."

The Head was silent.

"You do not believe me?"

"Once I should not have believed you," said the Head, with a sigh. "But I believe you now. This man Schultz, if he could be found, could tell the truth; but that is hopeless."

"He is found," said Oliver Chisholm.

"Let me finish. When you did not answer my letter, I gave up hope of you—of everything. I admit that I slid back into the wretched life I had meant to leave behind for ever." He flushed. "But behind for ever." He flushed. "But after many years my chance came again."

"The war?"

"Yes. In 1914 I joined Kitchener's Army. I have served in Flanders as a soldier, and my officers will tell you that I have been a good soldier. I was wounded at the Somme, and again in the advance at Bapaume. Since then I have been in a home unit. What happened that night on the heath at Coombe you know. I found a German signalling to the air-raid, and he shot me down when I seized him. It was the first time I had seen Hermann Schultz since the old days in South Africa."

Dr. Chisholm started.

"That man was Schultz?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"He is in the hands of the police now."

"I know it."

"He knew you?"

Oliver Chisholm smiled bitterly.

"He knew me, as I knew him. He thought at first he had nothing to fear from me, as my old sentence was hanging over my head. I soon undeceived him on that point."

The Head's lips trembled with agitation.

"But—but now he will speak!" he exclaimed. "It will be known that you are the Lieutenant Smith sentenced by court-martial in the South African war."

"I imagine that it is known already," said the soldier quietly. "I shall pass from this bed to arrest, Edward. I am sorry for your sake."

"Good heavens!"

"But I do not think that old sentence will be carried out now. I have my record in Flanders in my favour; and there is the fact that I seized the spy on Coombe Heath, and was wounded almost to death. I even hope that my name may be cleared."

"It must—it shall be cleared!" exclaimed the Head, starting to his feet. "I will go to Latham. I will see your commanding officer. I will tell him what you have told me, and that you are my brother. And this villain, Schultz, he may be made to tell the truth!"

"I do not hope for that."

"He shall—he must! I may have good news for you yet, Oliver."

The Head hurried from the room.

A new hope was in his breast.

His brother's name cleared. That old shadow of shame lifted from him! Could it be?

And then—then, too, Lucas Lattrey's power would be gone.

It was Oliver Chisholm's miserable secret that had constituted the detective's power over the Head of Rookwood.

The Head's heart was beating hard as he hurried from the sick-room.

The 5th Chapter.

Great News!

"The old sport looked no end bucked!" That was Adolphus Smythe's comment.

Adolphus had seen the Head leave Rookwood, with a new light and hope in his worn face.

Several of the fellows had seen him, too, and they wondered what was toward.

It was known now that the sick man was out of danger, and all Rookwood had rejoiced in the news.

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And meanwhile, he was sent to Coventry, and the Fourth Form remained elaborately unconscious of his existence.

Not a word was addressed to him, or answered to him if he spoke; not a glance was cast in his direction.

Had the rebellion been crushed, the ringleaders expelled, and the rest flogged the cad of Rookwood would have rejoiced, and he would have found his position easier.

But the present state of affairs was as "rotten," from Mark Lattrey's point of view, as that which had gone before.

He was beginning to wonder whether it was worth while, after all, for him to force his presence upon the school.

While the blind junior remained at Rookwood he could never hope to live down the heavy score against him.

Mornington had left Rookwood to visit a great specialist in London, who, his guardian hoped, might be able to do something for him, but he had returned when the rebels barred-out the Head.

Lattrey wondered whether his case was hopeless. He knew that Morny was to leave again now, for some days at least, and the young rascal found himself wishing that the dandy of the Fourth might yet be saved from the horror of darkness that had fallen upon him.

That, and that alone, could possibly make Lattrey's life tolerable once more at Rookwood.

After dinner Smythe of the Shell bore down upon Jimmy Silver & Co. in the quadrangle, and turned his eyeglass upon Jimmy.

"So you're back!" he remarked.

"Back from the Front," agreed Jimmy. "So jolly glad to see you again, Adolphus! By Jove, it's a week since I've knocked your hat off!"

Adolphus jumped back.

"When are you goin' to be flogged?" he inquired.

Jimmy chuckled.

The fact that the Head's young brother had been serving as a private in the ranks had caused quite a sensation in the school, and Oliver Chisholm, though he did not know it, was a hero in the eyes of all Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co., especially, were eager for him to appear again in public, intending to give him a Fourth Form ovation.

The dusk was falling when the Head returned to Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming in from the playing-fields as Dr. Chisholm stepped from his carriage, and they paused to look at him in sheer surprise.

The Head's face was bright. He looked years younger, and he stepped from the carriage lightly and cheerfully.

His glance fell upon the juniors, and he smiled.

After what had happened of late, Jimmy Silver had certainly not expected to receive a smile from his headmaster, and he fairly blinked as he "capped" the Head.

Dr. Chisholm made him a sign to approach.

Jimmy came up, feeling quite dazed with surprise.

"I have never thanked you yet, Silver, for your gallant action at the time my brother was wounded," said Dr. Chisholm. "Oh, sir!"

"I take this opportunity. But for you and your friends, my brother would have died that night when the cowardly German shot him down. I thank you from my heart, Silver!"

Jimmy stuttered, his face crimson. "And I thank you, too, for having seized the German, and prevented his escape," said the Head. "You and the others. It means more to me and to my brother than you can understand. My boys, there has been trouble and misunderstanding in the school, but all is forgiven and forgotten."

"Oh, sir!"

"If you had known why I allowed Lattrey of the Fourth Form to remain at Rookwood, I am sure you would not have acted as you did," said the Head. "There was a reason—a powerful reason, but that reason is no longer operative. That is all, my boy."

Dr. Chisholm entered the House, leaving Jimmy Silver rooted to the ground.

Lattrey of the Fourth was lounging in the hall.

The Head paused at the sight of him, his brows knitting.

"Lattrey!" he called out.

The outcast of Rookwood came up sullenly.

A dozen fellows were looking on, wondering what was going to happen.

There was a new expression upon the Head's face.

"Yes, sir!" muttered Lattrey. "I am about to send a telegram to your father, Lattrey," said Dr. Chisholm. "He will, I think, come to Rookwood this evening. You will go with him when he goes."

Lattrey started back.

"I—I go with him, sir!" he stammered.

"Undoubtedly."

"But—but—"

"After the conduct you have been guilty of, Lattrey, I cannot consent to allow you to remain at Rookwood," said the Head. "For certain reasons, I have delayed my decision. You will pack your box at once, and be ready to leave the school when your father arrives."

Lattrey's eyes blazed.

What was his father's mysterious power over the Head, he did not know, but it had proved so efficacious that Lattrey had not doubted that it would continue.

His house of cards had suddenly tumbled over.

"I—I am to go!" he stammered.

"I have said so, Lattrey."

"But—but my father—"

"Your father will take you away with him this evening. If he does not come in response to my telegram I shall send you home by the evening train in charge of a master. I will not consent to allow you to remain another day in the school you have disgraced."

"My father will not take me away!" shouted Lattrey, throwing all prudence to the winds in his fury. "You cannot! My father will not allow—"

"Silence!"

The Head swept on, leaving Lattrey pale and furious, gritting his teeth.

"Hurrah!" shouted Lovell.

"Bravo!"

"Bedad, and you've got it at last, Lattrey darling!" chuckled Flynn of the Fourth. "Shall I come and help you pack, dear boy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver rubbed his eyes.

"What the thump does it mean, you fellows?" he asked his chums. "What's made the Head make up his merry old mind all of a sudden?"

"Ask me another!" said Lovell, equally astonished. "He wouldn't sack Lattrey to stop a barring-out; now it's all over he's sacked him. It beats me hollow!"

"It takes the cake, and no mistake!" said Raby. "But all's well that ends well. Lattrey's going!"

"Hurrah!"

There was immense satisfaction in the Rookwood Fourth, and in the other forms, when the news spread.

In all Rookwood there was only one fellow who received the news with repining, and that was Lattrey himself.

There was no one to regret the cad of Rookwood when he went.

Dr. Chisholm entered the sick-room quietly.

The soldier turned his patient face towards the Head of Rookwood.

His eyes glistened as he saw the brightness in the expression of the Head, who came quickly to the bedside.

"You have news?" he breathed.

"The best of news, Oliver. My dear, dear brother, you will forgive me for ever having doubted you." The Head's voice broke. "I should have known—I should have known—"

"Long ago," said Oliver, with a smile. "I never resented. I had to right. But—but what—"

"Schultz has confessed everything," said the Head, with a smile. "He is evidently as great a scoundrel now as he ever was. To save his miserable life he has betrayed his masters in his own country, and given much information. Among the rest he has confessed the truth as to the past, and, so far as it was in his power, he has cleared your name."

The soldier breathed hard.

"That means—"

"It means all you could wish, Oliver. Your record in Flanders helped. I find that you had already been recommended for promotion. When you leave here, my dear lad, you will rejoin the colours, and your old rank will be restored to you."

"Thank Heaven!"

There was a silence for some time; the soldier's feelings were too deep for words.

The shadow that had long lain upon his life was to be lifted.

Once more he could look men in the face without fear, bearing his own name.

"Schultz has only helped," said the Head after a time. "You have proved yourself in battle, Oliver, and your gallantry in dealing with the spy on the heath has done most of all. But all is well now; the shadow is lifted."

"I am as glad for your sake as my own," said the soldier, in a low voice.

The Head smiled.

"And there is more reason than you think," he said. "There is a scoundrel who knew the whole story, and had held me at his mercy, with the threat of publishing it and disgracing my name. Now I shall deal with him!"

It was of Lucas Lattrey that the Head was thinking.

"I am glad!" said Oliver Chisholm simply.

His heart was light that evening.

And the headmaster's heart, too, was

order—he had packed his box, with anger and bitterness in his breast.

He said to himself that the Head would not dare, that his father would bend him to his will yet, as he had bent him before.

But while he said it he doubted. The Head's look and tone had not been in any way uncertain.

Lattrey could not help feeling that his career at Rookwood, shameful from the beginning, was very near its end.

He had had his chances, and he had lost them.

He had done his worst, and the hour of the final reckoning had come.

There was still a glimmer of hope in his breast that his father would bring the Head to terms, but it was faint.

After packing his box he wandered moodily about the schoolhouse, his hands in his pockets, a bitter scowl upon his face.

The juniors did not interfere with him. They were glad that he was to go.

They were anxious to see the last of him, but that was all.

At the sound of wheels outside Mark Lattrey hurried to the door, and was in time to meet his father as Mr. Lattrey came in.

Mr. Lattrey's face was dark and angry.

It grew darker still at the sight of his son.

"What does this mean, Mark?" he exclaimed harshly. "What has happened?"

"I don't know, father," said Lattrey in a low voice. "The Head's told me to pack my box. He said he's telegraphed for you."

"I have his telegram here," said Mr. Lattrey, compressing his lips. "He tells me he expects me here this evening, to take you away from the school."

"You will not—"

"Certainly not!"

The detective rapped out the words sullenly.

Lattrey's sullen face brightened a little.

"I knew he dared not!" he muttered. "I knew you would—"



"Hands off, you silly fool!" shouted Algy furiously, as his cousin grasped him. "Let me go! I'll kick your shins!"

light, when his telegram despatched, he waited for Lucas Lattrey to arrive at Rookwood.

The power of the detective was gone. The shameful secret he had long held over the Head of Rookwood was a secret no longer, and the shame was a thing of the past.

What Lucas Lattrey knew he was welcome to proclaim from the house-tops if he chose.

He could do no harm now that the truth was known.

Whether the man, in his arrogance, would refuse to come at the Head's call Dr. Chisholm cared little.

His power was broken, and that night Lattrey of the Fourth was to go.

That was settled.

But later in the evening there was a sound of wheels in the quadrangle, and he knew that Lucas Lattrey had come.

The 6th Chapter. The Last of Lattrey.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were in a cheery mood that evening.

Jimmy had written the good news to Mornington and Erroll.

The Head's reasons the juniors did not know, but the fact itself was enough for them—Lattrey was to go!

The outcast's remaining in the school had caused strange rumours to grow among the juniors, added to Lattrey's own boasting.

There was a suspicion that Mr. Lattrey had, somehow, an influence over the Head that he dared not resist.

But if that rumour was well-founded it was evident that the influence existed no longer.

Lattrey was to go!

The outcast had obeyed the Head's

"I should not have come, but Dr. Chisholm stated that if I did not he would send you home in charge of a master," said Mr. Lattrey. "Nothing can have happened to change the situation since I was here last. I cannot understand it. But—his brows set grimly—"there has been enough of this. I shall speak plainly for the last time."

He turned away abruptly as Tupper came to show him to the Head's study.

Lattrey waited in the passage.

Several juniors had gathered round, and the outcast of Rookwood gave them a vaunting look.

"I'm not gone yet, Jimmy Silver!" he said between his teeth.

Jimmy glanced at him with quiet contempt.

"You're going," he said.

"We shall see."

"Wait and see!" grinned Lovell. "We'll wait here, and we'll jolly soon see, I think!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Lattrey had been shown into the Head's study.

Dr. Chisholm rose to meet him quietly, but with an expression on his face which had not been there when the London detective visited him last.

Lucas Lattrey plunged into the matter at once.

He held out a crumpled telegram, with an angry gesture.

"What does this mean, Dr. Chisholm?" he demanded harshly.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Lattrey."

"Thank you, I prefer to stand. I have not many minutes to remain here, as I intend to catch the next train back."

"Quite so. Your son is ready to accompany you—at all events, I gave him instructions to that effect."

"I do not understand this, Dr. Chisholm."

"I am willing to explain, if you choose," answered the Head tranquilly.

"The last time I saw you, it was arranged that my son was to remain at Rookwood School."

"I informed you that your son had been guilty of blackguardly and ruffianly conduct, which made it impossible for him to remain at Rookwood, Mr. Lattrey."

The detective made an impatient gesture.

"That has been discussed," he answered. "There is no need to go into that matter again. I refuse to recognise that there is any necessity for my son to leave Rookwood, and that ends the matter."

"On the contrary, it does not end it."

"Let us be plain, Dr. Chisholm. You agreed to retain my son in the school on condition that I rendered you a service on my side. That agreement, I believe, still stands."

The Head's eyes flashed over his spectacles.

"There was no agreement," he said. "In your professional capacity, you somehow learned the miserable story of my younger brother. This knowledge you held over my head, threatening me with the public exposure of a shameful story with which my name was connected. This is what is called blackmail."

"There is no need—"

"I desired secrecy," continued the Head, unheeding the detective's interruption. "For the sake of my name, and my wife and daughter, I dared not allow that shameful story to become public. You knew the secret, but you would not have used it if you had been an honourable man."

The detective shrugged his shoulders, with a sarcastic smile.

"I am a business man," he said curtly. "You compelled me, against my will, to retain in the school a boy of bad character," said the Head. "I did so in violation of my duty. Heaven forgive me!"

he was a wronged man, and the wrong has been righted."

"Impossible."

"Such is the case. My brother, sir, is at present under this roof, an honoured inmate of my home. His name is cleared, and when he leaves me it will be to resume his old rank, but under his right name—to wear the King's uniform, sir, with all honour."

The Head's voice rang with pride as he spoke.

Mr. Lattrey stared at him uneasily, and gnawed his lip.

He was beginning to understand.

"I do not believe it!" he muttered savagely.

"Believe it or not, as you choose, sir. My brother's name is cleared, and he fears nothing—and I fear nothing. It is for you to fear."

"I?" exclaimed the detective.

"You, sir," said Dr. Chisholm sternly. "What is to prevent me now from exposing your rascally scheme of blackmail?"

Mr. Lattrey bit his lip harder.

He had the look for the moment of a cornered animal.

"But I will not bandy words with you," said the Head. "Your son is waiting, and he will accompany you from the school at once. If you do not take him, sir, I will have him thrust from the gates. That is my last word."

The detective did not speak.

He gave the Head a long, bitter look, and turned upon his heel.

He knew now that his power was broken, and that the game was up, and there was nothing more to be said.

Without a word he quitted the study. His face was a little pale, and his brows savagely knitted, as he strode down the corridor.

Mark Lattrey was waiting there, and a dozen or more juniors had gathered, with curious faces.

Lattrey gave his father an anxious look.

"Come!" said Mr. Lattrey harshly.

"But—but—" Lattrey panted. "I am to stay—"

"You are to come with me," said Mr. Lattrey coldly and bitterly. "Have your box put in the hack."

"But—but—"

"Hold your tongue!"

Lattrey, with a face like a demon, hurried away.

His father strode away to the door, where he waited for him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another, smiling.

"Looks like the finish, what?" murmured Lovell.

"It do—it does!" smiled Jimmy Silver. "It seems to have taken the Head a jolly long time to make up his mind; but now he's done it, it's a fixture."

And the juniors chuckled.

Lattrey came downstairs, in his coat.

Lattrey came downstairs, in his coat. His box was placed in the hack, and Mr. Lattrey stepped in.

The outcast of the school gave the juniors a bitter look.

Quite a little army had gathered round to see him off.

"I'm going," muttered Lattrey thickly.

"I'm going, but—but—"

"Good-bye," said Jimmy Silver, with an effort. "Good-bye, Lattrey; and I hope you'll do better than you've done here."

Lattrey gritted his teeth.

"Somehow—some time—I'll make you sorry!" he muttered.

"Better get off," said Jimmy.

"Mark!" came a sharp, angry voice from the hack.

Lattrey, with a savage glance at the juniors, ran down the steps, and followed his father into the vehicle.

The juniors watched it drive away.

Old Mack came out to close the gates when the hack turned into the road.

Clang!

The big bronze gates clanged shut after the vehicle, and the Lattreys, father and son, were gone from Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath as he turned back into the House.

"Thank goodness he's gone!" he said. "I—I suppose we ought to forgive the chap now he's got the chopper, but—but—but I'm glad he's gone. Rookwood will be all the better without him."

To which Jimmy's chums responded with great heartiness:

"Hear, hear!"

Mark Lattrey was gone!

On the following day his place was empty in the Fourth Form, and there was no one to miss him.

In a few days he was hardly remembered.

And Jimmy Silver & Co. had other things to think of.

For, a few days later, there was a letter from Erroll, and it brought the good news that there was hope for Mornington.

The hope was slight, but it existed, and it was enough to make Erroll's letter a very happy one.

And Jimmy Silver & Co. rejoiced.

Another week had passed before Oliver Chisholm was able to don the khaki once more, as a convalescent.

Something of his story had leaked out, though all was not known, and it made him a greater hero than ever in the eyes of the Rookwooders.

It was a great day for Rookwood when Lieutenant Oliver Chisholm came over from Latham for a last visit before going back to the Front, and the old quadrangle rang with cheers for the Head's brother.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"OUTCAST AND HERO!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

YEN CHIN'S REFORMATION!

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 Path of Reform.

"Pool lil' Chinese velly miselable!"
Yen Chin, the "Chow" of Cedar Creek
School, made that statement in almost
heartrending accents.

His little yellow face was deeply
despondent, and his almond eyes seemed
on the point of streaming with tears.

He addressed Frank Richards & Co.,
and the chums of Cedar Creek sniffed in
chorus.

"Rats!" remarked Frank.

"Gammon!" said Bob Lawless.

"Draw it mild, kid!" said Vere Beau-
clerc. "You've taken us in too often,
you know."

"Me awfully sorry."

"You've said that before!" growled
Bob Lawless. "You're a beastly little
liar, Yen Chin, and a young rascal and a
spoof!" I suppose you can't help it, you
little heathen. But there you are!"

"You are exactly!" said Frank
Richards. "Now dry up!"

"Chinese velly miselable."

"Oh, rot!"

"Pool lil' Chinese cly!"

"Well, you can cry if you want to!"
said Frank. "Go ahead!"

Yen Chin sobbed.

The three chums looked at him rather
uncomfortably.

Yen Chin was a queer fellow, and his
ways were not Canadian ways.

He was a good little chap in his way,
but his slyness, his peculiar tricks, and
above all his astounding propensity to
deceit, had quite "fed up" the chums.

Yen Chin lied as easily as he breathed.

Whether he was "spoofing" now the
chums could not tell, but they thought
it very probable.

"Oh, cheese it, John!" said Bob Lawless
uneasily. "You've taken us in too often.
You're fooling us now, most likely."

"Chinese tellee tluth," said Yen Chin
tearfully.

"I guess you couldn't if you tried."

"No likee Yen Chin any more?" asked
the Celestial sadly. "No likee, and no
speakie to pool lil' Chinese? Me cly."

"Br-r-r!" grunted Bob.

"Me likee become Canadian likee blave
Bob Lawless!" said Yen Chin eagerly.

"You teachee, me learnee."

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank Richards,
puzzled by this demand.

"Handsome Flanky teachee me too,"
said Yen Chin.

"You buttery young bounder!" an-
swered Frank. "I believe you're only
pulling our leg now!"

"Handsome Flanky—"

"Chuck it, I tell you!"

"You teachee me, beautiful Chelub,"
said Yen Chin, turning to Vere Beauclerc.
Beauclerc laughed.

Bob Lawless had nicknamed him the
Cherub, a name that was not inappro-
priate.

Yen Chin added the adjective in his
fulsome Oriental way.

Evidently the Chinese thought that flat-
tery might be useful.

"You young ass!" answered Beauclerc.
Yen Chin gave another sob.

"No teachee pool lil' Chinese?" he asked.
Frank Richards and his chums looked
at one another.

It was quite possible that the young
rascal had seen the error of his ways,
and did not want to estrange the three
fellows who had befriended him.

If Yen Chin really had a yearning for
better things, certainly it was up to the
Cedar Creek chums to give him a helping
hand on the upward path.

"Well," said Bob Lawless at last, "if
you mean business, Yen Chin—"

"Me meanee old business floss word
go!" said Yen Chin eagerly.

"Well, the first thing to learn is to
tell the truth," said Bob.

"Me learnee."

"Don't tell any more lies, for a start.
If you can tell the truth for a bit, we'll
see about other things later."

"Me tellee tluth."

"We'll make a bargain," said Bob,
thinking it out. "You start telling the
truth, and every time I find you telling
a lie I'll give your pigtail a twist. Is it
a trade?"

Yen Chin grinned.

"Allee light."

"That's a cinch, then," said Bob. "I'll
keep an eye on you, and you can rely on
me to handle your topknot whenever
you slip off the frozen truth. Promise to
tell the truth, the whole truth, and
nothing but the truth, and keep your
promise. Savvy?"

"Me savvy."

"Then it's a go, and we'll give you
another trial," said Frank, laughing.



Squash! Fairly upon Mr. Slimmey's astounded head came the basket of oozy mud, completely bonneting him. "Gooooooh!"

"Handsome Flanky—"

"There you go again!" shouted Bob.

"Give me your pigtail!"

"But that's the tluth!" howled Yen
Chin. "Yen Chin speakie tluth. Flanky
handsome."

"Well, perhaps there's something in
that," admitted Bob. "Still—"

"No sayee your handsome, Bob."

"What!"

"That no tluth, so no sayee."

Bob Lawless' face was a study for a
moment, and his chums roared.

"Bob lather ugly," continued Yen Chin
cheerfully.

"Wha-a-at!" ejaculated Bob.

"Lather ugly face, big, clumsy feet,"
said Yen Chin calmly. "Talkie in loud
voice, like buffalo."

"You cheeky young jay!" roared Bob
wrathfully.

Yen Chin jumped back in alarm.

"Speakee tluth!" he yelled. "Allee
samee Canadian. You tellee Yen Chin
speakee tluth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank Richards.
"He's got you there, Bob! You told him
to speak the frozen truth, you know, and
he's doing it."

Bob grunted.

"Always speakie tluth now," said Yen
Chin, with a glimmer in his almond eyes.

"Likee pleasee Canadian fiend. Hand-
some Flanky silly ass!"

"What!" exclaimed Frank, taken
aback.

"Silly ass," answered Yen Chin. "Not
ugly like Bob, but silly ass like Chelub."

Beauclerc and Frank looked at one
another, and it was Bob Lawless' turn to
roar. And he did.

"Ha, ha, ha! Now you're getting it!
How do you like the frozen truth?"

"You cheeky little beast!" gasped
Frank. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin in-
nocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob. "Don't you
like the truth, Franky?"

Frank Richards gulped down his wrath.

If Yen Chin considered him a silly ass,
doubtless he was telling the truth ac-
cording to his lights.

More could not be expected in that
early stage of the Celestial's reform.

"Me always tellee tluth now," said Yen
Chin. "If peoples glumble, me sayee
Bob tellee me, allee light?"

Gunten, the Swiss, was passing on his
way to the schoolhouse, and Yen Chin
called out to him:

"Hallo, ugly face! Foreign tlash!"

Gunten turned round savagely.

"Ugly foreign tlash," continued Yen
Chin cheerfully. "Where you get that
face? Lookee likee coyote."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Beauclerc.

Gunten, surprised and angry, as was
natural under the circumstances, strode
towards Yen Chin with his fists clenched.

The little Chinese promptly dodged be-
hind Bob Lawless.

"Keepee Guntée off!" he exclaimed.

"Guntée no likee tluth, but Yen Chin
always tellee tluth now."

"Get out of the way, Lawless!" roared
Gunten. "I'll smash the cheeky little
beast!"

Bob pushed the angry Swiss back.

"Let him alone, Gunten!"

"Do you think I'm going to be talked
to like that by a sneaking heathen?"
roared Gunten.

"Well, Yen Chin's started telling the
truth," said Bob. "I've told him to."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you rotter—!" howled Gunten.

"Always tellee tluth," said Yen Chin,
with a smile that was childlike and bland.

"Blave Bob protect lil' Chinese if peoples
angry for tellee tluth. You frighten
glizzly bear with your face, Guntée."

The Swiss made a savage attempt to
get at the Celestial, but Bob pushed him
back again.

He could not fail to protect his new
disciple, who was, after all, only carry-
ing out his instructions, though not
exactly in the way intended.

"Keep back, Gunten," said Bob.

"You're not going to touch him."

The Swiss looked for a minute as if
he would hurl himself at the rancher's
son.

But he thought better of it, and
tramped away, scowling.

Yen Chin trotted into the lumber
schoolhouse with the three chums,
evidently in a state of great satisfac-
tion.

His resolve to tell the frozen truth on
all occasions, he apparently considered,
reinstated him in their friendship and
good opinion.

And whether it was stupidity, or
whether it was some more of his
Oriental slyness, the little "Chow"
evidently intended to keep on as he had
started, and as Bob Lawless was called
upon to protect the amateur truth-teller,
it looked as if Bob was booked for an
interesting time.

The 2nd Chapter. Too Much Truth!

Miss Meadows came in to take her
class, and morning lessons began at the
lumber school.

Frank Richards & Co. speedily forgot
all about Yen Chin and his reform as
they settled down to work.

But Yen Chin was not to be forgotten.

Either enthusiasm about his reform, or
a desire to pull the leg of his kind
instructor, made the little Chinese very
keen to keep to the "frozen truth" in
season and out of season.

Being asked, in the geography lesson,
a question concerning the population of
British Columbia, he answered that it
was composed of Chinese and barbarians,
an answer which made Miss Meadows open
her eyes.

"What? What did you say, Yen
Chin?" exclaimed the Canadian school-
mistress.

"Chinese and barbarians, missy."

"Boy!"

"In China, all white men barbarians,"
said Yen Chin calmly. "Chinese tinkee so.
English, Canadian, Melican, all bar-
barians to Chinese."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank
Richards.

Bob Lawless blinked at the Chinese.

Undoubtedly he was stating the Chinese
point of view, and it was the truth, from
that peculiar point of view.

The white man's point of view was
quite the opposite, but that did not
matter to Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows looked hard at her
Chinese pupil.

"You must not say such things, Yen

Chin," she said at last, hardly know-
ing how to deal with the young rascal.

"Me tellee tluth, missy. No can tellee
lie."

"Certainly you must tell the truth, Yen
Chin; but if you hold such extraordinary
opinions, you must not state them here."

"But you askee me, missy."

Miss Meadows passed on hastily to
another pupil.

The youth from the Flowery Land was
rather too much for her.

Yen Chin smiled at Bob Lawless.

"Me good boy, what you tinkee?" he
asked.

"You young rascal!" murmured Bob.

"No lascal for tellee tluth!" exclaimed
Yen Chin, in surprise.

Miss Meadows looked round sharply.

"You must not talk in class, Yen
Chin."

"Velly well, beautiful Missy Meadows."

"Wha-at?"

"Miss Meadows' beautiful, likee stars
and moon," said Yen Chin.

There was a giggle in the class, and
the schoolmistress coloured with vexa-
tion.

"You ridiculous boy, how dare you
speak to me in such a manner?" she
exclaimed.

"Beautiful Missy Meadows—"

"Boy!"

"When me glow up me lovee Miss
Meadows," said Yen Chin calmly. "Likee
velly much kissy beautiful face."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the whole class.

There was a howl of merriment from
Mr. Slimmey's class, too, and Mr. Slimmey
turned round and stared at the Chinese.

Yen Chin's extraordinary statement
had been heard all over the school-room.

Miss Meadows' face was crimson.

"Yen Chin!" she gasped.

"Yes, beautiful missy?"

"Are you out of your senses?" ex-
claimed Miss Meadows angrily. "If you
speak once more in that way, Yen Chin,
I shall send you away from the school."

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the class.

"Silence!" rapped out Miss Meadows
wrathfully. "I will detain for an hour
the next boy or girl who laughs."

Sudden gravity descended upon the
class.

"Yen Chin, I shall punish you for your
impertinence," said Miss Meadows. "Step
out here, you bad boy!"

Yen Chin blinked at her.

"No bad boy—velly good boy!" he ex-
claimed. "Me tellee tluth."

"Come here at once!"

"Me good boy," persisted Yen Chin.

"Me sayee what Bob tellee me."

Miss Meadows' eyes flashed at the un-
happy Bob.

"Lawless!"

"Ye-es, ma'am?" stammered Bob.

"Is it possible that you have induced
this foolish lad to be guilty of such
impertinence?" rapped out Miss Meadows.

"Nunno! I—I—"

"He says that he has said what you
told him to say!" exclaimed the school-
mistress.

"I—I didn't—I wasn't—!" stammered
Bob helplessly.

"Then the boy is lying," said Miss
Meadows. "Yen Chin, you are a wicked
boy, and I shall punish you severely."

"No lie!" yelled Yen Chin. "Tellee
frozen tluth. Bob tellee me, and me

plomise. Keepee plomise, likee good
boy."

"You promised Lawless to say such
things?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Yes, missy."

"What have you to say, Lawless?"

All eyes were turned on the unhappy
Bob, as he stood with a face like fire.

He had promised Yen Chin to twist his
pigtail if he caught him telling a lie,
but he felt more inclined to twist it now
for telling the truth.

"I—I—I—" stammered Bob.

"Well?" said Miss Meadows icily.

"I—I—I told him to tell the truth,
ma'am," groaned Bob. "I made him
promise to stop telling lies, and to tell
the truth, ma'am. That's all. I swear
that's all."

"Oh!"

"Allee light," said Yen Chin innocently.

"Me tellee tluth. Beautiful Miss
Meadows, with lovely face like sun and
moon—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Yen Chin, you—you—"

Words failed Miss Meadows. "You—you
know very well that you must not speak
in that way. You cannot fail to be aware
of it."

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin
sadly.

"Silence!"

Yen Chin sat silent, with a sad ex-
pression on his face.

He seemed to be deeply grieved at this
reception of his truth-telling.

Miss Meadows' colour was heightened
for some time, and she did not address
her cheerful Chinese pupil again that
morning.

Bob Lawless mentally promised him a
record hiding when lessons were over.

But when the school was dismissed, Yen
Chin joined his friends as they went out
with a beaming smile on his face.

"Ugly Bob velly pleased?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Frank.

"You beastly little heathen," shouted
Bob; "I'm going to rub your heathen
nose in the mud!"

"Whatee for?" demanded Yen Chin.

"For tellee tluth?"

Frank dragged his angry chum back.

"Chuck it, Bob! He's only doing what
you told him! He's reforming."

Bob Lawless choked down his wrath.

"I believe he's only pulling our leg,"
he snorted. "He's not such a silly fool
as he makes out."

"No fool—only tellee tluth," persisted
Yen Chin. "Flanky fool!"

Bob grinned.

"Oh, let's get away!" grunted Frank
Richards; and the three chums started
for the frozen creek, to slide, leaving
Yen Chin grinning.

The little Chinese seemed to be enjoy-
ing the path of reform.

The 3rd Chapter. Mr. Slimmey Catches It!

"Hallo, what's the game?"

Frank Richards & Co. stopped on the
bank of the creek.

They had suddenly come upon Chunky
Todgers and Hopkins, the Cockney.

The two schoolboys were very busy,
apparently weaving a basket of osiers,
Hopkins working under Chunky's skilful
direction.

Todgers looked up, with a grin on his
fat face.

"This is my little stunt," he answered.

"Keep it dark."

"But what's the game?" asked Bob.

"Gunten's the game. We're going to
fill this with nice, soft mud from the
creek," grinned Todgers.

"Oh! A booby-trap?" said Frank.

YEN CHIN'S REFORMATION!



(Continued from the previous page.)

He was close behind Mr. Slimmey when the latter reached the deserted cabin on the clearing.

With a grin of anticipation, he watched the young master stop at the door. The bell was ringing for dinner, and the Cedar Creek fellows were hurrying back to the lumber-school, but Yen Chin did not heed it.

He was too interested in what was going to happen to Mr. Slimmey.

The young master pushed open the door with a jerk, and strode into the cabin.

The next moment there was a terrific yell.

Squash!

Fairly upon Mr. Slimmey's astounded head came the basket of oozy mud, completely bonneting him.

"Grooooooh!"

Yen Chin doubled up in a paroxysm of silent mirth.

"Grooooooh! Oh! Ah! Ooooooh!"

Mr. Slimmey staggered out of the cabin.

He was clutching at the inverted basket on his head.

The soft mud was pouring down his face and clothes, and his features were unrecognisable.

He gasped and spluttered, and spluttered and gasped, as if for a wager.

"Yurrrrrgggh!"

He gouged mud from his eyes, and gazed round for Yen Chin.

"You wicked boy—you young rascal—grrrr—I—I will—groooh!"

Yen Chin darted away.

With a face wreathed in smiles, he arrived at the lumber-school, and went in to dinner with the rest.

The 4th Chapter.

Merely a Mistake!

"Oh! Ah! Grah! Groooh! Ooooooh!" Miss Meadows started up at the head of the table.

Boys and girls turned their heads towards the door, in astonishment.

Dinner was about to begin, when those remarkable sounds were heard without.

"What the thunder—!" ejaculated Bob Lawless.

"Slimmey!" murmured Frank.

Mr. Slimmey appeared in the doorway.

But for his clothes and general outline, they would not have recognised him. His face was caked with mud, his features quite buried, and his hair was streaming with it.

He stood gasping and spluttering wildly.

The Cedar Creek fellows stared at him, some of them bursting into a chuckle.

Miss Meadows seemed petrified.

And there were three at the table petrified, too.

Bob and Chunky and Harold Hopkins did not need telling how Mr. Slimmey had got into that state.

Evidently he had found the booby-trap intended for Gunten & Co.

"Mr. Slimmey! Is—is that Mr. Slimmey?" gasped the schoolmistress.

"Gerrooh! P-p-pray excuse me, Miss Meadows!" gasped the assistant master.

"I—I apologise for presenting myself in this—gerroooh!—state. But—yurrrgg!—I have been the victim—groooh!—of an outrage. Oh, dear!"

"You have met with an accident?"

"Groooh! I have been tricked—yurrrgg!—I have been smothered with mud by a miserable trick!" gasped Mr. Slimmey.

"It is what is, I believe, called a—groooh!—booby-trap. Oh!"

Miss Meadows' face became very stern.

The grinning along the table died away as the pupils of Cedar Creek noted the schoolmistress' expression.

There was a severe reckoning in store for somebody.

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"Who has done this?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

Silence.

"It was that wretched Chinese boy," stuttered Mr. Slimmey, pointing a muddy finger at Yen Chin.

"Yen Chin!"

"Yes, missy."

"You have played this wicked and disrespectful trick—"

"No, missy."

"What! Do you dare to contradict Mr. Slimmey?" exclaimed the schoolmistress.

"Me tellee tluth," pleaded Yen Chin.

"Always tellee tluth. Plomise ugly Bob to tellee tluth."

"You are sure that it was Yen Chin, Mr. Slimmey?" asked Miss Meadows, in perplexity.

Mr. Slimmey wiped the mud from his face with his handkerchief.

The handkerchief was reduced to a muddy rag, but it did not seem to have much beneficial effect upon the young master's face. There was too much mud.

"I am sure of it, Miss Meadows!" he gasped. "Yen Chin came to me, and informed me that some boys were gambling in the old hut on the clearing. I went there to ascertain, and as I pushed open the door, an osier basket filled with mud fell upon my head. There was no one there."

"You heathen villain!" gasped Bob Lawless, beginning to understand.

"Me good boy!" murmured Yen Chin.

"Always tellee tluth."

"Silence! Yen Chin, you gave Mr. Slimmey false information to induce him to fall into this wretched trap."

"Me tellee tluth. No sayee bad boy in cabin. Sayee that heal three fellow talk of playee euchre in cabin."

Mr. Slimmey gave the little Chinese a muddy stare.

"That is certainly correct," he said. "The boy declared that he had heard three boys discussing playing euchre in the cabin. He certainly led me to suppose that they were actually doing so."

"Mistel Slimmey suppose wrong," said Yen Chin calmly. "Me tellee tluth. Me heal talkee."

"Did you place the basket of mud there, Yen Chin?"

"No, missy."

"Who did so?"

"Ugly Bob."

"Oh, you young rotter!" murmured Frank Richards.

Yen Chin blinked at him.

"Mustee tellee tluth," he said innocently. "Plomise ugly Bob to tellee tluth. Chinee good boy, keepee plomise."

"Lawless!"

"Yes, ma'am!" groaned Bob.

"You, then, played this wicked trick upon Mr. Slimmey?"

"No, ma'am."

"You placed the mud there?"

"Ye-es. But—but I never dreamed that that little villain would plant it on Mr. Slimmey!" gasped Bob. "It was intended for—for some chaps."

Kern Gunten grinned.

He understood who were the "chaps" for whom the booby-trap was intended.

Mr. Slimmey had got the benefit of it instead of the rogue of the lumber-school.

"You were discussing playing euchre in the cabin when Yen Chin heard you," pursued Miss Meadows sternly.

"No!" yelled Bob.

"Oh, Bobbee!" ejaculated Yen Chin.

"You tellee lie!"

"You heathen rotter!"

"Lawless!"

"Excuse me, ma'am. I—I was speaking about it, certainly, but—but only referring to some other chaps who were going to play euchre there," stammered Bob. "We—we fixed up the booby-trap for them. We thought they deserved it."

"Oh!" said Miss Meadows.

Gunten looked uneasy, fearing that his name was coming next. But he need not have feared.

Bob was not likely to betray him.

"I believe you, Lawless," said Miss Meadows, at last. "Yen Chin doubtless misunderstood you, and reported your words in a mistaken sense to Mr. Slimmey."

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Bob gave the Chinese an almost homicidal look.

He could guess exactly how much Yen Chin had been mistaken.

"Chinee velly sorry!" murmured Yen Chin. "Me tellee Mr. Slimmey tluth. Plomise ugly Bob always tellee tluth."

Mr. Slimmey looked hard at him.

But the innocent face of the little Celestial disarmed suspicion.

Mr. Slimmey did not know Yen Chin so well as the other fellows did.

The assistant master dabbed at his streaming face.

"As—as it appears to have been, after all, an accident, I should not like Yen Chin punished on my account," he said.

"I—I will—will retire, and—and remove this—this extremely unpleasant mud."

And he promptly retired.

Bob Lawless and Hopkins and Chunky Todgers looked uneasily at Miss Meadows.

As the authors of the booby-trap, they expected trouble.

But the schoolmistress sat down without referring to the matter farther.

The three practical jokers were greatly relieved.

When dinner was over, Bob Lawless and his chums ran Yen Chin down in the playground.

The Chinese smiled at them cheerfully, apparently quite unaware that he had offended in any way.

"You sneaking 'eathen!" shouted Hopkins.

"You pesky Chink!" bawled Chunky Todgers.

Bob Lawless made a grab at the Chinese. Yen Chin dodged behind Frank Richards, in alarm.

"No touchee Chinee!" he howled. "Me tellee tluth!"

"You young villain!" howled Bob.

"You told the truth, but you led Slimmey to believe that we were playing euchre in the old cabin!"

"No can tell what Slimmey suppose, if tellee tluth. Mistel Slimmey lathel silly, oh yes," said Yen Chin. "You keepee handee off Yen Chin. You makee me plomise tellee tluth."

"I'll twist your Chinese neck, you yellow coyote!" roared Bob, grasping the little Celestial.

"Helpee!" yelled Yen Chin.

Frank Richards and Beauclere, laughing, dragged the Canadian schoolboy away.

"Let him alone, Bob, it's your own fault!" gasped Frank. "You started reforming him, and this is the result!"

"You duffers, he's only spoofing!" howled Bob.

"No spoofee—tellee tluth!" pleaded Yen Chin. "Always do as ugly Bob tellee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Lawless restrained his wrath.

It was barely possible, though not probable that Yen Chin was innocently carrying out his instructor's directions to the letter in good faith.

"Look here, Yen Chin," said Bob Lawless, at last. "I believe you're pulling my leg, and if I was sure, I guess I'd scalp you. There's some other things to learn, as well as telling the truth!"

"Me glad learnee from ugly Bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob breathed hard.

"If you call me ugly again, you yellow imp—"

"No likee tluth?" asked Yen Chin.

The Cedar Creek fellows roared.

Bob and his promising pupil were very entertaining.

"You little sneaking heathen jay!" said Bob. "I tell you this—if I catch you sneaking again, I'll skin you!"

"What sneakee?"

"You know very well that you mustn't repeat things to Mr. Slimmey or Miss Meadows."

"Chinee glad learnee. Ugly Bob tellee."

"You're not to tell Miss Meadows or Mr. Slimmey anything," said Bob categorically, so that there could be no possibility of mistake.

Yen Chin nodded.

"Me savvy. No tell Missy Meadows anything."

"That's it, or Mr. Slimmey either. If you do I'll warn you!"

"Me glad learnee. Ugly Bob velly kind."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, go and chop chips!" growled Bob Lawless, and he strode away with his grinning chums.

OUT
NEXT MONTH

[IN BOOK FORM]

THE LUCK OF
POLRUAN!

By Maurice Everard.

WATCH . . .
YOUR EDITOR'S CHAT
FOR FULL PARTICULARS!The 5th Chapter.
The Last Lesson!

Cedar Creek school came in for afternoon lessons.

There was a Canadian history that afternoon, an interesting lesson enough to most of the pupils.

Yen Chin listened with his usual demure expression until Miss Meadows turned her attention to him.

"Todgers!"

Chunky Todgers looked up guiltily, and hastily relinquished the chunk of maple sugar his fat fingers were clutching under his desk.

"The name of the British general who fell at the battle of Quebec?" said Miss Meadows.

"Wolfe, ma'am," said Chunky cheerfully. He was quite equal to a question like that.

"Very good, Yen Chin!"

"Yes, missy?"

"The name of the French general who fell at Quebec?"

Yen Chin shook his head.

"Come, come, you do not mean to say that you do not know, Yen Chin?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me knowee!" assented Yen Chin cheerfully.

"Then tell me."

"Another serious shake of the head from the little Chinese.

"No tellee," he answered.

"What do you mean, Yen Chin?" exclaimed Miss Meadows sharply.

"Meancee what sayee!"

"I have asked you to tell me the name of the French general who fell at the battle of Quebec!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me knowee!"

"Then tell me at once!"

"No tellee!"

"The boy must be out of his senses! Why do you not answer my question, Yen Chin?" demanded the perplexed schoolmistress.

"No can! Plomise ugly Bob!"

"What?"

"Plomise ugly Bob not tell Miss Meadows anything," answered Yen Chin calmly. "Chinee good boy; keepee plomise."

"Bless my soul!"

Bob Lawless glared speechlessly at the Celestial.

Once more Yen Chin was carrying out his instructions to the very letter, though not in the way intended.

Frank Richards grinned.

Bob's path as a reformer seemed likely to be a thorny one.

"Lawless, this is very extraordinary," said Miss Meadows. "Is it possible that you are taking advantage of this boy's simplicity to make him act disrespectfully in class? This morning there was a similar incident."

"Oh, ma'am!" stuttered poor Bob, his face crimson.

"It really looks like it to me, Lawless, and it is a serious matter. Your object should be to help this heathen boy, and not to make his path more difficult by foolish practical jokes!" said Miss Meadows sternly.

Bob's cheeks burned.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"You have told this boy not to answer my questions, and in fact made him promise—"

"No!" gasped Bob. "I—the little beast misunderstands! I—I told him not to sneak, as he did with Mr. Slimmey!"

"Oh!"

"Allee light!" said Yen Chin. "Me plomise ugly Bob not tell Miss Meadows anything. Keepee plomise."

"Really, Lawless, the Chinese lad would be better off without your advice, I think!" said Miss Meadows tartly.

Bob sat down, quite overwhelmed.

His face was red for the remainder of the lessons, and he was very glad when the class was dismissed.

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclere were smiling, as they went out of the school house with him, when lessons were over.

"You're getting on rippingly with your pupil, Bob!" chuckled Frank.

Bob breathed hard through his nose.

"Do you think the tricky little beast really misunderstood me to that extent?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha! Not quite!"

"I guess I don't think so either," said Bob, taking the trail-ropes from his pony.

"I reckon I've got something to say to Yen Chin. Here he comes, the sly little rotter!"

Yen Chin came up beaming.

"Allee light?" he asked. "Chinee good boy, oh yes? Always do as ugly Bob tellee, what you tinkee? Yaroooooh!"

Bob grasped the grinning heathen by the shoulder, spun him round, and laid on the coiled trail-ropes.

There was a terrific howl from Yen Chin, as the rope landed on his loose garments.

"Yow-ow-ow! Helpee! No thlashee pool lil' Chinee! Ugly Bob beastee! Oh! Yah! Ah!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"There!" panted Bob, feeling somewhat solaced. "That's the lesson you wanted all along, you blessed heathen! When you want another, you just ask me, and I'll have it ready! Have another now?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently Yen Chin did not want another, for he fled, yelling.

It was the end of the reform of Yen Chin.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"FLOODED OUT!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.
DON'T MISS IT!