

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d 1/2

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THREE HALFPENCE.

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## THE SCARE AT ROOKWOOD!

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

### The 1st Chapter.

#### A Strange Request.

"It was ripping!" remarked Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Great!" concurred Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Worked like a charm!" said Newcome. "I wish you could come; and Baby concluded with: 'We've properly lost them brown!'"

These cheery youths were more cheery than ever.

They had been on an expedition to the Modern side, and by the grins on their faces it was easy to see that the expedition had proved successful.

The Fistical Four were not often seen on the Modern side.

It was a sort of rival camp, so to speak, and any Classical junior who ventured over there ran the risk of being bumped, or receiving some other special form of punishment that Tommy Dodd & Co., the sturdy Modern juniors, reserved for Classics.

But Jimmy Silver & Co. had been over to the rival camp, and, moreover, had returned undamaged.

They had found Tommy Dodd's study empty, and had forthwith proceeded to rearrange the furniture.

The Modern juniors might have been pleased had the Fistical Four used some taste in regard to the rearrangement.

But the fact remains that they had not.

Lovell had seen no reason why the bookcase should not be turned upside down and the books strewn over the floor.

Jimmy Silver held the opinion that coals looked very well mingled with the books, and had emptied the coal-scuttle accordingly.

Baby could not see the necessity for curtains at the windows, and consequently down came the curtains.

Newcome turned the table upside down, and hung a chair round each leg.

Various other alterations had been made; and then, highly elated with their handiwork, the Classical chums had returned to the end study.

They were now seated by the open window, laughing amongst themselves as they thought of the surprise that awaited Tommy Dodd & Co. when they returned to their study.

Tap!

There was a knock on the study door.

"Hullo! I wonder who that is," remarked Jimmy Silver quietly. "Surely those Modern bounders—"

Jimmy Silver paused, for he had observed that the door was slowly opening.

The Fistical Four immediately jumped to their feet, and picked up weapons of defence.

They feared that Tommy Dodd & Co. had come to exact vengeance for the jape that they had recently carried out.

Suddenly, however, a head was poked warily round the side of the door—the fat head of Tubby Muffin.

"Sorry to interrupt you chaps—"

began Tubby, and then he caught sight of the cricket-stumps and fire-irons which the Fistical Four had picked up for self-defence, in case Tommy Dodd & Co. had decided to pay them a visit. "I say, I haven't come to rag you, you know," added the fat junior hastily.

"What?" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I haven't come to rag you."

"I shouldn't think so!" snorted Lovell. "There would soon be a dead porpoise lying in the passage, if you had! But what do you want?"

"I want to borrow—" commenced Tubby.

"Nothing doing," broke in Jimmy Silver. "We're stony broke, and can't be bothered just now."

"But I don't want to borrow money," explained Tubby.

"Eh—"

"I wouldn't dream of borrowing from you fellows," said the fat junior graciously. "You've been jolly decent to me always, and—"

"My hat!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell. "Who ever told you that?"

"Nobody," said Tubby. "I've thought it out for myself."

"Phew!" gasped Lovell, flabbergasted. "Hold me up, somebody!"

Arthur Edward sank into a chair.

Tubby Muffin glared at him.

"I wish you wouldn't be funny, Lovell," he said.

"Funny!" exclaimed Lovell, in mock surprise. "I'm dead serious, Tubby. You've taken my breath away!"

"Don't talk rot!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin disdainfully.

"It ain't rot. It's—"

"While you're fooling about," said the fat junior, "I'm losing a hundred pounds!"

"Eh—"

The Fistical Four were all attention now.

"A hundred pounds is mine if only I can secure a gun," explained Tubby.

"A gun!" gasped Lovell.

"Yes."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want it badly," said the fat junior. "You lend me a gun, Lovell, and I'll give you a pound out of my reward, when I get it."

"You're jolly kind!" said Lovell.

"I suppose that when you come into this fortune you'll start paying up all the money you owe."

"Most decidedly," agreed Tubby.

"You shall have your bob at once."

"Five bob, you mean."

"Well, five bob, then," said Tubby.

"In fact I'll give you a tanner interest on the money, if you like."

"That's ripping of you, Tubby," said Arthur Edward. "I sha'n't forget this. But when do you come into the money?"

"When I've shot the tiger," explained the fat junior.

The Fistical Four gasped.



## WHO IS THE CAPTIVE JUNIOR?

"The tiger!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Yes."

"Well, you'd better buck up and start on the job, porpoise," said Jimmy Silver. "You're wasting time sticking here."

"How can I start without a gun?" asked the fat junior, who was already beginning to suspect that his leg was being pulled.

"I wonder," said Jimmy Silver seriously. "Do you know, Lovell?"

"Hanged if I do!" replied Lovell calmly. "Perhaps Newcome can tell you."

Newcome nodded his head.

"No good asking me," he said. "Tubby's the chap to answer questions of that sort."

"Of course," said Jimmy Silver. "I wonder I didn't think of that before. How can you start without a gun, Tubby?"

Tubby snorted.

"Fatheads!" he exclaimed. "This ain't the time for being funny. While you're fooling about that blessed tiger's escaping, and—"

"I suppose he hasn't got your hundred quid with him?" said Jimmy Silver humorously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell & Co. burst into a roar of laughter.

"You burbling chumps!" growled Tubby. "Waccher laughing at?"

"I was just thinking of that old tiger racing about with your hundred quid in his mouth," said Jimmy Silver sublimely.

"Fool!" grunted the fat junior. "Lend me a gun quickly, or—"

"I'll lend you a thick ear if you don't buck up and buzz off!" said Jimmy Silver determinedly.

"Don't be a beast, Silver," urged Tubby. "Be a sport, and lend me a gun."

"What sort of gun do you want? A field-gun, an anti-aircraft gun, or—"

"Fathead!" snorted Tubby. "I

want an ordinary gun, one of those that fire bullets, you know."

"Oh!"

"Haven't you chaps got one you can lend me?"

"Of course we haven't, you burbling idiot!" laughed Jimmy Silver. "What do you think we keep guns for?"

"Well, I didn't know," said Tubby glumly. "But it's a jolly shame, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"Why, there's a reward of a hundred pounds to anybody who gives information that will lead to the capture of a tiger which escaped from a wild-beast show at Barndean; and all because I can't get a gun I've got to forfeit the hundred quid," said Tubby dolefully.

"Who told you, Tubby?"

"It's in this paper," said the fat junior, drawing forth a copy of the "Latham Times."

Tubby pointed to a notice which ran as follows:

**"ESCAPED!**  
A Tiger from Dingwall's Wild Beast Show at Barndean.  
A REWARD of £100  
Will be Paid to Anybody who Gives Information that Will Lead to the Animal's Capture."

Jimmy Silver threw the paper aside as soon as he had read the notice.

"Don't worry yourself about that, Tubby," he said. "Barndean is a jolly good distance from here, and it's hardly likely that the tiger would come in this direction."

"But you never know, you—"

"Oh, rot! Buzz off, like a good little porpoise!"

Tubby did not move. "You won't get me a gun, then?" he asked.

"How the dickens can we?"

"There's one in the school museum, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You might get that for me."

"We might not," chortled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"You refuse, then?"

"Precisely."

"You're a lot of beasts!" growled Tubby savagely. "I'm disgusted with you! You're absolutely robbing me of a hundred quid, and—"

"Buzz off, Fatty!" roared Lovell, picking up the tongs from the fender.

"But—"

"Buzz off, I tell you!"

And Tubby Muffin promptly buzzed. He had no desire to argue with the tongs that Lovell brandished before his fat nose.

**The 2nd Chapter.**  
**Tommy Dodd's Wheeze.**

"What the—"

"Who the—"

"Why the—"

Three startled exclamations came from the mouths of Tommy Dodd & Co.

They stood at the door of their study, gazing in amazement at the disarranged furniture.

Not a single article stood in the same place as where it had been when they had left the study.

"Those Classical bounders have been here!" remarked Tommy Cook wrathfully.

"Go hon!" Tommy Dodd always had a way of looking on the bright side of things. "Who told you that, old son?"

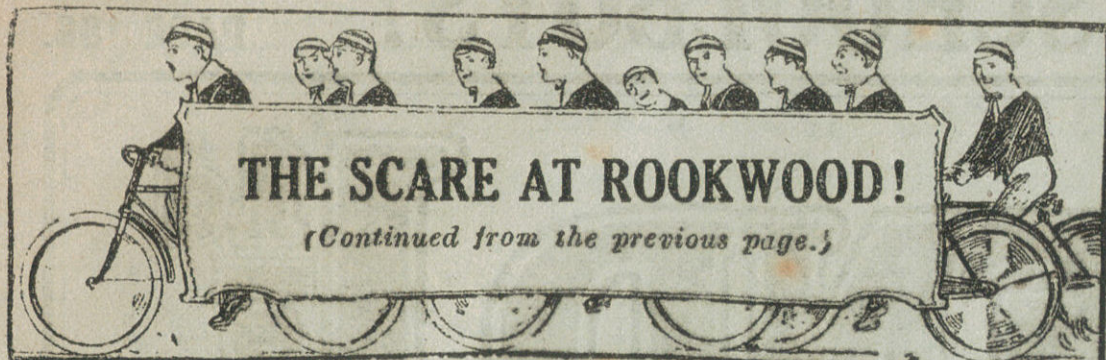
"Faith, an' there's no doubt about it," said Tommy Doyle. "Ye must hev left the key in the door, Tommy darlin'."

"Now I come to think of it, I believe I did," said Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Cook gave his leader a disparaging look. "Well, of all the duffers—" he began.

(Continued on the next page.)





"Can't be helped," said Tommy Dodd cheerfully. "Jimmy Silver & Co. have caught us napping for once."

"And all through your leaving the key in the lock," growled Tommy Cook.

"No good worrying over trifles," said Tommy Dodd blandly. "The deed's done, and—"

"Look at that mess!" snapped Tommy Cook, pointing to the disordered study.

"It does look rather bad, doesn't it?" remarked Tommy Dodd. "Let's pile in and put things straight. Then we'll think of a wheeze for getting our own back."

"But—"

Tommy Cook paused as he caught sight of Tubby Muffin ambling along the passage.

"Classical boulder!" yelled Tommy Dodd belligerently. "Collar him!"

"Pax, you fellows!" said Tubby hastily.

"What the dickens do you want?"

"I—" began the fat junior, and then he paused as he observed the dishevelled state of the Modern juniors' study.

"I say," he added, "that's rotten!"

"It is," agreed Tommy Dodd. "And as it was done by some silly asses on your side, I think it would be a good idea if we bumped you for it. What do you say, you fellows?"

"Jolly good idea!" agreed Tommy Cook. Tubby Muffin backed away in alarm.

"I say, don't be beasts, you know," he said. "I'll help you tidy up the place if you like."

"Eh?"

The Modern juniors were astounded. They had never known the fat junior to do work willingly before.

"I'll lend you a hand like a shot if you like," said Tubby. "I'm a dab at tidying up a study. I'll do the whole job for you if you like."

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "You can wire in at once, Tubby."

Tubby promptly wired in.

To the amazement of Tommy Dodd & Co., he worked really hard. But the Modern juniors did not guess that the fat junior had an ulterior motive in doing so.

At length the room looked more like its usual appearance, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, Tubby Muffin surveyed the study with a satisfied air.

"I reckon I've made a neat job of that," he said, with an ingratiating smile at the three Tommies.

"Oh, fine!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "If it wasn't war-time we might feel inclined to ask you to tea. But with no tea and sugar, and very little marg, it's right out of the question, porpoise."

"You fellows are awfully kind," said Tubby patronisingly. "But I shouldn't dream of staying to tea. In these times one can't expect to receive invitations to meals."

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Tommy Dodd, dumfounded. "Is this really the great Tubby talking?"

"Faith, an' there must be something wrong with him, bedad!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Nothing of the kind, Doyle," said the fat junior. "I've been reasoning things out lately, and I've come to the conclusion that I haven't done quite right in expecting invitations to tea."

"Go on!"

"Yes," said Tubby Muffin. "I've taken grub from other fellows when they've needed it themselves."

"You have."

"But when I get that hundred quid everything will be different. You see—"

"Hundred quid!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Where the dickens are you going to get so much giddy wealth from, porpoise?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"Hear what?"

Tubby sat down on the edge of the table.

"Why," he said, "a tiger has escaped from Dingwall's wild-beast show at Barn-dean. They're offering a hundred pounds to anybody who captures or gives any information that will lead to the capture of the animal."

"Really?"

"Yes; the hundred quid is as good as mine, if only I can get somebody to lend me a gun."

"What the dickens do you want a gun for?"

"To shoot the brute, of course," said Muffin. "I'm a crack shot, I am, and if only I could get within a hundred yards of the brute, I'd—"

"A g-g-gun!" stammered Tommy Dodd, with a shiver. "I don't like g-g-guns, Tubby! They have a n-n-nasty habit of g-g-going off, you know."

"Oh, rats!" said Muffin disdainfully. "You wouldn't need to handle it for long."

"Oh!"

"I suppose neither of you fellows happen to have a gun?"

"N-n-no," said Tommy Dodd gravely. "My papa would not approve of my keeping a gun in my study."

"Neither would mine," remarked Tommy Cook seriously.

"Bejabers, my dad would larrup me if he caught me wid such a thing!" said Tommy Doyle.

Tubby Muffin's leg was being pulled, but the fat junior did not observe the fact.

He looked disconsolately at the Modern juniors.

"That's jolly rotten!" he said. "But, I say, there's a gun in the museum, you know."

"Is there?"

"Yes, I saw it only yesterday. I've a jolly good mind to go and get it!"

"Why don't you?"

"Well, you see—the fact is, I'm a bit afraid old Bootles might spot me," said Muffin. "He's been a bit down on me lately, and if he caught me he might 'gate' me, and then I should not be able to get that hundred pound reward."

"What a shame!" said Tommy Dodd, with owl-like gravity. "I suppose there's no other way of getting hold of the gun?"

"Well, I was thinking that perhaps you chaps wouldn't mind getting it for me," said the fat junior.

"Oh, Tubby!" sighed Tommy Dodd. "Fancy you suggesting such a thing to good little boys like us! It would be almost like burglary to take a gun from the museum!"

"What rot!" sneered Tubby. "You could put it back as soon as I'd shot the tiger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Moderns burst into a roar of laughter.

Tubby glared at them.

"Waccher laughing at?" he demanded. "You, Tubby!" chortled Tommy Dodd.

"Me?"

"Yes; you're the funniest ass I've seen for a long time!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "You take my advice, and leave that gun alone!"

"But the hundred pounds' reward—"

"You'll never get that," said Tommy Dodd. "If you want to catch that old tiger, you'd better put some salt on its tail, and—"

"Beasts!" growled Tubby, realising that he had once again met with failure.

"You're as bad as Silver and his set!"

"Wouldn't they get you a giddy gun?"

"No."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Tommies were almost doubled up with laughter.

Tubby Muffin was looking as serious as a judge.

He shook his fist at Tommy Dodd & Co.

"Beasts!" he exclaimed angrily. "All I hope is that the tiger comes here, and—"

"Then you'll have a chance to put some salt on his tail."

"And if it chaws you up into little pieces," said Tubby, "don't you blame me! I've offered to save you and the whole school from deadly danger, and you've treated my offer with scorn! You—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the three Tommies.

Tubby said no more. He turned on his heel, and walked out of the study, taking care to shut the door with a slam after him.

He left the Modern chums doubled up with laughter.

"Now, supposing a tiger— began Tommy Dodd, once again.

Tommy Cook growled.

"Why can't you stop yapping about that old tiger?" he demanded. "Tell us the wheeze for japing those Classical asses!"

"Well, I'm going to!"

"Oh, all right; but don't let's hear anything more about that tiger! You've got tigers on the brain!"

"Fatead!" cried Tommy Dodd. "I must!"

"What ever for?"

"For the simple reason that it's connected with the wheeze for japing the Fistical Four," explained the leader of the Modern trio.

"But—but what can old Dingwall's tiger have to do with the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"But you said—"

"I said nothing at all about the escaped tiger," explained Tommy Dodd. "I say, supposing a tiger—"

"Well?"

"Supposing a tiger entered the gates all of a sudden, what do you think old Mack would do?"

"He'd fly for dear life, I'd say!"

"And supposing that same tiger walked into the School House, and started to walk up and down the studies? What do you think would happen then?"

"I reckon there'd be a regular old shindy!"

"Well, why shouldn't there be?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"Eh?"

"Why shouldn't a tiger have a merry old game over on the Classical side?" asked Tommy Dodd. "And why shouldn't he rag all the studies, and make a mess of things generally?"

Tommy Cook gazed at his chum incredulously.

"I believe you're going potty, Tommy!" he said.

"Not a bit of it," said Tommy Dodd, with a smile. "I'm suggesting to you a really spanking, top-hole wheeze, and—"

"I fail to see it," said Tommy Cook. "How could a tiger rag studies, and all that sort of thing?"

"Quite easily!" said Tommy Dodd cheerfully. "Supposing I dressed myself up in a tiger-skin, and—"

"You?"

"Yes," said Tommy Dodd. "Don't you remember that play we performed some time back called 'The Jungle Trappers'? Don't you remember that I took the part of a tiger, and that I was dressed up in a tiger-skin?"

"By Jove!"

"That tiger-skin is at present in one of the box-rooms, and— Look out! What are you playing at?"

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle had suddenly leaned forward and clapped their chum excitedly on the back.

"Ripping wheeze, Tommy old son!" said Tommy Cook. "I had no idea that—"

"Well, d'you think it will work?"

"Like a charm!"

"Good!" said Tommy Dodd, satisfied. "I'll go up and fetch the skin now at once."

"Right-ho!"

Tommy Dodd tore off to the box-room, and returned a few minutes later with the tiger-skin over his arm.

"Shove it on, Tommy."

"Not here," said Tommy Dodd sagely. "Why not?"

"Because somebody might see me, old son," said Tommy Dodd, with an air of wisdom. "We're going out, so that I can put the giddy skin on in the woods. Then I shall amble up to the school, and give everybody the scare of their lives."

"Oh, good!"

"I'll tie this skin up in a parcel, and then we'll get a move on," said Tommy Dodd. "There's nobody in the quad, just now, so we should be able to get out without arousing any suspicions."

The tiger-skin was forthwith done up in a parcel, and then the three cheery Moderns left the school.

It was a gloriously fine afternoon, and the junior cricket match having been scratched, most of the Rookwood fellows had gone out on their bicycles, or were boating on the river.

The Modern juniors pulled up in a shady part of the woods, and then Tommy Dodd proceeded to don the tiger's skin.

shriek, for his eyes had lighted on the tiger in the doorway.

"Good evings!" exclaimed Mack, in a trembling voice. "What the— Help! Murder!"

"Gr-r-r-r!"

The tiger ambled towards the recumbent porter.

Mack shot up from his couch like a stone from a catapult.

Round the table he went, yelling at the top of his voice.

"Get away, you brute!" he shrieked. "I'll— Ow! Yow! Murder! Hellup!"

The tiger's mouth had approached perilously near the old porter's trousers, and Mack ran as he had never run before.

Out of his lodge he tore, followed closely by the tiger.

Mack gave a glance over his shoulder, and the horrible looking head of the tiger caused him to utter a piercing shriek.

"I shall be killed!" stammered the old porter, trembling with fear. "I— Oh, help! Help! Murder!"

"Gr-r-r-r!"

That awful growl sent shivers down Mack's spine.

He fairly leaped across the space between his lodge and the gates.

He came up to the gates, and with agility he had not shown for many, many years, he climbed up to the top.

Like most gates, the gates of Rookwood had sharp spikes at the top. Mack had not realised this when he climbed up, with the result that one of the spikes pierced his trousers, and kept him captive.

Really the old porter ought to have been glad, for the spike prevented him from falling into the jaws of the fierce-looking tiger below.

"Gr-r-r!"

Mack shook his fist at the animal.

"Go away, you awful brute!" he exclaimed. "If only I had a gun I'd shoot yer dead! You—you— Ow! Gerraway! Yow-ow-ow!"

The tiger made an effort to climb up the gate, and Mack struck out valiantly with his foot.

Mack wore a large size in boots, and they were pretty heavy ones, too.

There was a sounding crack as the old porter's boot struck home on the jaws of the tiger.

There came a muffled grunt from the animal, and next instant the animal dropped to the ground and slunk off.

Tommy Dodd did not feel inclined to risk another blow from Mack's heavy boot; the first one had hurt quite enough to convince him that it was time he took his departure.

Leaving the old porter mumbling to himself at the top of the gate, he ambled on towards the School House.

He entered the hall, and, going upstairs, made straight for the end study, that famous apartment occupied by the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had cycled over to Latham to see the troops stationed there, and their study was empty.

The tiger pushed the door open, and entered.

Then that animal did a strange thing. He stood on his hind legs, and, moving quickly about the study, proceeded to disarrange every piece of furniture.

The table was up-ended, the chairs were placed in any position but the right one, the coats were thrown all over the place, the books were scrown all over the floor, curtains were dragged down, and everything was generally disordered.

At length the study looked very similar to Tommy Dodd's after the Fistical Four had paid it a visit, and that is exactly what the leader of the Modern juniors meant it to.

Chuckling to himself, Tommy Dodd dropped down on his hands once again and prowled along the passage.

He stopped before Study No. 5, and opened the door.

Townsend and Topham of the Fourth, and Smythe and Howard of the Shell, were in that room, indulging in a smoke and a game of cards.

The nuts were evidently enjoying themselves by the merry sounds that came from the room.

"By gad!" drawled Adolphus Smythe cheerfully. "This is rippin'—what? It's a long while since we've had such a merry game."

"Hear, hear!" concurred Howard. "It's toppin'! No one to interrupt us, and— Ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Howard's voice trailed off in a low moan, for suddenly the head of that fierce-looking tiger that had already startled old Mack appeared round the side of the door.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

"By gad!" exclaimed Townsend, in a quaking voice. "It's a t-t-t-tiger!"

"Gr-r-r-r-r!"

The tiger sidled into the room.

The nuts were on their feet in an instant. They rushed to the farthest corner of the room in an endeavour to get away from the terrible-looking animal.

himself. "This 's ripping! I had no idea the wheeze would work out so well. I must see if I can't scare somebody else."

And, dropping down on his hind legs once more, Tommy Dodd went off to continue his scheme for japing the school.

The 3rd Chapter. A Tiger on the Prowl.

"Supposing a tiger came up to the school!"

Thus Tommy Dodd meditatively to his chums, some little time after Tubby Muffin had taken his departure.

"What rot!" said Tommy Cook, with a sniff. "Barn-dean's quite thirty miles from here, and, as for the tiger coming all this way—"

"But supposing a tiger—" began Tommy Dodd, once again.

"Faith, an' ye're talkin' a lot of rot, Tommy darlin'!" said Tommy Doyle.

"Shut up, and come down to the river! It's a fine afternoon, and—"

"Suppose a tiger—"

"Knock off, Tommy, you ass!" growled Tommy Cook impatiently. "You're jabbering out of the top of your hat!"

"Listen!" said Tommy Dodd. "You haven't heard all I've got to say yet. Supposing—"

"There he goes again!" snapped Tommy Cook. "Brain him, somebody!"

"Pax, you burbling chumps!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd wrathfully. "Why don't you let a fellow speak! I suppose you want to get your own back on Silver and his set for ragging our studies!"

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

If you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any newsagent to get it from:

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dandy. "The brute's in the school, and—" "Boys!" It was the voice of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. The Fourth Form-master was standing at the door of the School House, waving his hand frantically to the juniors. "C-c-c-come here at once!"

"Better go in," said Jimmy Silver wisely.

"B-b-but the tiger!" stuttered Adolphus Smythe.

"Listen!" said Jimmy Silver. "Did you hear that growl?"

Again came that ominous roar, and there was no doubt that this time it came from the direction of the woods.

"By gad!" drawled Smythe. "It sounds as though the brute's outside the school."

"Of course it does, Smythey," said Jimmy Silver. "It must have got out when you weren't looking!"

"But—"

"Boys!" shouted Mr. Bootles once again. "D-d-d-do come in!"

"Come on, you fellows," urged Jimmy Silver. "Better go. The jolly old tiger might come back again, you know."

The juniors moved off at a run towards the house, followed by old Mack, who, at the expense of a damaged pair of trousers, had succeeded in getting away from the spike of the gate that had held him captive.

A number of juniors were standing in the hall when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived, Tubby Muffin being amongst them.

Tubby was sitting on the stairs, shivering; his eagerness to come to grips with the tiger had disappeared now.

Mr. Manders, of the Modern House, was pacing uneasily up and down, muttering nervously to himself.

Mr. Bootles strode up to the Modern master.

"What do you think had best be done, Mr. Manders?" he asked.

"Don't ask me!" said Mr. Manders gruffly. "I— Good heavens! What's the matter now?"

Shrill shrieks rent the air, and next instant two of the female servants came racing into the hall.

One of them made a dash for Mr. Bootles, and clasped him round the neck.

"Good heavens!" gasped the Classical master. "What—what—"

"Oh, the tiger!" wailed the terror-stricken servant. "Save me! Oh, save me!"

"Pray be calm, my dear woman!" urged Mr. Bootles, endeavouring to clude the servant's desperate clasp.

"Ow! It's coming after me! It— Help! Help!"

The woman was frantic with fear.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Bootles, as the servant clung to him tighter than ever. "What ever shall we do? What ever—"

The Classical master could say no more. What with being embarrassed by the panic-stricken servant, and his fear of the tiger, Mr. Bootles was pretty well overwhelmed.

Some of the juniors were giggling. Mr. Bootles' unwelcome position was highly amusing to them.

Jimmy Silver stepped forward.

"I think everything's all right, sir," he said calmly.

"What makes you think so, Silver?" faltered Mr. Bootles.

"Well, we heard the animal growling in the wood as we came in," said Jimmy Silver.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped Mr. Bootles, relieved. "Pray release me, madam! Everything is all right now, and—"

"It's coming here!" wailed the servant, casting a despairing look over her shoulder. "It will be after us in a minute! Save me! Oh, save me!"

"Madam"—there was almost a ring of severity in Mr. Bootles' voice—"control yourself! There is no need for fear, and—"

The Classical master broke off abruptly, for once again there came a piercing shriek from the direction of the stairs leading to the servants' quarters.

The buxom form of Mrs. Maloney, the housekeeper, came darting upstairs.

Mrs. Maloney had a pretty shrill voice, and she was certainly giving it good play.

Her shrieks of fear rang in the juniors' ears.

"Madam," exclaimed Mr. Manders angrily, "what—"

"The tiger!" yelled Mrs. Maloney. "Ow! The brute nearly bit my head off! It— Ow! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Please keep calm, madam!" snapped Mr. Manders.

"Lawks-a-mussy, sir!" moaned the housekeeper. "How c-c-can I keep calm when that awful tiger is coming to chaw me up?"

"But the tiger has gone into the woods, my dear madam," said the Modern master.

"It hasn't, sir," said Mrs. Maloney. "It's downstairs now, growling something awful! You should have seen its terrible eyes and its nasty old head!"

Mr. Manders shuddered.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were fairly calm by now.

They were convinced that the tiger was outside the school, and were sure that for the present, at any rate, there was no danger.

There was a very thoughtful expression on Jimmy Silver's brow.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" asked Lovell.

"I've been thinking," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"What—"

"Come along upstairs," whispered Jimmy Silver, moving away from the crowd.

"But—"

"Stop arguing," said Jimmy. "If Manders or Bootles spots us we shall be made to stay down here."

"Oh, all right!" said Lovell.

And whilst Mr. Bootles was endeavouring to persuade the servant to release him

from her hold, and Mr. Manders was trying to convince Mrs. Maloney that the danger was past, the Fistical Four crept quietly up the stairs.

They reached the Fourth Form passage without being spotted, and made tracks for the end study.

Jimmy Silver pulled up sharp at the door.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the disordered study. "I guessed as much."

"Surely that blessed tiger hasn't done that?" asked Lovell, thunderstruck.

"Well, it might have done," said Jimmy Silver, "but I have my doubts!"

"But what—"

"Did you notice that the three Tommies weren't amongst that crowd downstairs?"

"Y-y-yes. They're probably out of doors."

Jimmy Silver frowned.

"H'm! That's quite possible," he agreed. "On the other hand, suppose they stayed indoors, and supposing Tommy Dodd decided to tog himself up in that tiger-skin we used for that jungle play, and set out to rag the whole school?"

Lovell snorted disdainfully.

"That's all rot, Jimmy!" he exclaimed. "You won't kid me that it was Tommy Dodd making that row we heard in the wood."

"I wouldn't think of trying," said Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "That row we heard was made by a real tiger."

"Well?"

"What I want to know is, how the dickens could the blessed beast be in the wood and in the servants' quarters at the same time?"

"It—"

"You remember we heard the beast roaring as we came into Hall, and at the same moment the servants came rushing up the stairs."

was a huge tiger. Its jaws gaped open, but in the mouth there was plainly discernible the laughing face of Tommy Dodd.

But the laugh quickly disappeared as the Modern junior caught sight of the wrathful Classics.

"Collar the brute!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, waving his cricket-stump in the air. "Knock him on the head!"

"Here! Leggo, you Classical asses!" roared Tommy Dodd, as he was collared by the Fistical Four.

The Modern junior landed with a bump on the floor.

"Hadn't we better kill the brute?" asked Lovell.

"What-ho!" said Jimmy Silver. "Stick it in the ribs. We mustn't give it a chance of getting away."

"Stoppit, you Classical bounders!" shrieked Tommy Dodd, as Lovell's stump approached perilously near his stomach.

"I'm Dodd, you fatheads! Lemme go!"

"My giddy aunt!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, in mock surprise. "I didn't know tigers could talk before. I—"

"Don't be an ass, Silver!" cried Tommy Dodd.

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "The beast knows my name! I wonder—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell had been unable to restrain himself any longer. He burst into a roar of laughter.

Tommy Dodd struggled furiously, but he was no match against four determined Classics.

"Lemme go!" he roared. "Don't be such silly asses! It was only a joke, and—"

"And so is this, Doddy, old son," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We're doing this all for fun, and we're going to do a lot more yet."

"What the dickens—"

"Shurrup, you naughty old tiger!" said

Even Mr. Manders could not help quaking at the sight that met his gaze.

There before the stout, oaken door of the hall, stood the savage-looking tiger, snarling and pawing the ground.

Thump!

Once again the beast of the jungle had hurled its huge body at the door.

The door shook under the blow.

Mr. Bootles clutched the Modern master by the arm.

"Hadn't we b-b-b-better seek a place of greater safety?" he asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, I think it would be— Look!"

Mr. Manders had been gazing through the little window, and suddenly he caught sight of two horsemen dashing in at the gates.

They were riding like the wind, and on their faces were anxious, strained expressions.

Enraged at being thwarted, the tiger had once more hurled itself at the door.

Thump, thump!

Again and again the savage animal collided with the door. It was desperate now.

Thump!

Cra-ack!

Stout as the oaken door was, it could not stand against the repeated efforts of the animal.

There suddenly appeared a gaping hole in one of the panels, and next instant the tiger came bursting through.

With fear in his heart, Mr. Bootles made a bolt for the stairs, but he could not escape.

The tiger leaped forward, and, landing in the middle of the Classical master's back, bore him to the ground.

The fierce brute stood over Mr. Bootles, growling savagely.

Fortunately for the Classical master he had lapsed into unconsciousness under the strain, and was quite unaware of the peril which menaced him.

He was looking extremely anxious as he pulled up before the Modern master.

"Is—is everybody all right?" he faltered. And then his gaze fell on the unconscious form of Mr. Bootles. "Has it killed—"

"I do not think so," said Mr. Manders quietly. "It is merely shock, I think."

"Thank goodness! I was afraid that Stripes had killed somebody!" said the man, relieved. "We've been searching for him for two days. I am extremely sorry if you have been caused any anxiety."

"Anxiety is nothing, sir!" said Mr. Manders, rather gruffly. "If the brute has killed anybody in the school—"

"The school!" gasped the man. "Surely Stripes did not make his way inside?"

"He did," replied the Modern master. "I have been through the greatest sensation of my career. The brute has been all over the school, frightening everybody, and—"

"But—but—" The man was bewildered. "I cannot understand that," he said perplexedly. "We tracked the animal through the woods right up to the school, and— Good heavens! What—"

The man had happened to look over his shoulder out into the deserted quadrangle.

There, in the centre of the quad, stood Jimmy Silver & Co., pushing an ordinary garden barrow between them.

On the top of the barrow rested a cage, which had recently belonged to a junior who kept rabbits. It was a very large cage for rabbits, but it did admirably for the purpose which the Fistical Four were now using it.

In the cage, in a very cramped position, lay a most ferocious-looking tiger.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking very pleased with themselves, and they smiled benignly at Mr. Manders as he came striding out into the quad, followed by the man from the wild-beast show and a crowd of juniors.

"Silver!" he exclaimed severely. "What ever have you got there?"

"We've captured that awful tiger, sir," said Jimmy Silver blandly. "We're going to claim the hundred pounds' reward—"

"Nonsense, Silver!" rapped out the Modern master. "You can't have captured the tiger. The brute has just been taken away!"

"But we have, sir!" insisted Jimmy Silver. "We nabbed it in one of the Modern Fourth Form studies. Isn't it a terrible-looking beast, sir?"

"Silver!"

Jimmy Silver looked innocently at Mr. Manders.

"Would you like to hear the tiger roar, sir?" he asked politely.

"—"

"Stick a pin in him, Lovell!" bade Jimmy Silver.

There came a roar from inside the cage.

"Ow! Yow! Stoppit, you beast! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"That voice certainly did not belong to a tiger. It sounded more like Tommy Dodd's."

"Doesn't he growl awful, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver sublimely. "I reckon we've done a good bit of work in nabbing him, don't you?"

Mr. Manders did not say what he thought of the Fistical Four's effort.

The jaws of the tiger had suddenly opened, to reveal inside the head of Tommy Dodd of the Modern side.

Mr. Manders gasped.

"Silver!" he exclaimed sternly. "What do you mean by this disgraceful escapade?"

"Escapade, sir?"

"Yes!" thundered Mr. Manders. "That is not a tiger you have there!"

"Not a tiger, sir?"

"It's Dodd in disguise!"

"Dodd, sir?" said Jimmy Silver, pretending to be surprised. "But—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter from the juniors who were looking on.

Mr. Manders was spluttering with rage. "You disgraceful boy!" roared the Modern master. "How dare you play such a prank? Release Dodd this very instant!"

"But, supposing the tiger—" began Jimmy Silver.

"Do as you're told, Silver!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. And Jimmy Silver promptly obeyed.

Tommy Dodd was released from the cage, and the juniors roared with laughter as the Modern stood up in the tiger-skin, his wrathful-looking face peering out of the jaws.

Mr. Manders did not laugh. With a gesture, he ordered the juniors into the house, and they went chuckling with laughter.

The scare at Rookwood had certainly had a cheerful ending.

As the real tiger had not succeeded in exploring the school, there was, of course, no loss of life. Having learned this, the man from the wild-beast show took his departure, greatly relieved.

Mr. Manders insisted upon holding an inquiry into the strange happenings of that afternoon, with the result that Tommy Dodd was compelled to confess the part he had played in scaring the school.

Mr. Manders gave him a good caning by way of punishment, and also treated the Fistical Four to several swishes on each hand. The latter were little troubled, however, for they were consoled by the fact that they had scored off Tommy Dodd. The Modern junior certainly was not disconsolate. He had set out to scare the school, and there was no doubt that he had achieved this object.

THE END.



"Go away, you awful brute!" exclaimed Mack, climbing up the gate. "If only I had a gun I'd shoot yer dead! You—you— Ow! Gerraway! Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Lovell. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I had," said Jimmy Silver; "and I'm going to make investigations. If that bounder Dodd has been scaring the whole school, we'll make him sit up!"

"Rather!"

"We'd better arm ourselves in case we come across the real tiger," remarked Newcome warningly.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"We sha'n't," he said.

"Well, you never know, Jimmy."

"Oh, all right!" said Jimmy Silver. "A few cricket-stumps will do."

The Fistical Four armed themselves with cricket-stumps, and set forth to capture the "monster of the jungle."

"Which way, Jimmy?" asked Lovell, stopping in the passage.

"Over to the Modern side, of course," said Jimmy Silver. "The chances are that Duddy's finished his jape by this time, and has gone back to his study."

The Classical chums wended their way along the passage leading to the Modern side.

He opened the door that separated the two Houses, and very soon the four juniors were on the Modern side.

The passages were deserted.

The Fistical Four reached the Fourth Form passage, and crept quietly in the direction of Tommy Dodd's study.

As they approached there came the sound of a movement in the Modern junior's study, accompanied by a faint chuckle.

Jimmy Silver made a sign to his chums to be cautious.

Very stealthily he moved forward, until he was outside Tommy Dodd's study.

Then, pushing the door open with his boot, he dashed in, followed by his chums.

Had Jimmy Silver's suspicions not been aroused he might have been startled by the sight that met his gaze.

For, standing in the centre of the room,

Jimmy Silver, shutting the jaws of the tiger-skin with a snap, and incidentally shutting out Tommy Dodd's protests.

Jimmy Silver whispered something to his chums, and they broke into a hearty roar.

Jimmy had imparted a scheme to Lovell & Co. for getting their revenge on the japing Modern.

To judge by the grins on the faces of Lovell and his chums, they thought very well of Jimmy Silver's scheme.

The 5th Chapter.

The Real Tiger—and the Imitation.

"G-r-r-r-r!"

There was still a good deal of consternation in the crowded Hall.

Mr. Bootles and Mr. Manders had succeeded in pacifying the servants to a certain extent, and had persuaded them to sit down.

But when there came a deep-throated growl from the direction of the quad the panic started all over again.

Mrs. Maloney screamed, and went off into a faint.

The other servants tore upstairs, shrieking at the top of their voices.

Adolphus Smythe glanced through the open door into the quad.

"The t-t-tiger!" he stammered. "It's c-c-c-coming—"

"Shut the door!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, rushing forward.

The door was promptly shut and bolted, and next moment there was a loud thump, followed by a deep groan.

The tiger had hurled itself at the door.

Most of the juniors dashed upstairs at top speed. Mr. Bootles, shivering like a leaf, remained with Mr. Manders, and one or two juniors, more plucky than the rest.

Mr. Manders gazed out of a little window looking on to the quad.

Mr. Manders and two or three Fourth-Formers stood aside, their faces pale and drawn.

Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs outside, and the next moment a tall, thick-set man came dashing into the hall, followed by another of equal size.

The tiger looked at them, and growled.

"Stripes!" exclaimed the man, in a strong voice. "Come here this instant, sir!"

The animal bared its teeth, and snarled savagely.

"D'you hear me, sir?" cried the man, stepping towards the tiger. "How dare you behave in such a disgraceful manner?"

The man clicked his whip.

The tiger cringed slightly, and stepped away from its victim.

"How dare you, sir!" roared the man. "Come here at once!"

It was evident that the fierce-looking brute was afraid of the man.

At each click of the whip it cringed and backed away.

"This way, Stripes!" said the man, beckoning towards the door. "Come along at once, sir! D'you hear?"

The tiger seemed almost tamed by now. Its tail dropped between its hind-legs, and it slunk out of the hall, looking as docile as a cat.

Mr. Manders gazed nervously out of the doorway as the man followed the brute towards the gate.

Now and then the animal stopped and growled, but a click of the whip forced it on its way again.

Outside the gates stood a large van, and as Mr. Manders watched the tiger led up to this, and allowed itself to be forced into a huge cage, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered. "We are out of danger at last!"

The Modern master waited at the doorway, for the man with the whip was rushing towards the house once again.

As the real tiger had not succeeded in exploring the school, there was, of course, no loss of life. Having learned this, the man from the wild-beast show took his departure, greatly relieved.

Mr. Manders insisted upon holding an inquiry into the strange happenings of that afternoon, with the result that Tommy Dodd was compelled to confess the part he had played in scaring the school.

Mr. Manders gave him a good caning by way of punishment, and also treated the Fistical Four to several swishes on each hand. The latter were little troubled, however, for they were consoled by the fact that they had scored off Tommy Dodd. The Modern junior certainly was not disconsolate. He had set out to scare the school, and there was no doubt that he had achieved this object.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

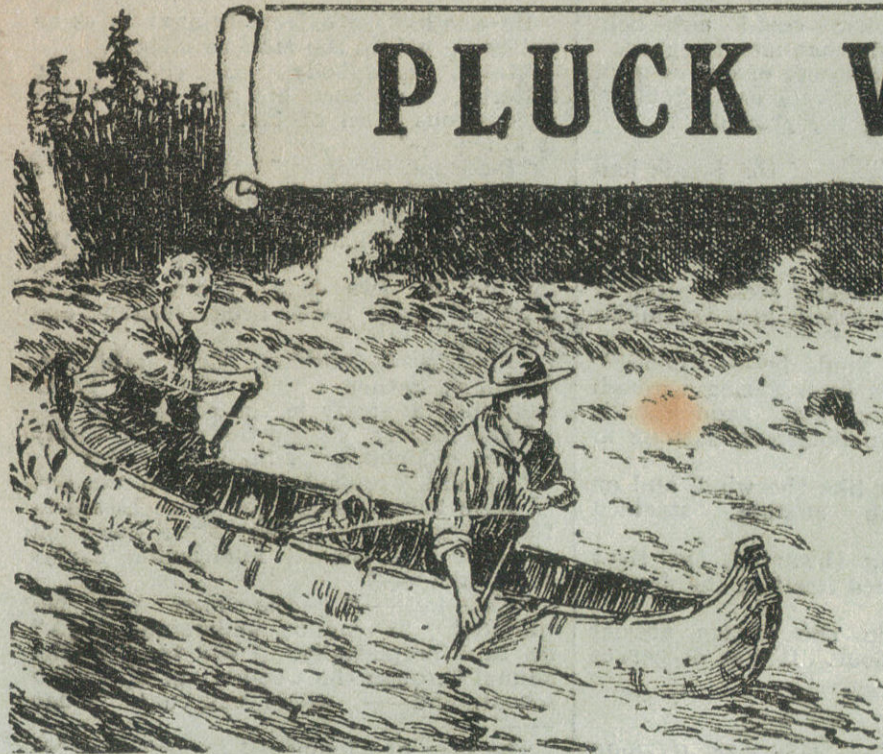
"GETTING EVEN WITH CARTHEW!"

By OWEN CONQUEST

DON'T MISS IT!



# PLUCK WILL TELL!



A Magnificent Long Complete  
Story, dealing with the  
Schooldays of Frank Richards,  
the Famous Author of the  
Tales of Harry Wharton & Co.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## The 1st Chapter. Gunter's Little Game.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Mr. Shepherd, the new master at Cedar Creek, looked round rather suspiciously as he heard that shout of laughter in the corner of the playground.

A number of the Cedar Creek fellows were gathered there, and they were evidently greatly entertained by something.

Mr. Shepherd, being a somewhat lackadaisical young man, with affected manners, had not earned much respect among the hearty Canadian boys, and it had lately dawned upon him that he was more or less an object of ridicule.

Why that should be so he did not appear to understand, but the painful fact had been borne in upon his mind.

The discovery had made him somewhat tart in temper.

As it happened, the group of school-boys were not looking towards him, and did not appear to see him at all; but, like the gentleman in the old play, Mr. Shepherd suspected that he was the subject under discussion, because the fellows were laughing.

He strode towards the group with a knitted brow.

Kern Gunten, the Swiss schoolboy, was the centre of the group, and he had a paper in his hand, which he thrust hastily out of sight as the master approached.

"Good-morning, sir!" he said meekly as Mr. Shepherd came up.

"Good-mornin'!" said Mr. Shepherd. "Fine mornin', sir!" said Chunky Todgers, imitating Mr. Shepherd's way of speaking.

"Yaas, Todgers. What is it you have there, Gunten?" asked Mr. Shepherd.

"Where?" asked Gunten.

"You had a papah in your hand," said Mr. Shepherd, who was apparently a little sharper than Gunten supposed.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered Gunten.

"I saw it!" said Mr. Shepherd severely. "Kindly show me that papah at once, my boy!"

"Really, sir—"

"Do as you are told!" snapped Mr. Shepherd.

Gunter, with a scowl, fumbled in his pocket.

Evidently Mr. Shepherd, who had been the victim of a number of practical jokes already, suspected that Gunten was planning another, and meant to make sure about it, at all events.

The other fellows looked on with hated breath.

Gunter was the only fellow there who would have told a lie to the master, but he had told it without hesitation.

There was a clatter of hoofs outside the gates as Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc arrived.

They led their horses into the corral, and then, spotting the crowd in the school ground, came towards it, to see what was on.

Gunter was still fumbling in his pocket as they came up.

Mr. Shepherd looked more and more suspicious at the reluctance of the Swiss to produce the mysterious paper.

"I am waitin' for you, Gunten," he said. "I shall not wait much longer!"

Frank Richards & Co. looked on, wondering what was the matter.

Kern Gunten's hand came out of his pocket at last, and he held out a small handbill to the master.

Mr. Shepherd took it, and gazed at it in surprise.

It was an advertisement, and it ran, in large type:

THE THOMPSON PRESS!  
25 CENTS!  
READ IT!

THE THOMPSON PRESS IS 'IT'!

It was one of the handbills which Mr. Penfold, the enterprising editor and proprietor of the local paper, occasionally flooded the town of Thompson.

Certainly there was no harm in that handbill.

Mr. Shepherd looked perplexed.

"Is that the papah you had in your hand, Gunten?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Begad! Is that what you were laughin' ovah?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothin' to laugh at in that papah, surely?"

"No harm done, I suppose?" said Gunten sulkily.

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Shepherd. "Heah is your papah."

He handed the bill back to the Swiss, and walked away towards the log school-house.

Gunter grinned mockingly as he disappeared.

"I guess I wasn't going to show him the paper," he said. "Luckily I happened to have the handbill in my pocket. Any-

thing is good enough to stuff up a silly jay like Shepherd!"

And Gunten felt in his pocket, and took out again the paper he had hidden there, and which he had been very careful not to show to Mr. Shepherd.

He held it up for the schoolboys to see, and there was another howl of laughter.

Frank Richards & Co. stared at it in amazement.

It was written in what appeared to be a feminine hand.

Kern Gunten had very great skill in the imitation of handwriting—a dangerous gift, which was likely to land the unscrupulous Swiss in trouble some day.

The letter ran:

"Beloved Horatio,—I have seen you but twice, but my heart has come out to you. Why, oh, why, did you come lither with your fatal beauty?"

"Horatio, I pine for you! Sleeping or waking, your noble face is ever before my eyes!"

"Dearest Horatio, will you grant me even a few words from your dear lips? To hear you speak will make me happy."

"I dare to hope that you will grant me this request. In hope and longing, I will wait for you this evening in the Red Deer glade, only a few minutes' walk from your school, under the old oak."

"Come, oh, come!" ANGELINA.

"Is that a letter sent to Mr. Shepherd?" asked Bob Lawless, in wonder.

"How did you get hold of it?"

"Easily enough. I wrote it, I guess!" answered Gunten coolly.

"You wrote it!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc.

"Yep!"

"And—you're going to send it to the Gentle Shepherd?" shouted Bob Lawless.

"Correct!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "But—but even the Shepherd won't be idiot enough to be spoofed like that."

"Won't he?" grinned Gunten. "Isn't he the most conceited jay that ever stepped into the Thompson Valley? Haven't you seen him eyeing Miss Meadows, even? The howling ass thinks even Miss Meadows is struck on him! I tell you, when he gets this letter, it will puff him up no end, and he will fairly hop out to meet Angelina in the glade!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, it's rather too thick!" gasped Frank Richards.

He felt that Gunten was right, and that the vain young man would fall into the trap without suspicion.

"He came up as we were reading it," grinned Keller. "Gunter had to stuff him up with a yarn about a handbill, or he'd have seen it."

Bob Lawless snorted.

"Just like Gunten to tell lies!" he growled.

"Oh, cut it out!" snapped Gunten. "I wasn't going to give the game away. That silly idiot is going to put bear's grease on his hair this afternoon, and amble off to the Red Deer glade to meet Angelina!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And nobody will be there?" asked Beauclerc.

"Somebody will be there, I guess!" grinned Gunten. "I calculate I shall be up in the oak when Mr. Shepherd stops under it. I guess I've hidden a bucket of tar and a bag of feathers there ready for him!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Shepherd!" ejaculated Bob Lawless. "I say, it's really too bad!"

"Well, if a man will be such a silly jay he's asking for it!" said Dick Dawson.

"Let Gunten go ahead; it will do the Shepherd good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Cedar Creek fellows had grinning faces as they trooped in to morning lessons.

And even Frank Richards, who felt some little compassion for the foolish young man, felt that if Horatio Shepherd took that ridiculous letter seriously, he deserved some punishment, and assuredly he would get it.

## The 2nd Chapter. The New Romeo.

When Cedar Creek came out after morning lessons an Indian lad was waiting outside the porch.

He came up to Mr. Shepherd when he appeared.

The lad was a Kootenay employed at Mr. Gunten's store in Thompson.

He had a sealed letter in his brown hand.

"Mr. Shepherd?" he inquired.

"Yes, my lad," said the young master, stopping.

"Dis letter for you," said the Kootenay. "White lady in Thompson gib Pie Face letter for school chief."

Mr. Shepherd took the letter in some perplexity.

He was new to the section, and not yet acquainted with any of the few white ladies who made Thompson their dwelling-place.

"Thank you, my boy!" he said, dropping a quarter into the Indian's hand.

The Kootenay hurried away.

He had made no sign of recognition towards Kern Gunten, the son of his employer.

That was part of his instructions from Gunten.

Mr. Shepherd walked to his cabin with the letter in his hand as the Indian disappeared out of the gates.

"Well, he's got it," murmured Bob Lawless.

"Surely he won't take such rot seriously?" muttered Frank Richards.

"I guess he will."

The schoolboys kept an eye from a distance on Mr. Shepherd's cabin.

They knew that he was reading the absurd letter from "Angelina" within, and they were keen to see the result.

Just before dinner Mr. Shepherd re-appeared.

There was a smile on his face—a smile which Frank Richards & Co. could only describe as absolutely idiotic.

He appeared to be walking on air.

It was evident from his manner that the young man had read the letter, and was greatly flattered by the adoration of his unknown admirer.

His egregious self-conceit prevented him from even suspecting that the letter might be nothing more than a practical joke.

It was difficult for Frank Richards to keep a straight face as Mr. Shepherd came up to him to speak.

"Er—Richard," said Mr. Shepherd, "you are rather well acquainted with this vicinity, I gathah?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Frank.

"Have you evah heard of a spot called the Red Deeah glade?"

Frank suppressed his feelings with great difficulty.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Shepherd," he murmured. "It's not very far from the school. You turn off the Thompson trail to it."

"I am rathah interested in that spot, Richards. Perhaps you would be good enough to guide me there affah dinnah, to view the spot."

"Certainly, sir."



## GET ONE OF THESE CARDS.

It is mostly on the impulse of the moment that we fritter away our money. If we stopped to think we should remember that we are asked to save, so that our money may make things easier for the brave boys "out there."

If you carry a War Savings Card in your pocket, it will be a very useful reminder.

You won't mind going without your little pleasures when you remember for whom it is that you are saving.

If you haven't one of these War Savings Cards, get one to-day from any post-office.

Each card is divided up into thirty-one spaces. Whenever you have 6d. to spare, you just buy a stamp at the post-office and fix it on one of the spaces. As soon as all the spaces are filled up you can take the card to a post-office and exchange it for a 15s. 6d. War Savings Certificate.

In five years' time that certificate will be worth £1.

This is the best way for a patriotic boy to put money by. Won't you try it?

"Thank you very much, Richards."

Mr. Shepherd went into the house—a great relief to Frank.

He could not have kept his face straight much longer.

"What did he want?" asked Gunten, coming up after Horatio had gone.

Frank gurgled.

"He wants me to show him the Red Deer glade after dinner," he stammered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was certain now that Mr. Shepherd meant to keep the appointment.

He was to ascertain the precise whereabouts of the glade, in order to turn up there without fail after the day's work was over.

After dinner Frank was called upon to take a little walk with the new master.

He dutifully walked down the Thompson trail with Mr. Shepherd, and turned off into the Red Deer glade.

It was a secluded spot in the woods, about a quarter of a mile from the school, and a big oak-tree in the glade was a landmark for some distance round.

"This is the place, sir," murmured Frank.

Mr. Shepherd glanced round him.

"A delightful spot," he remarked. "Quite a romantic spot, begad! Thank you very much, Richards! You may leave me heah."

Frank left him.

He glanced back from the trail, and saw Mr. Shepherd standing in the grassy glade, casting up his eyes and smiling.

He looked so utterly absurd that Frank had to struggle to keep back a yell of laughter as he fled.

Mr. Shepherd was a few minutes late to lessons that afternoon.

Apparently he had been lingering in the glade, day-dreaming on the subject of the unknown Angelina and his own fatal beauty which had attracted that lady like a moth to the candle.

He was very absent-minded during afternoon lessons.

Sometimes a smile would break out on his face, which puzzled those of his pupils who were not in the secret.

Mr. Shepherd was really a very good-looking young man, and when he smiled he was quite attractive, or would have been but for the scarcely-hidden self-satisfaction that lurked in his face.

He was evidently in a happy mood that afternoon.

In this remote quarter of the earth, where he felt himself buried alive, as it were, Angelina had brought a new interest into life for him.

Perhaps he felt that, as the owner of the fatal beauty that had done the mischief, the least he could do was to bestow a few kind words upon the love-lorn young lady.

Lessons were over at last.

As a rule, Mr. Shepherd lingered to exchange a few words with Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress, probably under the impression that he was charming that exceedingly sensible and practical lady—which was not at all the case.

But this afternoon he fairly bolted away to his cabin.

He had to put some bear's grease on his hair, as Kern Gunten expressed it, before keeping the appointment with Angelina.

Gunter scudded out of the school gates immediately he was free.

"Angelina" had to be on the spot before Mr. Shepherd.

Frank Richards & Co. did not start for home as usual.

Few of the fellows did.

They were far too keenly interested in the adventures of Mr. Shepherd to think of going home till he had kept his appointment.

They played leapfrog on the trail outside the gates till the Gentle Shepherd appeared.

When he came out he was, as Eben Hacke expressed it in his native language, a "sight for sore eyes."

Mr. Shepherd was always dressed with great care, and his linen was always spotless, and must have cost him a small fortune at the Chinese laundry.

Now he was dressed to kill.

From the crown of his head to the soles of his small boots he looked a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

He wore a flower in his coat, too, and as he passed the schoolboys they caught a whiff of delicate scent.

He walked away down the Thompson trail with something that very nearly approached a strut.

The juniors grinned after him.

"There goes Romeo!" said Vere Beauclerc, laughing. "But what a merry Juliet he will find in the glade!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play up the trail," said Bob. "We can't follow the galoot, or he will get suspicious, but we want to keep a peeper on him."

"Right-ho!"

And the leapfrog went on, taking the schoolboys along the trail on the track of Mr. Shepherd, though at a good distance behind.

They wanted to see Romeo after he had met Juliet!

## The 3rd Chapter. Tar and Feathers.

Mr. Shepherd walked on airily.

There was not the faintest shadow of suspicion in his somewhat vacant mind.

Indeed, it seemed to him quite a natural thing that some young lady should have been struck by his manifold charms, and should have been in a state of yearning to hear his dulcet voice.

There was nothing at all surprising in that, from the point of view of Horatio Shepherd.

He sauntered gracefully along the trail, carefully avoiding the muddy spots, in order not to soil the brilliant polish of his boots.

He turned into the wood at last, and reached the beautiful and secluded glade to which Frank Richards had guided him.

It was deserted and very quiet, save for the twittering of birds in the boughs overhead.

Naturally, Mr. Shepherd was not likely to guess that a Cedar Creek fellow was hidden in the thick branches of the oak-tree under which he was to wait.

His glance swept round the glade in search of a feminine form; but there was nothing of the kind to be seen.

Evidently Romeo was first on the spot.

"Angelina" had not exactly specified the hour of meeting. The appointment was to be for after lessons; but Mr. Shepherd felt that he could not have long to wait, as the lady would surely allow herself time to return to Thompson before sundown.

As a matter of fact, he had only a few minutes to wait while Kern Gunten was getting out the tar-bucket from its hiding-place in a recess of the thick branches.

But Mr. Shepherd did not know that.

He stood under the old oak, as hidden by his unknown correspondent, and struck a graceful attitude.

He looked very good-looking, and he knew it; and the knowledge imparted to him a really insufferable air of conceit, of which he was quite unaware.

He had been standing in that graceful attitude about three minutes when there was a rustle in the foliage overhead.

Mr. Shepherd glanced upward then, wondering whether there was an animal in the tree—whether a squirrel or a lynx.

As he looked up a thick, black, swishing mass came shooting down.

It smote the young man full upon his head and his upturned face.

Before he even knew what was happening the huge mass of tar was upon him, fairly smothering him.

He gave a horrified gasp, and staggered wildly.

"Groogh! Ow! Oooooooh!"

It smothered his face, it congealed his hair, it filled his eyes and nose and mouth, and ran down inside his collar.

As he staggered, utterly astonished and blinded, a bag was opened over the branch above him, and a thick shower of feathers swept downward.

The feathers stuck to the tar wherever they touched it.

It was "tar and feathers" with a vengeance for the unfortunate Horatio; and it was his reward for keeping the appointment with Angelina.

"Groogh! Gug-gug-gug!" came from under the tar and feathers as the unfortunate victim staggered to and fro, gouging at his eyes and nose frantically.

There was a rustle on the other side of the tree as Kern Gunten dropped to the ground and vanished into the thickets.

"Gug-gug-gug!"

Gunter ran his hardest. He did not want to risk being spotted near the scene. He came out breathlessly into the trail at a distance from the glade, and a howl from the Cedar Creek fellows greeted him.

"How did it go, Gunten?"

"Has he got it?"

Gunter roared.

"He's got it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Shepherd!" gasped Bob Lawless.

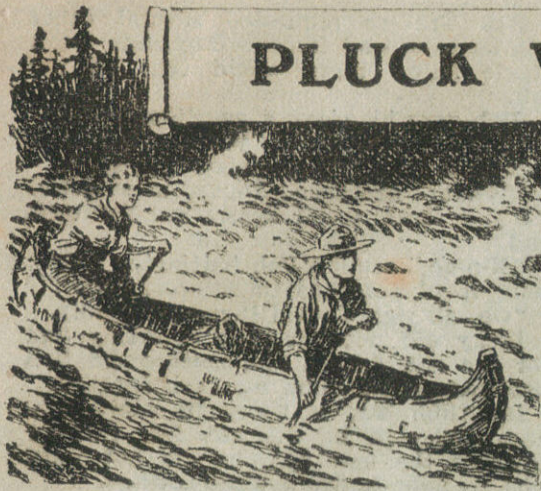
"Here he comes!" shrieked Tom Lawrence.

There was a yell, as a weird figure appeared from the wood into the trail, and came staggering towards them.

It was Mr. Shepherd, but he was hard to recognize.



PLUCK WILL TELL!



(Continued from the previous page.)

"Who did this, Mr. Shepherd?" "I do not know!" gasped the wretched Romeo.

"This must be inquired into!" exclaimed Miss Meadows sternly. "It is a practical joke, of course, and I fear that some boy here is concerned in it."

Certainly Bunchy himself was the reverse of neat and elegant. "He's coming here!" repeated Frank Richards.

"No!" gasped Mr. Shepherd. "I—I—I was—was there to—"

He stammered and stopped. He had dawned upon Mr. Shepherd by this time that "Angelina" was responsible for the tarring and feathering, whoever Angelina was.

He comprehended at last that the letter from Angelina was intended only to draw him within reach of the tar and feathers; and that it was not his fatal beauty, but his fatal vanity, that was the cause of the disaster.

Not for his life would he have confessed the facts or have shown that absurd letter to Miss Meadows.

He rushed away to his cabin to rub and scrub, and scrub and rub—which was really what he chiefly needed now.

"Guten," rapped out Miss Meadows, "do you know anything about this?"

"I, ma'am?" exclaimed Guten, with an air of injured innocence.

"Yes, you! There is tar on your hands!" Guten started.

"And on your clothes, too!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I—I— Mr. Shepherd brushed against me on the trail, ma'am," stammered Guten. "I guess I got it from him."

Miss Meadows gave him a severe look, but the matter had to drop. There was no getting the truth from the Swiss.

Cedar Creek School started for home that evening howling with laughter. And there was much laughter in the farm-houses in the district when the story was told there.

It was quite a merry evening for the Cedar Creek fellows.

But it was not merry for the unhappy Horatio.

All that evening, with intervals for rest, he was rubbing and scrubbing to get rid of the tar.

But, with all his efforts, he could not rid himself of all of it; and the next morning, in class, he presented a somewhat piebald appearance, which evoked smiles on all sides.

The 4th Chapter.

Guten's Revenge.

"Angelina" remained undiscovered. No one was punished for the outrage upon Mr. Shepherd.

No one could be found guilty without the Gentle Shepherd making all the facts public; and that he was not likely to do.

But during the next few days Kern Guten came in for some unusual severity from the new master.

Mr. Shepherd could prove nothing, but he had his suspicions.

He was aware that Guten had been spotted with tar that afternoon, and he remembered the incident of the mysterious paper which Guten had been so unwilling to show him in the playground.

He had little doubt, now, that the Swiss was the originator of the letter from Angelina, and that it was that letter, and not the handbill, that the schoolboys had been laughing over when he inquired.

He could prove nothing, but his suspicions amounted to certainty, and in consequence Kern Guten found himself in hot water.

As Guten was the worst boy in the school, and addicted to all kinds of rascalities, it was easy enough to find occasion for punishing him, when Mr. Shepherd set his mind to the task.

And so, for a few days, Guten had to pay for his sins, indirectly, and his feelings towards Mr. Shepherd became almost homicidal.

After morning lessons one day Guten was found playing poker with Keller in the old corral, and was caned by Miss Meadows.

It was the Gentle Shepherd who found Guten came out after his caning with glittering eyes.

He did not stay for dinner at the lumber school that day.

He was free to go home to Thompson to dinner if he liked, and that day he did so.

But the other fellows guessed that he had not undertaken that long ride simply to have his dinner at home for once, and when he came back, a few minutes before afternoon lessons began, he was questioned.

"What have you been up to?" Chunky Todgers asked him.

Guten gave an evil grin. "I guess the Gentle Shepherd is going to be sorry for getting me into trouble," he answered. "I've been to see Bunchy Fives."

"Bunchy Fives!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "What on earth do you want to see that bulldozer for?"

"He's coming here to see the Gentle Shepherd," grinned Guten. "What?"

The schoolboys stared at Guten.

"Bunchy Fives" was the man in Thompson who gave the sheriff most work to do.

He was a "bulldozer" of the first water, the kind of ruffian who prided himself on the fact that he would rather fight than eat, and who boasted that at home in Oregon he was accustomed to kill a man before breakfast every morning.

Bunchy had seen Mr. Shepherd in Thompson, and had been heard to remark that he would handle the "dude" for two cents, taking Mr. Shepherd's extreme neatness and elegance of attire as an insult to himself.

"What do you want here?" demanded Bob Lawless disdainfully.

"I guess I'm arter that dude!" roared Bunchy Fives. "What is he? What is he? What is the galoot hiding? Hiding behind the schoolmarm—hay? What is he? You sarch him out, and you tell him that Bunchy Fives is on the war-path!"

"Look here, you'd better clear off," said Bob. "You'll have to answer to the sheriff if you kick up a row here, Bunchy."

"What is that dude?" roared Bunchy Fives. "I'll larn him to walk into Thompson in a b'iled shirt! What is he?"

Miss Meadows stepped out of the porch. "Go away at once!" she rapped out. "How dare you come here and make a disturbance? If you do not leave immediately, I will have you arrested!"

"Whar's that dude, marm? Ain't he man enough to show hisself when a galoot's asking for him, hay? Whar's the Gentle Shepherd? I'll shepherd him! Whar is he?"

There was a step behind Miss Meadows, and Mr. Shepherd came out. He glanced curiously at the hulking ruffian.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Meadows?" he asked quietly. "Is this man troubling you? Now, then, get off, my man!"

The schoolboys simply blinked. This was not the way they had expected the Gentle Shepherd to address the terror of Thompson.

Bunchy Fives seemed taken aback, too. He stared at the young man.

"Aire you the dude?" he roared. "Yep, I know you! I've seed you strutting on the street at Thompson, b'iled shirt and all, and store clothes, and shiny boots! I know you."

"Have you any business with me?" asked Mr. Shepherd.

"That's what I want!" answered Guten coolly. The bell rang just then, and the boys had to go in to lessons.

But Frank Richards & Co. were feeling worried that afternoon.

The Gentle Shepherd was an absurd fellow, and they did not respect him; but they felt very strongly on the subject of his being "handled" by the worst ruffian in the Thompson Valley.

That the slim, graceful young man would have any chance against the hulking ruffian was not to be thought of.

The chums of Cedar Creek resolved that Mr. Shepherd should not be left to the tender mercies of the man from Oregon.

A practical joke was all very well, but Guten's revenge was brutal and cowardly, and they were determined that the young master should not want for help if the encounter was forced upon him.

True, the encounter might have taken place in any case, since Bunchy Fives was quite capable of picking a quarrel with a stranger on the street at Thompson and hammering him.

But at all events, he was not going to be allowed to hammer a Cedar Creek master at Cedar Creek.

After lessons, the chums did not go for their horses as usual.

"I guess we're staying on a bit," Bob Lawless remarked. "If that bulldozer comes humping along, we're going to be here, you fellows."

"Certainly!" said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "It's a cowardly trick of Guten's, and it's not going to succeed. If Bunchy Fives goes for the Shepherd, we'll go for him—a dozen of us can handle even that hooligan."

"What-ho!" said Frank Richards, with emphasis. "Hallo! There's the galoot!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers.

Bunchy Fives was already on the scene. He had been leaning on the gate, smoking a short, black pipe, and waiting for the boys to come out of school.

As the Cedar Creek fellows streamed out of the log schoolhouse, Bunchy

detached himself from the gate, and strode into the playground.

He was a huge fellow, over six feet in height, with huge, muscular limbs, and fists that looked like legs of mutton.

His face was hard and brutal, and half covered with a bristly beard.

"What is he?" he roared. "What do you want here?" demanded Bob Lawless disdainfully.

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"Miss Meadows," said Mr. Shepherd quietly, "you can see that this man is bent upon making a disturbance. I beg of you to retire indoors while I deal with him!"

"We'll help you, sir!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "I do not require your help, my boy, and you will kindly stand back!"

"Oh, by gum!" murmured Bob. The Gentle Shepherd drew Miss Meadows back, and waved the boys aside. He threw aside his coat with a hasty movement, and faced the man from Oregon.

"Now, my man," he said quietly. "You are not wanted here. Either you will leave these premises immediately, or I shall eject you! Which is it to be?"

"I guess I'm dreaming!" murmured Bob Lawless to Frank. "Pinch me, Franky, and wake me up."

Frank Richards chuckled. "There's stuff in the Gentle Shepherd, after all, Bob," he whispered. "He's an ass, but he's got pluck. And he's a public-school man, you know. He has learned how to use his hands. I wouldn't bet on Bunchy Fives, after all."

"He's a lion in an ass's skin," smiled Beauclerc. "Look out! There he goes!"

Bunchy Fives had stood blinking at the young master for some moments, too taken aback to realise how matters stood. But as he understood that Mr. Shepherd actually meant what he said—that he was going to eject him from the school grounds if he did not go quietly, the ruffian's wrath knew no bounds.

With a bellow like an excited buffalo he rushed at the young master, and all Cedar Creek looked on breathlessly.

The 5th Chapter. Pluck will Tell.

Mr. Shepherd stood up steadily to the attack. To the breathless schoolboys it looked as if he must be overborne and swept away by that terrific charge of the heavy, muscular ruffian.



"Groooogh! Ow! Ooooooch!" spluttered Mr. Shepherd, as the mass of tar filled his eyes and nose and mouth, and ran down inside his collar.

But it did not happen. Mr. Shepherd gave ground a little, and swerved aside, but he was attacking all the time, and his right came home unexpectedly on the side of Bunchy's head, with a crash that rang across the playground.

There was a muffled roar from Bunchy Fives as he staggered under the drive. Before he could recover, the young master was upon him, with both fists crashing out, and both landed in the ruffian's undefended face.

Backwards went Bunchy Fives, helplessly, with a crash to the ground. There was a buzz of deep-drawn breath as the giant went sprawling on the ground, Mr. Shepherd standing unhurt.

Guten looked on like a fellow in a dream. Frank Richards pressed Bob's arm ecstatically. "He's the man, Bob! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" roared Bob. "Well hit, sir!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc. Miss Meadows gazed at her new assistant-master in blank astonishment.

She had never dreamed that such strength lay hidden in the graceful form of the "dude" of Cedar Creek. Her feelings towards him had been tinged with contempt hitherto—she did not admire dudes.

But it was evident now that Mr. Shepherd was something more than a dandy. His weaknesses were on the outside. Inside, there was the good old British stuff.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey, who had hurried on the scene with a vague idea of rendering help. "My dear sir, this is—is amazing! You astonish me!"

Mr. Shepherd smiled. "I think I can handle the brute, my dear boy," he said. "I came near winnin' the public-schools championship once. I rathar think that ruffian does not know very much about boxin'."

Bunchy Fives sat up. He blinked round, with an air of stupefied astonishment that made the on-lookers grin.

"By gosh!" he stammered. "Whar's that mule that kicked me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Bunchy realised that it was not a mule that had kicked him, however, and he scrambled to his feet with a deadly gleam in his eyes.

"You knocked me down, hay?" he gasped. "I did," said Mr. Shepherd tranquilly; "and I shall repeat the performance, my dear man, unless you retiah at once!"

"By gosh!" stammered Bunchy Fives. He came on again like a charging buffalo.

To some extent Mr. Shepherd had taken him by surprise in the first onset, and so had had an advantage.

But Bunchy Fives no longer underrated his antagonist, and from his second attack it was a hard fight.

In size and strength the ruffian had an enormous advantage, but in science he was nowhere.

And science, backed by pluck, was more effective in the long run than weight or brute strength.

But the fight was hard. Once Mr. Shepherd went down under a terrible blow, but he was up again like a jack-in-the-box.

Pluck he had in plenty, that was clear. He fought on without turning a hair, though both his eyes were growing dark and his nose was streaming red.

But by that time Bunchy Fives' bearded face was simply a study in damages.

Both his eyes were half-closed, his nose was swelling, his lips were cut, his hairy cheeks thick with bruises.

He could scarcely see as he came on again and again with blind ferocity.

"The Shepherd's winning!" murmured Bob Lawless. "Why, he's got his man beat! No more jokes on the Shepherd, Franky. He's a man, after all!"

"And a good man and true!" said Frank Richards. "You're disted, after all, Guten, you warn!"

And Guten scowled savagely; he was already aware of that.

Bunchy Fives went down again, landed on his back by a terrific upper-cut that almost lifted him off his feet.

He lay on the ground, feebly dawing at his jaw, and groaning. Mr. Shepherd panted as he looked down on him.

"Are you satisfied, my man?" he asked. "Yow-ow-ow!" came dizzily from Bunchy Fives. "Yow-ow! I guess I've woke up the wrong passenger! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Well, do you want any more?" demanded Mr. Shepherd. "Sir," gasped Bunchy Fives, blinking feebly at him. "I'm a man, I am. I ain't no hog, and I know when I've had enough! Yow-ow-ow! No more dices on my plate! Yow-ow-ow! Woop!"

"I think the matter is settled, Miss Meadows," said Mr. Shepherd. "I'm sorry that such a scene should have taken place in your presence, ma'am. But there was really nothin' else for me to do, I am sash you will admit that."

Miss Meadows smiled. Even at that moment, with both eyes blacked and his nose streaming, the Gentle Shepherd had not forgotten his drawing accent.

"I think the man will go now," said the schoolmistress. "I should never have suspected, Mr. Shepherd, that you could perform such feats! Sam, please see that man out of the gates!"

Sam, the negro stableman, had been looking on, grinning. He laid an ebony hand on Bunchy's collar, and dragged him to his feet.

Bunchy Fives stood up unsteadily, blinking. "I'm going!" he gasped. "I'm sorry I came! You hear me, gents! Mister Dude, I'm sorry I woke you up—real sorry! You're a man, you are, though you talk like a monkey and look like an idiot, and there's my fist on it!"

Mr. Shepherd hesitated a moment as Bunchy Fives held out a horny hand. He did not object to shaking hands with his defeated adversary, but Bunchy's hand was very dirty, hence his hesitation.

But he overcame that objection, and shook hands with the bulldozer. "I'm going!" groaned Bunchy Fives. "Oh, my jaw! Oh, my eye! Oh, my nose! I'm going! I'm real sorry I came! Ow, ow, ow!"

And he went. Bunchy Fives had come for wool, and was returning shorn.

The terror of Thompson had met his match at last!

Like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, he had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof!

"I am sash, Miss Meadows, that you will excuse this exceedingly disagreeable scene in your presence, undah the peculiar circumstances," said Mr. Shepherd, evidently very particular on that point.

Miss Meadows smiled. "Certainly. Please go and attend to your injuries, Mr. Shepherd," she said. "I am afraid you are very much hurt."

"Not at all, my dear lady!" gasped Mr. Shepherd, and he limped away. And from the Cedar Creek fellows a roar of cheering followed him.

Cedar Creek had learned to respect the new master at last.

When Mr. Shepherd took his class in the lumber school again he was adorned with two black eyes and a swollen nose, and certainly looked very remarkable.

But he was no longer an object of fun, and Frank Richards & Co. respected him for the honourable scars of battle.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"LORD TODGERS!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!