

STARTLING ARREST AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL! SEE BELOW!

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^d/₂

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending May 4th, 1918.]

A BLOW FOR BULKELEY!

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

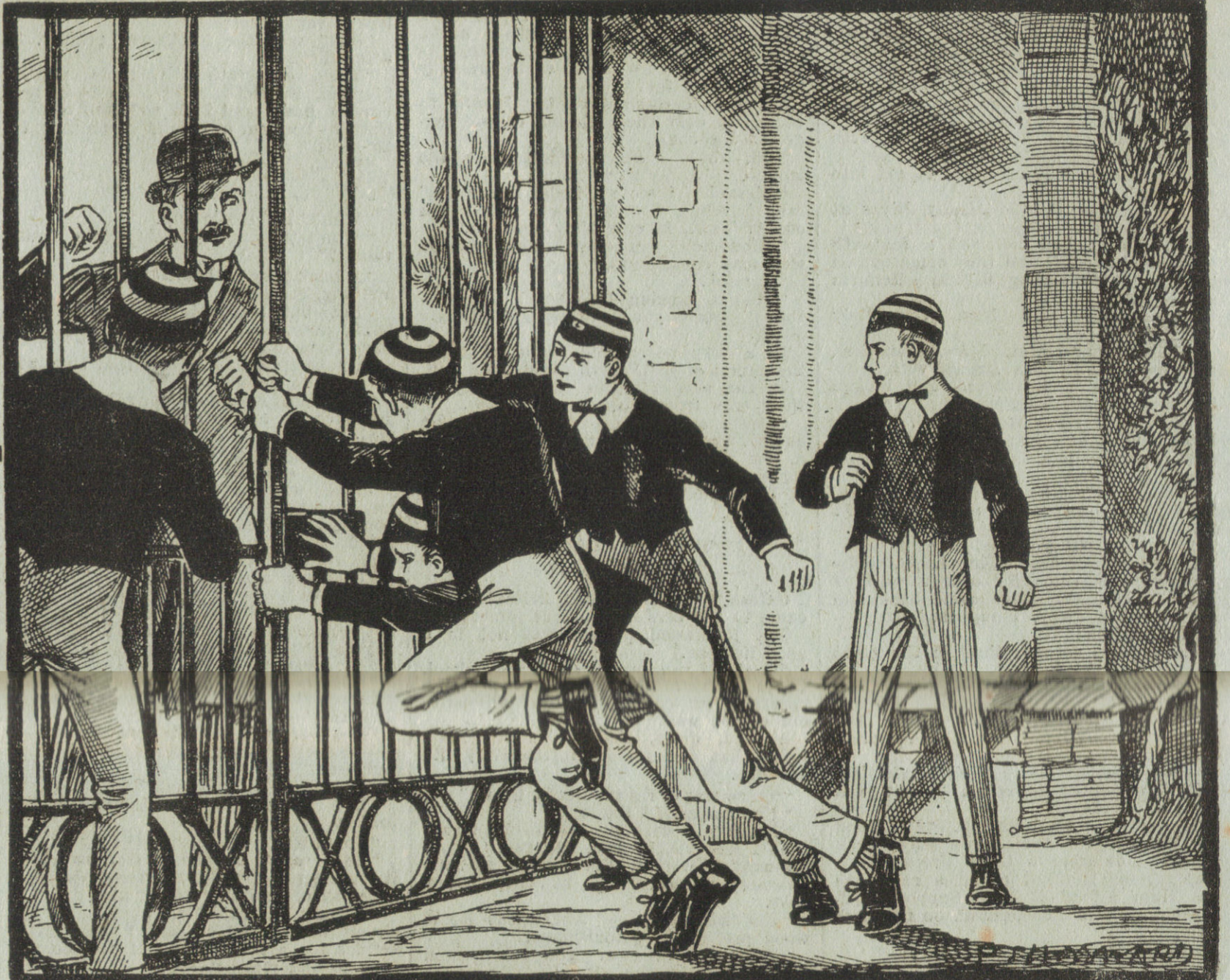
By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Fag Wanted.

"Oh, rotten!" Jimmy Silver glanced round as he heard that irritated exclamation. Catesby of the Sixth Form was standing in the old gateway of Rookwood, with a letter in his hand and a decidedly ill-tempered expression on his face. He did not observe the junior, his eyes being fixed upon the letter in his hand, the contents of which apparently did not please him. Jimmy Silver was waiting for his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome; the Fistical Four being bound upon a little excursion that afternoon. "Rotten!" repeated Catesby. "Why the dickens can't he come here? And what does he want to spring it on me at the last minute like this for?" And the Sixth-Former gave a dissatisfied grunt. "Ahem!" coughed Jimmy Silver. Jimmy thought it best to let the Modern senior know that he was there. He didn't want to be made Catesby's involuntary confidant. Catesby looked round quickly as he heard the cough, and scowled. "What do you want here?" he snapped. Jimmy smiled cheerfully. "Waiting for some chaps," he answered. "What do you want here, if you come to that?" The Modern prefect made a threatening gesture, and Jimmy Silver retreated with a wary eye upon him. Catesby glanced at his letter again. He was evidently disturbed. He looked at his watch and frowned. Jimmy Silver had seen a lad from the village hand that letter to Catesby ten minutes before, and he wondered whether it was from some of Catesby's sporting acquaintances at Coombe. Certainly it had a worrying effect on Stephen Catesby. The senior crumpled the letter in his hand at last, and turned to the Classical Fourth-Former. "Silver!" he rapped out. "Hallo!" said Jimmy. "I want you to cut down to Coombe for me." Jimmy Silver shook his head. "Sorry, Catesby. I'm going out for the afternoon with some chaps." "You're going down to Coombe for me!" roared Catesby. Jimmy's face set obstinately. Modern seniors, prefects or not, had no right to fag juniors of the Classical side, and Jimmy Silver was a stickler for his rights. Besides, he was booked for that afternoon, and he did not feel inclined to throw over his own arrangements to please the bully of the Sixth. "I want you to take a note," resumed Catesby. "I've got to get off now somewhere. I'll write the note here, and you can cut off with it."

"Better call some Modern fag!" suggested Jimmy. "No time." Catesby took out his pocket-book, and scribbled on a page, and tore it out. The junior watched him coolly. Jimmy had no intention whatever of fagging that afternoon for the Modern senior. If there was a "row," Jimmy was quite prepared for it. The Sixth-Former folded the note, took a stump of sealing-wax from his pocket, struck a vesta, and sealed it. Jimmy Silver's lip curled as he saw. This was a precaution to keep the messenger from reading the note, and that sign of distrust in his honour made Jimmy more determined, if possible, that he would not take the note. "There you are," said Catesby, holding out the sealed note. "Take that down to Coombe, Silver. You'll find a man waiting by the stile." "I don't think I shall find him, Catesby." "Eh! Why not?" "Because I'm not going!" Catesby gritted his teeth, and made a stride towards the Classical junior. At the same time Lovell and Raby and Newcome came up and joined Jimmy in the gateway. The Modern prefect paused. "One of you kids can take this note, if you like," he said. "Can't be done," said Lovell. "We're going out." "Sorry!" added Newcome politely. "Come on, Jimmy!" said Raby. "Time we were off." "Stop!" shouted Catesby angrily. The Fistical Four walked out of the gates. They had no time to waste on Moderns, senior or junior. Catesby made an angry rush after them, seized Jimmy Silver by the collar, and swung him round. "You cheeky little cad! Stop when I tell you!" he shouted. "Leggo, you Modern cad!" howled Jimmy. "Take this note—" "Bother your note! I won't take it!" Shake! Shake! "Let go, or I'll biff you, Catesby," exclaimed Jimmy Silver, clenching his hands hard. "Now, then—" Shake! Biff! Jimmy Silver hit out, and Catesby received his clenched fist on the chest. He gasped, and released his hold, staggering back. Jimmy, with his hands up, faced him fearlessly, his chums rushing to his side at once. Catesby, panting, sprang forward again. But before he could hurl himself on Jimmy Silver—perhaps fortunately for him—Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding up, and his stalwart form interposed. The captain of Rookwood pushed Catesby back.



KEEPING THE STRANGER OUT!

"Now, what's the row?" said Bulkeley. "Come, come!" Catesby panted. "That young cad has struck me!" he roared. "You must have seen him!" "I saw you shaking him, too," said Bulkeley quietly. "What's the matter?" "Catesby wants us to fag for him, and we're not going to!" shouted Lovell wrathfully. "Let him get Modern fags to take his blessed notes. There's lots of them—too many, in fact. He can't fag Classics!" "No jolly fear!" said Raby emphatically. "Is that the trouble, Catesby?" asked Bulkeley, frowning. "Suppose it is?" snarled Catesby. "Well, you are in the wrong, then, and you've no right to lay hands on Silver," said the Rookwood captain sharply. "You've no right whatever to fag the Classical side, and you know it. I've spoken to you about it before, and to Knowles, too. If you want Silver to do anything for you, you must ask him." "I'll wring his neck!" howled Catesby. "You won't!" said Bulkeley. He made a sign to the juniors. "Cut off!" "You bet!" answered Jimmy. The Fistical Four walked cheerfully out of gates. Catesby made a movement, and the Rookwood captain swung in the way. "Don't be a fool, Catesby," he said quietly. "I shall not allow you to touch them." The Modern prefect gritted his teeth. "I'll remember this, Bulkeley!" he muttered. He turned from the gateway and strode into the quadrangle.

Bulkeley went out of gates with a frowning brow. Catesby scanned the quadrangle for a fag. He was in a hurry; and on that fine afternoon there were few fags to be seen about the school—most of them were out of gates. He spotted Leggett of the Modern Fourth lounging lazily in the stone archway of Little Quad, and called to him. Leggett came up sulkily. He was only slacking about, but he did not want to fag. But being a Modern junior, he had no choice about the matter. Catesby handed him the note with his instructions, and Leggett nodded and walked off with it. Then the prefect looked at his watch again, and uttered an angry exclamation. He had lost a good deal of time in the altercation with Jimmy Silver & Co. "Confound it!" he muttered. "Uncle James will be ratty if I keep him waiting! Why the thunder couldn't he come here? Oh, rotten! Hang it!" And in that amiable mood Catesby of the Sixth strode away from Rookwood, cutting across the fields at a great rate.

The 2nd Chapter. Cornered.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were proceeding at a trot, feeling it only judicious to keep at a respectful distance from Catesby that afternoon. Bulkeley had taken their side in the dispute, and Bulkeley's word was law. Still, the Modern fellow was a prefect, and it was a very ticklish business defying a prefect.

They did not want any fresh trouble with Stephen Catesby after the Rookwood captain was off the scene. "Put it on a bit for a mile or so!" said Jimmy Silver. "I shouldn't wonder if that Modern cad waits till Bulkeley's gone, and then comes after us. He's mean enough." "We could handle him!" growled Lovell. "My dear ass," said Jimmy cheerfully, "we don't want to handle prefects. There's such agreeable possibilities as a flogging from the Head, if he didn't happen to agree with our point of view. And he mightn't! He doesn't always." "Not always," grinned Raby. "Besides, as we're going out of bounds, Catesby could get his own back by reporting us, if he spotted us there." "Exactly, my infant. So put it on." And the Fistical Four kept up a steady trot, which got over the ground at a good rate, till they had put half a dozen fields between them and Rookwood. Then they dropped into a walk, but still proceeded at a good pace. They kept their eyes well about them, too, for Rookwood seniors as they went. Going out of bounds was an enterprise that was best kept dark. Not that there was any harm in their little excursion, as far as that went. Fellows like Peele and Gower would go out of bounds to visit questionable characters, such as Joey Hook, the billiard sharper, at Coombe. But that kind of shady game was not in Jimmy Silver's line at all.

(Continued on the next page.)



A BLOW FOR BULKELEY!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The chums of the Fourth were going to visit the scenes of an air-raid outrage a couple of miles from the school.

A few weeks before, the raiding Gothas had dropped bombs there, and a country house had been reduced to tottering ruins.

Such of the inmates as had escaped the assassins of the night had gone, and the place was a deserted ruin.

And the reeling walls and tottering fragments of roof were decidedly dangerous to explore, for which reason the Head of Rookwood had placed Woodend Lodge out of bounds.

It was a wise decision of the Head; but the juniors, curious to see the effects of the Hun bombs, did not quite agree with him.

Possibly, beside the danger to an explorer, the Head considered that the sight of the smashed building might have a bad effect on boys' nerves, as it was possible, of course, that the same fate might fall upon Rookwood School.

But there was nothing wrong with Jimmy Silver & Co.'s nerves.

They were not at all likely to get into a "jumpy" state.

"Here we are!" said Jimmy Silver at last.

The juniors had followed a footpath through the wood, and they came out on the ruins, glimmering in the afternoon sun of spring.

The house had been completely wrecked.

Not one floor remained above another, and the vicinity was strewn with scattered bricks and plaster, and broken beams and shattered glass.

"My hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "The Huns made a pretty good job of it! Suppose that bomb had dropped on Rookwood!"

"Oh, rats!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Mind how you tread here! The ground's full of holes."

"May as well go inside," said Raby. "There's nobody here. They had a bobby watching the ruins for over a week, I hear—in case the Huns came back and carried them away, I suppose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors entered through the great doorway of the house.

Inside, the sunlight fell on the broken masonry.

It was difficult to tell where the separate rooms had existed, so complete was the smash.

"Silly asses to waste their bombs like this!" commented Newcome. "What good does it do them?"

"None," answered Jimmy. "It's good for us, not for them. It's sheer luck for our side when a bomb drops on an empty house instead of on a camp, as the Huns intend it to. Suppose that beastly thing had come down on Latcham Camp."

Lovell shivered.

"I'd rather it dropped on Rookwood," he said.

"Hear, hear! This war is the sort of war a fellow can feel keen on," remarked Jimmy Silver. "Everybody's in it, and everybody gets a bit of the danger—and that's just as it should be. Much better than the Tommies getting it all."

"Everybody don't agree with you there," grinned Raby.

"Everybody but the pro-Huns," said Jimmy. "Hallo, my hat! That Modern cad has stalked us down, after all."

Jimmy Silver was glancing through a shattered casement.

From the footpath, in the distance, Catesby of the Sixth had come in sight, striding straight towards the ruined house.

"Oh, crumbs!" said Lovell, in dismay. "This means a report to the Head!"

"How on earth did the Modern brute guess we were coming here!" grunted Raby.

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"Keep out of sight," he muttered. "He mayn't know we're here. He may only be coming to see the show, same as we did."

"Well, that's so," agreed Lovell, relieved.

The Fourth-Formers kept carefully in cover, peering out cautiously at the prefect as he came on.

They realised now that their excursion was rather a more serious matter than they had understood at first.

They had come there carelessly enough, but they realised that, if the matter was reported to the Head, he would regard it as an act of flagrant disobedience to his express commands.

So it was, in point of fact, but the somewhat heedless juniors had not intended it.

They watched Stephen Catesby anxiously.

The Modern prefect came on, looking about him, and they wondered whether he was looking for them.

But he hardly glanced at the ruins.

Jimmy Silver remembered now that he had heard Catesby muttering over his letter—something about somebody he was to meet, and who he thought might as well have come to Rookwood.

Was this the place of the appointment? Catesby stopped at last, a dozen yards from the shattered building.

He stood there, looking about him.

"He's waiting for somebody," Lovell whispered, with a perplexed look. "He's not after us, Jimmy."

Jimmy shook his head.

"Some appointment with his precious

sporting pals," grunted Raby. "It's pretty well known that Catesby knows Hook and his gang at Coombe."

"Tain't that! Why should they come as far as this to meet Catesby?"

"Oh, I give that up."

"Well, he's not after us, that's one comfort," murmured Newcome. "So long as we lie low, like Brer Fox, it's all serene."

"Hallo, there comes the other johnny!" muttered Lovell.

From a different path through the wood a man appeared in sight—a tall, well-dressed, middle-aged man, whose silk hat gleamed in the sunshine.

Catesby waved his hand to him, and moved off to meet him.

"My word!" murmured Lovell, in blank amazement. "That's Catesby's uncle."

I've seen him at Rookwood, when he's visited the cad. What on earth are they meeting here for?"

"May have come down for Catesby to show him over these blessed ruins," suggested Newcome.

"Oh, rot! He wouldn't take the trouble."

"Blessed if I see what else it can be," said Lovell. "I think we'd better get out of sight, in case they come in."

"Mind how you move! That dashed wall may come down!"

"Careful!"

"They're coming this way! Quiet—they'll hear you!" whispered Jimmy Silver.

In a very unenviable frame of mind, the chums of the Fourth stood quite still.

In the silence voices came clearly to their ears from without.

Catesby and his uncle had stopped just outside the shattered doorway, and only a few yards separated them from the four—with a tottering wall and a heap of broken bricks interposing.

The 3rd Chapter. Mysterious!

Catesby's voice sounded irritable as it came to the ears of the four juniors.

The Rookwood prefect was not in a good humour.

"Couldn't you have come to the school, Uncle James? I really don't see the necessity for coming here at all—miles out of the way."

A cold, quiet, silky voice replied—a voice that the juniors instinctively did not like.

"There was a reason for it, Steve."

"I'm blessed if I see it!"

"I did not wish anyone to be aware that I had visited you, Stephen."

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another uncomfortably as they heard that.

"But why—ever—" began the Rookwood prefect, in astonishment.

"There is a reason. You told me in your letter of the air-raid outrage at this place, and so I thought it was a good place to meet, as you mentioned that it was placed out of bounds for the school."

"Yes, that's right enough, if you don't want any Rookwood fellow to see you," answered Catesby, in wonder. "But I don't see why not. You've visited me at Rookwood before."

"The matter is different now," answered James Catesby quietly. "But take a glance into the building, Stephen; someone may be there."

"Oh, the place is quite deserted," answered Catesby carelessly. "I've been here some time, and I've seen no one."

"Take a glance round, all the same."

"Oh, all right," said the Rookwood prefect, with ill-concealed impatience.

His footsteps were heard crunching the broken bricks.

Jimmy Silver & Co., after a startled glance at one another, ducked down among the masses of fallen brickwork.

They had not the slightest desire to see or hear anything of Catesby and his uncle; but they did not want to be spotted there by the Modern prefect.

Well they knew that it would mean being marched in to the Head as soon as they returned to Rookwood, to receive a severe caning, and possibly a "gating" for two or three half-holidays.

That was not "good enough."

They ducked among the ruins, and almost held their breath, as the Sixth-Former crunched in at the shattered doorway.

Catesby gave a very perfunctory glance round, and returned to his uncle.

"Nobody there, uncle."

"Very good! Step into the doorway," said Mr. Catesby.

"It's very rough there."

"Never mind that."

They crunched over the fallen bricks and beams, so that the remaining portions of the doorway hid them from view without.

Catesby was growing more and more surprised and impatient.

But he had to keep his feelings within bounds, so far as expressing them went; he did not care to quarrel with his relative.

Mr. Catesby was a wealthy gentleman, director of half a dozen companies, and was good for generous "tips."

"I dare say you are surprised, Stephen," said the banker, breathing rather hard after clambering over the debris.

"Well, yes, uncle."

"Never mind that. You are to keep secret the fact that you have met me

to-day. Mention it to no one—in fact, forget it yourself."

"You gave me a hint in your letter," said Catesby. "I've not spoken to anyone about it. Why didn't you write in the usual way?"

"I thought it safer to send a lad from the village with the note," answered Mr. Catesby. "The post is sometimes unreliable, in these days, and one cannot be too careful."

"You speak as if it were some awful secret, uncle!" said Catesby, in growing astonishment.

"It is not an awful secret, Stephen; but it is a secret. A great deal depends upon it—how, I need not explain to you. You have, I believe, a study to yourself at Rookwood?"

"Yes; all the seniors have."

"Quite so. You have some receptacle in your study that is perfectly safe, and never opened by anyone but yourself?"

"Yes, there's a locker, where I keep some things."

Catesby had nearly said "cigarettes," but he stopped in time.

"Only one key?"

"Yes."

"And you keep it about you?"

"Yes."

"Good! I wish you to take charge of some papers for me, Stephen, and place them in a safe place, and keep that place locked very carefully."

"Oh!" said the Rookwood prefect, in astonishment.

"They are rather valuable papers, Stephen, connected with some business I have in hand, and I do not care to keep them in London, in case of destruction by air-raids."

"By—by air-raids?"

"Yes."

"Uncle!"

"Well?" he said grimly.

"Won't the papers be safer in a bank's vaults?"

"A bank may be bombed like any other building, Stephen."

"But—but a country bank—a Scotch bank, even," said Catesby. "You could stick them in any bank you liked."

"I have reason to believe that they will be safer at Rookwood."

"But—but Rookwood may be bombed, as much as any other place," said the Sixth-Former.

"I did not come here for an argument, Stephen," said Mr. Catesby coldly.

"Well, why can't you be candid with me, uncle?" exclaimed Catesby. "I don't mind taking charge of the papers—I'd do anything you asked me. But air-raids isn't the reason."

There was a short silence.

"I have no other reason to give you," said Mr. Catesby, at last. "You should not ask questions, Stephen. Will you take charge of the papers?"

"Of course."

"That is enough, then."

"Uncle!"

"Well?"

"I—I—" Catesby stammered. "I—I—"

"There's nothing fishy about it, I suppose?"

"Fishy?"

"I—I mean wrong!" stammered the prefect.

"Stephen!"

"You—you're so jolly mysterious about it," muttered Catesby. "Of—of course, I know there's nothing wrong about it."

"I trust so," said Mr. Catesby. "I am simply asking you to render me a little service for a few weeks. If you do not care to undertake it—"

"I'll do it with pleasure, uncle."

"Very well, then. Here are the papers."

The banker handed his nephew a thick, sealed, heavy envelope.

"By gad, it weighs a bit!" said Catesby. "Only papers?"

"Yes, legal papers. Put it out of sight."

Catesby slid the large envelope into the inside pocket of his coat.

"It's safe there, uncle."

"Very good! Mind, no eyes but your own are to see it, and get it locked up as quickly as possible. The consequences might be serious if you are not discreet. How are you off for money, Stephen?"

asked Mr. Catesby, changing the subject abruptly.

"Hard up, as usual," said Catesby, with a smile. "Everything's so jolly dear—"

"No reason why you should be pushed for money, my boy. I suppose two fivers would be very useful to you?"

"By gad, I should say so!"

"Well, I have brought them for you."

"I say, you're awfully good, uncle!" said Catesby, in amazed delight.

He had expected two or three pounds, at the most.

"Not at all, my boy. By the way, how do you get on with George Bulkeley? He is in your Form, I believe?"

"Yes, he's head of the Sixth and captain of Rookwood," said Catesby. "I don't pull with him very well."

"Really, you should try to do so, as his father is your uncle's partner," said Mr. Catesby, a little severely.

"Ye-es, but—"

"You don't like him?"

"Well, no. You see, he's a Classical, and we Moderns are rather up against the Classical side. My pal, Knowles, is generally against Bulkeley, and I back him up. We don't consider that we get a fair show in games, for one thing. Some of us think that Knowles ought to be captain of Rookwood."

"If Bulkeley left—"

"Oh, Knowles would get in as skipper

then," said Catesby. "I wish he would. It would be ever so much better for me and my set."

"Such a thing may happen," said Mr. Catesby.

"Eh! Why should Bulkeley leave?" exclaimed Catesby. "Is his pater thinking of taking him away?"

"Possibly he may have to do so," answered Mr. Catesby drily. "Of course, not a word about this, Stephen. I know I can rely on your discretion."

"Yes, rather," said Catesby.

"I will get back to the station now. Don't leave here till I have been gone ten minutes; it will be better. Good-bye, my boy! If you find yourself in need of money, let your uncle know."

"I will, uncle. Thanks. Good-bye!"

Mr. Catesby walked quickly away, and disappeared in the wood.

Catesby of the Sixth stood staring after him blankly.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated. "This beats it—beats it hollow! What's all the dashed mystery about?"

The Rookwood senior shook his head over that question.

He was puzzled, but he was feeling very contented.

Ten pounds meant quite an extensive little run among the sporting fraternity at the Bird-in-Hand, and there was more to come if he wanted it—and he was very likely to want it.

Stephen Catesby was looking very bright when he sauntered away at last from the ruined house, with the mysterious package safely concealed inside his coat.

The 4th Chapter.

Rather a Puzzle.

"Great Scott!"

Arthur Edward Lovell relieved his feelings with that exclamation as Catesby vanished in the distance.

The Fistical Four emerged from the dusty ruins.

They were amazed—or, rather, that word did not express their feelings.

They were, as Raby put it, simply flabbergasted.

They were feeling very uncomfortable, too.

They had been forced into the position of listening to the secret interview between Catesby and his uncle quite against their will.

For Mr. Catesby's mysterious communications with his nephew they did not care a rap. They were not curious, and they were not interested.

They would much rather have warned the speakers of their presence, and so escaped hearing the talk, but as that meant placing themselves at the mercy of the malicious prefect they could scarcely be expected to do so.

To do Catesby a good turn, and to be reported by him to the Head in consequence, was not quite good enough.

"Anybody guess what all that means?" asked Lovell, looking at his chums inquiringly.

"Don't ask me!" said Newcome. "It beats me hollow! It seems to beat Catesby hollow, too, from what he said."

"The merry old gent seems to have taken to play-acting late in life," grinned Raby. "Secret meetings and mysterious documents, like a blessed heavy villain in a drama."

"He's a banker, I believe," said Lovell.

"I wonder whether he's been pinching some of the bank's funds, and brought 'em to Catesby to hide."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's jolly queer," said Jimmy Silver. "But it's no business of ours. I'm sorry I heard their silly burbling, but it couldn't be helped."

"Well, I don't see how it could. We couldn't be expected to show up and ask to be reported to the Head for breaking bounds, I suppose."

"No jolly fear!"

"I say, he's a deep old codger," said Raby thoughtfully. "This is the very best spot for a secret meeting, only we happened to be here out of bounds. If he had to inquire his way to the place, he would only be taken for a sightseer who wanted to see the damage. I—I suppose we'd better say nothing about all this."

"Not a word!" said Jimmy Silver. "The old duffer wants it kept dark that he's met his nephew. Besides, if we spoke about it Catesby would know that we'd been out of bounds. A still tongue shows a wise head."

And with that the Fistical Four, puzzled as they were, dismissed the matter from their minds, and proceeded to explore the ruins.

Having risked their limbs half a dozen times, and covered themselves with dust, they were satisfied.

On their way back to Rookwood, late in the afternoon, they met Tommy Dodd & Co. in Coombe Lane.

The three Tommies were looking wrathful.

"Hallo, you fellows been to the ruins?" asked Tommy Dodd, stopping.

"Ruins!" said Jimmy Silver. "What ruins?"

"The house that was busted by the Huns, fathhead. We were going, and we met that worm Catesby, and he turned us back. I believe he'd been there himself, too!" exclaimed Tommy wrathfully.

"What, a prefect out of bounds!" said Lovell, looking shocked.

"Well, his boots and bags looked jolly dusty," said Tommy Cook. "Same as yours do, you bouncers!"

"Sure," remarked Tommy Doyle, "if you haven't been to Woodend, you'd better dust yourselves before you go in, or they'll think ye have!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. acted upon that excellent advice, and carefully removed the dust, which was just as well, for they passed Catesby in the quadrangle when they went in.

The Modern prefect looked at them, and gave Jimmy Silver a scowl.

Jimmy gave him a smile and a nod

in return, which had the effect of blackening Catesby's scowl still further.

Bulkeley and Neville were chatting in the hall when the Fistical Four came into the School House.

Bulkeley seemed in very cheerful spirits, and the juniors heard his remark on the coming cricket season.

Bulkeley was laying great plans for cricket that season, apparently, and Jimmy Silver could not help glancing at him curiously, remembering what Mr. Catesby had said concerning the possibility that Bulkeley might be leaving the school.

If that was a real possibility it was evident that George Bulkeley knew nothing about it.

Jimmy was rather thoughtful when he went into the end study to tea with his chums.

The Rookwood captain was so popular that all the juniors would have felt it as a blow if he had left Rookwood.

Why should Mr. Catesby have referred to it as a possibility?

Mr. Bulkeley, perhaps, might have confided such an intention to his partner. But why should he think of taking his son away before his time was up?

Jimmy was puzzled.

It was odd enough that he should know more about the Rookwood captain's future prospects than Bulkeley himself knew, and he wished that he did not know.

But that could not be helped.

"That old merchant was talking out of his hat!" Lovell remarked suddenly, as he was scraping the last fragment of marmalade out of the jar.

"Eh? What old merchant?" asked Jimmy.

"Old Catesby. He was burbling some rot about Bulkeley leaving.

opinion about it, Tubby?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"He looked jolly queer when he was reading it," said Tubby. "I was watching him—I mean, I happened to see him. His father's coming down to-day."

"Br-r-r-r!" grunted the captain of the Fourth. "Why don't you learn to mind your own bizney, Tubby?"

"Well, you know, I rather like old Bulkeley," said Muffin. "I'll be sorry if he leaves Rookwood."

Jimmy Silver jumped.

"Leaves Rookwood! What are you talking about, you rat duffer?"

"Well, I heard him say to Neville this afternoon, you know—"

"You hear too much, Tubby. Come here, and I'll pull your ear."

Tubby Muffin did not accept that invitation. He scuttled off, to find someone more interested in his news and surmises.

Jimmy Silver tapped at Bulkeley's door. There was no reply from within, and he opened the door and glanced in, to see whether the Rookwood captain was in his quarters.

Bulkeley was there, but he did not look up.

He was sitting at his table, staring at the open window on the quad.

His face was pale and troubled, and he was evidently sunk in deep and painful thought.

Jimmy Silver started as he looked at him.

He had never seen the head of the Sixth looking like that before.

Bulkeley had not heard his knock, and had not noticed his entrance.

He was deep in a troubled reverie. Jimmy Silver coughed loudly.

Then the captain of Rookwood started, and looked round quickly.

A slight flush came into his face.

"Silver!" His voice was unusually sharp. "What do you want? You shouldn't come in without knocking."

"I did knock, Bulkeley."

"Oh, I didn't hear you!" said Bulkeley. "What is it? Don't bother me now. I—I'm expecting my father."

"I—I'll get off; it doesn't matter, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver hurriedly.

It went straight to Jimmy's heart to see old Bulkeley looking like that.

Bulkeley passed his hand across his forehead.

"I—I'm rather worried," he said. "Never mind. What is it, Silver? Didn't I give you some lines? Lay them on the table, kid."

"I—I haven't done them."

"You needn't do them. Shut the door after you!"

"Yes, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver very softly.

He went out, and closed the door very quietly.

His chums were waiting for him in the quadrangle, and they grinned as he rejoined them.

"Any luck?" asked Lovell.

"Did you get the ashplant?" grinned Newcome.

"Hallo! You're lookin' jolly serious," remarked Mornington, noticing the expression on Jimmy's face. "Anythin' up?"

"Bulkeley's let me off the lines."

"By gad! What for?"

"He—he's worried about something, I think," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry I went in. He's expecting his pater here, too."

"Nothing to worry him in that, surely?" said Erroll.

"I suppose not."

Jimmy Silver walked along with his chums, his brows knitted.

The Fistical Four strolled through the gates, three of them eyeing Jimmy very oddly.

"What's the row?" asked Lovell.

"Eh?"

"Fathead! Is there something up with Bulkeley?"

"I—I'm afraid so," faltered Jimmy. "He was looking awfully worried when I went in. That fat boulder Muffin says he was looking queer over a letter to-day, and that he said something to Neville about leaving Rookwood."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Leaving Rookwood!" repeated Newcome, with a stare. "Then there's something in it, after all."

Jimmy looked quite miserable, as he felt.

"I don't understand it," he said. "There may be something wrong at home; and, if so, old Catesby knew about it that day at Woodend. Poor old Bulkeley! It gave me a regular twinge when I saw his face."

The chums of the Fourth walked on in silence, perplexed and troubled.

If old Bulkeley was in any trouble, there were many fellows at Rookwood who would feel it, and the Fistical Four were among them.

The captain of the school was a tremendous big gun in the eyes of the Fourth, but with all his great dignity as captain and head prefect, Bulkeley was so kind and good-hearted that the fags liked him as much as they respected him.

There was a rattle of wheels on the dusty road, and the station hack from Coombe came jolting by.

The juniors glanced at it, recognising the somewhat stately gentleman who sat within.

It was Mr. Bulkeley, the father of the Rookwood captain.

The juniors had seen him a few weeks before, when he was visiting Rookwood, and they were struck by the change in his appearance now.

The handsome old gentleman seemed to have aged years in those few weeks, and there was an expression of haunting trouble on his lined face that he could not control.

They raised their caps to him as the hack passed, but he did not even see them.

As the vehicle rolled on, in a flutter of dust, they stared after it.

"That's Bulkeley's pater," said Lovell, breaking a long silence.

"He looks rotten!" muttered Raby. "I—I say, there must be some bad news for Bulkeley. I—I hope nothing's happened to his brother at the Front."

"Can't be that," said Jimmy, shaking his head. "That wouldn't be a reason for Bulkeley leaving Rookwood. But—but what—"

The Fistical Four had intended to spend that afternoon in a rag on the Bagshot fellows.

But they were not feeling inclined for a rag now.

The shadow of Bulkeley's trouble, whatever it was, had fallen upon them.

The 6th Chapter. Black Shame.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were hanging about the lane aimlessly, feeling disturbed and bothered, when Tubby Muffin came out at the school gates.

Tubby spotted the Fistical Four, and joined them.

"I say, Jimmy, it's pretty thick, ain't it?" he said breathlessly. "Yow-ow-ow!"

"What are you yow-ow-owing about?" snapped Jimmy crossly.

"That beast Neville kicked me!"

"Serve you right, I dare say."

"The beast thought I was listening," said Tubby, with an injured expression. "Of course, I wasn't!"

"Of course, you were!" grunted Lovell.

"But ain't it queer about Bulkeley?" pursued Tubby, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "What's his pater done, Jimmy?"

"You fat idiot, he's done nothing! What do you mean?"

"Then what's he going to be arrested for?"

"Arrested!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"I thought that would make you jump!" grinned Tubby Muffin, with great satisfaction. "Hallo! Wharrer you at? Leggo! Oh, crumbs!"

Jimmy Silver grasped the fat Classical by the collar, and shook him forcibly.

"You fat fool!" he roared. "How dare you babble such rot! How dare you, you frabjous ass!"

"Yow-ow-wooooo!"

"Chuck him into the ditch!" growled Lovell.

"I've a jolly good mind to!" panted Jimmy savagely.

"Yow-ow! I—I say, wharrer marrer?" gasped Tubby. "I'm sorry for old Bulkeley, ain't I—in fact, I'm awfully sympathetic! It will be the finish for him at Rookwood if his father goes to chokes. Here, you keep off, you beast!"

"What are you driving at?" shouted Lovell. "Are you drunk, or dreaming?"

"Well, I only know what he said himself!" gasped Tubby. "I suppose he knows. He said distinctly to Bulkeley, 'It may come to my arrest. I felt that I must see you, my boy, to give you my last assurance that I am innocent—as innocent as a baby.' Those were his very words!"

The Fistical Four stared at Tubby Muffin.

It was evident that the fat Classical was speaking the truth.

He had heard Mr. Bulkeley utter those words to his son.

Jimmy Silver felt utterly sick at heart.

What terrible misfortune was hanging over Bulkeley's head, then?

"Good heavens!" muttered Lovell, his ruddy face quite pale.

"It—it can't be true!" stammered Raby.

"Well, he said so himself," said Tubby Muffin. "Old Bulkeley gave a sort of gasp. He seemed hard hit, I thought. The old gent went on to say that he didn't know what had become of the bonds."

"The bonds!" repeated Jimmy mechanically.

"Yes. I believe bonds are those valuable papers and things they have in banks," said Tubby vaguely. "Must be jolly valuable, to be worth fifty thousand pounds. That's the amount Mr. Bulkeley mentioned. I say, Jimmy, how could he lose fifty thousand pounds without knowing it?"

"Oh!" muttered Jimmy, amazed and aghast.

"I suppose he was responsible for the bonds, being a banker, perhaps," surmised Tubby Muffin. "Perhaps somebody's pinched them, and old Bulkeley doesn't know how they went. They must think he pinched them if they're going to arrest him. Do you think Bulkeley's pater would pinch them, Jimmy?"

"Oh, shut up!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "Poor old Bulkeley! Poor old chap!"

"Well, if he pinches bonds and things, he ought to be collared," said Tubby Muffin judiciously. "Must draw a line somewhere. I say, Fancy Catesby's uncle turning up such a trump, too!"

"Eh? What has Catesby's uncle to do with it?"

"He's the old chap's partner, you know—and Mr. Bulkeley said that his only comfort had been the way James Catesby had stood by him and expressed the firmest faith in him, and something like that."

"Shouldn't have expected it of that silky old merchant, anyway!" muttered Lovell.

"Hallo! There's Tommy Dodd! I've got to speak to Daddy!"

Lovell caught the fat Classical by the shoulder.

"You sneaking, eavesdropping worm!" he said savagely. "I suppose Mr. Bulkeley didn't say all this to our skipper in the passage, where anybody could hear him?"

"No fear! They were in Bulkeley's study, of course; and the door jolly well closed!" grinned Tubby.

"Then how did you hear them?"

"I—I say—Leggo!"

"How did you hear them?" roared Lovell fiercely.

"I—I— It was rather curious!" stammered Tubby. "I—I happened to stop near Bulkeley's door to—to admire the view from the passage window, and

—and being near the keyhole, as it happened, I—I—"

"You fat sneak!"

"I say—leggo! I wasn't listening, of course! That beast Neville thought I was listening when he came along the passage, and he kicked me—jolly hard! I wanted to hear the rest—I mean, I—I hadn't finished looking at the view—when that brute suddenly landed out and sent me fairly sprawling."

"And now I'll do the same!" growled Lovell.

"Yaroooh!"

Tubby Muffin gave a terrific howl as Lovell spun him round and planted his boot on his fat person.

The fat Classical bolted along the lane, yelling.

And it was a quarter of an hour before he confided his startling story to any other fellows—in strict confidence, of course.

Before bed-time it was pretty certain that nearly all Rookwood would have been taken into strict confidence by Tubby Muffin on the subject of Bulkeley's father.

The Fistical Four looked at one another grimly and miserably.

If old Bulkeley had been their elder brother, and the shadow of shame and ruin had extended to themselves, they could hardly have felt the blow more keenly.

"That'll be all over the school soon!" muttered Lovell. "That fat idiot won't keep his tongue between his teeth. I—I suppose it's true."

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"It's bound to come out, Tubby or no Tubby," he said. "As far as I make out, there's fifty thousand pounds' worth of bonds missing from the bank, and Mr. Bulkeley is suspected of making away with them."

"He didn't do it," said Raby.

Jimmy was silent.

Whether Mr. Bulkeley was innocent or guilty was a question the juniors had no means of deciding, or even forming an opinion on.

They were naturally prejudiced in his favour by the fact that he was George Bulkeley's father; but they knew very well that a gentleman in his position

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would not be suspected without very strong reasons.

It was of Bulkeley they thought chiefly.

He would have to leave Rookwood—under a cloud of disgrace and infamy.

His father a thief—old Bulkeley's father a thief!

It was incredible—and almost too horrible for words.

Well they knew how the Rookwood captain would be bowed down under the shame and misery of it, whether it was true or false.

The bright spring sunshine was on the road, but to the chums of Rookwood the whole earth seemed to have become suddenly clouded.

Poor old Bulkeley!

That was all that they could say or think.

A man came up the road from the village, and paused as he saw the juniors near the school gates.

They hardly observed him, but as he approached them the four gave him some attention.

He was a quietly-dressed man, in a dark coat and bowler-hat, with a thin, sharp face and very keen, ferret eyes.

"Excuse me," he said, and his voice was as sharp as his face. "You belong to this school, I think—Rookwood?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Are you acquainted with a boy named Bulkeley?"

Jimmy started.

"He's our captain," he answered. His eyes glistened at the man. It came into his mind that the stranger was a plain-clothes policeman; he hardly knew why.

"Can you tell me whether he has had a visitor this afternoon?" asked the man civilly enough. "I have a reason for asking."

"His father's come to see him," said Raby, without thinking.

"Thank you!"

The man turned towards the gates of the school.

Jimmy Silver's face became quite pale as he understood. He wondered that he had not understood at first.

He gave his chums a look of terror.

"You—you see?" he breathed. "It—it's a policeman!"

"Jimmy!"

"After Bulkeley's pater!" stammered Lovell.

The Fistical Four stared dumbly after the man.

Knowing what they did, they could guess the rest. Mr. Bulkeley, under suspicion already, had suddenly left London—and his arrest had been determined on at once. And this man—evidently a detective—had followed him with a warrant in his pocket.

The juniors were almost frozen with the horror of it.

To this hard-faced man the task was simply part of his usual work—a job he had to do.

But to Bulkeley—to all the Rookwood fellows!

An arrest in the school—the Rookwood captain's father taken away in custody! Jimmy Silver panted.

"Keep that man back a minute, you fellows," he whispered. "I'm going to cut in and warn Bulkeley. It—it sha'n't take place before all Rookwood if I can help it. Keep him a minute."

"Right! But how?"

"Bump him over, and chance it."

"All right! Serve him right, too—hang him!" said Lovell.

It was a reckless proceeding enough. But the chums of the Fourth did not stop to think. There was no time for thinking.

The detective had nearly reached the school gates when they overtook him.

Jimmy, in his excitement, caught him by the arm, and the man stared at him in astonishment.

"You've come here for Mr. Bulkeley?" panted Jimmy.

No answer.

"You're a detective?"

"I am a detective," said the man quietly, "and you young fellows had better let me get about my business. Hands off, you young fools!"

The juniors were round him threateningly.

"Answer me, then!" said Jimmy.

"Are you after Mr. Bulkeley?"

"Yes."

"That's enough."

Jimmy Silver ran on to the gates, and the detective strode angrily after him almost as quickly as he ran.

But a foot came in the way, and the man from London rolled over in the road, with a gasping howl.

Lovell & Co. ran in, grasped the heavy bronze gates, and closed them with a rush.

The next moment the angry man's face was staring at them between the bars, and the three juniors were holding the gates shut against him.

The 7th Chapter. The Blow Falls.

Jimmy Silver ran breathlessly into the School House.

His face, white and excited, drew many glances on him as he ran.

Jimmy did not heed.

As he dashed into the House he fairly collided with his Form-master, Mr. Bootles, who was moving along at his usual slow and stately pace.

Mr. Bootles staggered.

"What—what—Silver!" he gasped.

The Fourth-Former did not even stop to apologise to Mr. Bootles.

He rushed on to Bulkeley's study in the Sixth Form corridor.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Bootles. "Is the boy mad? Bless my soul!"

Knock, knock!

Jimmy's fist crashed on Bulkeley's door.

Without waiting for an answer from within he threw the door open, and entered the study breathlessly.

Mr. Bulkeley was there, in the Rookwood captain's armchair, looking pale and worn.

Bulkeley of the Sixth was standing before him. But he swung round with an exclamation of fierce anger as Jimmy Silver burst in.

"You young rascal!" he shouted. "How dare you? Get out!"

He advanced on Jimmy with blazing eyes.

"Hold on, Bulkeley!" panted Jimmy.

"I'll—"

"I—I came to warn you! He's coming!" stuttered Jimmy, gasping for breath. "He will be here in a minute! I came to tell you—"

"He? Who? What do you mean, you young fool?"

"The detective!"

Bulkeley staggered back.

"The—the detective!" he stammered.

"A detective! What—"

Mr. Bulkeley rose to his feet, his lips trembling.

"I feared it, but I did not look for it here, George," he said, in tremulous tones. "They have acted quickly. My boy—his voice was quite kind as he spoke to Jimmy Silver—how do you know what you have just stated?"

Jimmy explained breathlessly.

Bulkeley stood as if turned to stone. His face was ashen.

"Father!" he muttered brokenly.

"Father! Father, where are you going?"

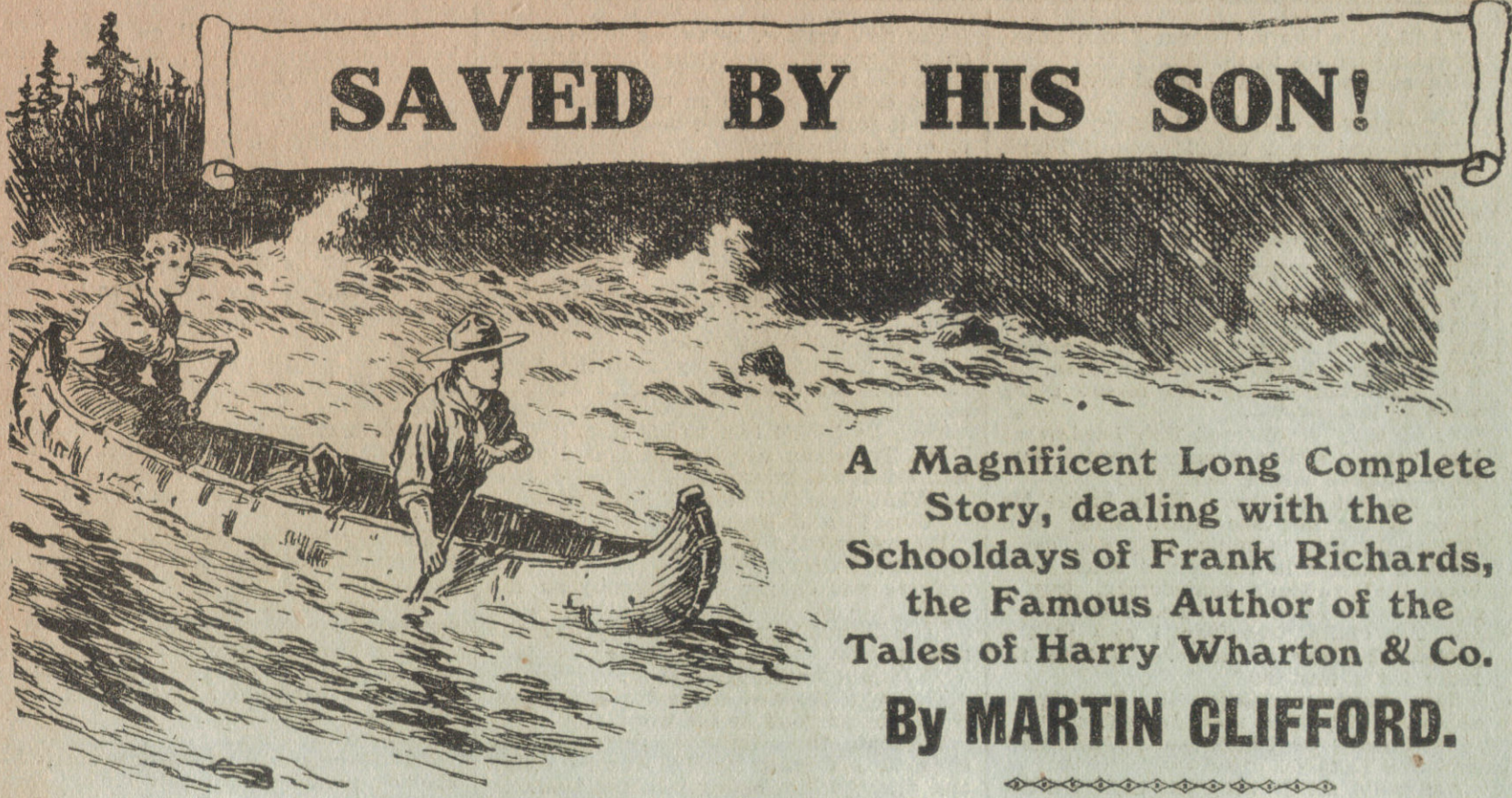
"The man is detained at the gates. I will go there at once, George; I will save you what disgrace I can. Heaven knows I would not have come here, if I could have foreseen this."

"Father!"

"Good-bye, my boy!"

"Father! You—you can't—you sha'n't!" Bulkeley's look was almost wild. "They're keeping him out! You—you can get away, father—escape—"

"George!" The old gentleman's voice was severely rebuking. "It is for the guilty to attempt escape, not the innocent. Good-bye, my boy!"



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The 1st Chapter. In Merciless Hands.

Rumble! Bump! Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, glanced carelessly at the heavy waggon bumping on the rough trail. Black Rube, the loafer of Thompson, was driving, and Frisco Jo, the Mexican, sat in the waggon, sprawling on a buffalo-robe. Billy Cook was riding from Cedar Creek towards the ranch, when he came on the waggon. His bronzed face set rather grimly at the sight of the two "rustlers." Black Rube and Frisco Jo were not a credit to the section. "Morning!" he called out, rather gruffly. "Morning!" replied Rube, with still more gruffness. "What have you got there?" asked Billy Cook, drawing rein, and glancing into the open waggon. "Nothing, I guess. We're gain' down to Kamloops for stores." "Nothing?" repeated Billy Cook, keeping alongside the waggon as it rumbled on. "Nothin' under that buffalo-robe, hay?" "What should be under it, senor?" asked Frisco Jo, sitting up, with a glitter in his black eyes. "I guess there's a somethin' movin' under it," answered the ranchman suspiciously. "Have you been dog-stealing?" The Mexican laughed, but there was a look of anxiety on his swarthy face. "You are pleased to jest, senor," he answered. "Well, let a galoot look!" said Billy Cook, and he reached over into the waggon. He drew back his hand quickly, however, as a knife glittered in the dusky fingers of the Mexican. "Hands off!" said Frisco Jo. Black Rube whipped up his horse. The waggon rumbled on at greater speed, and Billy Cook sat his horse, staring after it with a puzzled expression. "I guess these galoots have been up to something," muttered the ranchman, and he shook his head, and rode off again towards the Lawless ranch. "Drive faster, Rube!" called out the Mexican. "Caramba! We do not want to be questioned by every fool we meet on the plains." "I guess the boss is doing his best," answered Rube. "By thunder, it's lucky he didn't see under the buffalo-hide!" The Mexican glanced round; the trail was deserted now. He bent and raised a corner of the buffalo-robe. On the floor of the waggon, hidden by the ample robe, a man lay on his side, his hands and ankles bound with a strong rope, and a gag in his mouth. His eyes turned on the Mexican with a deadly gleam in them. The prisoner was Lascelles Beauclerc, the remittance-man of Cedar Camp. He did not flinch as the Mexican held up the knife before his eyes. "You will keep still, senor," said Frisco Jo, in a low, threatening voice. "You moved when that fool was looking into the waggon. If you move again when you hear a voice, senor, I shall see that you keep still—very still." He moved the Spanish knife within an inch of the bound man's face. Lascelles Beauclerc did not even flicker an eyelid. With a muttered oath, the Mexican dropped the buffalo-robe into its place again, and once more glanced anxiously round, with puckered brows, over the wide plains, bright in the spring sunshine. "Faster, faster!" he called to his companion. "We're leavin' the trail now," replied Rube. Bump! Jolt! Rattle! The trail was rough and hilly, but when the waggon left it, and plunged into the unmarked prairie, the bumping and jolting intensified. Black Rube had told the ranchman that they were going to Kamloops for stores, but the waggon was not heading south. It was keeping to the east, into the foot-hills. In a thick belt of timber the clumsy vehicle stopped at last. It was well away from the frequented trails by this time, and safe from observation. "Hyer we are!" said Black Rube, as he pulled in his horse. The Mexican threw aside the buffalo-

robe, and Mr. Beauclerc blinked in the sudden sunlight. A slash of the knife cut the rope about his ankles. "Stand up!" grunted the Mexican. The remittance-man struggled to his feet. "Get out!" With a rough helping hand from the Mexican, the remittance-man left the waggon. He stared about him. "Get back now, Rube," said Frisco Jo. "Come with me, senor." The waggon rumbled away in the direction whence it had come. Frisco Jo took a loose end of the rope that bound the remittance-man's arms, and led him on into the hills. Lascelles Beauclerc strode on quietly. He was helpless in the hands of the kidnappers, but the gleaming of his eyes told of the deep anger in his breast. Stiff from the confinement in the waggon, he stumbled on the hilly ground, and a sharp jerk at the rope pulled him on. "Faster!" snarled the Mexican. Then in silence they tramped on into the hills through a deep "gulch" darkly shadowed by pine-trees. On the rough, hard rock their footsteps left no trace. For a mile or more they tramped on, till Frisco Jo turned into a deep, rocky gully, where a limpid stream glistened in the sun. Close beside the stream stood a plank shanty, in the doorway of which a rough-looking man sat smoking. He rose as Frisco Jo came in sight. There was a grin on his rough, bearded face as he glanced at the remittance-man. "Here's your man, Pete," said Frisco Jo. "The other's safe?" "You bet!" "Take him in." Without a word to his prisoner, the Mexican turned and strode away. Lascelles Beauclerc, with a rough grasp on his arm, was marched into the shanty. Pete dragged away the gag. "You kin talk, if you want," he said, with a grin. Mr. Beauclerc gasped. His mouth was numbed by the gag. Pete went back to the bench in the doorway, and resumed his pipe. Mr. Beauclerc glanced round the shanty. A man lying on a bunk in the corner sat up and looked at him—a tall, rather handsome man, with a pale and troubled face. His hands were shackled with a strong cord. Their eyes met. Lascelles Beauclerc smiled slightly. "Philip Trevelyan?" he asked. "That is my name. How do you know me?" exclaimed the man in the bunk. "I am a stranger in this part of Canada. I have never seen you before." "I guessed. You are the new master for Cedar Creek School?" "Yes. I was attacked on my way there, made a prisoner, and brought here," said Philip Trevelyan. "I have been a prisoner ever since, watched by those scoundrels in turn. But you—why are you here?" "To keep me silent," said the remittance-man. "You do not know why you are a prisoner?" "No. They have refused to answer my questions. I am quite in the dark. But they have said that I shall never regain my freedom. I have heard them speaking of getting me away to the north, among the Indians," said Trevelyan, in a low voice. "I cannot understand it." "I can enlighten you," said Lascelles Beauclerc quietly. "You are a prisoner, because another man has taken your place, and your name, at Cedar Creek School." Trevelyan started. "But why—why? What motive—" "Your relation, Sir Gwynne Trevelyan, is dead, and you are his heir. And Gerard Goring is making a bid for your inheritance," said Lascelles Beauclerc. "And, by gad, it looks as if he will be successful!" "Good heavens!" There was a long silence in the shanty. The man in the bunk spoke at last. "And they have kidnapped you because you knew?" "Exactly." "And—and there is no hope?" The remittance-man shrugged his shoulders. "I—I have tried to believe that there

was a chance," muttered Trevelyan. "The day I was seized, on my way to school, I was seen by a lad in the timber. I hoped that he might have spoken—" "It was my son who saw you," said Mr. Beauclerc. "And he has spoken to me. Like a fool, I gave Gerard Goring twenty-four hours' grace to release you and escape, because I had known him in the past. This is his answer—I was seized at the shack this morning and made a prisoner. Perhaps I was a fool not to share in the game with him, as he asked." He shrugged his shoulders again. "But after all there are chances. My son knows a good deal, though not all, and he is not likely to let the matter rest. We shall see." There was silence again. In the doorway the watchman smoked and stared idly at the shining stream.

The 2nd Chapter. Missing!

Vere Beauclerc stood outside the shack by Cedar Creek, his handsome face deathly pale. The son of the remittance-man seemed overwhelmed. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless stood in silence. The chums of Cedar Creek were utterly perplexed and dismayed. At Cedar Creek School the fellows were at their lessons; but Frank Richards & Co. were not thinking of school now, or of what Miss Meadows would think of their absence. They had arrived at the shack, to find

saw in the wood, if you're right in what you think—he was kidnapped. They dared not take his life. And so it's pretty certain they've done the same with your father. They would not risk their necks if they could help it." Beauclerc nodded. "I—I think he is a prisoner," he said, "and that man at Cedar Creek is at the bottom of it. I'm going to the sheriff." "To tell him—" "All I suspect about the man who calls himself Trevelyan." "There's no proof, Cherub." "The sheriff can judge about that. Anyway, I've got to report what's happened here." "I guess that's so." The three schoolboys mounted their horses and rode away at once in the direction of Thompson town. They lost no time on the way. There was bitter anxiety in Vere Beauclerc's heart, and his chums were almost as anxious as the remittance-man's son. With a clatter of hoofs they arrived at Sheriff Henderson's house in Thompson. A horse was hitched outside, and the sheriff was just coming out. They hurried to intercept him. "Hallo! What are you doing out of school?" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, looking at them in surprise. "My father has been kidnapped, sir!" said Beauclerc. The sheriff fairly jumped. "What's the joke, Beauclerc?" "It's true, sir." "By gum!" said the sheriff, in astonishment. He looked very keenly at the son of the remittance-man. "I'm rather busy this morning, my lad. But go ahead. Tell me what's happened." "We were on our way to school, sir, when Molly Lawrence met us—" "My niece!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Yes. She had heard Frisco Jo and another man talking in the timber, and she told us they intended to attack my father at the shack. We rode there at once, and found that he had been taken away. There had been a fight; the place was almost smashed up!" "But why—why?" exclaimed the astonished sheriff. "Who should want to kidnap your father, Beauclerc?" "The new master at Cedar Creek, sir." "Wha-a-at!" "The man who calls himself Philip Trevelyan." "Calls himself!" repeated the sheriff. "You may have heard, sir, that the day Mr. Trevelyan came to Cedar Creek I saw him in the timber. He was attacked by Frisco Jo and two other rustlers. The man who came there explained to Miss Meadows that it was only a rough joke, and the rustlers had let him go." "I heard of it." "But I was sure all the time, sir, that he was not the man I had seen—that the real Philip Trevelyan was a prisoner somewhere, and that this man had come in his name to the school." "By gum! That's a tall story." "I told my father, and he called on Mr. Trevelyan." "And what was his opinion?"

"You are sure that your father has been kidnapped, Beauclerc?" "He is gone, sir; and the shack is upset. There was a fight." "But your father has sometimes been absent for days at a time, I believe?" said Mr. Henderson. Beauclerc crimsoned. The dissipated habits of the remittance-man were well known in the Thompson Valley. And his reform had been too recent to be equally well known. "I'm afraid, my boy, that you're making a mountain out of a molehill," said Mr. Henderson, kindly enough. "But Molly Lawrence, sir!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "She heard them—Frisco Jo and another—in the wood, and Molly told us!" "Yes, that's so," said the sheriff, with a puzzled look. "But—get on your horses, my lads. I'll ride over to Cedar Creek and see the man, anyhow." The sheriff mounted his horse, and the three schoolboys followed him out of Thompson. They were silent and thoughtful on the ride to the school. The sheriff was perplexed, but it was pretty plain that he strongly doubted Beauclerc's suspicions of the new master at Cedar Creek. It was, as he had said, a "tall story." Morning lessons were over at the school when the sheriff and the three boys arrived there. There was a shout at once when Frank Richards & Co. were seen. "Where have you been, you galoots?" called out Tom Lawrence. "I guess Miss Meadows will get her hair off with you!" grinned Chunky Todgers. The chums did not heed. They followed the sheriff to the cabin occupied by Mr. Trevelyan, the new master. Mr. Trevelyan was quite a marked figure at Cedar Creek now. The news that he was heir to a fortune and a title in the Old Country had surprised Cedar Creek, and interested everybody greatly. It was understood now that the new master would not take up his duties in the school. The heir to a baronetcy and twenty thousand a year was not likely to keep the appointment of assistant-master in a lumber school in the backwoods. Indeed, there was some surprise that Mr. Trevelyan had not taken his departure already. Mr. Henderson knocked at the door and looked in. The new master was there, and he glanced up with a smile and a nod at the sheriff of Thompson. "Come in!" he said cordially. The sheriff entered. Frank Richards & Co. followed him in, and the new master's eyes glittered for a moment as they rested on Vere Beauclerc. But he did not give the boy a second glance.



"Come back!" shrieked the bound man. "Come back! I—I will do as you ask!"

the remittance-man gone, only the signs of a fierce struggle to tell them of what had happened there. Where was Vere Beauclerc's father? Beauclerc roused himself at last. "They have taken him!" he said. "We're too late! It is that man at Cedar Creek who is at the bottom of this—the man who calls himself Philip Trevelyan!" His chums were silent. "I tell you!" said Beauclerc vehemently. "I am sure of it. I tell you that that man is not the man I saw in the timber, who told me he was Philip Trevelyan! He is a cheat and an impostor, and my father discovered him! Now my father has been taken!" His voice trembled. There was a deadly fear in his heart that the remittance-man was not merely a prisoner, but that his tongue had been silenced by a more terrible crime. "They haven't hurt him, Cherub," said Bob Lawless at last. "If—if he had been killed, old chap, the body wouldn't have been taken. Don't be an ass! He is a prisoner!" "I think that's certain," said Frank Richards slowly. "You needn't fear worse than that Beau. The man you

He did not tell me. But yesterday Mr. Trevelyan came to see him at the shack, and I feel certain it was to attempt to make him keep secret what he had found out or guessed; and, of course, father would not agree. This morning he has been kidnapped!" The sheriff stared at Beauclerc. "And you think—" he began. "I am certain that that man at Cedar Creek is at the bottom of it. I am sure he is the man Molly heard talking in the wood with Frisco Jo this morning." "My dear boy, why should any man play such a game?" exclaimed the sheriff. "I could not understand at first, sir; but since the news came that Sir Gwynne Trevelyan was dead, and Philip Trevelyan is his heir, I have understood. It is for that that the man has got rid of the real Mr. Trevelyan and taken his place." "By gad!" said the sheriff. Frank Richards and Bob looked anxiously at the sheriff's bronzed face. The story was an astounding one. It was not surprising if the matter-of-fact sheriff thought it too "tall." There was a slight smile on Mr. Henderson's face. Beauclerc's heart sank as he noted it.

He drew out a chair for the sheriff, and looked at him inquiringly. **The 3rd Chapter. Put to the Test.** Frank Richards and his chums watched the man's face. There was no doubt that he was surprised by the visit. But certainly he expressed nothing but surprise. Of fear or of guilt there was no sign. Was Beauclerc's suspicion well-founded? Beauclerc himself had no doubts. But his chums could not help asking themselves the question. "Well, sheriff?" asked the new master. The sheriff hummed and hawed. In the presence of this quiet, calm man, the story he had heard from Vere Beauclerc seemed more wild than at first. "I've called for a rather queer reason, Mr. Trevelyan," said the sheriff, at last. "This lad—Beauclerc—has told me a queer story." "Indeed?" "It appears that he saw you in the timber the day you came here." "Yes, that is so. I was the victim of a rather rough joke of some rather rough-

SAVED BY HIS SON!



(Continued from the previous page.)

characters," said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile. "I took their rough jesting in earnest, being a stranger here, and Beauclerc did the same, it appears."

"Tell him what you told me, lad," said Mr. Henderson.

Beauclerc came forward.

"I have told the sheriff that you are not Philip Trevelyan," he said, looking fearlessly into the face of the new master.

"What?"

"You are not the man I saw struggling in the timber with 'Frisco Jo.'"

"My dear boy!" said the new master. "Are you insane?"

"No. You are an impostor," said Beauclerc calmly.

"Boy!"

"You are a confederate of the rustlers who kidnapped the real Philip Trevelyan, and you have set them on to kidnap my father also, because he had found you out," said Beauclerc steadily.

Mr. Trevelyan frowned.

"Have you had the audacity, Beauclerc, to tell Mr. Henderson this tissue of ridiculous falsehoods?" he exclaimed.

"I have told Mr. Henderson, because it is the truth. You have had my father kidnapped."

The new master turned to Mr. Henderson.

"I suppose I need not trouble to deny this childish romance," he said.

"Waal, it does sound a tall story," said the sheriff.

"The boy appears to be out of his senses. Is his father really missing?"

"He tells me so."

"I have heard something of the man," said the new master. "I have heard that he is a drunken waster, and quite irresponsible. If he is missing, is it not probable that he has gone on what is, I think, called a bender?"

The sheriff grinned.

"I guess that's more likely than not," he admitted.

"In any case, I have not the faintest idea what has become of him, naturally. I shall report this boy's insolence to his schoolmistress, Miss Meadows."

Beauclerc did not flinch, though the contemptuous reference to his father had brought the hot blood surging to his cheeks.

"Mr. Henderson, let Molly be called here. She is in the playground. She heard this man talking to 'Frisco Jo' in the wood, planning to attack my father at the shack."

The new master started.

The blow went home; for the moment his calmness deserted him.

He was taken utterly by surprise.

"Call in Molly," said Mr. Henderson.

Frank Richards left the cabin, and in a few minutes returned with Molly Lawrence.

The girl looked inquiringly at her uncle.

"Tell us what you heard in the wood this morning, Molly," said the sheriff, patting the girl's head.

"Yes, uncle."

The girl repeated what she had told Frank Richards & Co. on the trail that morning.

Mr. Trevelyan drew a deep breath.

"You saw 'Frisco Jo'?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"But you did not see the man he was speaking to?"

"No."

"You heard his voice, Molly," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "You said it was a voice you had heard before, but you could not remember where."

"Yes, Cherub," said Molly.

"Was it Mr. Trevelyan's voice?"

The girl started.

"Mr. Trevelyan's?" she exclaimed.

All eyes were on the girl; and keenest, sharpest of all were the new master's.

Molly coloured and hesitated.

"Answer, my girl," said the sheriff kindly.

"I—I don't know," faltered Molly.

"Surely, my dear child, you are able to say that it was not my voice you heard," said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile.

"I—I—it sounds something like it, sir," faltered Molly.

"What?"

"I—I don't mean it was yours, sir," said Molly. "But—but it does sound something like it."

"It was the same," said Vere Beauclerc.

"Well, voices often sound alike," said the sheriff. "Molly's evidence doesn't seem much use. You can run away, my dear."

Molly left the cabin.

Sheriff Henderson rose to his feet, evidently perplexed.

Mr. Trevelyan looked at him with a smile.

"I suppose I may take it, sheriff, that you attach no importance to this cock-and-bull story?" he said.

"Waal, no," said the sheriff. "It's too tall—much too tall. Beauclerc believes what he says, but it's too thick. It's clear enough that 'Frisco Jo' has done

something to Mr. Beauclerc. But that was very likely a private quarrel. They used to play cards together, I know. You can depend on it, Beauclerc, that I shall see what has become of your father."

"And that man?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"That man is Mr. Trevelyan, your master," answered the sheriff. "Put those silly ideas out of your head, my boy."

"Stop a minute, sheriff. Mr. Trevelyan—the real man—came from New Westminster; he had friends and acquaintances there. Will you send to New Westminster, and let somebody come here and identify him?"

"Good!" murmured Bob Lawless.

"You have no objection to that, Mr. Trevelyan?" asked the sheriff, with a smile.

"None whatever, Mr. Henderson."

"You see, my boy—"

"One moment, sir. Will Mr. Trevelyan wait here until someone has come from New Westminster? It will take some days."

The sheriff looked at the new master.

"The boy knows that I am bound to return to England at once, to claim my inheritance," said the new master contemptuously. "This is a trick to give some colour to his childish story."

"I guess Mr. Trevelyan is his own master, sonny," said the sheriff.

And with that he left the cabin.

Frank Richards & Co. followed him.

The new master closed the door after them, and then the mask of indifference fell from his face.

He compressed his lips, and his hands were savagely clenched.

"Danger—it means danger!" Gerard Goring muttered to himself. "The boy has started a story that may never die away. It may follow me across the water. Hang him! But he shall not talk for long; there is room for him where his father is!"

The 4th Chapter.

Beauclerc Means Business.

Vere Beauclerc did not go towards the school-house when he left the new master's cabin.

He went back to the gates, where the horses were hitched, and his chums followed him.

"What's the game, Beau?" asked Bob Lawless. "We ought to explain to Miss Meadows."

Beauclerc stopped.

"Do you believe what the man said?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know!"

"Didn't you see that he was scared when we first mentioned Molly? He was afraid he had been seen, as well as heard, talking to 'Frisco Jo.'"

"I believe so," said Frank Richards quietly.

"I'm not going to school to-day," said Beauclerc. "You fellows can suit yourselves. But I'm going to find my father."

"We're with you, Beau! But—"

"Let's get away, then, before Miss Meadows sees us. She would call us in, and we don't want to be disrespectful."

"Right-ho!"

The chums led their horses away into the timber.

At a distance from the school gates, screened by the trees, they stopped.

There was a frown of deep thought upon Vere Beauclerc's face.

"That man is an impostor, and he has had my father kidnapped!" he said quietly. "He did not think that I should know or suspect anything. He has carried it off well, but he must be alarmed and scared at having the sheriff brought into the matter."

"I guess that's so."

"I saw him flinch when I suggested bringing a witness from New Westminster. He will not wait for that. I've no doubt he hoped that when my father disappeared it would be supposed that he had gone on a bender," said Beauclerc bitterly. "That can't be supposed now, after Molly's evidence. My father will be searched for, and Black Rube will be found, and 'Frisco Jo.' Molly saw the Mexican, and heard them mention Rube. Now they're known to have had a hand in it it will not be safe for them to be seen in the settlements. That man will warn them to be on their guard."

"If he's their confederate, yes," said Frank.

"Very well. He's been lying up ever since he came to Cedar Creek, owing to a fall from a horse, as he pretends; really to keep out of taking up Mr. Trevelyan's duties as master, of which he understands nothing. That won't prevent him from riding out to-day to warn his confederates, I think. Are you fellows willing to back me up?"

"To the last card in the pack!" answered Bob Lawless at once.

"And you, Frank?"

"I'm with you, Beau, of course!"

"Good! If you don't help me I shall go alone. But I'd rather you helped me, of course. We're going to watch Cedar Creek."

"Well?"

"When that man leaves the school, as I'm certain he will, we're going to lasso him on the trail."

"Beau!"

"And make him a prisoner!" said Beauclerc between his teeth.

His chums stared at him, almost stupefied.

"Cherub!" gasped Bob Lawless.

"And—what then?" gasped Frank Richards.

"Then we're going to make him take us to where my father is kept a prisoner!" said Beauclerc in a low, clear voice.

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a silence.

Vere Beauclerc took the trail-ropes from his horse and formed a running noose at the end, transforming it into a lasso.

It was evident that he meant every word he had said.

"I—I say," stammered Bob Lawless at last, "that's rather strong, Cherub. Suppose—suppose you're mistaken?"

"I am not mistaken. Molly knows his voice is the one she heard along with 'Frisco Jo' this morning, only she can't think a master in the school could have been that ruffian's confederate. But I could see she knew his voice. I know he's not the Philip Trevelyan I saw in the timber the day he came. There's no room for a mistake."

The quiet certainty in Beauclerc's voice had its effect upon his chums.

"I—I guess we'll back you up, Cherub," said Bob Lawless. "But—"

"If you'd rather keep out of it I don't mind," said Beauclerc. "I don't know how the matter would stand legally, but I'm going to do it. My father is a prisoner, and I'm going to save him."

"And we're going to help you!" said Frank Richards. "I believe you're right, Beau, and we'll chance it."

Bob Lawless took a bundle of sandwiches from his saddle-bags, and the chums ate them while they waited in the thicket.

Beauclerc's eyes hardly left the gates of Cedar Creek for a moment.

An hour had passed, and another.

Cedar Creek was at lessons again, and on the edge of the timber the three chums watched and waited.

"Look!" exclaimed Beauclerc suddenly.

There was a jingle on the trail as a horseman rode out of the gates.

It was the new master.

He rode away down the trail, never dreaming of the eyes that were watching him.

The chums ran to their horses.

A minute more, and they were riding down the trail on the track of the new master of Cedar Creek.

Ahead of them they heard the steady beat of hoofs.

Beauclerc rode with his right hand free, grasping the lasso.

Half a mile from the school, where the trail ran shadowed and lonely through the heart of the timber, the three spurred on their horses.

At a gallop they came in sight of the horseman riding ahead, and rapidly overtook him.

Mr. Trevelyan glanced round at the sound of rapid hoof-strokes behind.

His jaw set squarely at the sight of the three schoolboys.

He seemed in doubt whether to halt or to ride on.

Certainly he had not the slightest suspicion of the chums' hostile intentions.

The first warning was when Beauclerc's arm shot into the air and the lasso circled.

"But then it was too late!"

In a flash the coiling rope settled over the astounded man, and the noose was round him.

He made a furious clutch at it, but as he did so Beauclerc dragged on the rope.

The noose whipped tight and fast, and the drag on the rope jerked the horseman from the saddle, and with a yell he rolled in the grass of the trail.

The 5th Chapter.

No Mercy.

Beauclerc sprang from his horse and ran forward.

WATCH IT RISE

5th YEAR £1

4th YEAR 18/9

3rd YEAR 17/9

2nd YEAR 16/9

1st YEAR 15/9

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

The new master, sprawling breathlessly on the ground, was struggling furiously with the rope.

But Beauclerc, with an unsparing hand, drew it tighter, and the man's arms were pinned to his sides.

As he tried to rise Beauclerc dragged again, and hurled him into the grass.

The next moment his knee was on the new master's chest.

The man glared up at him in speechless astonishment and rage.

"What—what—how dare you!" he spluttered.

Beauclerc did not answer.

With deft hands he wound the loose rope about the new master, knotting it securely.

Then he jerked him to his feet.

Mr. Trevelyan stood crimson and panting, a helpless prisoner.

"What does this mean?" he shouted.

"Come!" said Beauclerc.

He grasped the man's arm and led him into the timber.

There was danger of passers-by on the trail.

"I will not stir an inch!" yelled the new master.

"You will be dragged, then."

The man resisted savagely, and Beauclerc was as good as his word.

Without the slightest ceremony he changed his grasp to Trevelyan's collar and dragged him bodily into the timber.

Fifty yards from the trail he threw him into the grass.

Trevelyan rolled over and sat up dazedly, blinking at his captors.

Frank and Bob had followed, the latter leading Beauclerc's horse.

"You young hound!" hissed Trevelyan.

"You—you—What does this mean? Tell me what this outrage means?"

Beauclerc looked down on him with a glint in his eyes.

"It means that your game is up!" he answered quietly. "You fooled the sheriff, but you cannot fool me."

"You insolent young scoundrel!"

"Silence! Where is my father?"

"Your father? Drinking in some saloon, and too drunk to find his way home, I suppose!" yelled Trevelyan.

"That will do. You are going to guide us to where my father is kept a prisoner, and your other victim, too," said Beauclerc in the same quiet tone.

"Oh, you are mad! Release me at once!"

"You will not be released till I have found my father. Unless you do so I shall bind you to a tree in the deepest part of the forest, and keep you there."

"You are mad!" said the man hoarsely.

"Will you guide me to my father?"

"I know nothing of him. I cannot tell you what I do not know."

"Very well. To-morrow morning you may answer differently, if the wild animals have left you alive."

The man's face was deadly pale now.

There was a grim, relentless determination in Beauclerc's look and tone.

"Before we go," said Beauclerc, "I may as well search you."

"If you dare to touch me—" hissed the bound man.

Without heeding him, Beauclerc turned out his pockets.

A fully-loaded revolver came to light.

"That does not look like a school-master's property," said Beauclerc grimly.

"A master at Cedar Creek does not need a loaded revolver."

He thrust the weapon into his belt.

There were other things in the pockets—a pack of playing-cards, several I O U's, a flask of brandy, and letters.

The letters Beauclerc did not look at.

But the other articles were sufficient to prove pretty clearly that the man was not, as he claimed, an assistant school-master.

"Now, my man, I give you a chance," said Beauclerc. "You can guide us to where my father is kept, or you can be bound to a tree and left till morning. Mind, you will not be released till you have satisfied me. And I shall take care that you will not be left where you can be found."

"You dare not!"

"You shall see. Bring him along, you fellows!"

The bound man was taken deeper into the forest.

In a deep, dusky spot he was bound to a tree-trunk.

His face was ghastly now.

The sun was sinking, and shadows deepening in the wood.

He dared not be left bound to the tree during the night.

The schoolboys could read it in his face.

"You—you dare not leave me here!" he panted.

"Come, you fellows!"

The schoolboys led their horses away.

"Come back!" shrieked the prisoner. They did not turn their heads.

"Come back!" It was a yell of fear.

"Come back, and I—I will do as you ask!"

Vere Beauclerc turned back.

He strode to the bound man, to be met by a glare of rage and fear and hatred.

"You mean that?" he asked quietly. "It is your last chance. If I leave you again, I shall not return till morning."

The rascal ground his teeth.

"Hang you! I'm in your hands! I mean it!"

"Good!"

"He owns up!" said Frank Richards, with a deep breath.

"One word!" panted the prisoner. "If—if I take you to your father, you—you will let me go free!"

"You are a criminal and a kidnapper," said Beauclerc sternly. "You cannot go free."

"Let him go if we find your father, Beau," said Frank, in a low voice. "The sheriff will be after him soon enough."

Beauclerc hesitated, but he nodded at last.

"Very well, you shall go free when I have found my father, and your other prisoner—both."

"They are together!" snarled Gerard Goring.

A few minutes later he was bound upon the back of his horse, his hands tied behind his back, and in the midst of the schoolboys he rode away in the darkness.

The 6th Chapter.

Saved by His Son!

A dim light burned in the lonely cabin in the gully.

Two men, with their hands bound, were talking in low, weary tones.

On a pile of skins the watchman lay stretched, across the doorway, sleeping.

He was in no danger from his prisoners; they could not touch him.

And a revolver was close to his hand as he slept.

The day had passed wearily enough to the remittance-man, as many days had passed for his companion.

He thought of his son, and his heart was heavy.

Would he ever see the boy again—or was he fated to be a prisoner in savage hands till hardship and suffering closed his mortal account?

Clink, clink, clink!

The sleeping man at the door started up at once, grasping his revolver.

He threw open the door, and looked out into the moonlight.

Four riders appeared in the rocky gully, and the ruffian stared at them blankly.

He recognised Gerard Goring.

"You at this time o' night, boss!" he exclaimed.

One of the riders jumped down, and ran forward.

The ruffian in the doorway started back at the sight of a levelled revolver, with Vere Beauclerc's eyes glittering behind it.

"Thunder!" he gasped.

"Keep your hand down!" rapped out Beauclerc. "I'll let drive if you raise that shooter, as sure as you stand there!"

"Boss, what's this game?" gasped the astounded ruffian.

Goring burst into a bitter laugh.

"The game's up, Pete," he answered.

"By Jehoshaphat!"

Frank Richards ran forward, and took the six-shooter from the ruffian's unresisting hand.

Leaving his chums to deal with the man, Vere Beauclerc ran into the shanty.

"Father!"

"My boy!" exclaimed the remittance-man, struggling to his feet. "Vere! You here!"

"To save you, father!"

In a moment his knife was sawing at the remittance-man's bonds.

The remittance-man drew a deep breath as his hands came loose. He took the revolver from Vere.

"Set this gentleman free, Vere," he said. "He is Mr. Trevelyan, the new master at your school."

"I thought so, father."

In a few minutes Mr. Trevelyan was free.

The remittance-man strode from the shanty.

Pete was already making off down the gully, leaving his revolver in Frank Richards' hand.

But Gerard Goring, once known at Cedar Creek as Mr. Trevelyan, was bound to his horse, and he looked at the remittance-man with a sardonic grin.

"The cards have run in your favour, after all, Beauclerc," he said cynically. "It was the biggest game of my life, for the biggest stake, and your son has quered it."

Lascelles Beauclerc looked at him steadily.

"Scoundrel!" he said. "How my boy defeated you I do not know, but I might have been sure that your rascality would not be successful."

"I promised to set him free if we found you, father."

The remittance-man nodded.

"Let him go," he said—"let him go, and the sooner the better. You have a few hours, Gerard Goring; the police will be on your track then. Make the most of it!"

"It will be enough for me," sneered Goring. "Tell the brat to let me loose!"

Beauclerc cut him loose, and the defeated rascal dashed away down the gully. They gave him little thought.

It was a happy party that set out on the homeward way from the shanty—Mr. Beauclerc and Mr. Trevelyan riding, and Frank Richards & Co. taking turns with the other horse, or walking.

It was more than a nine days' wonder at Cedar Creek School.

Philip Trevelyan came there the next day—the impostor who had borne his name was far away.

But he did not escape. A few days later he was in the hands of the police, and he went to his trial, and prison followed.

Mr. Trevelyan did not take up his duties in the school. He started for the Old Country after a few days, to claim his inheritance.

At Cedar Creek Frank Richards & Co. were the heroes of the hour, and a score of times, at least, they had to tell the story how Gerard Goring had been roped in and brought to book.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"CHUNKY'S SECRET!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!