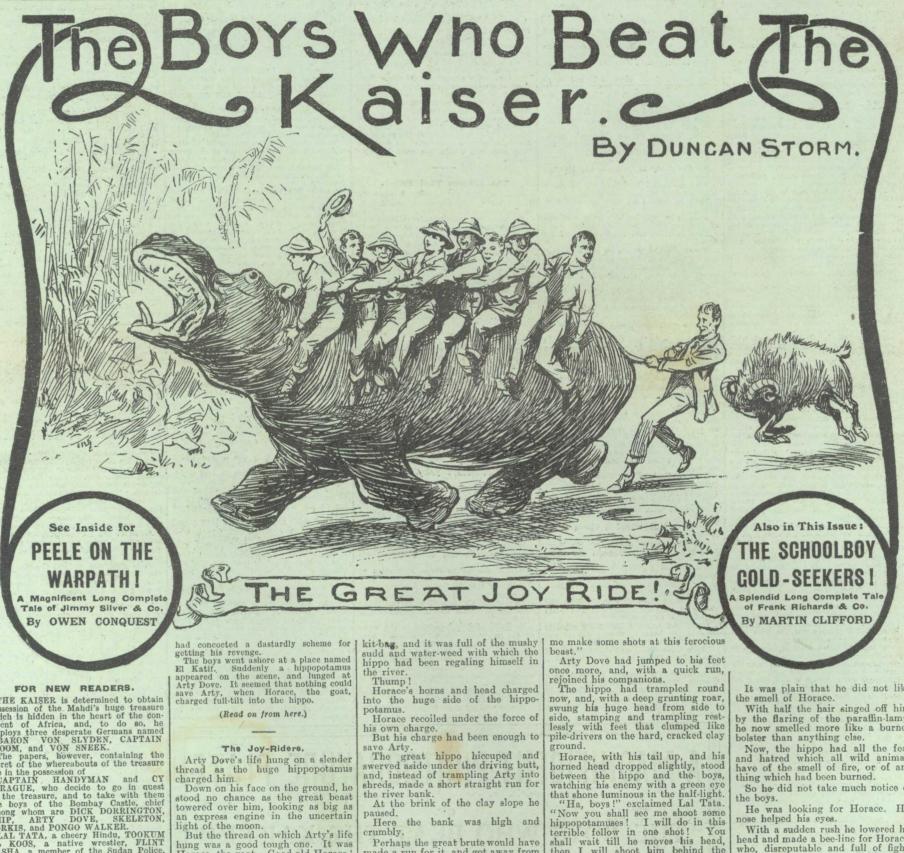
# The Most Amazing Boys' Story Ever Written!

# "PENNY POPULAR." WARTIME PRICE WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE

No. 903. Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending September 28th, 1918.



#### 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 CYSPRAGUE, 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 the last instalments Baron von Slyden and his fellow spies made strenuous efforts to secure the papers containing the secret of the Mahdi's treasure. But the boys of the Bombay Castle defeated them, and they went away empty-handed.

The baron refused to throw up the sponge, however, and when the boys of the Bombay Castle started on the expedition up the Nile the rascally Hun

had concocted a dastardly scheme for getting his revenge.

The boys went ashore at a place named El Katif. Suddenly a hippopotamus appeared on the scene, and lunged at Arty Dove. It seemed that nothing could save Arty, when Horace, the goat, charged full-tilt into the hippo.

(Read on from here.)

#### The Joy-Riders.

The Joy-Riders.

Arty Dove's life hung on a slender thread as the huge hippopotamus charged him.

Down on his face on the ground, he stood no chance as the great beast towered over him, looking as big as an express engine in the uncertain light of the moon.

But the thread on which Arty's life hung was a good tough one. It was Horace, the goat. Good old Horace! Ill-tempered and cantankerous though he was, Horace had taken a queer goatish liking for the boys, and especially for Arty.

Horace had a great respect for Arty's power of arm and fist, and, if he had a preference amongst the boys, it was for Arty.

So when he saw Arty prostrate on the ground before his formidable antagonist, Horace did not hesitate.

He charged the hippo's stomach. It was a huge stomach, like a giant

Arty Dove had jumped to his feet nee more, and, with a quick run,

Arty Dove had jumped to his feet once more, and, with a quick run, rejoined his companions.

The hippo had trampled round now, and, with a deep grunting roar, swung his huge head from side to side, stamping and trampling restlessly with feet that clumped like pile-drivers on the hard, cracked clay ground.

But his charge had been enough to save Arty.

The great hippo hiccuped and swerved aside under the driving butt, and, instead of trampling Arty into shreds, made a short straight run for the river bank.

At the brink of the clay slope he paused.

Here the bank was high and crumbly.

Perhaps the great brute would have made a run for it, and got away from the crowd of boys who had so rudely disturbed his night slumbers. But he would not trust his great weight to the steep bank, and, thus penned, he lumbered round and faced the dancing group.

Mr. Lal Tata and Tookum el Koos had scrambled up the stiff slippery slope from the boat.

Somehow, out of the confusion in the half-capsized whaler, Lal had managed to snatch up a rifle.

"Look out, boys!" he shouted. "Let" lessly with feet that clumped like pile-drivers on the hard, cracked clay ground.

Horace, with his tail up, and his horned head dropped slightly, stood between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light. "Ha, boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata. "Now you shall see me shoot some hippopotamuses! I will do in this terrible fellow in one shot! You between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light. "Ha, boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata. "Now you shall see me shoot some hippopotamuses! I will do in this terrible fellow in one shot! You between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light. "Ha boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata. "Now you shall see me shoot some hippopotamuses! I will do in this terrible fellow in one shot! You between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light. "Ha boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata. "Now you shall see me shoot some hippopotamuses! I will do in this terrible fellow in one shot! You between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light. "Ha boys!" exclaimed drouble. "Ha boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata.

It was plain that he did not like the smell of Horace.

With half the hair singed off him by the flaring of the paraffin-lamp, he now smelled more like a burned bolster than anything else.

Now, the hippo had all the fear and hatred which all wild animals have of the smell of fire, or of any thing which had been burned.

So he did not take much notice of the boys.

He was looking for Horace.

the boys.

He was looking for Horace. His nose helped his eyes.

With a sudden rush he lowered his head and made a bee-line for Horace, who, disreputable and full of fight, waited for him with lowered horns.

Horace allowed his enemy to come on a few yards and gather speed.

Then, dropping his horns, he charged.

Hippe and goat met and an

Hippo and goat met end on.

Never did hippo take such a smack on the nose as this angry animal took from the full impact of Horace, who

(Continued on the next page.)



(Continued from the previous page.)

was travelling about thirty miles an hour when he hit his target.

The huge head was thrown up, and blorace was hurled high in the air, turning somersaults in the moonlight.

The boys looked up in wonderment as thorace seemed to shoot up to the stars.

They forgot all about any danger from the infurinted heast as Horace flew up into the air like a trapeze artist.

Down he came with a thump, dropping like a came with a thump, dropping like a can on his feet.

As soon as his feet touched the ground his head went down, and he charged into the hippo again, his head striking the huge beast full in the side.

The hippo twisted and lumbered round. Horace had fought a good many creatures in his life.

He would tackle an Egyptian yellow dog, a camel, or even a lion, if necessary. But he had never been up against a hippopotamus.

The great head turned, and the huge tusks clashed as the hippo tried to get Horace.

But Horace mimbly sparred round his assailant, butting him fiercely in a series of heavy punches, which told even upon the giant ribs of the hippo.

The hippo was getting the worst of it in the tuske with the nimible Horace, who, dancing round his adversary, kept rushing in and battering his ribs with tremendous thumps.

Horace was soon having it all his own way with the lumbering beast.

in and hattering his ribs with tremendous thumps.

Horace was soon having it all his own way with the lumbering heast.

The hippo is a timid brute, and only langerous when cornered.

This one had had enough to stir him up when the whaler had grounded on his back, waking him from his beauty sleep.

On top of this, the sudden assaults of the infuriated Horace were too much for Mr. Hippo.

Suddenly he threw up the sponge, and turned his back on his adversary.

He lumbered away, panting, following the bank of the river.

Then an idea occurred to Dick Dorrington.

"Who's for a ride, boys?" he cried.

Dorrington.

"Who's for a ride, boys?" he cried.

"Hurry up, or we shall lose the 'bus!"

He rushed after the retreating hippo, and, laying his hands on the great flank, immed leapfrog fashion on its heaving body.

Stop the 'bus!" yelled Chip; and, with rush, he followed Dick in this harca rush, he followed brained trick.

The hippo started and flinched and

The hippo started and flinched and stopped.

Never in his life had he carried a rider. And before he had time to know what had happened, Pongo Walker, Porkis, Tom Morton, and Skeleton had followed their leader, tauding with flying leaps and ontspread legs on the hippo's back.

Hor a moment the huge, beast stood irresolute as boy after boy piled on his back.

back.

"Ease up, you chaps!" called out Skeleton. "Give us room! Get on his neck, Dick, or I shall fall off behind!"

Horace, who was not yet out of the battle, came up behind with a heavy thump, and the astonished hippo started off with a jerk, which nearly threw Skeleton off what he facetiously called the rear platform.

Then, with a grunt and a snort, the great brute lumbered off with his load of boys, the most wonder-stricken brute in all Africa.

Lal danced in agony when, in the dim

all Africa.

Lal danced in agony when, in the dim moonlight, he saw his charges riding off on their lumbering steed.

"Ha! Come back, you boys!" he exclaimed. "Come back, to boys!" he exclaimed. "Come back at once, or I shall make some stiff examples of you! You shall write me ten thousand lines. Come back, Horace, sar! Come back, you goat rascal!"

rascal!"
But neither Horace nor the boys took any notice of Lai's shouts.
The boys were too busy hanging on to the wide back of the hippopotanus.
Horace was too busy boosting the frightened hippo up behind with a series of running butts, which caused the great brute to puff and grunt, and to shamble along at his best speed.
But the poor old hippo was pretty well blown now.

along at his best speed.

But the poor old hippo was pretty well blown now.

He had never had such a night out in his life, and he found that this journey on dry land was a very different thing from his sleeping and feeding amongst the quiet backwaters of the marshes.

He was seeing life with a vengeance, with the load of laughing schoolfboys upon his great back.

He shaffled off along the river-path which passed along to the top of a high bank of red clay, far too steep to allow him to climb down into the river.

As a matter of fact, he was heading along the riverside to find some place where the slope would allow him to plunge once more into the safety of the waters of the Nile.

The boys stuck to him gamely.

They caught a glimpse of Tookum el Koos flitting along behind them, chasing up their runaway steed.

But they did not take much notice of Tookum's giant figure, with its flying cloak of leopard-skin.

They were in the biggest lark they had vet discovered on their eventful voyage.

They would be able to return to the Bombay Castle, and amuse all the fellows with the yarn of their night-ride on the hippopotamus.

Nobody would believe them. But there it was. They had accomplished the feat.

"Hurry up, Walter!" exclaimed Dick Dorrington, in high spirits, bringing his hand down with a smack on the bristly, wet hide of their mamnoth steed. The flippo gave a snort and a sorrowful

snuffle.

He had no spirit left in him now.

Horace had knocked the stuffing out of him, and Horace was still battering him behind, retiring and coming on with a series of butts like a dockyard shunting-

series of butts like a dockyard shuntingengine.

The poor old hippo was bewildered as
he blundered along the top of the tall
clay-bank, seeking some path to the water.
He stumbled and scraped through low
bushes which whipped the boys' faces,
and the air was full of the scent of
cruched flowers as the bruised shrubs gave
out their perfume.

Then up went a dismal howl from
Skeleton.

Horace with a heavier charge than

Horace, with a heavier charge than usual, had caused the hippo to give something as near to a kick as a hippo can give.

It wasn't much of a kick—not much ore than a heave.

more than a heave.
But it was too much for Skeleton's precarious seat on the wet hide.
Skeleton slipped and tumbled.
The back of the hippo was as slippery
as a piece of wet lino.
And Skeleton fell on Horace's neck,
grabbing the astonished Horace by the
whiskers in a convulsive clutch.
Horace was wound up now.
He was ready to butt his way through
a brick wall.

he was ready to but his way through a brick wall.

With a sharp lift of his head he threw Skeleton over his back like a sack.

Then he turned on Skeleton, and rent

That is to say, he lifted the seat out of Skeleton's trousers at one swipe.

Then Skeleton lost his temper, and hit out.

Then Skeleton lost his temper, and hit out.

Horace took a punch on the nose that caused him to sit down and blink.

Then he blinked again, and bleated as much as to say, "I'm sorry! I did not know it was you!"

He stood before Skeleton with drooping head, and seemed to have forgotten all about the hippo which blundered on along the river path, with his shouting, cheering companions still clinging to its broad back.

Skeleton looked up at Horace more in sorrow than in anger, as he ruefully gazed at his ruined trousers.

"Well, Horace," he said reproachfully, "you are a bounder! Here have I done everything to make you happy and comfortable. I asked you to tea. I stood you shrimp-paste and buns, and jamiarts and salmon, and now you turn on me, and kybosh the only decent pair of trousers I've got! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Horace!"

"Mawyaw!" bleated Horace, as much as to say, "It wasn't my fault, sir!"

A shadow flitted through the bushes close by where Skeleton sat on the ground.

ground.

It was Tookum el Koos, his long, glittering knife in hand, following the runaway hippo.

There was no difficulty in tracking it through the bush that grew thick on the

It left a trail behind it like a steam

And the merry shouts of the boys oated back clearly through the night

And the merry shouts of the boys floated back clearly through the night air.

"Go it, old jellybag!" shouted Pongo Walker. "Whack him up, Diek! He wants to sit down, and if he sits down he'll squash us!"

Far behind them they could hear the shouts of Captain Handyman and Flint Pasha, from the launch.

These had brought the other whalers close in the bank, and were calling out to know what all the noise was about. "It is those boys, sar!" they heard Lal explaining. "They have gone off with a hippo!" shouted back

"It is those boys, sar!" they heard Lal explaining. "They have gone off with a bippo!"
"Gone to the Hippo!" shouted back Captain Handyman's voice, in wonderment, from the dark river. "Yon're off your chump, Lal! You don't mean to tell. me that there's a Hippo in this benighted suburb!"

"I don't mean a music-hall, sar," shouted Lal. "It is not music-hall Hippo. It is real hippo—a hippopotamus!"

"Nousense, man! You are off your crumpet!" snapped the unbelieving Captain Handyman. "Look out, Mr. Sprague! Mr. Lal Tata is delirious. It nust be a touch of sun-fever!"

"Oh, sar!" exclaimed Lal, wringing his hands. "It is not sun-fever! It is real, honour-bright stuff that I'm giving you! Those boys have gone off riding hippopotamus. Honest engines, they have! They mount the back of this most ferocioussome beast. And the animal he has run away greatly disturbed. Get rifles quick, and come ashore, and follow up, or they will be crushed to jellies!"

"Well, if this don't beat cockinghting!"

"unubled Captain Handyman. "I knew the young rascals would soon be getting into mischief. But riding a hippopotamus—that's about the limit!"

He stayed to hear no more from Lal, who was dancing in the moonlight on the top of the bank in an agony of apprehension.

He just set the engine of the launch at full spead ahead, and rushed her into the clayey cliff of the river, which was a rough-and-ready way of coming to an anchor, for the sharp nose of the launch buried itself a foot into the solid earth. The little captain leaped out, and clambered up the slope, followed by Flint Pasha.

Flint Pasha was half-laughing and half-

Flint Pasha was half-laughing and half-serious.
In all his experience of Africa he had never heard of a wild hippopotamus being ridden by a crowd of boys.
But he knew enough of the Glory Hole gang of the Bombay Castle to know that they were capable of riding anything. They would have collared a giraffe if there had been one handy.
Rifles were handed up from the launch—loaded rifles this time—and, with Cy Sprague, they started off at the run along the bush-covered river-bank, to find the boys who had stolen the wild hippopotamus.

#### The Scheme That Failed.

Skeleton was not dismayed when he had finished with his rough and tumble on the ground with Horace.

He could hear the hippo crashing a way through the dark shadows of the bush, looking for some tree or other with low, spreading branches, against which he could scrape off his troublesome load of British schoolbys.

But there were no such trees on this bank.

bank.

All the vegetation consisted of rough grasses and sweet-smelling shrubs, whose pliable branches whipped the faces of the boys as they passed, but were not strong enough to drag them from the hippo's

back.

Skeleton, holding the scat of his tattered trousers in his hand, started off at a run in pursuit of his pals and the hippe, whilst Horace trotted amiably after him.

after him.

The track where the hippo and his riders had passed was plain enough, and Skeleton, who was remarkably fleet of foot, soon had a glimpse of the great lumbering brute, crossing a patch of open moonlit space, looking like a great tank with a crowded roof.

"Come on, Skeleton!" yelled Pongo. "We've wound him up! He's going a treat now!"

"Three cheers for the old hip!" yelled Pongo Walker.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" yelled the delighted boys.

The panting Skeleton raced up to the hippopotanus, and grabbed the stumpy tassel of its tail.

It was like holding on to the back of

a steam-roller.

The hippo took no notice of Skeleton hanging on his tail.

He could smell Horace again coming up behind, though, and he quickened his

Horace showed no more inclination to

attack.

He knew that he had beaten the panting hippo, and that was enough for him.

Behind all his goatish ways and flerce disposition, Horace had the instincts of a sportsman.

So he bleated and trotted in the wake of the queer procession, whilst the boys and and should at the top of their

of the queer procession, whilst the boys sang and shouted at the top of their

voices.

Presently the hippo broke out of the bush on to a sandy track, which meandered like a white riband over the countrylds. countryside.
This track represented the main road from El Katif to Khartoum.

from El Katif to Khartoum.

It was nothing more than a native footpath and camel-track.

But it was a road of sorts, and, as soon as he struck its white track in the moonlight the frightened, panting hippo seemed to be mesmerised.

He dropped his huge head almost to the ground, and pegged away down the track as though he had taken a new lease of life.

"Where's he going to. Dick?" asked

of life.

"Where's he going to, Dick?" asked
Tom Morton, who was hanging on with
his arms round Porkis' waist.

"Goodness knows!" replied Dorrington.
"I believe he's taking us back to
Khartoum. Isn't it a topping lark!"

"Where's old Skeleton?" asked Chip.
"Oh, he's hanging on to the tailboard!"
said Arty.

"Whip behind!" the boys all yelled, in
chorus.

said Arty.

"Whip behind!" the boys all yelled, in chorus.

And the hippo who had flagged for a moment as his huge feet dug great pits in the sand, bucked up again at the yell. He did not want any whipping behind. He could smell the singed Horace, and that was enough for him.

He was nearly dead beat.

After all, his job was to lie up to his ears in the warm waters of the river and to wallow luxuriously through all the day and half the night, not to scamper across country with a load of shouting, laughing schoolboys on his back.

But he would have done anything to get away from the smell of Horace.

So he legged it down the moonlit track for all he was worth, entering another patch of bushy country.

The cheering of the boys had not passed unmarked across the lonety, silent country.

A mile away from them approached a

patch of busny country.

The cheering of the boys had not passed unmarked across the lonely, silent country.

A mile away from them approached a swift-moving string of racing camels, bestridden by as grim a looking lot of cutthroats as any peaceful caravan could wish to avoid.

There were thirty-five of these villains in all—grim, swathed figures in white robes, whose evil faces were hidden by their wide hoods of white cloth.

Three men rode at the head of this column, and, at the sound of laughter and shouts on the track ahead of them, their leader thrust his hand into the folds of his robes, and produced a heavy revolver.

"Ach! We are in Kaiser's luck, Von Stoom!" he said, turning to the figure which rode at his right. "These fool English boys are not waiting for us to trap them. They walked into the trap of their own accord. Instead of being in bed in their camp they are fooling across the country chasing moths!"

"That is the way of the English: sneered Captain von Stoom, following his leader's example, and producing a long-barrelled German cavaity revolver. "We do not chase moths, we Germans. Shall we kill them, Excellency, or take them prisoners?"

Baron von Syden hesitated.

"The killing must not be done by us;"

we kill them, Excellency, or take them prisoners?"

Baron von Siyden hesitated.

"The killing must not be done by us," he said. "Nor must it be done with our ammunition. We are too near Khartoum, and all our cartridges are of German make. Leave them to the Askaris and Cassim. They will use their native guns, and there will be no questions asked." Captain von Stoom grinned evilly. "It was for that, barou," he said, "that you insisted on our men carrying the native powder and bullets!"

He spoke admiringly.
Baron von Slyden smiled evilly.

"The Kaiser's arm is a long one," he said. "But it must not always be known where it strikes. Our great War Lord is pleased to speak often of the 'good German sword,' but it is the darger which does the best work—the dagger, or poison, or the quiet sniping shot at night."

The baron grinned like a snarling dog as he turned to Von Sneek, who, crouching on his saddle, looked the picture of fear.

Von Sneek's teeth were chattering, and

as he turned to Von Sneek, who, crouching on his saddle, looked the picture of fear.

Von Sneek's teeth were chattering, and his face showed white and greasy with perspiration in the pale moonlight.

"Donner und blitzen!" grumbled Von Slyden. "What a chicken-heart art thou, Von Sneek! What is the matter of the killing of a few of these English piga? And it is the Kaiser's order!"

"I am not a man of blood, Excellency!" stammered Von Sneek.

"The Kaiser's work requires men of blood and iron!" snapped Von Slyden. "The voices are approaching. Order your men into ambush, captain. I will take Von Sneek into the background. He must get used to this work."

He leaned in his saddle and seized the halter of Von Sneek's mount, turning it, and retiring a hundred yards along the track, whilst the Askaris swiftly and skilfully took up their ambush in the shadows of a thicket of tall bamboos.

The Askari tribesmen were clever enough at this game. As though by magic, they and their camels disappeared

into the dark shadows of the bamboos, whilst the boys approached, singing at the top of their voices as they rolled on the back of their ungainly mount.

Cassim, who was in charge of the ambush, drew his long knife.

His simister face was lit by a cruel smile, and his thin lips worked and twitched as he felt the edge of his koen blade in the shadow of the bamboos.

Cassim meant to do most of the killing himself?

He had bared his dark, coffee-coloured arm, which was as sinewy as a skein of whipcord. His soul was filled with the lust of

murder.

To-night Cassim meant to get a bit of his own back on the hated English, who had ruined his slave trade for him.

In his ignorance, Cassim thought that these merry, laughing boys who were approaching were great British pashas, and the sons of pashas.

He thought that if he killed them all England would thrill with horror and grief at the deed.

He had slipped from his camel in the tunnel of the bamboos, whose great stems rattled now and then in the night breeze.

He had slipped from his camel in the tunnel of the bamboos, whose great stems rattled now and then in the night breeze. He had chosen an admirable place for his ambush, for here, just at the entrance to the bamboo thicket, the path took a sharp turn.

At the bend there was a small open patch, bright and moonlit.

Anyone rounding the twist in the path would be in full light, whilst they, on their side, could see nothing of the path where it was lost in the deep shadows of the bamboo thicket.

Almost trembling with eagerness, Cassim waited, leaning forward, knife in hand, and peering out at the corner of the path.

Nearer and nearer came the voices.

Cassim could not understand what they were saying.

But he ground his teeth at the sound of the hated English tongue.

"What's the matter with Walter?" shouted Dick Dorrington.

"He's all right!" yelled the rest of the young riders in chorus.

"Is Walter dismayed?" demanded Dick.
"No fear!" replied the rest of the

oung riders in chorus.
"Is Walter dismayed?" demanded Dick.
"No fear!" replied the rest of the

"No lear!" replied the rest of the volces.

Of a sudden Cassim's camel moved, and sniffed the breeze uneasily.

There was a click of flintlocks in the darkness of the thicket as the Askari ribesmen prepared to do the villainous work of the Kaiser.

Cassim's camel was behaving in a most unaccountable fashion.

unaccountable fashion.

A highly-trained beast, taught to lay still and to obey its master's lightest gesture; it was now struggling to rise to its feet.

The other camels, too, showed signs of

uneasiness.

The truth was, they could scent the hippo, for the light night breeze was setting down from the direction from which the boys were coming.

They could scent Horace, too.

But it was the scent of the hippo that was starting to stampede them.

Their riders tried to quiet them as they levelled their guns on the corner of the path.

Their riders tried to quiet them as they levelled their guns on the corner of the path.

But of a sudden camels and riders swung round and twisted about one another in a melect. Guns were discharged in the air, their rough, home-made bullets flicking off the bamboo-stems and flitting harmlessly towards the stars.

For there, round the corner of the bend, waddled a huge hippopotanus, looking as big as a pantechnicon in the light of the moon, which cast a wide black shadow from his huge body and the group of laughing boys squatting on his back.

"Allah! Allah il Allah! The blessed Imams protect us!" yelled a scared Askari voice in the struggling mix-up of frightened camels and men that was jammed in the narrow path between the bamboos. "These are not young English pashas! They are the demons of Eblees, who ride the Great One!"

Then out from behind the shadow of the hippopotamus there rushed a black-and-white shape—a horned shape with flaming eyes that seemed to fly into the air.

It was Horace again—Horace, disturbed and made anary by the

flaming eyes that seemed to fly into the air.

It was Horace again—Horace, disturbed and made angry by the rattle of shots, the spurts of flame, and the reek of gun-powder-smoke—Horace, inturiated by the seent of strange camels and strange men!

Bang! Bosh! Biff!

Horace shot into the struggling mob like a shell from a gun.

His head and horns could be heard in the darkness of the bamboo thicket thumping into the sides of frightened, bubbling, snapping camels, and into the stomachs of men.

There was a rush and a scamper.

Camels stumbled and fell, throwing their riders to the ground.

Horace, with eyes that flamed green in the darkness, leaped and danced in the turmoil, striking out with his sharp hoofs and thumping with his battering-ram of a head.

With a yell of fear the whole seemed.

head.
With a yell of fear the whole crowd rushed back along the narrow track.
Horace dashed at their heels, worrying them as a dog worries sheep.
At the same moment the hippo, who had stood for a moment or two spell-bound by the noise of shots and confusion, started to waltz round solemniy.
"Crumbs!" yelled Dick Dorrington.
"Hold on, boys! Old Walter has started to dance!"

to dance!"
But old Walter, the hippo, was not in-

And with a sudden dive he turned aside from the path and plunged into the thicket of bamboos.

thicket of bamboos.

The bamboos were not penny canes, but huge plants or trees forty feet high, and as thick as scaffold poles.

But the frightened hippo made short work of plunging into the thicket, crashing the thick growth down with his huge bulk and enormous strength.

The boys did not wait to follow him.

They tumbled off his back in a heap,

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## THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER

and lay there for a second on the sandy track, still laughing and bewildered by the reports of guns and the sounds of struggle that were issuing from the dark sunnel where the path plunged into the hamboo-thicket.

There was a crush of men and camels down in that narrow tunnel.

Screams and yells sounded from it as Horace charged again and again, bowling over the camels in the narrow space.

The camels had started fighting amongst themselves, snapping and biting right and left.

Guns were fired blindly.

The ambush, scared out of its wits by the sight of the hippopotamus, was no longer an ambush.

It was a frightened, screaming rabble.

The truth of it all was that, amongst the Askaris of German East Africa, the hippopotamus is regarded with a superstitious awe and respect that amounts almost to worship.

The frightened Walter, who was now crashing through the bamboo brakes, was

not so badly scared as this murderous gang of ruffians, who saw in him a powerful and sacred protector of the boys they were intending to assassinate.

Walter knew where he was going.

He was making straight for the Nile.

He meant to cool off his headache in one of the quiet peols of the marches that lay behind the bamboo thickets.

But Von Slyden's rascally gang of Askari tribesmen did not know which way to turn.

They were penned and immed in by

Askar throat to turn.

They were penned and jammed in by the thick walls of bamboo on either side

the thick waits of bamboo on ettner side of the narrow path.

There was an indescribable jam of fighting men and fighting camels.

They yelled and struck out.

At the far end of the tunnel a big camel had gone down on his nose, throwing his rascally rider, and knocking him senseless against the stump of a huge hamboo.

bamboo.

And this camel, once down, blocked the whole passage, whilst in the crush Horace butted and kicked and slid in between

the press, dealing out his thumping blows on camels and men alike. But there was one in the gang of mur-derers who did not lose sight of his

But there was one in the gang of murderers who did not lose sight of his purpose.

This was Cassim, the evil Arab who had sworn to take the lives of these English boys, cost what it might.

He saw the little group standing irresolute in the moonlight, bewildered by the sudden hubbub and the shots and the loss of their wild steed.

And, knife in hand, crouching like a wild-cat about to spring, Cassim crept through the shadows of the bamboos.

He judged his distance as a leopard about to spring on its prey. Then, with a wild yell, he burst from cover, making for the astonished boys.

Cassim's thin lips were curled back, and his white teeth showed like the teeth of a snarling dog.

Blinded by rage and hate, secure in the sense of his vengeance, Cassim made the mistake of his life.

He selected Arty Dove as his first victim.

"Look out, Arty!" gasped Chip.
But Arty was already on the look-out.
He saw the moonlight catch the blade of the upraised knife in its cold gleam.

Cassim knew something of knifing, but

he did not know the swiftness that lies behind the fist of an expert boxer. A man who knows how to use his fists is always a match for a man who has to help himself with a knife. And Cassim never had time to send that fatal hlade home.

A man who knows how to use his first is always a match for a man who has to help himself with a knife.

And Cassim never had time to send that fatal blade home.

Ere he could strike, Arty's fist had shot out with a blow like a sledgehammer.

It caught the astonished Cassim clean and fair on the point of the jaw.

Arty put all his weight into the blow, and Cassim turned a clean somersault under it, whilst the knife fell harmless into the thick carpet of sand.

It said something for Cassim's toughness that he was not knocked out.

He rose dizzily to his feet, and staggered to recover his weapon.

But like a shadow a wild figure burst from behind the boys, and Tookum el Koos, with a wild leap, closed with him.

Cassim yelled in anger, and strove to close with his antagonist, but, lithe and wiry as he was, he was no match for the willy negro wrestler.

Tookum swung him up in his arms, and hurled him bodily into the tunnel beneath the dark bamboos.

Worse luck was waiting for him there, for Horace, panting and full of fight, was there to receive him.

With a rush he doubled up Cassim with a butt in the stomach that shut him up like a cheap pocket-knife.

Then a fighting camel stood on Cassim's face with its great splay foot, and he was completely knocked out.

Away up the path Baron von Slyden, with his two confederates, had waited for the result of their dastardly scheme.

When the sound of the first fusillade had been heard the German arch-spy rubbed his hands.

Von Sneek turned white as a sheet and shuddered, whilst Captain von Stoom grinned evilly under his bushy moustache. "Dead Englanders tell no tales!" he said placidly. "Der Kaiser will be gladt of dis night's vork!"

But when the shots were followed by the squealing and bubbling of camels and the angry yells of men it was plain that something had gone awry with the plans of the Kaiser.

"Himmel!" thundered the baron. "Vat is happening?"

(Another magnificent long instalment of this amazing serial in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me know what they think of this new story.)

# new Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver By Owen Conquest. / The 1st Chapter. Mossoo is Wrathy!

Mossoe is Wrathy!

"Oh, give us a rest!" growled Jimmy Silvet.

Perhaps Jimmy was a little morose.

It was a meeting of the committee of the Classical Players, the eminent dramatid society of the Lower School at Rookwood.

As Rookwood School was still under canyas the meeting was held in the open air.

The Players had gathered by the big oak in the school meadow, close by the spot where the Fourth Form received valuable instruction from Mr. Bootles.

It was getting towards time for dinner, morning classes being over.

Cyril Peele, of the Classical Fourth, was explaining his views, when Jimmy Silver interrupted him, not, it must be confessed, very politely.

"Ahem!" murmured Lovell.

Lovell did not like Peele, the cad of the Fourth, any more than his chum did; but this was a business matter, and Peele was entitled to have his say.

Peele shrugged his shoulders.

"It you want a rest, you can clear off, Silver," he suggested. "The other fellows want to give me a hearing."

"Oh, let him go ahead, Jimmy!" said Van Ryn.

Jimmy grunted, and was silent.

He was on bad terms with Peele, but he had to admit that that was no reason why Peele's views should not be heard by the dramatic committee.

"Cut it short, Peele!" suggested Lovell.

"Rats!" answered Peele. "I suppose my opinion's as good as anybody clse's, even if I'm not friendly with Mr. Magnificent Uncle James! So long as I'm a member of the club I'm goin' to have my say, I know that!"

"Have it, and get it over, then!" suggested Mornington.

"Well, my idea is a comedy," said Peele. "I think that I've given you a good wheeze. A comedy, with an imitation of Monsieur Monceau as the central figure, would be a regular scream. He's a funny little beast, anyhow, and could be made funnier. A comic French master is just the thing for a play here."

"I don't agree," grunted Jimmy.

"You mean you couldn't do tt. I could do it on my head."

"You cheeky ass! I mean that there would be a row if we were found caricaturing the French master. It would be in rotten bad taste, for

turing the French master. It would be in rotten bad taste, for one thing."
"I'm not afraid of a row," said Peele scornfully.
"I'm not, either, and you know it," said Jimmy. "But to get into a row for resulting a master is a different matter. We can keep off personalities."
"You mean you're goin' to be down on me and everythin' I suggest," said Peele, with a sneer. "I could act your head off, and you know it."
"That isn't the question. We're here to decide on the play we're going to produce next."
"A comedy with a comic French master is my idea, and I would write most of it," said Peele. "I could do old Monceau a treat—imitate his voice and his strut. In fact, I've done it lots of times."

"Like your cheek! Mossoo's not a bad

sort."
"Oh, rats!"
"Well, let's see what Peele can do,"
"Well, let's see what Peele can do,"

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, let's see what Peele can do," said Mornington. "Give us Mossoo, Peele, and we'll judge."

"Well, of course, it's difficult without the clobber or the make-up," said Peele. "But I'll do my best—if his lordship Uncle James will shut up for a minute."

"Go ahead," said Jimmy Silver. "I've said that I think it's in bad taste, and may cause trouble; but if the fellows want it, let 'em have it. Let's see what you can do, anyway; no harm in that."

"Go it," said Arthur Edward Lovell pacifically.

Cyril Peele proceeded to "go it."

There was no doubt that Peele was a good actor; in fact, one of the best in the junior dramatic society.

Jimmy Silver did not like him, but he admitted that, and, blackguard as Peele was in many ways, Jimmy had raised no objection to his joining the Players club.

He did not want his personal dislike

club.

He did not want his personal dislike to interfere with the success of the club.

With the juniors watching him, Cyril Peele, who was not troubled in the least by nervousness, produced his imitation of Monsieur Monceau, the French master

Rookwood. Even Jimmy Silver grinned as he

Even Jimmy Silver grinned as he looked on.

Peele had Mossoo's strutting walk, and his peculiar voice and accent, to perfection, and he exaggerated them with an effect that certainly was comic.

"Bonjour, mes garcons!" squeaked Peele, as he strutted up to the committee. "How you find yourselves zis fine morning? How lofely to have ze class in open air! You shall enjoy zat, isn't it?"

morning? How lofely to have ze class in open air! You shall enjoy zat, isn't it?"

So fat as the voice and manner went, it was Mossoo to the life, and the juniors grinned.

"Zose vicked Huns, zey shall shatter-r-r ze school viz zeir bombs!" went on Peele. "But ze vezer, he is fine. We go under canvas, isn't it—vat you call, rough him! Silvair, you laff! Vy for you laff in ze presence of your master?"

"Ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell suddenly, in dismay.

He had caught sight of a plump figure, in a buttoned frock-coat, standing quite near, and looking on.

It was Monsieur Monceau!

None of the juniors had noticed that the French master was in the vicinity, the trees further along the meadow having screened him; but Peele's voice had brought him to the spot.

That imitation of his delightful accent, comic as it was, did not have the effect of amusing Mossoo.

His sallow face was dark with wrath as he realised that the cheeky junior was caricaturing him for the entertainment of the Fourth-Formers.

Peele was not looking towards the spot where the Frenchman stood, and he did not see him.

Unconscious of the gathering storm; he

rattled on:
"Silvair, I cane you viz stick! I teach
you to be respectable to your master,
isn't it?"
"Look out, Peele!" gasped Lovell.

"Look out, Peele!" gasped Lovell.
"What?"

"What?"
Peele spun round.
Monsieur Monceau was striding towards
iim, his walking-cane gripped in his

Monsieur Monceau was striding towards him, his walking-cane gripped in his hand.

Cyril Peele stood rooted to the ground, in utter dismay.

"Oh, crumbs!" he gasped.
"So you play joke to make ze fun of your master, isn't it?" exclaimed Monsieur Monceau, as he came up. "You bad, vicked boy!"

"Oh, sir!" stuttered Peele.
"Hold out ze hand," thundered Mossoo. Peele looked obstinate for a moment. Monsieur Monceau fairly glared at him. "Peele, you are to be cane viz me or viz ze Head! I ordair you to hold out ze hand!"

Peele held out his hand at last.

d!" sele held out his hand at last. was better than being taken before Chisholm and reported for imper-

tinence.
Swish!

"Now ze ozzer hand viz you."
Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!" groaned Peele.

"You are bad boy, Peele—bad and disrespectful garcon. And you"—Monsieur Monceau turned a flashing look upon the unhappy committee—"you join in zis zing—you, too, Silvair! I am ashame of you!"
Jimmy Silver turned erimson.

"I am ashame of you!" repeated Monsieur Monceau crushingly; and he turned and stalked away.

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Peele. "Little French beast—yow-ow-ow! He's no right to cane a chap, either! Wow-ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Jimmy savagely. "What did you want to play the goat for like that?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Do we want something of this kind to happen when we're giving our play?" added Jimmy sarcastically. "Peele's precious imitations of Rookwood masters are barred."

"Yow-ow!" mumbled Peele. "I'll make the little rotter sit up for this! Yow-

"Yow-ow!" mumbled Peele. "I'll make the little rotter sit up for this! Yow-ow!"

ow!"
"Oh, rats!"
Jimmy Silver walked away, leaving
Peele to mumble over his injuries and vow
vengeance upon Mossoo.

The 2nd Chapter.
Nice for Mossoo.

Mornington and Erroll were chatting under the oak, after dinner, when Cyril Peele came along.
Peele had apparently got over his licking, but there was a very vicious expression upon his face.
He glanced sourly at Morny and Erroll as he went to the master's desk under the tree.

"Hallo! What's the game?" asked Morny curiously.

"I'm goin' to make that little French beast sit up this afternoon!" growled Peele.

"Better let him alone," remarked Erroll. "Mossoo is rather ratty with you already."

sneer. "If you're goin' to sneak.—"
"Oh, dry up!" said Erroll curtly.
"But what's the game?" asked Mornington.

"Look, an' you'll see!"
Peele had taken a coll of insulated wire from his pocket, which he had evidently "bagged" from the electricians at work on the school.

The repairing of Rookwood, after the damage sustained in the air-raid, was going on while the school was under canvas, and it was easy enough to get at the workmen's belongings while they were at dinner.

Pecle had evidently watched his opportunity, and bagged some of the paraphernalia of the electrical department.

He had a small dry battery and a little electric bell, which he had connected up with the wire.

There was a cushion on the master's chair, which Peele removed.

On the chair he placed a little electric button, connected with the wire, with the button upward.

On that he replaced the cushion, and ran the wire down the back of the chair to the ground.

"My hat!" murmured Mornington.

He understood now, and he grinned.

The weight of the cushion was not sufficient to press the button, but when anyone sat on it, of course, the button would be pressed, and then the bell would ring.

Peele carried the wire along in the grass towards the oak-tree, carefully hiding it from sight in the grass.

The wire was taken round the oak-tree, and then towards the place where the juniors sat at lessons.

Half-way between the master's desk and the class Peele deposited the bell and the dry-battery, scooping a hole in the ground to conceal them, and carefully covering them with a sheet of card-board, and them with urf.

Then his work was done, and he grinned with satisfaction.

"Sit down there a minute, Morny, and let's see if it is in order," he said.

"Right-ho!" grinned Morny.

The dandy of the Fourth sat in the master's chair.

His weight, of course, depressed the button under the cushion, and there was a loud buzz from the electric-bell concealed under the turf.

Buzzazzazzzz!

"Good!" said Peele. "I fancy that will make Mossoo stare a little. He t

"Mossoo's a good sort, and it's a shame to rag him."

"He hasn't licked you!" growled Pecle, "Well, I didn't ask for it."

"Oh, rats! Keep this dark," said Pecle. "There'll be a row, and I'm not looking for another lickin." "Dark as Tophet." grinned Mornington. "It's a good jape, anyway. Poor old Mossoo will be ragin!"

It was close on time for lessons now, and the Fourth Form began to gather at the oak.

No one observed the wire concealed in the grass. Pecle had done his work very carefully.

the grass carefully. carefully.

Jimmy Silver & Co. took their seats.

Promptly on time Monsieur Monceau
bore down on the Fourth. The little
gentleman was alway's punctual.

"Bonjour, mes enfants!" he said, beaming upon the class with his benevolent
amile.

mile.

"Bonjour, mossoo!" said the juniors.

Mossoo glanced at Peele for a moment, but took no other notice of him.

Peele had been caned for his impertinence, and the matter was at an end, so far as the French master was concerned. It was not quite at an end so far as Cyril Peele was concerned, however.

French was not a popular lesson at Rookwood, and Mossoo was so goodnatured a little man that the juniors ventured to pull his leg in class, finding that more entertaining than irregular verbs.

that more entertaining than irregular verbs.

Mossoo was also a very conscientious man, and took his duties seriously, and when a playful junior affected a dense stupidity, he would explain to him with great earnestness, and almost with tears in his eyes, while the rest of the class had hard work to suppress their chuckles. It was a fine, sunny afternoon, and the juniors would greatly have preferred the river or the fields to the class-work, and being out of doors made them feel that inclination more keenly.

Under such cfreumstances pulling Mossoo's leg was obviously more amusing than grinding at his difficult language, and Gower proceeded to open the ball. Gower affected a dense stupidity on the subject of genders, and Mossoo, instead of passing him over; as some masters would have done, nobly did his best to make Gower understand that in French a hat was masculine, and not feminine.

reminine.

"Par example," said Mossoo patiently.
"I say to you, 'Vous avez mon chapeau.'
You understand, isn't it? Comprenez?"
Gower looked puzzled.
"No, sir!" he answered.
"What! You not understand?"
"It isn't true, sir!" said Gower warmly.
"Comment!"

"Comment!"
"You've got it on your head, sir!" said

"It isn't true, sir.' said Gower warmly.
"Comment!"
"You've got it on your head, sir!" said
Gower.
"Hein! Vat you say? I say to you,
'Vous avez mon chapeau,' which is to
say in ze English, 'You have my hat."
"I haven't, sir!"
"Boy! Garcon!"
"You've got it on your head at this
very minute, sir!" said Gower sulkily. "I
haven't your hat, sir! I never had!"
"Mon Dieu! I do not say zat you have
my hat, Gower."
"But you did, sir!"
"I give you zat sentence par example!"
shrieked Monsieur Monceau. "It is to
display to you ze gender of ze article."
"What article, sir?"
"What! Ze article zat we are discussing, Gower."
"That's your hat, sir! That's the
article we were discussing," said Gower.
"Ciel! Zat boy is so stupid as never
was!" said Mossoo. "I allude to ze article
of grammair, Gower—ze definite article.
I say. 'mon chapeau,' which show you
zat you say 'le chapeau—the hat,' and
not 'la chapeau,' which is not French.
'Mon,' he is masculine; if he is feminine,
you shall say, 'ma.' Speaking of a hat,
you shall say 'le chapeau,' because he is
masculine."

Gower seemed to be thinking it out
deenly.

Gower seemed to be thinking it out deeply.

"Now you comprenez, Gower? What article vill you use in connection viz ze noun 'hat'?"

"A hat-brush, sir.".
"What?"

"What?"

"A hat-brush is the only article I ever use in connection with a hat, sir."

"Gower, I believe not zat you understand" so mooch. I repeats to you zat chapeau is masculine, and if you vant to say 'ze chapeau'—zat is, ze hat—you shall say 'le chapeau." 'Le' in French is as you say 'ze' in English."

(Continued on the next page.)

Every now and then it slacked down, but it was never silent, and after every slacking down it buzzed with renewed vigour.

It could not be otherwise, as Mossoo



"We don't say 'ze,' in English, sir," said Gower, shaking his head. "Yve never heard of it as an English word."
There was a suppressed chortle in the class as Mossoo began to gasp.
Gower was evidently alluding to his delightful accent, and affecting to be puzzled by it.

"I speak of ze definite article, Gower," said Monsieur Monoeau, breathing hard through his nose. "I believe not zat you are so stupid. Zis is ze lesson for ze Second Form, not ze Fourth. I zink, Gower, zat you understand bettair if I use ze pointer on ze knucke, isn't it?"

"I'm trying my hardest, sir," said Gower meekly, "But I've never heard such a word as ze— Yaroooh!"
Rap, rap!
"Now do you comprehend, Gower?"
"Yow-ow! Yes, sir! Certainly!"
"I zought so!" said Mossoo grimly.
Cuthbert Gower thought it was high time to understand. He did not want any more of the pointer.
He sat and sucked his knuckles, and scowled like a demon, not feeling at all humorous now.
Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite breathless after that tussle with Gower's stupidity, sat down at his desk.
Buzzzzzzzzzz!
Mossoo fairly jumped, as that loud and rancous buzzing came from the direction of the class.
It did not occur to him, naturally, that he had started the bell by sitting down on his chair.
He glared over the desk at the Fourthformers.
"Boys!"
Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Vill you stop zat bell?" shouted Mossoo. "Mon Dieu! I have nevair hear such a zing as zesc tricks in class! Stophim at once, zen!"
Buzzzzzzzzzz!
The bell was not likely to stop so long as Mossoo was sitting on the cushion above the bell-push.
Most of the juniors looked astonished, not knowing in the least whence the buzz-

The bell was not likely to stop so long as Mossoo was sitting on the cushion above the bell-push.

Most of the juniors looked astonished, not knowing in the least whence the buzzing of the bell proceeded.

Mossoo's face was thunderous.

"Vill you stop him?" he shouted. "Who is ringing zat bell? Is it you, Peele?"

"I, sir? I've not got a bell!"

"It is you, Gower!"

"I don't know anything about it, sir!"

"Mon Dieu! On sonne toujours! Vill you stop him?" shrieked Monsleur Monceau. "Silvair, have you zat bell!"

"Certainly not, sir!" said Jimmy, in amazement. "I don't think it's anybody in the class, sir. It comes from your direction."

"Nonsense! Zat sound come from ze class!"

"L—I think not. sir!" said Jimmy,

I think not, sir!" said Jimmy,

"I—I think not, sir!" said Jimmy, puzzled.

As the sound was midway between the two, the misapprehension was natural.

The buzzing went on without cessation. Mossoo jumped up, grasped the pointer, and strode towards the class.

The moment he did so the bell ceased to ring.

That was enough to convince Mossoo—if he needed convincing—that some member of his class had the bell.

"Now zen, ze garcon zat have zat hell.

"Now zen, ze garcon zat have zat bell, giff him to me at vunce!" shouted the French master.

French master.

There was a unanimous silence.

"You hear me?" exclaimed Mossoo,
breathing hard. "I demand zat zat bell
be given up to me at vunce!"

lence. ossoo hardly knew how to proceed. delinquent evidently did not intend

The delinquent evidently did not intend to confess.

"Verree vell!" said Mossoo at last.

"Verree vell—verree vell indeed! Ve vill proceed! But I keeps ze eye open, I zink. I keeps him verree open. Silvair, you shall now give me traduction of La Fontaine."

"Yes, sir."

Monsieur Monceau returned to his seat. But Jimmy Silver had no opportunity of getting on with the "traduction" of La Fontaine, for the moment the French master sat down the bell recommenced to ring:

Buzzzzzzzzz Up jumped Mossoo like a jack-in-the-box.

"Book! How does not like a jack-in-the-box."

box.
"Boys! How dare you play zese tricks

"Boys".

The bell stopped instantly.

Mossoo, breathing hard, sat down again.

Buzzzzzzzzz !

#### The 3rd Chapter. A Little Liveliness.

Buzzzzzzzzz!
There was a loud chortle from the ourth-Formers.
Most of the juniors were as puzzled as lossoo as to where the buzzing came rom, but they guessed that it was a jape in the French master, and they were enving it.

on the French master, and they were enjoying it.

"Zis, he is too bad!" shrieked Monsieur Monceau. "I vill not stand him! I command zat you stop him at vunce, or I call ze Head!"

Buzzzzzzzzz!

The order was obeyed at once.

Peele joined in as cheerfully as anyone else, and the juniors filed before the Head, demonstrating the fact that they had no bell in their possession.

"The boy must have left it among the desks or on the ground," said the Head, "Perhaps you will ascertain, Monsieur Monceau?"

"Mais out monsieur."

rernaps you will ascertain, Monsieur Monceau?"

"Mais oui, monsieur!"

Mossoo proceeded to look for the bell.

As he was searching the place where the juniors sat for lessons he was a good distance from the spot where the bell and the battery were concealed under the turf, and naturally he did not find them. them.

He came back at length, looking puzzled and perplexed.

"You have not found it?" exclaimed the Head.

"Non, monsieur! It is not zere."
"That is very remarkable. The bell must be somewhere here," said Dr. Chisholm, knitting his brows. "Silver, I ask you as head boy of the Form, do you know anything about this matter?"

"No. sir." Once more, I command the boy who that belt in his possession to hand it at once!"

Silence.
"It has, perhaps, been thrown away to a distance," said the Head.
"But he ring till you shall come, monsieur, and I have ze eyes on ze class all ze time."
"It is very odd! The boy, then, must have concealed it about his person. The natter shall be gone into thoroughly," said the Head, with a thunderous look. "Every boy shall be searched. Silver, cal! the porter here."
"Yes, sir."
"Jimmy Silver started off once more.

Jimmy Silver started off once more.
Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat to wait for old Mack to arrive. The next moment he jumped as if electrified.
For the moment he sat down there came the loud buzz of an electric hell.
Buzzzzzzzz ...
Buzzzzzzzz ...

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head.
The juniors jumped, too.
My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell,
ring downward. "What the thump

slacking down it buzzed with renewed vigour.

It could not be otherwise, as Mossoo was sitting on the bell-push, and the ringing had to go on unless the dry-battery became exhausted.

But Mossoo had not the faintest idea that there was a bell-push hidden under the cushion on his chair, and that he was, in fact, ringing the bell himself.

Believing that a junior in the class before him was ringing the bell, Mossoo's indignation was naturally unfounded. It was hard to believe that anyone could have the hardihood to continue such a trick when the Head had been sent for; but the bell went on.

As a matter of fact, Peele would have stopped it if he could, now that Dr. Chisholm was booked to appear on the scene. But the bell was far out of his reach, and he could only sit and wait.

"Here comes the old sport!" murmured Mornington, as the awe-inspiring figure of the Head appeared in sight, followed by Jimmy Silver.

Monsieur Monceau jumped up as he saw the Head, and advanced to meet him:

staring downward. "What the thump is—"
"Dear me!" murmured Clarence Cuffy.
"The sound appears to proceed from the earth. It is very remarkable, my dear friends. I will inform the Head—"
Tommy Dodd gripped Cuffy's arm.
"Shut up, you ass!" he whispered.
"My dear Thomas—"
"Dry up! Don't be a sneak, you ass!"
Cuffy looked surprised.
"But it is very remarkable, my dear Thomas, that this sound should proceed from the earth beneath our feet."
"Shut up!" muttered Tommy ferocously. "Can't you see it's a jape, you thumping dummy?"
"Oh dear!" said Clarence.
And he shut up.
The buzzing proceeded without intermission, and Mossoo cast up his eyes in his horror and amazement at this disrespectful trick in the august presence of the Head of Kookwood himself.
Dr. Chisholm sat petrified for some moments.
"Then he rose, and strode towards the

Dr. Cm.

Then he rose, and strode towards the group of juniors, and the bell ceased as if by magic.

"What boy was ringing that bell?" thundered the Head.

Dead silence.

of the Head appeared in sight, followed by Jimmy Silver.

Monsieur Monceau jumped up as he saw the Head, and advanced to meet him; and the bell ceased to ring before Dr. Chisholm was near enough to hear it.

The Head was looking very grim, He did not like being called away from his work to deal with a recalcitrant class, and his expression boded ill to the delinquent—if discovered.

"What is it? What is it, Monsieur Monceau?" he exclaimed, as the French master met him, gesticulating.

"It is a trick zat is play upon me!" gasped Mossoo. "Zere is boy who ring bell in lesson and vill not stop! I leave it in your hands, monsieur. You vill deal with him, isn't it? Me he vill not obey!"

"I will certainly deal with him!" said the Head grimly.

He came up to the class with Mossoo, and the juniors looked, as far as they could, as if butter would not melt in their mouths.

"What boy was ringing that bell?" thundered the Head. Dead sience.
"I have never heard of such astounding impertinence!" exclaimed the Head, breathing hard. "In my very presence! It is unheard-of!" He looked at the juniors almost as if he would eat them.

Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite overcome, sank down in the seat the Head had vacated.

Buzzzzzzi Dr. Chisholm jumped almost clear of the ground.
From the midst of the group of juniors came the buzzing of the bell, fairly under his eyes.
"Good heavens!" stuttered the Head, taken quite aback. "This passes all belief! Which boy is that?"
"1—I don't think anybody here has a bell, sir," stuttered Conroy.

"1-1 don't think anyoody here has a bell, sir," stuttered Conroy.
"What? Nonsense! It is one of you! File before me at once, and I shall see for myself."

"What? Nonsense! It is one of you! File before me at once, and I shall see for myself."

The juniors separated, and the Head could see that none of them was handling a bell of any description.

But the buzzing continued.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.
"This is amazing! The sound almost seems to be proceeding from the ground, but that, of course, is impossible. Mack!" Jimmy Silver had brought the porter on the scene at last. "Mack, kindly search each of these boys in turn for a bell. One of them has a bell concealed about his person."

Buzzzzzzz!

Monsieur Monceau, suddenly remembering that it was not respectful to sit down while the Head was standing, jumped up, and the bell ceased.

Mack, very much surprised at the Head's order, was beginning his task, when a new-comer arrived on the scene.

He was a man in overalls, and evidently one of the workmen employed on the school buildings in the distance.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he began.
"You're the headmaster, I think."
"Yes, yes! What is it?"
"Then you're the gentleman I want," said the man. "There's been some things took away from the shed—somebody has been playing tricks. The boss sent me to ask about it."
"Dear me!" said the Head impatiently.
"What is missing?"

"Dear me!" said the Head impatiently.
"What is missing?"

"A bell, sir, and a length of wire, and small battery."

a small battery."

"What? Oh, I think I understand!"
exclaimed the Head. "Some boy here has been playing tricks with a bell, doubtless the one that has been taken."

"I eard it as I come up, sir," said the workman. "It's here right enough. P'r'aps this young gentleman can tell us where it is."

where it is."

To Cyril Peele's horror, the electrician jerked a thumb towards him.

"Peele!" exclaimed the Head. "Do you know anything about this, Peele?"

"Nothing, sir!" gasped Peele.

"I see that young gentleman hanging about the shed," explained the man, "hour and a 'ari ago."

"Indeed! What were you doing there, Peele?"

Peele?"

"I—I was just looking round, sir."

"You know very well, Peele, that all the boys are forbidden to go near the buildings at present, and that the workmen's property must not be founded."

"Ye-es, sir! I—I haven't—"

"The bell shall be found," said the Head, with a grim look at Peele. "Wait a few minutes, please. Mack, continue your search."

a few minutes, please. Mack, continue your search."
"Yessir!"
Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat again.
Buzzzzzzt!
The workman started.
"My cye!" he exclaimed.
Dr. Chisholm rose hastily, and the bell stopped:

stopped:
"Mack, which boy had that bell at that
moment?" he exclaimed.
"I never seed any bell, sir," said Mack.
"Proceed, then," said the Head, in a
suppressed voice, and he sat down again.
Buzzzzzzz "My eye!" said the electrical gentleman.
"I fancy you're ringing that bell yourself,
sir,"

"What!" stuttered the Head.

"It rings when you sit down, sir, and stops when you get up," explained the workman, who had noted that at once. "I fancy it's fastened on your chair."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo. "Zat is so! He ring ven I sit myself down, and he stop himself ven zat I rise! Zat is so! C'est vrai!"

The Head rose quickly, and the belt ceased, confirming the workman's statement.

cased, confirming the workman's statement.

The Head breathed hard.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to examine the chair, as you understand such matters," he said.

"Cert'nly, sir!"

The workman approached the master's chair, and Peele caught his breath.

The man grinned as he removed the cushion and revealed the bull-push.

"There it is, sir."

"But there is no bell—"

"There's a wire, though."

The man traced the wire through the back of the chair, and down the leg to the ground.

"Here it is, hidden in the grass, sir. I'll soon have that there bell."

It did not take the workman long to follow the wire, coiling it up as he went, and arrive at the spot where the battery and the bell were hidden.

He jerked up a loose turf, and a sheet of cardboard, and picked the bell and the battery out of the hole Peele had made for them.

"Bre you are, sir," he said cheerfully.

"A lark of one of the young gents, I

"Ere you are, sir," he said cheerfully.
"A lark of one of the young gents, I s'pose. No harm done, sir."
And the electrical gentleman touched his cap, and marched off with the bell, the wire, and the battery.
From his good-natured point of view there was no harm done, but Dr. Chisholm evidently did not agree with him.
The Head's expression was simply terrific.

The Head's expression was simply terrific.

The juniors stood waiting for the thunderclap. It came!

"Peele!"

"Oh, oh, oh, sir!"

"Did you place that bell where it was found?"

A denial trembled on Peele's line but

"Did you place that bell where it was found?"

A denial trembled on Peele's lips, but he realised that it was not much use, as he had been seen lurking about the electrician's shed.

And even Peele had hardly enough nerve to tell the lie direct to the Head.

His knees were knocking together.

"Answer me, Peele!"
"It—li was only a joke, sir," Peele managed to articulate.

"A joke!" thundered the Head.

"I—I never meant it for you, sir!" gasped Peele. "It was a—a—i joke on Mossoo, sir. I—I never guessed you would come, sir! Oh, dear!"
"Probably not! Monsieur Moneau, kindly give me your cane! Come here, Peele!"
What followed was a painful scene, especially for Peele.

Even Mossoo, worried as he had been, felt sorry for the unhappy practical joker.

Even Mossoo, worried as he had been, felt sorry for the unhappy practical joker by the time the Head had finished with him.

him.
"I think, Peele, that that will be a lesson to you!" said the Head, as he laid down his cane.

down his cane.

Peele only gasped.

Dr. Chisholm retired, and the juniors went to their seats, Peele looking quite pale, and squeezing his hands in anguish. When Mossoo handed the class over to Mr. Bootles a little later Reele was still suffering severely, and he indulged in suppressed groans till the class was dismissed.

The 4th Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.

Vengeance for Two.

Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth grinned as he joined the Fistical Four after tea.

Jimmy Silver was discussing the programme of the Classical Players with Lovell and Raby and Newcome when the fat Classical came up.

"Peele's going it!" Tubby aunounced.
"Poor old Peele!" said Jimmy, with a smile. "Has he got over his licking?
He's been in the wars to-day, and no mistake!"

"No fear!" said Tubby. "He's vowing vengeance on Mossoo."

"It was the Head who licked him," remarked Raby.
Tubby chuckled.
"He, he! A chap can't go for the Head—even Peele! He says it was Mossoo's fault, and he's going to make him sit up."

"Rot!" said Jimmy Silver.
"He's making up in his tent," said Tubby. "Jolly good, too, Jimmy! It's the part he's going to have in the play—imitation of Mossoo, you know."

Jimmy Silver frowned.
"There's not going to be any imitation of Mossoo, you know."

Jimmy Silver frowned.
"There's not going to be any imitation of Mossoo, in the play," he said. "That's all rot! I think I'll speak to Peele."

The Fistical Four walked over to the tent which Cyril Peele shared with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth.

They found Peele busy.
As calling-over had been taken, the juniors were free till bed-time, and the amateur actor was not likely to be interrupted.
Jimmy Silver stared as he looked in.
Peele was dressed in striped trousers.

amateur actor was not likely to be interrupted.

Jimmy Silver stared as he looked in.
Peele was dressed in striped trousers,
with very high-heeled shoes, and was
making up his face at a glass fastened
on a tent-pole.
Close by him lay a black frock-coat.
Townsend and Topham were looking on
and grinning.
Peele glanced round at the new-comers,
presenting a countenance that was hardly
recognisable.
Peele was very clever at make-up, and

recognisable.

Peele was very clever at make-up, and he had adopted the sallow complexion and ample wrinkles of the French master; and he was now adjusting the waxed moustache and little pointed beard in imitation of the hirsute adornments worn by Monsieur Monceau.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "I must say that's not so bad, Peele!"

"Thanks!"

"All the same, we don't want it in the

# TINYOUR EDITOR'S DE The Continues of the Co 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."

#### FOR NEXT MONDAY!

### "SETTLING WITH THE SHARPER!" By Owen Conquest.

nouths.
The Head's glance swept over the class.
Some boy here has a bell in his possession? he said.

I command that boy to stand forth

"Yery well!" said the Head, compressing his lips. "You will all file before me and turn out your pockets!"

sion!" he

When, in last week's story of the Rookwood chums, Jimmy Silver allowed Peele to knock him down, in order to obtain the negative and photograph of his Cousin Algy playing cards at the Bird-in-Hand, he thought that the affair was finished with, and that Algy Silver was sayed.

main, he chought was saved.

But in next Monday's magnificent tale of the Rookwood juniors, Jimmy Silver receives a great surprise. He learns that one of the tell-tale prints is in the possession of Joey Hook, the rascally bookmaker. How to get hold of the photograph is a tremendous problem. Jimmy makes an effort, but it meets with failure. Nevertheless, Mornington has a plan, a very lingenious plan, in fact. Morny is as anxious to save Algy Silver as Jimmy is, but he is more anxious still to score off Joey Hook. With the assistance of the Fistical Four, Mornington carries out his plan, and—well, the title of this story suggests the result.

## "THE CLAIM JUMPERS!" By Martin Clifford.

Having been fortunate enough to strike gold in the Far North-West, Frank Richards & Co. take the precaution of registering their claim in next Monday's splendid tale of the Cedar Creek chums. But it is not long before somebody

arrives on the scene with the intention of jumping the claim.

Juan and Gomes, the claim jumpers, are very desperate men, men who will stop at nothing to achieve their rascally object. They are determined to take possession of the juniors' gold, but in spite of the villainous nature of their enemies, Frank Richards & Co. refuse to knuckle under and to give their enemies a free hand. Yen Chin figures prominently in this tale, and I am sure you will think far better of him when you read how he came to the assistance of the chums of Cedar Creek in their time of need.

"THE BOYS WHO BEAT

### "THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER!" By Duncan Storm.

Our amazing serial story moves merrily along next week. You will read how the Germans went to great lengths to get their revenge; you will be held breathless when you read of the boys' exciting tussie with their enemies, and you will also be very pleased with the result of the encounter.

#### "THE FORM-MASTER'S PERIL!" By Herbert Britton.

Our next story of Bob Travers & Co. is really a most magnificent one. Bob Travers & Co. go to a circus, and get into trouble with Mr. Chambers for doing so. They are forbidden to go to the place again, but they do go, with amazing results. Mr. Chambers, in his desire to catch the chums in the act, follows them,

and goes through one of the most exciting experiences of his life. Bob Travers & Co. also have their share of excitement, and you will read with much enjoyment how, at a most critical moment, they were not found wanting for pluck, and performed one of the most pluckiest deeds imaginable.

#### OUR GRAND FREE PLATE.

This week I have great pleasure in telling all my readers that the MAGNIPI CEENT PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE of "THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER" will be GIVEN AWAY with the issue of the BOYS' FRIEND dated OCTOBER 19th. Every reader should therefore make a note of this date, and be sure to order his copy of this particular issue. This plate will be without doubt the finest that has ever been presented with the BOYS' FRIEND. It will be an excellent picture, one that you will be able to have framed and hung up on the walls of your best room. Tell all your chums about this special attraction, and urge them to order a copy of the BOYS' FRIEND, dated October 19th, well in advance. urge them FRIEND, of advance.

Upw Editor

play," said Jimmy, with a shake of the head. "It would only lead to trouble for

head. "It would only lead to trouble for the club."

"Oh, bother your play!" answered Peele, turning to the glass again. "I'm not worrying about your blessed play!" "What are you making up for, then?"

"What are you asked Newcome.

"I'm goin' to make that French beast sit up!" said Peele, between his teeth.
"I've got landed once; but this is a safe way."

sit up!" said Peele, between his teeth.
"I've got landed once; but this is a safe way."

"Better let him alone!" grunted Jimmy.
"Oh, rats!"
"But what the thump are you going to do?" exclaimed Lovell. "You can't make Mossoo sit up by getting yourself up to resemble him."

"Can't I?" said Peele savagely. "Don't you think I shall pass muster as Mossoo when I've finished—in the startight, too?"
"I suppose so. But what—"
"Well, I'm goin' out as Mossoo after dark," said Peele coolly. "You know he shares a tent with Mr. Bootles, and he goes for a trot after supper. While he's gone I'm goin' in as Mossoo."

"What?"
"I'm going to slang Bootles in Mossoo's voice."
"I'm going to slang Bootles in Mossoo's voice."
"Wha-a-at?"
"And throw things at him," said Peele.
"Are you potty?" gasped Jimmy Silver. "He will think Mossoo's drunk and disorderly," said Peele calmly. "Old Bootles is as blind as an owl, and he will take me for Mossoo when I'm finished. He would, anyway. I wouldn't be afraid to go out in the daylight, either. I'm going to give Bootles five minutes that he won't forget if he lives to be as old as Methuselah; and he will put it all down to Mossoo. He will complain to the Head, of course."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

Mossoo. He will complain to the Head, of course."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"Look here, Peele, that's too thick!" he exclaimed. "I think."

"You can think what you like!" sneered Peele. "I suppose you're not goin' to sneak, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy compressed his lips.

He utterly disapproved of Peele's scheme, which was far outside the limits of a jape; but, certainly, he could not give Peele away to those in authority. That was forbidden by every canon of schoolboy law.

"Well, you know what I think," he said.
"Anyway, I dare say you'll make a muck of it. And serve you right. You haven't had much luck with Mossoo."

And Jimmy Silver left the tent with his chums.
Peele shrugged his shoulders, and went.

of it. And serve you right. You haven't had much luck with Mossoo."

And Jimmy Silver left the tent with his chums.
Peele shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his make-up with the admiring assistance of Townsend and Topham.
Those two youths did not intend to join in the jape in any way whatever, having too much regard for their skins; but they were ready to help the more reckless Peele in any way they could.

Jimmy Silver was frowning as he walked away in the dusk, but his comrades did not seem to share his displeasure. They were grinning.

"After all, it's a thumpin' jape," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Peele's got a nerve, and no mistake."

"Too much nerve!" growled Jimmy Silver. "If he makes a success of it, Mossoo may get landed in no end of a row."

"And if he doesn't. Peele will get landed

"And if he doesn't, Peele will get landed in no end of a row," grinned Raby. "It's a fair chance,"
"Anyhow, we can't chip in," said New-come.

"Anyhow, we can't chip in," said Newcome.
And Jimmy Silver assented to that.

"Hallo! What's Gower up to?" exclaimed Lovell suddenly, catching sight of Cuthbert Gower as the Fistical Four sauntered among the tents.
Gower was creeping along very cautiously, and keeping in the cover of the tents as much as he could. He was carrying a bucket in his hand. He jumped as he saw' the chums of the Fourth, and breathed with relief as he recognised them.

"Oh! Only you!" he said.

"What on earth are you doing with that whitewash?" demanded Jimmy Silver, staring at the bucket.

"Hush, you ass! You heard what the Head said to-day about meddling with the workmen's things!" growled Gower.

"You're doing it all the same."

"I've borrowed this pail of whitewash," said Gower, in a low voice. "I was jolly careful not to be seen, either. It's for Mossoo."

"Mossoo!" exclaimed the Fistical Four together.

ossoo."
"Mossoo!" exclaimed the Fistical Four

"Mossoo!" exclaimed the Fistical Four together.

"He caned me to-day!" said Gower between his teeth. "I was only pullin' his leg in class, the worryin' little beast! He gave it to me stiff!"

"Well, you asked for it."

"Oh, bosh! I'm goin' to make him sorry for himself!" said Gower. "The little beast goes trotting every evening before bed, an' I'm goin' to wait outside his tent for him in the dark."

"Look here, Gower!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "Let Mossoo alone! It's too golly bad going for him like this! You asked for what he gave you. A chap expects to get licked if he plays the goat."

the Fourth, and disappeared among the tents.

"It's too rotten!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Poor old Mossoo will come back to find that Peele's got him a reputation for being drunk and disorderly, and then he'll get that whitewash on his napper. I've a jolly good mind to knock Peele and Gower's nappers together!"

"Come and have some supper instead," suggested Lovell.

"It's too bad, though."

"Never mind. The supper's all right," said Lovell comfortably.

And the Fistical Four went into their tent to supper.

And the Fisher 2001. The tent to supper.
With great caution Gower crept behind Mossoo's tent with the bucket of purloined whitewash.
Inside the tent a lamp was burning,

where Mr. Bootles sat with a Greek book.
The rule against showing lights in the school camp was very strict, and the tent-flap was carefully closed, and hardly a glimmer escaped.
Outside was dim starlight.
Gower crept closer, keeping in the thick shadow of the tent, and waited.
As soon as the French master came back his cheerful pupil was ready for him.

Published Every Mondey

back his cheerful pupil was ready for him.

One swing of the light bucket, and its contents would be swamped over poor Mossoo, and then it was Gower's intention to drop the bucket and sprint.

There would be nothing to connect him with the affair. He knew that the Fistical Four would say nothing, and he had been very careful not to mention his scheme to any less reliable persons.

Gower waited and watched, till a trim little figure loomed up in the deep dusk,

scheme to any less reliable persons.
Gover waited and watched, till a trim
little figure loomed up in the deep dusk,
approaching the tent.
Gover's heart thumped.
He peered through the darkness, and
caught a glimpse of a trim figure, a black
frock-coat, and a pointed beard and
waxed moustaches.
The bucket shot forward in his grasp.
Swoooosh!

Swooosh!
A flood of whitewash swamped right on the trim figure, smothering it from head to feet, and there was a gasping howl of horror and surprise.
Gower did not wait to hear it. He dropped the bucket and bolted.

"All serene, I think!" said Peele.
"Right as rain!" grinned Townsend.
"Toppin'!" said Topham heartily.
Cyril Peele surveyed himself in the

He could not help grinning at his reflec-

good that almost anyone at Rookwood would have said that it was Mossoo's own reflection in the glass.

"Well, I'm off!" he said. "Sure you won't come along, Towny?"

"Quite sure, thanks!" grinned Towny.

"You have my best wishes. But I'm goin to have a jolly strong alibi."

"We'll walk over an' call on the Moderns," chuckled Topham. "They'll be able to swear we knew nothing about it if it goes wrong."

And the nuts of the Fourth departed, leaving Cyril Peele to his own devices. Peele put out the lamp in the tent and looked outside.

Voices came dimly from the distance, but there was no one at hand.

He slipped out of the tent quickly, and moved round behind it, and then strolled along in a careless way, as if engaged upon an evening saunter.

He stopped, and his heart beat a little as Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth came along and suddenly crossed his path.

The two prefects saw him and saluted him respectfully.

"Good—Bonsoir!" stammered Peele, remembering that he was a Frenchman in time. "Bonsoir, mes enfants!"

The captain of Rookwood glanced at him a second time.

Peele had Mossoo's somewhat reedy voice to perfection, but his French accent was not entirely Parisian, and Bulkeley noticed it.

Peele walked on quickly.

He walked so quickly, to escape from the neighbourhood of the two Sixth-Formers, that he almost ran into Carthew of the Sixth, who was coming back from a visit to the Modern side.

"Who the thunder— Oh, I beg your pardon, si!" stammered Carthew, as he recognised the French master—or, at least, thought that he recognised him.

ning to bring upon the unfortunate French master.

He was only thinking of revenge upon Mossoo for his punishment of the after-

And there did not seem room for failure

Mossoo for his punishment of the afternoon.

And there did not seem room for failure now.

Mr. Bootles would certainly take him for the French master, and when the supposed Mossoo "slanged" him and punched his nose, he could only believe that the Frenchman was intoxicated and violent, and he would not fail to bring such an outrage to the Head's knowledge. The tents were close enough for a dozen ears to hear Peele talking in Mr. Bootles' quarters in Mossoo's voice, so there would be plenty of evidence.

And he intended to be quickly off the scene as soon as he had punched the astounded Form-master.

It really seemed impossible for the daring but well-laid scheme to fail.

But there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

As is so often the case, in the best-laid schemes, it was the unexpected that happened.

Peele, strolling carelessly as if he were Mossoo returning from his evening walk, approached the tent.

He was sure that Mossoo was out, but he intended to peep in first to make sure, and then stride in.

But as he approached the tent, in the dusk, a dim figure loomed for a moment from the darkness, and what happened next seemed like an earthquake to Peele. From the darkness came a sudden smelly flood, that swamped him all over, and he staggered back with a choking how!

"Yurrregh! Groooooch! Yooooooch! Groooooch! Yawwwp! Yowp!"

and he staggette according to the howl.

"Yurrrrgh! Grooogh! Yooooooch! Grooooch! Yawwwp! Yowp!"

And Peele of the Fourth sat down in a swamp of whitewash, gurgling and guggling as if for a wager.



"It is a—a man!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Surely not a master, treated in this scandalous fashion! Surely "Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!" came from the whitewashed figure.

Certainly no one not in the secret could have guessed that this was Cyril Peele of the Classical Fourth.

In his high-heeled shoes he looked taller than he really was, not quite so tall as the French master, but the difference was not great, for Monsicur Monceau was built on a diminutive scale.

The pointed black beard and waxed moustaches gave him a very Frenchified look, and they were exactly like Mossoo's.

"My hat!" said Mornington, who had looked in to see the transformation process. "Blessed if it isn't Mossoo to the life! You'll do, Peele."

"I fancy I shall do!" chuckled Peele. "Bootles won't know any different. He's as short-sighted as an owl, anyway."

"You'll never have the nerve to slan him as Mossoo, though," said Townsend dubiously.

him as Mossoo dubiously.

Peele sniffed.

"Come along and hear me do it!" he answered.

"No jolly fear!" said Towny promptly.
"I'm dead in tuis act, my infant. You don't catch me on in this scene."
"It's jolly clever," said Mornington.
"But if you want some good advice, Peele, I advise you not to do it. It's too risky."

risky."

"Rot!" was Peele's reply.

"It's a bit rough on Mossoo, too, it
it's a success," said Morny, with a shake
of the head. "After all, he's a good sort
in his way."

of the head. "After all, he's a good sort in his way."
"I've had all that from Jimmy Silver!"
yawned Peele. "Don't you begin, Morny."
"Well, go your own way!" said Morny rather tartly. "If you get it in the neck again it will serve you right. It's too thick."

· ow-wow!"

"Bow-wow!"

Mornington shrugged his shoulders and left the tent.

Peele took a final look into the glass, and was quite satisfied.

Indeed, his imitation of Mossoo was so

"Vat you say, Cartew?" snapped Peele in Mossoo's reedy voice—and in Mossoo's English, which was safer to imitate than his French.
"Sorry, sir! I didn't see you for a moment."

"Sorry, sir! I didn't see you for a moment."

"You spick to me verree disrespectful. Cartew. You say, 'Who ze tunder!' said Peele sternly, quite reassured by Carthew's meek manner. "Zat is not ze way to spick to a master."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" murmured Carthew very meekly, though his eyes gleaned. "I am sorry."

"In zat case, Cartew, ve say nozzing more about him. But you must learn ze bettair manners," said Peele, much delighted at being able to call the bully of the Sixth over the coals in this way. "You have ze mannairs of ze Hun, Cartew!"

"Wha-at!"

"You have ze mannairs of ze Hun, Cartew!"

"Wha-at!"

"I zink, Cartew, zat it is of ze pigs zat you have learned ze manners," pursued Peele. "Is it not so, n'est-ce-pas?"
Carthew gritted his teeth.

But the French master, though not quite so important as the other masters at Rookwood, had to be treated with respect, and the Sixth-Former was forced to be civil.

"Really, Mossoo—" he murmured.

"Zat will do, Cartew! You are vun pig!" said Peele. "Your manners are disgrace to zis school, and I zink zat your proper place is in Bocheland viz ze ozzer Huns! Go avay viz you!"

Carthew, scowling like a demon, went his way, and Peele chuckled silently as he went.

The disguised junior, was completely confident in his get-up now.

It had passed muster with three of the Sixth, and it was sure to pass muster with Mr. Bootles, who was short-sighted.

The cad of the Fourth moved on towards Mr. Bootles' tent.

There was no compunction in his breast for the shame and disgrace he was plan-

The 6th Chapter.

Not as Per Programme.

"Gurrg! Gug! Gug-gug-gug! Grooocch!"

Those wild splutterings were heard on all sides, and to a distance.

Jimmy Silver ran to the door of his tent.

"Mossoo's got it!" he exclaimed. "That rotter Gower—"

"Poor old Froggy!" chuckled Lovell.

Jimmy ran out, and caught a slinking figure by the arm as it dodged by the tent.

"Gower! You worm—"

"Let go!" panted Gower.

"You've done it!"

"Can't you hear him?" grinned Gower.

"Mum's the word! Fairly on the napper, and he's smothered!"

"Gug-gug-gug! Groooch! Yooop!"

The Fistical Four ran towards the spot, with a crowd of other Rookwood fellows.

Mr. Bootles, startled by that sudden extraordinary outbreak outside his tent, had jumped up, and put his head outside.

"What is it? What—what?" spluttered

and jumped up, and put his head outside.

"What is it? What—what?" spluttered Mr. Bootles, in astonishment.

"Groogh—hooh—hooh—hoogh "
The light from the tent streamed upon a weird figure sprawling on the ground. It was smothered with whitewash, and its eyes and nose and mouth seemed to be bottled up with that unpleasant liquid. The unhappy Peele, sitting dazedly in a whitewash flood, was gouging desperately at his eyes, to clear them, too utterly thrown off his balance to be able to think at that moment.

He could only gouge, and gasp, and splutter, and gurgle, half suffocated by the whitewash.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Bootles, gazing at him in horror. "Who is it? What is it? What can have happened?" "It's—it's whitewash!" seclaimed Bulkeley, one of the first on the spot. "It's somehody smothered with whitewash." "Groogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

"It is a—a—a man!" gasped Mr.
Bootles. "Surely not a master, treated
in this scandalous fashion! Surely—"
"Gug-gug-gug!"
"Who are you, sir? Who is it, Bulke-

"Gug-grg-gug-p"
"Who are you, sir? Who is it, Bulkeley?"
"I—I think it's Mossoo—Monsieur Monceau, sir," stammered Bulkeley, recognising a pointed beard from which the
whitewash was dripping.
Mossoo was the only wearer of a pointed
beard at Rookwood.
"It's Mossoo right enough," said Carthew, with a grin. "Some young rascal
has done this to him! Shocking!"
Carthew did not look very shocked,
however.
"What an awful nerve!" said Gower to
Jimmy Silver, loud enough for Mr.
Bootles to hear. "Fancy treating Mossoo
like that! Wicked, I call it."
"Bless my soul! This is—is terrible!"
gasped Mr. Bootles. "Monsieur Monceau, pray accept my assistance! Let
me help you! I—"
"Mon Dieu, vat is all zis?" exclaimed
a voice.
A trim little gentleman came on the
scene.
It was Monsieur Monceau!

"Mon Dieu, vat is all zis?" exclaimed a voice.

A trim little gentleman came on the scene.

It was Monsieur Monceau!
The Rookwooders stared at him blankly. Gower's jaw dropped.

He stared at Mossoo as if he could scarcely believe his vision.

"Wha-a-at—" he mumbled.

"Monsieur Monceau!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in amazement and relief. "Then—then it is not you?"

"Vat? I hear zis commotion as I valk viz myself in ze quadrangle," said the French master. "I zink somezing happen. Perhaps he is an air-raid, isn't it? Vat is all zis?"

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Yooooch!"

"Then—then it can't be Mossoo!" exclaimed Bulkeley, in bewilderment. "I—I thought—from the beard——"

"Who the thump can it be?" murmured Lovel! to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy nearly exploded.

"Peele!" he whispered. "Oh, my hat! PEELE! Gower was lying in wait for Mossoo, and Peele came along as Mossoo, and—and—— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Bootles wrathfully. "Who is that laughing? How dare you laugh! Silence! Who is this—this person, as it is not Monsieur Monceau? Speak, sir! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow-ow!"

Bulkeley stooped over the whitewashed figure, and, touching him rather gingerly, helped him to his feet.

He noted then that the waxed moustache was hanging on one side.

"My hat! It's somebody in disguise!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; and he caught hold of the pointed beard, which came off in his hand.

"It's a kid!" he exclaimed. "One of the juniors!"

"But what does it mean?" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Boy! Person! Speak! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow! I—I—I'm Peele!"

"Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Peele, what do you mean by servers and servers

I'm only Groogh!"

Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Peele, what do you mean by dressing yourself in this manner, and spilling whitewash over yourself outside my tent?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Gower.

"I—I didn't, sir!" gasped Peele. "Oh, dear! Some beast drenched me with whitewash! Ow-ow! Grooogh!"

"Why are you got up in this manner, in a man's clothes?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Why are you got up in this manner, in a man's clothes?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"I-I-I-" Peele would not have explained that for worlds. "I-I-"

Mornington lounged forward.

"Peele's been practising a character sketch for one of our plays, sir," he said.
"That's all."
"Yes. sir. that's all," gasped Peele,

"Peele's been practising a character sketch for one of our plays, sir," he said. "That's all." "Yes, sir, that's all." gasped Peele, really grateful for the hint from the astute Morny.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bootles. "That is all. And some foolish boy has played this trick upon you! You should not go out of your own tent. Peele, if you dress yourself in an unaccustomed manner for your theatrical performances. Go away and clean yourself at once!" Cyril Peele was only too glad to obey that order.

Monsieur Monceau trotted cheerfully into his tent, little dreaming of what a narrow escape he had had.

Until bedtime Peele was busy with soap and water, breathing fury the while.

It was not only his disaster that infuriated him, but the fact that, now he had been seen in his guise of Mossoo, the trick he had planned could not be played on another occasion with safety.

He was beaten all along the line, and had secored nothing but a flood of whitewash, which was very far from satisfactory.

But while Peele fumed and raged, the rest of the Fourth roared with merriment when the story was known.

The unexpected ending of Peele's little game seemed to the Fourth-Forners a much richer joke than his success would have been, and they howled over it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed that jape extremely, and when Peele showed up at bedtime they thanked him for the entertainment, amid yells of laughter. And Cyril Peele's face, when he went to bed, was like unto that of a demon in a pantomime.

### NEXT MONDAY.

### SETTLING WITH THE SHARPER!

B, C... O CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!



#### THE RAIDERS! REPAYING

A Splendid New Story, introducing BOB TRAVERS & CO., the Chums of Redclyffe School.

## By HERBERT BRITTON.

#### The 1st Chapter. Bunny's Suggestion.

"I've been thinking—"
"Shurrup!"
"I've been—"
"Be quiet, fathead!"
"But I was going to say— Ow!
Yow! Yarocoogh!"
Theodore Bunny spluttered and roared.
The duffer of Redelyfic had really been most anxious to tell the chums of Study
No. 5 what he had been thinking.
But Bob Travers, Turner, and Jackson had not expressed any anxiety in the matter.
As it happened, Mr. Chambers, the master of the Fourth, had seen fit to call them to account that morning, and had given them a hundred lines each in consequence.
Directly after dinner the three chums had commenced to peg away at the lines, and therefore Bunny's interruption had not pleased them in the least.
Dicky Turner had become thoroughly annoyed, and he had hurled a cushion full at the duffer's head.
"Now perhaps you'll shut up, fathead!" he growled, giving Bunny an angry glare.
"I'l've been thinking—"

"I've been thinking—
"Br-r-r-r-r"
"I've——"

Scratch, scratch!

Scratch, scratch! Three pens travelled at a fast rate ver three sheets of paper. Bunny picked himself up from the chair nto which he had fallen under the reight of the cushion, and blinked. "Dear me!" he muttered. "I cannot take out why you fellows refuse to listen o me. Those lines can wait for a little rhile."

write.
"They can't wait!" mumbled Dicky
Turner, without looking up.
"But"

"But—""
"Finished!" Dicky Turner rose to his feet with a cheerful grin on his face, and blotted his lines. "How much longer are you going to be, Bob?"
"Two more," replied Bob—"one more—finished!"

"Two more," replied Bob—"one more—finished!"

"Same here," said Jackson.
"Good!" said Dicky Turner. "I'll take them along to old Chambers, and then we'll get down to footer practice."

Dicky gathered up the lines, and was about to move towards the door, when Bunny clutched him by the arm.
"I're been thinking—" he began.
"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Dicky Turner, looking round. "I thought you'd hopped it. Why don't you learn how to make yourself scarce," said the duffer. "Wati just one minute while I tell you my suggestion."
"Suggestion?"
"Yes; I've been thinking that the fur-

duffer. "Wait just one minute while I tell you my suggestion."

"Yes; I've been thinking that the furniture in this study—"

"Oon't you start running down our furniture!" snorted Dicky.

"I had no intention of doing so," said the duffer. "I was going to suggest that it would be a good idea if we changed it round a bit. Supposing we put the table against the wall—"

"The table's all right where it is."

"And supposing we put the bookcase nearer to the window—"

"The bookcase doesn't want shifting."

t "But I've been thinking— Ow!
Leggo my ear! I— Oh, dear!"

W Dicky Turner took the duffer's car between his thumb and finger, and dragged him towards the door.

E. "The right place for a duffer like you so outside," said Dicky meaningly.

"When we want our furniture shifted, we'll do it ourselves."

"You've thought—"

"You've thought just a little too much," declared Dicky. "If you want to do any more thinking, just try and think how to be less like a burbling "Really, Turner, I— Ow! Yow!

"Really, Turner, I— Ow! Yow!

Yooooop!"
The duffer landed with a bump on the

The dutter fanded with a bump of the floor.

Bob Travers & Co. passed on down the passage, chuckling to themselves.
Bunny blinked after the departing juniors in amazement, and picked himself up slowly from the floor.
He moved into the study, and gazed at the furniture for a few moments.
Then, evidently seeing the inadvisability of starting on his scheme of rearrangement, he left the room and walked elactly downsfairs.

of starting on the ment, he left the room and walked slowly downstairs.

He was passing into the quadrangle, when somebody smacked him on the shoulder, propelling him forward.

The duffer looked round, and observed that Jimmy Wren & Co., the chums of the New House, were standing behind him, with cheerful grins on their faces.

"Hallo, Bunny!" said Jimmy Wren.

"How are all the little rabbits?"

K. "Rabbits?" muttered the duffer simply.

"I do not keep rabbits. I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the New House chums.

chums.
"Excuse me one moment," said Bunny,

stepping forward. "I wonder whether you'd mind telling me whether you ever shift the furniture in your study?"

"What the dickens—"

"I don't wish to be inquisitive," the duffer hastened to explain. "The fact is, however, I suggested to Travers and Turner that they allowed me to change the furniture about a bit in Study No. 5, and they were really most an anoyed."

No. 5, and they were really most annoyed."
"Didn't they approve of your suggestion?"
"No." said Bunny reminiscently.
"Turner was most rude. He took me by the ear, and dragged me out of the study."
"How sad." said Jimmy Wren seriously.
"I expect he wanted you to shift the furniture, all the same."
"No. He said—""
"Oh, I expect he said he didn't want you to," said Jimmy Wren. "If the truth's known, though, he didn't want you to have all the work to do yourself. Turner's a very considerate chap, and

"Then do you think I might act upon ny suggestion?" asked Bunny, his face

my suggestion?" asked Bunny, his face brightening up.
"I'm sure Turner would be pleased if you did," said Jimmy Wren, giving his chums a knowing wink. "But really, Bunny, you're not the man for this ich."

"It wants strong fellows like us," said Jimmy Wren. "I'm rather keen on doing Turner a good turn. You leave the shifting to me. I'll arrange everything so nicely that Turner will think it's your doing, and he'll throw his arms round your neck and weep for joy."

"Do you think—"

your neck and weep for joy."

"Do you think—"
"I'm certain of it." said limmy Wrenpromptly. "Look here, Bunny, you won'tmind buzzing into Meringham, and ordering a few articles for us? We've got a
few friends coming to tea, and we've run
rather short of grub."

"I should be delighted to oblige," said
Bunny eagerly, "especially after your
kindness in offering to attend to the
furniture in Study No. 5."
"Don't mench." said Jimmy Wren,
taking a piece of paper from his pocket
and handing it to the duffer. "Here you
are," he added. "Take this to old Sandy,
the grocer in Meringham, and ask him
to send along the goods as soon as he
cam. You needn't trouble to bring them
with you."
"Very well," said Bunny. "I will go on

can. You needn b bload.
with you."
"Very well," said Bunny. "I will go on
my bicycle, so as not to waste time."
"Good!"
" so later, the duffer had

my bicycle, so as not to waste time."
"Good!"

A moment or so later, the duffer had mounted his bicycle, and was riding down the road leading to Meringham, entirely in ignorance of the fact that Jimmy Wren had only sent him on the journey in order to leave himself free to carry out a jape on the School House chums.
"Look here, Jimmy," said Lucas, as soon as the duffer had disappeared, "what's the game?"
"Those School House chaps are!" explained Jimmy Wren gleefully. "Come on upstairs to Study No. 5! We're going to shift their giddy furniture."
"I'm hanged if I am!" said Lucas promptly. "Let them shift their own furniture!"

to shift their glady turnture."
"I'm hanged if I am!" said Lucas promptly. "Let them shift their own furniture!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Wren.
"Don't you see the idea? We needn't take a lot of pains over the show. We can turn some things upside down if we feel inclined, and—"
"Oh, I see!" said Lucas. "It's a jape."
"What-ho!" replied Jimmy Wren.
"We're going to shift everything in Study No. 5. We're going to do our utmost to please those School House bounders. Whether we shall succeed, I cannot say, but—"
"But we'll do our best," grinned Lucas. And then he added: "To muck things up!"

And then he adued: "To muck things up!"

"That's the idea," said Jimmy Wren.
"Now come on!"
Lucas and Lane followed their chum eagerly enough.
They found the Fourth Form passage deserted, and they were sole to reach study No. 5 unnoticed.
Once inside that apartment the New House juniors quickly busied themselves in rearranging things.

"I always did think that a bookcase looked better upside down," remarked Lucas, hurling all the books on to the floor, and upending that article of furniture.

"Oh, rather!" agreed Jimmy Wren.
"Oh, rather!" agreed Jimmy Wren.
"And it's my opinion a table looks best with its legs sticking up. I don't know how those duffers will be able to have tea; but that's their business!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Wren, old scout!" said Lane, picking up the coal-box. "Don't you consider that coals look well on a carpet?"

"Jolly well!" concurred Jimmy Wren.
"You want to spread 'em well over."

And Lane promptly proceeded to "spread 'em well over."

Jimmy Wren was piling up the chairs

in a corner, whilst Lucas had suddenly decided that the curtains looked better

decided that the curtains looked better stuffed into the grate.

The alterations that the New House juniors made in the study were numerous and unique.

"I really think we might say the job is finished," remarked Jimmy Wren at

and unique.

"I really think we might say the job is finished," remarked Jimmy Wren at length, surveying the disordered study.

"And I think It's time we made ourselves scarce," said Lucas.

"Jolly good idea!"-said Jimmy Wren.

"Come on! We don't want to be here when those duffers come back."

The New House juniors certainly did not want to be in the vicinity of Study No. 5 when Bob Travers & Co. returned.

The latter might have seen fit to dole out a few black eyes, and Jimmy Wren & Co. rarely went out of their way to receive such gifts.

Chortling to themselves over the success of their jape, Jimmy Wren & Co. made tracks for the New House dormitory.

There they donned their fiannels—it was a gloriously fine afternoon for the time of the year, quite suitable for the wearing of cricketing clobber—and, in view of the fact that their guests were due to arrive shortly, they took a little more, trouble than usual over dressing.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Bob Travers & Co.'s Triumph.

"What the—"
"Why the—"
"Who the—"

Mr. Conway—is coming down this afternoon. He wants us to meet the fourthirty train at Meringham."

"Phew!" gasped Dicky. Turner. "Fourthirty! And it's half-past three now. How the dickens can we tidy up this blessed study, prepare tea, and get down to Meringham Station by half-past four?"

"We shall have to buck up," said Bob. And then he caught sight of Boggles still standing in the doorway. "You can buzz off, Boggles, unless you'd care to tidy up this mess."

"He, he, he!" giggled the page-boy. "I—I—I'm too busy! I'd be only too pleased, only—only—"

"Well, hop it, then!" said Dicky Turner ungraciously. "Your chivvy only makes things worse!"

Boggles took his departure, and, after closing the door, the three chums busied themselves in tidying up the study.

After ten minutes' hard work they had succeeded in straightening things up a bit.

Then the door of the study suddenly

a bit.

Then the door of the study suddenly opened, and in strode Bunny, his brows knitted in a thoughtful frown.

"Dear me!" he muttered, as he observed Bob and Dicky placing the bookcase in its correct position. "What is the matter, Turner? What— Ow! Yow! Yarooooop!"

Yaroooooop!"
"I'l show you what's the matter!"
roared Dicky, hurling himself upon the
duffer, and bearing him to the floor. "I'll
teach you to muck up our study!"
"Really I didn't— Yooop! Groooogh!
Yah!"

Yah!"

Bump, bump!
"You burbling jabberwock!" exclaimed Dicky, bumping the duffer on the floor.
"I told you what would happen if you dared to touch anything in this study!"
"I — I — I — Oh, dear! Yow! Yarooooogh!"

Dicky was in a merciless mood. He bumped Bunny again and again.
"That's enough, Dicky," said Bob, dragging Dicky from his victim.
"Leggo!" shouted Dicky. "I'll scalp him! I'll—"
"You're done quite enough scalping,"

"Teggo!" shouted Dicky. "I'll scalp him! I'll.................................."You've done quite enough scalping," said Bob, with a smile. "Get up, Bunny, you ass!"
Thoroughly bewildered by Dicky's warlike action, the duffer scrambled to his feet, rubbing his head.
"Look here, Bunny," said Bob Travers.
"I thought we told you not to touch our furniture!"
"I have not touched it," replied Bunny

"I have not touched it," replied Bunny quietly. "But surely Wren rearranged it to your liking?"

the head. "I think I must go and see that grocer's boy."
"If you want any groceries—" began the duffer.
"I do!" said Dicky.
"I shall be only too pleased to cycle into Meringham and—"
"Oh, you needn't trouble!" said Dicky quickly. "But you can make yourself useful if you're not too much of a rank duffer."
"I shall be only too."

duffer."
"I shall be only too pleased to."
"Well, finish tidying up this study," said Dicky.
"Pick up the coals from the carpet, and shove up the curtains, and—well, straighten things up as much as you can. When you've done that you can get tha."

tea."
The duffer beamed.
"I will do that w

The duffer beamed.

"I will do that with the greatest of pleasure!" he said, giving the angry Dicky a benign smile.

"Well, go ahead!" said Dicky. "Come on, Bob! We'd better buzz along to Meringham and meet your guardian."

The three chums left the study and strode downstairs.

"Better go on our bikes," said Dicky, as soon as they reached the quadrangle.

"There isn't time to walk the distance."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. "But look here, Dicky, what's the game?"

"Game?" said Dicky. "Why, my pippin, we're going to pay those New House bounders out for ragging our study. We're going to meet that grocer's boy, and we're going to collar Jimmy Wren's grub!"

"Oh!"

"I shall be rather sorry for Jimmy Wren's guests if they have to go away hungry!" said Dicky, with a laugh. "But, after all, we've got a guest coming, and we must treat him decently."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Dicky, jumping on his bicycle. "And mind you keep your cyes open for that grocer's kid!"

"What-ho!"

"The three juniors left the guadrangle.

open for that grocer's kid!"
"What-ho!"
The three juniors left the quadrangle, and were soon pedalling quickly down the road leading to Meringham.
They were cheerfully anticipating triumphing over their rivals of the New House, and thus, when they came across Jimmy Wren & Co. standing by the side of their blcycles by the cross-roads, they were not tempted to stop and mop up the road with them.
The New House juniors grinned at sight of Bob Travers & Co.
"Hope you chaps liked the rearranging of the furniture!" sang out Jimmy Wren cheerfully.
"Yah! New House bounders!" sanging

of the initial content of the process of the proces

arm.
"Don't let him get by!" urged Dicky Tur ner. No fear!"

"No fear!"
The grocer's boy rang furiously on the bell of his machine, but he was soon compelled to jam on his brakes, for the oncoming cyclists were spread across the road. coming cyclists were spread actional.

"Stand and deliver, Traddles!" sang out Dicky Turner.

Traddles, the grocer's boy, who knew the chums by sight, jumped off his bicycle and gave Dicky Turner a questioning look.

"What did you say, Master Turner?" he

and gave Dicky Turner a questioning look.

"What did you say, Master Turner?" he asked.

"Jolly warm afternoon for the time of year, Traddles, old son!" remarked Dicky.

"Which as it is!" replied Traddles.

"Going up to the school—ch?"

"Which as I ham!"

"You don't want to cycle all that distance on an afternoon like this," said Dicky Turner. "It's too hot, you know. Let us carry the parcel for you."

"Not at all!" said Dicky promptly.

"Always glad to lend a helping hand, you know. Who's the parcel for—Master Wren, eh? Oh, good!" added Dicky, taking charge of the parcel. "Old Wren will be jolly pleased if we look after the parcel for him. Feeling thirsty, Traddles?"

"Which as I—"

"Buy yourself some ginger-pop with this," said Dicky, slipping a shilling into the hand of the grocer's boy. "You can drink my health if you like."

"Which as I shall be werry pleased to do so," said Traddles; and, meditating on the remarkable generosity and kindness exhibited by Dicky Turner, he jumped on his bicycle, and, whistling to himself, pedalled quickly in the direction of Meringham.

Chortling to themselves over the success of their scheme for repaying the New

ingham.
Chortling to themselves over the success of their scheme for repaying the New House raiders, Bob Travers & Co., after first tying the parcel to the carrier of Dicky Turner's machine, continued their journey.

Dicky Turner's machine, continued their journey.

By putting on speed they reached the station at the very moment that the train came puffing into the station.

They went on to the platform, just in time to meet a bluff, genial-looking man of middle age as he emerged from a first-class compartment.

"Hallo, Bob, my boy!" he said stepping forward and shaking Bob Travers by the hand. "Sorry I gave you such short notice, but—"

"Don't worry about that, sir!" put in Bob quickly. "Quite long enough for us. The only thing is we had to come along on our bikes, and—"

"H'm!" said Derrick Conway, pursing his lips. "I'm afraid I'm just a little too old to travel on the step of your bicycle."

The three chums grinned.

too old to trave. ...
bicycle."
The three chums grinned.
"You can get a cab outside the station,
sir!" said Dicky Turner.
"Oh, good!" said Derrick Conway. "I'll



Spiash! There came loud exclamations from Jimmy Wren & Co. as tar shot in all directions, splashing them from head to foot.

Three startled exclamations fell from the mouths of Bob Travers & Co.

They had returned from football practice a little earlier than usual, owing to the heat, and had been struck spell-bound on the threshold of Study No. 5.

Not a single article of furniture was in the place where they had left it.

Everything was in a state of complete disorder.

For a few moments neither of the chums could voice an onlyion

disorder.

For a few moments neither of the chums could voice an opinion.

Dicky Turner staggered against the wall and gasped.

"I'll scalp him!" he muttered at last.

"I'll boil the silly ass in oil! I'll—I'll

"I'll boil the silly ass in oil! I'll—I'll

Words failed the dismayed Dicky.
"You don't think Bunny has done
this?" asked Jack Jackson.
"Who "else could have done it?" demanded Dicky. "The burbling chump!
The ass of all asses! I suppose he considers this a joke."

"Impossible!" broke in Bob Travers.
"Bunny's an ass, but he wouldn't be fool
enough to muck up a study like this."
"Rats!" snapped Dick wrathfully.
"He's ass enough for anything! He—"
"Telegram for Master Travers!"
The three chums turned round, to find
Boggles, the school-page, standing in the
doorway.
There was a wide grin on Boggles' face
as he held out a buff-coloured envelope
to Bob Travers. Evidently he saw something amusing in the disordered state of
the study.

Bob Travers took the telegram, and
ore it open. Next instant he uttered an
exclamation.
"Whet's the matter Bab?" asked

Bob Travers took the telegram, and tore it open. Next instant he uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Dicky Turner.

"Oh—er—nothing much!" answered Bob, with a faint grin. "My guardian—

Wren!" gasped Bob, perplexed. I met Wren soon after I left you," ex lined Bunny. "He kindly offered to re

"I met Wren soon after I left you," explained Bunny. "He kindly offered to rearrange the furniture, and——"
"Great Cæsar!" gasped Dicky Turner, light dawning on him. "Those New House bounders have done this! Why didn't I guess as much? Why—"
"Ha, ha, ha!" grinned Bob Travers.
"You'd better apologise to Bunny, Dicky!"

Dicky! Deter aportogree to Bunny, Dicky!"
Dicky Turner snorted.
"Apologise, be hanged!" roared Dicky.
"I've a folly good mind to give the silly ass another bumping!"
"Really, Turner—"
"Oh, shut up, do!" snorted Dicky.
"Didn't you guess those bounders were enly ragging you, and that they intended to muck up the study?"
"I thought—"
"And where the dickens were you to let them do it?" demanded Dicky. "I suppose they sent you off on a wild-goose chase, while they played havoc with our things?"

"I have been over to Meringham for Wren," explained Bunny simply. "He has guests coming this afternoon, and he wanted me to order some groceries for him." 'Eh? What's that?" demanded Dicky

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Dicky interestedly.
"In return for Wren's kind action in offering to rearrange the furniture in this study," said Bunny, "I cycled over to Meringham and ordered several articles of foodstuff."
"And where are they?" demanded Dicky.
"The grocer's boy is bringing them along in half an hour's time," said Bunny.
"Oh, is he!" said Dicky, with a shake of

commandeer one at once! You can fol-low on your bicycles."

Mr. Conway had soon chartered a cab, and was speeding along the road to Red-civific.

clyffe.

Bob Travers & Co. followed on their

Bob Travers & L. Indiana bicycles.
They had travelled about a mile when Dicky Turner suddenly jammed en his brakes and jumped off his machine.
What's the matter, Dicky?" asked Bob Travers, slowing down. "Got a puncture?"

"What is the matter, Dicky?" asked Bob Travers, slowing down. "Got a puncture?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ne," said Dicky, bending down and picking up a huge piece of paving-stone which was lying at the side of the road. "I've taken rather a fancy to this lump of stone."

"I suppose you didn't notice that Jimmy Wren & Co. were standing by the side of that but containing tar?" remarked Dicky, placing the lump of paving-stone under his arm.

"No; but—"
"Well, they were," continued Dicky, "and I rather hope they're still standing there when we get back. They looked rather spick-and-span, but—"
"Quite so."
"But they won't look quite so spotless when I've biffed this lump of stone into the tar!" laughed Dicky.
"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob. "I hadn't thought of that."
"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Dicky.
Once again the chums jumped on to their machines, and began to pedal furiously in the direction of Redclyffe.

As luck would have it, Jimmy Wren & Co. were still standing by the butt of tar at the cross-roads.

They grinned derisively at the School House chums as they approached.

There was, however, a grim, set expression on Dicky Turner's face.

Dicky held the lump of paving-stone firmly under his arm, and as soon as he came alongside the New House juniors he hurled it right into the centre of the butt.

Splash!

Splash! came loud exclamations from Jimmy Wren & Co. as tar shot in all directions, splashing them from head to

feet.
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Turner, waving his hand to the discomfited New House juniors. "We don't always pay our debts in money, you know. That's for your kindness in rearranging our furniture!"

Jimmy Wren broke into a run, and tore

your kindness in rearranging our furniture!"

Jimmy Wren broke into a run, and tore after the School House cyclists.

"Come back, you rotters!" he yelled.
"I'll—"
"No fear!" sang out Dicky Turner.
"We aren't so fond of tar as to want to stay in your company!"
"Yap! School House rotters!"
"Go away, you dirty boy!" exclaimed Dicky. "What will mother say when she sees those dirty bags? How could you be so careless!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I think we might say we've scored this time," remarked Dicky Turner to his chums.

chums.

Bob Travers looked over his shoulder at
the three New House juniors, who were
dismally surveying their tarred garments.

"I don't think there's any doubt about
it." said Bob.
And there certainly was not!

"Another cup of tea, Mr. Conway?"
Bob Travers & Co. were seated round the tea-table in Study No. 5. In consequence of their triumph over Jimmy Wren & Co. their faces bore very cheerful grins. "No, thanks, Bob!" replied Mr. Conway. "I have had quite sufficient. I—— Dear me! What——"
Mr. Conway paused as the sound of rushing footsteps could be plainly heard in the passage.

mi. Colway pause as the sound of rushing footsteps could be plainly heard in the passage.

Next instant the door of Study No. 5 was thrown unceremoniously open, and in rushed Jimmy Wren & Co., bespattered with tar from head to foot.

"You rotters!" roared Jimmy Wren.

"Where's our grub? Where—"

"Better language, Wren, old son!" said Bob Travers mildly. "Can't you see we have a guest? If you want to see me about anything particular—"

"Oh, scissor!" groaned Jimmy Wren.

"Stay to tea if you like!" said Bob Travers cheerily. "There isn't much left, but you're welcome to what there is."

"I— Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Wren, turning on his heel, and blushing to the roots of his hair. "Come on, you fellows!"

"Oh, do stay to tea!" said Bob Travers, rising to his feet. "I'm sure we should hale.

fellows!"

"Oh, do stay to tea!" said Bob Travers, rising to his feet. "I'm sure we should enjoy your company. You look a bit dirty, but— Ha, ha, ha!"
Bob Travers burst into a laugh as the three New House juniors shot out of the study.

study.
Mr. Conway gave Bob a questioning

Mr. Conway gave Bob a questioning look.

"Very peculiar behaviour on the part of your friends, Bob!" he remarked.

"Very peculiar," agreed Bob. "But they often behave tike that. They look as though they'd been playing with tar! I can't understand how fellows can be so dirty!"

"Neither can I!" said Dicky Turner; and there was a merry grin on his face that Mr. Conway could not fail to observe.

Observe.

But Bob's guardian said nothing. Possibly he saw farther than Bob Travers & Co. thought he did, but at any rate it was pretty sure that he had not guessed the means the chums of Study No. 5 had adopted to repay the raiders.

THE END.

#### NEXT MONDAY.

#### THE FORM-MASTER'S PERIL! By HERBERT BRITTON. DON'T MISS IT!

Fublished

A Magnificent Long Complete FRANK RICHARDS & CO.,

the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

## By MARTIN CLIFFORD

# The 1st Chapter. The Way of the Chines.

By gum!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and sked down the valley, his brow growing

"What's up?" asked Frank Richards.
"Look!"

"Look!"
Frank Richards and Vere Beaucierc Iolowed his glance.
The three chums of Cedar Creek had been looking for game, and they were returning to camp for dinner.
Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin had been left in charge of the camp, which the schoolboy explorers had pitched by a mountain stream, high up in the Cascade Mountains.

They were still at a distance from the

mountains.

They were still at a distance from the camp, where a fire of logs and pine-chips smoked, and the horses and pack-mule lay resting by the stream.

"The young rascals!" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he saw what had caught Bob's keen eye in the distance.

Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin ought to have been "doing the chores" while the others were looking for game.

But they werent.

They were seated on opposite sides of a log, and each of them held a hand of cards, and they were evidently deep in the game.

cards, and they work the game.

A fittle heap of coins glistened in the sun on the log.

The heap was on Yen Chin's side, and it looked as if the Chinee had had all the

thick.

Chunky did not look as if he were enjoying the game.

His fat face was lugubrious in expres-

His fat face was lugubrious in expression.

Yen Chin was grinning.

"Well, my word!" exclaimed Beauciere, in astenishment. "That's rather a new game for Chunky, isn't it?"

"It's that blessed heathen!" growled Bob Lawless. "My hat! I'll give him the end of the trail-rope! He's led that fat jay into it, of course! He's like all there blessed Chows! They'd gamble the shirt off their backs. But we'll put him up to a wrinkle about playing poker in our camp!"

The three schoolboys hurried their steps towards the camp.

They were wrathful.

Yen Chin had his back to them as they came up, and did not observe them; and Chunky was too deep in the examination of his cards to look up.

"You dlawee cardee—oh, yes?" Yen Chin was asking, as Frank Richards & Co. came within hearing.

"I'll draw two," said Chunky at last.

The little Celestial dealt him a couple of cards.
Chunky's fat face brightened a little.

"I'll draw two," said Chunky at last. The little Celestial dealt him a couple of cards. Chunky's fat face brightened a little. Evidently the cards he had received had improved his hand.

"Playee up!" murmured Yen Chin.

"I'm your antelope!" said Chunky. "There's a quarter for a start, anyhow. Cover that, you heathen!"

Then Chunky looked up, with a start, as he heard footsteps clinking on the rocky ground close at hand.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Yen Chin spun round.

It did not need the looks of Frank Richards & Co. to tell him that they were wrathy. He knew their opinion on the subject of gambling.

In a second he whipped his cards out of sight.

"Velly glad see handsome ole Flanky again," he said. "Nicee ole Bob leady for dinner?"

"You young scamp!" roared Bob Lawless.

"No savyy. Whatee pool lill' Chinee

"Yon young scamp!" roared Bob Law-less.

"No savvy. Whatee pool lill' Chinee doee?" asked Yen Chin innocently.

"As for you, Chunky, you young rotter—"
Chunky's fat face was crimson.

"It—it was only a lark!" he stammered defensively. "I—I never really meant to play, you know. I'm not a shady black-guard like Gunten! I—I—— You see—"

"Yes, I guess I see!" growled Bob Law-less. "Have you got dinner?"

"I—I-I'm just going to."

"Allee light!" murmured Yen Chin.
"We getee dinnee velly shick, no time!"
Chunky Todgers was crimson and distressed.

tressed.

It was the cunning little Chinee who had induced the unwary Chunky to enter into that little game, as the chums of Cedar Creek knew very well.

Chunky backed away to the camp-fire to get on with the neglected cookery, and the chums surrounded Yen Chin.

"Now, you young rascal—" began Frank.



wkee pool lift' Chinee!" walled Yen Chin, as Bob Lawless laid on the trail-rope, "Chinee good lift' boy. Yah! Beastly ugly Bob! Oh!" "Yow I Ah! No who

Chinee no lascal!" murmured Ven in. "Velly good boy!" You've made that fat duffer play Chin. "Ven,
"You've made cards with you."
"No playee card!"
"What?"
"Can," said Yen haven't

"No playee card!"
"What?"
"No can," said Yen Chin.
"You—you haven't been playing cards?"
exclaimed Beanclerc.
Yen Chin shook his head.
"No can," he answered. "Chinec velly, good boy. No can playee pokee. Velly wlong playee pokee."
"We saw you!" roared Bob.
"Nicee ole Bob makee mistake," said Yen Chin calmly. "Me sitee hele, tinkee of nicee ole fliends comee back to dinnee."
The chums of Cedar Creek stared at him. "Well, of all the lying young villains!" gasped Bob Lawless. "He's denying that he was gambling with Chunky, when we saw him doing it!"
"No could see. PTaps optical delusion," suggested Yen Chin. "Tinkee see, and no see."

oh. h, my hat!" murmured Frank ards, feeling his breath quite taken

"Why, there's some of the cards on the log!" said Bob, pointing to the "hand" Chunky Todgers and hurriedly thrown

thouse a bodgers and harriedly thrown down.

Yen Chin glanced at the cards as if he saw them for the first time,

"Velly stlange!" he said, "No sec cardee befole. How comee hele? Plans Chunkee know."

"You—you—you pigtarled gopher!"

"You playing the same swered Yen Chin.

"Chunky, weren't you playing poker with the heather."

wered yen Chin.

"Chunky, weren't you playing poker with the heathen?" roared Bob Lawiess, 
"I guess so," answered Chunky shame-

facelly.

"Bo you hear that, Yen Chin?"

"Me heal. Chunkee dleamee."

"Wh-a-at?"

"Chunkee goee sleep, and dleamee playee cald," suggested Yen Chin. "Me no playee; me velly good lill' Chinee."

"Well, if that heathen don't take the prize!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "Do you expect anybody to believe that. Yen Chin?"

"Do you expect anybody to believe that,"
"In Chin?"
"Me tinkee—oh, yes! Flozen tluth!"
"Ill give you frozen truth, you young rascals!" exclaimed Bob. And he caught the Celestial with one hand, and laid on a trail-rope with the other.
Whack, whack, whack!
Yen Chin uttered an earsplitting yell.
"Yow! Ah! Oh! No whackee pool lill' Chinee! No playee piecee card!
Chinee good lill' boy! Yah! Oh! Beastly ugly Boh! Oh!?
Whack, whack!
Yen Chin roared with anguish.
His yelling was so terrific that Bob desisted before he had given him what he considered enough.
Yen Chin sat on the log and sobbed spasmodically.
Bob looked rather contrite.

Yen Chin sat on the log and sobbed spasmodically.

Bob looked rather contrite.

"You know you asked for it, you young heathen!" he said.

Yen Chin sobbed.

"No whackee pool lill' Chinee!" he wailed.

"Well, I'm not going to whack you any more?"

No whackee any mole?"

"No."

"Allee light!" said Ven Chin, suddenly ceasing his pitiful sebs, and grinning up at the chums. "All light, ole Bob! If no whackee, no cly."

Bob Lawless stared speechlessly at the Chinee.

Bob Lawless stared speecimessly at the Chinee.

"You spoofing little villain, you're not hurt!" exclaimed Frank.

Yen Chin nodded calmly.

"No hult," he agreed. "Howlee loudee to makee old Bob stopee. Oh, yes! All light now stoppee."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"M-m-my word!" gasped Bob Lawless.

"I've a jolly good mind to boot you all round the camp, you deceiving heathen! Look here, Yen Chin, if you're caught gambling again, you'fl get the trail-rope in real-earnest."

"No catchee again."

You won't do it any more?" asked !

"You won't do it any more."
Frank.
"No catchee," answered Yen Chin, with a grin.
"Don't you know it's wrong?" asked Beauchere severely.
"Me know. Likee alice same."
There was really no reply to be made to that, unless it was with the trailrone.

rope. Frank Richards & Co. felt that the Chinee was really a little too much for them, and they turned their attention to dinner instead.

#### The 2nd Chapter. The Schoolboy Prespectors.

The Schoolboy Prespectors.

Frank Richards & Co, had had no luck with game that day, and dinner was rather meagre in the camp.

Chunky Todgers felt that most severely, but he did not venture to complain. He was very silent for once.

He felt that he was under a cloud, and he made himself as small as possible. Yen Chin was silent, too.

Not that he was feeling repentant, like poor Chunky; the Chinee did not seem to feel any need of repentance after wrongdoing.

to feel any need of repentance after wrongdoing.

Yen Chin had his good points, but they all came from Nature, and not from cultivation.

To do what he did not want to do, because it was right to do it, was an idea that did not seem able to penetrate into his Oriental brain.

And to leave undone what he wanted to do, because it was wrong to do it, was also a proposition he had never comprehended, or perhaps tried to comprehend.

Fortunately, he was a good fellow in

was also a proposition he had never comprehended, or perhaps tried to comprehend.

Fortunately, he was a good fellow in the main, for as he always acted as the spirit moved him, he would certainly have been a thorough rascal if his propensities had been bad.

His desire to gamble was instinctive, and though he took Frank Richards word for it that it was wrong, he did it, all the same.

But he was prepared to maintain against the plain facts that he did not do it by way of a concession to his friends' prejudices.

Frank Richards & Co. liked the little Chinee, and they did not forget that he had risked his life once to help Frank in danger.

They had made up their mind to take him as he was, and make the best of him, and, young rascal as he assuredly was in many respects, his affection for the chums was very real and loyal.

He was not feeling repentant now, but he was sorry he had been found out; that was as far as Yen Chin ever went in the direction of repentance.

As soon as dinner was over he rose from the log, and glanced down the valley.

"Calinee goey for a lide," he

As soon from the log, and guanco.

"Chinee goey for a lide," he re"Chinee goey for a lide," he re-

rollines gocy for a lide," he remarked.

"Look out for grizzly bears, then," said Frank, with a smile. "Don't go too far and get lost."

"Neveg losee niece ole Flanky, said Yen Chiff reassuringly.

And he trotted away down the valley on his little wiry pony.

Vere Beauclere looked after him very curiously.

"What's that young bounder's game?" he remarked. "This is the third afternoon he's toddled off by himself."

"Perhaps he plays cards all on his lonesome, when he's out of sight," said Bob Lawless, with a laugh. "It's a disease with him; he can't help it. I'm going to try and cure him with the trailrope, though."

"Cheer up, Chunky!" said Frank Richards, catching the clouded look upon Todgers' podgy brow.

Chunky looked lugubrious.

"I gness I don't want to put it on Yen Chin," he said shamefacedly, "but—but I'm really blowed if I know how I got playing with him. He was showing me card-trieks to begin with. Your fault for bringing a blessed heathen along."

"Well, he really brought himself."

fault for bringing a along."
"Well, he really brought himself along," said Bob. "But he's been jolly useful once or twice; there's no denying

that. You fellows coming along the stream? There's a lot of wildfowl." Chunky Todgers stretched himself in the shade of a rock.
"I'm not going to sleep," he said defensively. "I'm going to—to keep a look-out. Just as well for one fellow to stay and look after the hosses." Frank Richards & Co. grinned as they went down the stream.

stay and look after the hoses."
Frank Richards & Co. grinned as they went down the stream.
They were well aware that Chunky's eyes would be scaled before they were out of sight of the camp.
The upland valley in which the school-beys had camped was solitary, and the wildfowl there had rarely been disturbed.
The nearest settlement was twenty miles away, in a "gulch" lower down the range, known as Tucker's Bar.
The stream was a shallow one, rippling over nock and sand, though in whater time it was probably a rapid torrent.
Bob Lawless was watching the stream as the chums went along the rocky bank, and his brow's were knitted in thought.
He made the pace, and they proceeded at a leisurely rate.
"This doesn't look much like supper, old scout," said Frank Richards at last.
"It's getting towards sundown, Bob."
"I've been doing some thinking, Franky."
"Any result?" asked Frank, with a

old scout," said Frank Richards at last.
"It's getting towards sundown, Bob."
"I've been doing some thinking,
Franky."
"Any result?" asked Frank, with a
smile.
"We came up through Tucker's Bar."
said Bob. "You noticed the diggings
there—all placer mining. This stream
flows down into the river at Tucker's
Bar. I've been wondering—"
He paused, and looked at the gleaming
sands in the stream again.
"Looking for fish?" asked Beauclerc,
in surprise.
"Nope! I was wondering if there was
pay-dirt in this creek," said Bob.
"My hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards.
"Gold, do you mean?"
"Well, it looks like it to me," said
Bob. "I've been over the placer claims
at home in the Thompson Valley many
a time. I know the look of pay gravel
when I see it. It struck ne, when we
camped here three days ago, and I've
been thinking about it since. What do
you fellows say to sticking here for a few
days, and looking for pay-dirt?"
Frank Richards lamghed.
"No objection," he answered. "Chunky
was going to discover a gold-mine, I remember. He said so when we started
on our holiday."
"Well, Chunky won't discover any old
mine, unless he walks in his sleep to
do it," said Bob with a laugh. "But we
might. Not a giddy bonanza, you know:
I guess I don't mean that. But I really
reckon we might wash out a few hundred dollars."
"Good!" said Beauclere.
Bob Lawless halted.

reckon we might wash out a few hundred dollars."

"Good!" said Beauclerc.
Bob Lawless halted.
Close at their feet was a bed of sand, shining in the sun, which had been covered with water when the creek was swellen by rains.

Now it lay dry as a bone, crunching under the tread.
Bob Lawless knelt, and his chums watched him curiously as he ran handfals of the shining sand through his hands.
They guessed that Bob had noted that spot before, and borne it in mind, intending to make an examination of it for "pay-dirt."

"Well, what results?" asked Frank, as the rancher's son looked up at last.
Bob coloured a little.
His chums had taken his suggestion of "prospecting" with good-humour, but he could see that they were of little faith.

"I guess it wants looking at," said Bob. "If you fellows don't feel inclined to waste time on it, you go on and look for game."

"Oh, we'll help, old scout. But what's

"Oh, we'll help, old scout. But what's to be done?"

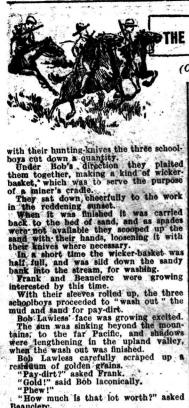
to be done?"

"If we could wash out some of this dirt; I'd jolly soon see whether there was pay-dust," said Bob. "If you want to help, lend me a hund making a cradle."

"Great Scott!" to be

"Great Scott!"
"Only a rough-and-ready one, ourse! There's a bank of osiers alohe creek, and I can show you how o it."

"Right-ho!"
Bob led the way to the osier bank, and



much is that lot worth?" asked

Bob shrugged his shoulders.
"A couple of dollars," he answered.
"Oh!"

"Oh!" the shows it's there," explained Bob. "I guess if we could uncover a part of the stream-bed we should find paygravel in plenty. What do you say? We've lots of time, and it's fun, anyway. Camp here for a few days, and build a log dam, and see what it's worth."

rth."

Any old thing," said Frank Richards.
y Jove, it would be ripping if we ild stake out a claim, and—and—"
And give our names to a new town,"
d Beauclerc, laughing.

"Ha, ha!"

"We'll stake out the claim right nough, if it's worth it." said Bob. "It not many riding down to Tucker's Barnd registering it. I guess we'll get ack to camp now, and start fresh in he morring."

"Where s the Chunky." Still on the wing, old scout," said Bob. "Biscuit and beef will do for once. But we've struck a claim,

Chunky."

Chunky Todgers jumped.

"Gold!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"You bet!"

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Chunky triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you we'd have luck? Wasn't I right? I—I say, Bob, is it worth a million dollars?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Not quite."

quite."

"Half a million?"

"Less, old son."

"Well, how much?" asked Chunky,
disappointed.

"Two dollars, so far."

"Eh! Do you mean two thousand?"

"No; two."

The expression on Chunky's fat face

"No; two."
The expression on Chunky's fat face was extraordinary for a moment.
"You jay!" he said, at last. "You pesky ass! Yah!"
And Chunky went about getting a cold supper, and displayed no more interest in Bob's gold-mine.

The 3rd Chapter.

Seeking Gold !

"Where's that pesky heathen?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, as the party sat down to supper, in the glow of the pinechip fire.

"He hasn't come back yet," said Chunky.

"The little duffer's lost himself, I suppose," said Bob restively. "I suppose we shall have to trail after him. Lucky there's a moon to-night."

But before supper was finished, Yen Chin rode into camp.

He looked rather tired, and not cheery as usual, as he sank down on a log by the fire.

His pony began to crop the herbage by the stream, looking as if it had covered a good distance.

Yen Chin gave no explanation of

the stream, looking as if it had covered a good distance.

Yen Chin gave no explanation of where he had been, and he sat silent on the log, and did not ask for any supper.

"Ain't you hungry, kid?" asked Bob.

"No hungly."

"Lidee."
"Yes, I know you've been riding, fathead! Did you lose your way?"
"No losee way."
"Well, what are you looking down in the mouth for?" asked Frank.
"No can tinkee, Allee light."
The chums regarded Yen Chin rather

The chuins regarded anxiously.

He was a little mysterious, and they could see that he was tired and in a state of depression of spirits.

"You haven't fallen in with Gunten

"Tired?"
"Allee light!"
"Where have you been?"
"Lidee."

the explorers returned to camp, they found Chunky Todgers wide and eagerly waiting for them. ere's the game?" demanded

### THE SCHOOLBOY GOLD-SEEKERS!

Published Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

and Keller by any chance?" asked Bob.
"I believe they're still in these hills."
"No see Guntee."
"Well, something's wrong with you.
What is it?"
"Allee light."
The little Chinee evidently did not intend to explain.
The chums of Cedar Creek were puzzled, but they gave up questioning fim.

puzzled, but they gave up questioning film.
Yen Chin sat in silence for a long time. When Bob and Beauclerc went towards the horses, to see them settled for the night, the little Chinee moved at last, and sidled towards Frank Richards. "Nicey ole Flanky!" he murmured. "Hallo! What do you want?" asked Frank, smiling, "You lendee me monee." "Eh?"
"Pool Hil' Chinee losee money," said

"You lendee me monee."

"You lendee me monee."

"Pool Hil' Chinee losee money," said
Yen Chin pathetically.
Frank stared at him.

"Well, you don't want money here," he
said. "You can't buy anything from the
grizzly bears, Yen Chin."

"Me wantee doliee."

"How did you lose your money?" exclaimed Frank, with a sudden suspicion.

It was two or three days since the
chums had seen Gunten and Keller, their
old enemies of Cedar Creek School, who
were camping somewhere in the mountains, and Frank wondered whether Yen
Chin knew where they were, and had
visited them to play poker.

"Me losee in tiali," said Yen Chin,
watching Frank's face as he spoke.

"Fallee off pony, and dloppee all money,
no findee. Me got no money. Pool lill'
Chinee cly."

"But you don't need any money here,"
said Frank, reassured by that explanation.

"No lendee pool lill' Chinee ten
dollee?" asked Yen Chin, sorrowfully.

"I'll lend it to you if you want it,"
said Frank, in perplexity. "But I'm
blessed if I see what you want cash for
here!"

"No likee be stonee bloke," said Yen

"No likee be stonee bloke," said Yen Chin. "Likee have cashee in pockee. Oh, yes! Payee Flanky when home."
"Oh, all right!" said Frank.
"Oh, along supply of cash for

"Oh, all right!" said Frank.
Frank had a good supply of cash for his holiday, and the chums had spent very little money.
He took out a couple of five-dollar bills, and gave them to the little Chinee.
Yen Chin's eyes glistened as he took

billis, and gave them.

Yen Chin's eyes glistened as he took them.

"Flanky good ole sort," he said.

Frank laughed.

"It's all right," he said. "But if you remember the place where you lost your money, kid, we'll get along and look for it to-morrow.

"No lemembel," said Yen Chin, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes. "Flanky no findee. Allee lostee. Pool hill Chimee!"

As Bob and Beauclere came back, the little Celestial rolled himself in his blanket, and laid down to sleep.

He was soon fast asleep, or affecting to be so.

little Celestial rolled himself in his blanket, and laid down to sleep.

He was soon fast asleep, or affecting to be so.

The weather was fine, and the chums of Cedar Creek slept in their blankets under the stars, round the sinking fire.

As was their custom, they took turns to watch during the night; Chunky and Yen Chin being exempted from that duty as unreliable.

Yen Chin did not turn out in the morning with the rest.

His journey the previous day had evidently tired him, and he was still sleeping, rolled in his blanket, long after the rest were up and doing.

Bob Lawless awakened him at last by rolling him over with his boot.

"Going to sleep all day?" he demanded. The Chinee blinked at him drowsily.

"Me gettee up," he said. "Goey lidee."

"Oh, you're going riding again, are

lidee."
"Oh, you're going riding again, are

"Oh, you're going riung again, acyou?"
"Me tinkee."
"And where are you going?"
"Lookee fol gamee."
"Br-r-r-r!" said Bob, at that untruthful answer, for it was pretty plain that it was not the truth.

Yen Chin vouchsafed no further information, however, and after the midday meal he mounted his pony and rode away.

reaction to vouchs at a different of the midday meal he mounted his pony and rode away.

He had heard the chums discussing the "strike" in the creek, but showed a plentiful lack of interest in it.

Some other matter, it was plain, was engrossing the thoughts of the little Chinee, but what it was Frank Richards & Co, could not guess.

The "claim," however, took all their attention that day,
Having decided to give it a trial, they set to work with hearty goodwin to put Bob's theory to the test.

Where the creek made a bend they banked up a dam with thick logs hewn by their own axes, and strengthened with wattles and mud.

The work occupied the four of them most of the day, and Yen Chin's assistance would have been useful, too, but the Celestial was not on the scene.

Towards sundown they had succeeded in uncovering an expanse of the sandy bed of the creek, and in the fading light Bob Lawless proceeded to "pan" it.

His chums sat on the log embankment and watched him at work.

Bob's eyes were glistening when he showed them the result.

"Good?" asked Frank.

"Tip-top—all O.K., I guess," said Bob.

"Partners, I guess we've struck ile. I reckon we can take two hundred dollars a day out of this claim, as long as it lasts."

Frank Richards opened his eyes.

That's a real strike!" he exclaimed.

"You bet!"
"Hurrah!"
The chums of Cedar Creek returned to

"Hurrah!"
The chums of Cedar Creek returned to camp in great spirits.
Yen Chin had not yet returned, and they sat down to a cold supper without him, eagerly discussing the "strike."
"I guess we shall have to stake out the claim," said Bob. "Any prospector may come meseying along any day, and if the claim's not ours legally, any galoot can chip in and wash out our gold. One of us can ride down to Tucker's Bar in the morning and register it in five names. We go shucks in the concern—eh?"
"Equal whacks all round," agreed Frank Bichards.

"Equal whacks all round," agreed Frank Richards.

"Then that blessed heathen will have to take a hand in the work," said Chunky Todgers warmly.

"By the way, where is Yen Chin?" exclaimed Bob. "He's getting too joily mysterious. He must have some reason for clearing off every day like this."

"Can he have fallen in with Gunten?" asked Beauclerc.

Bob knitted his brows.

"It's possible. I believe that foreign trash is still hanging about the hills somewhere. But Yen Chin never liked him. Gunten used to bully him at Cedar Creek. I'll joily well, make him explain when he comes back!"

But it was long before Yen Chin came back.

The chums wanted to turn in early, for they were fatigued by a day's hard work. But as the darkness settled down, and night advanced, there was no sign of the Chinee, and they grew anxious.

"I hope the young ass hasn't run into a grizzly!" muttered Bob.

"We can't turn in till he comes back," remarked Beauclerc.

"I guess I can!" said Todgers emphatically. And he did.

But Frank and Bob and Beauclerc waited up, their anxiety deepening.

There was a step on the rocks at last.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Frank, in great relief.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Frank, in great relief.

It was Yen Chin at last. He came into the camp on foot, and threw himself wearily down on a log to rest. And the three chums surrounded him at once.

The 4th Chapter.
Yen Chin's Crime!
Yen Chin did not look up.
He was plainly tired out and in a black nood, which contrasted curiously with his usual cheery spirits.



"Where's your horse, Yen Chin?" asked

Bob.
"No savvy."
"Have you lost him?"
"Losee on tiall."
"Have you had to hoof it home?"
"Oh ves!"
"age !" said Bob Little of the said Bob "Have you man "Oh, yes!"
"Oh, yes!"
"That's jolly queer!" said Bob Lawless suspiciously. "Where's your knife? I see it's not in your belt."

Frank Richards clapped the Celestial on he shoulder. Frank was more than suc-

Frank Kichards chapped the Celestri on the shoulder. Frank was more than suspicious now.

"Have you lost the ten dollars as well?" he asked grimly.

"Allee light," said Yen Chin hastily.

"You've still got the money?"

"Me gotee."

"Show it to me, then!" exclaimed

"Show iv
Frank.
Yen Chin hesitated.
"Me makee mistakee," he said at last.
"Losee money, too! Losee all! Dlopee
on tlail, and no findee."
"You want us to believe that you've
wour knife, and your on tiall, and no findee."

"You want us to believe that you've lost your horse, your knife, and your money by accident on the trail?" exclaimed Frank.

"Allee tlue!"

"You've lost them playing poker!"
roared Bob.

"No player prices."

"You've lost them playing poker!"
roared Bob.
"No playee pokee. No can."
The three chums looked at one another in exasperation.
There was no doubt that their suspicions were well-founded. It was only at cards that the Chinee could have lost his property.

picions were well-trained and that the Chinee could have lost his property.

How to deal with him was a mystery.

"The pesky young villain!" said Bob Lawless at last. "What are you going to do without a horse?"

"No savvy?"

"Anyhow, we won't let you go off again by yourself!" said Bob. "I guess I'll take good care of that!"

"Me wantee go to-mollow."

"What?"

"Flanky lendee me some dollee. Flanky nicee old boy! Me goee to Tuckee Bar and buy hoss. Oh, yes!"

"Catch me trusting you with money after this!" growled Frank Richards.

"Nicee ole Flanky—"
"Oh, dry up!"
"Dear ole Bob lendee money—"
"Dear ole Bob' you!" grunted Bob Lawless. "You try to leave the camp again, and I'll skin you!"
"Ole Bob velly ugly! No likee ugly Bob!"

Bol

"Ole Bob velly ugly! No likee ugly Bob!"

"Never mind whether you likee me!"
grinned Bob. "You're going to help work on the claim to-morrow. We'll buy you a new horse at the Bar out of the profits when we break camp. You won't want a horse till then."

"Findee gold?" asked Yen Chin, his almond eyes glistening.

"Look at that!" said Bob.

He held out the little buckskin bag in which the chums had placed the grains of gold washed out from the placer.

"Goldee!" ejaculated Yen Chin, almost gasping with excitement. "Hundled dollee!"

gasping with excitement. "Hundled dollee!"
"There's a good hundred dollars there, assented Bob. "And when we've finished assented Bob. "And when we've finished we'll buy you a new horse, if you behave yourself, and take your share of the

we'll buy you a new horse, if you behave yourself, and take your share of the work."

"Me velly good boy. Wolkee velly muchee. Oh, yes!"

"I guess we'll keep you to that. Now turn in."

Yen Chin obediently rolled himself in his blanket.

But his almond eyes remained open, fixed upon Bob Lawless.

There was a glitter in his eyes that would have arquised Bob's suspicions if he had noted it; but he gave no further heed to the Celestial.

He thrust the buckskin bag into his pocket, and sat on the log to keep the first watch while his comrades slept.

When his watch was over he laid down to sleep near the dying fire, and Frank Richards took his place on the log.

Frank watched the little valley drowsily in the glimmer of the moonlight.

He started a little as Yen Chin rose from his place and glided silently towards him.

"Go to sleep kid!" said Frank.

from his place and glided silently towards him.

"Go to sleep, kid!" said Frank.

"Me healee someting," murmured the little Chinee.

"What can you hear? Only the wind in the pines," said Frank.

Yen Chin shook his head.

"Man walkee by cleek," he said.

"Velly quiet! Man comee."

Frank Richards started to his feet, and looked towards the creek through the trees.

looked towards the court of trees.

He could hear nothing but the sough of the wind in the foliage.

"Are you sure, Yen Chin?" he asked.

"Me tinkee. Flanky goey see, mewatches hele."

"Are you sure, "Are you sure, "Me tinkee. Flanky goey see, me watchee hele."

"Right-ho! I think you're mistaken," said Frank.

He took up his rifle, and went through the trees towards the creek, keeping his eyes well about him.

There was no sign of an intruder, however, and after ten minutes' inspection of the yicinsty he returned to the camp.

He expected to find Yen Chin sitting on the log where he had left him. But the Celestial was not there. Neither was he in his blanket.

Frank Richards gazed round him in surprise and then in anger as he realised the truth.

surprise and then in anger as he realised the truth. Yen Chin had tricked him into leaving his post while he cleared out of the

his post while he cleared out of the camp.

"The young rascal!" exclaimed Frank Richards sayagely.

He shook Bob Lawless and awoke him.

"Hallo! What's up?" yawned Bob.

"Yen Chin's cleared off."

"Eh?" Bob jumped up, and Beauclerc, awakened too, followed his example.

"What on earth has he cleared off or at this time of night? It's nearly an hour to dawn yet. Why didn't you stop him?"

him?"
Frank explained rather ruefully.
"The cunning heathen!" growled Bob.
"But I don't catch on! Why should he sneak away like that? He hasn't taken

sneak away like that? He hash a horse."
"No; I should have heard him if he'd touched the horses. He's gone on foot. Blessed if I know why!"
"It would be plain enough if he had borrowed money of us," said Bob. "But he was dead broke when he came in, and he can't gamble with Gunten without any money. Lucky I had the gold-dust in a safa place."

ne can't gamble with Gunten without any money. Lucky I had the gold-dust in a safe place."

He put his hand in his pocket as he spoke, and then he uttered a sudden yell of wrath. His hand came out empty.

"Gone!" repeated Frank, in amazement. "What's gone?"

"The buckskin bag. He's picked my pocket while I was asteep!" roared Bob.

"Oh, my hat!"

Rob Lawless fairly stamped with wrath.

Yen Chin was gone, and the buckskin bag with him; the proceeds of that day's labour on the claim had yanished.

Frank Richards looked aghast.

"The awful young rascal!" he exclaimed. "He's robbed us! And—and he's gone to Gunten, wherever he is, to gamble the dust away."

Bob set his teeth.

"That's enough of Yen Chin, and of Gunten, too," he said. "We can't follow him now, but we'll pick up a trail at dawn. And I guess we'll make it hot for the whole gang, if we run them down—and I calculate we will!"

And with the first gleam of dawn on the mountains the chums of Cedar Creek led out their horses and took the trail.

#### The 5th Chapter. Rough Justice!

"By gum! That heathen again!" exclaimed Kern Gunten.
Keller grinned,
The two Swiss schoolboys were camped
in a ravine, a good ten miles from the

creek where Frank Richards & Co. had pitched their camp.
They were scated by a camp-fire, break-fasting late, in the sunny morning, when Yen Chin came in sight.
"Hallo, heathen!" grinned Gunten, as the Chinee came panting up. "I guess you've had a long walk. What have you got there?"

got there?"

Yen Chin held up a buckskin bag.
"What's in it?" asked Keller curiously.
"Gold-dustee."

"Place"

"When's did you get that, John?"

"Findee" Finde

"Findee."
Gunten grinned. He did not care very much where Yen Chin had "found" the gold, as a matter of fact.
"Phayee pokee," said Yen Chin. "Oh, yes!"

"As long as you've got any dust!"

"As long as you've got any dust!" chuckfed Gunten.
And the three sat down to the game round a log that served as a table, and in a few minutes it was going strong under the bright sunshine.
But that game of poker was destined to be interrupted.
Gunten had valued the bag of dust at a hundred dollars, and Yen Chin was allowed to use "chips" representing that sum, and two-thirds of the amount had passed to Gunten and Keller, when there was a ringing of horses' hoofs on the rocks of the ravine.
Gunten sprang to his feet.
Frank Richards, Beauclerc, and Bob Lawless were riding down the ravine at a trot.

we've found you!" said Bob Law-

"So we've found you!" said Bob Lawless grimly.

"I guess you've come to our camp without being asked." growled Gunten.

"What do you want?"

"First of all, we want the bag of dust Yen Chin took last night," said Bob. "I see you've got it there. Take it up, Franky."

Gunten made a stride forward.

"Leave it alone!" he exclaimed. "Yes Chin's lost chips to us for sixty dollars already, and it comes out of that dust."

"Yen Chin can't lose our gold to you," said Beauclerc contemptuously. "You are a scoundrel to be gambling with the poor little beggar, anyway."

"Mind your own business! Let that bag alone!" shouted Gunten.

He caught at Frank Richiards' wrist.

Without a word, but with a glitter in his eyes, Frank struck the Swiss full in the face, and Gunten rolled over on the rocks.

rocks.

Frank slipped the buckskin bag into his pocket.

Frank slipped the buckskin bag into his pocket.

Gunten scrambled up, his hand on the knife in his belt.

"You'll get hurt if you show that sticker, Gunten," said Bob Lawless quietly. And Gunten wisely did not draw it.

"Yen Chin, you young villain," sald Bob, "you've robbed us, and we're fed up, and we're done with you. There's your horse; take it!"

"That's our horse," blustered Keller.

"The Chince lost it at poker."

Crash! Bob's answer was a drive from the shoulder, and Keller went down. He stayed there.

"That's for you!" said Bob. "You've got that little rascal to gamble away his money, and you can keep it, but you're not going to keep his horse. Take it at once, Yen Chin."

The Chince obeyed.

Bob Lawless took a trail-rope, and coiled it, the two Swiss watching him apprehensively. They had grounds for apprehensively. They had grounds for apprehension.

The rancher's son began on Gunten, and he laid the trail-rope on with hearty vigour.

The Swiss yelled and dodged, and

he laid the trail-rope on with hearty vigour.

The Swiss yelled and dodged, and dodged and yelled, and fairly took to his heels at last. Keller sped after him, his heesa ping three or four lashes as he went.

"I guess that lets them out, the scallywags," growled Bob. "Now come along with us, Yen Chin, you heathen thief."

scallywags," growled Bob. "Now come along with us, Yen Chin, you heathen thief."

"Pool lill' Chinee solly."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Bob.
The chums of Cedar Creek rode away, Yen Chin with them. Not till they were quite gone did Gunten and Keller venture to return to their camp.

The schoolboys rode on, and Bob Lawless halted at last where a trail marked by horses' hoofs led to the distant camp of Tucker's Bar.

He pointed along the trail.

"That's your way, Yen Chin."

Yen Chin's face fell, and his mouth drooped pathetically.

"Pool lill' Chinee velly solly!" he pleaded. "No playee pokee any mole. No takee gold-dustee any mole. Velly good boy! Velly solly! Me cly."

"You can cry as much as you like," answered Bob, "you heathen humbug! If you come near our camp again I'll take the trail-rope to you, and you'll remember it! Scat!"

"Me no leavee handsome ole Bob!"

"That's enough!"

The three chums rode away together, and Yen Chin, evidently realising that it was final, remained sitting his pony on the trail, his eyes following them.

The last they saw of him he was still sitting there motionless, with a downcast face that haunted the chums for a long time afterwards.

. THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

#### THE CLAIM JUMPERS! By MARTIN CLIFFORD

DON'T MISS IT!

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