# HAVE YOU MET CECIL, THE TAME ORANG-OUTANG?

(Cecil appears in "The Boys of the Bombay Castle"!" our Great School and Adventure Serial. You Will Like Him!)

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THREE HALFPENCE.

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# FOUL PLA

NEW LONG COMPLETE TALE OF CO. AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

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OWEN CONQUEST.

#### The 1st Chapter. A Kind Invitation.

"I'd like a brass band!" remarked | Bulkeley returned.

Arthur Edward Lovell. Jimmy Silver grinned.

"I don't think it will run to a brass band," he said. "But we're going to do our merry best."

"Well, so long as we make a row

"We shall make a row!" grinned Raby. "I fancy all Rookwood will let itself go!"

"Excepting Knowles."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Fistical Four, of the Rookwood Classical Fourth, were holding a "pow-wow" in the end study.
The occasion was important.
In fact, it would not be easy to

exaggerate the importance of the event that was to take place on the

morrow afternoon. Few Rookwooders would have missed it, even to see the Kaiser hanged, as Arthur Lovell put it.

For Bulkeley was coming back. George Bulkeley of the Sixth-the captain of Rookwood—the head of the Classical side—"old Bulkeley," in

He had only been away a few weeks, but Rookwood had missed him sorely.

But it was not only that they missed "old Bulkeley."

It was the peculiar circumstances of the case that made the event so

For Bulkeley had left Rookwood under a cloud.

When he left, his father had been under remand on the charge of robbing the bank in which he was a

Nearly all Rookwood had indignantly repudiated the bare possibility of any relation of old Bulkeley committing such an act.

And Rookwood had been right. For the innocence of Mr. Bulkeley had been made clear, and the guilt placed upon the right shouldersthose of his partner, James Catesby, the uncle of Catesby of the Modern

The rejoicings at Rookwood knew no bounds.

Naturally, Catesby did not rejoice. He couldn't be expected to under the circumstances.

Perhaps he was glad that justice had been done. If so, he concealed his gladness very cleverly. Most of the fellows felt sorry for

Catesby of the Sixth.

He was not responsible for his uncle's rascality, and it had brought deep disgrace upon him. Fellows wondered whether he

would leave Rookwood. They felt that it would only be tactful on his part.

But Catesby did not go. There was another member of the Modern Sixth who did not rejoice in

the news. That was Knowles, the new captain of Rookwood.

He had counted on keeping the captaincy, but there was not much prospect of his keeping it after

He had not been a successful skipper

He had caused more discontent than anything else, even on his own

It was taken for granted on all hands that Knowles would step down,

If he declined to do so, there would certainly be a new election, in which Bulkeley was sure to poll ten votes to

Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Fourth,

with a demonstration.

nition.

And Jimmy Silver was planning a march of the Fourth Form to meet him at the station and escort him in triumph to the school.

there to meet him-Neville and Lonsdale and Jones major, and the rest. Hansom and Lumsden and a crowd

"Of course," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully—"of course, there must be some music. We're going to let half the county know we're glad to see old Bulkeley again. I dare say we can muster a dozen tin whistles in the Fourth."

Jimmy did not heed.

he continued, "and cymbals."
"Cymbals!" ejaculated Lovell.

"Bravo!" grinned Lovell. "Knowles hasn't resigned yet," Newcome remarked. "I suppose he

"You bet!" grinned Jimmy Silver.
"If he puts it to the test of an eleceven will vote for him. Even they

Jimmy broke off, as a tap came at the door.

prise as Cecil Knowles of the Sixth Form came into the study.

visit was a hostile one.

Since Knowles had been captain of Rookwood he had been able to pay off a good many old scores against the

during his short reign.

more or less gracefully, and yield Bulkeley his old place.

were among the rejoicers.

They felt that the occasion of Bulkeley's return ought to be marked

Such an occasion called for recog-

Bulkeley was coming back on the morrow afternoon.

Half the Sixth were sure to be

of the Fifth intended to go. But "the thing"—according to the end study-was the Fourth-Form de-

monstration.

That was "it."

"Oh, my hat!" said Raby.
"Think Bulkeley cares for tin whistles?" murmured Newcome.

"And three or four mouth-organs."

"Yes, cymbals," said Jimmy Silver, "and I think an accordion. It will be a regular triumphal march."

will have to when Bulkeley comes

tion, I don't believe half the Moderns are fed up with the way he's mucked up the cricket. Hallo! Come in!"

The Fistical Four jumped up in sur-

Naturally, they supposed that the

Classical chums.

There had never been any love lost



between them, and now there was less than ever.

The Fistical Four eyed Knowles

Jimmy Silver's hand rested lightly on the cane handle of his cricket-bat. True, Knowles was a prefect, and

captain of the school. But if he had come over to the Classical side to bully the Co. in their own study, it was certain that Jimmy's bat would be introduced into the conversation.

But Knowles smiled at the four in quite an agreeable manner.

"Hallo! Have I interrupted you?" he asked genially.

"Oh, don't mench!" said Jimmy. "Only discussing giving old Bulkeley a reception to-morrow.

Knowles' eyes glittered. "Nearly everybody's going to the station to meet him," grinned Lovell. "We're going to make up a band.

We think there ought to be musical honours. Don't you, Knowles?" Knowles opened his lips, and closed them again.

It was clear that he had not come there to bully, and that he was re-

straining himself. But Jimmy Silver watched him

warily, all the same. Knowles might be forcing himself to good temper, but Jimmy, like the sage gentleman of old, feared the Greeks when they came with gifts in their hands.

He did not trust Knowles.

"It will be ripping to have old Bulkeley back again, won't it, Knowles?' said Newcome, enjoying the new captain's expression. "Rookwood hasn't been the same since he went, has it?" "I-I came here to speak to you

kids," said Knowles. "Go ahead, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"Will you come to tea in my study?'

"Oh, my hat!" That ejaculation was not really the proper reply to make to an invitation

But Jimmy was too astounded to say anything else.

"I've got a rather good spread," said Knowles, with a smile. "I'd like you kids to come if you'd care

"You-you're awfully good!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. Tea with a prefect—especially the captain of the school-was a high

honour. Even the Fistical Four felt a little mollified towards Knowles.

'Not at all!" said Knowles. "Come, will you? I've looked in specially to ask you."

The Fistical Four exchanged a glance. An invitation from the captain of

the school was a good deal like an

invitation from Royalty. It amounted to a command. "T-t-thanks!" said Jimmy at last.
"We—we'll be pleased, Knowles."
"Oh, c-c-certainly!" murmured

Lovell.

"Right you are, then," said Knowles, "I'll expect you." And, with a cheery nod and smile, the captain of Rookwood quitted the end study.

The four Classical juniors blinked at one another as his heavy footsteps died away down the passage. "So we're going to tea with

Knowles!" gasped Lovell, rubbing his nose. "Looks like if."

"What's his game?" asked Raby. "Is it a dodge to get us over to the Modern side and rag us?" Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I fancy I know!" grunted Lovell. Knowles was like sugar just before the captain's election, you know. He's going to contest it with Bulkeley when he comes back, and he knows the Fourth follow our lead. He's electioneering.'

"After our votes!" howled Raby. "That's it." "He won't get them!"

"That he jolly well won't! But

he's after them, all the same," said

Lovell, with conviction. Jimmy Silver smiled. "I suppose that's it," he said. "It can't be anything else. Knowles means to make a fight for it, and he'd like to butter us and get us on his side. Blessed if I think we ought

to go under the circs." "It's arranged now," remarked Newcome. "After all, a feed's a feed in war-time. But we're jolly well not going to vote for Knowles if it comes to an election."

"No jolly fear!" The minds of the Fistical Four were quite made up on that point when they started for Mr. Manders' House to go to tea with Knowles.

## The 2nd Chapter.

Tea with Knowles. "It's a rotten look-out, Cecil." Frampton of the Modern Sixth made that remark in Knowles' study.

Knowles nodded glumly. "I don't see how it's much use puttin' up a fight," continued Frampton. "All the fellows are delighted at the idea of Bulkeley coming back. Even on our side it's the same as with the Classics."

Knowles grunted.

(Continued on the next page.)



Published

Every Monday

"If it goes to a new election, Bulkeley will simply romp home," said Frampton. "The trouble he was in helps him now the fact that his father was unjustly suspected, and all that. And it turned out that the real thief was a Modern chap's uncle. And—and Catesby was in it. Of course, I suppose he didn't know that the bundle his uncle gave him to mind contained the stolen bonds."

Knowles sneered.
"I hope he didn't, anyway," said
Frampton. "But it looks bad. It's done our side a lot of harm. Catesby was prominent in backing you up. It was only judicious of him to go home for a I'm glad he had sense enough for that. It's a disgrace for our side!"

"That needn't concern the election." "It needn't—but it will," said Frampton.
"The fellows look at it like this. A Classical chap's father is accused, and it turns out that it was planted on him by a Modern chap's relation. Catesby wasn't to blame, poor chap! But—well, as a matter of fact, Cecil, a lot of fellows even on this side will give Catesby the marble eye. It isn't everybody who wants to pal with a fellow whose relations are sent to prison." "I don't, for one," grunted Knowles.

"Not till it blows over, anyway."
"Some of the Classicals have nicknamed this House the Thieves' Kitchen," said Frampton. "There's a lot of feeling on the subject, and-and lots of the fellows think the captain ought to come from the Classical side, even if Bulkeley wasn't so popular as he is. Cecil, old man, it's N.G. Give it up.

Knowles rose to his feet, his eyes glitter-He took a turn or two across the study, Frampton watching him curiously. "I won't give it up!" said the captain of Rockwood, at last, between his set teeth. "Haven't I been trying for a dog's age for just such a chance as this—to get the captaincy? Bulkeley's going gave me the chance, and I bagged it. Now, after being captain a few weeks, to lose it again ——" He ground his teeth. "I won't, Frampton—I won't!"

"I don't see any chance." I don't see my chance."

"We may be able to wangle the election," said knowles desperately. "After all, we had to do some wangling when I got in after Bulkeley went. Well, we can wangle it again-more than ever. I'll stop at nothin', I can tell you that!"
"It won't work," said Frampton, with a shake of the head.

"It must work!" muttered Knowles. "I've got to get the voters somehow, if it comes to an election. And—and if it turns out that there's no chance of bagging the election, somethin' else will have to be done."

Frampton stared.

I don't see what else, Cecil." Bulkeley's not here yet," said Knowles. He's comin' to-morrow."

Knowles gave his chum a strange look. Suppose he didn't come?"

Eh? Of course he'll come, He's written to several fellows, and there's goin' to be a crowd to meet his train," said Frampton, in astonishment.

"I know that! He gets to Coombe at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, after changing at Latcham Junction," said

"You can't stop him coming, suppose?"

"I might try." Frampton looked startled.

The expression on Knowles' face made him uneasy, almost scared. "Cecil!" he muttered, in a low, startled

Knowles gritted his teeth. He was very nearly in a state of desperation.

With all his cunning scheming he had never been able to "shift" Bulkeley out of the captaincy, till that unlooked-for chance came.

Bulkeley had left Rookwood while his father lay under a serious charge, and Knowles had made the most of the unexpected opportunity.

He had realised his long ambition. True, he had not been very successful as captain of the school, but that mattered little to him; he was captain,

and that was what he wanted. To lose the position, after enjoying it only a few weeks, was too bitter.

Knowles felt that it was too bitter a pill to swallow.

There were few things he would have stopped at to prevent George Bulkeley from regaining his old post at Rookwood.

He did not speak again, but paced to and fro in the study, with knitted brows and set teeth, Frampton watching him in uneasy silence.

The attempt to secure a majority in the new election, by fair means or foul, was almost hopeless, and Knowles knew it.

What else remained? It was clear that some thought—some dark thought—was at the back of his plotting mind, that he hesitated to con-

fide even to his most faithful backer. Tap!

Knowles started, and, with an effort, drove the black clouds from his face. His visitors had arrived. The door opened, and the Fistical Four

presented themselves on the threshold. Knowles contrived to smile genially. "Come in, kids!" he said quietly.

glad to see you!" "Welcome as the flowers in May!" grinned Frampton.

The Classical juniors, thus cordially welcomed, came in.

So much civility from two prefects of the Sixth, both of whom disliked them, could have only one meaning; it was flattering, but it was rather palpable

But the Classical chums, for reasons of politeness, affected to take that unusual cordiality at face value.

They grinned as genially as Knowles and Frampton as they came in. The table had already been laid by

Knowles' fag, and there were extra chairs In the fender there were piles of fresh

toast and poached eggs galore keeping On the table there were two kinds of jam, marmalade, sardines, pilchards, and

It was a very unusual spread for a time of war and rations.

However, that seemed rather an un-charitable thought for visitors to enter-tain, and naturally the juniors made no comment.

The tea-party sat down in a very amicable way.

Knowles did not, as the visitors expected, begin on the subject of the

expected election. He chatted with them cheerily on the

subject of Junior cricket. On that subject, naturally, Jimmy Silver & Co. liked to talk, and Knowles let them talk to their hearts' content. In spite of their suspicions of Knowles'

ulterior motives, the juniors could not help feeling good humour. Knowles could be agreeable when he

liked, and he liked now. In fact, Jimmy Silver & Co. had to admit that they had never really known what an agreeable fellow Knowles of the

Sixth could be. It was not till the spread had been nearly disposed of, and talk had run on junior cricket for some time, that Knowles came down to business.

"You play St. Jim's juniors in a week or two, I believe?" he remarked. 'Yes," said Jimmy, helping himself to m. "In a fortnight, Knowies."

Jam. In a for hight, knowled than I hope we shall have better back than "In a fortnight, Knowles," you had with St. Jim's First Eleven, Knowles," remarked Lovell, rather un-fortunately.

Jimmy kicked his foot under the table.
The Fistical Four were not there to make allusions to Knowles' failures as captain of Rookwood.

But Knowles only smiled.
"I hope you will," he said. "In fact,
I'm sure you will, from what I have seen
of your play lately. I've been thinkin'
about that match. To do it justice, you really need to make it a day match."
"Wish we could!" grinned Lovell. "But

the Head doesn't seem to understand that a whole day ought to be given instead of a half-holiday."

"I dare say it could be arranged, though," said Knowles thoughtfully. "Dr. Chisholm would listen to a suggestion from me, I'm sure."

"From you!" ejaculated Raby. "You see, as captain of the school and head of the games, I'm allowed to use my own judgment to a good extent," explained Knowles, smiling. can answer for it that I could put it to the Head in a way that would make him

consent. "My hat!" said Newcome. "You're awfully good, Knowles. Tom Merry and his crowd could get leave to come in the morning, I know that. If the Head would

give us a whole day here—"
"Ripping!" said Jimmy Silver, quite carried away by the idea. awfully obliged to you, Knowles!"
"Not at all!" answered Knowles. "My

idea is to encourage junior games in every possible way. I consider it's only just. I think the Head will look at it as I do when I put it to him tactfully. I'll make a point of speaking to him about it early next week."

"Oh!" said Jimmy, his face falling. Next week, of course, Knowles would no longer be captain of Rookwood if Bulkeley took his old place in the school. It was only as captain of the school and head of the games that he could

make such a suggestion to the Head. Lovell grunted.

He was no fool, and he could see the cloven hoof, so to speak, now that it was

so prominently displayed. The whole holiday for the St. Jim's match was a bid for the votes of the

junior cricketers.

And Jimmy Silver thought a little further than that, too, for, after Knowles had gained his point—if he gained it—it was not at all certain that he would

keep his word! Not that Jimmy would have deserted Bulkeley's cause for that bribe or for

any other. But if he had done so, he knew it was very possible that the bribe would not materialise.

Knowles' eyes glittered.
"I'm seeing the Head on Monday, in fact, about some matters for a talk," he said. "I'll mention it then."
"That will be too late," said Lovell.

"I don't quite see—"
"Well—ahem——" Lovell hesitated. Really, it did not seem very polite to point out to Knowles that his captaincy was only to last another twenty-four hours or so.

"That is, of course, if I'm still captain of Rockwood," said Knowles, laughing.

'It's barely possible that Bulkeley may put up again when he comes back."
"Eh! It's certain, isn't it?" exclaimed

Lovell, with a stare. Not at all. He may or re may not. If he does, there will be a ontest," said Knowles calmly. "In that case, I suppose I can rely upon you fellows for the election?"

The cat was out of the bag now!

The 3rd Chapter. The Cloven Hoof!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked, as they felt, extremely uncomfortable.

They had had a good tea in Knowles study, and they had been very friendly. In fact, they had almost forgetten what a beast knowles was in the flow of easy geniality that pervaded the tea-party.

Now the Modern captain had come down to business, and they hardly knew

what to say.

They reddened, and looked at one another, and coughed.

Knowles appeared to notice nothing. "I don't suppose it will be much of a contest," he observed carelessly. "After giving up the captaincy, Bulkeley may not even claim it again. It would be rather inconsiderate, wouldn't it?"

"I don't see that at all," said Lovell at once. Knowles did not seem to hear that remark.

"Of course, I feel bound to contest it if he does," he went on. "I want to do my best for the school in every way. In case of a contest, I'd really like to know whom I can rely on."

"Oh!" said Jimmy awkwardly. He was feeling great discomfort, but he was angry, too,

It really was not fair of Knowles to ask fellows to tea, with this intention at the back of his mind. Well?" smiled Knowles. "We're backing up Bulkeley, of course!"

blurted out Lovell. "Why, of course?" asked Knowles. "He's our man!"

"Classical, you know, murmured Raby, with the idea of putting it gently.
"The fact is, Knowles, we shall vote for Bulkeley if there's an election," said Jimmy Silver. "So will every chap on the Classical side, I think, or rearly every one. That's all settled."

Knowles' genial smile faded a little. "Can't I persuade you to change your minds?" he asked.

"Can't be done!" "Just think it over," said Knowles, coming out more into the open, as it

were. "I may as well say that I shall be a friend-a good friend-to every chap who votes for me, and quite the opposite to chaps who don't!" Jimmy's eves pleamed. Jimmy's eyes gleamed.

He was rather glad that Knowles was coming down to threats; it made it easier to refuse him. That wouldn't make any difference to

us," he said curtly.
"I could make it worth fellows' while to vote for me, you know." "Can't be done!"

"Any kid who was in a scrape—say, short of money—would find a friend in me," remarked Knowles. Frampton coughed. This was so open and so rotten that it

shocked even Frampton a little. But Knowles had spoken truly when he said he would stick at nothing.

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"It's no good talking to us like that, Knowles," he said, very quietly. "You can't suppose that we should touch your

"Not even in quids?" smiled Knowles.
"Not in banknotes!" exclaimed Lovell angrily. "Not in thousands of pounds!
What the thunder do you take us for?"

Knowles set his teeth. He had known that it was useless as well as insulting, but he would not leave a chance untried.

He had tried it, and failed. Jimmy Silver rose to his feet.
He felt that it was high time that that tea-party came to an end.

'So you won't vote for me in any case?" asked Knowles, rising to his feet also, and exchanging a glance with

Frampton. "It's impossible!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Thanks for the spread, Knowles. We'll

be getting along now."
"Will you?" said Knowles, gritting his teeth. "You cheeky young cub! You won't get along just yet! The door, Frampton!"

Frampton put his back to the door. Knowles picked up a cane from the desk near him. He had thrown off all disguise The Fistical Four were immovable, and

all that was left to Knowles was to revenge himself. Now that there was nothing to be lost he intended to give his malicious temper

Jimmy Silver & Co. drew closer together. Their faces expressed the angry contempt they felt.

This kind of thing was rather "thick," even for Knowles. "You're not going to lick us, Knowles!"

said Lovell savagely. "We'll see!" said Knowles. "You can have it on your paws or across your shoulders. Take your choice."
"Neither!" said Jimmy.

"We'll see, my pippin!" "Mind, you won't cane us!" said Jimmy.

We shall resist, Knowles, and I warn you ! 59 " Yes, rather!" said Lovell emphatically.

## TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

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Knowles' reply was a rush. The can sang through the air, and came down on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy gave a yell. "Go for him!"

Like one man the four piled on Knowles. He had time for only another cut, which caught Lovell across the cheek and made him yell.

Then he came down on the floor with a heavy bump, in the grasp of the four enraged juniors.

Lovell snatched the cane away, and dealt Knowles a cut across the shoulders as the other three jammed him down.

Frampton rushed to the rescue. "Smash them!" shricked Knowles. "Go it, you fellows!" panted Jimmy

He left Knowles and faced Frampton, who rushed him over, Jimmy Silver clinging to him like a cat.

But Jimmy held on, and Frampton went to the floor with him. It was a fight new between two seniors and four juniors, and it was a "scrap"

of unusual vim. The two big Sixth-Formers were rather too much for the juniors in actual fighting, which was what it had come to. But the Fistical Four were well worthy

of their name. They put up a record fight. One or two of them were on the floor most of the time, but they jumped up again and piled in. Lovell seized the tongs from the fender

as Knowles caught up a cricket-stump. The two weapons crashed together, and the stump went flying, and the next moment the tongs crashed on Knowles'

Knowles recled back with a fiendish yell. Lovell turned on Frampton, slashing recklessly, and the Sixth-Former jumped

away in great alarm.
"Cut!" gasped Jimmy Silver, seizing the opportunity.

He tore open the study door. The four juniors rushed out, Lovell hurling the tongs back into the study as he

went, and they landed on the tea-table with a terrific smash of crockery. Then the Fistical Four fled for the quadrangle. There was no pursuit.

In the study Knowles was nursing his head and panting, and Frampton stood against the wall gasping for breath. The Fistical Four had certainly not had the worst of it, though they were feeling

sore when they arrived on the Classical "Hallo! What's happened to you chaps?" exclaimed Mornington of the Fourth, as they came, panting, into the

School House.
"Ow, ow!" gasped Lovell. "We've been to tea with Knowles!" to tea with Knowles !"

"Faith, you look as if you've enjoyed it intoirely!" grinned Flynn, "Ha, ha, ha!" "Ow, ow, ow !"

Jimmy Silver & Co. retired to the end study to attend to their damages. They were followed by a crowd of the Classical Fourth, eager to hear the tale. There was a good deal of indignation. and still more laughter, when the Co.

panted out a description of what had happened in Knowles' study.

"The awful rotter!" exclaimed Erroll. "He'll report you to the Head!" said

Townsend. "Let him!" growled Jimmy Silver. "We'll report him fast enough if he

"He won't let the Head hear a word of it if he can help it!" said Erroll.
And Erroll was right.

#### The 4th Chapter. A Dark Scheme.

The next morning there was a good deal of excitement in Rookwood School. The afternoon was a half-holiday, and that afternoon "Old Bulkeley" was coming back.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished their arrangements for a reception at the station. The members of the Sixth and Fifth who were going would take the foremost part in the reception, no doubt; but the heroes

of the Fourth meant to take a hand-and a prominent hand, too. Every musical instrument obtainable was hunted up for the occasion, it being agreed on all sides that the occasion

deserved musical honours. Perhaps the din would not be recognisable by a fellow with a musical ear, but that could not be helped.

At all events, there would be a din. Everybody was glad when morning lessons were over. In fact, lessons at all were felt to be a bore at such a time. Knowles did not wear a pleasant ex-

pression that day. Frampton joined him when they came out after dinner. Knowles retired to his study to smoke a

cigarette and think it over, and Frampton joined him there. He was in an uneasy mood as to what was passing in the Modern captain's

"I suppose you're not going to the station, Cecil?" remarked Frampton, speaking at last, as Knowles smoked in

sullen silence. "The train doesn't get in till four," aid Knowles. "Bulkeley changes at said Knowles. Latcham at three." "What about it?"

"Lots of time to get to Latcham before Bulkeley, if we wanted to." "We don't want to." "That depends."

easily. "You make me feel quite creepy." Knowles gave him a gloomy look. "I'm not going to give up the cap-taincy," he replied. "I don't stand the

slightest chance in an election, I know, It mustn't come to that. Bulkeley can't come back to Rookwood."

"Can't come back!" repeated Frampton.

"Suppose somethin' happened to him on his journey?"

Frampton started to his feet, his face

quite white. Are you potty, Knowles? What are you talking about? Are you thinkin' of somethin' that might land you in

prison ?" "Will you help me?" said Knowles,

without answering the question.
"No. I won't!" exclaimed Frampton violently. "I think you're mad! Leave me out of it! Give up the idea, and don't be a silly fool!"

"Let me alone, then, and keep your mouth shut!" said Knowles savagely.

"Cecil, old chap-"Oh, give us a rest!" Frampton left the study.

His face was pale and troubled as he went out into the quadrangle. Knowles' chum was not a particular fellow. He would not have been Knowles'

chum if he had been. But he had his The Modern captain was evidently thinking of foul play of the most des-

perate kind, so savage and bitter was his determination not to be ousted out of the position he had won.
Frampton hung about the quadrangle,

his hands driven deep in his pockets, and a worried frown on his brow. He was alarmed for Knowles, alarmed

for the consequences that might follow a reckless and lawless act. Knowles came out of the house at last

and started for the gates.

Frampton called to him, but he did not answer or turn his head. Frampton ran after him, overtaking him near the gates.
"Knowles, old chap!" he exclaimed.

Knowles' eyes glittered at him. 'Let me alone, you chicken-hearted fool!" he muttered. "I must speak to you!" said Frampton.

He caught Knowles' arm and drew him. almost forcibly, into the shade of the beeches, to be unobserved. "Now, look here, Knowles-" he

"Cut it short!" snapped Knowles. "You can't stop Bulkeley coming

"I'm going to try!"
"But—but—" stammered Frampton, almost helplessly. "You must be mad!
Are you thinking of making an attack on the fellow in the train?' "Perhaps.

"He might be too ill afterwards to take up his position here as captain of the school.

"Even that wouldn't stop him; would

"Knowles!" gasped Frampton. "Well, you asked me," said Knowles, with a bitter sneer. "Come and help me, with a bitter sneer, "Come and help me, instead of babbling. No need for us to be known. We can get ourselves fixed up at the costumier's in Latcham, and Bulkeley won't know us by sight, or anybody else."

"You're out of your senses!" said Frampton hoarsely. "It means prison!" "It's safe enough." "Oh, you're potty! It means disgrace and prison. Cecil, old chap, you're not yourself now. Listen to me."

Knowles jerked his arm free and strode

Frampton stared after him with a white face as he turned out of the school gateway and disappeared.

"Good heavens!" he muttered to him-And he almost limped away to Mr. Manders' House, oppressed with the

weight of the secret he had to keep. And as he went a fat face, with round, startled eyes, like saucers, blinked round

one of the big beeches.
"My only hat!" stuttered Tubby Muffin between his chattering teeth.
Tubby Muffin had heard what the two Modern prefects had said-every word. He had dodged behind the tree at the sight of Knowles, simply because Knowles had a pleasant way of cuffing juniors,

especially Classical juniors. What he had heard made Tubby Muffin almost quake. He remained in cover till Frampton had disappeared, and then Tubby rushed away to the School House as fast as his fat

little legs would carry him. Without a pause he ran up the staircase and dashed along the passage to the end study.

From that study the unmelodious strains of a mouth-organ and concertina came blended. The Fistical Four were getting ready

for the musical honours.
"Not bad!" Lovell was saying as Tubby arrived panting at the door. "I think this concertina will go a treat."

"Well, if you want to make a row that will make it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Hallo, Muffin, you fat duffer! What do you mean by bolting into a fellow's study like a potty Hun?"
"Jimmy!" gasped Tubby Muffin breath-

"Well, ass?" "Jimmy! Oh, I say, Jimmy-" stut-

tered the fat Classical "He's over-eaten, and wants thumping on the back!" said Lovell. "Here you are, Tubby! Say when!"

Thump, thump. "Yaroooh!" "Have some more?"

Tubby Muffin dodged round the table. "Yah! Keep off!" he yelled. "Jimmy! I say, Jimmy!

Oh, dear!" Old Bulkeley-Knowles

"Well, what about Bulkeley and Knowles?" asked the captain of the "Look here, Knowles, what have you got into your head?" asked his chum un-Fourth. "Has Knowles been asking you for your vote? If you vote for him, my fat tulip, we'll bump you on the floor and burst you!"
"Jimmy!"

Tubby Muffin's horrified looks made an impression at last. The sweet strains of the mouth-organ

and the concertina died away.
"What on earth's the matter with "How are you goin' to stop him, then?" I him?" asked Lovell, in wonder.

'price

"Old Bulkeley!" stammered Tubby. Knowles has gone to Latcham-

"He's going to get into the train with Bulkeley."
"Well?"

"And-and murder him!" stuttered "What!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"I-I heard him say so! Oh, dear!"

#### The 5th Chapter. The Fistical Four Take a Hand.

Jimmy Silver closed the study door. Then he grasped Tubby Muffin by the

Tubby's astounding statement, course, was not believed for a moment, but Jimmy could see that there was something behind it.

"Explain yourself, you young ass," he said sternly. "Don't shout. Now, get it off your chest, and keep to the facts.'

In breathless excitement Tubby Muffin babbled out what he had heard under

the beeches. The Fistical Four listened in dumb amazement and wrath.

"It can't be true!" said Raby, when Tubby had gasped to a finish. "Even Knowles wouldn't be such a hooligan."
"I heard him!" panted Muffin. "He's going to the costumier's in Latcham to

get disguised, and he's going to attack Bulkeley in the train. He said so. He said Bulkeley would be too ill afterwards to become captain of Rookwood. He's got to be stopped! Oh, dear!"
"My hat!" said Jimmy Silver, with a

deep breath.
"You believe him, Jimmy?"

"It's true!" yelled Tubby indignantly.
"I think he heard what he says," said
Jimmy Silver. "Knowles is pretty desperate. Of course, he doesn't mean to hurt Bulkeley very seriously. But-but he means to hurt him, you chaps, so that he can't be captain of the school here. He means to hurt him enough to lay him

"Jimmy!" "He may reckon that if he could keep the job for the rest of the term he would be able to secure himself in it," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "It's a jolly desperate idea. But Knowles is desperate, I believe. He's simply furious at the idea of giving up the captaincy. I know it sounds thick, but—but I think Tubby's telling us the truth."

"The awful villain!" said Newcome.
"Let's go to the Head!" exclaimed

'No good," said Jimmy quietly. "We don't want to start a disgrace that would stick to Rookwood for years. And it's too late for the Head to interfere. Tubby says Knowles has started.'

"I saw him go!" gasped Muffin. "And besides, though I believe the yarn, I shouldn't care to repeat it to the He wouldn't believe it," said Jimmy Silver. "This is where we come in, you fellows. I think Tubby's got it right, but I'm not sure. We're not going to Coombe Station with the fellows, after We're going to bike over to Latcham!"

"Phew!" "Did Knowles start on foot, Tubby?"

"Yes." "Yes"

"Then he's going by the local train. We can beat that on our bikes," said Jimmy Silver. "We know the costumier's in Latcham. We've had things there for the Players' Society here. If we see Knowles go in there that will settle it and we can see that he doesn't get a chance at Bulkeley. Tubby, don't say a word about this to anybody. We'll skin you if you do!"

"I-I say, Jimmy-" "You'll get flogged for saying such a thing about a prefect, Tubby; and, remember, you can't prove it," said Jimmy Silver. "You don't want to be expelled for slandering Knowles, I suppose?"

"Ow!" gasped Tubby. "You can leave it to us to look after Bulkeley. Keep your mouth shut, old chap! We don't want a scandal in the

"I—I won't say anything!" stuttered Tubby. "Knowles would be beast enough to deny it, and say I-I was making it up! Ow!

'He jolly well would!" grinned Lovell.

"Come on, you chaps!"
The Fistical Four hurried out of the study, leaving Tubby Muffin gasping. Five minutes later they were on their bicycles, riding for Latcham as hard as they could go.

The great reception at Coombe was left in less capable hands, but that could not be helped.

#### The 6th Chapter.

#### A Surprise for Knowles.

"Here we are!" panted Arthur Edward Lovell.

It had been a rapid ride.

The miles had fairly flown under the whizzing wheels, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had arrived in Latcham long ahead of the slow local train from Coombe-the train

in which Knowles was travelling. They had put up their machines at the station, and in a rather ruddy and breathless state walked down the High Street to the costumier's.

On the opposite side of the way the four juniors stopped in an entry, which was nearly blocked by a barrow turned

on end. It was an excellent coign of vantage for watching the shop opposite without being

seen themselves. There, in cover, they were able to take breath at last.

To passers-by they looked like a group of schoolboys who had stopped there for a chat, or to wait for some acquaintance. But they kept a very keen eye on the

costumier's opposite. Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"A quarter of an hour shead of Knowles," he remarked. "Good!"

"Suppose Tubby was pulling the long-bow," murmured Raby. "We've had a dickens of a ride for nothing." 'It was worth risking that, Raby."

"We'll soon see, anyway," said Jimmy.
"If Knowles goes into the costumier's, and comes out looking different, that

"But-but could he have the nerve?" muttered Lovell. "What would the blessed costumier think?"

"Knowles would spin him some yarn—say it was a practical joke, or something. He's done a lot of business with the Rook wood fellows, you know. He'll do what Knowles wants, and without guessing that the rotter has such a scheme in his petty

The juniors watched. Twenty minutes passed, and then Jimmy

Silver uttered a low exclamation.
On the opposite side of the street a well-known figure came into view.

It was Cecil Knowles, of the Rookwood

"My hat!" murmured Lovell, his last doubt vanishing. "It's true." Knowles disappeared into the cos-

tumier's establishment. The Fistical Four waited.

It was a quarter of an hour later that someone came out of the costumier's. Had not the juniors been watching keenly for Knowles, they certainly would not have suspected that this was a

Rookwood prefect. His face was darkly red, as if sunburnt, and he wore a dark moustache.

He had changed his clothes for a check suit, and his straw hat for a cloth cap.

He looked a rather "loud" young man, and certainly not much like a Eixth-Former of Rookwood

"Is-is that Knowles?" muttered Lovell.

"Well?" said the three together.

"It was Knowles. He's spun Mr. Jones a yarn that he's taking a rise out of the bobby at Coombe," sald Jimmy breathlessly. "Passing himself off as a chap of military age, you know, to get taken up, and then owning up that he's only a chap at school. We'll work that wheeze off on Boggs ourselves one of these days. Knowles has stuffed up Mr. Jones with that-jolly cute! Come on!

The Fistical Four walked along to Latcham Station.

At the ticket-office they caught sight of the young man in tweeds with the dark moustache.

He was taking a ticket for Coombe. He went to the platform, and when he was quite gone Jimmy Silver hurried to the booking-office and took four tickets for the village near Rookwood.

The Classical chums came along to the barrier, and spotted Knowles.

The disguised prefect was keeping back behind some trucks and baggage on the platform, watching the entrance.

The juniors did not go on the platform. They did not want Knowles to spot them there.

The train was not yet due to start, and some minutes before it was due a figure they knew well crossed the bridge from the other platform.

It was Bulkeley of the Sixth, the old captain of Rookwood. From behind a truck the juniors

watched him. Bulkeley looked very bright and happy. The clearing of his father's name and his own return in all honour to Rookwood had made George Bulkeley very happy indeed.

He disappeared on the platform.
"Train's in!" muttered Lovell, a few minutes later.

The juniors looked over the barrier. Bulkeley of the Sixth had been pacing

"Bulkeley!" shouted Lovell.
"Bulkeley! Make him let us in!
We'll lose the train!" yelled Jimmy

Bulkeley looked over his newspaper. He smiled as he saw the juniors through the carriage window

"Hallo, you kids!" he exclaimed cheerily. "What's the trouble?"
"Make this chap let us in, Bulkeley!"

"Let that door alone, please!" rapped out Bulkeley, little dreaming that he was speaking to a schoolfellow. "What are you keeping the boys out for?"
"'Urry up, there! Now, then!"

Bulkeley came across the carriage, and as Knowles did not let go, the captain of Rookwood grasped his wrist and forced him to release the handle.

Jimmy Silver tore the door open. The Fistical Four bundled headlong into the carriage.

The disguised prefect sank back in his seat, almost panting. Buikeley looked at him grimly as the

guard slammed the door. "Sorry to handle you like that," he said. "But you had no right to keep the boys out. They might have lost the

Knowles made no reply. He was afraid that Bulkeley might recognise his voice, though not his looks.

With bitterness and rage in his heart, he sat staring from the window as the train rolled out of Latcham Station.

#### The 7th Chapter. Shown Up!

Jimmy Silver & Co. sat down breathless, but smiling.

Bulkeley seemed pleased to see them "Did you know I was coming by this

train, you young scamps?" he asked.
"What-ho!" answered Lovell. "You



"Knowles is in this carriage," said Jimmy Silver. "Look here!" With a quick movement Jimmy Silver. caught at the dark moustache on Cecil Knowles' face, and it came away in his hand.

Same way of walking-as if the earth belonged to him. See how he's looking round him, too-on his guard. See how he's fingering his moustache; it feels odd to him, of course, and he thinks it may come loose. What?'

"You ought to be a giddy detective, Jimmy," said Raby. "All the same, I wouldn't bet that that was knowles."

"We'll jolly soon make sure," said Jimmy. "I believe it is, but we can make sure. Wait here a minute.' Jimmy Silver hurried across the street.

He peered into the costumier's shop cautiously. It was empty, save for Mr. Jones himself.

Jimmy entered. The costumier, who knew Jimmy well, smiled a greeting.
"Knowles still here, Mr. Jones?" asked Jimmy boldly.

Mr. Jones smiled. 'No, Master Knowles has just gone." he answered.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Jimmy diplomatically. "Still, I suppose you did what he wanted, Mr. Jones?" "I see you know about it, Master Silver. Quite a humorous idea of Master Knowles'," said Mr. Jones, laughing.

Rather more in your style than Master Knowles', though, I should have thought, to play such a joke on the village police-

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jimmy, wondering what Knowles had given Mr. Jones by way of an explanation.
"Ha, ha!" echoed Mr. Jones.

funny indeed! The policeman will be ready to kick himself, I imagine, when he takes up Master Knowles as an absentee, and finds out that he is only a schoolboy. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Jimmy. "Goodafternoon, Mr. Jones! Sorry I missed

He left the shop, and rejoined his chums in the entry.

"Same height," said Jimmy Silver. the platform till the local train was ready | don't mind us travelling with you,

There were very few people on the platform, and the juniors saw him easily as he went along the train looking for a

Behind him walked the young man in Bulkeley stepped into a carriage.

The young man in tweeds a moment later stepped into the same carriage, and closed the door after him. A passenger tried the door, and passed

The juniors could guess that it was being held within.

"The rotter!" muttered Raby. wants to be alone with Bulkeley on the journey. The awful rascal! "Better get a move on, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Train starts in a minute and

a half." "Come on!" answered Jimmy. They went in at the gate and along the platform to the same carriage that Bulkeley and the disguised prefect had

Bulkeley was seated in the opposite

corner of the carriage, reading a news-The young man in tweeds was on the

near side, and as the juniors stopped at the door he gave a violent start, and grasped the handle within as Jimmy Silver grasped it without. "'Urry up, there!" called out the

guard.

Jimmy tugged at the handle.
"Let us in!" he shouted.
Knowles held the door fast within. He had not the faintest suspicion that the juniors knew who he was, but the sight of them had startled him, and if they came into the carriage he felt that his dastardly scheme would be

nipped in the bud. He held on savagely to the handle, and kept the door shut.

Bulkeley?"

"It's ripping for you to be coming back!"

"Thank you!" said Bulkeley, with a

"And you're going to be captain of Rookwood again?" exclaimed Newcome. "I shall put up, at all events," said Bulkeley. "Of course, there will have to be a new election."

"That will be a walk-over," said Raby.
"Poor old Knowles!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

Not by a sign had the juniors revealed that they knew the identity of the young man in tweeds, sitting silent and sullen in the corner.

That Knowles could not carry out his intention in their presence was certain. Bulkeley was saved from the intended

He little dreamed of the danger he had run, and what the chums of the Fourth had saved him from.

'I've got some news for you, Bulkeley,' said Jimmy Silver, as the train hummed on towards Coombe. 'Yes, kid?'

"It's about Knowles."

There was a start from the young man in tweeds. "Don't say anything against Knowles to me, Silver!" said Bulkeley, with a stern

note in his voice. "Can't be helped," answered Jimmy coolly. "A fellow in our Form heard

Knowles saying that he was going to damage you, Bulkeley, to such an extent that you'd be laid up, and couldn't take up your job at Rookwood.

The fellow in the corner scat jumped, and his eyes turned on Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley knitted his brows. "Silver, how dare you say such a wicked, untruthful thing?" he exclaimed. "I am

surprised at you! My first job at Rookwood will be to give you a licking."

It's true, Bulkeley.' 'Nonsense!"

Knowles planned to go to the costumier's at Latcham, and get himself changed in looks, so that he could go for you without recognising him."
"Silence!" exclaimed Bulkeley angrily. "His game was to get in the same carriage with you, and keep other passengers out," pursued Jimmy Silver, unmoved. "You wouldn't recognise him, Bulkeley, with his make-up on. He was

"You've got to hear me, Bulkeley!

you in some way."
"Another word, Silver, and I'll lick you now!" shouted Bulkeley. "How dare you

going to knock you on the head, or injure

say such things? "Because they're true, old scout!" retorted Jimmy. "Knowles is in the carriage at this minute."

"What!"

"Look here!" With a quick movement Jimmy Silver caught at the dark moustache on the stained face of Cecil Knowles.

It came off in his hand as he jerked

Knowles sprang to his feet.

In spite of his make-up, the loss of the moustache rendered him recognisable at a close scrutiny.

Bulkeley stared at him blankly. "That's Knowles!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "And he's got some weapon about him, Bulkeley, and you'd have had the benefit of it but for us. Ah, would you?"

The enraged prefect fairly hurled him-

self upon Jimmy Silver. His plot was shattered, and he was not even to escape discovery and disgrace.

In his rage, he grasped Jimmy Silver with almost murderous violence. But the Fistical Four were ready for

Four pairs of hands closed on Knowles, and, with a crash, he was brought to the floor of the carriage.

"Got him !" panted Lovell.
"Look here!" yelled Raby. He had dragged a loaded stick from the prefect's pocket. "Look at that, Bulkeley! That was for you."

Bulkeley seemed petrified for a moment. He took the loaded stick, and shuddered. "Let him get up," he said, in a low

The juniors released the disguised prefect. Knowles scrambled to his feet, panting. "So you are Knowles," said Bulkeley

quietly. "Yes, I rechave fallen to this!" "Yes, I recognise you now. You Knowles panted. "Hang you—hang you!" He ground the words between his teeth. "Do your worst,

hang you! I shall deny every word-Bulkeley's lip curled.
"You will not need to deny it," he answered. "Silver, and the rest of you. you're done me a very great service."

"Always put your money on the end study!" murmured Lovell. You've saved me from injury, and Knowles from a crime he would have been serry for afterwards," said Bulkeley, in the same quiet tones. "Will you do me

another service? "Anything you like, Bulkeley," said the

Four at once

Keep this secret."

"Don't say a word about it," said sulkeley. "Knowles will be sorry later Bulkeley. "Knowles will be sorry later he thought of such a horrible thing-I know that! We've got the good name of Rookwood to think of. Promise me to keep this secret.' The juniors hesitated a moment.

'And let him off?" exclaimed Lovell incredulously. "After what he was going to do to you, Bulkeley?"
"Yes. I ask it as a favour." Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"Just as you like, Bulkeley. I-I promise, if you like.' And his chums said the same. After all, Bulkeley was right—the story would

have disgraced Rookwood School, as well as the wretched, plotting prefect. "It rests with you, Knowles, whether this disgraceful thing ever becomes known," said Bulkeley, and he sat down.

Known," said Buikerey,

Knowles was silent.

"I—I—" he stammered, at last. "I—I—I'm sorry, Bulkeley! I—I was—was

"I—I was bitter. I—I beg your excited—I was bitter. I—I beg your pardon. I—I'm glad I was stopped," he added, and there was at least some sincerity in the words.

Knowles left the train at a station before Coombe.

That afternoon's incident was to remain buried in oblivion. It was better for all concerned. When the train ran into Coombe the Fistical Four alighted with Bulkeley, and

there was a roar of welcome from a crowded platform. "Hallo! Did you fellows go to Latcham to meet Bulkeley?" shouted Mornington. "Cheeky bounders!"

"We've taken old Bulkeley under our wing, you know," explained Jimmy Silver airily. "We thought we'd see him safe home. Now, then, you beggars, yell!"

And yell they did. It was quite a triumphal march to Rookwood, and the musical honours were simply deafening. There was no election; Knowles quietly resigned the untenable post, and Bulkeley

stepped into his old place with the hearty approval of all Rookwood. And afterwards, when he had time to

reflect upon the matter coolly, probably Cecil Knowles himself was glad that he had not succeeded in his foul play.

THE END.

#### NEXT MONDAY.

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### By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

#### The New Master.

"Gather round!" grinned Bob Lawless.
"And listen!" murmured Chunky Todgers.

There was a suppressed chuckle among the fellows gathered in the playground at Cedar Creek School.

Frank Richards & Co. were smiling.
Mr. Shepherd, the new master at the
lumber school, had just emerged from his

It was upon the new master that all

cyes were fixed.

Apparently, Mr. Horatio Shepherd appealed to the humorous side of Cedar

He was a tall young man, slim and rather graceful in appearance, and certainly very good-looking.

He was dressed with great care, in somewhat expensive "store-clothes," and at a glance it could be seen that he set great store by his personal appearance.

In the rough-and-ready Thompson Valley that was not a great recommendation for any man. Mr. Shepherd was newly out from

England. He had had a post in a boarding-school in Ontario, and possibly had not given

complete satisfaction there. At all events, he had transferred the scene of his activities to British

Frank Richards, who remembered his Frank Richards, who remembered his carierschooldays in the Old Country, had

been rather interested to hear that Mr. Shepherd was a public-school man. But that weighed little or nothing with the delizers of the Thompson Valley.

So long as a man could do his work, and did it, they cared little whence he came, or what he had been before he

It is possible that Mr. Shepheid had sceepted the offer of a post at the backwoods school, without being fully aware of the renoteness and rusticity of Cedar

Certainly he did not seem to realise that he was in the backwoods.

He dressed with as much care as if about to promenade in a fashionable street in Montreal or Quebec, and he oke with an accent that amazed and delighted the Cedar Creek fellows.

Miss Meadows, the schoolnistress, had been a little surprised by Horatio Shep-heid; but the boys and girls of Cedar Creek were not only surprised—they were amazed and overjoyed.
As Bob Lawless remarked, it prevented

things from getting dull when a young man like Horatio came along to have his leg pulled.

Mr. Shepherd did his work in class well emough.

He was "up" to much more scholastic work than was required of him at the lumber school, and the boys suspected that he was inclined to turn up his nose at his simple surroundings.

It was becoming a standing joke among the Cedar Creek fellows to get Mr. Shepherd to talk, just to listen to him, and imitate him afterwards.

Never had the Canadian lads listened to such an accent as Mr. Shepherd's.
"Now, then, don't gurgle!" murmured
Bob Lawless. "Don't let the galoot know

that we're pulling his leg. "He wouldn't guess that in a month of

Sundays!" grunted Eben Hacke. Not likely!" grinned Chunky Todgers. "Shush!" murmured Frank Richards.

Mr. Shepherd came along by the group, and glanced at them in a languid way. Good-mornin', boys!" he said.

There were plenty of fellows in the Thompson Valley who dropped their final g's, but not in the way Mr. Shepherd did it.

Mr. Shepherd did it intentionally, with malice aforethought, as it were.

Frank Richards was the only fellow at Cedar Creek who had lived among people where the final "g" was excluded from speech. To the rest it came as a novelty, when

they found that Mr. Shepherd was doing Mr. Shepherd's voice was slow, almost

drawling, and very aristocratic in tone. It was high-pitched, and sounded as if Mr. Shepherd found it rather an effort to

"Good-mornin', sir!" answered the boys in chorus, dropping their "g's" imitation of Mr. Shepherd.

'A very fine mornin'," said the new master.

'Yes, sir; the sun is shinin', and the birds are singin', and everythin' is toppin'," said Bob Lawless gravely.

There was an irrepressible gurgle from Chunky Todgers, and the new master glanced at him.

"I hope you like Cedar Creek, sir," said Frank Richards hastily.

'Yaas!' Another gurgle from Chunky. He was really excusable; he had never heard "yes" pronounced like that before. "A very pleasant quartah," added Mr.

Shepherd condescendingly.
"The "quartah" tickled the Cedar Creek juniors very much.

"It's a quartah where any fellah might like to lingah, isn't it, sir?" asked Bob

"Especially now the weathah is gettin' bettah!" suggested Bob.

Mr. Shepherd looked at him.
"Yaas," he assented. "I rathah considah that the weathah has distinctly

been improvin' lately." And he walked on gracefully to the schoolhouse.

The schoolboys stared at one another. It really seemed impossible that Mr. Shepherd had not observed that Bob Lawless was making fun of him, but evidently he hadn't.

"Of all the howling asses!" said Tom Lawrence.

"Wrong!" said Bob. "You mean howlin' asses." Ha, ha, ha!"

"The man must be a duffer to play the goat like that here," said Vere Beauclerc, with a frown.

"He talks a bit like your popper, Beau, only more so," grinned Chunky Todgers.
"I say, he will be a standing joke if he he he will be a standing joke if he he he will be a standing joke if he will be a standing joke if he he will be a standing joke if he will be a standing joke

"You should have seen him in the store yesterday," said Gunten, the son of the store-keeper at Thompson. "He told the salesman that he wanted gaitahs of good leathab, and the galoot nearly fainted."
"He, ha, ha!"

"People gathered round to hear him talk, and he rever noticed it," chuckled Gurten. "I thought Euchre Dick would

have sailed into him. But he seemed too "People will think he's putting on side," said Frank, half laughing and half vexed.

Frank was not pleased at a fellow-countryman becoming an object of

"So he is, sn't he?" asked Todgers. "Well, not exactly; it's only a way.

Do they all talk like that in the Old Country?" asked Lawrence.

"Ha, ha! No. But lots do; it's only a way they have."

"Lots of queer English customs, and no mistake," remarked Lawrence, "Hopkins here chucks off all his first 'h's,' and now Shepherd chucks his last 'g's.' He doesn't drop his 'h's,' though."

"'Ere, 'old on!" exclaimed Harold Hopkins warmly. "Who chucks his aitches I'd like to know?"

aitches, I'd like to know?" "Ha. ha, ha!"

The Cockney schoolboy looked indignant. "If you want your 'ead punched, Lawrence, you've only got to say so," he

"Ain't they a pair?" chuckled Chunky lodgers. "But the Gentle Shepherd is purpose.

funnier than Hopkins-he does it on 'Look 'ere-"Hallo, there goes the bell!"

Cedar Creek crowded in to school, in a very hilarious mood.

The Gentle Shepherd, as the boys had already nicknamed the new master, had

added considerably to the gaiety of the lumber school.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Quite an Accident!

Miss Meadows wore an unaccustomed frown in the school-room.

The Canadian schoolmistress was well aware of the hilarity with which her pupils regarded the new assistant master. It did not make for order in the school, and Miss Meadows found it a little annoying.

Indeed, she had thought once or twice of giving Mr. Shepherd a hint that the manners and customs of Bond Street were out of place in the Canadian back-

But it was rather a delicate matter. Mr. Shepherd seemed so oblivious of his own defects.

He put on "side" with so much simplicity and naturalness, and he was so openly in a state of complete satisfaction with himself, that giving a hint was a

difficult matter. He was out of place at the lumber school, as a matter of fact, and, unless he was able to "shake down," he was not

likely to be of much use. Mr. Slimmey, the other master, glanced at him once or twice from his end of the big school-room.

Mr. Slimmey was a very quiet and undemonstrative gentleman, and the new master had treated him with condescending patronage ever since his arrival.

Mr. Slimmey did not quite know how to deal with that, and for the present he gave the new man his head, so to speak. But a slightly impatient expression crossed his face when he heard the new master speaking to his class about Australiah, and Canadah, and the British Empiah.

The Gentle Shepherd's class was in a state of subdued mirth, and but for the presence of Miss Meadows in the schoolroom, the mirth would have been a good deal less subdued.

Mr. Shepherd's peculiar fastidiousness would have excited remark anywhere; but in a backwoods school it was ludicrously out of place.

"That galoot's simply come along to make us joyful," said Eben Hacke, when the boys came out of school. "I guess I'm going to have some fun with him!" Hacke ran off to the corral for a trail-

He came back with the rope looped over his arm, a running noose at the end of it. "Has he come out yet?" he asked

breathlessly. "No," answered Frank Richards. "He's talking to Miss Meadows inside. What are you up to with that rope, Hacke?' "I guess I'm going to lasso him-by

"What!" yelled Frank.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha!" "Only by accident, of course," said Hacke. "He'll never see it. Mind, you galoots, the minute I rope him in, you all drag on the rope, without knowing it's caught him!"
"I say, Hacke—"

"Draw it mild!" said Beaucierc. "He can't be such an ass as to think that it's

an accident!"

"I guess he's jay enough for anything!" answered Hacke, grinning. "You watch out! I'm lassoing you, Bob, and it falls on him by accident—see?" Ha, had"

"Here he comes!" murmured Chunky Todgers.

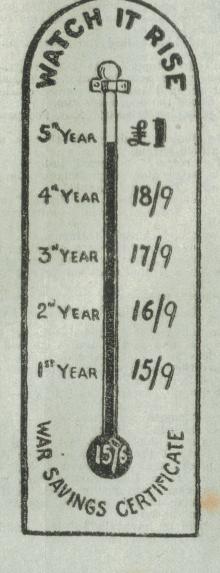
The schoolboys looked away from Mr. Shepherd as he came sauntering gracefully out of the porch. Apparently they aid not see him

Eben Hacke whirled the lasso through the air.

He was half-turned away from Mr. Shepherd as he made the cast, and certainly did not look as if he were trying to lasso the master; but Hacke was an expert with the rope, The noose settled suddenly over Mr.

Shepherd's head, and slid down to his

Hacke started running at the same moment, three or four fellows catching hold of the rope with him, and running, The rope tautened instantly, and the



noose was tight round Mr. Shepherd's

Before the new master knew what was happening, he was whirled off his feet, and came down with a bump to the

There was a wild yell as he landed.
"Yah! What— Great heavens!
Yarooh— Oh! Begad! Ah! Help!" With hands and legs wildly flying, Mr. Shepherd was whirled along the ground at

the end of the rope.

There was a shriek of laughter from all

Mr. Shepherd made frantic efforts to get on his feet, but the dragging rope pulled him over again every time, and he went tumbling and flying along.

'Ha, ha, ha!' Bob Lawless clung to the porch, almost weeping.

The yells of laughter brought Miss Meadows into the playground. The schoolmistress stood nearly petrified at the sight of the new master whirl-

ing along, heels over head.
"Hacke!" she shricked at last.
Eben Hacke looked round.

Yes, marm?" "What are you doing? Release Mr. Shepherd at once! How dare you!" panted the schoolmistress.

Hacke stared at Mr. Shepherd, who had now come to a halt, and was sprawl

ing on the ground, struggling for breath.

"By gum!" ejaculated Hacke, with a look of astonishment. "It's Mr. Shepherd! Oh, dear!" The schoolboys rushed to the fallen

Hacke unloosed the lasso, and it was

dragged up. Mr. Shepherd sat up dazedly. "Groogh! Hoooh! Yoooop!" he splut-

"Not hurt, sir?" exclaimed Hacke.
"How ever did you get in the way of the rope, sir? Why didn't you call out?" 'Grooogh!"

"Help him up," gasped Frank Richards, struggling to repress his merriment. "I hope you're not hurt, sir."
"Groooogh!"

Mr. Shepherd was set upon his feet. His "stere-clothes" were in a sad state, torn and dusty, and he looked draggled and dishevelled from head to

He stood gasping for breath, evidently not quite aware whether he was on his head or his heels.

Miss Meadows hurried to the spot. "Mr. Shepherd, you are not hurt?

"Groogh! Nunno!" gasped the young man dazedly. "Somethin"—er—caught me; a—er—rope, I think. I was—er—oh, dear!—pulled over, by gad!"
"Hacke! How dare you play such a trick?"

trick?" "I couldn't guess Mr. Shepherd was going to put his head into the rope, miss," said Hacke. "We often play with lassoes in the playground."

Miss Meadows gave him an expressive She was not inclined to believe that the affair was an accident; but perhaps she deemed it judicious not to inquire too

"I-I-I am feelin' rathah upset!" gasped Mr. Shepherd. "If it was an accident, please do not punish the boy, Miss Meadows. Groogh! I think I will -ah!-retiah to my cabin."

And he did. And the Cedar Creek fellows streamed out of the gates, where they could yell without being heard by Miss Meadows.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Bob's Little Scheme.

"I've got an idea!" said Bob Lawless. as the three chums led their horses out of the corral, after lessons at Cedar Creek. 'Go it!" said Frank.

"Let's ride over to Thompson, before we go home," said Bob. "I want to see a

"Right you are!" Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclere mounted their horses, and rode up the Thompson trail, instead of heading for

"Who's the man?" asked Frank, as they trotted along, under the high branches that overhung the trail, green now in the early summer. "Injun Dick."

"What!" exclaimed Frank and Beau-elere together.

"That's the pilgrim," said Bob. "I'm going to spring Injun Dick on the Gentle Shepherd. I guess Injun Dick will make his hair curl!

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank.
"It's too bad making fun of that duffer!" said Beauclerc, laughing.
"Oh not!" answered Bob. "He was

born to make people joyful, you can see that. He knows as much about Canada as he knows about the mountains in the moon; and I reckon that a real Red man on the war-trail will make him hop some! It will be no end funny!" Frank Richards grinned at the idea.

It was not much use arguing with Bob Lawless when that cheerful youth was on the trail of a joke, and his chums let him have his way. They arrived at the town of Thompson,

and proceeded to look for Injun Dick. Injun Dick was one of the sights of Thompson. He was an Apache Indian, a race not

native to Canada. Injun Dick was many a hundred miles from his native hunting-grounds.

He had once been a great warrior of the Apache tribe, and he had fought in the last Apache war in Arizona, when the last defence of their hunting-grounds by the Red tribes had been broken for ever. The remnants of his defeated tribe had

been scattered far and wide, and the warrior had wandered far from his native That was long ago, and since then the

left much trace of the warrior about

By way of California and Oregon he had wandered to the North, till he had found a kind of home in the Thompson Valley. But the old Apache had not taken to

Sometimes he carried messages or did odd jobs in the town, and in the summer he was sometimes seen fishing, and occasionally he would go into the mountains to hunt, though whether he was hunting for game or other people's property was

a question that had no answer. But as a rule Injun Dick could be found adorning the rail in front of the Red Dog saloon with his person, his tattered blanket draped round him with some remnant of his old dignity.

His life was spent on the look-out for stray drinks, which often came his way from compassionate miners or ranche hands, though probably the unfortunate man would have been better off without

"Here he is!" said Bob Lawless, as he slipped off his horse in front of the Red

Injun Dick was leaning on the rail, his old blanket round him, apparently half-

His copper face glistened in the afternoon sun.

He was basking in the warm rays, a good deal like a cat, and perhaps dreaming of the warmer climate he had left so many years ago for ever.

Half-asleep as he seemed, his eyes opened sharply at the sound of footsteps. The three schoolboys stopped, and ho

blinked at them.
"Injun thirsty!" he said. That was the old Apache's greeting to anyone who stopped to speak to him. Injun Dick had an insatiable thirst.

ever tried water.

"Still thirsty?" smiled Bob Lawless.

"Fire-water!" said the noble Red man. "Never mind the fire-water now," answered Bob. "I want you to do some-

the end of it. The Red man held out a coppery hand. "Dollar first!" he said briefly.

"No fear!" answered Bob promptly. "I know where your dollar will go, Dicky, and you may be in the calabooze to-morrow. Will you come along to Cedar Creek to-morrow and do something for me?"

Injun Dick looked disappointed, but he

nodded. Evidently he considered that a dollar in hand was worth two in the bush, but a dollar in the bush was better than

"Well, listen to me," said Bob. "You used to be a great chief, Dick. No end big gun Injun-eh?"

big gun Injun-ch?" The Apache's cyes gleamed for a moment.

"Ka-noon-ka great brave!" he said.
"Hundred scalps in wigwam. Long ago."
"Just as well that it's long ago," murmured Frank Richards.

was broken and scattered.

"Well, I want you to play at it tomorrow," said Bob. "Rub up your warpaint a bit, you know, and come along to
Cedar Creek as a great warrior. Savvy?"

'You want Injun kill?" "Oh, great Scott, no!" yelled Bob Law-less. "You get hanged if you kill anybody

Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson.

had evidently impressed the noble Red man with a respect for law and order. "I don't want you to kill anybody!" exclaimed Bob. "I want you to scare a tenderfoot-make him believe that you're

senses.

"It's a new master at our school," said Bob. "I'll point him out to you-a Mr.

"You've seen him?" asked Frank.

"You bet! See him at store," explained Injun Dick. "Hear talk. Injun know. Wah! "Good!" said Bob. "Well, that's the

on him to-morrow. Give a yell, same as you used to on the war-path, and chase him. But mind you don't hurt him. It's only a joke."

"Then it's a trade?" said Bob.
"All O.K.!" said Injun Dick, holding out a coppery paw again. "Injun work riffle, you bet. Two dollar!" "I said one dollar."

"Injun say two!" answered the Red man

"Well, it's worth it," said Bob. "Two dollars, if you give him a jolly good

"You bet! One dollar to-day, one dollar to-morrow.'

one to-morrow outside the school!" "Injun savvy." Bob Lawless added a few more instruc-

The moment the schoolboys mounted their horses the Red man made a dive for the doorway, and disappeared into the

The chuns of Cedar Creck rode homeward in a merry humour. They were looking forward very keenly to the more potent fire-water of the palefaces had not I row.

Water could not quench it. Not that he

thing for me, Dick. There's a dollar at

nothing.

There was no doubt that Ka-noon-ka—alias Injun Dick—had lifted a good many scalps in the old days, before his tribe

in Canada!" The Red man grinned. "No kill," he said. "Great white chief Henderson come with rope. Wah! I have

a regular rip-snorter of a red brave, after his scalp, and scare him out of his seven senses. But don't hurt him. Injun

"Me savvy."

Shepherd." "Injun know."

antelope. He generally trots out for a walk along the creek after morning lessons in school. That's when you'll jump

Injun Dick grinned. "Injun savvy."

Bob looked doubtful. "Well, here you are!" he said, handing over the dollar. "Mind, about half-past

tions, to which Injun Dick listened, with a longing eye fastened on the doorway of



#### The 4th Chapter.

Injun Dick on the Warpath.

Smiles broke out involuntarily on several faces in the school-room at Cedar Creek during lessons the next morning.

Bob Lawless had confided his little scheme to some of his friends, and there was a happy anticipation of Injun Dick's

Mr. Shepherd had no suspicion of the surprise that awaited him after lessons. But a chortle ran round among the schoolboys when they were dismissed.

Miss Meadows glanced along the table at the school dinner with a somewhat suspicious eye.

She could discern that there was something, half-suppressed, going on, though she could not guess what it was.

After dinner Mr. Shepherd strolled away from the schoolhouse.

He was accustomed to take a stroll after the meal, before lessons were resumed, a habit that Bob Lawless had

As he walked gracefully out of the gates the schoolboys exchanged blissful glances. If Injun Dick was keeping his compact he was already lurking in the wood by the

creek, on the watch for the new master. And there was no doubt that he was keeping it. He was after the other dollar. Bob Lawless chuckled softly.

'Now look out for the circus!" he mur-"It's almost too bad!" said Beauclerc,

laughing. "Rats! He was born to be made fun

"Suppose he tumbles to it that Injun

Dick's only a tame Injun, though," said Tom Lawrence. Bob sniffed.

"That galoot wouldn't tumble to anything. You watch."

"I tumbled fast enough when Todgers tried to play that game on me and scare me with Injuns." said Hopkins. me with lnjuns," said Hopkins.

My dear nan, you're not agains, but you've got more brains in your books than he Gentle Shepherd has in his head!" answered Bol.

The schoologs gathered in a crowd round the giteway, to watch, in great anticipation. Through the openings of the timber

they could se Mr. Shepherd suntering along the bank of the creek, twirling a cane and snoking a cheroot.

Suddenly the sauntering man stopped.

The twirling cane dropped from his hand, and the cheroot slanted down as

his teeth lost their grip of it. Mr. Shepherd's eyes were fixed upon a horrid sight that had just dawned

upon him. The bushes near the creek had parted, with a slight rustle, and from the opening a fierce, ted face glared out

It was the face of a Red Indian, but not the "tame" Indian of the kind Mr. Shepherd had seen on the Canadian railways and ranches.

The face was aquiline and stronglymarked in features, the eyes black and deep-set and glittering.

The coppery hare of the face was halfhidden by stripes of black and white war-paint, daubed on thickly. Feathers were stuck in the matted halr.

The master of Cedar Creek stared, frozen, at the terrible vision. The Redskin stared out at him, motionless, with eyes that glittered like snake's.

A coppery hand came into view, grasping a tomahawk.

Slowly the bushes parted, and the Indian crept forth, directly towards the horrified man on the bank of the creek. His motion was slow and stealthy, noiseless as that of an animal creeping on its prey.

Mr. Shepherd stood rooted to the ground.

His limbs failed him.

Like a bird fascinated by a serpent, he stared, without motion, at the terrible figure creeping on him. His face was deadly white, and he

scarcely breathed. Suddenly the Indian made a spring, at the same time giving utterance to a fearful whoop and brandishing his toma-

hawk. Then Mr. Shepherd woke to life, as it

He made a frantic bound backwards. "Oh! Ah! Keep off!" he panted. Whoop!

Brandishing his tomahawk furiously. the Redskin rushed at him.

Mr. Shepherd was unarmed, and believing, as he did, that this was a savage Redskin on the war-path, it was no wonder that he turned and fled frantically for the lumber school.

Like a deer he ran up the rugged path to the school.

His hat flew off, his hair blew out as he raced along towards the crowd of schoolboys at the gates.

Fast on his track, whooping wildly, came Injun Dick, with brandished toma-

Whoop! It was a blood-curdling yell, such as Ka-noon-ka had often uttered in the old Ka-noon-ka had often uttered in the old | "Good heavens!" panted Mr. Shepherd. days, when he was on the war-path "A gun—a gun! Is there a gun? For

against Comanches or Piutes or white soldiers.

In fact, it probably seemed like old times to the Apache to be howling on the track of a fleeing paleface.

Mr. Shepherd had not hitherto displayed any athletic proclivities at the lumber school, but now he showed the Cedar Creek fellows that he was, at least, a first-class man in a foot-race. He waved his hands wildly to the boys as he came tearing on.

"Run!" he shouted. "What? How? What's the row?"

called back Bob Lawless. "Red Indians! Run for your lives!"
"Run!" yelled Bob Lawless, choking back his laughter. "Indians, you chaps-

scalp-hunters, you know! Bolt for it!" The whole crowd joined in the joke. With a yell expressive of terror the schoolboys turned and bolted in at the gates, Mr. Shepherd tearing in after them.

They fully expected to see him bolt for the schoolhouse like a rabbit for its But instead of that, Mr. Shepherd seized the big, heavy gate and swung

With hurried hands he jammed the bars into place.

Crash! Injun Dick arrived only a second too late, and fairly hurled himself upon the mercy's sake, find a gun! Courage, you youngsters; I will defend you!" "Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards.

'A gun-a gun!" shouted Mr. Shepherd, as the Redskin whooped outside "A gun—a gun!" 'What is the matter?"

Cool and calm, Miss Meadows arrived on the scene.

#### The 5th Chapter. Heroic!

"Indians!"

Mr. Shepherd panted out that word in explanation.

He expected to see Miss Meadows turn pale and shriek-perhaps faint. Miss Meadows would not have fainted

if it had been a real Redskin raid, and certainly she was not likely to faint now. She only looked astounded.

"Indians?" she repeated. "Yes," panted the new master. "A Redskin raid, Miss Meadows. Good heavens! I was under the impression that this part of the country was quite settled. I have seen only one, so far, but doubtless they are numerous. Bless my

Whoop! Crash!

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bob Lawless to his chums, in dismay. "The silly ass is carrying it too far. I didn't mean all

"Have you a gun, Miss Meadows? I can use a rifle. For Heaven's sake, find me a weapon before they break in, or all our lives may be sacrificed.'

"What can this mean?" exclaimed the amazed schoolmistress. "Calm yourself, Mr. Shepherd. There are no wild Indians in this section, or within a hundred

"Madam, I have been attacked by a savage brave in war-paint! I have baiely eluded him with my life!" "Impossible!"

"Can you not hear him?"

Miss Meadows went to the window.

and there he had expected the joke to

Injun Dick was overdoing it with a vengeance. Probably the fire-water accounted for

that. Or perhaps the Apache was bent on fully earning the promised dollar. He came up to the window raging.

"Whoop! Miss Meadows looked at him sternly.

"What are you doing here?" she ex-

"Whoop!"
Mr. Shepherd rushed into Miss
Meadows' study, where he remembered to
have seen a gun hanging on the wall. He grabbed down the gun, and dashed

back into the hall with it. In his excitement he did not pause to think whether it was loaded or not.

"Stand aside, Miss Meadows!" he shouted. "I can get him from here!"

He threw the gun to his shoulder.

"Stop!" shrieked Miss Meadows, in great alarm. "Are you insane? Put down that gun at once!

Bob Lawless rushed at the new master, grasped the barrel, and forced the gun downward to the floor. Click!

If the firearm had been loaded the bullet would have found a billet in the pine-plank floor.

As it happened, it was not loaded. Miss Meadows was not careless enough to keep loaded firearms within the reach of

Only a click resulted as the trigger was

But the sight of the gun had been enough for Injun Dick, who jumped back from the window with a yell as he saw it levelled.

Injun Dick had faced loaded firearms in his time, and he knew that they were dangerous, especially in foolish and reckless hands.

"Where are the cartridges?" shouted Mr. Shepherd.

"The cartridges are locked up, and will remain so!" snapped Miss Meadows. "For goodness' sake, sir, listen to reason!

But Mr. Shepherd was not in a state of mind to listen to reason.

"Madam, do you not understand that

he may scalp the stableman or Mr.

Slimmey while we are talking here?" ex-

claimed Mr. Shepherd. "I cannot leave

He tore down the bar from the door.

porch, the unloaded gun in his hands.

'Fortunately, the gun is not loaded!"

"Boys! Lawless! Richards!"

"Is that Indian Injun Dick?"

shouting with merriment.

not know that it was unloaded.

thirsty savage should not escape.

He rushed flercely in pursuit.

you are a dead man!"

"Bar the door after me!" he shouted.

And with that he rushed out of the

Bless my soul!" she exclaimed dazedly.

school crowd; they could restrain it no

"Come on!" shouted Bob. "Injun Dick

"Injun Dick!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I-I suspect so, ma'am," said Bob.

The schoolboys did not bar the door after Mr. Shepherd, as he had so heroically

They swarmed out into the playground,

Quite an exciting scene was being

Injun Dick did not like the gun; he did

As Mr. Shepherd headed for him the

The sight of the Redskin running

greatly encouraged the young man, and

naturally he determined that the blood-

"Stop!" he thundered. "Surrender, or

In a moment of less excitement the

tenderfoot master would not have ex-

may hurt him if he goes for him with that

them to their fate!"

longer.

bidden them.

enacted there.

Apache fled.

pected a savage Red brave to understand English.

But, as a matter of fact, the Apache did understand, and he stopped at once.
"No shoot Injun Dick!" he yelled, throwing up his hands as Mr. Shepherd

levelled the gun. "Keep your hands up!" rapped out Mr. Shepherd victoriously. "Oh, dear! Mind, I'll shoot if you offer to resist!"

"Injun Dick good Injun!" howled the "No shoot Injun Dick! Great White Chief Henderson come along with rope, you bet!"

Even Mr. Shepherd realised that that was extraordinary language for an Indian on the war-path to use. He did not know that Injun Dick had picked up his English

in the saloons and on the ranches.

"You are my prisoner!" he rapped out.

"You bet!" answered the noble Red man cheerfully.

"Get along in front of me, and keep your hands up!

"Injun savvy. The Redskin marched towards the schoolhouse at Mr. Shepherd's order, followed by the master with the levelled

Had the Redskin been really a savage on the war-path, the sight would have been quite impressive. As it was, it made

all Cedar Creek shriek with laughter. Mr. Shepherd was too excited and triumphant even to notice the general merriment. He felt that, although a tenderfoot, he had acted in this matter with all the promptitude and courage that

a born Canadian could have shown, "Lawless!" he called out. "Yes, sir!" gasped Bob, with tears in

his eyes. "Find a rope and bind this man's hands!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"At once, Lawless, while I am keepln' him covahed!"

The "covahed" made the schoolboys yell again. Even at that thrilling moment Mr. Shepherd did not forget his accent.

Miss Meadows hurried out of the house. Her face was crimson. She was keenly conscious of the utterly ridiculous scene. "Mr. Shepherd, please put down that

gun at once!" she exclaimed. "How can you be so absurd?" "Absurd, madam!" ejaculated the new naster. "I have taken this savage master.

Indian prisoner!" "The man is not a savage Indian!" almost shouted Miss Meadows. "He is a disreputable person from the neighbouring town, and is apparently intoxicated. He is perfectly well known here." " Wha-a-at | 23

Mr. Shepherd lowered the gun. The howls of laughter on all sides made some impression at last. impression at last.

Injun Dick was grinning like a hyena. The comic side of the matter appealed even to the stolid Red man. Miss Meadows gave the Red man a stern

look. "Why are you playing this foolish trick

here?" she exclaimed. "Scare fool White man," answered Injun Dick innocently. "Young White Chief ask Injun Dick scare fool White man. Wah!

"What?" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "Then it is a foolish joke of some boy I suspected as much!" Bob Lawless gave a groan, and shook his fist at Injun Dick from behind Miss

The unsuspecting Indian had given the

game away with a vengeance. But Injun Dick did not understand the shaking of the fist. He looked at Bob with an expression of injured inquiry.

"All O.K., bully rook!" he exclaimed.
"One dollar for Injun. You pay!" And he held out his coppery hand. "So it was you, Lawless, who induced the

Indian to come here and play this absurd prank?" said Miss Meadows very quietly. "Only a little joke, ma'am!" groaned Bob. "I—I didn't mean the silly chump to carry it so far!"

"Go away at once!" said Miss Meadows to the Indian. "At once! Do you hear?" Young White Chief pay dollar first!" said Injun Dick. "Injun thirsty! Want fire-water! Wah! I have spoken!"

Bob Lawless pitched the dollar at him.

Injun Dick picked it up, grinned, and then, draping his tattered blanket round him, stalked away with great dignity. He left the whole school yelling.

Mr. Shepherd, with a very red face. hurried into the house, trying to keep the gun as much out of sight as possible as

"Silence!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "There is nothing to laugh at! Lawless, I shall cane you! Follow me!" Bob Lawless came out a few minutes

later rubbing his hands ruefully. "Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the Mr. Shepherd did not take his class that afternoon. He hid his blushes in his own quarters. And quite a number of boys and girls were called over the coals that afternoon for laughing in class!

> THE END.

# NEXT MONDAY.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!



"Oh! Ah! Keep off!" panted Mr. Shepherd, as, brandishing his tomahawk furiously, the Redskin rushed at him.

gate, which shook and rattled under the impact.

Whoop! Mr. Shepherd reeled back from the gate, 'Into the house, quick!" he shouted.

What are we to go into the house for?" exclaimed Molly Lawrence. 'Quick, quick! Indians! The girl stared at him blankly.

"Indians!" she repeated. "Come on, Molly!" yelled Bob. "Do you want to be scalped?"

"Scalped! Nonsense!"
"Whoooop!" Over the gate rose a terrifying face into view—the war-painted face of the Apache Bob caught Molly by the arms and

rushed her into the porch.
"Who is it, Bob?" she panted. "Is it joke?"

'You've hit it!" grinned Bob. "But, shush!" Boys and girls had crowded into the schoolhouse. Mr. Shepherd followed them in, and slammed the door and bolted it.

Then he stood panting. It was with difficulty that the practical jokers suppressed their mirth. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Shepherd had risen in their estimation a little.

He certainly was an ass, but he had shown courage. Instead of bolting for safety, as they had expected, he had seen to the safety of the boys and girls first.

It was true that they were not in any danger, but the Gentle Shepherd was not aware of that trifling detail. Bang! The Apache's tomahawk smote the door

with a crash that made the splinters Injun Dick had climbed over the gate, and he was raging outside the house itself now.

Through the window Bob Lawless watched him in dismay. He had never intended this.

In great excitement, Mr. Shepherd "Madam, you do not understand your caught the schoolmistress by the arm, danger!" he exclaimed. "But I will deal and pulled her away from the window. with this Indian. He seems to be alone Outside, the tomahawk crashed on the Will you find me some cartridges door again. "Miss Meadows, take care! An arrow "Certainly not! I---"

may enter at the window."
"Nonsense!" snapped Miss Meadows. She pulled back the shutter and looked Outside, Injun Dick was executing a

kind of war-dance in front of the house, and giving utterance to a succession of terrific whoops. Probably the noble Red man had primed himself for the adventure with some deep

draughts of the Red Dog fire-water; certainly he was in a state of great excite-In his war-paint Miss Meadows did not immediately recognise him, though she

had often seen the old Apache in the streets of Thompson. She stared at the wild figure in astonish-

'What-who can it be?" she exclaimed.

"Miss Meadows, pray stand back! If there is a rifle in the house I can bring him down from this window!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd. "You will certainly do nothing of the kind, sir!" said Miss Meadows tartly.

"The man appears to be intoxicated; but that is no reason for shooting him, and I should certainly not allow it. "Miss Meadows, the man, as you call him, is a savage Indian, and I barely escaped from his hands with my life!"

"Nonsense!" "Wha-a-at!"

Miss Meadows threw open the lattice. The Redskin heard the sound, and turned to the window at once, whooping and flourishing his tomahawk.

His scheme had been to scare the new master, and send him bolting for safety;