

4 MAGNIFICENT SCHOOL STORIES IN THIS ISSUE!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>1d</sup> 1<sup>1d</sup> 2

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE "PENNY POPULAR." WAR TIME PRICE.

No. 880. Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending April 20th, 1918.

## BETRAYED BY HIS CHUM!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### Jimmy Silver is Not Pleased.

"Silver!" Jimmy Silver looked round cheerily as Bulkeley of the Sixth called to him from his study doorway.

"Yes, Bulkeley?" He came towards the captain of Rookwood at once.

Jimmy Silver was captain of the Fourth Form, but it was an honour to tag for "old Bulkeley."

"Will you find De Vere of the Third, and send him here? You know him. A new fag who came last week."

"I know him," said Jimmy. "Tell him I want him at once."

"Yes, Bulkeley." Bulkeley was frowning a little, and Jimmy wondered whether the new fag was already in the black books of the captain of Rookwood.

He would not have been surprised at that.

"Waiting for you," said Arthur Edward Lovell, as Jimmy came out of the School House. "If we're going to get down to Coombe before dinner—"

"Seen that kid, De Vere?" asked Jimmy. "Bulkeley wants him."

"Oh, bother!" said Raby. "Bless him!" said Newcome.

"But he's not far off. I saw him going into Little Quad a few minutes ago, with—" Newcome paused.

"With?" repeated Jimmy, looking at him.

"With your cousin Algy." Jimmy frowned.

"I don't see what he's doing with Algy," he said gruffly. "I understood that they weren't on friendly terms now."

"You're such an innocent old duck, Jimmy!" was Lovell's remark.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jimmy. "Didn't Algy come to our study himself, and tell us that De Vere wouldn't speak to him because I chipped in the other day when they were playing the giddy goat?"

"They've made it up since then," grinned Lovell. "I've seen them together."

Jimmy did not answer; but, with a frowning face, he started across towards Little Quad.

His chums looked after him, smiling.

"Poor old Jimmy!" murmured Raby. "He's got all his work cut out if he's going to keep up the kind uncle bizney with his precious cousin."

Anybody but Jimmy would have noticed that Algy and that new cad were as thick as thieves."

"Oh, Jimmy don't see anything!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver was thinking so himself as he went through the old stone archway into Little Quad.

He had been much disturbed by his cousin's friendship with the young rascal newly come to Rookwood, but he had taken Algy's word that that

friendship was broken off, and he had not given the matter much thought since then.

With the cricket season coming on, the captain of the Fourth had other matters to think about, as well as his reckless young rascal of a cousin.

He came through into Little Quad, and looked round for the fags.

Algy Silver and Bertie de Vere were seated on a bench near the fountain, deep in talk.

They did not see Jimmy as he strode towards them.

It was obvious that the rift in the lute had been mended, and that Algy was on the friendliest terms with his old chum from his old school.

"To-night's the night!" Algy was saying as Jimmy Silver came along. "It will be no end of a lark!"

"About time we got a move on, I think," grunted his companion discontentedly. "I was expectin' to have a good time here. I've been bored to tears. This isn't much like my old school."

"You had to leave your old school," answered Algy, rather tartly.

Jimmy gave a grunt, partly in expression of his feelings, and partly to warn the two fags that he was within hearing.

The two Third-Formers looked up quickly, silent at once.

Algy Silver coloured a little. De Vere looked at Jimmy Silver with an expression half of insolence half of bitter dislike.

He had not forgotten how he had been pitched, neck and crop, out of the Bird-in-Hand public-house, on his first day at Rookwood, by Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Bulkeley wants you, De Vere," snapped Jimmy.

"Bother Bulkeley!" "You're to go to his study at once."

"I'll suit myself about that!" Jimmy gave him a look.

He was greatly inclined to take the cheeky fag by the collar and start him with his boot.

But he refrained. If the fag chose to disregard Bulkeley's order it was his own business.

"Better go, Bertie," muttered Algy Silver. "Bulkeley's head prefect, you know. You'll make him ratty!"

De Vere nodded sulkily, and rose to his feet, lounging away with his hands in his pockets.

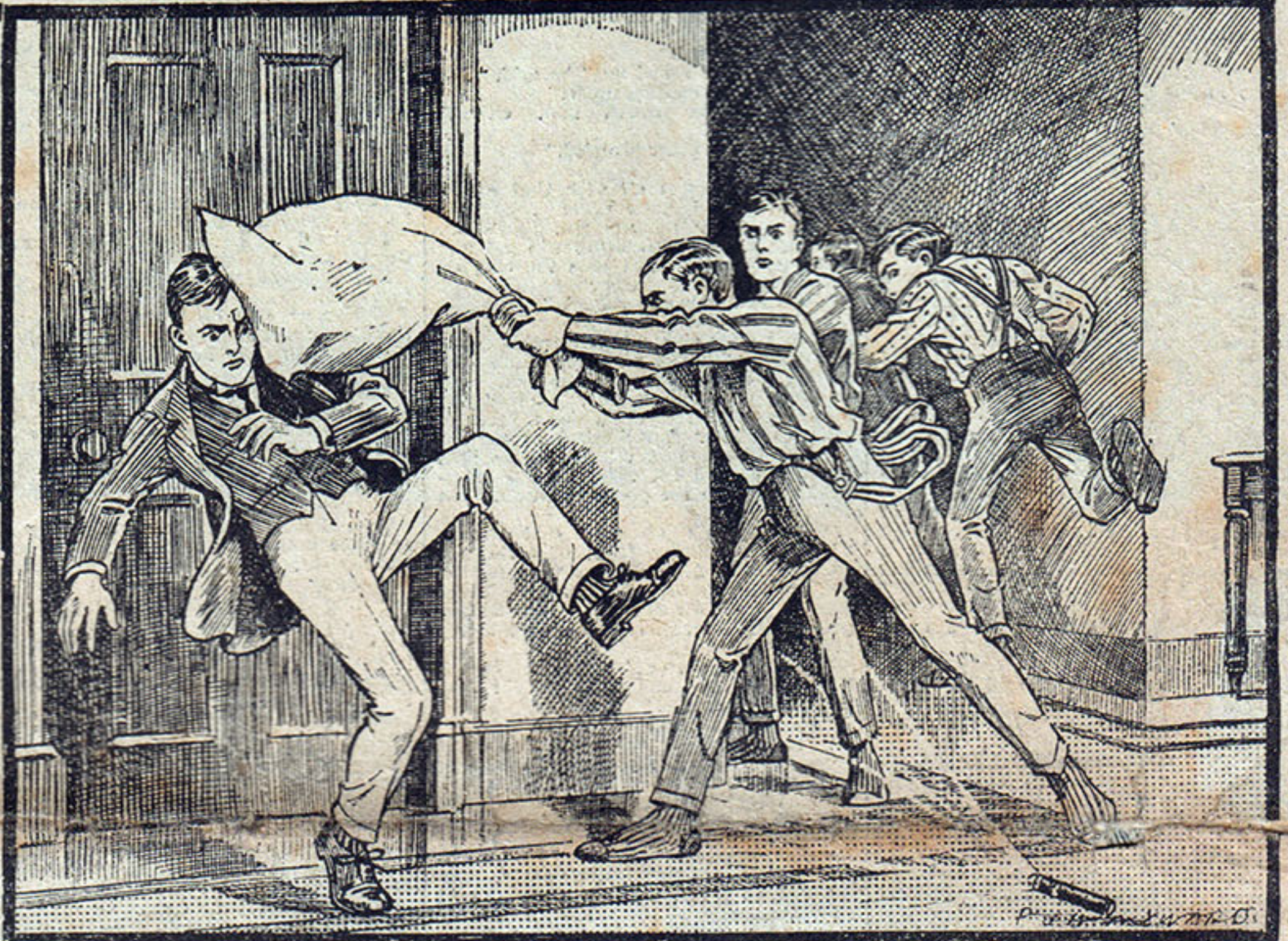
He knew that he had to go. Algy was about to follow, when Jimmy Silver stopped him.

"Hold on a minute, Algy," he said quietly.

"Goin' to jaw?" sneered the fag. "You told me you had finished with De Vere."

"I told you he wouldn't speak to me, because my meddling cousin interfered with him, like a cheeky cad!" retorted Algy savagely.

"We've made it up, though." "I'd be sorry to interfere between you and your friends, Algy," said the captain of the Fourth. "Only—"



## A NASTY KNOCK FOR KNOWLES!

"Well, don't do it, then!" "There's plenty of decent chaps in the Third for you to make friends with—Wegg, and Grant and Stacey—all decent kids—"

"That's my business, isn't it?" "I suppose it is," conceded Jimmy. "But really, there's no reason for you to pick out that shady young blackguard for a chum."

"De Vere was my chum at my old school," said Algy sulkily. "He's a rippin' chap! I like him."

"You ought not to." "Oh, rats!"

"I wish you'd leave him alone, Algy."

"Well, I won't!" Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. His father had asked him to look after his cousin at Rookwood.

How he was to look after Algy on these terms was rather a puzzle.

"You say yourself that De Vere had to leave his old school, Algy," he said. "He didn't have to leave it without reason."

"He was too goey for them," said Algy, evidently taking great pride in the fact that his friend was so eminently "goey." "He made them sit up, I can tell you! He'd have been sacked but for his relations chippin' in."

"I wish he had been sacked!" growled Jimmy. "He couldn't have come here, then. The Head doesn't know the kind of little beast he is!"

"Lots of things the Head doesn't know," grinned Algy. "But if you're goin' to slang De Vere, I'm off!"

"You were saying something about to-night—about a lark," said Jimmy, looking at him sharply. "Does that mean that you are going to start playing the fool again?"

"Find out!" "Algy, old chap—"

"Rats!" With that, Algy of the Third marched off.

He was not in a mood of sweet reasonableness.

Jimmy Silver repressed his feelings with an effort.

It was not of much use giving Algy a licking, much as he deserved one.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked through the archway.

"Staying there all day?" he called out.

Jimmy Silver rejoined his chums. The Fistical Four started on their walk down to Coombe, but Jimmy's face was no longer as sunny as it had been that morning.

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### The Captain's Warning.

"Silver says you want me, Bulkeley."

De Vere of the Third lounged into Bulkeley's study.

The new fag was certainly the only fellow in the Third Form at Rookwood who would have ventured to lounge into Bulkeley's study.

Fags generally came there with their most respectful manners on, if not in fear and trembling.

But the new fellow had his own manners and customs.

There was just as much impertinence in his manner as he dared infuse into it.

Bulkeley's eyes glinted as he looked at him.

"Yes, I sent for you, De Vere."

"Well, what's the row?" "In the first place," said Bulkeley quietly, "don't speak to me like that. That isn't the way for a fag to address the captain of the school."

De Vere's lip curled, but he did not answer.

"Second, take your hands out of your pockets!" De Vere hesitated a moment, but he obeyed.

"And now stand upright, like a decent fellow, and don't slouch." The fag's eyes glittered, but he pulled himself together.

"That's better," said Bulkeley,

eyeing him. "I don't know how you've got on at your old school, my boy, but I may as well tell you that cheek doesn't go down at Rookwood. You're new here, and you may not be aware of that. I suppose you know I am a prefect?"

"I believe I've heard it mentioned," said De Vere carelessly.

"I've had an eye on you for some days."

"Thanks!"

"You've been here less than a week," continued Bulkeley. "You've been found smoking twice, and your Form-master took a sporting paper away from you yesterday."

The fag did not answer.

"Hold up your hands!" added Bulkeley sharply.

He inspected the hands as they were held up.

"I thought so!" he said. "Those stains on your fingers are from cigarettes, De Vere. You have been smoking again!"

No reply.

"Now, I want to speak to you kindly," said Bulkeley, as De Vere dropped his hands. "I fancy, from your looks, that you've been allowed to run wild at home, and you haven't found your feet here yet. You seem to have picked up bad habits at your old school, or at home. You must drop them here, and it will be all the better for you."

The fag looked sullen.

"Now, as to smoking," continued Bulkeley, in quite a kind tone. "You're not fourteen years old yet, and you must have sense enough to see that such a thing is ridiculous at your age. But that's not the worst. It's bad for the health. It will interfere with your growth and with your health generally. You must not suppose that the rules are made for nothing. There's a reason for them."

De Vere stared at him.

(Continued on the next page.)



BETRAYED BY HIS CHUM!

(Continued from the previous page.)

He had expected a "jaw" or a caning, but a kind appeal to his better sense and feelings surprised and took him aback.

"As for the sporting paper," went on Bulkeley, with a slight smile, "I'll take it that you were only looking at that out of curiosity. I can't suppose that a kid of your age could be really interested in such things. But keep clear of anything of that kind, my lad. It's easy enough to slide into wrong-doing from sheer thoughtlessness."

De Vere smiled. "Now, I'll take it that you're going to think about this, and remember that you've got your bit to do in keeping up the good name of the school," said Bulkeley cheerily. "Now you can cut."

"Thank you!" De Vere walked out of the study in rather a wondering frame of mind. But in the passage a sneer curled his lip.

"Preachin' ass!" he murmured. "I suppose I shall have to be a bit more careful, though. Pah!"

He found Algy Silver in the quad. Algy looked at him rather anxiously. "What did Bulkeley want?" he asked. "Only jaw."

"Licked?" "No, you ass! He talked to me like a Dutch uncle," said De Vere, shrugging his thin shoulders. "Seems to be a good-tempered old sort, in his way."

"He's good-tempered enough," said Algy. "But he can be as hard as nails. I hope you won't get him down on you."

"Oh, I don't care!" "But you must be careful, old chap. Things are a bit stricter here than they were at our old school," said Algy anxiously. "I found that out."

"I seem to have landed in a nest of saints," said his chum, with a sneering grin. "Your Cousin Jimmy is quite a model youth. How pleased his aunts and uncles must be with him!"

"Jimmy's not a bad sort, in his way." "I don't like his way, then. I think he's a meddlin' cad!"

Algy was silent. "Now, about to-night," said De Vere, after a glance round to make sure that no one was near them. "What time do we start?"

"Don't you think we'd better put it off, as Bulkeley seems to have an eye on you just now?" "Oh, you'd be a junk!" said De Vere scornfully.

"I'm not a junk," retorted Algy hotly. "I was thinkin' of you. Bulkeley must have noticed somethin', to call you into his study."

"Well, if you're not funky, don't talk about puttin' it off. I tell you, I'm bored to tears here! I'm fed up!" grunted De Vere. "I feel as if I've got dead and buried since I came to Rookwood. Hole of a place!"

"We'll go to-night," said Algy. "It's easy enough. We wait till the fellows are asleep, and put dummies in the beds, and sneak out by way of the leads."

"You've done it before?" "I've been out with Tracy of the Shell," said Algy loftily. "I went out once with Peele, too."

"You're quite an old hand," yawned his friend. "Your pal Tracy doesn't seem to get on with me. He didn't like me beatin' him at billiards, I think. This isn't much of a sportin' school."

He gave another yawn. "Let's go an' get a smoke somewhere," he suggested.

"Just before dinner?" asked Algy, hesitating. "It spoils the appetite, you know."

"Ye gods! Are you poachin' on your Cousin Jimmy's preserves, an' takin' to preachin'?" "Come on, then," said Algy. "We'll go into the old abbey; no danger of bein' spotted there."

"It's a quarter of an hour to dinner," said De Vere, as they walked away. "Time for a game of nap."

"I-I'll get the cards, if you like." "My dear man, I've got some—never without 'em."

"I say, Bertie, it's a risky bizny carryin' cards about you. They—they're rather sticklers about such things at Rookwood."

"Do the prefects go nosin' into a fellow's pockets?" "They might, if they suspected—"

"Oh, rot!" Algy said no more. He was very much afraid of being considered funky in the estimation of his sporting friend.

The interval before dinner was spent in smoking and playing nap in the abbey ruins; and when they came back to the House there were some new stains on De Vere's fingers, if Bulkeley had thought of looking for them.

The 3rd Chapter. Lovell is Wrathful.

"We're going on the war-path to-night!" Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark in the end study at tea-time. Jimmy Silver started out of a brown study.

He had been very silent over tea. "Eh! What's that about to-night?" he exclaimed.

"We're going on the merry war-path! Have you forgotten that we're going to raid the Moderns?" demanded Lovell.

"My hat! Yes!" "What are you mooning about?" inquired Lovell. "Thinkin' of the dear dead days beyond recall, when we used to have food at meal-times?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "No, not exactly," said Jimmy, with a smile. "I was thinking of—"

"Don't say Algy!" groaned Lovell. "Well, yes."

"Couldn't you find something a bit nicer to think of once or twice in a way?" asked Lovell. "I warn you, Jimmy, that you're in danger of growin' into a bore."

"I've noticed that," observed Raby. "It's barely possible," remarked Newcome, in a reflective sort of way, "to hear too much and too often about Algy. I wonder whether that's ever occurred to you, Jimmy?"

Jimmy coloured. "Well, Lovell asked me," he said. "I'm not talking about him, am I?"

"Don't think about him, either," grunted Lovell. "Well, I'm rather worried."

"Br-r-r-r!" "I hoped he was off with that sneaking little scoundrel, De Vere! Algy's not a bad sort. He's easily led, that's all. I'm afraid that little brute will get him into some trouble, and then the chopper will come down—on Algy."

"He's had warnings enough." "I know. But—"

"What price giving Algy a rest?" asked Newcome, with the air of a fellow suggesting a new and interesting idea.

"Well, give him a rest," said Jimmy Silver, rather gruffly. "I don't want to talk about him. Lovell asked me."

"Give him a rest all along the line. Let him go and eat coke. If he's determined to go to the giddy bow-wows, you can't stop him."

"His father's at sea," said Jimmy, "keeping the filthy Huns off! He was worried about Algy, after getting his old headmaster's report. He asked me to do what I could for the kid. So did my pater. He's practically trusted into my hands here."

"What a charge!" groaned Lovell. "Well, I'll tell you what. We'll help you look after him."

"Oh, will you?" said Jimmy. "Yes; we'll have him up in the study here, and give him a jolly good thrashing with a lives-bat."

"Wha-at?" "How does that strike you?" "Hear, hear!" said Raby and Newcome together heartily.

"Ass!" was Jimmy Silver's reply. "Well, to get back to our mutton," said Lovell.

"I wish we could!" grinned Raby. "That saying was invented when there was such a thing as mutton."

"Well, to get back to the subject," said Lovell. "We're going on the war-path to-night, and I had a sort of an idea that it was up to the captain of the Form to make the arrangements. I may have been mistaken."

This was uttered with great sarcasm. "Oh, the raid!" said Jimmy indifferently.

"Look here, Jimmy, if you don't want to raid the Moderns to-night—"

"I-I—" faltered Jimmy. "Do you want to raid them, or don't you?" demanded Lovell.

"Well, I happened to hear something those blessed fags were saying in Little Quad this morning," confessed Jimmy. Lovell stared at him.

"What on earth have the fags to do with raiding the Moderns?" he asked. "We're not going to call up the Third."

"They—they were saying something about to-night, and—and a lark. I-I'm afraid they've got some scheme on for breaking bounds."

"Dingy little beasts!" said Lovell, in disgust. "I don't see what it matters, though. Where's the connection?"

"Well, if—if there's a shindy to-night, it may—might draw attention to—to—"

Lovell interrupted his study-leader with a yell of wrath, jumping to his feet. "Algy again! We're to put off a raid on the Moderns because that shady little beast may be out of his dormitory, and if there's a row he may be found out? Oh, my hat! Oh, crumbs! Oh, scissors!"

Jimmy Silver crimsoned. "Put like that it really did seem a little thick."

Jimmy naturally could not expect other fellows to feel his own concern about the wilful fag of the Third.

His chums, indeed, were sympathetic, but, as they had very plainly hinted, it was possible to get fed up with Algy. "I'm fairly fed up!" hooted Lovell. "That young rascal can't show the cloven hoof without you going about day-dreaming. He can't plan a dirty trick without you wanting the whole Form to toe the line, and act very carefully in case he gets found out! My hat!"

"Jimmy!" murmured Raby. "I—I didn't mean exactly that," stammered poor Jimmy. "But if there's a row, and a prefect gets on the war-path, there might be something happen, and—and—"

here, I don't consent to putting the raid off. I won't agree! And if you put it to the fellows, I'll jolly well tell them what your reason is!"

"Lovell!" "I mean it!" hooted Lovell. "As if it isn't bad enough to be bothered all day long with that dingy little rascal, without having everything upset on his account! Br-r-r-r!"

"Jimmy, old chap, it is really too thick," murmured Newcome. "Besides, the fags may not be goin' at all. You're not sure."

"No; but—" "Oh, if they don't go to-night, they'll go some other night, and the Fourth Form can mark time till they've gone and come back!" exclaimed Lovell.

"What's the Fourth Form for, except to stand waiting the convenience of Master Algy when he goes on the razzle!" Raby and Newcome grinned.

"That will do," said Jimmy Silver. "I was only making a suggestion." "A dashed fat-headed one, too. That raid's coming off to-night."

"Agreed," said Jimmy. "And now, for goodness' sake, let the thing drop!" Jimmy spoke with unusual tartness, and he left the study when he had finished.

The 4th Chapter. On the War-Path!

There was some suppressed excitement in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth when those cheerful youths went to bed that night.

The raid on the Modern Fourth was fixed and settled. Nearly all the Classics were in it, few preferring to remain in bed.

Tubby Muffin didn't mean to turn out; he was too fat and lazy. Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, were too slack.

But everybody else was going on the war-path. Pillows were to be taken, and the onslaught on the dormitory of the Modern Fourth was to be something quite terrific.

There had been such shindies before, and they were not approved of by the school authorities—which was not to be wondered at.

Dr. Chisholm could not be expected to see the necessity for giving the Modern juniors the "kybosh."

The Modern quarters were really a separate building, but there was a long passage—or, rather, several passages—connecting the two. Rookwood being a rambling old place, full of the most unexpected passages and recesses.

In that passage there was a great oaken door, which was kept locked, and the key was kept by old Mack, the school porter.

Tubby Muffin was quite a hero, he having raided the key successfully from the porter's lodge.

The way was open now, and there was no doubt that the enemy would be taken by surprise.

The kybosh having been duly administered to the Moderns, the Classics would retreat to their own quarters, locking the passage door after them, leaving the defeated enemy to rage.

It was quite an exhilarating prospect. Bulkeley of the Sixth came in to see lights out for the Classical Fourth, and the juniors were very careful not to betray themselves.

Bulkeley heard some of them passing remarks on cricket, and that was all. But when lights were out, and there was darkness, and the prefect was gone, a buzz of voices broke out in the dormitory, subdued, but very eager.

"What time are we goin', Silver?" asked Mornington. "Better make it early," remarked Conroy, the Australian. "Better get it over before Mr. Manders comes home."

"Ten!" said Jimmy. "Good!"

"Ten's rather early, isn't it?" asked Kit Erroll. "The prefects haven't settled down at ten o'clock."

"Well, you see—" "Half-past ten!" boomed Lovell. "Better make it half-past ten, Jimmy," remarked Van Ryn. "They don't put out the light on the staircase till ten."

"Oh, Jimmy's got his reasons!" snorted Lovell. "Never mind if we're caught and hauled up before Bootles in the mornin', or the Head! Never mind that, so long as it's all over before a sneakin' cad who's going to break bounds comes out of his dorm!"

"Shut up, Lovell!" muttered Jimmy Silver. "What on earth are you talking about, Lovell?" inquired Pons.

"Jimmy knows what I'm talking about." "Blessed riddles," said Dick Oswald. "But I agree that it ought to be a bit later than ten. We can't raid the Moderns with the prefects raging on our track."

"Ha, ha!" "Half-past ten, then," said Jimmy Silver. "That's better!"

"Yes, that's so," said Mornington. "Wake me up at half-past ten, somebody."

"Somebody had better stay awake!" yawned Higgs. "I shan't sleep," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Jimmy was as good as his word. Before ten o'clock all the dormitory was silent, save for the sound of deep

breathing and Tubby Muffin's rumbling snore, but Jimmy Silver was wide awake. He was troubled.

There was no doubt that Lovell was right; it was scarcely safe for the raid to begin before half-past ten.

Jimmy's conscience smote him a little. He had not meant it, but he had really been going to risk trouble for all the raiders by fixing the hour too early.

It was the thought of Algy that worried him, and had nearly caused him to make that false step.

The more he thought of it, the more convinced he was that Algy and his precious friend were going out of bounds that night.

Algy had said plainly enough "To-night's the night," and that it would be a "lark."

And if they went, it was plain enough where they were going. The new fag had already made the acquaintance of the sporting circle at the Bird-in-Hand.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had taken the two fags away from that delectable resort by force on the very day De Vere had arrived at Rookwood.

Other fellows, perhaps, would have taken the view that Algy Silver was most to blame, as De Vere was a new boy.

But Jimmy did not. Perhaps he was prejudiced in favour of his relation.

He was sure that Algy was not a bad fellow at heart, in spite of his recklessness and wilfulness.

The new fag was a thorough-paced little rascal. Algy might have the appearance of being leader in the enterprise; but De Vere was really the moving spirit. Jimmy was sure of that.

It was not only the shady character of the thing, though that was bad enough—but there was the risk.

A fag in the Third was not likely to be expelled, but, in case of discovery, there was a flogging and the disgrace!

And Jimmy's opinion of Bertie de Vere was such, that he had not the slightest doubt that, if discovered, the young rascal would do his best to save his own skin by throwing all the blame upon Algy, so far as he could.

In attempting to take measures to prevent the discovery, Jimmy had an uncomfortable feeling that he was becoming, in a measure, a party to their enterprise.

But what could he do? Anyhow, the thing was out of his hands now.

He was pretty sure that if the fags went that night, they would not venture to leave their dormitory much before half-past ten.

It was not safe for the raid on the Moderns to take place before that time, and it would not be safe for the fags to sneak out before then.

Jimmy was feeling very uneasy. The raid was to be carried out without alarming masters or prefects, of course. But such plans only too often "gange agley."

If there was a row—if there was disturbance, and prefects were brought on the scene—it might lead to a discovery.

Algy and De Vere might be coming out at that very minute, fully dressed for going out of doors.

The Third Form might be awakened, and miss Algy; or a prefect might go into their dormitory for some reason—any reason.

Jimmy's uneasiness, certainly, made him exaggerate the chances of a mishap to Algy; but it existed.

But there was no help for it. At half-past ten Jimmy Silver slipped out of his bed, and called to his comrades.

There was a general turning out of the Classical Fourth. The juniors slipped on their trousers and socks, and took their pillows—the latter to be used as weapons of offence.

"Got the key, Jimmy?" asked Mornington. "That's all right," said Lovell. "It's put in the passage door ready. I saw to that."

"Good egg!" "You fellows ready?" asked Jimmy Silver. "What-ho!"

"Lead on, Macduff!" chuckled Flynn. The dormitory door was softly opened. Softly, in their socks, the Classics crept out, and the door was closed again.

The staircase was quite dark; the passages black and deserted. Almost on tiptoe the raiders stole away.

There was a sudden bump in the darkness, and an exclamation from Valentine Mornington.

Then there was the sound of a heavy fall.

The 5th Chapter. The Pillow Fight!

"Oh, my hat!" "Who the dickens—"

"What!" There were suppressed exclamations on all sides. A sound of scuffling and struggling could be heard.

"Shush!" whispered Lovell. "Quiet!" "You duffers, do you want to bring the prefects here? Quiet!"

A sudden gleam of light flashed out in the darkness. Somebody had turned on a pocket-torch. The light glimmered on a strange scene.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, pushing forward. "Show that light here, Rawson. So it's you, Algy!"

Algy Silver was wriggling in Morny's angry grasp.

De Vere stood close by him, startled and angry.

The two fags were fully dressed, even to their boots.

"The young cad ran into me in the dark, and pitched me over!" exclaimed Morny angrily. "I'll—"

"Don't make a row, Morny," whispered Erroll. "Put that light out!"

Rawson shut off the light. "Let me go, Mornington, you fool!" muttered Algy, in suppressed tones. "I couldn't see you in the dark, you silly fool! I thought a prefect had got hold of me when I ran into you. Let go!"

"Let him go!" muttered De Vere. "Let him go, Morny!" said Erroll. "We don't want a shindy here now. We may have been heard already."

Mornington grunted, and released the fag.

"What are you doing out of your dorm, Algy?" asked Jimmy Silver—not that it was necessary to ask. He knew only too well.

"What are you doing out of yours?" retorted the fag. "We're going to raid the Moderns. Come with us, kid; it's fun, you know."

"Catch me!" "Oh, a raid isn't good enough for him!" snorted Lovell. "He wants something a bit more exciting, such as playing cards in a pub parlour."

"Shurrup, Lovell!" murmured Newcome. "Br-r-r-r!"

"Algy, come with us, kid!" muttered Jimmy. "Oh, rats!"

"Kick him back into his dorm!" said Lovell. "Algy—"

There was no reply from Algy, save a sound of retreating footsteps. The two fags were going.

Jimmy Silver stood, a prey to troubled emotion.

Here was proof positive if he had wanted it, that the two young rascals were breaking bounds at night, and he was strongly inclined to take Lovell's advice, and kick them back into their quarters.

But that meant a row, that was certain, and prefects coming on the scene and finding the raiders out of their dormitory.

The Classical Fourth would have had something to say to that. Before Jimmy could decide what to do the fags were gone.

Faintly, in the distance, came the sound of an opening window, and in a minute more the two young rascals had dropped on the leads under the window.

The sudden meeting in the dark had startled and scared them, but the discovery that it was only the Fourth had quite reassured Algy and De Vere.

Whatever the Fourth-Formers might think of them, they were not likely to betray them.

"Well, are we moving on?" asked Conroy. "I've been listening, and I can't hear anything. It's all safe, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver was not thinking whether it was safe or not; he was thinking of his cousin.

But he roused himself. "Right-ho! Let's get on," he said.

"We'll go after Algy if you like, and bring him back by the scruff of the neck," said Lovell.

"We jolly well won't!" exclaimed Higgs. "We're out to raid the Moderns, not to look after sneaking fags!"

"Not so much row, Higgs!" "Well, talk sense, then. Let's get on."

"Come on," said Jimmy Silver quietly. He was almost relieved that the fags had got clear away.

Even if the raid led to a shindy, now, their absence was not likely to be discovered.

The raiders went quietly on their way into the winding passage that led towards the Modern quarters.

"Here's the door!" murmured Raby. "Show a light, Rawson!"

The electric torch glittered on the big oaken door.

Jimmy Silver turned back the key, and the big door swung open.

Out went the light again, and the juniors marched through, along the passage past the door, coming out at last by the dormitory of the Modern Fourth.

Jimmy dismissed Algy and all his works from his mind.

He was the leader of the attack on the Modern stronghold, and he had to have his wits about him now.

He groped for the door of the Modern dorm, and turned the handle quietly.

All was silent there.

Starlight fell in at the high windows, and dimly showed up the row of beds, with the Modern juniors fast asleep in them.

"Not a suspish!" murmured Lovell gleefully.

"Get inside!"

The juniors tiptoed in.

Behind them, the door was closed to keep the noise in the dormitory, as far as possible.

It was certain that there would be some noise, perhaps a good deal.

Tommy Dodd, the chief of the Modern Fourth, was suddenly awakened by the bedclothes being stripped from his bed by a powerful jerk.

He started up.

"Here we are again!" sang Lovell softly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Classical cads!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "Here, wake up, you fellows! Classics! Line up! Yaroooh!"

Tommy yelled as he was rolled out of bed with a bump on the floor.

"Yah! Classical cads!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

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.

All the Modern Fourth were wide enough awake now.

They turned out of bed as one man, even Leggett and Cuffy backing up with the rest to repel the attack of the enemy.

But they had simply no chance. The Classics rushed them down, smiting with pillows, amid gasps of suppressed laughter.

Right and left the Moderns went rolling, swiped by the pillows, and tangled in their bedclothes.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Lovell, forgetting the necessity of caution in his excitement. "Down with the Moderns!"

"Yah! Classical cads!"

"Pile in!"

"Yaroooh!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Not so much row!" gasped Erroll. But he was not needed.

The juniors were warming to the work now.

The Moderns had grabbed up pillows and bolsters, and they were putting up a splendid fight, though at a great disadvantage.

In the dim light, however, it was easy to mistake friend for foe, especially in the thrill of excitement, and several of the Classics received terrific swipes that were intended for Moderns.

There was bumping and gasping and squeaking on all sides.

Leggett, the cad of the Fourth, had taken refuge under a bed, and he was yelling at the top of his voice.

Leggett had no objection to bringing Knowles or Catesby on the scene—in fact, he rather wanted to.

Lovell groped under the bed, and brought Leggett out by the leg, and then Leggett's yells were louder than ever.

Bump, bump! Yell! Smash! Crash!

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Mornington. "We shall have the whole house up at this rate!"

Bump! Biff! Crash! Yell!

Erroll, in a whirl of the combat, found himself near the door, and he paused there to listen.

He opened the door an inch or two, and then called out hurriedly:

"Chuck it, you chaps! They're coming up!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Retreat, you fellows!"

Footsteps could be heard on the lower stairs as the combat lulled.

It was no wonder that the alarm had been given, considering the noise that had been made in the pillow fight.

The Classics crowded to the door at once.

Most of the Moderns were gasping on the floor. It was a victory, though not quite complete.

"Spring for it!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "If we're caught over on this side—"

He did not finish.

It was not necessary.

The Classics did not need telling what would happen if they were caught raiding the Modern quarters at that hour.

The raiders crowded out of the dormitory, and as the heavy footsteps came up the stairs, and a light gleamed, they vanished down the passage in the opposite direction, fleeing for their own quarters.

"I can see you!" roared Knowles of the Modern Sixth. "Come back, you young villains! I can see you!"

Passing the dormitory door, Knowles rushed after the fleeing raiders, lamp in hand.

From a dark corner a figure leaped out, and a pillow smote Knowles, and he went over with a crash.

His electric-lamp went flying, and smashed, and Knowles rolled on the floor with a howl.

Jimmy Silver raced after his comrades.

"Jimmy!" panted Lovell.

"Here I am!"

"You—you downed Knowles?"

"Did you want him to recognise us, fat-head? Buck up!"

The Classics sped on, and gained the passage door.

Jimmy Silver breathed more freely when they were on the safe side, and the big door was closed and locked.

"All serene!" he gasped.

Thump! Thump!

The next minute, Knowles was hammering at the passage door.

But there came no reply from the Classical side.

Leaving Knowles to hammer at his own sweet will, Jimmy Silver & Co. scuttled back to their dormitory, and turned in in hot haste.

In two minutes they were in bed, and had all the appearance of enjoying innocent and balmy slumber, ready for any inquiring person who should glance into the room.

"You tell Knowles, and we'll flay you to-morrow!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "Shut up!"

Leggett shut up.

The angry prefect was still hammering at the communication-door.

But he gave that up at last, and came back, in a savage temper, to the Modern Fourth dormitory.

He expected to find it in a state of uproar, but when he strode in it was very quiet, and there was a sound of deep, steady breathing, artificially performed by Tommy Dodd & Co.

Knowles gritted his teeth.

"I know you're not asleep, you young sweeps!" he growled. "Don't try to take me in! Dodd!"

Silence.

"Dodd!" shouted Knowles.

Tommy Dodd yawned, and appeared to wake.

"Hallo! What's up?" he murmured drowsily.

"You know well enough who it is, Dodd. It's Knowles!"

"Tain't rising-bell!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "Anything up, Knowles? Fire? Or is it an air raid?"

"You know it's not!" roared Knowles. "The Classics have been here! Don't tell me any lies! One of them bowled me over in the passage."

"Great Scott!"

"Was it Silver, Dodd?"

"Eh?"

"Who has been here?"

"You have, Knowles!" answered Tommy innocently.

Knowles breathed hard through his nose.

"Will you tell me who has been here?" he hissed.

"Sure you haven't been dreaming, Knowles?" inquired Tommy Dodd. "What makes you think anybody's been here?"

"I'll talk to you about this in the

They went to the Classical Fourth dormitory first.

The Rookwood captain opened the door quietly, and turned on the light of a flash-lamp.

It showed a row of white beds with Classical juniors in them, sleeping the sleep of the just—or, at least, appearing to be doing so.

"Looks all right here," said Bulkeley. "Spoofing, of course!" snapped Knowles. "They're awake right enough!"

"They don't look awake. Let's try the other dormitories."

"Oh, all right!"

Knowles cast a last suspicious look at the Classical Fourth, and then followed Bulkeley out, and the door was closed.

Bulkeley led the way, and opened the door of the Shell dormitory.

He flashed the light in.

Knowles scowled into the room.

The Shell were all in their places, and Adolphus Smythe woke up and blinked at the prefects.

"By gad!" he murmured.

"All right, there!" said Bulkeley, with a slight smile. "Are you sure, Knowles, that it wasn't some kid on your own side?"

"I tell you they ran away through the passage door!"

"Well, we'll try the Third, if you like. It may have been some fag."

"As likely as not!" grunted Knowles.

They moved on to the Third Form dormitory, and Bulkeley opened the door.

Knowles scanned the row of beds in the light of Bulkeley's lamp.

Grant of the Third woke up, and blinked at them, startled.

"Have you been out since bed-time?" snapped Knowles.

"Eh? No! Why should I?" said Grant, with a stare.

"I really think, Knowles, that you were mistaken," said Bulkeley, with visible signs of impatience. "You can't

thin' we didn't expect!" he said, with a sneer. "The fags on your side, Bulkeley, seem to have manners and customs of their own, by gad!"

"Do you know where De Vere and Silver II. have gone, Grant?" asked Bulkeley, without heeding the Modern prefect.

"N-n-no!" stammered Grant, looking scared. "I—I didn't know they were out, Bulkeley."

Bulkeley's face was very troubled.

"You can leave this in my hands, Knowles," he said, in a low voice. "I shall wait here till they come back. As for the pillow business, that can be investigated in the morning, if you want to carry it further."

Knowles nodded, and quitted the dormitory with a grin of satisfaction.

Bulkeley closed the door, lighted the gas, and sat down on Algy Silver's bed to wait.

He had not the slightest hope that the fags were merely absent upon some harmless fag raid.

He knew it was worse than that.

He had to wait till they returned and make them give an account of themselves.

It was a matter for the Head to deal with. And Bulkeley, who felt the disgrace keenly, had a heavy heart as he waited.

Most of the Third remained awake now, waiting with breathless suspense.

Midnight sounded dully from the clock-tower, and still the absent fags had not returned.

It was half-past twelve when a sound was heard at the door.

Bulkeley rose to his feet.

The door opened, and there was a gasping exclamation.

Algy Silver and Bertie de Vere, startled and terrified, stood blinking in the unexpected light.

"So you have come back!" said Bul-

He had already reported the facts to Dr. Chisholm.

The Head of Rookwood received the two culprits with a grim brow.

"Silver! De Vere!" he rumbled.

"Yes, sir?" faltered Algy.

"You were out of school bounds last night up to a late hour. You did not return till long after midnight. Where had you gone?"

"We—we went out for—for a lark, sir!" panted De Vere. "I—I'm sorry I went, sir. I—I really didn't understand at the time what Algy was leading me into. He said it was a lark, and I—I went!"

Algy Silver started as if he had trodden upon an adder.

His eyes turned upon his chum in horrified amazement and incredulity.

"I think I understand," said the Head, with a nod. "As a new boy here, De Vere, I can see some excuse for you. Naturally, you are not so much to blame as an older boy, well acquainted with the school discipline, who appears to have led you into wickedness. It was Silver suggested this excursion, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you go?"

"The—The Bird-in-Hand, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I'd never heard of the place before, sir!" whined the wretched fag. "I—I thought it was some place of entertainment. I—I know I did wrong, sir; but I thought it was a—lark! I—I wouldn't have gone if I'd known what the place was like!"

"I hope not!" said the Head. "I trust not! Algernon Silver, I am aghast—simply aghast at your utter rascality! You deliberately led a new boy in the school into this shameful adventure, even deceiving him as to the nature of the place you were inducing him to visit. Do you deny it?"

Algy's face was white as chalk.

He did not speak. He could not.

Appearances were against him, even if he had chosen to enter into a wrangle of recrimination with his false friend.

He stood dumb.

"De Vere, I accept your excuse. As you are a new boy, under the influence of another who knows better, I shall pardon you this escapade. But take warning, sir. If anything of the kind should recur—"

"I—I never meant—"

"I understand. You may go!"

De Vere left the study.

"As for you, Algernon Silver!" exclaimed the Head, rising, and towering over the miserable fag. "I have a very great mind to expel you from the school on the spot! But for your extreme youth I should certainly do so. As it is, sir, I shall give you so condign a flogging that I trust it will be a permanent warning to you. Bulkeley, will you kindly request the sergeant to step here?"

Algy Silver did not speak.

He was too overwhelmed with shame and horror and dismay to say a word for himself—not that there was much to be said.

The flogging followed, and it was severe; but poor Algy did not feel it so severely as he felt the bitter blow of the betrayal of his friendship.

When the infliction was over the wretched fag crept from the study.

With a face like chalk he crept down the passage and out into the fresh air of the morning.

Jimmy Silver touched him lightly on the shoulder, and Algy looked at him dumbly.

"I'm sorry, kid," said Jimmy softly.

Algy did not speak.

"De Vere seems to have got off scot-free," said Jimmy, looking at him.

The fag's lip curled bitterly.

"Yes. He made it all right for himself, Jimmy. I—I'm sorry, Jimmy. I—I'm sorry I—I was a fool, old chap. He got off. He put it all on me, after he'd been worrying and chipping me for days to take him to that place." Algy's voice broke. "I—I don't mind the flogging—'tisn't that—but he—he gave me away, and put it all on my shoulders!"

He panted.

Jimmy understood—he understood what his cousin was feeling at that moment.

And, sorry as he was, he was glad that Algy, now at last, could at least see his false friend as others saw him.

"Poor old Algy!" said Jimmy softly.

"Poor old chap! I understand!"

A sudden glitter shot into Algy's eyes.

De Vere of the Third came up to him, with a somewhat uncertain expression on his face.

"I—I say, Algy—"

Algy looked at him.

"I—I suppose you've been through it?"

Algy nodded.

"No good both of us goin' through it—what? I say, old top—"

De Vere got no further.

Algy's fist, with all the force of his indignation and scorn behind it, was planted fairly in his face.

It was a crashing blow.

The new fag went fairly flying, and he crashed on his back with a yell.

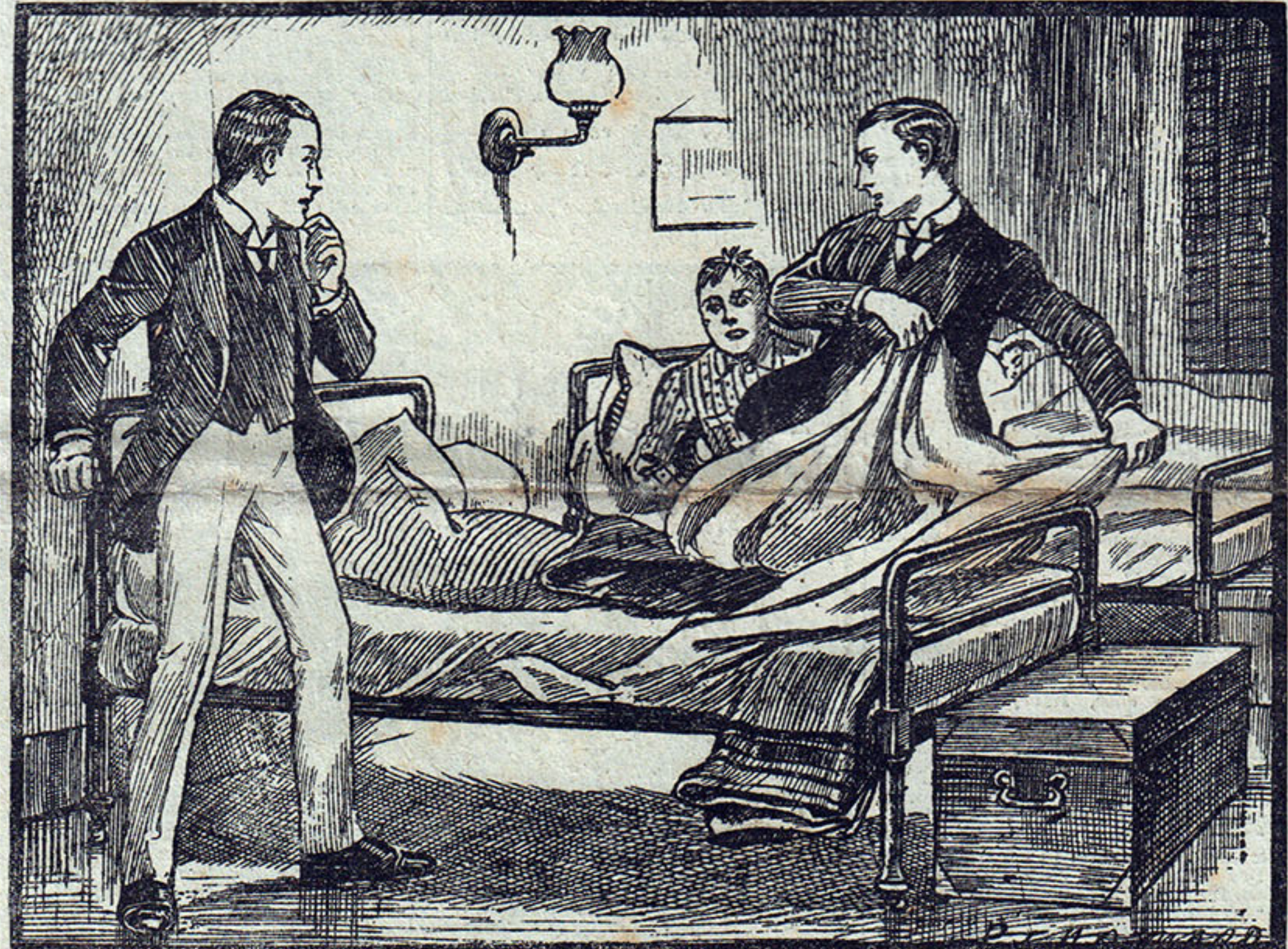
Algy stood looking down on him, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing. De Vere sat up dazedly.

"You cur!" said Algy. "You rotter! You speak to me again, and I'll give you some more!"

De Vere did not answer. He sat on the ground, his eyes glittering, and wiped his mouth, from which the blood was trickling.

Algy Silver turned his back on him, and walked away with Jimmy Silver.

THE END.



Bulkeley stared at the empty bed. "Two are out," he said. "Silver Secundus, and De Vere, the new boy!" Things were looking black for the young rascals of the Third!

morning, Dodd!" snarled Knowles; and he stamped out of the dormitory.

He was quite aware that he would not get anything out of Tommy Dodd, but he was quite determined to visit condign punishment on the unknown assailant who had pillowed him in the passage.

He realised that he had been wasting time questioning the Modern juniors, and, having wasted it, he hurried downstairs and strode out into the quad, hurrying over to the Classical side.

There came a sharp knock at the door of Bulkeley's study, and Knowles strode in.

Bulkeley was chatting with Neville of the Sixth before turning in, and he looked surprised at the sight of Knowles at that hour in the evening.

"Hallo, Knowles!" he exclaimed.

"Anything up?"

"Some of the juniors on this side are up!" snapped Knowles. "I want you to look into it, Bulkeley."

"What's happened?"

"I fancy it was a pillow-fight in the Fourth dormitory on my side. What the fags call a raid."

"They can't get through now the door's kept locked in the passage," said the captain of Rookwood.

Knowles gave an impatient grunt.

"They did get through! One of them knocked me over in the passage with a pillow!"

"Phew!"

"They had just got through the door, and locked it again, when I reached it," added Knowles. "They had the key, of course. I've been knocked over by some junior. The matter can't rest at that."

"Certainly not!" said Bulkeley. "Come up with me, Knowles, and we'll see about it at once."

Bulkeley led the way up the big staircase at once, and Knowles followed at his heels.

question every junior on this side one after another. I—"

"I don't want to!" said Knowles, with a sour smile. "Look at this!"

Knowles' sharp, restless eyes had noted what escaped the more unsuspecting Bulkeley.

Two of the forms stretched in the beds were not quite convincing enough for Knowles.

The two dummies under the bedclothes were good enough to deceive a careless glance—but Knowles' glance was not careless.

He jerked the coverlet off one bed, and then off another.

Bundles of clothing and bolsters were revealed.

Bulkeley started.

"My hat!" he exclaimed.

"I think that settles it!" sneered Knowles.

Bulkeley stared at the empty beds.

Most of the Third were awake now, and the captain of Rookwood glanced over their faces.

"Two are out," he said—"Silver Secundus and De Vere, the new boy."

Bulkeley's face became very grave.

keley grimly. "I have been waiting for you!"

The wretched fags did not speak. They could only stare at Bulkeley with terrified eyes.

"Go to bed now," said Bulkeley quietly. "I will see you in. It is too late to take you before the Head now. That will do in the morning. Turn in!"

In stony silence the two roysters obeyed.

Bulkeley turned out the light and left the dormitory.

There was a breathless questioning from the Third, but the hapless fags answered not a word. It was long before they slept.

When the dawn glimmered in at the dormitory windows, and the rising-bell rang out over Rookwood School, Algy Silver turned out with a haggard face.

"We've got to go through it this mornin', Bertie!" he whispered.

De Vere did not answer, save by a savage look, which startled Algy and made him draw back quickly.

At breakfast there was a subdued buzz at the tables.

Fellows glanced at Algy Silver and De Vere on all sides. The story had spread. Jimmy Silver gave his cousin a miserable look.

What he had vaguely feared had happened. But Jimmy could only hold his peace. He could do nothing to help his cousin; and he would not "rub it in."

Algy glanced several times at his companion in disgrace.

If he had expected the dashing De Vere to carry the matter off jauntily, he was disappointed.

The new fag sat in stony silence, and did not meet his comrade's eyes once.

After breakfast Bulkeley called to them, and marched them into the Head's study.

**The 6th Chapter. The Discovery.**

**The 7th Chapter. In His True Colours.**

**NEXT MONDAY.**  
**"THE SCHOOLBOY INVESTORS!"**  
 By OWEN CONQUEST.  
**DON'T MISS IT!**

# TALES of the DORMITORY!

A Great New Series of Short Complete Tales, Told By Juniors at Rookwood School.

This Week:-

## "THE BULLY OF ST. BART'S!"

By JIMMY SILVER.

### The 1st Chapter.

#### The Rival Claimants.

"It's ours!"  
 "No, it isn't; it's ours!"  
 "We found it first!"  
 "Rot! Utter rot!"  
 It was getting near bedtime at St. Bart's school.

The junior Common-room was crowded with juniors. Both the Shell and the Fourth were there in great numbers.

A fierce argument was taking place between two sets of juniors, one belonging to the Shell, the other to the Fourth.

St. Bart's stood on the cliffs, facing the sea.

Swimming was a popular pastime with both juniors and seniors alike.

There had recently been a splendid stretch of springlike weather, and the juniors had got into the habit of going for a bathe before breakfast.

A magnificent little bay, admirable for swimming and water-polo, had been discovered.

Jimmy Drake & Co. of the Fourth maintained that they had discovered the bay, and were therefore entitled to bar everybody from the place but the members of their own Form.

Dick Hardy & Co. of the Shell insisted that they had found the spot, and were justified in refusing to allow any Fourth-Formers to bathe there.

A heated argument had forthwith taken place, and neither of the rivals could convince the other of the fairness of their claim.

"We found the bay first!" exclaimed Jimmy Drake of the twentieth time. "If any of you Shell bounders show your faces there we'll rag you baldheaded!"

"Oh, rot!" said Dick Hardy disdainfully. "We discovered the place, and therefore it's reserved for the Shell. The Fourth Form asses are barred, and—"

"I tell you we—"

"Bosh! It's ours, and—"

"Now, then, you kids, it's time you got along to bed!"

The calm, yet commanding voice of the captain of St. Bart's could be heard from the doorway.

In an instant the argument was brought to an abrupt conclusion.

The juniors trooped out of the Common-room and to their dormitories.

"Well," remarked Preston of the Fourth, "we haven't settled the argument yet. Those Shell bounders are sure to be down there again to-morrow morning."

"Yes," agreed Mannering, "and we shall have our bathe messed up by those rotters, the same as this morning."

Jimmy Drake winked knowingly.

"Don't you be too sure that those Shell asses will be there," he said quietly.

"What's to stop them, fathead?" demanded Preston hopelessly.

"Well, if they all had colds they couldn't go!" said Jimmy Drake blandly.

"Of course not! But—"

"Then, again, if they overslept themselves they'd miss the bathe."

"Oh, bosh! They wouldn't be likely to do that."

"Quite so," said Jimmy Drake. "And then again, supposing they were unable to walk out of their dormitory—"

Preston gave his chum a freezing glance.

"Don't talk such silly rot, Jimmy!" he said angrily. "We ought to think of a wheeze for getting the best of those bounders."

"That's exactly what I'm doing!"

"Eh?"

"I'm wracking my brains for all I'm worth!" said Jimmy Drake. "Now, supposing they couldn't get out of their dormitory."

"You've said that once."

"Well, think about it. Supposing some well-disposed gentleman screwed up the door of their dormitory, so that—"

"Here, what's the game?"

Jimmy Drake almost jumped out of his skin, for Preston had suddenly given him a severe thump on the back.

"The very thing, Jimmy, old scout!" said Preston hilariously. "Just imagine those bounders kicking their heels in their dormitory whilst we are having a merry time in the bay!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll pop downstairs, directly after lights out, and get hold of a few screws and a screwdriver," said Jimmy Drake.

"Oh, I'll lend you a hand, Jimmy!" offered Preston.

"No!" replied Jimmy Drake promptly. "One's quiet enough. Two might make too much noise and we don't want to make the bounders suspicious."

"All serene!"

The three chums entered the Fourth-Form dormitory, and acquainted the other juniors with their intentions.

The scheme was accepted as being "jolly good."

By the time Hopkins of the Sixth came to see lights out the juniors were all in bed, and apparently fast asleep.

No sooner had Hopkins departed, however, than Jimmy Drake sat up in bed. An instant later he had slipped on his shoes and coat, and left the dormitory.

Jimmy wended his way downstairs to the Fourth-Form passage, and entered his study.

It was the work of a moment to find a

gimlet, a screwdriver, and several long screws.

Then, chucking to himself, Jimmy set out for the Shell dormitory.

The school was at this time of night very quiet. With the exception of one or two masters, who were working late, everybody was in bed and fast asleep.

Thus Jimmy passed unnoticed up to the passage in which the Shell dormitory was situated.

He drew up quietly by the door, and commenced to make a hole in the woodwork of the door with his gimlet.

Jimmy turned the handle slowly, for fear of making a sound that should awaken an occupant of the Shell dormitory.

At length, however, the gimlet had entered the woodwork almost up to the handle.

Then the junior drew it out and inserted a four-inch screw. By means of the screwdriver this was forced into the wood until it held tight to the jamb.

In case one screw would not be sufficient to prevent the Shell fellows from leaving their dormitory, Jimmy inserted two more.

Not a sound had emanated from inside the dormitory, and when at length, his task finished, Jimmy Drake returned almost silently to his own dormitory, his face was wreathed in smiles.

Possession is nine points of the law, and as they would be in sole possession of the bay the following morning, Jimmy Drake felt that they would henceforth have every right to regard the right to use the bay as theirs, and theirs only.

Exactly at six o'clock the next morning Jimmy Drake awoke, and in a few minutes he had routed all the Fourth-Form juniors out of bed.

There were, however, no slackers in the Fourth. They were all as eager as one another to get down to the sea.

By half-past six they were swimming in the bay, chortling to themselves as they pictured the Shell fellows shut up in their dormitory, unable to open the screwed-up door.

Dick Hardy was one of the first to wake in the Shell dormitory.

"Tumble up, you fellows!" he ordered, as he slipped out of bed. "We mustn't allow these Fourth-Form rotters to get down first!"

"No jolly fear!" answered Lonsdale, a big, burly fellow. "Confounded sauce those kids have got to lay claim to the bay!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Come on!" said Dick Hardy, making for the door. "It's a quarter past six now!"

He turned the handle of the door, but it did not move.

"Open the door, Hardy!" exclaimed Lonsdale.

"I'm trying to, but—"

Dick Hardy broke off suddenly.

"What's the matter?" demanded Lonsdale. "Why don't you open the door?"

"I'm trying to, fathead, only—"

"Let me have a go," said Lonsdale, and he pushed himself to the front.

But Lonsdale was no more successful than Dick Hardy.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, astounded. "It won't open. Somebody's holding it from the outside."

"Those Fourth Form rotters—" began Dick Hardy.

"If you don't let go of that handle, Drake," shouted Lonsdale, thinking that the leader of the Fourth Form juniors was outside, "I'll give you the biggest hiding of your life!"

He rattled the handle impatiently, but not a murmur could be heard outside the dormitory.

"You silly ass, Lonsdale!" said Dick Hardy glumly. "Nobody's holding the handle!"

"How do you know?" growled Lonsdale savagely.

"Fathead! You wouldn't be able to turn the handle if anybody was holding it!"

"Oh!"

The realisation sent Lonsdale into a savage temper.

"Well, why the dickens can't we open the door?" he demanded.

"For the simple reason that the door's screwed up," said Dick Hardy quietly.

"What?"

"Look!" said Dick Hardy, as he pointed to the jamb of the door, through which the end of a screw was protruding.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Lonsdale fiercely. "This is beyond a joke! I'll give that cad Drake the hiding of his life for this!"

"Don't talk rot, Lonsdale!" said Dick Hardy. "It's a jape, and—"

"Jape be hanged!" roared the burly fellow. "Do you think I'm going to put up with this sort of thing?"

"You've got no choice in the matter."

"Oh, haven't I!" exclaimed Lonsdale. "We'll see about that! I'll make those Fourth Form cads sorry for this!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Lonsdale banged furiously on the door of the dormitory, in the hope of attracting attention.

But no one came in answer to his knocking.

By the time the rising-bell rang he was in a fearful rage.

Dick Hardy and most of the Shell

fellows had taken their defeat like the sportsmen that they were.

But not so Lonsdale. He thumped and banged on the door for all he was worth.

And when at length he heard the voice of Mr. Bindley, the master of the Shell, in the passage, an evil, malevolent expression came over his face.

He banged harder than ever on the door.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bindley, as he heard the knocking. "What's the meaning of this disgraceful noise?"

"We're locked in!" shouted Lonsdale. "Those Fourth Form cads have screwed up the door, sir!"

"Rotter!" exclaimed Dick Hardy, in disapproval of Lonsdale's statement.

"D'you say the door is screwed up, Lonsdale?" asked the master.

"Yes, sir," said Lonsdale.

"So it is," said Mr. Bindley, as he turned the handle of the door unsuccessfully.

"I will issue instructions for the screws to be withdrawn at once."

In five minutes all the screws were taken out, and then the door was opened, and Mr. Bindley stood on the threshold.

There was a hard, stern look on his face, and he looked at the juniors over the rims of his glasses.

"Lonsdale," he said, in a harsh voice, "please be good enough to tell me the names of the boys who screwed up this door!"

"Drake, Man—Ow! Yow!"

"What is the matter, Lonsdale?" asked Mr. Bindley angrily.

"Somebody stamped on my foot—Yarooogh! Groooogh!"

The master gave Dick Hardy a stern look.

"Hardy," he exclaimed, "you kicked Lonsdale!"



"Yow! Ow! Groooogh!" gurgled the bully, as the whitewash descended on his head and shoulders. "Murder! Help! Yarooogh!"

"Did I, sir?" said Dick Hardy softly.

"Yes; I saw you," said Mr. Bindley. "Please be good enough to stand in the rear. Now, Lonsdale, the names, please."

"Drake and Mannering and Preston," said Lonsdale quickly.

"H'm!" The master knitted his brows.

"Are you sure these boys are the guilty persons?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I'm positive!" said Lonsdale untruthfully.

"Very well," said Bindley. His eyes glistened. He was an unjust, unreasonable type of man, and he never lost a chance of venting his spite on the Fourth-Formers. "I will deal with those young hooligans in due course!"

The master turned on his heel, and strode majestically out of the dormitory.

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### Lonsdale Investigates.

Swish! Swish!

Mr. Bindley was venting his spite on Jimmy Drake and his chums.

The Fourth-Formers had returned from the bay, flushed and excited. They had been summoned at once to Mr. Bindley's study.

The master had questioned them in regard to the part they had played in screwing up the Shell dormitory.

Jimmy Drake had confessed, and Mr. Bindley had forthwith proceeded to bestow punishment on the juniors.

Mr. Bindley was not supposed to cane fellows of another Form, but the Shell-master rarely considered the extent of his rights.

"You disgraceful young hooligans!" he exclaimed, as soon as he had carried out the punishment. "Any further act of this description, and I shall take you direct to your headmaster!"

Jimmy Drake & Co. did not reply.

They were not in the mood for talking.

They returned to their study, and sat down.

A few moments later the door opened, and in walked Dick Hardy and two of his chums.

Jimmy Drake gave them a warlike look.

"Outside, you rotters!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Pax!" said Dick Hardy, in a friendly manner. "We haven't come for a row. We've come to say how sorry we are that—"

"What's the good of being sorry after the damage is done?" demanded Jimmy Drake. "We've had a good wiggling from old Bindley, and—"

"That's just what we've come about," said Dick Hardy quickly. "You see—"

"There's no good to be done by arguing about it," said Jimmy. "If you hadn't let on to old Bindley—"

"We didn't!" protested Dick Hardy fervently.

"Eh?"

"It wasn't us," said Dick Hardy. "It was that rotter Lonsdale. We tried to stop him, but—we couldn't. We all took the affair as a joke; but Lonsdale wouldn't. He blurted it out like the rotten cad he is!"

"Oh!"

"Of course, we're jolly sorry," said Dick genuinely. "We wouldn't have had it happen for worlds."

The looks changed on the faces of Jimmy Drake and his chums.

"All right, Hardy, you silly ass!" said Jimmy Drake. "We forgive you; but we're going to have our own back on Lonsdale."

"You're jolly welcome," said Dick. "But—but what are you going to do to him?"

"You wait and see, old scout!"

The Shell fellows left the study, and then Mannering and Preston turned questioning looks at their chum.

"What's the wheeze, Jimmy?" asked Mannering.

Jimmy explained, and for the next five minutes they were very busy with pen and paper.

Directly after dinner that day the three chums went down to the seashore.

They entered a large cave, and for quite half an hour they were busily engaged in inspecting the place.

Then, upon leaving the cave, they did a very strange thing. Then went into the town, and purchased a bucket and a quantity of whitewash and gum.

They next wended their way back to

the words which were written on the paper:

"I am writing this message, hoping that it will fall into the hands of somebody who will come to my assistance. I am being kept a prisoner in the smugglers' cave in the cliff. I am rich, and my captors threaten to do me to death unless I pay them a thousand pounds. I will give a hundred pounds to anybody who rescues me. Do not come of a morning. My captors stay with me until midday. Do come. I cannot hold out much longer. To-day is the 4th of April, so I believe, and I am sending this note out with the tide."  
 "JACOB MARKWICK."

"Phew!" gasped Lonsdale, as he read the message for the third time. "No wonder those rotters didn't want me to get near them. They thought I'd read this message, and go after the reward."

He laughed to himself. "But I'm going, all the same; and, what's more, I'm going to get it. To-day's only the 5th of April, and I don't suppose the old chap will have given in yet."

He went into the House, his face wreathed in smiles.

Directly lessons were over that afternoon he left the school, armed with a thick walking-stick.

Two minutes after he had gone, Jimmy Drake & Co. followed.

Had Lonsdale looked over his shoulder, he would have seen the three chums creeping stealthily along in his rear.

But the bully did not look round, and, therefore, he was quite unaware of the fact that he was being followed.

The cave, known to everybody in the village, and to the boys at the school, as the Smuggler's Cave, lay well back from the sea.

To get to it you had to pass through a dark, curving tunnel.

Lonsdale entered, shining the light of an electric-torch ahead.

Several seconds later Mannering and Preston, wearing thin canvas shoes so as to make little or no noise, entered.

They passed some distance up the tunnel, in the rear of the bully.

Lonsdale at last reached the Smugglers' Cave.

He shone his torchlight to right and left, and up and down, but not a sign of a human body could he see.

"Anybody here?"

Lonsdale made the remark in a low voice, but the sound echoed and re-echoed in the rock-bound cave.

It sounded weird and uncanny, and Lonsdale shuddered slightly.

Save for the echo, there was no reply.

The bully was almost despairing of making any discovery, when suddenly he felt something come into contact with his face.

It was a pea from a shooter held by Mannering; but, of course, Lonsdale did not know that, for the Fourth-Former was well hidden from view.

Again the same thing happened, and Lonsdale felt a cold shiver run down his spine.

"What could it be? What—"

The bully's surmises were cut short abruptly, for three times in quick succession he felt his face pricked by the mysterious missiles.

In an instant all thoughts of rescuing the man for whom he had come in quest were dismissed from Lonsdale's mind. He turned quickly on his heel, and rushed towards the tunnel leading to the seashore.

As he did so Mannering, from his hiding-place, let fly with the peashooter. The peas rained on the bully's head and body, and the unseen danger startled him out of his life.

His teeth chattering, he tore down the tunnel, and a sigh of thankfulness broke from him as he saw the sea in the distance.

But the bully was not out of the wood yet.

As he came to the end of the tunnel, there was a sudden swoosh! and next instant a large quantity of whitewash descended on his head and shoulders, and bore him to the ground.

"Yow! Ow! Groooogh!" gurgled the bully, as the substance entered his mouth. "Murder! Help! Yarooogh!"

Suddenly there came a loud chuckle from over the bully's head, and he cast a nervous look in the direction from which the laugh came.

Next moment he spluttered with rage, for, standing on a protruding piece of rock over the tunnel, was Jimmy Drake, holding in his hand the bucket from which the whitewash had fallen.

"You rotter!" exclaimed Lonsdale, light dawning on him. "You—you—"

Words failed the bully.

Mannering and Preston emerged from the tunnel, and at sight of the bully they almost bent themselves double with laughter.

"Whatever have you been doing, Lonsdale?" asked Mannering, controlling himself with an effort. "Been trying to disguise yourself as a snowman?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Isn't he a sight?" said Jimmy Drake. "A sight for the giddy gods," remarked Mannering. "I think this would be a good wheeze to work on a chap who told tales to masters, don't you?"

"Oh, rather!" agreed Jimmy mildly. "What do you say, Lonsdale?"

"Gurrrrrrrh!" was all the bully said. There was too much whitewash in his mouth for him to say much more.

He slouched back to the school, dripping whitewash at every step.

He made himself scarce for some time afterwards. When it was arranged that the Fourth and the Shell should use the little bay on alternate mornings, the bully was not to be seen there. He was barred now by the Shell as well as the Fourth.

THE END.

# THE BOYS OF THE "BOMBAY CASTLE"

A Magnificent New Serial, dealing with the School Afloat, and introducing Cy Sprague, Lal Tata, Chip, and Captain Handyman.

By DUNCAN STORM.



THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN THIS AMAZING STORY ARE:

**CAPTAIN HANDYMAN**, who is commander of the Bombay Castle.  
**CY SPRAGUE**, the famous American detective.

**LAL TATA**, a fat, genial Hindu, who is a master on board the Bombay Castle.  
**TOM** and **FRED MORTON**, **CHIP PRODGERS**, **DICK DORRINGTON**, **PONGO WALKER**, and the **SKELETON**, high-spirited juniors, who belong to Dormitory No. 3 of the floating school.

**BULLY FLASHMAN** and **STOAT**, two bullying juniors, in Dormitory No. 1.

In last week's instalment Flashman & Co. concocted a scheme for tarring and feathering a new boy named Arty Dove, but Arty proved one too many for them, and it was the Bullies who got the tar and feathers.

(Read on from here.)

## Arty, the Boxer.

Never was there quite such a depressed crowd as the Bullies of the Bombay Castle, when the early-morning bugle rang out for bathing.

Flashman and his pals had had about enough of bathing, for they had been up half the night scrubbing themselves free of the sticky mess of treacle and Venice turpentine with which Arty Dove had tarred and feathered them.

Their faces were sulky and lowering when they showed up at the great bathing tank in the fore well deck.

Their skins still showed patches of the mixture which soap and sand had been unable to remove.

The yarn of the tarring and feathering of the would-be tarring party had run like wildfire round the ship.

The boys were wild with curiosity to see the new partner in Dick Dorrington & Co. who had performed this feat.

Everybody had expected to find the new boy a golden-haired, frail little mummy's darling, and something like a roar went up from the bathing-tank when the hero of the night's exploit turned up, wrapped in his bathing-towels.

"Crumbs!" piped up the voice of a small boy. "He's not a boy—he's a police-sergeant!"

And this was exactly the figure that Arty presented when he stripped for the bath.

Never had the boys seen such shoulders and such a chest.

And when little Arty, beaming all over his good-humoured, broad face, sat on the edge of the tank, and played the "British Grenadiers" by hitting his stomach with his fists, everyone, except the Bullies, agreed that he was built to be champion of the school.

The firemen came up from below to have a look at him.

News had already been brought from the mail-packet how the new boy had vanquished every boxing steward on board that ship.

And when Arty came out from the bath the stokehold crowd gathered round him, measured his chest, tried his muscles, and agreed that, for a boy not yet sixteen years of age, he was a marvel.

Arty was modest and shy when Umpty Ginsen questioned him.

"Look 'ere, Master Dove," said Umpty, "you are a fair wonder, you are. Everybody in the ship 'ears that a new little boy is goin' to join us from the mail-packet at Alexandria, and that 'e's a delicate little feller that's got to be dry-nursed! And you comes aboard, an' you sets about the Bullies an' turns 'em upside-down. An' now they do say that you've licked every steward in yonder mail-packet with the gloves. What does it all mean?"

Arty blushed modestly.  
"Why," he said, "I've told the chaps. It was my mother that wrote the letter that set everyone thinking I was a milk-sop. Mother has always thought that I am delicate, and nothing will persuade her that I'm not. Mother won't realise that I've grown up."

Umpty roared with laughter.  
"Look 'ere, Master Dove," he said, "I generally tries a bit of a spar before breakfast. You want it to keep fit on shipboard. Wouldn't you like to have a round or two with me, now?"

"Rather!" answered Arty promptly.  
A murmur went up from the bathing crowd as Umpty whistled to the fore-

castle, and a couple of pairs of boxing-gloves were thrown out through the port of the boatswain's berth.

"The new chap's going to have the gloves on with Umpty!" ran the cry.  
The crew came swarming out from the forecastle head.

The captain came out of his cabin on the bridge, and looked down at the eager mob as Arty pulled on the gloves.  
The captain laughed at the sight.

"Mummy's Darling" has soon found his feet," he said to Cy Sprague, who stood at his side. "Look at the young rascal. He's taking on Umpty and—By George, look at that!"

"That" was a sudden side-step, a duck, and a hollow smack of Arty's glove on Umpty's iron jaw that surprised even that great warrior.

After that Umpty sparred more cautiously.

In the first round Arty showed him three new tricks of boxing.

In the second round Arty stopped a jolt that would have sent many a strong man flying.

But Arty took it like a rock.

At the end of the third round a tremendous yell went up from Dick Dorrington & Co. as their champion, stopping one of Umpty's most dangerous attacks, got in a left-hander that laid the famous Umpty out.

At length Umpty rose to his feet.

His voice choked with delight and emotion.

"That's enough, kid," he said. "You'll do. With a few years more over your head, you might be heavy-weight champion of England!"

Arty shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't like it," he said, with a smile.

It was just at this moment that Mr. Lal Tata made his appearance at the bathing-tank, wrapped in a gorgeous, striped robe of bath-towel, and wearing a pink silk turban that made him look like an Indian prince out of a circus.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "It is Little Arty, the new boy. He makes box fights to get appetites for breakfast! Arty, my dear boy, I should like to have rounds or two with you. I warn you, however, that I am a terrible box feller. It is very difficult for me to keep cool my Hindu blood when I engage in kicking punches at my adversary!"

"That's all right, sir," said Arty respectfully. "I don't mind if you play a bit rough."

Lal pulled on the gloves which Umpty had discarded, shook hands fervently with Arty, and danced a wild war-dance round him which he called "making spars for opening."

"Look out, Arty, boy!" yelled Lal, when he had bounced round the astonished Arty half a dozen times. "Look out! I am going to hit you a big punch now!"

"Hit away, sir!" laughed Arty.  
Lal made a rush like a bull, and delivered a tremendous punch at Arty's head.

But somehow, when Lal and the punch arrived, neither Arty nor his head were there to receive it.

Lal hit thin air, turned round three times with his black legs kicking in the air, and fell with a tremendous thump on the teak deck.

A yell of delight went up from the boys.

Then Lal sat up, blinking and squinting.

"Did I hit you punches, Arty," he asked, "or did you hit me?"

"Neither, sir," replied Arty. "I didn't hit you, and you didn't hit me. I just got out of the way!"

"Excellent!" said Lal, bouncing to his feet like a black indiarubber ball. "Now, look out for yourself, Arty. I am about to show you how Tom Sayers fought American giants!"

He cut a double shuffle, and hurled himself on Arty, swinging his arms like a windmill.

Arty allowed Lal to get in half a dozen sounding smacks on his broad, grinning face without as much as blinking.

Then, having given his master an opportunity of enjoying himself, his enormous left arm suddenly straightened out.

It was more a shove than a punch.  
But it lifted Lal Tata from his feet so that he cut a double somersault, then slid backwards on his feet and hands, till he fetched up with a thump against the bulwarks.

"Ai! Ai!" yelled Lal, amidst the cheers of the boys. "I was hit by some earthquakes! No, Arty, I will not make more boxes with you. You are too strong little chaps for me!"

The faces of Flashman and Stoat grew longer and longer as they watched Arty using his fists in this fashion.

They had been planning with their new following to get Dick Dorrington & Co. well under.

But the coming of Arty had spoiled their plans.

It was plain to them that Arty could lick any two of them with one hand tied behind him.

Bully Flashman turned away from the bath with a snarl.

"Look at 'em," he said, "fairly crawl-

ing round the chap, just because he's as big as a copper and can use his fists! This ship is going to be a rotten place for us now that Dick Dorrington has got a new recruit! We'll keep to ourselves; we'll cut the whole lot of cads!"

"Yes," lisped Percy Potts, who was still smarting from sand and soft soap which he had used to remove the coating of treacle, tar, and feathers. "We don't want to mix with this crowd of snobs at all. We'll go on our own!"  
Chip laughed.

His quick ear had caught these last words.

"That's right, Poty," he said. "Birds of a feather flock together. You keep your end of the ship, and we'll keep ours. Then we sha'n't quarrel!"  
Bully Flashman scowled. He half-raised his fist.

But Chip only laughed in his face.

"Look out, Flashy!" he said. "Here comes little Arty!"

And the Bully's fist dropped to his side. He had had about enough of little Arty!

## Slook to the Rescue.

After breakfast the steam pinnace and the lifeboats were ready for landing the shore party, and the boys, eager for their first sight of Egypt, were crowding at the gangways.

Presently they were startled by a dismal howl.

Their old enemy Slook had been escorted on deck, in accordance with Captain Handyman's decree that he should be landed at Alexandria and should "walk" home to Constantinople.

"Protector of the faithful!" he sobbed. "Slook no wantee go 'ome! You say cappen. 'Cappen, let poor ole Slook stop! And cappen he say 'Yes!'"

"I'm afraid the captain won't change his mind so easily," said Dick, rather sorrowfully. "They've got to put you ashore here, Slook."

"Who's this nigger, and what's he crying about?" asked Arty curiously.

"Why," replied Dick, "he's the nigger servant of Ali Pasha, the chap that tried to kidnap us in Constantinople. But, instead of him bagging us, we bagged his nigger. And the nigger has taken a fancy to us since we have had him on the ship, and he doesn't want to go back to his master."

"Can't we keep the poor chap?" asked Arty. "He'd just make a pair with Cecil, that orang-outang. And I'd teach him to box. He'd make a very good boxing partner for me. Give me that nigger for three months, and I'd train the fat off him and have him fit to lick Jack Johnson!"

But Dick shook his head.

"Captain's orders are captain's orders," he answered. "Captain said he was to be put ashore at Alexandria, and ashore he's got to go. We'll take up a bit of a collection for him in the boat. That may cheer him up a bit. Come along, Slook-o!" he added. "The boat's waiting!"

Slook dried his eyes on his neck-cloth, and followed the boys down to No. 3 lifeboat.

They sat him next to Cecil, and Pongo Walker, who in his heart was grieved for Slook, told Cecil to make a fuss of him.

Cecil slid his paw into Slook's black hand in a friendly way, and the Skeleton, producing a huge sausage-roll and a slab of chocolate, pressed them on the unhappy negro.

"Cheer up, Slook," said the Skeleton, kindly. "I wish we were going to keep you on the ship. We all thought you were a bit of a rotter when we first met you, and you played that trick on us. But you are a changed nigger now."

Slook made no answer.

The great tears were running down his black cheeks, and, taking off his nutty bowler, he cried into its gaudy, red-satin lining.

Even Lal Tata was sympathetic as he sat perched up in the stern of the lifeboat alongside the helmsman, the tails of

Chip nodded.  
"Look here, chaps," he said, "let's try and work it so that the captain takes him on board again. Tell him to follow us round all day, and we'll see if we can't persuade the captain to sign him on as fireman before the ship sails."  
Slook needed no order to follow the boys.

As the little party edged along the quay, he soon found out a way in which he could serve them.

There was a sudden rush of donkey-boys, porters, and street loafers.

It was quite an ugly rush, for the mob had caught sight of Cecil, the orang-outang, walking hand-in-hand with Pongo, and they were wild to get a sight of this strange "British" boy.

Soon the party found themselves hemmed in by a yelling mob of Levantines, Copts, Arabs, Egyptians, and all the "mixed pickles" that gather in such a quarter.

"Look out for watches and pockets, boys!" called Lal Tata, who was struggling in vain to push a way through this motley mob. "There are lots of thief-pockets in this mob of bad peoples!"

And, sure enough, Skeleton, clapping his hand to his pocket, discovered that his purse had been stolen!

This was no great loss, for the cunning Skeleton had stowed all his money in his socks.

There was nothing in the purse but a lucky ha'penny and a lump of cobbler's wax.

But when an Arab loafer boldly snatched from him the paper bag of sausage-rolls he was carrying for his early lunch, and started eating them in front of his face, the Skeleton got angry.

"All right, Crippen!" he cried. "You eat 'em. But it's pork-sausage! Pig, soor! Savvy?"

Now the Skeleton did a very foolish thing in drawing attention to the quality of the sausage in that flaky sausage-roll.

Pig, in any shape or form, is abomination to the true Mohammedan.

The grinning thief who had stolen the sausage-roll, and was chewing it boldly, suddenly turned pale, and then green.

He spat out the mouthful, and dropped the sausage-roll as if it had been red-hot.

Then he raised a yell to every donkey-driver and Mohammedan loafer within earshot.



Lal made a rush like a bull, and delivered a tremendous punch at Arty's head. But somehow, when Lal and the punch arrived, neither Arty nor his head were there to receive it. Lal hit thin air, and fell with a tremendous thump on the teak deck.

This decree had been considerably softened.

Slook had been given his passage-money by the captain.

The stokers had made a whip round between them.

They had bought Slook an outfit that ought to have made any nigger happy.

Slook was wearing a handsome silk neck-cloth, and a nutty bowler with the lowest of crowns and the sauciest of brims.

Under his arm he carried a new accordion, and Slushy, the cook, had presented him with a bag of grub big enough to keep him going all the way back to Constantinople.

But, strange to say, Slook did not want to go home to his old master, Ali Pasha. He wanted to stop on board the Bombay Castle, even if he had to work in the stokehold.

So when they brought him up from below the tears were rolling down his fat, black cheeks, and he was weeping aloud.

"Oh, my misfortune!" wailed Slook, in Turkish. "Me no wantee go 'ome!" he added in English.

"Why, Slook-o, what's the matter?" asked Dick.

Slook, by way of answer, fell flat on the deck at Dick's feet.

his turban flying in the fresh morning breeze as the lifeboat was towed ashore.

"Pon my words!" he exclaimed. "It makes me quite sad in stomachs to see that poor nigger fellow cry so much. He dissolves himself in tears. Let us pass his hats round boat, Dick, and make subscriptions for him!"

Dick took the bowler from Slook's hands, and handed it round the boat, throwing in five shillings for a start.

Everyone gave something, and the Skeleton put in a shilling and another big slab of chocolate.

"He may get hungry," said the Skeleton, with feeling, "and chocolate is very sustaining."

There was quite a nice little collection in the bowler when it came back to Slook, and the lifeboat was towed alongside the wharf that projected from the white, glittering city.

The boys said "Good-bye!" to Slook on the wharf, and they all shook hands with him, to show him that they had no ill-feeling for his attempt to kidnap them in Constantinople.

But Slook would not be comforted.

"I say," said Dick, "it fair gives me the pip to see old Slook taking on so! Who would have thought the old ruffian would have settled down with us like this, so that he can't bear to leave us?"

"Hai, brothers!" he yelled. "I am undone! These pigs of Unbelievers poison us with their swine-flesh! Lo, they give poisoned food to True Believers!"

Now Alexandria, since the days of Pharaoh, has always been a city that will put up a riot as quickly as any city in the world.

In a flash a yell of menace went up from the mob which was surging around Dick Dorrington & Co.

Sticks and fists were brandished, and a knife or two was drawn.

"Death to the Nazarenes!" started up the old mischievous cry. "Throw them in the sea!"

"Look out, boys!" yelled Dick. "This riff-raff is coming for us!"

The boys faced outwards, back to back.

A nigger donkey-driver dealt a blow at Dick's head with his stick.

Then Arty Dove's huge fist shot out.

There was a smack and a click, and the nigger disappeared in the surge of the mob.

Before the astonished Lal knew what was happening to his party a free-fight was going on, the boys meeting sticks with fists.

Lal drew a police-whistle and blew it loudly.

THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE

(Continued from the previous page.)



get lost in the desert, for once you've shovelled off from the Nile it's much the same to look at all the way across Africa!"

"Right! We'll be careful about that," said Dick carelessly enough.

"Look yonder!" said the engineer, pointing to the blue horizon of the sea that showed beyond Lake Aboukir. "Do you know what you are looking at?"

"No," answered Dick, in wonderment. "Why, that's where Nelson fought the Battle of the Nile," said the engineer, with a smile.

"One of the main streams of the Nile flows out to sea there beyond Aboukir Bay, at Rosetta. Now make yourselves comfortable up here on the coals, young gents. In forty-five minutes we'll be at Tell el Barud Junction, where you change to take the line that leads along by the desert. That's the loop line to Cairo. You'll get a nice view of the country travelling on the engine!"

And the two boys certainly did get a fine view of the flat plain of the Nile Delta as the great engine thundered along; the newest creation of a new world, alongside the oldest creations of a world which has long since passed away.

The engineer pointed out to them the old water-wheels used for irrigating the land, and the queer little stick-like ploughs to which oxen and asses are tethered.

"It's a queer old country," he said; "and it hasn't altered much in its ways since Joseph was Prime Minister to Pharaoh. Look at that chap baling water out of the canal yonder on his little field! They did it the same way in older times."

And he pointed to a fellow, or Egyptian peasant, who was laboriously turning over a wheel of earthen pots, lifting the water from the level of an irrigation canal to that of his flat field.

"Now we come to the straight," said the engineer. "This is where we let her all out!"

He opened the throttle, and the powerful engine leaped forward, the speed-indicator telling off the miles in a steady ticking.

Up it crept from fifty to fifty-five miles an hour, from fifty-five to sixty miles an hour.

Dick and Tom sat on the coals, enjoying the rush of the powerful locomotive as she reeled off mile after mile across the wide plain that was enamelled with green millet and maize fields.

But soon the engineer closed the throttle, and presently the brakes went grinding on, and the train drew up at the junction.

"Good-bye, young gents," said the engineer; "and don't forget what I told you about looking out for squalls!"

The Breaking of the Storm.

The loop-line train was waiting for them, and soon they were off again.

Tom and Dick crowded in with the rest of the gang, and a nice merry mob they were.

There was lots of grub going round, and Skeleton was feeding Slook on penny buns just as if he were a bear.

It was quite decided now that Slook must be got back on the ship.

Presently the boys got a glimpse of a wide, blue river studded with huge, triangular sails.

And they all crowded to the windows and cheered.

It was their first sight of the famous Nile.

The boys were ready to cheer the Nile or the Pyramids or the Sphinx.

They were ready to cheer the mummy of the great King Pharaoh himself.

But they were not going so far as the Pyramids, and at about half-past ten in the morning the train drew up at a little station that lay close alongside the Nile, the name of which, written up in European and Arabic characters, was Kafr Dawud.

On one side of them was the blue Nile and the wide spaces of its cultivated delta.

On the other side were some low, ragged bluffs, crowned by gleaming sheets of yellow sand, which came drifting down in long spurs to the edge of the cultivated ground.

And the boys cheered this. It was what they had all longed to see—the very verge and edge of the great desert.

They tumbled out on the lonely little platform, and the train puffed on its roundabout road to Cairo.

A few hundred yards away from the station was a tiny, white-walled village, and to this Lal led the way, whilst the crowd followed with the luncheon-baskets.

Here awaited them a string of camels, with a few wild-looking drivers.

The camels were crunched on the ground, snarling, bubbling, and grunting, after the fashion of camels, and the native drivers came running forward with wild cries of welcome.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Lal, beaming all over his black face at the enthusiasm of the boys. "Here are the camels! There is the mighty deserts! All we have now to do is to make our excursions."

Soon everybody was mounted. Chip had picked out the worst-tempered of all the camels—an ill-tempered beast, which grunted and snapped, and came near getting a bite out of Arty's leg.

But Arty was ready for the brute. Lifting his fist, he gave it a thump on the nose that made its long neck twist and writhe like a serpent.

"You didn't knock your fist on his teeth, did you, Arty?" asked Chip, rather anxiously.

"No, old chap," replied Arty. "I caught him on the lip. That's why he's looking so sick! But what's the matter with his teeth?"

"They're poisonous," answered Chip. "A camel-bite is no joke! It takes months and months to heal up properly."

"Right-ho!" replied Arty. "Next time he tries to bite me I'll fetch him one with my boot!"

The camel reached out again for Arty. But Chip, who had armed himself with one of the cricket-stumps they had brought with them, fetched his ill-tempered mount a welt over the nose which made him change his mind.

"You leave Arty alone, ole Charley Peace!" said Chip.

And Charley Peace, warned by a flourish from the cricket-stump, changed his mind about taking a piece out of Arty's leg.

The Skeleton had got a more amiable mount.

As he rode along he fed it on the large penny buns he had brought with him from Alexandria.

Every time the camel twisted round its head, the Skeleton gave it a whole bun, which it bolted, and the boys derived great amusement from seeing the buns slide down the thin neck of the half-starved beast.

Sometimes there were three buns sliding down the camel's neck simultaneously, standing out in three lumps.

And when the camel had eaten all the buns, Skeleton screwed up the big paper bag, and he swallowed that as well.

Whereupon Skeleton's camel was nicknamed "Hungry Harry."

The little caravan wound its way up through a rugged gorge, till it topped the bluff that seemed to hold back the sands of the desert as a Dutch dyke holds the sea.

Then a cry of admiration rose from the boys.

In the space of a few seconds they had passed from fields and cultivation into the desert, which lay before them in huge, rolling dunes of white, drifting sand, piled by the winds into great ridges like the waves of some wide ocean.

Over these waves the camels went, striding with the long, easy step which has gained them the name of the ships of the desert.

Soon all signs of the Nile were left behind them.

They had pushed off into the desert just as one sails out to sea.

There was nothing to be seen north, south, east, or west but those tumbled hillocks and valleys of sand.

As they drew into the desert the sun grew hotter and hotter.

"Phew!" exclaimed Porkis. "If it gets much hotter I shall run down to a spot of grease. How are you feeling, Skeleton?"

"I'm feeling rather peckish!" replied Skeleton. "Where do we stop for lunch?"

"It is ten miles," replied Lal, panting. "Then we shall arrive at oasis of date-palms and water-wells in desert. There we shall lunch, and if it does not make too hot, you shall play crickets!"

Desert miles are long miles, and it seemed to the boys that they would never be clear of this waste of sand.

But at last, in a great fold of the desert, they sighted a group of bushy date-palms, sticking up like a line of feather brushes.

The boys gave a cheer.

Here was shade and water, and even the little spell of desert-riding they had undertaken made them realise what shade and water meant in a boundless sea of sand.

Nearly half an hour passed before they came within hail of the welcome thicket of palm-trees, in which was hidden a tiny well of muddy water.

The lunch was unpacked, from the baskets.

Slushy, the ship's cook, had done them well.

There was pink ham in slices, and roast fowls wrapped up cool in white napkins.

There was a splendid tongue, and a whole box of the famous raspberry puffs.

Lal Tata, having finished his lunch, put a handkerchief over his face and went to sleep, whilst the boys lit a fire of camel-thorn, and prepared to make black coffee.

The ginger-beer corks popped merrily.

But they all agreed that it was too hot to play cricket.

It was good enough to sit under the shade of the great, ragged old date-palms, and to look out on that romantic, gleaming waste of shining sandhills.

And as they watched the boys noticed that the blue seemed to die out of the brilliant sky, leaving it tinged by a dull, coppery hue.

The native camel-drivers, who had followed Lal's example, and had taken an after-dinner nap, woke up, and looked around them.

Then they shook their heads, and roused Lal from his pleasant dreams.

Lal sat up, and rubbed his eyes, whilst the drivers muttered to him in Arabic.

"Hurry stumps, boys!" said Lal. "The natives say it is good that we get back out of desert. The harmattan commences to blow, and there will be spittoons!"

"Simoon, you mean, sir," corrected Chip.

"That's him!" agreed Lal. "Maroons—sandstorms. And sandstorms in deserts is no jolly jokes. So let us be going, boys. We must not get lost, for we have trains to catch. So let us to boots and saddle."

The empty hampers were slung on the baggage camel, and Skeleton fed Hungry Harry, his camel, with the remnants of the ham sandwiches and the mustard and the chicken bones.

Hungry Harry, grunting amiably, swallowed the lot, and before the Skeleton could stop him had grabbed at a ginger-beer bottle and swallowed it.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the astonished Skeleton to Dick. "See that! The old rascal has swallowed a stone-inger!"

"Well, that won't do him any harm," replied Dick.

"But he's swallowed it in the bottle! Look at it sliding down his neck!" exclaimed Skeleton.

"I dare say he'll digest it all right!" said Dick cheerfully. "Hungry Harry can tackle anything!"

"Make hurry, boys!" urged Lal Tata.

They all mounted, and the caravan went straggling away over the desert, heading for the Nile as hard as the camels could travel.

The sky grey darker and darker, and the sun was surrounded by a coppery ring.

Presently a fitful puff of wind, like a breath from the door of a furnace, rustled the sand.

Then followed a stronger blast, which set the sand flowing like a tide in ripples under the feet of the camels.

Then Chip looked back.

They had reached the crest of a high ridge of sand.

"Crums!" he exclaimed. "Look! It's coming!"

The boys turned in their saddles with a sense of awe.

There was a deep, thrumming note in the air like the sound of a great organ.

And sweeping up from the desert behind them came whirling a huge pillar of dust and sand, which rose like a column thousands of feet in the air, where it spread out fanwise in a vast, lowering cloud.

The droning note increased to a roar as the air about them thickened with the driving sand.

Down the long slope of the ridge the camels shambled, travelling as fast as they knew to get away from the whirlwind that was sweeping up behind them.

But the whirlwind was upon them.

The head native driver slipped from his camel, and led it under the lee of an outcrop of rock, and the rest of the camels crowded and knelt under this shelter.

Then the sun was blotted out, and a darkness fell like a London fog.

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

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"THE SCHOOLBOY INVESTORS!"

By Owen Conquest.

In next Monday's magnificent tale of the Rookwood chums, Jimmy Silver hits upon a brilliant notion for helping to carry on the War. His chums back him up in a loyal manner, and the Head gives the scheme assistance which is most essential for it to be a success. The majority of the Form become enthusiastic over the scheme, but, needless to say, some are antagonistic towards it. Amongst the latter can be numbered Smythe & Co., the nuts of Rookwood. The latter are resolved to have nothing whatever to do with Jimmy Silver's scheme; Jimmy is determined that they shall not back out. The question is—how to bring Smythe & Co. into line with the rest of the Form. It is left to Mornington and Jimmy Silver to achieve this, and the method they adopt to do so makes most interesting reading. There are some very humorous incidents in this story, and I am sure that it will meet with your approval.

"A FORTUNE AT STAKE!"

By Martin Clifford.

In our next story of Frank Richards & Co. there is further development in the amazing mystery surrounding the new master at the school in the backwoods. You will read with much enjoyment how Lascelles Beauclerc refused to succumb to the voice of the tempter, how Molly Lawrence came in possession of startling information, how she acquainted Vere Beauclerc with what she had heard, and how Vere rode desperately to his home and found his father missing. A magnificent story, full of excitement from beginning to end—such is "A Fortune at Stake!"

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm.

In next Monday's instalment of our amazing serial, the boys have the most exciting time of their lives. They are lost in the desert, and their experiences are thrilling in the extreme. Solely through the heroism of Slook, the nigger, the chums are enabled to escape from their dangerous plight, and their feelings

towards Slook are of the friendliest kind.

Slook is desperately keen on remaining on the Bombay Castle, and the boys decide to plead with the captain to let him stay. But Captain Handyman has already made up his mind that Slook has got to go. What happens? For the answer to this question, you must not fail to read next Monday's grand instalment.

"THE PORTER'S SECRET!"

By Tom Rawson.

The above is the title of next Monday's splendid tale of the dormitory. You will read how a certain porter found himself under the thumb of a thorough rascal, how this rascal endeavoured to make him act in a dishonourable manner, and how, by confiding in a set of plucky juniors, the rascal's scheme was neatly nipped in the bud.

Your Editor

But there were no policemen near the mob to answer the call.

But close at hand there was a better hand at this sort of thing than any policeman.

Slook saw his chance of doing his new friends a service.

Slook had not been running-footman to Ali Pasha for nothing.

In the old days it had been his job to run before his master's carriage through the streets of Constantinople, clearing the way with voice and stick.

He snatched a stout stick from a yelling donkey-driver and rushed into the mob, landing blows right and left.

Slook's stick fairly rattled on turbans and shaven heads.

"Balak! Balak!" he yelled. "Stand back, dogs and the sons of dogs! Room for the effendi! Make way there!"

And smack came the stick on the woolly crown of a nigger who was trying to kick Arty.

The nigger's head sank into his neck at the cosh from the thick stick, which cracked on his crown like a pistol-shot.

He was a thick-set nigger, with a skull as thick as a pavingstone, but he disappeared in the surge of the mob, and was trodden under.

Bang, bang! Crack!

Slook's stick played about like lightning.

The mob fell back in disorder, recognising a practised hand and a voice of authority; and Slook, shepherding his little party, quickly got them clear of what might have been a very ugly encounter.

Only one Arab had the audacity to follow them up, and Slook turned on him like a tiger, fetching him such a welt that the stick broke into splinters, whilst the Arab, with a yell, ran for dear life.

"Bravo, Slook!" said Lal, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "You have got us out of jolly nasty little scraps there. I will make honourable mention of your conduct when we go on ship to-night, and captain shall be persuaded to reconsider your case."

At these words Slook's black face shone like a new dollar.

He kissed the palm of his hand and put it to his forehead.

Then he bowed three times before Lal, declaring that he was assuredly a Prince of Hind, and that his breath was as sweet as the myrtle in spring, and that his voice was like unto the song of the nightingale.

Which was Slook's way of telling Lal that he was a "real toff."

There was little to be seen in the city of Alexandria, save the famous obelisk of granite, which is twin to the famous Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment in London.

Lal had arranged a day, after the desires of the boys—a picnic in the Lybian desert, and a camel-ride into the vast wastes of sand bordering on the fertile delta of the Nile.

They had brought the hampers ashore with them, ready packed by Slushy the cook, and these were rushed up to the railway-station, to be in good time for the fast train which was bound for Cairo.

A run of thirty miles up the line would bring them to a wayside station, where camels would be waiting for them, and there they would find themselves on the borders of the boundless desert, which stretches away in an unbroken waste across the width of Northern Africa.

The boys were all excited at the prospect before them as they swarmed into the railway-station, headed by Slook.

Slook had quite recovered his spirits now.

He had unslung his new accordion, and, wearing his bowler jauntily over his left ear, played the boys into the station with a tune which he said was a Turkish war-march, but which all the boys agreed was more like the tune the old cow died of.

They swarmed on to the luxurious train whilst Lal bought the tickets, not forgetting a ticket for Slook.

Dick Dorrington & Co. made a rush for one of the roomy compartments which the Egyptian State Railways serve out to their customers.

Cecil was boosted up into the carriage first, much to the alarm of a solemn old Egyptian merchant who was sitting in the far corner of the carriage.

"Monka!" said the Egyptian merchant, looking up over the native newspaper he was reading.

"Non, mossoo!" replied Pongo Walker glibly. "He is no monkey! He is British schoolboy!"

But the old gentleman was not going to be deceived in this fashion.

"Monka! He get in, I get out!" he said.

And he got out very quickly, whilst Dick Dorrington & Co. swarmed in.

"Come on, Slook! You'd be late for your own funeral!" yelled Porkis. "Shove him in, Arty!"

# THE HEIR OF TREVELYAN!



**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.

### Buck-Jumping.

"That is a fine animal, my lad." It was Mr. Trevelyan, the new master at Cedar Creek School, who spoke. Morning lessons were over at Cedar Creek, and Frank Richards & Co. had taken their horses from the corral, for a ride before dinner.

As the three chums led the horses out on the trail, the new master spoke to Vere Beauclerc.

His glance dwelt admiringly upon Beauclerc's black horse, Demon.

"A fine animal," he repeated.

"Yes, sir, isn't he?" said Beauclerc quietly.

He looks rather a spirited animal for a schoolboy to ride," continued Mr. Trevelyan.

Bob Lawless grinned.

"Beau was the only chap who could ride him, sir," he remarked. "They all tried him on the ranch at home, and gave him up. He's quiet enough with Beau."

"You must be a good rider, my boy."

"Yes, sir," answered Beauclerc, in the same quiet tone.

Bob and Frank Richards glanced at their chum.

"They knew that Beauclerc did not like the new master, who had arrived only the previous day at Cedar Creek."

Mr. Trevelyan stretched out his hand to pat Demon's glossy head, and the black horse jerked his head back at once.

Quiet as he was with Beauclerc, it was not easy for others to handle the high-spirited animal.

Mr. Trevelyan's eye gleamed behind his eyeglass.

"He doesn't like being touched, sir," said Beauclerc hastily.

"It is hardly safe for you to ride such an animal," said the new master.

"I ride him every day."

"Safe as houses, sir," said Frank Richards. "Beauclerc could ride anything on four legs."

The new master smiled.

"Will you lend me your horse for a few minutes, Beauclerc?" he asked.

Beauclerc did not answer for a moment. But it was impossible to refuse the request, odd as it was, and much as he was inclined to do so.

"If you wish, sir," he said. "But—Demon doesn't get on with strangers."

"I think I can manage him. Give me the reins."

Beauclerc obeyed.

Mr. Trevelyan mounted the black horse, taking Beauclerc's riding-whip from his hand.

"He doesn't need the whip, sir!" Beauclerc exclaimed. "He will get savage if he is whipped."

Mr. Trevelyan only smiled.

The three schoolboys stood and watched him as he rode the horse down the trail.

Chunky Todgers and Hacke and some other fellows came out to watch.

"That galoot can't ride for toffee!" remarked Bob Lawless, in an undertone. "He sits the horse like a sack of wheat."

"I hope he won't use the whip," said Beauclerc, with a troubled look. "Demon won't stand it."

"By gum! There he goes!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers.

Mr. Trevelyan, apparently to show off his horsemanship, was making the black horse curvet in the trail.

He gave Demon a sharp lash with the whip across the flanks.

It was an unnecessary cut, and very sharp and cruel, and Beauclerc's eyes flashed as he saw it.

"Brute!" he muttered.

"That gee's goin' to give trouble, I reckon," remarked Eben Hacke sententiously.

Hacke was right.

The black horse's temper was roused, not unnaturally, by the lash of the whip, and he began to rear and plunge savagely. There was a loud clatter of hoofs on the hard trail.

"This way for the circus!" grinned Chunky Todgers. "We're going to see some buck-jumping!"

Clatter! Clatter! Crash!

Whether Mr. Trevelyan could ride or not, he was not the man to deal with a buck-jumping steed.

The black horse planted his forefeet on the trail, and threw up his hind legs high in the air, and it needed a very good rider to keep the saddle then.

Mr. Trevelyan did not keep it.

He plunged awkwardly over the horse's mane, losing stirrups and reins, and rolled off into the trail.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was an irresistible shout of laughter from the schoolboys at the gate.

The sight of such clumsy horsemanship tickled the young Canadians, born and bred among horses.

They did not mean to be disrespectful to the new master, but they simply could not help it.

But the next moment Frank Richards and Bob ran forward to help the fallen man.

Beauclerc ran to his horse, which was pawing and plunging dangerously near the man in the trail.

He caught the black horse, and dragged him away from the master.

"Hurt, sir?" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he bent over Mr. Trevelyan.

The new master lay in the grass, groaning.

"My—my leg, I think!" he gasped.

The schoolboys became grave at once. It looked as if the master was to pay dear for his folly in mounting a horse he could not ride.

Mr. Trevelyan groaned again.

"By gum!" said Bob, in dismay.

"Carry him in," said Frank. "Lend a hand, you fellows!"

The schoolboys gathered round at once, and Mr. Trevelyan was lifted up and carried back to the lumber school, groaning faintly as he went.

Miss Meadows met them in the playground.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the schoolmistress anxiously. "Is Mr. Trevelyan hurt?"

"Fall from a hoss, ma'am," said Eben Hacke.

"Pray carry him into his cabin."

The schoolboys bore the injured man away to his cabin, where Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, came in to attend to him.

Bob and Frank and the rest left the new master to Mr. Slimmey, who was examining his injuries.

"It's too bad," said Bob, as he went back to the gate with his chum. "But really, the galoot was a duffer. He don't know anything about horses."

"He's a duffer right enough," agreed Frank. "I hope it's not serious, though."

Beauclerc was holding their ponies outside, with the black horse.

He looked at them inquiringly as they came out.

"Anything serious?" he asked.

"I don't know; Slimmey's looking after him," said Frank.

"I can't feel very sorry for him," said Beauclerc quietly. "Why did he whip the horse? It was brutal."

"Oh, he's a jay!" grinned Bob. "He don't know how to ride. I dare say he thought using the whip was part of the game."

Beauclerc smiled.

"Let's get off!" he said. "He won't want to ride my horse again, and that's one comfort."

"Beau, old chap!" murmured Frank. "Beauclerc was generally kind-hearted enough, and Frank was a little surprised at his evident indifference to the new master's accident.

The remittance-man's son coloured a little.

"I don't like that man, Frank," he said. "I don't trust him. I'm going to ask my father's advice."

"About Trevelyan?" demanded Bob.

"Yes, I don't trust him. And I've got reason. But never mind him now—let's get off, or we sha'n't be back for dinner!"

And the three chums mounted, and trotted away down the trail.

## The 2nd Chapter. Dark Doubts.

Frank Richards inquired after Mr. Trevelyan when the chums came in from their ride.

Frank was quite willing to ride over to Thompson for the doctor, if necessary. But apparently it was not necessary.

"He's all right," said Chunky Todgers, with a disparaging sniff. "No bones broken. He's a soft tenderfoot, that's all."

"Do you mean to say he's not hurt?" asked Bob.

"Well, Slimmey can't find any damage, I know that," answered Chunky. "He's got a few bruises, and he says he don't want the medical johnny. Slimmey offered to get the doc, but he refused."

"That doesn't look soft," remarked Frank.

"But he's laying up," said Chunky, with another sniff. "He's sticking in his

cabin now. I hear he's not going to take up his duties here for a day or two, till he feels better."

"Oh!"

"Miss Meadows is very sympathetic," grinned Chunky. "But I believe she thinks he's soft, too."

"Well, he's a pilgrim and a stranger here," said Bob Lawless. "He's not used to roughing it, perhaps. New Westminster, where he comes from, is a bit different from the Thompson Valley."

"Oh, he's one of those softies from the Old Country, and he's hurt if the wind blows on him!" sniffed Chunky.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Frank Richards, rather warmly. "We're not all soft in the Old Country, you fat duffer!"

"Well, that galoot is," answered Chunky. "I tell you, he's not hurt, and he's only fancying himself ill. P'raps it's to get out of doing any work, though," added Chunky brightly. "I've laid up for that reason, myself. I started a bad cold last week to keep away from school, only my popper brought the stock-hip into my room, and I thought I'd better get well."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A master wouldn't be likely to play that game," said Frank, laughing.

Vere Beauclerc did not speak, but he looked very thoughtful.

His brows were knitted when the



The new master plunged awkwardly over the horse's mane, losing stirrups and reins, and rolled off into the trail. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

schoolboys went into the lumber-school to dinner.

After school, Frank Richards & Co. rode away on the home trail together.

They had not seen anything of Mr. Trevelyan during the afternoon.

He was "laying up," and the date of commencing his duties in the school was indefinitely postponed.

This was not exactly agreeable to Miss Meadows, who was to be relieved of some of her duties by the new assistant.

But if the schoolmistress shared the opinion of Chunky Todgers, she gave no sign of it.

"Will you fellows come home to supper with me?" asked Beauclerc, as they rode away from the school.

"Certainly!" said Frank.

"You bet!" said Bob Lawless. "You're going to ask popper his opinion of the new pilgrim—eh?"

"Yes, and you'd better be there," answered Beauclerc. "I don't trust the man, as I've told you."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill, Cherub."

"Perhaps."

Frank and Bob were both a little puzzled.

They rode along the branch trail to the shack by the creek, where they found Mr. Beauclerc at work in the clearing.

The remittance-man was much changed from what he had been when the chums first knew him.

The one-time loafer of Cedar Camp, the habitue of the saloons of Thompson, seemed to have turned over a new leaf.

Poker Pete's little parties at Gunten's store knew him no more, and his old associates seemed to have given him up in despair.

Instead of loafing about the bars, and staggering home at two in the morning, the remittance-man seemed to have settled down to steady labour, early to bed and early to rise.

The new colour of health in his cheeks, the new springiness of his step, and the steadiness in his eyes, told how much benefit he derived from his change of habits.

Whether the reform would last was a question the chums did not care to ask themselves, but they hoped that it would, for Mr. Beauclerc's sake and chiefly for his son's.

Mr. Beauclerc joined them at the frugal supper-table in the shack, and when the meal was over, and he lighted his pipe, Vere approached the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"I want to ask your advice, father," he began.

"Yes, my boy. Nothing wrong at the school, I hope?"

"No. It's about the new master there—a Mr. Trevelyan. You remember I told you yesterday how I found a man in the timber being attacked by Frisco Jo and two other rustlers. He called out to me his name—Philip Trevelyan—and called for help. I brought the cattlemen there, and found the whole lot of them were gone. Well, it turns out that Mr. Trevelyan was the new master expected at Cedar Creek School."

"Then he must have got away from the rustlers, after all," said Mr. Beauclerc. "I thought it very odd that Frisco Jo should make a prisoner of him—kidnap him, in fact—as you suspected, my boy."

"Too steep!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"But I'm not satisfied, father," went on Vere quietly. "When Mr. Trevelyan got to the school he told Miss Meadows he was late because he had missed the trail from Lone Wolf, and never mentioned the affair with the rustlers. When I got there this morning I found him, and he made out that the whole affair had been a rough joke, and the rustlers had let him go, after having had their joke with him."

"He made out?" repeated Mr. Beauclerc. "The explanation is natural enough, Vere. Surely you do not disbelieve him!"

"I do, father."

"But—" said the remittance-man, puzzled.

"I did not recognise him as the man I had seen in the wood, father. Of

"I cannot help suspecting it, father," said Beauclerc, breaking the silence. "I could not swear that he is not the man I saw in the wood. But I do not think he is the same man. He was wearing the same clothes, though—exactly the same. He has the man's clothes, I believe."

"You think that some impostor has come to Cedar Creek School as Mr. Trevelyan, the new master, having got Frisco Jo to kidnap the real man?"

"Yes, father."

"Oh, Jerusalem!" stuttered Bob.

"Beau!" murmured Frank incredulously.

Beauclerc did not answer.

His face showed how deeply in earnest he was, and for some time there was silence in the shack, while the remittance-man smoked thoughtfully.

## The 3rd Chapter. Malingering.

"That is a very queer story, my boy," said Mr. Beauclerc, at last.

"I cannot help thinking so, father," said Vere quietly. "I am sure that the rustlers in the wood were not playing a rough joke on a stranger. Frisco Jo called out to the others to seize me. They meant to take me away also, so that I could not tell what I had seen. But that is not all."

"Oh, more to come!" murmured Bob, closing one eye at Frank Richards.

It was evidently Bob's opinion that Beauclerc was allowing his imagination to run away with him.

"Mr. Trevelyan is a teacher, from a school at New Westminster," continued Beauclerc. "He is quite unknown in this section. His engagement was by correspondence, and he has never been seen here before. If he could be taken away somewhere, there is nothing to prevent another man coming to Cedar Creek in his name."

"But the man would have to be a teacher also. Vere, or he would soon be discovered as an impostor. Such an unscrupulous adventurer as you describe would not be likely to be a member of the teaching profession."

"That is what I am coming to, father. This morning the new master asked me to let him ride my horse. He deliberately lashed the horse and gave himself a fall. He was not really hurt, but he is laying up as if it was serious, with the result that he has not taken up his duties in the school."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"I could not help thinking that the whole thing was put-up, as an excuse for not teaching in the school, father."

"Pile it on!" murmured Bob.

The remittance-man knitted his brows. "The man has been accepted in the school as what he claims to be?" he asked.

course, I had only a hasty glance at the man struggling with the Mexican at that moment. He was tall, like Mr. Trevelyan, and dressed in exactly the same clothes, but I cannot think that their faces were the same."

"My dear boy!"

"I cannot believe that he is the same man," said Beauclerc quietly. "He did not know me. It was not till after I had spoken that he alluded to the incident in the wood at all. But he knew all about it, for he alluded to it then. I think it was upon his lips to deny any knowledge of the affair. But, in that case, Sheriff Henderson would have been hunting for the man in the wood who was kidnapped by Frisco Jo and his gang."

Mr. Beauclerc looked hard at his son.

"My boy," he said, "do you mean that you suspect that your new master is not the Mr. Trevelyan you saw in the wood—that he is a confederate of the ruffians who attacked that man?"

"Yes; that is what I suspect, father."

"Draw it mild, Cherub, old scout!" murmured Bob Lawless, with wide-open eyes. Frank Richards stared blankly at Beauclerc.

The remittance-man smoked his pipe for some moments in silence, a slight smile on his face.

"Oh, yes! Of course, Miss Meadows has never seen him before."

"I guess it's true about his malingering," said Bob Lawless. "All the fellows are grinning over his laying-up in his cabin for a few bruises. They think he's soft."

"I don't think he's soft," said Beauclerc.

"But," said Mr. Beauclerc, evidently much puzzled, "why should a man play such a trick, Vere? The salary of a school teacher in this section is not high. It would not be worth while."

"I know, father. I cannot understand his motive."

"And if he is laying up to avoid taking up his duties as a teacher that could not last long. Next week it would all come out."

"I suppose so."

"So if he is playing such a game he cannot expect it to last longer than a week, or a fortnight at the most," said the remittance-man, with a smile. "You think a man has committed a crime, and run great risks, for the sake of a single week's salary as a master at a backwoods school?"

Bob Lawless chuckled, and Frank Richards could not help grinning. Beauclerc coloured a little.

Put in that way, it certainly did look

THE HEIR OF TREVELYAN!



(Continued from the previous page.)

as if he had made a mountain out of a molehill. "It cannot be a few dollars he is after, father," said Beauclerc at last. "It must have cost him a dozen times as much to hire Frisco Jo and his gang to do their part."

"No; and that makes me think that whatever his object is it must soon be carried out," said Beauclerc quietly. "Father, could you not come up to the school and see the man? I know you could judge him for what he is."

The 4th Chapter. A Startling Meeting.

The next morning Lascelles Beauclerc wended his way to the school in the backwood. After a brief conversation with Miss Meadows he went over to the cabin occupied by the new master and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said a voice within. Mr. Beauclerc threw open the door and entered. A tall man, fully dressed, was lying on the bunk in the room, with a book in his hand.

He glanced up, with a weary air. "Pray excuse my not rising," he said. "I am far from well this morning. Please take a seat."

The remittance-man did not answer, and he did not move. He stood as if transfixed, with his eyes fixed upon the face of the man on the bunk.

His breath came short and sharp. Mr. Trevelyan glanced at him carelessly. The remittance-man stood with his back to the cheery morning sunlight that streamed in at the open door.

ing that you were not what you appeared to be." The master compressed his lips. "Indeed, is it possible that your son regards me with distrust?" he exclaimed. "What can his reason be?"

"You are, then, the man he saw in the wood in the hands of Frisco Jo and his gang, Mr. Trevelyan?" "Certainly!" "You did not get Frisco Jo to put the man in a safe place, and borrow his clothes and his name, and come here as a school-teacher?"

"If such suspicions are entertained by anyone, it may be as well to dispel them," said the new master. "I left England when a boy. I did some ranching in California, and afterwards in Canada. I had always felt an inclination towards the teaching profession, however, and I trained at a college in Toronto. I secured a post at Edmonton, and afterwards at New Westminster. I accepted the offer of a position here, as I believed that the mountain air would be better for my health, never very good. That is all my history—a very simple one, Mr. Beauclerc."

The 5th Chapter. The Tempter.

The man on the bunk sprang to his feet. There was no sign of illness about him now. His face was white, his eyes gleamed under his bent brows, and his teeth had come together.

"What—what name did you call me?" he panted. "Gerard Goring." "That is not my name!" "Come! Haven't I told you that I recognise you?" said the remittance-man impatiently. "I am Lascelles Beauclerc. Ten years ago you helped me to become what I did become. You plied me with drink till I signed my father's name on a piece of paper he had never seen, and you bolted with the profits of that transaction. I do not bear malice; I was nearly as bad as you were. But I want to know, Gerard Goring, what you are doing here?"

The new master was silent, save for his hurried breath. His eyes gleamed like a wild animal's as they were fastened on the bearded face of the remittance-man.

been safer to shoot him in the wood. Don't play the fool, Gerard Goring!" There was hate and murder in the eyes of the impostor, but he realised the truth of what Lascelles Beauclerc said. He slipped the weapon into his pocket again.

"I give in," he said. "I never dreamed of meeting an old acquaintance here. But stay; sit down. Fill your pipe, and I will tell you the game."

"Quite possible. I do not bear malice. I have too many sins of my own to answer for. But I am not quite what I was, and I shall not allow you to play out your game here, whatever it is."

"I'll be plain with you," said Goring quietly. "Since hearing your name, I have made some inquiries about you, in a quiet way, wondering whether you might be any connection of the Lascelles Beauclerc I knew in the past. You are a remittance-man, and your reputation is bad all along the valley. Your money, when it comes, is spent in drink and gambling—you alternate between a drunken royster and a loafer cadging for a drink."

The remittance-man nodded, unmoved. "You want money," continued Goring. "Well, in this game I am playing, there is money."

"I could guess that much." "There is a fortune to be made. I am willing to let you in."

"Because you cannot help it?" "No need to deny that. There is a fortune at stake. What do you say to five hundred a year for yourself?"

"By gad!" "It would be a leg-up for the remittance-man of Cedar Camp," said Goring, with a sneer. "But how—"

He fixed an eager look on the remittance-man's face. There was a long silence. Mr. Beauclerc's look showed the struggle was proceeding in his brain. The temptation was a strong one.

After all, why should the remittance-man, the loafer and gambler, be particular? he asked himself bitterly. A couple of months before it is probable that he would not have hesitated. But he hesitated now.

His new life, though it had lasted weeks, had not been without its effect. And before his eyes there rose up the face of his son—the son who would shrink from him in horror and disgust. He could know that his father had trod the path of dishonour and crime.

The perspiration started on the head of the remittance-man. Goring watched him uneasily. "Man, think!" he exclaimed. "The prize is twenty thousand a year, and the game is played; it wants only the final Ask what you like—I can't arid to hard with you. Stand in with me, a share."

"I—I can't do it!" muttered the remittance-man. "My son—" Goring gritted his teeth. "Your son!" he said quietly. "What are your son's prospects now and what will they be if you share a fone with me?"

Mr. Beauclerc started. "Think of that," said Goring, pursuing his advantage. "What is Philip Trevelyan to you—a man you've never seen? There was a time when you would be leaping at this chance. It means with eas all the things you desire. Long again the clubs, instead of the Canon back woods. Isn't it worth while?"

The remittance-man rose unadvisedly on his feet. The dream of wealth dazzled him. The vision of his old life danced before his eyes. The great city, the hum of life, the ease, the comfort, the security—that he had lost, and missed, and longed for, within his grasp at last.

The temptation was too strong. And yet the thought of his stay in his mind, like a sheet-and that I clung to. "I—I can't decide!" he mused. "I must think over this—I must k—"

Goring drew a deep breath. He was sure of his victim now. "Think as long as you like, but you are rich for life. Your life yours again. But if you de against me, let me know before you s—"

SAVE YOUR MONEY AND HELP YOUR COUNTRY! Buy a War Savings Certificate now for 15s. 6d. and get back £1 in Five Years' time PARTICULARS AT ANY POST-OFFICE.

NEXT MONDAY. "A FORTUNE AT STAKE!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!