SFR v. THE BUYS OF THE BUNGAY GA

IS INCORPORATED THE "PENNY POPULAR.

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending September 7th, 1918.

.. THE.. STORY FOR BOYS



FTHE BOYS OF THE



ONE IN THE STOMACH FOR BARON VON SLYDEN!

SEE OUR MAGNIFICENT NEW SERIAL, "THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER!"

FOR NEW READERS.

THE KAISER is determined to obtain possession of the Mahdi's huge treasure which is hidden in the heart of the continent of Africa, and, to do so, he employs three desperate Germans named BARON VON SLYDEN, CAPTAIN

STOOM, and VON SNEEK. The papers, however, containing the secret of the whereabouts of the treasure are in the possession of

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN and CY SPRAGUE, who decide to go in quest of the treasure, and to take with them the boys of the Bombay Castle, chief among whom are DICK DORRINGTON, CHIP, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

LAL TATA, a cheery Hindu, TOOKUM EL KOOS, a native wrestler, FLINT PASHA, a member of the Sudan Police, are also amongst the party, as well as the boys' pets, CECIL, the orang-outang, HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the crocodile.

In last week's instalment Captain Handyman and the boys were staying at the Zulekia Palace Hotel, at Khartoum, previous to starting on the quest for the Mahdi's treasure. The boys decided to work a jape on Lal Tata. Late one night they made their way to his bed-room, and placed Gus, the crocodile, in the bolster of his bed, and tied Horace, the goat, to the veranda outside.

Lal, -however, had overheard their scheme, and had hidden himself in a mummy-case in the corner of his bedroom. The boys took their departure as they heard somebody moving about in the garden. Lal Tata, in the darkness | Horace. of the mummy-case, immediately took !

a firm grip on his revolver, for he realised that the intruders in the garden were none other than Baron von Slyden & Co., the Kaiser's agents!

(Read on from here.)

The Germans' Defeat.

The mummy which had originally occupied the mummy-case which stood against the wall of Lal Tata's bed-room, was no more quiet and motionless than Lal was, as he stood, with his revolver ready in his hand, waiting for his German visitors.

Lal felt confident that they would

It was about twenty-five minutes after the boys had invaded the bedroom and had stuffed Gus, the crocodile, into the bolster of his bed, that Lal heard soft footsteps outside.

In the darkness outside he heard a key searching for the keyhole of]

the bungalow room. All was deathly still.

The boys had gone back to their bungalow, and were doubtless waiting to see what was going to happen when I fine as snuff. Lal laid his fat head on the bolster ! which imprisoned the crocodile.

Somewhere in the darkness Lal knew that Horace, the goat, was] lurking.

The boys had fixed things up so that Lal, on rushing out to give the alarm about Gus, would run into

Then Horace would butt him.

by Horace, who had a drive behind | which he had bored in the eyes of the his ugly head like the punch of a shunting engine.

And the worst of it was, there were no buffers on Horace.

But Lal was not thinking about the boys now as he waited for the enemy. He was perfectly certain that Von Slyden would search his rooms that night in an attempt to discover the maps and plans of the hidden treasure which he supposed were in Lal's

keeping. Lal was delighted to hear the searching of the key for the keyhole. The twenty-five minutes in which he had waited in the mummy-case

had passed yery slowly. A mummy-case is not a pleasant

kind of waiting-room. This one, presented to Lal by his grateful fellow-countryman, was close | If the man had fired at that moment and stuffy, and full of the dust of the centuries.

Lal felt as if he were breathing mummy, finely-ground mummy-as

He-wanted to sneeze badly. So he kept counting three, which

is a good way of preventing yourself from sneezing. Gus, stuffed in the bolster, was

more comfortable than Lal was. Gus did not want to sneeze, any-

There was a dim oil-lamp burning I in the room, giving just enough light I to the bolster-case.

And it was no joke to be butted I for Lal, peering through the holes mummy-case, to see what was going

on at the door. The wards of the key grated in the

Lal was an expert in keys.

As an old member of the Indian Secret Service, there was very little that he did not know about keys and

And his practised ear told him in a second that the key which was being used was the master-key of every bedroom lock in the Zulekia Palace Hotel.

The door opened slowly and cautiously.

a man's arm, cautiously holding a and fashionable European clothes, pistol, which was directed at Lal's and similarly masked.

he would have hit Gus in the bolster. The crocodile was lying very quiet | and neither do they play billiards. in the bolster now.

of the Nile, Gus had got used to all sorts of queer cribs.

He had first been shut up in an egg-box, and then in an empty cabin. The boys mostly carried him about in a cricket-bag, but once they had

rolled him up in a hold-all. So Gus had learned to shake down quietly in any sort of old bed, and he was not long in getting reconciled

Slowly the man entered, tiptoeing, as though he were posing for a picture of the bad man in the cinema

He was well-dressed in European clothes, and masked with a handker-

He slid into the room, looking

round cautiously. Lal's luggage was scattered about. The bed was empty and unused.

Lal's pink-striped pyjamas were lying on the bolster on the top of Gus, the crocodile, and there was nothing in the great, bare room to hide anything except the mummy-

The baron was followed by two The first thing that appeared was other men, similarly dressed in good

> There were no Arab disguises here. The baron knew his game. Natives do not use European hotels,

It was quite an easy matter for the Since the boys had fished Gus out | three Germans to drop into the billiard-room of the Zulekia Palace Hotel, and, having played a game or two, to stroll out into the shadow of the palms in the great hotel garden.

"The Indian pig is not here!" growled the baron. "That is good! We must search, and search quickly. Then we will have a look at the room occupied by this Captain Handyman."

(Continued on the next page.)

beds.

follow them.

and his fellow-spies.

silence of the night.

deceiving him.

The game was but beginning.

rock, and was eating his way out.

healthy slumbers.

Then the boys retired once more to their

They all agreed that of all the days of

their travels this had been the most excit-

Two battles had they fought with the

Kaiser since breakfast-time, and twice

pedition up the Nile, and they knew very

well that the Kaiser's long arm would

they had defeated the power of Germany.

To-morrow they would start on their ex-

They had not finished with Von Slyden

But these thoughts did not disturb their

Soon all were asleep, and nothing broke

the silence of the room but the deep

snoring of Skeleton, who was dreaming

that he was shut up in a prison of almond

Presently he ceased to snore, and only

Gus, in the cricket-bag, scrunching up the

handle of Skeleton's cricket-bat, broke the

(Another magnificent long instalment

THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER

Published.

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Stop this horrid goat-fellow!" yelled Lal's smothered voice. "He will spiflicate me! He will smash me up in box! I shall sustain great damages to person! Offer him buas, Skeleton!"-"

Skeleton, as usual, had his nosebag with

When the alarm was given, Skeleton

So he had turned out, carrying his buns

But Horace only responded by lowering his head and boosting Skeleton into the corner of the room where Gus, with an evil glint in his eye, was watching proceedings.

It was very unlucky that Skeleton, sliding into the corner, trod on Gus, for Gus was not in a very good temper.

With a quick turn and a snap he got Skeleton by the bony ankle, his jaws closing like the jaws of a mantrap.

"Ya-hoo-hoo!" yelled Skeleton, dancing madly. "Take this beast away, you chaps!" ----

He kicked wildly, and Gus was flung off, taking half the leg of Skeleton's pyjamas with him.

Gus skated across the tiled floor, with his evil eyes flashing like garnets.

He did not fetch up till he hit up against Horace's legs. Gus did not like the look of Horace.

Snap went his jaws, and he had Horace by the hind leg.

Then Horace went entirely mad. He danced and battered round the room. He butted a chest of drawers into frag-

Bang went the washstand with a crash of broken crockery.

Bang again! Lal's portmanteau of school stories flew through the air like a bombshell, bursting open, and scattering its treasures as it hit the wall, bringing down a couple of square yards of plaster.

Then Horace finished up on the mummy. case, with Gus still holding his leg in the true old bulldog spirit.

Bang! Smash! Bang! No mummy-case that was ever made could withstand such an attack. It split and rent into laths of painted

Lal's head popped up out of the wreck. Then Horace, scared by the wreck he had made and by Gus, who was chewing his leg as though it were a stick of sugarcandy, turned and bolted for the door.

There was a thump and a slide as he kicked Gus off.

Gus slid along the tiled path for twenty yards, then he fetched up against the shaft of a tall palm tree, and lay very

happenings. In the room the pile of splinters slowly

bits! I am kick to shivereens! That goat fellow, he will be deaths to me! He has caused great damages to ribs, and my liver

Lal was not hurt, but he looked the picture of misery as he sat there with his

mummy-case hanging round his fat neck | and stowed him in a cricket-bag for the in splinters. night.

"I do not see the jokesomeness of this business at all, boys!" he said with great severity. "I will not accompany that goatfellow to Central Africa. He is not good companion for youth. He is a horrid | ing. fellow. There are evil spirits in his stomachs."

Groaning, Lal was helped from the floor and seated on the edge of his bed.

He looked round with rolling eyes at the wreck of his room.

He looked at his beloved portmanteau of school story books.

His most treasured possessions were scattered all over the floor. "That is not a goat," he said with great

solemnity; "he is some earthquake!" "Feeling better now, sir?" asked Dick Dorrington respectfully, as he held out a glass of water to his aggrieved master.

"How can I feel better when I have to live with goats and croc'diles?" asked Lal miserably. "It is not right that M.A. Calcutta University should associate with mad goats! To-night I have fought with the German Empire. I have defeat the plots of Wilhelm, the Kaiser. He, too, is a mad goat, but he is not so mad goat as Horace!"

him up.

of this amazing serial in next Monday's The boys put Lal to bed and covered issue of the Boys' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me They hunted for Gus and caught him, know what they think of this new story.)

toppers are called in for the duration! case, the Rookwood juniors were quite' Go it, Tommy! Hurray!" "What are you cheering that Modern

worm for?" demanded Raby. "He's put an umbrella through plainly in towering wrath at being in-Smythe's topper." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, we're off!"

The train moved out of the station, every window crammed with fellows yelling at the crowd left on the platform, who yelled back.

"Off!" said Jimmy Silver. "What a life! I don't see anything to grumble at in the shortage of trains. Seems to me to make life exciting. Now, then, where am I going to sit?"

The 2nd Chapter. Trouble on the Train!

Jimmy Silver looked round the swarming carriage.

Every seat, and every arm between the seats, was occupied, and still there

were fellows standing. The fat gentleman was purple as he sat

in his corner. The rap on his "paw." had astounded him, and he had not yet recovered from

his astonishment. But his wrath was evidently terrific. Van Ryn, the South African, was on the

arm of the seat next to him, and he kindly and considerately gave the fat gentleman all the room he could. But, naturally, there was not much

Jimmy Silver smiled as he caught the expression of gathering ferocity in the purple face.

The fat gentleman seemed on the point of a volcanic eruption.

"Who's giving me a seat?" inquired Jimmy Silver politely. "Nobody, old bean!" chuckled Arthur

Edward Lovell. "There's the luggage rack," suggested Raby.

"Stick out your feet, and make room for him under the seat," said Newcome. "It's a bit dusty, but if you lie lengthwise, Jimmy, very carefully-" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps Mr. Gargoyle would let you sit on his knees," suggested Mornington. "Dry up, Morny!" whispered Erroll.

Mornington laughed. The importance of the fat gentleman, and his cool cheek in expecting to keep passengers from crowding a carriage in war-time, had roused Morny's ire.

"Mr. Who?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "Mr. Gargoyle, the respected gentleman in the corner.'

"Oh!" "Boy," thundered the respected gentleman, "my name is not Gargoyle!" "No?" said Morny, in surprise. "My mistake! I was simply judgin' by appear-

ances, sir.' The fat gentleman seemed about to

"Chuck it, Morny, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver. "Tubby, if you sat on the floor, I could sit on your head." "Catch me!" grinned Tubby.

"We'll change about," said Van Ryn, laughing. "You can have my seat presently, old scout. I hope I'm not in your way, sir," he added politely, as the fat gentleman glared at him.

"You are very much in my way! Do you think, boy, that you can sit on the arm of my seat without being in my

The South African junior smiled. "Well, no," he admitted. "To tell the truth, sir, I was simply making a polite

remark. I can't help being in your way a bit. Can't be helped in war time." "You can get off the arm of my seat." "Sorry!"

"Get off!" "Still sorry!" smiled Van Ryn; and the Rookwooders chuckled. The Africander did not move.

"Do you hear me, boy? Remove yourself at once. You are incommoding me very considerably."

"Sorry still, and as much as you like! I'm sitting here, though!" "Be reasonable, sir!" said Jimmy Silver

sharply. "I suppose you know there's not enough seats on any railway to go round. Haven't you heard that there's a war on?" "I order this boy to get off the arm

of my seat!" Van Ryn smiled at the roof. The Rookwooders were all grinning,

quite entertained by the fat gentleman. Apparently that personage expected to travel in as much comfort in war time

pleased to have the opportunity of un-

Absurd as it seemed the fat man was commoded. His eyes were glittering behind his

gold-rimmed glasses. "For the last time, boy, will you re-

move yourself?" he asked. "Some other evening," said Van Ryn.

"What?"

"Another afternoon." "I-I--"

"Some fine morning."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Are you going to remove, or are you

not going to remove?" bawled the fat gentleman. "Is that a conundrum, sir?"

"Isn't it kind of Mr. Gargoyle to cheer

us up with conundrums on a journey?" said Van Ryn. "Wait a bit, sir; I think I can guess that one. Because one rode a horse, and the other rhododendron." "Wha-a-at?"

"Isn't that right?" asked the South African junior, while the Rookwooders yelled. "I'll try again! Because the dog-rose." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am not asking you riddles, you utterly stupid boy!"

"Go hon!" "I asked you if you would remove yourself."

"Is that another conundrum, sir?" said Van Ryn innocently. "Lemme see. Because he saw the cow-slip."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The fat gentleman did not appear to possess a very bright intellect, but he

could see by this time that the merry youth from the Cape was pulling his important leg. He gave Van Ryn a sudden and

violent shove with his elbow, and the Africander left the arm of the seat in a hurry, pitching on the floor among many

"Here, look out!" howled Raby, as one of Van Ryn's elbows caught him on the waistcoat. "That's me."

"Oh, my hat!" "Don't knock a chap over intirely!" bawled Flynn, whose legs were nearly knocked from under him by the sprawl-

ing junior. Jimmy Silver bent and dragged the South African up.

Dick Van Ryn scrambled up, dusty and crimson with wrath. "You cheeky old chump!" he roared.

The fat gentleman had settled down comfortably in his corner seat, apparently regarding the matter as being at an end.

Van Ryn shook his fist under his fat nose, and the gentleman started back, his head clumping on the partition belind

"If you weren't old enough to be my father, I'd dot you in the eye, you cheeky frump!" exclaimed Van Ryn

wrathfully. "By gad!" gasped the fat man. "Dot him anyway, old scout!" said

Mornington. "I've a jolly good mind to!" "By gad! If-if-if you dare- By

Jimmy Silver dropped on the arm of the seat.

"You can have my place by the door, Dutchy, old chap!" he remarked. "Why, you cheeky bounder!"

"You don't mind my sitting here, I'm sure, sir," said Jimmy pleasantly. "I'm

a much nicer chap than Dutchy, as well as better looking. "I do mind!" roared the fat gentleman.

"You don't want me to sit here?" " No."

case, sir-very painful. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it!"

"Boy! Move!" "Man! Rats!" replied Jimmy sweetly. There came a lunge from the fat elbow,

prise, as Van Ryn had been. He met the elbow with his own, and sat

and remove you by force," he spluttered.

"Yank him out, anyhow," said Morning-

ton. "What price stickin' him on the floor, an' restin' our feet on him?"

"Sad!" said Jimmy. "It's a painful

but Jimmy Silver was not taken by sur-

tight, and the concussion made the fat gentleman gasp. "If you do not move, boy, I shall rise

"Do!" said Jimmy. "I warn you that if you get out of that seat you won't be allowed to get into it again."

"Hear, hear!"

The appeal was lost in a roar of laugh-Skeleton heard it, however.

him. ger alleger and a land had been sitting up in bed, eating buns as big as cartwheels out of a paper bag. Skeleton always liked to have a little

supper of this sort about midnight. with him,

He tried to soothe the angry Horace by offering him a bun.

RMKWMMINNFR

A MAGNIFICENT NEW LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.

Tommy Dodd scrambled up, red and But more were coming. "Here's a carriage!" yelled Smythe of the Shell. "This'll do, old nuts! Shove "Back up, Moderns!" he velled. "Clear in here!" those Classicals off! There's no room for

> Shell tried to shave in, but a rush came, and they suddenly disappeared, and the three Tommies of the Modern side took their place at the door.

> a howl from behind; and the three Tommies disappeared in their turn, amid wild howls.

Oswald and Flynn of the Classical Others would have followed them, but

master of the Fourth Form, was heard in frantic tones. "Do not push! Goodness gracious! Do not crowd! Oh, dear! There is

There was only one other passenger in | Yow! Pray wait for the other-Y0000p!" "Bootles seems to be getting shoved!"

> "Hear, hear!" "Stand clear!" roared a guard. Jimmy Silver closed the door and grinned from the window.

though the train was crammed.

special train for Rookwooders at the opening of the term.

excited, if fellows chose to wait for the second train. It was probably owing to schoolboy exuberance of spirits that nobody seemed

It was a case of the race to the swift, and the battle to the strong. The weakest went to the wall, or, at all

events, remained at Latcham.

pleasure of looking after that.

train remained there also, but that could | not be helped. It was no time to think of luggage.

Knowles of the Modern Sixth looked

Mornington jumped in, and Erroll went on Jimmy. "Smythe's not enjoying it, I think. The silly ass has come in a

Out into the night he shot, and nobody tried to stop him.

Gus was about fed up with these strange

parted, and Lal sat up with the fragments of his mummy-case all round him. "Ai!" he groaned. "I am hit all to little

is turned to water!" The boys doubled up with laughter.

The 1st Chapter. Off to School.

"Rather a cram!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. It was. A very considerable portion of Rookwood School had gathered at Latcham Junction on their way to Rookwood for

the new term.

for a scrum?"

"Topping, old nut!"

They arrived from all quarters at Latcham. From the junction a local train was to bear them onward to Coombe, the station for Rookwood.

belated appearance, was evidently not equal to carrying half the fellows who thronged the platform. Jimmy Silver & Co., the Fistical Four of the Fourth, were keeping together.

with a free use of elbows round about

And the local train, when it put in a

them. They felt it was up to them to get places in the train, if only to keep up the prestige of the end study. So Jimmy and Lovell and Raby and Newcome linked arms, and the crowding

separate them. "Rather a cram!" gasped Newcome. "Well, rather! Half the fellows will be left behind."

and eddying of the throng failed to

"Well, it's nice weather for walking." said Jimmy Silver philosophically. "So long as we're not left behind, all right!" "Hallo, here you are!" yelled Mornington of the Fourth, shoving along to the Fistical Four, and dragging Kit Erroll with him. "What do you think of this

"Yah! Gerroff! Stop shoving!" came the agonised tones of Tubby Muffin. "I say, gerroff! Yoooop!" Jimmy Silver & Co. looked round, with a grin. Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior at

Rookwood, was in difficulties. There really wasn't room for Tubby's circumference on the platform. Three merry youths of the Modern side -Dodd and Cook and Doyle-were driving a way towards the train, amid yells of]

protest, and they had collided with Tubby, and Tubby had sat down. "All serene! It's only a Classical!" said Tommy Dodd. "Back up!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Kick out those Moderns!"

of a flendish yell from Tubby.

"Hurrah!" The Fistical Four rushed at the Moderns, with Erroll and Mornington backing them up, and Van Ryn, Pons. and Conroy, the three Colonials, jumped

to help them. Tommy Dodd & Co. were strewn on the platform. Jimmy Silver jerked Tubby Muffin up by his fat ears, to the accompaniment

"Yarooh! Leggo!" "There you are!" said Jimmy cheerfully, as he set the fat Classical on his feet. "I advise you to get out and roll to Rookwood, Tubby. You'll never get in the train!"

"Yah! I'm jolly well going to!" gasped

"Order there!" bawled Bulkeley of the

Sixth, the captain of Rookwood. "If you |

begin ragging now I'll warm you!"

safe in the knowledge that he could not | signed to seat six, and there were now be discerned in the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" breathless, and in great wrath.

"Good! Back up!" roared Tommy "Order!" shouted Bulkeley. But Bulkeley was not heeded. In the excited crowd the old rivalry of | "No Moderns admitted!" shouted Modern and Classical was quick to awaken, and each side thought it an

Classicals in the train! Boot 'em out!"

the train. There was a scrimmage at once. Hats and caps, rugs and bags, went right and left, unheeded. In the midst of the excitement there

was a shrill whistle from the engine.

excellent idea to keep the other out of

"She's starting!" "This way!" shouted Van Ryn. The Classical chums made a rush for the train. The combat ceased abruptly.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muslin had already scrambled into a carriage, and he held the door open for Jimmy Silver & Co. that carriage so far-a fat, importantlooking gentleman with gold-rimmed

throng in great disgust. "Close that door, boy!" he snapped. Tubby did not heed him-did not, in fact, even hear him.

"This way, Jimmy!"

sharply.

glasses, who was staring out on the

Jimmy Silver jumped in, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome after him. The three Colonials jumped in after Mornington and Erroll were following, when the fat gentleman, sitting in the

"You cannot enter here!" he snapped. Mornington looked at him. "Bosh!" he answered. "The carriage is over-crowded already." "My dear man, carriages are always over-crowded in war-time!" answered Mornington cheerfully. "Put it down to

corner next the open door, interposed.

the Kaiser." "Keep out!" The fat gentleman extended a large hand, pushing Mornington back. The eyes of the dandy of the Fourth gleamed.

"Take your paw away!" he said

"What?" "Paw!" "You impertinent young rascal!" "Are you goin' to move your paw?" The important gentleman did not

His breath seemed to be taken away by this mode of address. Apparently he was so important a person that it was requisite to treat him | "Bulkeley's left behind-our great and

with great respect on all occasions.

answer.

to recognise the fact.

As the "paw" did not move, Morny Jevver get left?" raised the light cane he carried and gave | "Ha, ha, ha!" it a sharp rap. The fat gentleman moved it then with | round savagely. remarkable quickness, at the same time

uttering a howl. stepped in after him.

ten boys and a man in it, so it was pretty full.

Smythe and Tracy and Howard of the

"Here, shove these Moderns off!" came

Fourth wedged in. there simply was not room. Outside, the voice of Mr. Bootles, the

another train in a few minutes! Bless my soul! Please do not tread on myow!-feet! There is another train-

grinned Jimmy Silver. "Let the Moderns wait for the next train! Classicals

The platform was still crowded with fellows bound for Rookwood School, The lack of railway facilities, owing to the war, was very much in evidence. In piping times of peace there was a

Special trains were "off" now, how-Still, there really was no need to get

to care about waiting for the second

longing to the victorious occupants of the Masters and prefects could have the

A considerable amount of luggage be-

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.] noble skipper-and Neville-and Hansom The dandy of Rookwood did not seem of the Fifth! And there's Knowles, scowling like a demon! Hallo, Knowles!

> "Smythe's sitting down, and somebody's bunged half a dozen bags on him."

"Rats!" called out a cheerful junior, I It was a first-class carriage, and de- I topper. He doesn't seem to know that as in peace time, and if that was the l

The fat gentleman quivered with wrath,

He realised that the merry juniors were

Van Ryn, resting against the carriage

Conroy whispered in the South African's

"Give him some of your giddy ventrilo-

His ventriloquial gift was pretty well

known among the Rookwood juniors, and

so among them his tricks were discounted

in advance, as it were; but the pompous

fat gentleman was a stranger, and, natur-

"Where's my dog, you chaps?" asked

"Your dog?" repeated Jimmy Silver in

surprise. "You haven't brought a dog with

"Must be under the seat," said Conroy.

then," said Van Ryn, with an anxious look.

"He bites! Stick your foot under the

Jimmy Silver understood by that time,

He jumped, as from below there came a

The 3rd Chapter.

Cave Canem!

Jimmy Silver snatched his foot away

So realistic was that ferocious growl that

The fat gentleman snatched his feet up

"Here, don't kick me!" shouted Van

"He seems ratty," said Van Ryn. "He

"I refuse to put them down! I will not

"I say, he sounds jolly savage!" ex-

The Rookwooders, entering at once into

reach of the savagely-growling dog, and it

was too great an exertion to keep them

suspended, like Mohamet's coffin, between

"Boy, take that dog out! Do you hear

"He won't come out for me, sir," said

"Well, if he does, it will serve him

right," said Van Ryn. "It won't be nice

for him, but it's his own fault. You

idiot!" spluttered the fat gentleman. "Do

you think I want to be bitten by a dog? I

command you to control that dog at once,

and remove him to the other end of the

It is against the law to introduce dogs

"I'm sure you won't mention it, sir."

stops, and order the guard to take the

animal out!" thundered the fat gentle-

a good boy! Don't be malicious! You

As the train rushed on, the juniors con-

tinued to stand on the seats, in great good

humour, and the fat gentleman did the

same, evidently not daring, for his life, to

get within reach of the savage brute

But as the train slowed down in a station.

the juniors dropped back into their seats,

and those who had to stand stood on the

But the fat gentleman remained on his

As the train stopped, he stooped over

The guard came up somewhat surlily.

and hurled open the door, and made a

are you, guard? Come here, guard!"

look very graceful, sir, standing on the

seat, if it wasn't for your circumference."

The fat gentleman spluttered.

"I shall do so as soon as the train,

"I-I-I- Boy, you are a fool-an

me? Take him out and control him at

Gurrrg! came from under the seat.

Van Ryn. "Take him out yourself."

"Fool! He may bite me!"

claimed Jimmy Silver. "Get on the seats

before he snaps at your legs, you chaps!"

the joke, scrambled up on the seats, hold-

ing on by the racks and by one another

won't come out for me. Put your feet

Ryn. "My trousers ain't a doormat!"

he supposed, for the moment, that he had

disturbed a real dog hidden under the

and he smilingly shoved his boot under the

seat, and see if he's there, Jimmy!"

"My hat! I hope he's in a good temper,

ally, quite unaware of his peculiar gift

door, received two or three jabs from the

fat knees, as a hint to give more room.

but he did not take any further measures

quite capable of carrying out Morny's

He sat and scowled portentously.

Van Ryn grinned, and nodded.

to displace Jimmy Silver.

playful suggestion.

quism, Dutchy."

Van Ryn suddenly.

you to school, surely."

sudden, savage growl.

still more suddenly.

under the sear at orea!"

down, sir; they're in my way!"

be bitten by your dog, boy!"

Gr-r-r-r-r!

hurriedly.

seat.

Ryn.

Gurrrrrr!

Gurrrerr!

heaven and earth.

needn't mind!"

carriage."

you, boy?"

man.

floor.

seat.

Grerrer!

can risk it if you like."

into the carriage."

growling underneath.

spring to the platform.

ample.

CANVAS!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Wot's this 'ere?" he demanded. "There is a dog in the carriage! I have nearly been bitten. I have had to stand on the seat! That boy brought the dog

into the carriage!" He pointed to Van Ryn. "'Tain't allowed, sir," said the guard

civilly to the Rookwood junior. "You must take the dog out."

"But I haven't a dog here, guard," answered Van Ryn.

"Oh! One of you other young gents

"Nobody has a dog here, guard," answered Jimmy Silver; and there was a general shaking of heads.

"Ho!" said the guard, with a stare at the fat gentleman, who certainly did look very red and excited. "Ho! The young gentlemen say there ain't a dog there,

"It is false! He belongs to that boy! He was growling savagely under the seat Take it out, guard, or I will report you!" The guard snorted.

He seemed inclined, for the moment, to tell the fat gentleman what he thought of him, and his language would probably have been startling; but he restrained himself, and stepped into the carriage.

The juniors made room for him to look under the seats; and it did not take him many seconds to ascertain that there was no dog there.

He came out of the carriage with an angry grunt.

"You have not removed the dog, guard?" "There ain't any dog!" "Man! I tell you he is under the seat!"

"And I tell you he ain't!" roared the guard, exasperated. "And I ain't no more time to waste on a man what has been drinking, and which you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, at your time of

And the guard stalked away. "By gad!" gasped the fat gentleman. "Insolence! Impertinence! Why is not that man in the Army? Huh!" The guard swung round, red and wrath-

"I've been through it, I have," he said; "and you ain't, by the look of you! Why ain't you in the Army, if you come to

that?" The guard, like Brutus, paused for a

But no reply was forthcoming. The fat gentleman seemed to be smitten

"How dare you bring a dog into the carriage!" exclaimed the fat gentleman. With a grunt of contempt, the guard "How dare you! Take him out from marched off, and the fat gentleman did not call him back. "Towser! Towser!" called out Van

He fixed his eyes on the grinning juniors. "Will you turn that dog out?" he

gasped. "Bow-wow!"

"I order you to do so!" "Go it!"

"Stand clear there!"

The fat gentleman made a step towards the carriage.

Gurrrrrrgh! It was a growl of terrific ferocity, and

jumped back hastily.

the door. The fat gentleman followed their exleaving the fat gentleman standing on it's dry. That won't be a disadvantage." the platform, red and spluttering, and Jimmy Silver & Co. crowded the window and kissed their hands to him; which, for some reason, did not seem to have the slightest pacifying effect upon him. At all events, he was shaking a fat fist as he disappeared from sight.

The 4th Chapter. Bagged!

Jimmy Silver & Co. sat down, quite pleased to have got rid of their irascible fellow-passenger.

They were in cheery spirits as the train rushed on towards Coombe.

The first day of term was not always | we, young Wegg?" a joyous occasion, and as a rule there was regret for holidays that had come to an end.

But, as it happened, there was a good deal of anticipation now among the Rookwood fellows who were returning to the old school.

Rookwood had broken up earlier than usual for the vacation, owing to the damage sustained by the school in an air- | loud enough for him to hear, you know."

The fellows had supposed that the work of repair would be done during the vac, and that they would return to find the school looking its old self.

But they had not counted on war-time conditions.

Labour and materials were not to be had for the asking, and even the important work of repairing Rookwood had to take second place to works of more national importance.

Hence it came about that the rebuilding was far from finished and that the school was by no means ready to receive the Rookwooders.

Probably most of the fellows would have welcomed an extension of the vacation—indefinitely.

Paters and maters, however, did not see eye to eye with their hopeful sons on that subject.

A way had been found out of the difficulty.

Fortunately, the weather was splendid, and when it was announced that Rookwood would gather under canvas till the rebuilding was completed, there were few who grumbled.

Rookwood under canvas was a novelty, and most of the fellows, especially the juniors, looked forward to it with keen anticipation.

Lovell remarked that it was worth of a new experience like that. "It will be ripping!" Jimmy Silver

observed, as the train rattled on. "Think of the larks we can play on the Moderns! Old Manders, too! Suppose we fix it up to bring his tent down on his napper some windy night-what?"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Classicals. "Think of our chances of raiding the Moderns!" continued Jimmy. "We can rag them no end. I think this is really very thoughtful of the Head!"

"Ha, ha! I don't think the Head arranged it so that we could rag the Moderns," grinned Lovell. "Well, no," admitted Jimmy. "But

we'll give Tommy Dodd & Co. the time of their lives!" agreed the "We will, rather!" Classicals.

"I hear that we're going to have

The train moved out of the station, and if it rains we may chuck lessons till

"Ha, ha! No." "I say, that's ripping!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin. "I hope we shall have a lot of rain, you fellows."

"Ha, ha, ha!" There was a buzz of discussion in the crowded carriage till the train ran into

the little station of Coombe. There Jimmy Silver & Co. swarmed out.

"Hallo! You got in, then?" exclaimed Jimmy, catching sight of his cousin Algy of the Third.

Algy grinned. "What do you think?" he answered. "We found a lot of Modern fags in a carriage, and bundled 'em out. Didn't

"We did!" grinned Wegg. "You should have heard 'em howl! Knowles yelled to us, and we told him to go and eat coke!" "You told a prefect to go and eat coke!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver aghast.

"Well, you young ass!" "He didn't hear us, though," explained Grant of the Third. "We didn't say it

"Yes, we did!" said Wegg defiantly.

Jimmy Silver laughed. "I say, have you seen anything of Pumpkin, Jimmy?" asked Algy Silver. "Eh! Who's Pumpkin? New kid?"

asked Jimmy. "Ha, ha! No; the giddy war-lecturer!" said Algy, with a chuckle. "I heard Mr. Bootles say he was on the train. He's coming to Rookwood to give a lecture, so Bootles was saying to Bulkeley. He's on the train. Tremendous big gun, I hear;

spouts no end!" "Haven't seen him," said Jimmy. "Come on, Jimmy!" bawled Lovell. Jimmy Silver rejoined his chums, and

they marched out of the station. War time was once more in evidence by the absence of the customary brakes

to take them to the school. Adolphus Smythe of the Shell could be heard complaining loudly.

"We've got to walk!" said Smythe, in tones of mingled incredulity and disgust. "Walk to Rookwood! Oh, gad! Jevver hear of such a thing?" "Rotten!" said Tracy. "What about our bags?" said Adolphus

indignantly. "Does the Head suppose that we can carry our bags? By gad, he'll be askin' us to carry our boxes suppose the luggage will be sent

on!" growled Tracy. "It's rotten! Marchin' to school with a dashed bagwhile going back to school for the sake | pah! This war has gone on long enough, | Lovell. if you ask me!" "Long enough?" said Adolphus, with a

sniff. "Too long, I think! Weren't able to get any peaches durin' the vac! Believe me!"

'Wait a minute for me, you fellows!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "I'm going to kill Smythe!"

"How am I goin' to get this bag to Rookwood?" continued Smythe, in despair. "It weighs four or five pounds, at least! Oh, gad! I wonder if I could find a person in the village to carry it?" "One of those dashed fags ought to

carry it!" grunted Howard. "They ought to fag for the Shell! I've always said so!" "Can't you carry your bag, Smythe?" asked Lovell, coming up, with a gleam in his eyes. "Hand it to me, then!"

"Good!" said Adolphus, in great relief. "Here you are, Lovell! I'll stand you some buns for carryin' it!"

It was a very handsome and expensive

"You fagging for that Shell-worm, Lovell?" roared Raby, in great wrath. "I'm taking his bag," answered Lovell.

"Chuck it, then, you ass, or we'll scrag

"I'm going to chuck it!" said Lovell cheerfully. "Here goes!" He dropped the bag, and punted it with

his boot as it fell. That handsome bag flew through the air, and landed in the road, and Lovell

chased after it. Adolphus Smythe stood retrified for a

moment. The egregious Adolphus had really believed that Lovell was going to fag at carrying his bag for him to Rookwood.

Lovell's intention was to use the bag as a footer. "You-you-you villain!" gasped Adol-

He was painfully undeceived now.

phus. "Let that bag alone!" "Pass!" yelled Lovell. The bag whirled by Jimmy Silver, who cheerfully took the pass, sending it to

Van Ryn. The South African passed it to Conroy, who sent it on; and then there was a

rush of the merry Fourth-Formers after Smythe's bag was rather heavy for use

as a footer, and it was necessary to kick very hard; but Jimmy Silver & Co. did not mind that.

The bag showed signs of wear and tear in a very short time.

Adolphus Smythe, in a towering rage, chased after the juniors, but he was shouldered "off the ball" without ceremony.

The merry juniors rushed the bag along the road, kicking it in turn, and it bounced and it flew.

A rolling stone is said to gather no moss, but Smythe's rolling bag gathered a great deal of mud and dust, as well as

severe contusions.

Adolphus, yelling and protesting and gasping, followed the footballers-or, rather, foot-baggers-in a state of frenzy. Finally a terrific kick from Conroy burst the unfortunate bag open, the lock giving way.

It came down with a bump, wide open, and Adolphus' dandified property poured out in the dust.

Beautiful silk pyjamas sprawled in the

road, with incomparable purple socks and neckties of the latest design, amid yells of laughter from the Fourth-Formers. Adolphus pounced on his bag at last.

"Keep off, you rotters!" he howled. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Can you carry the bag now?" gasped

"Yaas, you rotter! Leave it alone!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

The nut of the Shell was only too glad to carry his bag, to save it from further footballing adventures.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked on merrily, leaving Adolphus cramming his property into the bag again, and a good deal of the dust from the road along with it. In great spirits the heroes of the Fourth arrived at Rookwood.

5th Chapter. Under Canvas.

"Look!" "Topping!" "Hurrah!"

It was a strange sight that burst upon Jimmy Silver & Co. as they arrived. Rookwood School was still under repair.

There was scaffolding galore, and piles of bricks, and seas of mortar-workmen were at work, with a grinding of tackle and creaking of pulleys. But it was not at the school buildings

that the juniors looked. Their eyes turned at once on the rows of white tents, all ready, prepared for

their reception. The playing-fields were covered, and the school meadow was marked out in one huge camp.

'It's a corker!" pronounced Jimmy Silver. "We're going to enjoy this! Let's hope the johnnies over yonder will go on strike, and keep us under canvas." "Hear, hear!"

There was great enthusiasm on the part of the Rookwood juniors, which was shared by the rest as they arrived.

Smythe & Co. were somewhat annoyed and disdainful, but nobody minded Adolphus and his nutty friends.

Peele and Gower of the Fourth grumbled, too, for, as Peele remarked to Gower, how the merry dickens was a fellow to get a quiet game of nap or banker under these conditions?

Evidently the Head was unaware that the tastes of some of his boys ran in the direction of nap and banker. But the great majority were greatly

pleased. Even if they had to rough it a little the Rookwooders were prepared to take

that good-humouredly. Roughing it, indeed, rather appeals to the average healthy boy, and the Rook.

wooders were no exception to the rule. Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed a ramble round the school camp, finding out the lie of the land, so to speak.

The cricket-ground was occupied with the tents belonging to the Modern side, a smaller encampment than that in the school meadow, which appertained to the Classicals, the more numerous body.

Masters and prefects were very busy explaining, pointing out, and perhaps snapping a little.

"Six of us in here, it seems," said Jimmy Silver, when he learned from Bulkeley which was his tent. "That's us four, and-who? My hat! Here's the names written up! Somebody's been very thoughtful. Fancy a headmaster thinking of that!"

"Ha, ha!" "Silver, Lovell, Raby, Newcome, Van Ryn, Muffin!" said Jimmy Silver, reading out the names. "Too bad! Dutchy's as welcome as the flowers in May; but that fat bounder Muffin-"

"Look here, Jimmy-" "If you snore in this tent, Tubby, you'll get slaughtered! Keep it till we get back

lessons in the open air," said Mornington; Lovell took the bag. "and dine under the cheery old sky, too! Rippin' when it rains!" it was too much for the fat man. He "There's a big marquee for dining in | leather bag, with Adolphus' initials on it, The next moment the guard slammed | when it rains," said Jimmy. "I've heard | and looked very natty, like all Adolphus' all about it. Lessons will be alfresco, possessions.

He dared not put his feet down within

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

"THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER!"

By Duncan Storm.

Many readers have written to me just recently, saying how much they enjoy "Bless my soul! Will you do as I tell reading about the animals in our splendid "Can't be done, sir," said Van Ryn. I new serial story. I am really not sur-"I'm keeping here, where I'm safe! You prised at this, for there is no doubt that story. Horace, Gus, and Cecil are the cause of any amount of fun. You will find Horace "I shall complain at the next station! more amusing than ever in next Monday's magnificent instalment. Horace is in an obstinate mood, and refuses to go on board the ship. But the boys are determined that he shall go, and they take strong measures with their obstinate pet, which make for some very humorous "Oh, sir, be kind!" urged Van Ryn. "Be

reading. Baron von Slyden, and the other agents of the Kaiser, are also very much to the fore in this instalment. So far the baron has not profited by his encounters with Dick Dorrington & Co., but the rascally Hun is not done with yet. In fact, he is more resolved than ever to score off the boys, and he is prepared to go to desperate lengths in order to achieve this object.

"DONE IN THE DARK!" By Owen Conquest.

does not come

Lovell hits upon an idea of securing | A NOVEL COMPETITION. the postponement of lessons, and proceeds to carry out his scheme. But, alas | Schoolboys able to visit the famous for Lovell's hopes, the scheme does not | War Models Exhibition now running at work out to his satisfaction! This is 315-317, Oxford Street, London, are largely due to the intervention of invited to write a competitive essay, to say, the Fistical Four do not love ful models it contains. The judges include Carthew in consequence, and they decide Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Archibald Whether they are successful or not you three classes: will learn when you read this splendid

"ROUNDED UP!" By Martin Clifford.

During his experiences at the school in the backwoods, Frank Richards has met many villains, but none have compared with their latest enemy, Handsome Alf. But in spite of the man's desperate, villainous nature, the chums of Cedar Creek decline to knuckle under to him. In fact, they make up their minds to capture the rogue and bring him to justice.

The manner in which they do this makes most interesting reading, and I am confident that you will thoroughly revel in the story due to appear in our next

"THWARTED BY THREE!" By Herbert Britton.

In our next story of Bob Travers & Co. you will read how the chums were You will have a hearty laugh over severely caned for their recent misnext Monday's magnificent tale of Jimmy | demeanours, how Bunny was more deter-Silver & Co. Lessons under canvas do | mined than ever to track down the missnot make a strong appeal to the Rook- ing bank thief, how he was made a "Guard!" he roared. "Guard! Where wood chums, especially on a fine day. prisoner by the latter, and how Bob They long for rain, which will have the Travers & Co. searched for the missing The Rookwooders grinned at one another. heffect of abandoning lessons. But rain junior, and went through one of the most l exciting adventures of their lives.

Carthew, the bullying prefect. Needless | describing the exhibition and the wonderto get their own back on the senior. Hurd. The competition is divided into

1.—Limited to boys of 15 to 18 years years of age, Prize: Model of monoplane in which Lieut. Warneford, V.C., brought down the first Zeppelin, on June 7th, 1915, and £10 10s.

2.—Limited to boys of 12 to 15 years of age. Prize: Model of Submarine B11, which sank the Turkish battleship Messoudieh, and £5 5s. 3.—Limited to boys under 12 years of

age. Prize: Model of French Tank La France, and £2 2s. The essays should not exceed 1,200 words, and must be sent, addressed to

Mr. C. Ledwidge, Exhibition of Famous War Models, 315-317, Oxford Street, W. 1., not later than October 1st, 1918. Name. age, and address of competitor should be clearly written on front page. The exhibition is open from 10 a.m.

until 8 p.m. Admission 1s. All money paid for admission is handed to the War Seal Foundation (registered under the War Charities Act, 1916) for providing homes for totally disabled soldiers and sailors.

to the dormitory!" said Jimmy Silver warningly. "You nearly burst the caravan with your snoring in the vac."

"Pons and Conroy, and Erroll and Morny are in the next tent," said Lovell. "The Fourth Form's all together. Hallo! What does Neville want?"

Neville of the Sixth was rounding up the juniors. The Head was about to speak, and all Rookwood was wanted.

The Forms gathered in order in the meadow, where the reverend figure of Dr. Chisholm was seen standing under a big oak.

Big Hall was a mass of scaffolding, so far, and uninhabitable, like most of the rest of Rookwood.

The Head's own house was intact, and Dr. Chisholm was not under the necessity of camping out, which the fags thought was rather hard cheese for the old sport, as Lovell expressed it.

Probably, however, the reverend Head was not so keen on life under canvas as the fags were.

Respectful attention was given to the Head as he addressed the school.

His address was brief. He mentioned that Rookwood was meeting for the new term under unprecedented conditions, owing to enemy action, and he hoped that his boys would make the best of it, and endure any possible hardships or discomforts in a right

British spirit. The cheer that followed assured him

that they would. The Head added that Mr. Pumpkin, the celebrated war-lecturer, was giving an address to the school the next day, and expressed the hope that all Rookwood would attend on that occasion, his "hope" being tantamount to a command.

"Oh, we'll turn up!" remarked Mornington, as the assembly dispersed. "Blest if I know what he's goin' to lecture us about, but we'll give the man a hearin'! Anybody know who he is?"

"Never heard of him before," said Jimmy Silver. "One of those johnnies who go about gassing at public meetings, I suppose. We can stand it if the Head wants us to. It's no worse than grinding Latin, anyway."

"Somebody said he was on our train coming down," remarked Erroll.

"More likely left at Latcham!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Let's see if there's anything going in the tuckshop."

The juniors found Sergeant Kettle in his old place in the school shop. The sergeant looked at them rather

grimly. He had had his rubs with the cheery juniors during the caravanning episode

in the vacation. "Glad to see you again, sergeant!" said Jimmy Silver affably. "We've for-

given you for deserting us in the vac." "Huh!" said Mr. Kettle. "Any jam-tarts going?" asked Van Ryn.

"Oh, dear!" said Tubby Muffin.

"I see you've got a pot of jam there," remarked Jimmy Silver. "This way!" Mr. Kettle shook his head.

"Only one pot of jam in the place, Master Silver," he said, "and that's for Master Knowles. He came in first and ordered it."

"Knowles is only a Modern, sergeant!" urged Jimmy Silver. "You can't give a Modern the only pot of jam and let Classicals go without! Think of it!" "Huh!"

"Knowles ought to have taken it if he wanted it!" said Van Ryn. "Hand it over, sergeant!" "Huh!"

"Let's raid it!" suggested Lovell. "We can't let the last pot of jam go to the Modern side! We've got our prestige to consider!" "Hear, hear!"

Van Ryn grinned.

"I'll ask Knowles!" he said. He turned towards the doorway, as if he saw the Modern prefect there. The sergeant, being behind his counter, could not see out of the doorway. "I say, Knowles!" called out Van Ryn.

The juniors stared at him. Knowles was not there. But the Rookwood ventriloquist was aware of that.

A reply came from the doorway in Knowles' voice, and the juniors understood, though Sergeant Kettle did not. "Well, Van Ryn?"

"Can I have that pot of jam?" "Certainly!" came back Knowles' voice. "Give Van Ryn that pot of jam, ser-

geant!" "Very well, Master Knowles," said the sergeant, answering the voice from the doorway.

And the pot of jam was handed over to Van Ryn, who promptly paid for it and beat a retreat, amid chuckles from his comrades.

Ten minutes later a Modern fag came in for the pot of jam for Knowles, and went away with empty hands.

Then came Knowles himself, in great wrath. "What does this mean, Kettle?" he

demanded. "You put that pot of jam aside for me!" "You told me to give it to Master Van

Ryn!" grunted the sergeant. "I didn't!"

" You did, sir."

"You're dreaming!" howled Knowles. "I haven't seen you since I ordered it. When did I tell you?"

"A quarter of an hour ago." "I didn't!" roared Knowles. "I haven't

been near the place!" "Which I suppose I knows your voice, Master Knowles," snapped Mr. Kettle.

"You called in at the door." "I did nothing of the kind!" The sergeant snorted, and turned to another customer.

Cecil Knowles left the tuck-shop in great wrath, and looked for Van Ryn. He found Van Ryn; but he did not find the jam. That had long disappeared among

the Classical juniors. Van Ryn politely offered him the jar, by the same train as those boys. I recogan offer that was not accepted. "You young rascal, you diddled old was treated, sir, with unexampled insolence

Kettle somehow into giving you my pot of I and effrontery."

jam!" snarled Knowles. "You cheeky little beast-"

"Kindly moderate your language,

Published

Every Monday

Knowles!" came Mr. Bootles' voice from inside the next tent. Knowles started, and bit his lip. "Oh! Ah, yes, certainly, sir!" he kin.

stammered, and he hastily retired. "My hat!" murmured Conroy. "Lucky Bootles was there! I believe Knowles would have gone for you, Dutchy!" "So do I!" smiled Van Ryn. Bootles isn't there, dear boy!"

"Oh, you spoofer! Ha, ha, ha!" Knowles looked round as he heard the laughter, but, fortunately, he did not guess its cause, or matters might have been painful for the Rookwood ventriloquist.

The 6th Chapter. Hard Cheese!

Rookwood turned in that night under It was a new experience for the school,

but the fellows found that they slept soundly enough. In the sunny morning the rising-bell awakened them from balmy slumber.

They walked down to the river for out. "tubber.". Breakfast was taken in the open air, which, by general agreement, was an im-

provement on the dining-hall. Classes were to begin at the usual hour, under the blue sky, and Tubby Muffin's eyes sought the firmament anxiously for signs of rain; but to Tubby's disappointment there was not a hint of rain.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver suddenly, as the Fourth Form were gathering for lessons.

He stared towards a figure that was approaching.

"Mr. Gargoyle!" exclaimed Mornington. "Phew! What's that merchant doing It was the fat gentleman of the train

the day before. He looked as important and lofty as ever as he came towards the spot, and the juniors wondered what he wanted there. Jimmy Silver & Co. felt a little uneasy.

"Bless my soul!"

"I was incommoded by ruffianly crowding in my carriage, sir, and upon my remonstrating in the mildest possible manner I was subjected, sir, to a stream

"You-you astonish me, sir!" "Had I known that the-the young rascals belonged to this school, I should certainly have called on the Head last evening to lay a complaint. I am surprised, Mr. Bootles, that Rookwood boys should be guilty of such outrageous hooliganism in public. I must remark, sir, that it reflects no credit on this school."

Mr. Bootles coloured. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked furious. "Please point out the boys who insulted you, Mr. Pumpkin," said the Formmaster a little tartly. "They shall certainly be adequately punished."

Mr. Pumpkin, with manifest satisfaction, pointed out the boys, all whose faces he could remember of the carriage-full. The Fistical Four, and the Colonial Co.,

and Mornington, were pointed out in turn. Mr. Bootles sharply told them to stand

The eight juniors stood out, with flushed cheeks and resentful looks.

"There were others, but I cannot undertake to identify them," said Mr. Pumpkin. "The others, however, were only spectators of the outrage. The worst of all was this boy."

"Van Ryn!" said Mr. Bootles.

"And this, and this-" "Mornington! Silver!"

"The others were almost as bad," said Mr. Pumpkin. "But these three acted in a way worthy only of the lowest hobligans."

"That isn't true, Mr. Bootles," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"What? What?" "In fact, it's a dashed lie!" said Valentine Mornington, with reckless coolness.

"Wha-a-at?" Mr. Pumpkin turned purple.

Even Jimmy Silver did not think of "bumping" Mr. Pumpkin after lessons.

"The utter cad!" muttered Mornington, as the fat gentleman walked away. "Did you ever see such a crawling worm? Ow, of insults and abuse!" boomed Mr. Pump- ow! I'm goin' for him somehow, if I get a floggin for it!"

"Rats!" grunted Lovell. "Can't be "Leave it to me!" muttered Dick Van

Lovell snorted. "What can you do, fathead? Punch his

"No, ass! Wait till he gives his giddy lecture to the school!" murmured the Rookwood ventriloquist. "I'll put a spoke in his wheel then."

Jimmy Silver brightened up. "Good man!" he murmured.

"Silence in class!" snapped Mr. Baotles. And the Fourth Form settled down to

The 7th Chapter.

Punishing Pumpkin.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked forward to the lecturer's address, which was to take place after lessons in the school meadow. They had been prepared to listen to Mr. Pumpkin's "war-jaw" politely, and cheer him, with the much-enduring fortitude that schoolboys show on such occasions, but the caning had quite changed their polite intentions.

What they were looking forward to now was the "ragging" of the lecturer by the Rookwood ventriloquist, and they anticipated fun.

It was the only possible way in which they could "get their own back" on the pompous gentleman, and Van Ryn's ventriloquism was, as Lovell remarked, a

windfall, under the circumstances. After lessons the prefects shepherded the juniors to the place of assembly, the Head having intimated that the great man was to have a good audience.

The lecture had been arranged by the governors of the school, who perhaps "You hear him, Mr. Bootles!" he | thought that Rookwood required en-

JAMONDED

A terrific kick from Conroy burst the bag open. It came down with a bump, and Adolphus Smythe's dandified property poured out in the dust.

their headmaster, there might be painful | subjected."

consequences. Certainly, they had not been to blame, but there never was any telling what view a headmaster or a Form-master might take.

Mr. Bootles glanced at the new-comer, and walked to meet him, and shook hands with him.

"Good-morning, good-morning!" said the Fourth Form master. "You visit our school under somewhat novel circum-

stances, Mr. Pumpkin-what, what?" "Mr. Pumpkin!" murmured Jimmy

The heroes of the Fourth exchanged dis-

mayed glances. The fat gentleman, whom Morny had named Mr. Gargoyle, was in reality Mr. Pumpkin, the important war-lecturer, who was coming there to address Rookwood School!

He had, after all, travelled in that train, though Jimmy Silver & Co. had not known

That was how he came to be there, and Jimmy Silver & Co. made themselves as small as possible, trusting to escape recog-

But that was a very slight hope. After greeting Mr. Bootles, the great man glanced over the Form, and his eyes glittered behind his gold-rimmed glasses as he saw the dismayed Co.

"Hah!" he exclaimed. "My Form, Mr. Pumpkin," said Mr. Bootles. "We are about—ah—to begin the labours of the new-ah-term, under somewhat novel-"

He broke off in surprise as Mr. Pumpkin raised a podgy forefinger, and pointed at Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Those are the boys!" he exclaimed. "I-I beg your pardon!" ejaculated Mr. "Yesterday, sir," said Mr. Pumpkin, in a booming voice, "I travelled to Coombe

nise them-some of them, at all events.

If the fat gentleman had tracked them | gasped. "You hear him! That is a sample to Rookwood, to lay a complaint before of the unheard-of insolence to which I was Mr. Bootles was frowning thunderously.

> Mornington's remark was well-founded, in point of fact. The fat gentleman was exaggerating, if

> not actually lying; but, naturally, such a remark from a junior did not please his Form-master.

> Mr. Pumpkin was a great gun, and he could not be allowed to be insulted, and, in fact, his word had to be taken.

> Mr. Bootles took up his cane. "I am sorry, extremely sorry, that this has occurred, Mr. Pumpkin," he said. "The boys shall certainly be punished severely. Hold out your hand, Mornington." Morny's brow darkened.

"If you please, sir, mayn't we defend ourselves?" he said with mock meekness. "Mr. Gargoyle-I mean Mr. Pumpkinhasn't told you the truth."

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Bootles in great wrath. "How dare you say anything of the kind, Mornington! Another word, and I will report you for a public flogging. Hold out your hand!"

"But, sir-" began Dick Van Ryn, "Silence!"

The South African junior shrugged his shoulders, and was silent. Swish! Swish! Swish! Mr. Pumpkin looked on with unconcealed satisfaction while Jimmy Silver & Co.

went through their punishment. It was severe enough, and, worst than that, it was unjust, though Mr. Bootles | was not responsible for the injustice.

After Mr. Pumpkin's statement, he had hardly any choice in the matter. The victims understood that, but their feelings towards the pompous war-lecturer

were perfectly Hunnish. Perhaps the juniors had been a little reckless in the train; but it was the fat gentleman who had been to blame for the trouble, and it was upon the juniors that the punishment fell.

They went back to their places with

smarting hands and knitted brows, all the

more exasperated because the fat man was

beyond the reach of reprisals of any kind.

lightening as to its patriotic duty in war-time, and that Mr. Pumpkin was the man to enlighten the school. The Head probably had his own

he kept it to himself. Nearly all Rookwood ranked in order on the selected spot, where a rostrum had been placed for Mr. Pumpkin under

opinion of the pompous, fat man, but

the big oak. Most of the fellows were idly curious or frankly bored; only Jimmy Silver & Co. were at all keen. But they were very keen.

Dr. Chisholm, in a few brief words, presented Mr. Pumpkin to the school, and begged the general attention for the "very instructive address" which Mr. Pumpkin had so kindly consented to

Then Mr. Pumpkin's innings started. He cleared his throat with a fat gurgle, and began to boom.

From the fat gentleman's remarks it appeared that he was, upon the whole, satisfied with the spirit the country had shown in this great crisis-which was doubtless very gratifying to the country. But that spirit required guiding into

like Mr. Pumpkin. The fat gentleman did not exactly say that, but that was easily read into his remarks. In fact, it seemed that the British

the right channels by superior persons

Empire would have been in rather a bad ease but for its fortunate possession of Mr. Pumpkin and some other important gentlemen like Mr. Pumpkin. The Rookwooders politely suppressed

Mr. Pumpkin, after an oratorical flourish, paused, and took up the glass of water placed in readiness for him. As he took it up, his voice went on,

however; or if it was not his voice, it was so exactly like his voice that nobody had any suspicion. "Water! Why is there not gin in this glass? Do you think I can give a

war lecture on cold water, Dr. Chisholm? Pah!" The assembly was electrified. There was a general gasp

their yawns, and listened.

Dr. Chisholm sat petrified. Mr. Bootles' eyes opened so wide that his spectacles almost fell off.

"My only hat!" stuttered Bulkeley. 'Is—is the man mad?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar. That remark of the lecturer, after his inspired oratory, came as an anti-climax, and it struck Rookwood as funny. Mr. Pumpkin, glass in hand, looked

about him, puzzled. He had heard the voice, but did not recognise it as his own; few men recognise their own voices when reproduced, whether by a talking-machine or an imitator.

Dr. Chisholm rose, his face flushed and shocked.

"Mr. Pumpkin!" he stuttered.

"Sir!" "I-I-I-" The Head really did not know what to say. "Really, sir-surelyahem-"

"Please, sir, shall I fetch Mr. Pumpkin some gin?" came a voice from somewhere-whose, could not be told. "Mack has a bottle of gin in his lodge."

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head. "I-I really fail to understand-" stuttered Mr. Pumpkin. "You surely. sir, are not under the impression that I asked for gin! I heard a voice-"

"A-a moment's aberration, I-I suppose," stammered the Head. "Pray-pray proceed with your address, sir. Silence! The next boy who laughs will be caned." Mr. Pumpkin drank his water, and set

down the glass. "Pah! Beastly stuff! Dr. Chisholm,

let's get out of this!" "Sir!" spluttered the Head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The whole assembly yelled.

"What-what!" ejaculated Mr. Pumpkin. "I did not speak. Do you imagine, sir, that I made such a remark? Some boy-

"Calm yourself, Mr. Pumpkin. I am surprised, shocked. Pray retire for a few moments. It would be better for you to lie down for a short time," whispered the Head, in great agitation, fully convinced by this time that Mr. Pumpkin was in a state of intoxication. How else were his astounding words to be accounted for? "My dear sir, pray take my arm-" "Sir!"

"The lecture will be postponed," stammered the Head. "Mr. Pumpkin, I beg "Sir! I fail to understand! I-I--"

"Dr. Chisholm! I refuse to take your

"Squiffy, by Jove!" came a voice. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence!"

arm! I do not understand you!" roared Mr. Pumpkn. "Do you dare to imply

"Calm yourself, I beg!" "Oh, shut up!"

"Wha-a-at?" "I-I did not-" stammered Mr. Pumpkin, astonished to hear a voice tell the Head to shut up, and still more astonished to see that the Head supposed that it was he who had spoken. "I said

nothing! I-I-" "Pray be calm! I beg of you to be calm! Think of the impression you are making, sir. I beg you, calm yourself!" babbled the Head, almost at his wits' end. "Mr. Bootles, dismiss the boys-dismiss them

at once! Bless my soul!" "I repeat, sir--" "For mercy's sake, sir, be calm! Calm

yourself!" "I am calm!" shrieked Mr. Pumpkin, who really was not very calm just then. "I am perfectly calm! I repeat, sir-"

"Pray come this way! Take my arm!" "I will do nothing of the sort! Dare you imply, sir, that I am under the influence of liquor?" raved Mr. Pumpkin. "By gad! The governors shall hear of this! I hurl back the insinuation in

your teeth!" "Dismiss!" wailed Mr. Bootles. "Boys, disperse at once! Bulkeley-Neville-Knowles, disperse the boys

immediately! Bless my soul!" That order, given earlier, would have been willingly obeyed, but just now the juniors were enjoying themselves too

much to want to depart. The prefects rushed them away, however, yelling with laughter. Even the prefects were grinning as they drove the

yelling juniors out of the field. The masters gathered round Mr. Pumpkin to see him back to the Head's house, only desirous of getting him out of sight

as quickly as possible. But the fat gentleman was indignant and wrathful, and his voice could be heard protesting, and almost raving, at

a great distance. "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" Rookwood was ringing with laughter. In the quadrangle Jimmy Silver & Co. thumped Van Ryn on the back, in

ecstatic delight. The Africander's "wheeze" had succeeded beyond their wildest expectations.

his sins. "Good old Dutchy! Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors executed a war-dance of triumph round the grinning Van Ryn. Half an hour later Mr. Pumpkin left, in

The pompous Pumpkin had paid for all

the Head's carriage, and in great wrath. Later that day the Head held an inquiry into the strange happenings at the lecture, and a sound caning was doled out to Van Ryn. But the South African junior turned into bed that night with a cheery face, amply consoled by the success of his wheeze.

THE END.

"DONE IN THE DARK!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!

"Where have you-Bless my soul! What are you doing with those pillows?" "We-we're taking them back to the dormitory, sir," faltered Dicky Turner meekly.

"Turner!" snapped Mr. Chambers. "How dare you insult me! Of course you are taking the pillows back to the dormitory. But where have you been with them? I presume you have been indulging in a pillow-fight with the boys of the New House." The juniors did not reply.

"Return to your dormitory at once!" exclaimed the master severely. "I will investigate this matter! Bless my soul! What-what-"

Mr. Chambers paused as an excited figure in pyjamas came tearing towards the group.

It was Bunny, the new boy, and he was in a breathless state.

"C-c-c-come at once!" he faltered. "I--I've captured the thief!"

"What-what are you talking about, you ridiculous boy?" demanded the master.

"Oh, is that you, sir?" said Bunny, peering through the darkness. "I've captured the thief, sir, and he's shut in a room upstairs. Do come at once, in case he escapes!"

"Are you mad, boy?" said the master sternly.

"No, no, sir," said the new boy. "I'm sure it's the burglar, sir. I c-c-c-caught him prowling in one of the passages, and I-I ve locked him in a room."

"Hadn't we better hurry up, sir?" asked Bob Travers. "Follow me!" said Mr. Chambers tersely,

and he led the way into the House. Bunny had very little acquaintance with the passages at Redclyffe, and therefore he did not know in which particular passage

he had imprisoned the mysterious prowler. No sooner had they entered the House, however, than they could hear somebody thumping upon a door of one of the Fourth Form studies.

A few moments later the crowd of juniors, accompanied by the master, were approaching the study in which Bunny's captive was imprisoned.

Thump! Bang! Thump! "Keep behind me, boys!" said Mr. Chambers concernedly. "Be prepared to prevent the scoundrel from escaping! 1 will tackle him, but should he prove too strong for me I rely upon your assistance."

The master turned the key very slowly. The juniors quite expected the daring scoundrel to come dashing out of the study, and were prepared to hurl themselves upon him.

But they were not required to exhibit their pluck, for when the door was pushed open it was to reveal a brilliantly-lighted room, in the centre of which stood a man in a violent rage.

At the same moment the juniors gave a startled gasp.

"Detective Short!"

" Yes; it is I!" muttered the detective between his teeth. "And I want to know the name of the young hooligan who had the audacity to lock me in this room. Who is he? Tell me quick!"

"What-what- Bless my soul!" faltered Mr. Chambers in bewilderment. "This is amazing!"

"It is more than amazing!" snapped the detective. "It is outrageous, sir! I tracked that villain Brown to this school. I was scouting up and down the passages in the hope of meeting him, when all of a sudden I was locked in this room. I want to know the name of the person who committed the act. Show me him, quick!"

Mr. Chambers gasped. "Bunny," he muttered, "what have you to say for yourself, you disgraceful boy?" "I-I-I-" faltered the new boy per-

plexedly. "Oh, it's that young hooligan again, is it?" said the detective harshly. "I will have no mercy on him. I---

Travers diplomatically, "that bank thief will escape if you're not eareful!" "What-what-"

"He dashed into us in the quadrangle only five minutes ago," explained Bob Travers. "He said he was Detective Short, and we let him go. But-but I'm sure it was he, because-"

"Which way did he go?" Bob Travers explained, and the detective tore off at once to continue the pursuit.

Mr. Chambers turned to the juniors. "Return to your dormitory immediately," he said sternly. "I will investigate this matter thoroughly in the morning. It is astounding that boys at this school should behave in such a disgraceful man-But you shall be punished, and punished severely, too! Go!"

The juniors went very disconsolately. It seemed that the hand of Fate was against them, and that they were doomed to meet with trouble, no matter what they did.

"I say, you fellows-" began Bunny, when they reached the dormitory.

"Shut up!" growled Dicky Turner irritably. "But, I say; I've been thinking -- Ow! Yow! Yarooogh!"

A boot, deftly aimed by the angry Dicky, caught the new boy in the stomach, and he

rolled over on to a bed. Dicky.

And the new boy was. Even he could not help seeing that the prospects were very dismal ones for the School House juniors, and that it was no time for I argument.

But it was late ere Bob Travers and his chums fell asleep that night. Troubled thoughts of what was to happen to-morrow ran continuously through their minds, and they already saw themselves being severely punished on account of Bunny's latest blunder!

THE END.

(Next Monday: "Thwarted by Three!" By Herbert Britton. Don't miss it!)

DANGER

Published

Every Monday

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of

FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

The 1st Chapter. A Narrow Escape.

"Lookee out!" Yen Chin, the Chinee of Cedar Creek School, yelled out the warning suddenly. Frank Richards started, and looked round.

He could see no danger. Frank and Yen Chin had left the schoolboy camp on the plateau in the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains to look for game.

Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc had gone in another direction, while Chunky Todgers remained in charge of the camp. Frank Richards and the Chinee were clambering up a steep track on the hillside, picking their way amid great boulders and stunted trees that cropped

out here and there among the rocks. Yen Chin was following the English schoolboy, and he was perhaps a little sharper on the look-out than Frank Richards.

Frank stopped on the rugged ascent, and looked back, half-suspecting that the Chinee was playing one of his many tricks upon him.

"What's the matter, Yen Chin?" he demanded.

"Lookee out!"

Yen Chin was staring past Frank Richards, at a spot higher up the steep ascent. Suddenly he sprang at Frank, grasped

to one side. Taken quite by surprise, Frank Richards went reeling and stumbling on the rocks

him by the arm, and dragged him over

with a yell. He landed in a thicket five or six yards from the spot where he had been standing, to the left, and a dozen yards

lower down. The thicket caught him and the Chinee, who was clinging to him, and

they sprawled into it together. Frank scrambled dazedly into a sitting posture.

He was considerably knocked about by that sudden plunge downhill, and almost out of breath-and quite out of temper. "You young rascal!" he panted. "Lookee!"

Crash, crash, crash!

Frank Richards stared out of the thicket.

Down the hillside, on the very spot where he had been standing a few moments before, a huge boulder was rolling.

It crashed from rock to rock with a

sound like thunder. Frank turned pale.

But for Yen Chin's prompt action in dragging him away, he would have stood in the path of the rolling rock, and would have been dashed to instant death. "Good heavens!" he muttered.

He was almost stunned for a moment, "I say, Mr. Short," interposed Bob | with the sight of the terrible peril he had so narrowly escaped.

Crash, crash! A hundred yards lower down the steep slope, the crashing boulder came to a stop, splintering on hard rocks.

"Flanky killee, if no pullee way," gasped Yen Chin. "Gettee gun-quickee! Bad man lollee down 'nother lock."

"What?" For the moment Frank Richards had supposed that it was a loose rock that had rolled down the declivity, unlodged

by wind or rain. But as his eyes followed the direction

of Yen Chin's pointing finger he saw that that was not the case.

The heavy boulder had been rolled down with murderous intent, by human hands. A dozen yards above a dark face looked down, and Frank caught the flash of black eyes and the glitter of gold earrings.

"Handsome Alf!" he gasped. "Shoottee! Shoottee!" panted Yen

Frank scrambled to his knee, dragging up his rifle.

Handsome Alf, the "sport" of Last | Chance, was staring down, watching the effect of the rock he had hurled downwards at the schoolboy of Cedar Creek. His dusky face grew grim and savage

as he looked. Frank and Yen Chin had vanished from "Now perhaps you'll be quiet!" said could see that he had failed in his purpose.

He stared down the slope in search of the schoolboy, ready to roll another boulder at the sight of him. Frank Richards' eyes gleamed over his

He thrust out the muzzle from the thicket, taking careful aim at the man with the earrings.

At that moment there was no mercy in Frank's heart; his narrow escape from a terrible death banished all thought

of it. Only a few days before he and his grizzly bear, but that service had not allowed to go free.



Handsome Alf went backwards into the torrent, and in a flash he was whirled away under the horrified eyes of the juniors.

wiped out the ruffian's old grudge against

Crack! Frank's intention was to send the bullet through the ruffian's shoulder as he looked over the rocks.

His aim was good, but even as he pulled the trigger, Handsome Alf caught the glimmer of the rifle-barrel from the thicket, and sprang back into cover.

off into space. Frank, standing up now, thrust in a fresh cartridge, and waited and watched for the rascal to appear again.

But the dusky face of the Californian did not emerge. There was a sound of scrambling over rock and stone, as Carson retreated,

keeping in cover among the great boulders and stunted trees that patched the rugged hillside. In a few minutes the sound died away.

Handsome Alf was gone. "No hittee?" asked Yen Chin.

"Baddee luckee! Bettee killee."

Frank Richards smiled "If settee me killee other day, no seated on, and examined his rifle careheavee lockee at Flanky, persisted the fully.

Chinee. "Flankee stoppee me killee. Velly silly-oh, yes!" "Blessed if I don't think you're right. Yen Chin," answered Frank. "You've saved my life, anyhow, old chap. I'm

jolly glad you joined our party, after all, kid." "Me glad! Velly fond of silly ole

Flanky," said Yen Chin. Frank climbed on a rock and scanned the hillside that rose abruptly above. The man with the earrings was gone,

but how far he had gone Frank could not tell. He might have been lurking in cover.

waiting for an opportunity of making another attempt. "I think we'll try another quarter, Yen

Chin," said Frank. "The next time we mayn't be so lucky. We've got no chance, with that rascal above us."

"Vamoosee," agreed Yen Chin. The two schoolboys descended the hill, keeping a good look-out over their shoulders for the Californian.

But Handsome Alf did not show up There was a shout from the distance.

"This way, Frank!" They joined Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc, who were returning to camp with an antelope that had fallen to Bob's rifle.

"Any luck?" asked Beauclerc. "Well, yes, lots," answered Frank. "You've brought nothing back," said

"Only my skin," answered Frank, laughing. "But I was lucky to be able to do that."

He explained what had happened as they walked back to camp. Bob Lawless knitted his brows.

"So that bull-dozer is still hanging about, looking for a chance at us!" he exclaimed. "We were a set of jays not to let the grizzly chaw him. Lucky we took away his rifle, or he'd have potted you, sure.'

"He would have got me with the rock but for Yen Chin.'

"Good old Yen Chin!" said Bob. "I guess, Franky, that the popper would ! have put his foot down on this summer dinner we'll take the trail, and look for him. What he wants is a rope." "My hat! You're not proposing to

lynch him!" exclaimed Frank. "Ha, ha! No. I'm proposing to rope

him in, though, and take him down to Last Chance and hand him over to the sheriff," said Bob. "We're a good many miles outside law and order in this see anything more of Alf Carson; but region, but there's enough law in the foothills to round up a rustler like Handsome Alf!"

"Good idea!" said Beauclerc. Frank Richards nodded.

The chums arrived at the eamp, where the antelope was handed over to Chunky Todgers, the chef of the party.

Chunky was soon hard at work. chums of Cedar Creek school discussed, with the hat drawn down over his face to over the meal, their plans for the after- keep off the sun. noon-plans which, if they succeeded, would have the result of putting Handsome Alf Carson where he could do no The bullet struck a rock, and glanced | further mischief.

The 2nd Chapter. On the Trail.

Chunky Todgers rolled in the grass finished his dinner.

It was Chunky's custom to do more than justice to the excellent meals he cooked, and on this occasion he had fed not wisely but too well.

His eyes closed at once, his fat face looking very shiny, and his deep and resonant snore mingled with the voices of his comrades as they chatted. Bob Lawless rose from the log he was

It was very probable that there would be shooting if they succeeded in tracking

down the Californian. Frank Richards and Beauclere followed his example.

Yen Chin had no rifle, but he buckled | way among stunted trees. an axe and hunting-knife to his belt. Bob stirred Chunky Todgers with the toe of his boot.

"Wake up, Chunky!" "Yaw-aw! Wharrer marrer?"

Chunky reluctantly sat up and rubbedhis eyes. "Look here, I'm going to have a nap!" he exclaimed warmly. "Haven't I been working like thunder? I've done all the Frank. cooking, haven't I? I'm not trailing down any blessed rustler-not if I know it! I'm

going to sleep!" Bob Lawless chuckled. The fat youth

mountain trail. to be of much use in that.

"You're going to stop in the camp, Chunky," answered Frank. "Oh, good!" "And look after the horses and the

mule."

"All right." "You can keep the shotgun, as we've got a rifle each." said Bob Lawless. "If Handsome Alf should happen to show up, blaze away without stopping to talk." "Rely on me!" said Chunky, with

dignity. And Chunky set himself to march up and down, with the shotgun under his arm, as Frank Richards & Co. started.

From a distance the four looked back. and saw Chunky still marching to and fro close by the horses and mule that were staked out near the stream.

But when they were out of sight the fat schoolboy ceased his sentry-go. He stood and blinked after them for some time after they had disappeared lest

they should come in sight again.

Then he gave a deep yawn.

"Rot!" murmured Chunky. "That rustler won't come back here, and there's nobody else nearer than Last Chance. The hosses are all right-right as rain! A galoot wants a nap after he's worked hard, | while me killee!" holiday in the North-West if he had of course. I've got to keep up my known the snags we were going to run | strength, as I've got to do the cooking this up against. But we're going to settle evening. I'm jolly well going to sleep!" sight in the thicket, but the Californian | with Carson to a finish, I guess. After | It is much to be feared that that was | really Chunky's secret intention, even for the edification of his departing com-

> But Chunky, though a good deal of a duffer, and very sleepy, was not quite the arm, lowering his rifle to do so. lost to all sense of caution.

The chance was remote that he would there was at least a chance, and even for the sake of a comfortable nap in the grass he did not want to run the risk of being knocked on the head.

After some thought he took a water-His own narrow escape was a warning | proof coat and a rug, and a Stetson hat, chums had saved the life of Alf Carson, of what was to be expected from the and set them up with an arrangement of round him. when the Californian was "treed" by a | malice of the Californian, if he was | sticks and rocks inside, so that the effect I was that of a fellow sitting by the fire.

Having completed his handiwork, he surveyed it with great satisfaction.

From a little distance the figure looked exactly like that of a fellow seated on a And when dinner was prepared the log, leaning forward, wrapped in the coat,

"I guess that fills the bill!" murmured Chunky.

Leaving the dummy on guard, as it were, Chunky retired into a thicket a dozen yards away, and vanished from view. In the heart of the thicket, completely screened from sight, the fat schoolboy

settled down to sleep, with the loaded shotgun by his side. Feeling quite secure now, Chunky closed under the shade of a tree after he had his eyes, and in a few seconds he was deep in the land of dreams.

Meanwhile Frank Richards & Co. were pursuing their way. They reached the place where Frank and

Yen Chin had encountered the Californian, keeping their eyes well about them and their rifles ready. Higher up among the rocks Bob Lawless soon discovered traces of the ruffian.

Bob had a skill in scoutcraft that was a standing marvel to his comrades, though they had learned a good deal of the craft since they had lived in Western Canada. There were faint traces where the Cali-

fornian's boots had scraped on the rocky soil, and plainer traces where he had broken through thickets, or pushed his

"I guess we'll run him down," said Bob Lawless confidently. A little later they came on the bones of a bird, by the dead embers of a fire

in a shadowy ravine. It was where the outcast had camped. Bob Lawless felt over the ashes. "Not quite cold yet," he said. "Then we're not far behind him," said

"I guess he's not making tracks," said Bob. "He's hanging about the place, I reckon, looking for another chance at us. He reckons he will wipe out the crowd, of Cedar Creek was not wanted on the the pesky coyote, and rope in our hosses and lumber. Hark!"

Chunky had too much weight to carry | It was the clink of a falling stone among the rocks at a little distance.

"He's not far away," said Beauclerc. "I guess not." The trackers pursued their way, keen and watchful.

From the ravine they gained the hillside, and Bob Lawless gave a sudden shout at the sight of a figure in deerskin and velveteens clambering up the steep bank of a torrent that leaped and foamed down into the ravine below.

His rifie fairly leaped to his shoulder. "Alf Carson! Stop, or you're a dead The Californian was running for cover,

and on the open hillside he was at the mercy of the trailers. He did not stop, only casting back one

savage look over his shoulder as he ran. Crack! The bullet splintered the stones at his feet as he ran, as a warning.

"The next ball goes into your back!" roared Bob Lawless. Handsome Alf stopped.

He spun round, his face furious and his black eyes gleaming with rage. Three rifles were bearing on him. "Keepee covee." called out Yen Chin, drawing his hunting-knife-"keepee covee

"Stand back!" growled Bob. "Me killee!" exclaimed Yen Chin. Handsome Alf backed away, his dusky

face growing paler. Yen Chin was advancing upon him, while he was doing the active sentry-go | knife in hand, and there was no doubt about the Oriental's intentions, if his comrades allowed him to carry them out. Frank Richards caught Yen Chin by

"Lettee go!" snapped the Chinee. "Baddee man! Me killee!" "Hold on, you young ass!"

"Surrender, Handsome Alf!" called out Bob Lawless. "You're a prisoner, my -pippin, and if you don't put up your hands you'll get lead through your car-

The Californian cast a wild glance

He was standing close by the mountain I torrent, that cut off his retreat further, the water.

him the torrent.

Carson panted.

"Right-ho!"

-covered.

torrent.

"Jerusalem!"

borne away.

"Good heavens!"



and he had backed to the very edge of

Before him were the Cedar Creek party,

"I guess you pass, my pippin!" said

Frank Richards, with a noosed cord in

his hands, strode towards the Californian,

while Bob and Beauclerc kept him

Frank had nearly reached the rustian

Whether by accident, or whether he

was taking a desperate chance, the

schoolboys did not know, but a moment

before Frank Richards could reach him

Handsome Alf went backwards into the

The 3rd Chapter.

Handsome Alf's Luck!

the foaming waters with horrified gaze.

The waters raced through their rocky

above the waters as he went whirling

over a cascade, where the stream

No cry reached their ears, nothing but

scrambled hastily down the hillside into

In a few minutes the chums were down

in the ravine, and, standing beside the

stream, they looked up at the masses of

Then their eyes sought the lower

Below the waterfall the stream fol-

lowed the bottom of the ravine, broader

Frank Richards & Co. hurried along

They expected to find the body of

But when they had covered two or

The ravine narrowed here, and the

stream filled it from side to side, leaving

only a precarious footing on abrupt rocks

gazed along the further course of the

banks for a sign of the man who had gone

He uttered a sudden exclamation.

Standing on a high rock, Bob Lawless

if they wished to follow it further.

three hundred yards without seeing any

trace of him, Bob Lawless halted.

Handsome Alf tossed, disfigured, ashore,

stream for a trace of the Californian.

plunged abruptly into the ravine below.

Bob Lawless drew a quick breath.

"He's a gone coon!" he said.

Frank Richards' face was pale.

"Let's go down," he muttered.

Bob Lawless nodded, and

the boom of the falling waters.

the ravine they had left.

water falling from above.

He was not to be seen.

or floating in the water.

the bank.

to his doom.

for his life.

grimly.

swered Bob.

"Oh!"

stream.

stream.

current.

"By gum! Look!"

with the current.

He pointed with his rifle.

It was the Californian.

reminded them of their task.

above the water's level.

Chin bringing up the rear.

"Lend a hand!"

"I guess we're after him!" said Bob

and calmer, though still swift.

horror to the chums of Cedar Creek.

In a flash he was whirled away under

Bob Lawless, advancing steadily towards

him. "You're' my antelope, Handsome

"Get a rope for him, Franky!"

when he stepped back a pace.

"Look out!" shouted Bob.

the horrified eyes of the trailers.

with a couple of rifles levelled; behind

DANGER AHEAD!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

face.

but the pursuers, all of them know pad- the hidden schoolboy. dling with branches, were gaining on | He moved at last, across towards the

denly became aware that he was still at the end of their trail-ropes. pursued.

He released one hand to shake a clenched fist at the schoolboys.

"I guess I could wing him from here," muttered Bob.

The same thought had evidently come the log to the edge of the stream. It crashed on the rocks, and the Cali-

fornian plunged ashore. For a moment or two he was visible as he clambered away, and then he

vanished into the thick pines above the | feel equal to setting his life upon a cast. bank. Bob Lawless steered the driftwood to

the same spot, and the trailers landed a few yards from the abandoned log. They plunged to the bank, taking care to keep their rifles out of contact with

the water. before them, and Bob Lawless took up the gnarled trunk. the pursuit without a moment's pause.

Carson was not more than five minutes | active, and in a few seconds he had ahead of the pursuers.

easy to follow, but after that Bob had | knew that the sounds he made in climbto depend on "sign" among the thick ing had reached the ears of the trees, and progress was slower.

Beyond the pine-forest the trailers emerged upon a rocky waste of basalt, haste. and there even Bob Lawless had to confess himself beaten.

It was possible that the fugitive was screening thicket, and could look over the Frank Richards & Co. stood rooted to lurking within a hundred yards of them, the rocky bank of the torrent, staring into crouching in some cranny of the rocks, horses were staked within reach of the

Villain as the Californian was, that | but the hard surface of the basait re- | water. tained no trace of him. sudden and terrible happening struck j Bob knitted his brows. "I guess he's given us the slip after channel, foaming and splashing on the all," he said ruefully. "If we come on

jagged rocks in their course, and it him now it'll be sheer luck. But we'll seemed impossible that the rufflan could | try." escape being dashed to pieces as he was | For an hour or more the chums of Cedar Creek hunted for a sign of the fugitive,

They caught a glimpse of his dark head | but if Handsome Alf was near he was lying very low. They gave it up at last.

The sun was sinking in the west, and shadows were lengthening in the rocky wastes of the foothills.

"I reckon we may as well get back to camp," said Bob at last. "He's dodged us this time, sure. But we'll try again to-morrow."

"What-ho!" answered Frank Richards. With this intention firmly fixed in their minds the chums started on the tramp homewards.

> The 4th Chapter. Face to Face.

Crash!

they

"Ah-h-h-h!"

Chunky Todgers awoke suddenly. That sudden crash had awakened him, and the fat schoolboy sat up, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

"What the thunder-" murmured

Chunky. He rose on his knees, and peered out of the thicket in which he had been fast

asleep. His fat face paled as he looked. A dozen yards from him, by the embers

of the dead fire, a man was standing, whose dusky face and gold earrings Chunky well remembered. He had a full view of the profile of Hand-

some Alf. But even his dread at the sight of the rustler could not prevent a fat grin over-

stream, searching the water and the steep spreading his face as he saw what had been the cause of his awakening. The dummy he had left seated on the log was lying on the ground, crumpled up.

The hat, beaten in at the top by a jagged rock, lay close by.

Far away down the stream a man was | Chunky knew what had happened as he clinging to a floating log that drifted observed that.

There was no sign of Frank Richards & Co. They were far away in the foot-Almost by a miracle he had escaped hills hunting for the Californian, and destruction in the wild plunge over the | while they were so engaged Handsome Alf falls, and in the stream below he had | had eluded them and made for the schoolcaught the drifting trunk, and held on boy camp.

He had seen the dummy on guard, and The first feeling of the schoolboys was | had crept up to the camp with the rock relief that the rascal had not gone to | in his hand. his death, but the sight of the Californian

At a safe distance he had hurled the missile at the figure by the camp fire. Had it been Chunky Todgers sitting

there, his brains would have been dashed "How?" asked Frank, with a glance out by the murderous missile. along the channel, where only mountain As it was, the dummy had collapsed goats could have found secure footing

under the attack, and Handsome Alf, rushing on, had found a coat, a hat, and "I reckon there's plenty of drift," an- | a bundle of sticks spread out before him. He was standing staring down at the scattered dummy, with astonishment and

rage in his dusky face. Close by there were a good many drift-Chunky Todgers could hear him mutterlogs that had been dashed ashore among ing savage words, though he could not the rocks, some of them lying half in the distinguish them at the distance.

water, and stirring to the motion of the Todgers drew back into the cover of the thicket.

Bob Lawless slung his rifle and grasped | The Californian had no knowledge of his the largest of the trunks, and with his presence there, and Chunky was glad of comrades' help pushed it out into the the caution which had led him to conceal himself before taking his nap.

He scrambled astride of it as it floated, | He grasped the shotgun, his fat heart and his comrades followed his lead, Yen throbbing.

The charge of shot was heavy enough The four sat astride of the trunk as it to stop a man, if planted in the right floated down-stream, Bob paddling with | place at close quarters; but Chunky had a loose branch to keep its head to the a very cold feeling down his back at the idea of getting at close quarters with the Handsome Alf had climbed on his log | ruffian, and without his comrades at hand.

by this time, and he was still in sight, Gun in hand, he peered through the drenched and dripping, and pale as death. | foliage again, anxiously intent upon what His hat was gone, and his long black | the Californian would do.

Carson was looking round him now, cautiously and keenly, evidently in doubt as to whether the camp was watched or | been hit. not.

He knew the number of the Cedar Creek party; and he was, of course, aware that Chunky Todgers had not been with his pursuers in the hills.

Chunky shivered as the glittering black hair clustered dripping about his dusky eyes turned upon the thicket that concealed him. But Handsome Alf's glance The rascal was a good distance ahead, passed on. There was nothing to reveal

stream, where the horses and the pack-Handsome Alf looked back as he sud- mules were staked out, resting in the grass

> Chunky's jaw squared. The camp had been entrusted to him, and the Californian's intention was plain enough—to run off with the animals and leave the Cedar Creek party dismounted.

But to step out of the thicket and face into the Californian's mind, for he steered | the ruffian was more than Chunky felt equal to.

If the volley of shot did not stop the Californian, his knife would be at Chunky's | some Alf rested on the branch, to recover I throat in a moment after.

Chunky was no coward, but he did not But as he heard a movement among the animals he stirred. He could not let the | ruffian steal the horses under his nose. "I've got it!" murmured Chunky

suddenly. In the thicket he had slept under a big tree, and now he slung the shotgun over Handsome Alf's trampled trail lay his shoulder, and started clambering up

Fat as he was, Chunky Todgers was

reached the lower branches. For some distance the wet trail was | He heard a subdued exclamation, and Californian.

Higher he clambered, in almost

On a branch twenty feet from the ground he was above the height of the underwoods to the stream, where the

Handsome Alf was close by them, but he was looking intently towards the thicket, his hands clenched, and his black eyes glittering. Chunky Todgers sat astride of the thick

bough, his fat back supported by a forking branch, and unslung the shotgun. The noise he made was a guide to the Californian, who looked up suddenly, and

saw the fat schoolboy in the tree. Chunky Todgers grinned down at him. He knew that Carson had no firearms.

and he felt quite secure now. Chunky Todgers was a fair shot, and from the height of twenty feet it was easy enough to pepper the horse-thief; and if the first charge did not "lay him out," the second or third would.

Handsome Alf set his teeth as he looked up at Todgers. His hands were clenched almost convulsively. Chunky had put the gun to his good as a league.

shoulder, and was taking aim. On the open bank of the stream Carson was an easy target.

"I guess this is a cinch!" grinned Chunky; as he took aim. Bang!

Handsome Alf made a spring back as Chanky pulled the trigger-so desperate a spring that it took him five or six feet from the line of fire, and the small shot smashed into the ground where he had been standing.

Then he dashed forward, with glittering eyes, and plunged through the thicket, and reached the tree, and clambered desperately up the trunk.

The 5th Chapter. Chunky's Great Fight!

Chunky Todgers hastily shoved in fresh charge.

The Californian's hope was to reach him before he reloaded; but he had plenty | of time to reload, and he was ready.

He squirmed round on the branch, to have his face to the trunk, which was about eight feet distant from the spot where he was ensconced out on the almost horizontal branch.

Handsome Alf was climbing the other side of the trunk, and was as yet out of sight.

Sitting firmly on the thick branch, his his knife downward. feet jammed in two forking boughs, Chunky waited for the Californian to with both hands, and hung underneath appear in view, ready to fire point-blank as he did so.

trunk, keeping it between himself and Chunky: but Carson did not attempt to reach the branch where Todgers sat. He knew that the shotgun must be

He could hear the man swarming up the

ready by this time. He climbed higher into the tree, from branch a few feet from him, and, looking bough to bough, till he was ten feet over

Todgers' level. Chunky heard him, and watched upward for the evil face to come peering through the foliage.

Overhead, the foliage was thicker than below, and it was rustling and swaying as the branches moved under the Californian's weight.

"Hang him!" murmured Todgers uneasily. "I wish he'd show himself. If I got one fair chance at him-" His reflections were interrupted as an

evil, swarthy face appeared for a moment through the parting leaves. Bang!

Chunky fired instantly. The shot swept through the branches, tearing away a shower of leaves, that fluttered away on the wind. Chunky's heart throbbed as he listened

for a cry or a fall. But neither came to his ears. The Californian had been too quick for him, and, lying at full length on the thick branch overhead, he had escaped the

Chunky heard him moving again, with an activity which showed that he had not

There was no time to reload.

only three feet from Chunky, catching it

actively, and dragged himself into a

posture astride of it, facing the school-

The Californian was panting with his

Chunky dared not attempt to reload

Watching him like a panther, Hand-

his strength before attacking, but ready

to spring forward in a second if Chunky

"K-k-keep off, you villain!" stuttered

He had no doubt of his ability to deal

with the fat schoolboy, though if Bob

Lawless had been in poor Chunky's place

the rascal's task would not have been an

at hand sent a chill to Chunky Todgers

But he dared not give way to the fear

Like an animal fascinated by the eyes

Handsome Alf made a movement at

Keeping astride of the branch, he

worked his way a few inches nearer to the

fat schoolboy, who held the clubbed gun

Chunky Todgers knew well that if he

along the branch, reaching out with the

Down swept the clubbed gun in a

But the cunning rascal was only trick-

His legs, astride the branch, and grip-

ping it, had not moved, and his lithe

body swung instantly back as the butt

The blow missed him, falling two or

The butt crashed on the branch instead

three inches short; but an inch was as

of upon the Californian's head, and

slipped past it downward, and Chunky

Todgers nearly fell with the swing of the

Todgers released one foot from the fork

in the branch, and kicked frantically at

The thrust of the knife missed his

knee by an inch, and his heavy boot

crashed under Handsome Alf's chin,

The ruffian swayed sideways, over-

balancing, and in his frantic effort to

regain his balance, the knife slipped from

his hand, and dropped into the grass

twenty feet below, the shotgun whizzing

and legs as the branch rocked, for the

kick had overbalanced him, too, and had

the Californian been able to attack him

at that moment, the fat schoolboy's fate

But Carson had no chance of attacking

With all his efforts, he could not avoid

him then; all his strength was being

swinging over the branch, and for a

moment it looked as if he would follow

But he managed to catch the branch

it, embracing it with both arms and

legs, and frantically striving to climb

Chunky Todgers panted breathlessly as

For a second he thought that the

rufflan had fallen, and then he discerned

Carson's hands and legs gripping the

He was master of the situation now.

would have succeeded in dragging himself

upon the branch, but Todgers did not

In a few minutes the lithe Californian

The shotgun lay in the grass twenty

feet below him; but his hunting-knife

was in his belt, and he drew it quickly.

scrambled forward, and slashed at the

There was a terrible cry from the

Handsome Alf released the branch, and

For a moment he hung thus, but his

hands, clutching at space, came in con-

tact with a lower branch, and his legs

released their hold, and he swung on the

lower branch, out of Chunky 'Todgers'

the lower branch, panting and dizzy,

Chunky glaring at him from above.

Exhausted by the effort, he lay across

Had the shotgun been still in his hands,

Todgers would have made short work !

hands gripping the branch from below.

swung head downwards by his legs.

down, he saw the ruffian hanging.

"By gum!" gasped Chunky.

would have been sealed.

exerted to save himself.

Chunky was holding on with both hands

nearly knocking him from the branch.

the Californian as he came on.

that was rising in his breast. His life

of a serpent, Chunky watched the ruffian

exertions, and for a few minutes he made

no movement, only staring at the boy

to beat off the rustler if he came on.

His fat face was white now.

Chunky clubbed the shotgun.

Handsome Alf dropped on the branch

branch to the lower.

with a deadly look.

face before him.

easy one.

was at stake.

enough.

flash.

descended.

up his weapon.

after it.

on it again.

he righted himself.

give him a chance.

Californian.

reach.

at tension.

knife to thrust.

ing poor Chunky.

in breathless silence.

lowered the clubbed gun.

you come an inch nearer!"

Carson grinned evilly.

he drew his hunting-knife.

of the ruffian, but the gun lay in the grass below.

7/9/18

Chunky clambered along the branch towards the trunk, to get to the lower The fat schoolboy's heart almost died branch and deal with the ruffian before within him as the lithe form of the he could descend and recover his weapon. Californian swung down from the higher But Carson realised his danger, and he

roused himself to effort. He swung himself to a branch lower down, and then to another, and from the lowest dropped lightly to the ground. He reeled there, and fell in the grass, panting; but the shotgun was in his grasp.

As he lay in the grass he glared up at the schoolboy in the tree, not in a hurry to move new, for he knew he held the trump card.

Chunky Todgers knew it, too, and he despaired.

the gun; he had to hold it clubbed, ready The gun was unloaded, but there was ammunition in the camp-plenty of itand Carson had only to look for it. From his white face his little round A savage grin was on the ruffian's eyes stared, saucer-like, at the ferocious

dusky face now. As poor Chunky stared down at him from the tree, Handsome Alf rose to his

feet at last, the shotgun in his hands. "I guess it's my game, after all," he grinned.

Chunky did not answer. From the high branch he scanned Chunky breathlessly. "I'll brain you if his surroundings, in the faint hope of seeing Frank Richards & Co. on their

homeward way. Handsome Alf ran into the camp, and was not long in finding a box of ammunition, taken from the mule-pack.

He grinned as he loaded the shotgun, and returned to the big tree. "My game, I guess," said Carson, with Chunky Todgers clambered desperately a grin that showed his white teeth, and higher into the tree, seeking safety in the topmost branches. The gleam of the bare steel so close

Bang! A charge of shot came whistling up through the tree, scattering leaves on all

sides. Chunky was not hit, but some of the

shot passed very close to him. He clambered higher while the Callfornian was reloading, the more slender branches at the top of the tree rocking under his weight.

But as his head emerged from the foliage he saw a sight that gladdened his very heart. Four figures were in view, running

ready to strike as soon as he was near towards the camp, Bob Lawless in the Frank Richards & Co. were returning missed the first blow, he would not have at last, and they had heard the shot time for another, and all his nerves were

from the distance. . They were running now as if for their The Californian threw his body forward lives—though it was Chunky's life they were running for.

> Bang! The Californian had reloaded, and he emptied the shotgun into the tree again, with a fresh scattering of leaves.

The foliage hid Chunky from his sight, but some of the shot came very close. A few minutes more of the fusillada would of a certainty have brought Chunky Todgers to the ground like a very

fat bird, but the chums of Cedar Creek were at hand now. The Californian was reloading again. when a rifle cracked at two hundred yerds, and a bullet whistled past his

With an oath, Handsome All spun round, the shotgun dropping from his

Then the ruffian flung himself forward in good earnest, before Chunky could draw Crack, crack! Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc Hardly knowing what he did, Chunky

fired together, and the Californian threw himself on the ground.

For a moment it seemed that he had been shot down, but the next he leaped to his feet, and dashed for the timber. Bob Lawless pulled trigger again as he

ran, but the Californian plunged into the trees just in time. "After him!" panted Bob. They dashed into the timber, reloading as they ran.

But the thick trees had swallowed up the Californian, and they returned disappointed to the camp. Pursuit in the forest was impossible

with darkness coming on. Chunky Todgers slithered down the tree, and joined his chums, shaking in every limb.

"Oh, you fellows!" he gasped. "Not hurt?" asked Frank Richards. "N-n-no; I-I don't think so," stuttered Chunky, hardly sure whether he

was hurt or not. "Oh, dear! That villain! Ow!" "Is this the way you look after the camp?" demanded Bob Lawless severely.

"What did you give him your shotgun "I-I didn't!" roared Chunky indig-

nantly. "He got it, the beast! I've had an awful narrow escape! Oh, dear!" "Catch me leaving you alone after this!" grunted Bob. "I guess I'll take jolly good care you

don't!" gasped Chunky. And Chunky was as good as his word. Two of the party remained the next

day at the camp, when the trail of the Californian was taken up. But Handsome Alf was not seen again. "I guess he's let up on us, and lit

out," was Bob-Lawless' conclusion. "The rotter hangs out at Last Chance Camp, and most likely he's scooted for home. But I guess we're not letting up on him. We'll take the trail for Last Chance. and round up Mister Handsome Alf Carson there, I reckon."

And Frank Richards & Co. took the trail for the mining-camp in the heart of the Cascade Mountains.

> The state of the s THE END.

> > NEXT MONDAY.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!

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shot.