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THREE HALFPENCE.

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# THE SHADOW OF SUSPICION!

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

## By OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter. The Testimonial.

"" Whereas---"

"That's a good word!" said Lovell approvingly.

"Jolly good!" said Raby.
And Newcome nodded approval.
""Whereas—" recommenced

Jimmy Silver.

"Sounds well," said Lovell. "Makes it a bit like a legal docu-ment. Still, it's impressive."

"Don't interrupt, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver. "Let a chap finish.

Whereas-The door of the end study opened as Jimmy Silver reached that point

once more.

Tubby Muffin looked in. "You chaps having tea?" he asked. hooted Jimmy Silver.

"Scoot!" "I was going to offer you a whack in my sardines, said Tubby, in an injured tone. "I've got a whole

"Oh, bless your sardines! 'Where-

"Hold on, though!" said Raby. "Tea's pretty skinny to-day, and if Tubby wants to stand some sardines, no reason why he shouldn't. He's generally scoffing a fellow's grub instead of whacking it out.'

"Look here, am I going to read out this testimonial, or am I not going to read out this testimonial?"

roared Jimmy Silver. "I suppose you're going to, as

you've made it up," answered Arthur Edward Lovell calmly. "In fact, I don't believe that all the King's horses and all the King's men could prevent you doing it. We may as well have the sardines, all the same." " Whereas ---

"Got the tin with you, Tubby?" asked Newcome, showing more interest in Tubby Muffin's sardines than in Jimmy Silver's testimonial.

'Here they are, old chap.' "Then come in and have tea with us," said Lovell. "We've got a cake-no currants in it, but it's a

cake of sorts. "Oh, good!" said Tubby Muffin. And the fat Classical rolled in.

Jimmy Silver gave a snort. He had been busy with pen and paper while his three chums were getting tea, and now he was going to read out his composition, the Co.

politely letting tea wait while he did Still, they were hungry. "Go on, Jimmy!" said Lovell encouragingly. "You can read it out while I open the sardines, I sup-

"I suppose so," grunted the captain of the Fourth. "Listen to this, then. 'Whereas."

"Seen the tin-opener, anybody?" Jimmy Silver shrieked. He really seemed fated to get no farther than "Whereas."

"Will you shut up?"

"I want the tin-opener." "Blow the tin-opener! Dry up! Whereas-' "

"I can't open a tin of sardines with my fingers, Jimmy. If you can, you're welcome to try."

"Br-r-r-r !"

"Here it is," said Newcome, laugh-

ing. "Thanks! Go on, Jimmy." " Whereas --- "

"Yaroooh!"

"You shricking ass, what are you yelling for?" shouted Jimmy Silver. "I've jabbed this dashed tin-opener into my dashed thumb all through listening to your dashed testimonial instead of seeing what I was doing

with this dashed tin!" howled Lovell. "Serve you right! Shut up! Whereas—""

"Yow-ow!"

"I won't read it out!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "You silly chumps

can sign it without reading it at all!"
"Oh, go ahead!" said Raby, with
a chuckle. "You needn't say Whereas' any more. We know that bit by heart. Get a move on!"
""Whereas," said Jimmy Silver,

with a ferocious glare at his chums-"' whereas, the Rookwood Fourth, Classical and Modern, feel shocked and indignant at the accusation brought against Bulkeley's pater, and whereas they feel sure that it is all a silly mistake, and Bulkeley's pater is as innocent as a baby, and that his accusers are a set of silly idiots, they hereby—,"

"Who? The silly idiots?" asked

"No, ass! The Fourth Form. 'They hereby testify that their confidence in George Bulkeley of the Sixth Form, captain of Rookwood School, is boundless and unshaken, and they are prepared to back him up to the last shot in the locker.'

"Bravo!" "That all?"

"No, it isn't all. Listen! 'They beg Bulkeley of the Sixth, their respected captain, not to think of leaving Rookwood, as some cads have suggested he should, but to stick it out, and see that Rookwood scores at cricket this season. They are further assured that his pater's innocence will be proved in the long run, and all will be serene. In witness whereof "Oh, good!"

"'In witness whereof, they herewith append their hands and seals.'

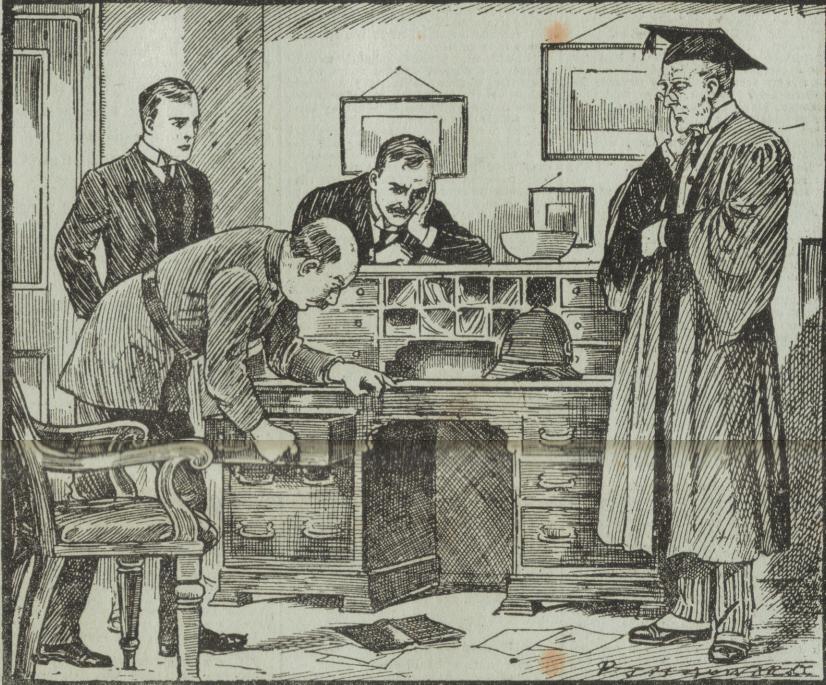
"Topping!"
"Ripping!"

"Bravo! Jimmy Silver smiled, a little complacently, quite mollified by that

praise from his study-mates. Jimmy flattered himself that he had drawn up that testimonial rather

Certainly, it left no doubt as to the opinion of Jimmy Silver & Co., and all the Fistical Four agreed that it ought to please Bulkeley no end.

The Rookwood captain, being under a cloud-and such a cloudcould not fail to be bucked by learning that the Fourth Form-Classical and Modern-still reposed the most unbounded faith in him.



were sure of it.

Tubby Muffin blinked up from his sardines. He was busy with them already.

"Chaps going to sign that, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Every chap in the Fourth," answered Jimmy. "It will let all Rockwood know what the Fourth Form thinks of old Bulkeley. Knowles and Catesby and Carthew and other rotters will see that they're in a

"But they're in the Sixth," said Tubby. "They won't take much notice of the Fourth, will they?"

"Fathead! Get on with your sardines, and don't talk rot!' "Besides, how do you know Bulkeley's father is innocent?" persisted Tubby. "He's been arrested for

stealing a lot of bonds from the bank. "He didn't do it."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, you're a silly ass! We know Bulkeley, don't we? Well, it stands to reason that old Bulkeley's pater wouldn't do a dirty trick like that."

"The police think he did!" "Who cares what the police think?" answered Jimmy Silver disdainfully. "Aren't they always arresting the wrong people for the wrong things?"

"Not that I know of. Are they?" "Well, perhaps not always," said Jimmy, modifying his somewhat sweeping statement. "But sometimes. It happens occasionally, and this is one of the occasions. Here's a pen. Sign here, you fellows.'

The Fistical Four signed in turn. They had no hesitation whatever in testifying to their faith in the honour of Mr. Bulkeley, mainly because. Bulkeley of the Sixth was a fine

At least, the chums of the Fourth | fellow, a good-natured prefect, and a tremendous man at games.

Fourth-Form reasoning was not, perhaps, very logical, but the Fourth-Formers were satisfied with it.

"But, I say," began Tubby, who seemed to be in an argumentative mood, "Peele and Gower were say-

"Sign here, Muffin!" "But I don't think-"

"That's no news; you never do. Sign here.

'You jolly well sha'n't have any cake if you don't sign!" exclaimed Lovell warmly.

"Oh, gimme that pen, Jimmy, old chap!" said Tubby Muffin. "Of course, I believe that old Bulkeley's pater is innocent, come to think of it. There you are! I'll sign it twice if

you like. "You fat duffer! Now, after tea we'll take this round the Fourth," said Jimmy Silver. "Every chap will sign it, I know. He'll jolly well get his nose punched if he doesn't. 'I say, these are good sardines. A good idea of yours to whack them out in

The door opened again, and Flynn of the Classical Fourth put a somewhat excited face into the end study. "Seen that thafe of the worruld, Muffin?" he exclaimed. "Oh, there you are! You thaving young sweep

this study, Tubby.'

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Lovell. "Let Tubby alone. He's the founder of the merry feast."

"Sure, he's pinched me sardines!" roared Flynn.

"What? "Me illigant sardines; and by the same token I've got nothing for me tea but the war-bread. I'll scalp

him!" "Oh; my hat!" gasped Lovell.

Flynn rushed after Tubby Muffin, who dodged him wildly round the

"Keep him off, Jimmy!" he yelled.
"You young villain!" shouted
Lovell. "They're Flynn's sardines you've brought here, are they? "Yarooh! Keep him off!"
Tubby Muffin roared as Patrick

O'Donovan Flynn collared him. The Fistical Four glared at him in

They understood now that unexpected generosity on Tubby's part. He had "whacked out" the

sardines in order to get protection when their owner came after them. "You young Hun!" exclaimed

Jimmy Silver. "Yarooh! Help! Stand by a chap when he's stood you a feed!" howled Tubby. "Yah! Draggim-

The Fistical Four were not proof

against that appeal. They seized the infuriated Flynn, and dragged him off.
"Arrah! Leggo!" shouted Flynn.

"Sure, I'm going to slaughter him intirely! Me illigant sardines—"
"Kick him out!" said Lovell.
"Yes," panted Tubby, "kick him

out, the beast! Oh-ah-yah-yaup! Wharrer you kicking me for?"

It was Tubby that Lovell was alluding to, not Flynn, and he promptly suited the action to the

The fat Classical departed with a series of fiendish yells, and his place at the tea-table was taken by Patrick O'Donovan Flynn, who was grinning

Tubby Muffin's masterly scheme had not been very successful, after

(Continued on the next page.)



did not want to hit Bulkeley when he was down; but that remark was perhaps

There was no doubt that Knowles in-

He had his own personal dislike of

Bulkeley to consider, as well as the keen

rivalry between the two sides of Rook-

He showed his note to his two com-

panions when he had written it, and they

"Dear Bulkeley,-I feel bound to draw

your attention to opinion in the school on a certain matter, and I feel sure that

you will receive this hint in the spirit in

stances the general opinion seems to be

that, for a time at least, you should

resign your position in Rookwood. Nothing at all personal is meant by this;

sincerely hope that your father will suc-

ceed in clearing himself from the cloud

that rests upon his name. Until that is done, however, you must feel yourself that

it would be more judicious for you to

take up an attitude less in the public eye.

"I should be glad to hear your views.
"Yours sincerely,

"Call in a fag to take this note, old out," said Knowles, throwing his

cigarette into the grate.

Frampton went to the door. Tommy
Dodd of the Modern Fourth was in sight,

"Hallo!" said Tommy Dodd. "What's

Tommy Dodd approached rather cau-

Knowles' study was not a pleasant place

Sixth-Formers were sometimes given to

But Knewles & Co. were in high good-

"Come in, Dodd! Take that note."

said Knowles, tossing it to the Fourth-

Former. "Take it over to Bulkeley, and

"Right you are, Knowles!" answered Tommy Dodd, and he trotted off.

The 3rd Chapter.

Backed Up by the Fourth.

The Fistical Four were in the Sixth

Form passage when Tommy Dodd arrived in the School House, note in hand.

Jimmy Silver had the testimonial to

It was quite a long document, and

was made by pinning together a number

In size, at least, it was imposing. Every name in the Fourth Form, Classi-

cal and Modern, was appended, so there

came over with his note from Knowles.

Tommy glanced at the testimonial ad-

"Yes; every blessed name's down," nswered Jimmy Silver. "We're going to

post it up on the notice-board after pre-

senting it to Bulkeley. That will show

all Rookwood what we think of our cap-

Jimmy Silver tapped at the study door.

Bulkeley of the Sixth was not alone.

the Classical Sixth were in the study.

Neville, Jones major, and Lonsdale of

The four seniors had been talking, Bulkeley wearing a troubled and barassed

The captain of Rookwood had never

looked his old self since that terrible

scene in the quadrangle, when his father,

while on a visit to Rookwood, had been

He gave the juniors a good-humoured

His troubles had not embittered his

In the presence of four prefects of the

What on earth have you got there?"

asked Neville, glancing at the roll in

"Buck up, kid!" said Bulkeley.

Sixth Jimmy Silver felt a little abashed.

kind temper, "Hallo! What do you kids want?" he

glance, however, as they came in.

arrested in the view of all the school.

"Good!" said Tommy Dodd.

was a tremendous list of signatures.

"Just in time!" said Jimmy Silver.

fags to visit sometimes-the three

"CECIL KNOWLES."

"You have my fullest sympathy, and I

it is simply the fitness of things.

himself and resigned already.

and the Sixth-Former hailed him.

You are. Come here!"

scout,"

wanted?"

humour now:

wait for an answer."

Bulkeley in his hand.

miringly.

of sheets of impot paper.

Finished?" he asked.

answered Jimmy Silver.

The juniors entered.

"Come in!"

bitterness of it.

very heart.

"Ahem!"

Jimmy Silver's hand. "Ahem! You see-

asked.

faltered for one moment.

"Under the present painful circum-

nodded approval. The epistle ran:

tended to make the fullest use of the misfortune that had fallen upon the cap-

intended humorously.

tain of Rookwood.

which it is meant.

wood-Modern and Classical.

### The 2nd Chapter. Knowles' Chance.

Knowles of the Sixth glanced at his study door, to make sure that it was shut, and lighted a cigarette.
"Help yourselves!" he remarked.

Catesby and Frampton followed his

The three Sixth-Formers of the Modern side were met in Cecil Knowles' study for

a consultation. There was an unusually satisfied expression on Knowles' hard face.

Matters were going well for the Modern

"Of course," said Knowles, with a slight smile, "nobody wants to hit a fellow when he's down.

"Oh, not t all!" said Frampton. Catesby did not speak.

Bulkeley's down," continued Knowles. "He's carried his head jolly high, and has always been pretty lofty towards the Modern side. We've always held that Bulkeley, being a Classical, did not give our side fair play in games, or in any-thing else. That being the case, we're entitled to get our own back, without being too jolly particular."
"Hear, hear!" said Frampton. "These are good smokes, Knowles."

"Glad you like them. Now, as the matter stands, Bulkeley's father has been

arrested on suspicion of robbing the bank. It looks a clear case. The police wouldn't act like that without jolly good grounds to go upon." That's a cert.

"I don't know," said Catesby slowly. "Mistakes have been made before now." 'Rot!" answered Knowles decisively. "My uncle seems to believe that his

partner will be able to clear himself," said Catesby. "You know my uncle is Mr. Bulkeley's partner. He seems to be standing by him.' Well, innocent or guilty, Mr. Bulkeley

is under arrest," said Knowles. come to the point, we don't want as captain of Rookwood a fellow whose father is arrested on a charge of stealing!" No fear!

Bulkeley ought really to leave the school. But the least he can do is to resign the captaincy."

Frampton nodded and grinned. "I believe a lot of fellows think so on the Classical side," resumed Knowles. "They're bound to. I know Carthew agrees with me. Well, if Bulkeley gets out, there'll be a new election for captain, and that's where we come in: think I ought to get in as captain of Rookwood.'

"You ought, old chap."

"And that will make things a bit different for the Modern side," said Knowles, with a smile. "We shall get a fair show in the cricket if I'm captain. The Classicals can learn what it is like

"I shouldn't mention that too soon," remarked Catesby. "You'll have to depend on a good many Classical votes to get elected. They're a majority."

Knowles laughed. "That's between ourselves, of course," said. "In public I spin the same yarn as Bulkeley-strict fair play, no favour to either side, shoulder to shoulder for the good of the school, and so on, and so forth. I know the game. It goes down from Bulkeley. No reason why it shouldn't go down from me.'

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Well, my idea is to call on Bulkeley and put it to him gently," said Knowles. "He ought to resign. It's some days since his pater was nobbled by the bobbies, and it's simply a shoutin' disgrace for the school! Fancy pointin' out Bulkeley to a visitor and explaining: 'That's our skipper! His pater's in prison!' Not quite good enough for Rookwood-what?"

My hat! No! "I-I shouldn't wonder if old Bulkeley's innocent, all the same," said Stephen Catesby hesitatingly.

What are you "Look here, Steve. What are you backing up the Bulkeleys for all of a sudden?" demanded Knowles irritably. You've said that a dozen times at

Well, I-I think-"You'd better think about making the most of this opportunity, if you want to snapped Knowles. "Dash it all, didn't Bulkeley pitch you neck and crop out of the footer eleven? He said you weren't fit. I backed you up for all I was worth, and it did no good.

Catesby's eyes gleamed.
"You're right, Cecil. I'm with you all the way," he said. "I'm fed up with George Bulkeley as captain of the school,

and if we can shift him out, let's do so."

"That's better. Now, shall we call on him personally, or shall we put it in a note?" asked Knowles.

"A note, I think," said Frampton slowly. "Might be a row otherwise."

"I don't object to a row, with Bulkeley in the wrong. We should keep our

"Still, it's better avoided. Make it a polite note, pointing out that for the good name of the school, etc. You know

what to say. "All right." Knowles drew a paper and pen to him, chewed the handle of the pen for a moment or two thoughtfully, and then

began to write. He smiled as he wrote, not a pleasant smile.

The-the fact is-"Arrah, and why don't ye come to the point!" exclaimed a voice from the "Sure, it's a testimonial, Bulkeley darling."
"Hurray!" squeaked Tubby Muffin.

George Bulkeley glanced at the doorway in astonishment.

A dozen or more juniors had gathered "What on earth-" began the Rookwood captain.

"It's a testimonial, Bulkeley," explained Jimmy Silver.
"Oh, gad! What does it mean?"

'May I read it out?' "Yes, if you like, but buck up!"

Jimmy Silver proceeded to read out the testimonial. Bulkeley listened in amazement. Neville and Lonsdale and Jones major

Apparently they saw something amusing in that exposition of the firm faith and loyalty of the Fourth Form of Rook-

From "whereas" to the last of the signatures, Jimmy Silver read it out, at every pause a cheer coming in from the crowd of juniors in the passage.

Bulkeley did not interrupt him. He smiled slightly.

Perhaps he was not quite displeased by that display of fervent faith and loyalty on the part of the juniors, though doubtless it was a "cheek" on their part to take the captain of the school under their wing in this way.

"Is that all?" asked Bulkeley patiently, when Jimmy Silver had finished at last. "That's all, Bulkeley.

"I suppose all that's meant as a comsaid Bulkeley. "I'm much obliged to you. Now run away.'

"Speech!" howled Flynn from the passage.

And there was a roar. "Speech, Bulkeley!" "You young asses!" exclaimed Neville. 'Cut off!' Speech!"

"Come, clear off, you kids!" said Bulkeley. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know. Run away!" "Jolly good!" said Frampton heartily.
"That's putting it plain—and nicely, too.
I really wonder Bulkeley hasn't seen it 'Ahem!"

"Oh, come on," said Lovell. "We'll stick it up on the board, anyway." Bulkeley jumped.

"That nonsense—ahem, I mean that testimonial!" he exclaimed.
"Yes, rather!" "Don't do anything of the sort!" exclaimed Bulkeley sharply. "You young donkeys, I suppose you mean well.

"Oh, really, you know, Bulkeley-"
"Leave it here," said Bulkeley.
"Oh, all right."

"And clear!" Jimmy Silver & Co. cleared, not feeling wholly satisfied. The testimonial had not evoked nearly so much enthusiasm in Bulkeley's study

as among the Fourth.

Tommy Dodd lingered behind, and
Bulkeley pointed to the door.

Note for you, Bulkeley," said Tommy, with a grin.

Oh, run away, kid!" "It's from Knowles."

"Oh. Knowles? Give it to me, then." "I'm to wait for an answer," said Tommy Dodd, handing over the Modern prefect's note.

Bulkeley nedded, and opened the envelope. His brows came together darkly as he read, and he tossed the note to his

friends. "Read that!" he said. The cheeky cad!" exclaimed Neville

wrathfully. "Confound his nerve!" said Jones major. "There's no opinion of the sort in the school-I know that. There may be on the Modern side.'

"They're cads enough for anything!" growled Lonsdale. 'Ob, draw it mild!" interjected Tommy Dodd warmly.

The Fistical Four were about to present the testimonial, when Tommy Dodd 'Shut up, you cheeky fag." "Well, don't you slang the Moderns, then," said Tommy Dodd independently. "Lots of cads on this side, I can tell you. I'll give you the names, if you

"Dry up, kid," said Bulkeley. better send an answer to this, you

"Put it plain," growled Neville. "Tell him what you think of him." "Well, I must be civil. Besides, I dare say Knowles is only acting from what he

thinks is a sense of duty."
"I don't think!" "Well, I'm bound to take that for granted," said Bulkeley. "I'll let him have his answer.'

He scribbled a hasty note, felded it in an envelope, and handed it to the waiting fag.

"Take that to Knowles, Dodd." "Right-ho!"

Tommy Dodd left the study. Bulkeley's face darkened as the door closed behind him, and his lips trembled a little.

That blow had hit Bulkeley hard, and 'I-I wonder-" he began. his anxiety for his father added to the "Don't take any notice of what that Modern cad's said!" exclaimed Neville. "We all know what Knowles is after—the captaincy, if he can get it."

"There's a lot in what he says." Not that his loyal faith in his father He felt that the truth must come out

when Mr. Bulkeley stood his trial; and "Rats! Bosh!" the truth, he was sure, was that his "But I can't resign the captainey," aid Bulkeley quietly. "To do so would father was innocent. But the misery and shame of the ac-cusation and the arrest cut him to the said Bulkeley quietly.

be like admitting there was possibly something in the charge against my father, I can't do that. Unless a

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majority of the Sixth ask me to resign,

I shall go on." "And that's not likely to happen," said Jones major. "You're jolly well not going to resign, anyway. Hang Knowles!" Knowles don't count, anyway!" said

But Bulkeley's friends were mistaken there. Cecil Knowles did count, and he was not finished yet.

### The 4th Chapter. The Classicals are Wrathy!

Tommy Dodd presented himself in Knowles' study, on the Modern side, and found Knowles & Co. waiting there. There was an atmosphere of smoke in the study, which Tommy judiciously affected not to notice.

'Well?" said Knowles. "Here's Bulkeley's answer," said Tommy

"Did he say anything?" asked Framp-"Bulkeley didn't say much," answered mmy. "The others did." Tommy.

"Oh, Bulkeley wasn't alone?" asked Knowles, with interest. 'No; three Classical Sixth chaps with him.

"What did they say, then?"
"Neville said 'Cheeky cad!'"

"What?" "Jones major said 'Confound his nerve!"

"You cheeky young rascal!" shouted Knowles. "Do you want me to give you a hiding?"

"You asked me what they said!" replied Tommy Dodd, in an injured tone.
"I'm only telling you what you asked me. "Hold your tongue!"

"Oh, all right. Can I clear out?" asked Tommy.

"Wait!" snapped Knowles.
Tommy Dodd waited, with an exaggerated expression of resignation on

Knowles opened Bulkeley's note, and the three Modern seniors read it together. It was brief, but to the point.

"Dear Knowles,-I had already considered the question of resigning the captainey, but decided not, as to do so might imply that I had some, even the faintest, doubt of my father's innocence. Thank you, all the same, for your suggestion, which, of course, I take in the spirit in which it is meant .- Yours, "GEORGE BULKELEY."

"Rather a sting in that last sentence," remarked Catesby, with a grin. Knowles gritted his teeth.

It's a refusal," he said. "Well, you might have expected that." Can I go now?" murmured Tommy

"No!" shouted Knowles. Wall you're told, you young rotter! You've got to take an answer to Bulkeley."
"Well, I was thinking of prep," said Podd resignedly. "But any-Tommy Dodd resignedly. thing for a quiet life."

Knowles reflected.
"I think I'll go personally, you chaps," he said. "You can cut off, Dodd. You two fellows come with me."

"But—I say—" murmured Catesby.
"If there's a row, let there be a row," said Knowles. "We're in the right, and we're bound to make a stand. Come on, I tell you. The three seniors left the study

together, and Tommy Dodd looked after them, as he followed, with a perplexed

"I wonder what's on?" murmured the junior. "Something up against old Bulkeley, I suppose! Yah! Rotters!" Which was a testimony to the esti-mation in which Cecil Knowles was held by the juniors of his own side.

Knowles & Co. crossed to the School House, in the dusk, and made their way at once to Bulkeley's study. Some of the Classical juniors spotted

them, and gave them grim looks. Knowles & Co. were not liked on the Classical side, and Cecil Knowles was more than suspected of wishing to make capital out of Bulkeley's misfortune.

Knowles knocked at the study door, and Bulkeley's voice bade him enter. The three Modern seniors marched in. Bulkeley and his companions rose to

It was evidently not a friendly visit. "Well, Knowles?" asked the Rookwood captain quietly.

"I've read your answer to my note, Bulkeley," said Knowles curtly. I hope it satisfied you."

"Not in the least."
"Sorry!" said Bulkeley politely.
"It's a painful matter," said Knowles.
"but it's best to speak plainly. There's

a big section of opinion in the school, Bulkeley, that thinks that a fellow whose name is under a cloud ought not to be captain of Rockwood. I thought it would appeal to you in that light." Bulkeley coloured deeply.

"I've explained my motives and inten-tions in my note," he said. 'That is not quite good enough." "It will have to be good enough."

That matter can't rest here," said Knowles, biting his lip. "Of course, we all feel'sympathy, and all that. But, to put it plain, it's a disgrace to the school.' What?" exclaimed Bulkeley. "It's a disgrace to Rookwood to have

for captain a fellow whose father has been arrested for theft. You've made me speak plainly, Bulkeley. Bulkeley's eyes blazed.

'You cheeky cad!" shouted Neville. "Bulkeley, shall I kick him out of the study for you? Knowles turned quite pale. He had

expected a row, but not quite so much as

Fisticuffs in the Sixth were unheard-of, or nearly so. 'Quiet, old chap," said Bulkeley, Knowles, my father is under arrest, but he has not been tried yet. The case is

convinced that at the trial he will be completely cleared. How dare you suggest that he is guilty before he has been

Knowles shrugged his shoulders. "I did not say he was guilty. I said he had been arrested for theft," he answered. You ought to resign. You ought to get out of Rookwood, as a matter of fact, if you want it in plain English. That's my

"Well, now you've told me your opinion, you can leave me alone," said

Bulkeley. You still refuse to resign?"

"I see no reason to alter my decision." "Not even the fact that someone else is waiting to step into his shoes, Knowles," said Neville bitterly.

"I despise insinuations of that kind," said Knowles loftily. "I'm thinking of the good name of Rookwood. What are people to think of the school when they hear that the captain is a thief's son?"

Bulkeley made a stride forward, his fists clenched hard, his eyes blazing. Knowles involuntarily stepped back. 'Knock the cad down!" shouted Lons-

dale. "Get out, Knowles," said Bulkeley hoarsely. "I can't answer for myself if

you stay here. You've said what you came to say-now go!" "And said it for all Rookwood to hear," said Jones major, with a glance at the

The fags out there have open door. heard every word." "All Rookwood can hear me," said Knowles. "I've nothing to conceal. As you refuse to do the right thing, Bulkeley, I shall see that steps are taken to make you do it. The Sixth Form will

make representations to the Head on the subject. That's all.' With that, Knowles strode from the study, followed by Catesby and Frampton. Neville slammed the door after them : he would gladly have kicked Knowles

down the passage, too. There was a roar in the passage. The loud words in Bulkeley's study had been heard.

Jimmy Silver & Co., and a dozen more fellows, knew what Knowles had come As the three Modern seniors went down the passage a crowd of angry and indig-nant Classical juniors surged round them. "Cads! Modern rotters!" Arthur Edward Lovell furiously. roared

"Cads! Sneaks!" yelled Conroy.
"Yah! Modern cads!" 'Kick 'em out!"

"Bump the Modern rotters!"
"Stand back!" shouted Knowles furiously, as the angry juniors closed

"Collar them!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Down with the Moderns! All respect for the high and mighty Sixth, and the rank of prefect, was for-

gotten now. The insult to Bulkeley, their popular captain, was more than Jimmy Silver &

Co. could stand. They fairly swarmed on Knowles and Catesby and Frampton.
In a minute more the three prefects

would have been down, and bumped on the floor by the excited juniors. But Bulkeley's study door was hastily opened, and the captain of Rookwood strode out.

"Stop!" he shouted.

"You young rascals!" shouted Bulkeley "How dare you! By Jove, I'll lick you all round for this! Let Knowles alone at once!"

juniors reluctantly fell back. Bulkeley remained watching, with a frowning brow, while Knowles & Co. walked out of the School House, unmolested now.

George Bulkeley's intervention bad saved them from a severe ragging, but they were not feeling grateful—Knowles least of all.

Bulkeley went back into his study when the Modern seniors were gone. The juniors dispersed, angry and dis-

satisfied. "Bulkeley's a silly ass!" said Jimmy Silver, as the Fistical Four went into the end study for prep. "Why couldn't he let us mop up those cads? Fancy letting Knowles come and ride the high horse on our side! Br-r-r-r-r!"

"Bulkeley won't resign, though," said

Lovell. "No fear! That's Knowles' game, but it won't wash," grinned Jimmy Silver. "I

dare say our testimonial bucked Bulkeley a good bit, and made him firm. Ahem! "He knows that the Fourth back him

up. anyway. "He don't seem to care much whether the Fourth back him up or not," Newcome remarked candidly. 'Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver uneasily.

'Of course he does!' But-"When you've done butting, we'll get

on with prep."
And the Fistical Four got on with prep.

### The 5th Chapter. Bulkeley is Wanted!

"Jimmy!" Morning lessons were over the following day, and the Fistical Four were in the sunny quadrangle, when Tubby Muffin rolled up in great excitement.
Tubby's fat face was simply ablaze.

"I say, Jimmy—" he gasped.

"Oh, get out!" said Jimmy Silver.

Don't tell us you've got a tin of sardines you want to whack out, you fat

"'Tain't that! There's a bobby---" "A what?"
"A bobby!" gasped Tubby excitedly.

"Do you mean a policeman, fathead? "Yes-a bobby, and that detective chap who came here the other day and arrested Bulkeley's pater when he was visiting Bulkeley. I know him again. He's got a

face like a saw."
"What the thump do they want here?"

sub judice, as the lawyers say. I am growled Lovell.

"Leggett says he thinks they've come for Bulkeley!" gasped Tubby Muffin.
"Let me hear Leggett say so!" said
Jimmy Silver, with a gleam in his eyes. "I'll give him something else to talk about, the cad!"

"But, I say, you know, do you think" they've come for Bulkeley, Jimmy? Leggett thinks perhaps he was hand in glove with his pater—— Yaroooop!"

Tubby Muffin found himself suddenly sitting on the ground before he could state the rest of Albert Leggett's charitable surmises.

The Fistical Four left him sitting there, gasping, and hurried towards the School

A policeman was visible there, with a quietly-dressed man, whom they recognised as Mr. Screw, the detective. They were going into the House as the

Fistical Four spotted them. Mornington came towards the chums of the Fourth, with a knitted brow.

What the dickens does this mean, you fellows?" he exclaimed. "What does that rat-faced bounder want here again?" "Can't be anything to do with

Bulkeley.' "He's come to see Bulkeley," said Kit Erroll, joining them. "He asked for Bulkeley. Mr. Bootles is taking him to the Head, and the bobby is waiting in

the hall—looks as if he's on the watch."
"My only hat!" said Jimmy blankly.
The Fistical Four were astonished and dismayed.

What could a detective from Scotland Yard possibly want with George

"The—the fools!" muttered Morning-ton. "They can't suppose that Bulkeley knows anythin' about it, even if his pater

"His pater didn't do it!" snapped Lovell.

"No. But even if he did, Bulkeley couldn't know anythin' about it. They must be potty!"

The news that the detectives had retimed, and had asked to see Bulkeley,

was very quick in spreading. A crowd of fellows gathered about the doorway, and glances were cast on all sides at the stolid policeman standing in

Smythe of the Shell even ventured to ask the officer what he had come for; but he received only a stare by way of reply. Whatever the policeman's intentions were he did not think fit to confide them

to Adolphus Smythe. Bulkeley was on Big Side, with some of the Sixth and Fifth.

The news soon reached the fellows looking on at the practice; but no one ventured to mention to Bulkeley that a bobby" had come for him.

There was a buzz among the crowd outside the door, when the detective was seen again.

The Head came into view with him.

Dr. Chisholm's face was set, and indicated clearly enough the anger and annoyance he was keeping under strict

Mr. Screw was murmuring some apology, and the Head of Rookwood interrupted him.

"You have your duty to do, sir," he said stiffly. "I am astonished that it should be considered needful; but if it is your duty, you must do it. I will take you to Bulkeley's room, and send for 'Thank you, sir!"

"You will find nothing there, Mr. Screw, that should not be there," said the Head coldly. "But you shall satisfy yourself. Silver!" Yes, sir?" said Jimmy.

"Do you know where Bulkeley is at

present? "On the cricket-ground, sir."

Kindly tell him at once that gentleman has called to see him, and that request him to come to his study immediately." Certainly, sir!"

Jimmy Silver hurried down to Big Side. Bulkeley!" he called out breathlessly.

"Don't bother now, kid!"

'The Head wants you, Bulkeley." "Oh, all right!"

Jimmy delivered his message, and be saw Bulkeley's face brighten. "News about my pater, I expect, Neville," he said. "They may have found

out the facts by this time. "I hope so, old chap," said Neville. Bulkeley hurried away to the house, and

Jimmy Silver followed, with a clouded He knew very well that if the Rookwood captain was anticipating good news

he would be disappointed. Whatever Mr. Screw had come for, it certainly was not to give Bulkeley good

news of his father. The Rookwood captain passed through a silent crowd, and entered the house.

He stared a little at the sight of the But his eyes were fixed upon the Head,

calmly and inquiringly. You sent for me, sir?" Yes; step into your study with me,

Bulkeley, please." Dr. Chisholm entered the Rookwood

captain's study with Mr. Screw, and Bulkeley followed them in. The door closed, much to the disappointment of the Rookwood fellows.

Whatever the transaction might be. it was evidently going to take place behind closed doors.

"Bulkeley didn't look scared," remarked Townsend of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver gave Towny a fierce look. "Why should he look scared?" he de-

"Well, the bobby's come for somethin', I suppose!" said Townsend tartly. "What's all this fuss about?" Catesby

of the Sixth had come over from Mr. Manders' house. "Was that a bobby?" You bet!" said Leggett. "He's after

"Shut up, you Modern cad!" roared Lovell furiously. "You say that again, and I'll shut you up fast enough!"

Leggett, feeling safe in the presence of a Modern prefect, sneered.

"He's after Bulkeley," he repeated. 'He's gone into Bulkeley's study with the Head, Catesby. I can jolly well guess what it means, too. Mr. Bulkeley's what it means, too. accused of stealing bonds from the bank, and they can't be found."

"What's that got to do with Bulkeley?" said Lovell, clenching his hands.
"Plain enough, I think," sneered
Leggett. "Mr. Bulkeley was visiting your

cheery skipper when he was arrested. Of course, the detective thinks his son had a hand in it—very likely thinks that Mr. Bulkeley brought the stolen property down here to hide."

Catesby gave a violent start. "What—what's that?" he exclaimed.

"Well, wouldn't it be a clever dodge?" said Leggett, evidently pleased with his surmise. "Where would you find a safer place to hide stolen bonds, f'instance, than in a schoolboy's locker? Nobody would think of looking there. But the detective happens to have thought of it.'

"You young fool!" said Catesby harshly. His face was white and set. "How dare you suggest such a thing? Hold your tongue!

The Modern prefect stalked away to-wards Mr. Manders' house, several glances resting on him as he went.

Leggett's suggestion seemed to have had very startling effect upon Stephen Catesby; why, it was impossible to guess.

Leggett would have followed the
Modern prefect, but he was not allowed to do so.

Lovell's grasp was upon him.
"Catesby!" yelled Leggett desperately.
Catesby did not even turn his head. And during the next few minutes Albert Leggett had reason to repent his sage surmises, as the Fistical Four rubbed his nose on the cold, hard quadrangle.

### The 6th Chapter. Under Suspicion.

"Bulkeley!"

The Head's tone was very kind. Ever since the misfortune that had

The detective coughed.
"Ahem! Well, the bonds cannot be found, Master Bulkeley, though the search for them has been rigid.

"You had better find the thief, and then you may find the stolen bonds, said Bulkeley disdainfully.

The detective smiled slightly.

"To come to the point, Master Bulkeley, it occurs to me as possible that your father's hurried visit to you on that occasion was for the purpose of placing the bonds in hiding here in a safe place. Bulkeley's eyes glittered.

'I suppose you are doing your duty, Mr. Screw," he said, repressing his anger. "I can only say that my father handed

me nothing.

"He might have placed something in your charge without stating its nature," suggested Mr. Screw. "He might have called it by some other name—family documents, literary manuscripts, anything." thing.'

"He gave me nothing."

"If you have any such thing in your charge, Master Bulkeley, I am willing to believe that you were ignorant of its nature, and if you hand it to me at once a very lenient view may be taken of your conduct. I am here to find the bonds, if they are hidden here. I have a warrant to search for them.'

"Search as long as you like!" said the captain of Rookwood scornfully. "You will find nothing here that does not

belong to me!" Very well. I wished to give you a

chance. "I dare say you meant kindly," said sulkeley wearily. "But as I know Bulkeley wearily. nothing of the bonds, and have never even seen them, I cannot help you. My father did not take the bonds.

Very well. I have my duty to do. Please remain.' I will remain also," said Dr. Chisholm. "I am perfectly convinced that nothing will be found here that does not belong

to Bulkeley. "We shall see," said Mr. Screw calmly. here now, sir?" asked the Head, whose

impatience was visibly growing. Are these the only quarters that Mr. Bulkeley occupies in the school?" asked

'Certainly!" "He does not share a dormitory-"The Sixth Form do not sleep in a dormitory. You can see that this room is a bed-room as well as a study.

"Quite so. Has Master Bulkeley a locker, or anything of the kind, in any other room-a class-room, for instance?

"There is my locker in the Form-room," said Bulkeley. "If you want to look in it, the key is on the bunch I

"I should certainly like to look in it."

"Follow me, sir," said the Head.

"Kindly accompany us, Master Bulke-

"Very well."

Bulkeley followed the Head and the detective, the constable bringing up the rear. But a fresh disappointment awaited Mr. Screw.

Bulkeley's locker in the Sixth-Form room was drawn blank. "And now, Mr. Screw?" asked the Head, as politely as he could.

"For the present, sir, I have finished,' said the detective quietly.

"You are satisfied, I presume, that Bulkeley knows nothing whatever of the stolen bonds?" exclaimed the Head sharply.

"I am satisfied that they are not to be found, at all events," answered the detective drily.

Really, sir, as you have searched-"I have not searched every nook and cranny of this extensive building, and I am not able to do so," said Mr. Screw. "There are, I imagine, many hidden recesses in this old place where a small article could be hidden. Master Bulkeley, I will make one more appeal to you. If your father has placed any article in your keeping, it will be for your own interest to hand it over to me.

"I have answered you already," said Bulkeley coldly.



"Bulkeley!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, as he shook hands with the captain of Rookwood. "You-you're going?" "Yes, kid-for a time," replied Bulkeley.

fallen upon Bulkeley's father the Head had been very kind and considerate towards Bulkeley, and the Rookwood fellows had noted it, and liked their headmaster all the better for it.

What the Head's opinion might be on the subject of Mr. Bulkeley himself nobody could guess; but, at any rate, he evidently did not believe that he had a right to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.

"Yes, sir?" said Bulkeley, looking at the Head, and taking no notice of the presence of the detective.

Bulkeley, this is-is a very unpleasant matter. You understand, of course, that what is about to take place is not by my wish—that my faith in you is quite unshaken.

"You are very kind, sir," said Bulkeley, in wonder.

"You are aware that a number of bonds are missing from the bank of which your father was manager," said the Head. "These bonds have not been found, I am told, and cannot be traced. They represent a large sum of money. I hardly like to-to tell you what is now considered possible by the detective in charge of the case, Bulkeley; but—but——" The Head paused. "Kindly explain to the lad, Mr. Screw!

"Certainly. Master Bulkeley, your father visited you a few days ago, when had the painful duty of taking him into custody.

Bulkeley nodded. 'Did he on that occasion place anything in your keeping?"

"Had he on any occasion within the last month placed any article in your keep-

"Have you at the present time any property of any kind, of which you are taking care for your father?"

He opened the door and called in the constable.

Bulkeley handed over his keys, and stood pale and silent while the search proceeded. It was a thorough one.

Under Mr. Screw's unfailing eye the constable ransacked every corner of the study, and every receptacle and recess. Even the books in the bookcase were taken out, and opened and shaken

separately. It was more than half an hour before the search of the study finished.
The Rookwood fellows had gone into

the dining-hall to dinner. Bulkeley was not thinking of dinner, and the Head forgot that his lunch was

waiting. The search was over at last, and nothing had been discovered.

Well, sir?" said Dr. Chisholm, as the detective stood with a somewhat baffled expression on his face.

"Master Bulkeley will not object to his person being searched?" asked Mr.

Bulkeley flushed crimson.
"Surely this is an absurdity!" exclaimed the Head. "A number of bonds would be too bulky to be concealed about the person, sir.

"They might be separated, and even severed in pieces," answered Mr. Screw. "However, if Master Bulkeley objects

"Will you allow this gentleman to do as he pleases, Bulkeley?"
"I will do whatever you suggest, sir," answered the Rookwood captain. "Very well. said the Head. Proceed, Mr. Screw,'

It occupied but a few minutes to search Bulkeley from head to foot. But again the search was unrewarded. May I conclude that you are finished

"Very well. For the present"-the detective emphasised the word-"for the present, Dr. Chisholm, my duty here is

And Mr. Screw, with a polite bow, took his leave, the stolid-faced constable following in his wake. Bulkeley went to his dinner late. Neville joined him, and sat chatting to

him while he ate. But Bulkeley hardly answered his

There was a fixed gloom upon his face. He knew why Neville had come there— it was to show that the latest happening had made no difference.

But it must have made a difference to many, and George Bulkeley knew it.

All Rookwood knew that his quarters had been searched for stolen property,

or they would know it soon. Nothing had been found. But that did not prove that nothing had been hidden. The shadow of shame that had rested on Bulkeley's father had spread, and it darkened now the captain of Rookwood

Knowles would make the most of it. But Bulkeley did not think about Knowles.

For he had come to the same conclusion now as the Modern prefect. The fellow upon whom rested the shadow of shameful suspicion was not the

right captain for Rookwood School.

### The 7th Chapter. Good-bye to Bulkeley.

Jimmy Silver was worried. It was just like Jimmy to forget his own concerns, and trouble his head about the troubles of somebody else.

But George Bulkeley was so great a man in junior eyes-he filled so large a space in the little world of school-that

almost all the Rookwood fellows felt concerned about him.

It was known now what the detective had come for.

And there were not wanting ill-natured tongues to hint that perhaps Mr. Screw had been on the right track, though he had not found what he sought.

Bulkeley was popular with nine-tenths of Rookwood, but the other tenth did not like him.

Juniors like Peele and Gower and Tracy, seniors like Catesby and Frampton, Knowles and Carthew, disliked him and feared him. He had too strict a sense of duty to be

liked by mean-spirited fellows.

And now was the chance of his enemies, the few he had. His quarters had been searched by the

police for stolen property; he was innocent-he might be innocent-but the suspicion, the stain, remained.

It was simply impossible for a fellow in such a position to remain captain of the

school. Even Jimmy Silver felt that it would

And Jimmy knew that Bulkeley had been packing-it looked as if he was leaving Rookwood.

Jimmy felt that as a personal blow. "I believe he's going, you fellows," Jimmy said dismally, in the end study that evening. "I—I suppose it's a bit rotten for him now. Some fellows are cads enough to think evil of him. Poor

old Bulkeley! "Poor old chap!" said Raby.
"It's sensible of him to get out for a bit, till this is settled one way or the other," said Erroll, who was in the study. "The position is too rotten altogether. If his father is acquitted, Bulkeley can come back with flying colours.

'But if he isn't-" muttered New-'Then poor old Bulkeley couldn't stay, anyway. But-but I think the old man's innocent, and if he's innocent, I suppose

he will be acquitted. 'Mistakes are made sometimes," said Lovell.

Erroll smiled faintly, but did not reply.

Lovell's meaning was pretty clear; he did not intend to believe anything against Bulkeley or his father, whatever a judge and jury might decide.

Tubby Muffin looked into the study.

"He's going!" he announced.

"Who's going, you fat chump?" growled Lovell.

Bulkeley." There was a rush from the study at

Jimmy Silver & Co. dashed down the The big door was open. Outside, in the dusk, gleamed the lights of the station

Old Mack and the cabman were carrying out a trunk.

Bulkeley, in coat and cap, was saying good-bye to some of the Sixth.

His face was a little pale, but very

Neville was looking furious, and the other seniors troubled and dismayed. "Bulkeley!" exclaimed Jimmy Silvera You-you're going?' Bulkeley gave the juniors a kind smile.

Yes, kid—for a time. "You're coming back?" exclaimed Lovell.

"I hope so." "Bulkeley, old chap, there's no need " muttered Neville miserably. 'It's better, old fellow," said Bulkeley

"The Head thinks so. Goodbye, old man-good-bye Neville went out with him to the cab. Through the dusk the figure of Cecil Knowles of the Modern Sixth loomed

'You're going, Bulkeley?" he exclaimed. "Yes."

Knowles drew a deep breath. He composed his features to an expression of sympathetic concern, but he could not disguise the glitter in his eyes. "I'm sorry you're going, Bulkeley," he said.

"Thank you!" said Bulkeley drily. "I hope we part friends," said Knowles, "I'm sorry there have ever been any disagreements between us, Bulkeley; and I'd like to say that I believe your father is innocent, and believe that the truth will come out in time. And there's my hand

Bulkeley took his hand cheerfully enough. "I'm glad to hear you speak like that, Knowles," he said simply. "It's kind of

you. Certainly we part friends, old fellow! Good-bye!" Knowles stood looking after the cab as it rolled away in the dusk.

There was a twinge of remorse even in Cecil Knowles' hard heart. But as he walked away to his own

House his eyes were shining. 'Captain of Rookwood!" he murmured. "The path's clear now-Captain of Rock-

Jimmy Silver was thinking of that, too, when Bulkeley was gone. "There'll be an election for captain," e said. "That cad Knowles will think he said.

it's a sure thing for him; and we've got to stop him. Do you hear?" "And we jolly well will!" said Lovell, th emphasis. "Every vote counts, and with emphasis. we'll rally all the fellows to keep him

Bulkeley was gone, with a shadow on his name, but it did not seem so certain as Knowles supposed, that the Modern prefect would realise his old ambition. Jimmy Silver & Co. had to be reckoned

THE END.

### NEXT MONDAY.

"RIVALS FOR THE CAPTAINCY!" By OWEN CONQUEST. DON'T MISS IT!

### The 1st Chapter. A Tender Secret.

"Chunky!" Chunky Todgers did not answer. Frank Richards & Co. stared at him. Chunky was standing beside the creek, at a little distance from the gates of

Cedar Creek School. There was an unusual expression of deep thoughtfulness upon his plump face, and his round, blue eyes had a far-away look.

Frank Richards & Co. were puzzled. They followed his glance, wondering what it was upon which Chunky's gaze was so intently fixed.

But the sunny creek presented its usual

Nothing was to be seen upon the shining waters, save a birch-bark canoe in which Tom Lawrence and his sister

Molly were paddling.
"What's the matter with Chunky?" asked Bob Lawless, in astonishment. "Has he gone to sleep standing up, like a

blessed horse?" "Looks like it," said Vere Beauclere, laughing. "Hallo, Chunky!"

Still no reply. Chunky Todger's eyes, they could see, were fixed on the canoe on the creek. Sturdy Tom and pretty, graceful Molly

Lawrence were worth more than a pass-But they were to be seen every day at the lumber school, and there seemed no

reason why Chunky Todgers should stare with such a rapt gaze at the canoe. Bob Lawless strode towards the fat and

florid Chunky, and smote him on the shoulder with a sudden mighty smite. 'Wake up!" he roared.

Chunky jumped, then.
"Yow! What? Wharrer marrer? Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What's the matter with you?" de-parded Bob. "What are you daymarded Bob. dreaming about?"

Ow, ow!" "Is anything up, Chunky?" asked

Frank Richards. "Oh, dear!" mumbled Todgers, rubbing his shoulder. "Yes! No! Oh, shurrup! Go and chop chips! Ow!"

The chums of Cedar Creek chuckled. Even while Chunky was gasping and

his gaze had turned again on muttering the birch-bark cance. The canoe disappeared round a bend

in the creek, and Chunky's fat face elouded, and he sighed. It was so utterly unusual for the fat,

contented schoolboy to sigh, that the chums almost blinked at him in their "What on earth is it?" asked Bob.
"Are you ill, Chunky?"
"Eh! No." surprise.

"Been cating too much maple-sugar?"

"Br-r-r-r! No.

"Not indigestion?" asked Frank.
"You silly jay!" snorted Chunky indignantly. "No!"

"Then what are you playing the goat 'Oh, rats!"

"Come on," said Bob. "Let's run the cance out, or we sha'n't be back for dinner. Coming along, Chunky?" Eh! No.

The chums were moving off, when Ohunky Todgers called out:
"I—I say, Franky."
Frank Richards stopped, and looked

round. "Yes, Chunky?"
"I\_I\_I\_\_"
"Well?"

"I-I-I-" "By gum!" said Bob Lawless.
must be ill! Look how red h must be ill! Look how red he is! There's something the matter with Chunky. He's been eating too much." "What is it, Chunky?" asked Frank,

utterly perplexed. "My hat!" "I-I'd like to speak to you, Richards," blurted out Chunky at last, his fat face

burning crimson. Well, go ahead!"

"I-I-I-"Is it a merry secret?" asked Vere Beauclerc, laughing. "Let's go and get the canoe out, Bob, while Franky hears

"Right-ho!" Bob Lawless and Beauclere went along the bank, leaving Frank Richards alone

with Chunky. "Well, Chunky?" asked Frank. "I-I say, Richards stammered

Chunky.

"Yes."

"I—I think you'd understand," murmured Chunky. "You've got more sense than those chaps. I—I want to confide in somebody. And you--you've got a lot of-of tact!"

Thanks! Go ahead!" -1-1-1--

"Oh, crumbs! Get on with it. Have you been up to anything?" asked Frank. Playing cards with Gunten, and losing

your money?"
"Oh, rot! No."
"Well, what is it, then?"

Published

'I-I-I-Frank Richards waited patiently.
Evidently Chunky did not want him simply to listen to the repetition of the

first personal pronoun.

But the fat schoolboy seemed to have difficulty in getting out anything else.

"stammered Chunky. "I—I

"I-I-" stammered Chunky. "I-I say, you won't think me a silly ass, Richards?"

"That depends," said Frank, smiling.
"You—you've noticed her?"

"Isn't she ripping?"
"Who? Miss Meadows?" asked Frank,

He could not guess who "she" was, unless Chunky was alluding to the schoolmistress of Cedar Creek.

But Todgers gave him a look of deep reproach, which showed him that his guess was not correct.

Not Miss Meadows?" asked Frank.

"Of course not, you ass!"
"Well, what are you babbling about,
anyway?"

'Her!" said Chunky.
"Who on earth is her'?" "Mum-mum-mum-m-m-m-" stam-

mered Chunky. Take that lump of "Great Scott! sugar out of your mouth, Chunky, and you'll speak a little clearer." There isn't anything in my mouth, fat-

head!" howled Chunky indignantly.
"Then what are you mumbling over?"
"I wasn't mumbling. I was telling you

her name. Her name?" said Frank blankly.

Yes. You know her. Mum-m-m-mm-m-m-m--I don't know anybody named Mum-

m-m-m-m. "M-M-Molly!" gasped Chunky Tod-gers, getting it out at last. Frank Richards looked at him.

"Molly Lawrence, do you mean?"
"Yes!" breathed Chunky.
"Well, what about Molly?" asked

Frank, still not understanding. unky Todgers looked repreachful

"I thought you'd understand, Richards," he murmured. "I-I-I say, isn't she-isn't she ripping, though? I-I-I--"

Frank Richards fairly jumped. He understood at last what Chunky's deep blushes and confused mumbling meant.

"Oh, my hat!" he yelled. "Molly! Chunky! Ha, ha, ha!"
"I-I-I say, Franky, I-I--"

Frank Richards shricked.

Mashed!" he yelled. "Chunky mashed! Ha, ha, ha!" "Look here, what are you chortling at?" demanded Chunky Todgers indig-

nantly. "I-I-I-'Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Frank. "Oh, Chunky, you young idiot! You silly young ass! Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards staggered away after his chums. He was almost in con-

The idea of the fat and chubby Chunky being "mashed" was too much for him. He had never thought of Chunky in connection with sentimentality before.

It was too rich; and Frank almost sobbed as he went down to the canoe, leaving Todgers blinking after him with speechless remorse.

'Hallo, what's the joke?" asked Bob Lawless, as his cousin tottered into the canoe and sank down breathless.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Frank.
"What is it?" exclaimed Beauclere in astonishment.

Frank wiped his eyes.

"I mustn't tell you. It's Chunk
"I mustn't tell you. "Oh, my hat! It's Chunky's secret!" he gasped. "Oh, my hat! I dare say he'll confide it to every fellow sooner or later. Ha, ha, ha!"

On the bank Chunky Todgers shook a fat fist at Frank Richards, and turned

wrathfully away.

Perhaps he was going to seek some confidant who would treat his tender secret with more respect.

### The 2nd Chapter. Rhyme, but Not Reason.

"Todgers!" Miss Meadows spoke quite sharply. Cedar Creek School was at afternoon lessons, but Chunky Todgers, for reasons best known to himself, was not giving much attention to the lesson.

Frank Richards looked round quickly as Miss Meadows spoke. Frank could guess what was on Chunky's

Chunky was scribbling on a paper

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

the Famous Author of the

Tales of Harry Wharton & Co.

by his desk. "Todgers!" repeated Miss Meadows, still more sharply. Tom Lawrence nudged Chunky, who

which he had on his fat knee, concealed

started and looked up.
"Ye-es. Yes, Miss Meadows?"

"I have spoken to you twice, Todgers." "Have you, ma'am?" "You were scribbling something," said

Miss Meadows severely. "Bring that paper to me at once!" "That-that paper, ma'am?" stammered Todgers.

"Yes; at once!" "Wha-a-at paper, ma'am?"

"That paper you were writing!" ex-claimed Miss Meadows. "You must not pass notes to and fro in class. Bring it to me!

"It—it isn't a note, ma'am."
"Do as I tell you, Todgers!"
Chunky Todgers had risen to his feet,
the fragment of paper clutched in his podgy fingers

But he did not come out before the class. He stood blinking at the school-mistress.

with a crimson face. Bob Lawless gave him a kick under the

"Get a move on!" he whispered. "Are you dotty?"

There was evidently something of an astonishing nature on the paper taken from Chunky Todgers.
"Todgers!" gasped Miss Meadows.

"What do you mean by writing such

utter nonsense, in lesson-time, too?
"Oh, ma'am!" "Have you no common-sense?" ex-claimed Miss Meadows. "If this happens again, Todgers, I shall be very angry with you. Take it and put it in the stove

'In the st-st-stove?" stuttered Chunky.

"Yes; go at once!"
Chunky Todgers tottered towards the stove, with Miss Meadows' stern glance upon him.

But Chunky was a little deeper than Miss Meadows guessed. He made a motion of tossing the paper

into the stove, but as a matter of fact he slipped it up his sleeve.

Miss Meadows did not observe that

action, but two or three of the class did,

and they grinned. "Now go back to your place, Todgers, and pay attention to your lessons.

"Yes, ma'am!" gasped Chunky. He rolled back to his place. Kern Gunten, the Swiss, was seated behind him, and a little later he dropped a pencil, and in stooping to recover it

he brushed against Todgers When he regained his seat Gunten was

grinning. With great deftness he had filched the crumpled paper from the pocket in which he had seen Chunky Todgers thrust it

hastily when he came back to his seat. Gunten spread out the paper on his knee, and read it under his desk.

Then the quiet of the school-room was suddenly broken.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
It was a sudden and irresistible yell of laughter from Gunten. Boys and girls turned their heads to

stare at the Swiss in surprise. Miss Meadows stood petrified. 'Gunten!" she exclaimed. "How dare

you? "I-I'm sorry, ma'am!" stammered Gunten, reddening. "I-I-"

"Silence! How dare you?" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "If you interrupt the lesson again I shall detain you for an hour, Gunten!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Gunten meekly. Kern Gunten did not interrupt the lesson again. But several times after that a grin

broke out on his face. Evidently he had found something very ! Lawrence, wiping her eyes.

"You rotter!" yelled Chunky Todgers. struggling towards Gunten. mine! Gimme my poem, you beast!"

151

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's mine!" shricked Chunky. Kern Gunten held the paper out of

Chunky's reach. Keep him off! There's some more of

"Give it to me!" howled Chunky.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's mine! You foreign beast, you got it out of my pocket! Gimme my paper!" roared Chunky. "I'll kick your shins!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's have the rest!" exclaimed Dick Dawson. "Here, hold that fat lunatic! He's getting dangerous! Dawson and Tom Lawrence grasped Chunky and held him back, almost foam-

Gunten, amid yells of laughter, proceeded with the "poem."

"Oh, how I would like to be floating

with you Down Life's sunny stream in a birchbark canoe!

I'd do all the paddling, and you should recline

On the cushions, my own, with your eyes fixed on mine!"

Chunky Todgers, with a terrific effort, tore himself loose and rushed at Gunten. He grabbed at the paper, and snatched

it away from the Swiss.
"You rotter!" he gasped.
"Ha, ha, ha!" "Let's have the rest!" roared Keller. Chunky Todgers jammed the paper in his pocket and clenched his fat fists.
"Yah! You foreign trash!" he roared. "You come near me and I'll lick you!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What did you write that silly rot for, Chunky?" shouted Bob Lawless. "Can't you see?" gasped Lawrence.
"Chunky's mashed on somebody! Oh,
crumbs! Is it Black Sally, the cook,
Chunky?"

"No, it isn't!" shrieked Chunky. "It's nothing of the kind, you ass!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give it a name!" yelled Eben Hacke. Is it Miss Meadows? Is that why she got mad with you?'

There was a shriek of merriment. "Oh, Chunky!" gasped Beauclerc. "You "You little donkey!" exclaimed Molly



" |--|--| say, Molly--- Yaroop!" spluttered Chunky Todgers. Molly had kept her word, and sent a cruel splash over the levelorn Chunky.

"Yow-ow!" "Lawless, you must not speak to Todgers!" 'Nunno, Miss Meadows," stammered

Todgers!" "Oh, dear!" murmured Chunky in dismay. He obeyed at last, dragging himself out before the class, as if his feet almost

"Come out before the class at once,

refused to move. The class stared at him in great astonishment, neither boys nor girls being able to understand for a moment what

was the matter with Todgers He stood at last before Miss Meadows, who looked very severe.
"Give me that paper, Todgers!"

"If-if you please, ma'am-"I-I'd rather not, ma'am!" gasped "Bless my soul! Give me that paper at said Miss Meadows, quite snap-

pishly. Chunky Todgers fairly groaned as the school-mistress took the paper from his podgy hand.

Miss Meadows glanced at the irregular scribble thereon, and the expression that came over her face was extraordinary. The class watched breathlessly.

entertaining on Chunky's mysterious |

When lessons were over, and the Cedar Creek pupils trooped out, a good many of them gathered round Chunky Todgers. Kern Gunten joined the crowd with a

paper in his hand.
"You fellows like to hear something funny?" he asked.
"What is it?" asked Bob Lawless. "What were you cackling over in class?"

"It's a poem."

"A poem!" exclaimed Eben Hacke.

"Yep! Listen to it! You listen, too,
Chunky. It will interest you," chuckled

He held up the paper and began to read. Chunky Todgers, with a startled look, was feeling frantically in his pockets. There was a buzz of astonishment as Kern Gunten read out:

"'Oh, where dost thou linger, my ownest, my own? Oh, come to thy Chunky, who loves thee alone! He worships the trail that is trod by thy feet,

The sweet maple sugar is not half so sweet! To gaze upon thee is a joy and delight. O, sweetest of visions that gladden my Meadows would cane you if she knew you had written this about her."

Chunky blinked at her repreachfully.

"Tain't about Miss Meadows!"

"Is it the cook?"
"No!" yelled Todgers. "It isn't the cook!"

"Then it's one of us!" exclaimed Kate Dawson. "Oh, dear! Chunky, you ridiculous little fat donkey!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chupky wouldn't be so silly as that," said Molly, laughing. "But tell us who it is, Chunky. Do tell us!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" Chunky did not answer.
With a crimson face, he stamped away.
leaving boys and girls shricking with

merriment. Chunky's "secret" was a secret no longer-it had become the joke of the

The 3rd Chapter. The Course of True Love Does Not Run Smooth,

'M-M-M-Molly!"

school.

"Hallo, Chunky!"
"I-I say, M-M-Molly!" "Well?" asked the girl, in surprise,



Molly Lawrence was waiting by the canoe, to go home.

Her brother had stopped to speak with Frank Richards & Co. as they fetched their horses from the corral, and Chunky Todgers joined her on the bank of the creek while she waited.

Molly regarded him with a smile. Chunky was evidently "mashed" on somebody—probably one of the Cedar Creek girls—but Molly did not yet guess that she was the object of the fat youth's

M-M-M-Molly Oh, I say-" "Yes?"

"W-wow-would you like me to paddle you home?" asked Chunky bashfully. "Tom's going to," answered Molly. "Besides, you've got your pony at the

school." Tom could ride my pony home," said unky. "In-in fact, he's going to, Chunky. "In-in fact, he's going to maddle you home, Molly. I-I'm going to paddle you home, you know.'

Molly looked a little cross. "Tom ought to have told me!" she exclaimed. "I've been waiting for him. But' I can paddle myself."

"Tain't safe for you to go alone," said Todgers seriously. "Might be some— some rustler about, or a grizzly bear." Molly laughed merrily.

"Well, what would you do with a rustler or a grizzly bear?" she asked. "Still, if my brother's got your pony, you'd better come in the canoe. You'll have a walk at the other end, you know.

'I don't mind." "Well, come along, then."

Molly's manner was quite matter-offact, much to the bashful Chunky's disappointment.

He had hoped to see Molly look pleased, and perhaps blush a little, but she

Molly was a good hand with a canoe, but Chunky, though he meant well, was decidedly clumsy. He plunged the paddle into the water,

and there was a splash as he started, and a shrick from Molly.

"Look out! You've splashed me."
"Oh, dear!" said Chunky, in dismay.
"Don't you paddle," said Molly. "I can manage. 'I-I'd rather you reclined on the

cushion." 'There isn't a cushion," said the practical Molly.

'But-but I'd rather you reclinedstammered Chunky.

Molly stared at him.

"I'm not so lazy," she answered.
"Don't be silly, Chunky!" Then a sudden glimmer came into her pretty eyes.

Oh, that was in your poem. You little "I'm not little," said Chunky warmly. "I'm bigger than you, and I'm oldermonths older."

'You haven't so much sense," said Molly.

"Oh!"

"Give me that paddle!"
"But I-I say, I'm going to paddle you home," said Chunky feebly. Stuff!"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Todgers. Miss Lawrence paddled the canoe away.

Chunky looked back rather anxiously till they were past the bend.
As a matter of fact, he had made

Tom Lawrence the offer of his pony, and Tom had declined, rather gruffly. He expected every moment to see Lawrence come shouting down the bank.

Fortunately, he was still talking with Frank Richards & Co., and the canoe passed out of sight. "I-I say, Molly-" began Chunky.

"Yes?" "I-I say-

Molly looked at him fixedly. "Are you ill?" she asked. "Nunno."

"Then what are you talking so queerly "I-I-I-"

"You shouldn't eat so much," said Molly severely. "You were bolting maple sugar in class this afternoon. I saw you.'

"I've got some for you, Molly," said nunky. "I-I say, maple sugar is Chunky.

"Of course it is!" "But—but it isn't—it isn't——"
"You've just said it is."

"I-I mean it-it isn't so-so sweet as-

"Molasses?" asked Molly.
"Nunno! As—as—as Molly!" gasped Chunky, getting it out at last.

He had taken the plunge, and broken the ice, so to speak.

Molly Lawrence ceased wielding the paddle, and stared at him. She under-

'That-that poem!" gasped Chunky. "You-you know!"

"Oh, dear!" said Molly. "I-I-I say, Molly, I-I-I-"
"You little idiot!" said Molly candidly.

"Eh?" "I don't believe you're quite right in

thinks you are a little soft. I believe

Chunky sat speechless.
"If you talk any more, I shall splash ou," continued Miss Lawrence warningly. "Now sit quiet, and keep your foolish mouth shut."

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Chunky. He sat quite in consternation as Molly paddled on again.

The course of true love was certainly not running smooth in Chunky's case.

He felt a chill, and his "mashed" state was very nearly abolished on the spot.

But he made another effort. -I-I say, Molly--- Yaroop!" Molly kept her word, and sent a cruel

splash over the lovelorn Chunky. The fat youth jumped, and the canoe rocked.

'I warned you!" said Molly. Chunky Todgers did not speak again during the journey up the creek. He was rather relieved when they reached the Lawrence farmstead, in fact.

As they landed, there was a clatter of hoofs on the trail, and Tom Lawrence dashed up on Chunky's pony.

"Oh, here you are!" he shouted.

"Yes, here we are!" said Molly.

"What did you leave me behind for?" roared Lawrence wrathfully. "I had to ride home on this blessed fat pony. "Why, Todgers told me-" exclaimed

Molly, in surprise.

"I—I told you you could have the pony, Lawrence," gasped Chunky.

"You young jay, you might have drowned Molly if you tried to paddle the cance!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I told you I didn't want your silly pony. I came down to the creek, and found the canoe gone. What the thunder did you want to run off with my sister for, you 1-1-1-

"What did you play such a trick for?" shouted Lawrence.

"Can't you speak, you chump?" exclaimed the exasperated Lawrence, taking Todgers by the collar and shaking

'I-I-leggo !-I wanted to," gasped Chunkyz. "I-I wanted Molly to recline, her gaze on mine-I mean, I wanted-Iyarooh!-that is to say---Yoooop!" Tom Lawrence gave a yell.
"Oh! So it's Molly, is it? You write

your fathead poems about Molly, do you? I'll give you poems, you clam!

He swung Chunky Todgers round, and a heavy boot was planted upon Chunky, and he gave a howl.
"Yow-ow! Leave off!"

But Tom Lawrence did not leave off. Apparently he thought that Todgers wanted a lesson, and he intended to give him one.

Chunky made a rush for his pony, but he had no time to get into the saddle. Lawrence's heavy boot was still actively

He hopped along, holding the reins, running beside the pony, while Lawrence pursued him, still landing out with his boots, and yelling with laughter.

Chunky was yelling, too, though not with laughter.

Lawrence stopped at last, too overcome with merriment to run any further, and he stood roaring in the trail, while the unhappy Chunky clambered on his fat

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-wooop!" spluttered Chunky.

'Ha, ha, ha!" Chunky cast a glance back at Molly Lawrence. To his surprise and horror, Molly was

laughing as heartily as her brother. Apparently Molly saw something enter-

taining in that chase down the trail.

It was really too bad; and at that moment Chunky, mashed as he was, felt strongly inclined to punch Molly's nose as well as her brother's

The last thing he heard, as he trotted down the trail, was a shout of laughter.

### The 4th Chapter.

### Not According to Programme.

Frank Richards & Co. spotted Chunky Todgers as they rode up the trail the following morning to Cedar Creek. The fat youth was mounted on his fat

pony, trotting along slowly, with a thoughtful shade on his chubby face.
"Hallo, Fatty!" shouted Bob.

Todgers looked round, and met three grinning glances, and blushed. The three chums were greatly interested in Chunky, in his present "mashed"

state. As Bob put it, they had never seen a

mashed porpoise before.

Chunky did not seem very comfortable in the saddle. He was shifting incessantly on the back

of the pony.
"Anything the matter with you, Chunky?" asked Vere Beauclerc. anything wrong with the saddle?"

"N-n-no! I-I've got some bumps." mumbled Chunky. "I-I took Molly home the head," said Molly crossly. "Kate last night in the canoe, and Tom Law-

rence didn't like being left behind. The beast kicked me!"

"Ha, ha!" "And Molly only laughed!" added "Laughed, you Chunky plaintively. "Laughed, you know! At me! She-she thought it was

funny! Apparently Chunky expected sympathy, but he did not receive any.

The three chums simply yelled.
"Oh, don't cackle!" said Todgers
thoughtfully. "I—I say, Cherub, it was
just here that you stopped Molly's horse when it was running away, wasn't it, a I-I wonder if her week or two ago? horse is likely to bolt again?

Chunky looked back along the trail. The fat youth would have been glad to see Molly's horse bolting, so that he could perform an heroic deed, and shine in her

Then she would not laugh next time Tom Lawrence kicked him, perhaps.

Tom Lawrence and his sister came trotting up the trail just then. were riding to school that morning.

"I—I say, Cherub——" whispered Chunky excitedly.
"Well," said Beauclerc, his eyes twinkling.

"Couldn't you-c-c-couldn't you-"
"Couldn't I what?" "Just ride along and give a yell, you know, and-and start her horse, and-and

Beauclerc yelled. "Leave it to me!" gasped Bob Lawless.
"Oh, crumbs! Leave it to me! You fellows get aside, and give Chunky plenty

of room.' "I say, you're a good chap, Bob!" gasped Todgers. None better!" grinned Bob. "Leave

it to me. He dashed away up the trail at top speed, and joined Molly Lawrence and her brother.

Hold on!" he exclaimed. "What's up?" asked Tom Lawrence, drawing rein.

"The joke of the season!" gasped Bob. "Chunky wants to rescue Molly on a runaway horse, same as the Cherub did once. I'm to frighten Molly's horse, and send him along the trail. You don't mind, Molly?

'Don't I?" answered Molly warmly.

# #~~~~~~~ WAR SAVINGS **GERTIFICATES-**



# -AND HELP TO **CARRY ON THE**

"Just like a girl—you can't see a joke," said Bob. "I mean, get off at a gallop, and make Chunky think your gee's running away. He will be no end of a guy trying to stop you." Molly laughed.

"Go it, Moll!" grinned Lawrence.
The girl rode on, and Bob cracked his whip loudly, and Lawrence shouted. Molly's horse was urged into a rapid

Chunky, blinking along the trail, could hardly believe in his good luck, when he saw Molly swooping down on him, with a thunder of hoofs.

It looked a dangerous task to attempt to stop the supposed runaway, but Chunky had plenty of pluck, though per-haps not a full allowance of common-

"Help!" cried Molly, as she came dashing by Chunky Todgers.

"Gee-up!" gasped Chunky, to his steed. Either the horse, or Molly's guiding hand on the rein, dodged Chunky in the wide trail.

She rode round him, and kept on towards the school at a gallop. Chunky thundered after her, ready to attempt the impossible. He remembered how Beauclerc had

stopped the runaway, and he was going to do the same. But it was not so easy to carry out the

plan as to make it. Chunky's fat pony was not accustomed to violent exercise, neither was the fat youth a good rider. He cracked his whip, and gave the pony

a cut, and the startled animal whinnied and reared. "Gee-up!" shrieked Chunky, as Molly

drew further and further away, ahead 'Gee-up, you brute! Gurrrrr! Go! Gee-

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He cut, and cut again, and the scared pony tore down the trail after Molly.

But he had the bit between his teeth

now, and Chunky was past all control of

The speed at which he went took Todgers' breath away, the reins flew out of his fat hands, and he clutched at the saddle, and then at the tossing mane of the galloping pony.

A yell of laughter followed him up the trail. Frank Richards & Co. came riding after

him, with Lawrence, and all four were nearly in convulsions.

Molly drew rein at the school gates, and dismounted. Chunky Todgers came thundering on,

unable to stop.
"Gee-whiz!" shouted Eben Hacke. "Get aside, you galoots!'

There was a rush to leave the trail free for the hapless rider. The fat pony thundered on into the school gateway, and into the playground, with Chunky clinging wildly to his mane

and shrieking for help. The yelling and clutching on his back had finished it for Chunky's pony-the animal was scared and nearly frantic by

He dashed on across the playground, swerved at the palisade, and then tore

round the enclosure. The unhappy Chunky popped up and down in the saddle, clinging to his mane

and yelling. Molly Lawrence ran in the way, and

caught the streaming reins. With a strong and skilful hand, the Canadian girl forced the excited pony to

The intended rescue had been reversed -it was Molly who was the rescuer. Chunky Todgers, finding the pony still at last, sat up dazedly, still holding on to

the mane. "Ow, ow, ow!" gasped Chunky. dear! I'm out of breath! Yow-ow-ow! "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Molly. "Ge Katie, come and help Chunky down!

Kate Dawson ran up, laughing, and the gesping Chunky was helped to the ground. He stood palpitating and snorting for

breath. "Oh, dear! Yow-ow-ow!" gasped Chunky. "Oh, dear! The beast! Hehe ran away with me! Oh, crumbs!

Ow! "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. Did you save Molly's life, Chunky?"

Yow-ow-ow! Oh! Todgers, breathless Chunky crimson, staggered away, leaving Bob to take his pony to the corral.

It was Chunky's first and last attempt to shine in Molly's eyes in the role of heroic rescuer. Even Chunky realised that that

### wouldn't do: The 5th Chapter. Curing Chunky.

"I'm going to lick him!" growled Tom Lawrence. "Don't!" said Frank Richards, laughing.

"He's not going to be such a funny ass! It's rough on Molly!" growled the indignant Tom. "He's got to chuck it! The howling chump has actually written her a poem—full of eyes and dies and eights"

Ha. ha. ha! "Licking him won't do any good," said Bob Lawless. "Besides, poor old Chunky can't help being daft. Molly can give him a lesson, and I've thought of a way." "Well, go ahead," said Tom restively.

Tom was very sensitive to the ridiculous side of Chunky's extraordinary attack. Bob Lawless proceeded to explain his "way." and there was a chorus of chortles. And when Molly was called into the council, she laughed and said:

"Done!" After lessons that day Frank Richards & Co. joined Tom Lawrence and Molly

outside the lumber-school. Chunky Todgers was on Molly's trail, as usual, probably hoping to be allowed to ride home with his charmer. 'Is Chunky coming?" asked Molly

demurely. Todgers came rolling up, delighted that the fair one remembered his existence. I'm coming!" he announced, at once.

Sure you'd care for a walk?" asked Molly. "I guess so! Yes, rather! Why not ride, though?" asked Chunky, who greatly preferred to do his travelling sitting

down. "Oh, we're going to have a walk through the woods," said Tom Lawrence. "You can come if you like."

You'll walk with me, Chunky," said Molly. Chunky almost purred with delight.

The party started off walking. Chunky Todgers was in the Seventh heaven as he trotted on by Molly's side. Frank Richards & Co. were smiling. Tom Lawrence grinned. Molly's eyes were

twinkling. They covered a mile of rough ground on the forest trail, and at the end of that mile Chunky Todgers was breathing very

hard. "Like the walk, Chunky?" asked Bob

Lawless blandly.
"Ye-es," gasped Chunky.
"Not getting out of breath?" N-n-no."

"I'm so glad," said Molly. "I'm thinking of walking to school now the weather's getting so fine, Chunky, and you can walk, too." "W-w-walking to school!" stammered Chunky.

"Yes; it's only a few miles in the morning.'

"What did you say?" "N-n-nothing."

Another mile was covered, and Chunky deeply repented the last huge chunk of maple sugar he had disposed of that

afternoon. It was taking its revenge upon him now.

Chunky pushed back his hat from his streaming forehead, and tramped on doggedly The other fellows sauntered carelessly; they were not so fat as Chunky and more

accustomed to active service. But the fat youth was panting.

"I-I say, are we walking home?"
panted Chunky at last.
"No fear!" answered Lawrence. 'We're going back to the school for the

"Oh! How-how are we going to get

"Walk, I guess."

"W-w-walk!" "You can crawl on your hands and knees, if you like, of course. "Oh! I-I say, hadn't we better turn

back now?" "We're going to see Cascade Falls," said Molly.

Chunky gasped. "Why, that's another four miles, on the Thompson River!" he ejaculated.
"Yes, about that!" said the girl care-

'Oh, crumbs!"

They walked on. Chunky Todgers' pace grew slower and

Molly walked with a free and springy step, impervious to fatigue, but her podgy admirer was in a cad way by this

'I-I say, let's turn back!" said Todgers at last, with a groan.
Tom Lawrence chuckled.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Some of us had better go back for the horses, and bring them to the falls, and we can ride home from there. "I'll go for them!" exclaimed Chunky

brightly. "No; you go, Tom," said Molly calmly.
"I want Chunky to keep with me. We might meet a rustler or a grizzly bear in the timber.' Right-ho! I'm off!"

Tom Lawrence turned back, and Beau-clerc and Bob Lawless went with him. Frank Richards sat down on a log, leaving Chunky to walk on with Molly. How Chunky Todgers got over the next

mile he never knew.
"I-I say, Molly, ain't you tired?" he groaned at last. Not a bit.' "I-I am, you know," confessed Chunky

"You can stay behind, if you like," said Molly coldly. "Then, if I meet a grizzly bear or a rustler—"
"Ow! I—I'm coming."
"Walk more quickly," said Molly encouragingly. "I'm leaving you."

soulagingly im maxing you.

Molly?"

What? "N-n-nothing!" groaned Chunky. The unfortunate Chunky was almost giddy now. The long, long trail stretched endlessly

whirl before his sight. He stole a beseeching glance at Molly. She was laughing. "Slowing down again!" exclaimed Molly. "Do come on! They'll overtake

before him; the pine-trees seemed to

us with the horses before we get to the falls, at this rate." "I-I wish they would!" mumbled hunky. "Why not wait for 'em, Chunky.

He wondered why Molly did not get tired, and he wondered, too, why she was smiling all the time. A dreadful suspicion dawned upon his

Chunky Todgers stumbled on.

mind at last. He stopped.
"Aren't you coming?" asked Molly sweetly.

"Yow-ow-ow!" moaned Chunky. a lark. I see it now! Yow-ow-ow! You've done this on purpose! Ow! You know I can't walk five miles! Wow! I shall I shall die if I take another step --- Ow!"

"In your poem you said you would die for me," said Molly demurely. "Well, keep on, then." Chunky blinked at her.

He wondered how he ever could have been "mashed" on Molly. "Aren't you coming?" demanded Molly.
"No!" howled Chunky. "I'm not coming! I won't ever go for a walk with you again— Ow-wow! I don't like you—Yow-ow! You ain't a nice girl at all—Oh, dear!"

And Chunky fairly sat down in the

grass, and groaned. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"
Chunky Todgers was still sitting in the grass, moaning, and Molly was leaning against a tree, smiling, when there was a clatter of hoofs, and Frank Richards & Co. came up with the horses.

"Enjoyed your walk, Chunky!" roared Bob Lawless. "Yow-ow-ow!" "I don't think Chunky cares for my society as much as he did," said Molly sadly. "He says I'm not a nice girl!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The unhappy Chunky was lifted on his horse.

He uttered no word on his way home. He did not even say good-night to Molly, though she said good-night most sweetly And the next day there was no fellow at Cedar Creek who was more utterly and stonily indifferent to pretty Molly's

charms than Chunky Todgers! Chunky had been cured! THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

FRANK RICHARDS & CO.'S CRUISE! By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!