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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending October 12th, 1918.



THE BOYS WHO BEATTHE KAISER!

AMAZING NEW SERIAL, INTRODUCING THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE.

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 a. CY SPRAGUE, who decide to go is dest 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 boys have ridden a hippopotamus, and are greeted with cries of welcome. (Read on from here.)

Robbler, the Wild Boy.

Already the story was flying round how the boys had ridden the hippo- lobster!" had turned out of their huts to welcome them.

They said that the hippopotamus had been a great enemy of theirs, for he had walked ashore every night to | topping-up with tinned lobster. ravage their fields, and they, being afraid, had bolted their doors and trembled within their frail huts, whilst the great river-beast had trampled and devoured their growing crops.

They said that the boys were great | the fruit. magicians, and that the hippopotamus would never come back again to ravage their fields.

Which was perfectly true.

Walter the hippo had had the night of his life, and was now pegging away up the Nile to get out of the reach of these English schoolboys, who twisted his tail and rode him like a seaside donkey.

The villagers asked permission to rub their noses on the boys' shoes.

They also brought presents of wild honey and native cakes of bread. "This is top hole!" exclaimed Skeleton, as he sniffed at the honey

By DUNCAN STORM.

potamus, and the evil-faced villagers | It was a queer sort of supper that was waiting for the boys as they gathered round the camp-fire outside their tent, for Skeleton insisted on starting with bread-and-honey, and

> tin of lobster, which was duly opened | shine. for him; and Cecil, the orang-outang, was regaled with a water-melon, so large that the slices of it wetted the | the bamboos," said Arty. "But tips of his huge ears as he bit into

There was no doubt about the healing influence of the haystack which Tookum el Koos had tied up on to the top of Arty's head.

The throbbing of the wound quickly died away, and the headache caused by the grazing blow of the bullet cleared up, so Arty was able to sit up and take what he called a little nourishment.

This consisted of a cake of native bread, as big as the wheel of a bicycle. and huge spoonfuls of the scented wild honey.

The boys were very merry. There was no need for them to get in the jar. "Let's have supper at up early in the morning, and they that lay by his side.

smoke, which kept away the mosqui- your rifles!"

"I wonder what has become of those Germans?" said Chip, as he lounged at the fireside, blinking lazily at the red embers and the cloud of Horace came sniffing round for his | blue smoke that arose in the moon-

> "They were fairly on the run when old Horace chivvied them through what's up? Look at old Cecil!"

Cecil had suddenly sat up. The coarse hair at his neck bristled, and his ears were pricked up as

though listening intently. He did not seem alarmed, but gazed expectantly into the shadows.

Then Horace, who had been lying by the fire, digesting the lobster and most of the tin, rose and stalked forward, peering in the same direction.

The boys had the uncanny sense of some presence near by, which they could not detect.

They felt that somebody was standing close by them, but they could dis-

cern no human figure. Arty reached out slowly for the rifle

once! We'll start with the honey, | lounged round the fire, which | "Now, what on earth can they and finish up with the tinned Tookum el Koos fed with aromatic see?" he muttered. "Don't move, plants, which gave out a blue, scented | boys! Just get your hands close to

And the boys sat there, peering into the shadows beyond the blue smoke of the fire, sensing a ghostly presence which they could feel, but could not

It was plain that there was some-

thing or somebody beyond the fire. It might be a human being, or it might be a wild beast.

But a second's reflection told them that if it were a wild-beast lurking there in the darkness, neither Horace, the goat, nor Cecil, the orang-outang, would behave in the way they were behaving.

Cecil always drummed on his great chest when he was seriously alarmed, emitting a deep, booming sound like a drum.

Horace would have gathered himself at once in a bunch and charged at the intruder, even if it had been a lion

or a rhinoceros. There were few wild animals that Horace would not take on. But Horace, rising slowly to his

his green, luminous eyes, making a (Continued on the next page.)

feet, stared into the darkness with

He, too, tried to climb up the tentpole out of the way of the angry goat. hard and rapid butts, delivered with the

force of a pile-driver. But no tent that was ever built could stand a strain of a large orang-outang and a heavy Indian gentleman clinging to its centre pole whilst an angry goat butted at the lower portion of the mainstay.

The tent rocked backwards and forwards, and seemed as though it were walking about on its own.

Presently the long-suffering tent-pole parted with a snap, and down came Cecil and Lal and Horace in a heap under the billowing folds of canvas. Horace was out first.

With a deft dig of his horn he split the canvas from end to end, popping out of the collapsed tent like a jack-in-thebox.

Cecil followed him, and the two darted away into the darkness long before the Horace helped him up with a series of | puffing, angry Lal could extricate himself. Presently Lal's head popped out of the slit tent, and he looked round eagerly

Published

for the culprits. But neither Horace nor his accomplice

were in sight. They had vanished like a puff of smoke. They knew that that "put the lid on" things for the night, and they did not mean to show up till breakfast-time in the morning, when Lal's wrath would be evaporated.

"Ha!" muttered Lal, crawling out of his collapsed tent. "Those wicked animal fellows have bunked. They have gone to take refuge with the boys. I will follow them, and they shall have jolly good spankings!"

Lal fished his venerable white umbrella out of the wreck of his tent, and, swishing it threateningly, made his way towards the tent occupied by the boys.

He was too occupied to see the dim shape of a man who was lying, crouching in the grass, a man stripped almost naked, with well-oiled skin and a razorlike knife in his belt.

It was Cassim, the spy, who had made his way up to the borders of the camp. Cassim was armed for murder. His

knife was brought to a razor-like edge. But the weapon he most relied on was gathered about his wrist—a small, slender red cord of silk.

He watched Lal bounding through the camp like a great indiarubber ball.

And Lal passed very close to Cassim, who, hidden snakelike in a patch of long scrubby grass, could have nailed him there and then,

But Cassim let him pass. Cassim had a bigger game on than the mere killing of a Hindu.

He was listening intently to the laughter and talk of the boys.

He meant to work his way up to them to do his work.

But there was as yet too much moonlight for his purpose.

So Lal bounded on, little dreaming that there in the light of the fire he saw them | Old Lal is not so stupid as you think. I all lying out in a huddled heap of blankets, laughing and talking softly.

In the midst of the boys he could see a bigger heap than the rest. This was the shape of Tiddles, the

leopard, snuggled up under the blankets, his massive head hidden in a great hood made by Dick Dorrington's travelling-rug. There was also a negro boy lying there,

chatting and laughing, such a negro boy as Lal had never seen, as black as coal, and as graceful as a Greek statue.

Lal paused for a moment surveying the scene.

Then he strode forward, gripping his battered white umbrella.

"Ah, you boys!" he cried. "So I have catch you all bending! You send Morace and Cecil to play goats in my tent. You bust up my beautiful tent, and you hide the culprits away under blankets! But he had passed within a few feet of death. | you shall not camouflage the rascal fel-He popped round the boys' tent, and lows from me. I know where they are. shall now pull them out and give them jolly good castigations-good hidings!" And, gripping his battered umbrella

firmly, Lal advanced to the rug which covered the massive head of Tiddles.

"Come out, Horace, you bad fellow; come out Cecil, and receive your just punishments!" he cried triumphantly; and up went the umbrella as he pulled the rug aside from the giant leopard's head.

(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.)

3 ILVERS FOUSE-WARMING

The 1st Chapter. Burying the Hatchet.

"Something extra special!" said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully.

"Very extra special!" agreed Lovell. And Raby and Newcome nodded approval.

The Fistical Four were quite agreed on It was a special occasion, a very special

occasion. There was to be a celebration, and the celebration was to be something extra-

special. For the Fistical Four of the Fourth were about to retake possession of their old quarters, the end study in the Fourth-

Form passage. Rookwood School had been under canvas for some time, but while the school work had been carried on alfresco, workmen had been busy on the school build-

ings. The damage done in the air-raid had been made good at last. Rookwood School presented its old appearance, save that here and there touches of newness showed among its ancient stones.

School under canvas had been an agreeable change, but all the fellows were glad to get back to their old quarters. And such an occasion demanded that there should be a celebration, and when Jimmy Silver proposed a house-warming his chums backed him up heartily.

Tubby Muffin, who was listening to the discussion under the beeches, nodded his head in emphatic approval.

"Jimmy, old chap, you've fairly hit it!" he said. "Of course, there must be a house-warming! A big spread—a regular feast of the gods, you know!" Tubby's eyes rolled at the vision.

"Fathead!" said Lovell. "You can't have a house-warming without a spread," said Tubby warmly. "It wouldn't be a celebration unless there was a feed. Don't be an ass, Lovell! I'll help! Look here, I'll bring my rations.

"There'll have to be a-a-a cold collation," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Spreads are barred in war-time.

"Oh!" said Tubby, disappointed. "All the same, we must do the thing in as much style as possible," added Jimmy.

Tubby brightened again.

"And, without exceeding the speed limit-I mean the grub limit-there's no | sat down on the earth with a sudden jar. reason why there shouldn't be a handsome tea!" said Jimmy.

Tubby beamed. "And a little music," said Lovell.

"Eh?" "A little music."

"Are you thinking of moving the grand piano out of the music-room into the end study?" asked Raby, with a grin.

"Well, that couldn't be done," admitted Lovell. "But there's the cottagepiano that the fags thump on. We could get that along."

"By Jove! That's not a bad idea," | Fourth. sald Jimmy Silver. "Rawson can play can sing."

"I don't mind giving you a song," said Arthur Edward Lovell modestly. For some reason Lovell's chums did not look enthusiastic. Jimmy Silver went on rather hastily:

"It's a good idea. We'll have a little music, and we can manage to bag the small piano. I think we'd better speak to the Moderns about this."

"Oh, blow the Moderns!" said Newcome. "It's going to be a Classical celebration."

The captain of the Fourth shook his

"No," he answered firmly. "Of course, as Classicals, we take the lead. That's understood. But on an occasion like this both sides at Rookwood ought to pull together. We'll ask the Moderns to join

"They haven't rebuilt the end study a dozen sizes larger," hinted Raby. "It won't hold half the Classical chaps we

"My dear man, we're going to ask them, all the same. There will be an overflow gathering in the passage." "Oh!"

"The end study will be the headquarters, and the Fourth-Form passage will accommodate all who can't get inside," said Jimmy Silver. "I really think that the Moderns ought to appear in this, to make it more-more representative, you know. On such an occasion we bury the hatchet. Afterwards we make the Modern cads sit up as

"Oh, all right," said Lovell. "I don't mind. Let's go and speak to Tommy

"I say, Jimmy-" "Well, fatty?" said Jimmy Silver, as

Muffin caught him by the sleeve. "About the grub-"

"Never mind the grub now." "But that's the most important part," exclaimed Tubby. "Even if we pool the rations, it won't make much of a feed. We shall have to stretch a point for once. You'd better pool your cash, and leave me to do the shopping."

"What?" "You place the money in my hands, and I'll guarantee to have the grub ready," said Tubby Mussin confidently. "Never mind the grub rules for once. You leave it to me.'

To Tubby Muffin's surprise, four pairs of hands grasped him when he had made that kind offer, and the fat Classical "Yooop!" yelled Tubby. "Wharrer you at? You-yah-you-yow!"

The Fistical Four walked away to the Modern side, leaving Tubby Muffin struggling for breath, and blinking with wrath.

It did not look as if his valuable suggestion would be adopted by Jimmy Silver & Co.

The chums of the Fourth entered Mr. Manders' house, and proceeded up the staircase to the study tenanted by Tommy Dodd and his friends of the Modern

The three Tommies had just taken | fellows trying it on and making a mess the piano in great style. We'll get him | possession of their study, which was | of it? I put it to you as a sensible on the music-stool, and lots of the fellows | looking cleaner and tidier than it had | chap." ever looked before during their tenancy. I "Ass!"

Dodd and Cook and Doyle were deep in 1 discussion there when the Classicals presented themselves.

OWEN

Tommy Doyle gave them quite a cordial look.

"Trot in, you chaps!" he exclaimed.
"Just talking about you." "Oh, good!" said Jimmy Silver. "And we were just talking about you. We're thinking of giving a house-warming, Doddy."

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "Nothing surprising in that, is there?" asked Lovell.

"Well," said Tommy Dodd, grinning, "we were just thinking of the same thing, that's all. We were going to ask | you fellows."

"And we were going to ask you!" said Jimmy, laughing. "On this occasion we thought we dught to bury the hatchet." "Same here, old top."

"Begorra, jist what I was saying," said Tommy Doyle. "We're going to manage a spread somehow-inside the rules, of course. There's lots of things not rationed, if a chap can raise the tin to get hold of them."

"Exactly," said Jimmy Silver. "My idea is to pool resources." "Mine, too!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "The end study will accommodate the

chief guests, and there's the passage-" "The end study?" repeated Tommy Dodd. "That's on the Classical side." "Yes, that's the place for the housewarming."

"Oh! Our house-warming will be in this study, of course."

"Yes, rather!" said Tommy Cook decidedly. "Can't hold a house-warming in somebody else's house, can you?"

"Well, you see," explained Jimmy Silver, "most of the fellows think it's a good idea; but it's no good a fellow holding a house-warming in his study on his own, without any guests. My idea is to let the celebration in the end study stand for the lot. As leaders of the Form--"

"As what?"

"Leaders of the Fourth Form-" "There seems to be a misunderstanding," remarked Tommy Dodd blandly.

'We had an impression that we were the leaders of the Fourth Form." "If you're going to talk like an ass,

Tommy Dodd---" "If you're going to talk like a silly

idiot, Jimmy Silver-" "Look here, are you coming to our house-warming, or not, you Modern

chumps?" demanded Lovell. "The question is, Are you coming to

"Oh. rats!"

"Are you always as polite as that when you receive an invitation, old bean?" inquired Tommy Cook.

"Br-r-r-r-r!" was Lovell's reply. "Well, if you Moderns want to play the goat," said Jimmy Silver, "go ahead and play it. You're missing a good thing. We're bagging the small piano for our celebration, and it will be rather in

"You can't get the piano to your study -- you wen't get permission."

"We're not going to ask. We can manage it." "What cheek!"

"By gad, if the piano can be bagged, we'd better bag it!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle. "Chaps on this side can sing." "Good egg!" said Tommy Dodd

The Fistical Four glared.

This cool proposal to adopt their scheme, and bag their piano, was neither grateful nor comforting. "Why, you cheeky asses!" exclaimed !

Newcome wrathfully. "Let us catch you laying your Modern paws on that piano!" "You won't catch us," grinned Tommy leave the matter in our hands. We can I run it successfully. We undertake to make a really good, successful housewarming of it. What's the good of you

"We'll give you a fair show," added Tommy Dodd. "Everything you like, excepting letting Lovell sing." "What!" roared Lovell. "Why shouldn't I sing?"

"Well, that wouldn't do, of course, as we want the party to enjoy themselves-Here, stoppit!" yelled Tommy Dodd.

But Arthur Edward Lovell did not "stoppit." He collared Tommy Dodd, and yanked him out of his chair, and the Modern junior sprawled on the carpet. "Now, can I sing?" yelled Lovell.

"Yaroooh!"

CONQUEST.

Magnificent New Long Complete Story,

dealing with the Adventures of

Jimmy Silver & Co., the Chums of Rookwood.

wwwwww

"Can I sing?" "I mean a steamer's siren." "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang! Tommy Dodd's head smote his carpet, and Tommy Dodd roared.

The next instant Cook and Doyle had hold of Lovell, dragging him off, and the three rolled on the floor together. Naturally, Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed to the rescue, and in a moment more

there was a terrific scrap raging in the study. The four Classicals had the best of it till Towle and several other Modern juniors rushed in to the help of the three

Tommies. Then the tables were turned. The Fistical Four were overwhelmed,

and they departed from the study in a succession of bumps. There was a chorus of howls as they

landed in the passage outside. They sat up breathlessly. "Sock it to them!" gasped Lovell,

scrambling to his feet. "Give the Modern cads beans!" "Kick them out!" roared Tommy Dodd.

The Fistical Four were rushed to the stairs. There, they descended at a great rate,

with a crowd of Moderns yelling and hooting above By that time the unfortunate Classicals had realised that a strategic retreat was the wisest possible step, under the cir-

cumstances, and they dodged into the quadrangle. Under the beeches they gathered again, somewhat dusty and very breathless.

Jimmy Silver dabbed his nose with his handkerchief. "I don't think we'll have the Moderns at the house-warming," he remarked.

"Only a silly ass would have thought of having them!" grunted Lovell. "Look at my nose!" "Oh, blow your nose!"

"I say, you chaps look dusty," said Tubby Muffin, coming up. "Jimmy, old man, about the grub---'

With one accord, the Fistical Four turned on Tubby Muffin. They had been desirous of meeting some victim upon whom to wreak their wrath, and Tubby had come up in the nick of time.

"Grub!" howled Lovell, "I'll grub you, you grubby little beast!" And Tubby, for the second time, sat

down, and when the Fistical Four left him he was making frantic efforts to extract the cap that had been shoved down the back of his podgy neck; and for some minutes, at least, Tubby Muffin's thoughts were not dwelling upon "grub."

The 2nd Chapter. A Moving Job.

Dinner that day was in the old dininghall, and Jimmy Silver, at the Fourth Form table, was looking very thoughtful. The house-warming having been decided

on, naturally Jimmy wanted it to be a success, and he gave a good deal of thought to the matter.

Most of the Classical Fourth had entered into the scheme, and as it was agreed that the occasion would not be Dodd. "Now, look here, Jimmy Silver, complete without a spread, a spread there was to be.

But spreads were not easy to arrange in war-times and ration-times.

A shopping committee had been appointed already, consisting of Erroll, Oswald, and Conroy, to collect subscriptions in the Fourth, and lay out the cash | to the best advantage.

It was specially enjoined upon them that the grub rules were not to be exceeded, even had that been possible.

Still, so long as the cash was forthcoming, there were many articles upon which the eagle eye of the Food Controller had not yet fallen, and Jimmy felt that he could leave the matter to the shopping committee, and trust to them for a good result.

Tubby Muffin had begged, almost with tears in his eyes, to be put on the committee, pointing out that what he didn't know about grub was not worth knowing, but Tubby had been unceremoniously ejected.

Tubby might have been useful as a shopper, but it was certain that a considerable amount of the provender would have been lost in transit. Nearly all the Classical Fourth were

coming to the house-warming; only Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, keeping out. They were going to a little celebration

in Adolphus Smythe's study, in the Shell, a much more select party, according to Towny. But the nuts of the Fourth were not

likely to be missed. The Fourth Form party would be numerous, in any case, and probably there would be "standing room only" for any guests who came late.

After dinner Jimmy Silver dealt with the matter of the piano. He had been thinking whether it would "Like a siren!" gasped Tommy Dodd. | be wise to ask his Form-master for permission to remove the small piano to the

end study for the occasion. On reflection he decided not. If Mr. Bootles refused permission, the piano couldn't be moved, that was certain, and the inniors wanted it.

So Jimmy decided to forget to ask permission, and he hoped to get the "moving Job" over without being observed. The music-room, fortunately, was upstairs, and there was only one small upper

staircase to be negotiated, as well as a long passage with a turning in it. The Rookwood School House was an ancient building, with all sorts of odd

passages and staircases that seemed to lead to hardly anywhere. Unfortunately, one of those wandering passages gave access to the School House from the Modern side, on the same floor as the music-room, and if the Moderns attempted to carry out their design of bagging the piano that was the way they

would come. Immediately after dinner, Pons and Van Ryn, and Flynn were posted at the door in the passage, to watch for an advance of the Moderns on the music-room.

That was the first necessary step; still more necessary because it was discovered that the big dividing door was unlocked, and the key missing.

Tommy Dodd had evidently taken care of that, to leave a way open into the Classical quarters. "Those bounders will come after the

piano after lessons, most likely," Jimmy Silver said to his chums. "They'll find it gone. We're going to bag it at once, and leave it in the end study all through the afternoon. See?" "Phew!" said Lovell. "Suppose it's

wanted?" "Must risk that." "Oh, all right! Let's get it going, then; it will be rather a hefty job getting it away."

Jimmy Silver and six or seven Classicals proceeded to the music-room without loss of time.

Strains of music greeted them as they neared that apartment. "Some silly ass thumpin' now!" remarked Lovell.

The juniors marched in. Jobson of the Fifth was seated at the big piano, fingering away busily. Jobson was rather serious on music. though in class work he did not give much

satisfaction to the master of the Fifth.

He glanced round impatiently at the "What do you kids want here?" he exclaimed, suspending his operations on the

keys for a moment. "Don't you worry," said Jimmy Silver.

"We're after the other piano." "You can't practise while I'm at practice," said Jobson warmly.

"We're going to move it." "What!"

"Borrow it!" explained Raby. Jobson jumped up from the music-stool. "Clear out!" he exclaimed. "You cheeky fags! Who ever heard of such a thing! Get off the grass!"

Some of the juniors looked rather doubtful. Johson was a Fifth-Former, and, therefore, a senior.

He was not much respected in the school, being a slovenly fellow, generally more or less out at elbows. But he was a senior. But Jimmy Silver was not to be

(Continued on the next page.)

daunted.



Publishea

Every Monday

Moderns.

retters!"

Bump!

like a hero.

Moderns.

ling and bumping.

The piano reached the little stairway.

could even lift it, the Moderns were upon

"Back up!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

t raged a battle.

"Go for 'em!" roared Tommy Dodd.

The 3rd Chapter.

Hard Cheese!

from the music-room there still came a

There was an accompaniment of fierce

yells from Jobson of the Fifth. The effect

In the corridor there was a din of

The result of the scrap seemed rather

doubtful at first; but Tommy Cook, with

great astuteness, disengaged himself from

the combat, and ran back, reappearing in

A crowd of Moderns were now on the

scene, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were driven

back beyond the piano, the bone of con-

stage, and came speeding out of the

music-room to join in the combat, as he

heard the triumphant hootings of the

He found himself in the midst of a

The Classicals made a rush, but the

Then Tommy Dodd and Doyle grasped

With a shricking sound, the piano sped

away down the passage, amid shouts of

It crashed into the communication-door,

The Moderns rushed after their leader,

and the Classicals at once rushed in

At the door there was another tussle:

but again the odds told, and the

Classicals were driven back, and the door

Jimmy Silver hurled himself on the

The Classicals raged on the wrong side

"They-they-they've got it!" stuttered

"We're done!" said Mornington laugh-

ing. "This is where the Moderns do us in

Jimmy Silver breathed hard.

Modern side, and the piano was on that

Then a key turned.

and sent it flying wide open, and slid

through, and then Tommy Dodd yelled:

victory from the Moderns.

"This way!"

pursuit.

slammed.

of the door.

Lovell.

the eye!"

the brass handles of the piano, and

Modern crowd, and he was buffeted on

odds against them drove them back, and

all sides before be reached his comrades.

they were forced up the stairs again.

Lovell ceased his musical efforts at that

tention, and forced up the stairs.

a couple of minutes with reinforcements.

trampling, scuffling, yelling, and pommel-

out-Wagnered a Wagner orchestra.

the piano stood deserted, while

There were only three steps up; but

He closed the door, as a first step. "You can go on thumping, Jobson," he said. "We don't mind your making a row while we're here." "Making a what?" reared the musical

Fifth-Former. "Row, said Jimmy innocently. "You cheeky young sweep!"

"But we can't have you interfering. Sit down and thump, and shut up!" said the captain of the Fourth.

Instead of sitting down and thumping, Johson advanced wrathfully upon Jimmy Silver, with the evident intention of performing a different kind of thumping.

"Back up!" ealled out Jimmy. And, as the Fifth-Former collared him, the whole party of juniors collared the Fifth-Former, and Johson went to the floor with a bump.

"Sit on him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Who cares for the Fifth?" chuckled

Lovell. "Sit on his head!" "Yow-woop!" roared Jobson, struggling under a swarm of juniors. "Lemme gerrup! I'll pulverise you! Yah! Oh! "Are you going to mind your own busi-

ness?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to put you out of this on your neck!" roared Jobson.

"Wait and see!" grinned Jimmy. "Some of us can sit on him," remarked I

Higgs. "No time for that. I've got a cord | rushed that instrument away on its | here. Yank him over to the piano!"

Jobson, struggling and resisting, was of their party kept the infuriated "yanked" over to the grand plane, and Classicals at bay. Jimmy Silver produced a whipeord from I his pocket.

In spite of his resistance, Johson was forced to sit on the music-stool, with his arms behind him.

Then Jimmy Silver fied him securely to the music-stool.

The Fifth-Former gasped with wrath, while the juniors yelled.

His aspect was certainly not dignified, sitting on the stool, with his arms bound behind him, and escape was impossible.

"You young villains!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let me loose at once!" roared Jobson. "No fear!"

"I'll yell for a prefect!"

"Yell away! You play the piano, Lovell, and then nobody'll hear him-or | side. the moving job either. Put in plenty of the bass!"

"I'm your man!" said Arthur Edward. Johson was yelling; but his yells were soon drowned by Arthur Edward Lovell's performances as a pianist.

Lovell played scales as far down the piano as he could get, and he put plenty of energy into it, and the result was simply thunderous.

Jobson's howls were quite beaten. "Keep it up!" grinned Higgs. "If anybody hears Jobson they'll only think it's

Lovell singing!" Lovell ceased playing suddenly, and spun round to fix a deadly glare on

Alfred Higgs. "You silly ass!" he roared. Silver "Order!" exclaimed Jimmy hastily. "Shut up, Higgs! Dry up,

Lovell, and go on playing!' "That silly chump-" "Go on with the washing, fathead!"

Lovell snorted, and resumed his operations on the bass. Leaving Lovell thumping out discords

that would have made a modern German composer green with envy, and Jobson still yelling, Jimmy Silver & Co. prowhere the cottage piano stood. This was an upright, and, although

heavy, it could easily be removed by six or seven sturdy juniors.

They started on it at once, and it was rolled along quite easily to the door, and by twelve and a half inches deep. slid into the passage without.

There it crashed into the opposite wall like a battering-ram, owing to having too much "way" on it.

narrow escape of being pinned between the piano and the wall, and he roared: "Look out! Mind what you're up to,

you asses!" "Why not keep out of the way?" sug-

ested Higgs. "Fathead!"

"Ass!" "Look here--"

"Well, you look here--"

Van Ryn came speeding along the corridor from the communication-door.

"Look out, they're coming!"

"Eh! Who're coming?" "The Moderns!"

"Buck up!" shouted Jimmy Silver. Evidently Tommy Dodd & Co. were not leaving the moving job till after lessons.

Tommy was as good a general as Jimmy Silver, and he was after the piano early. There was a shout down the passage as the Moderns came on the scene in force. Jimmy Silver & Co. steered the piano

away from the wall, and rushed it up the passage, towards the little staircase that wave access to the Classical Fourth tery series. A certain Captain Lagden, show their resentment of Mr. Gunten's Form quarters.

and, with an occasional bang on the wall, wood to act as football coach. Lovell the Boot." it sailed on at a good speed.

THRE THE CHIPMED AN ----

had done him in the "eye." The piane was bagged beyond hope of recapture. Modern voices were yelling derision and

But suddenly those yells died away. A deadly silence reigned on the other side of the big oaken door.

Behind, in hot pursuit, came the Through the silence, quite audible to the Classicals through the big door, came "Stop them!" roared Tommy Dodd. a sharp and penetrating voice—the un-"They've got our piane, the Classical pleasant voice of Mr. Manders, the senior Modern master.

scorn through the keyhole.

"What is this? What is this dreadful disturbance? How dare you take that! piano from the music-room? I repeat, the instrument had to be lifted there, and how dare you?" carried, and long before the Classicals

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. Lovell chuckled softly. "It's old Manders! He's heard the row

and come up!" "This is where we clear!" murmured Mornington. "The old bird will report us to Bootles if he sees us."

"Buzz!" said Jimmy Silver tersely. And the Classicals promptly "buzzed." Now they came to think of it, they had | The soft answer turneth away wrath, | certainly been making a terrific din, and I and Tommy Dodd was not proof against it was not surprising that the Modern | that appeal. roar of discords in the bass, Arthur master had come up.

They had no desire to interview Mr. | Fifth-Former was released. He did not Edward Lovell slamming away at the keys Manders just then. That pleasure they were content to leave wholly to the Moderns.

In half a minute there was not a Classical near the scene, excepting Jobson of the Fifth, still tied to the leg of the grand piano in the music-room, and yelling for help.

Jimmy Silver & Co., in the hurry of the moment, overlooked Jobson, and he stayed there.

The unfortunate Moderns could not flee. Mr. Manders had come on them crowded round the Modern side of the communication-door, which was locked, and they were fairly cornered with their

The Modern master's eyes almost seemed to bulge through his spectacles at the sight of the piano, which was showing signs of harder usage than it had been

accustomed to. Tommy Dodd & Co. blinked at him in utter dismay.

From the point of view of the Modern Fourth they were more than justified in "dishing" the Classicals by any means that came to hand, but they were not sanguine enough to expect Mr. Manders to see eye to eye with them on that eastors down the passage, while the rest | subject.

They blinked at Mr. Manders, who stared at them grimly and angrily. "I repeat, what does this mean?" snapped Mr. Manders. "Dodd, I presume that you are the ringleader in this."

"Ye-e-es, sir," stammered Tommy. "You have taken that piano from the music-room. Have you the permission of a master to do so?"

"Nunno, sir." "Where are you taking it?"

"To-to-to our study, sir." "Boy! Are you out of your senses?"

"I-I-I hope not, sir." "You are removing that plano from the

music-room to your study!" roared Mr. Manders. "How dare you!" "Ahem! I-I-- We-we--" said

Tommy Dodd helplessly. door, but in vain. It was locked on the "How did you contrive to open that door, which is always kept locked by order of the Head?"

"I-I found a key, sir." "The key is kept by Mack. Where did you find another key, Dodd?"

"I-I found it in Mack's lodge, sir." "Dodd! You abstracted the key from Mack's lodge in order to take this instrument from the music-room to your study?"

"I_I_" "Open that door at once, and return the piano to its place!"

"Yes, sir," grouned Tommy Dodd. "I will deal with your outrageous conduct afterwards!" -added Mr. Manders sternly.

In the deepest depression of spirits the unfortunate Moderns, no longer elated with their victory, opened the big door,

and the piano was wheeled back. As it was convoyed into the music-room the yells of Jobson smote on their ears, and, worried as they were, they grinned at the sight of the undignified-looking

Fifth-Former. "Come and let me loose!" yelled Johson as they came in.

"Go and eat coke, you Classical worm!" growled Tommy Dodd in response. "I'll smash you!"

"Rats!" "I-I say, come and let a chap loose,

will you?" mumbled Jobson, changing his | can bet Manders has taken away the tune, as it were.

He cut through the whipcord, and the

stay to thank his rescuers. He went to look for Jimmy Silver &

Co., and he appeared to be pressed for The Moderns pushed the small piano back into its place and returned to the

spot where Mr. Manders was awaiting job." "Go to my study, all of you!" said the Modern master severely. "Give me that |

key, Dodd! I will take charge of it." With glum faces the unhappy Moderns trooped away.

Mr. Manders locked the communicationdoor very carefully, put the key in his pocket, and followed them.

In Mr. Manders' study there was quite a painful scene. In the faint hope of touching the Modern master's heart, Tommy Dodd ventured to explain about the intended

house-warming in his study. He felt that even Mr. Manders, at some far-away period of his career, must have been a boy himself, and there was a bare possibility of his understanding that boys

are still boys. But if Mr. Manders had ever been a boy it had happened so long ago that he had forgotten all about it.

Certainly, at the present stage of his career, he had no sympathy with boyish boisterousness.

He listened to Tommy's faltering explanation with a freezing look. "A house-warming!" he said. "Utter nonsense!"

"Oh, sir!" "I forbid anything of the kind taking place in your study, Dodd!"

"Understand me," said Mr. Manders grimly, "if there is anything in the nature of a celebration of any sort in your study to-day, Dodd, or any other junior study on this side of Rookwood, I shall punish the participators most severely!"

"And now, hold out your hand!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" The Moderns quitted Mr. Manders' study squeezing their hands, and with feelings in their breasts too deep for

The Modern house-warming was off. And the suffering youths agreed, with great unanimity, that the authorities had made a great mistake in exempting Mr. Manders from military service.

Just then they would have been wildly delighted to think of Mr. Manders learn-

ing the goose-step under a particularly crusty sergeant.

The 4th Chapter. Tommy Dodd is Equal to the Occasion.

Jimmy Silver came out of the schoolhouse with a smile on his cheery face about half an hour later.

Having allowed a discreet interval to elapse, to make sure that Mr. Manders was off the scene, Jimmy had gone to scout along to the music-room, and he. came back to his comrades in the quad with good news.

"Well?" said Lovell and Raby and Newcome together.

"All serene!" said Jimmy. "Manders must have dropped on 'em heavy. The piano's been put back, and we can bag it when we like."

"Bravo!" "The big door's locked, too, and you key," added Jimmy. "The Modern worms won't be able to wriggle in again. We can bag the piano any time we choose."

"Good egg!" Jimmy glanced up at the clock-tower. "Plenty of time before lessons," he said. "Nothing like striking the iron while it's

hot! Come on!" The Fistical Four proceeded to the School House, with Erroll, Mornington,

Conroy, and Pons and Van Ryn. They were enough for the "moving

Before they reached the house, however, Jobson of the Fifth bore down on them.

He had an ashplant in his hand, apparently borrowed from a prefect's study. "I've been looking for you!" he announced.

"Well, now you've found us!" said Jimmy Silver affably. "Do you want to be tied up again? If so, come along to the music-room!"

"I'm going to give you a jolly good hiding!" roared Jobson.

"I don't think!" grinned Jimmy. And Jimmy was right.

Jobson of the Fifth had time for one "lick" with the ashplant, and then he found himself sitting in the quad, with the stick shoved down his back, and his cap stuffed into his mouth.

The juniors left him there to sort himself out, surrounded by a grinning crowd. and when he had sorted himself out Jobson of the Fifth wisely decided to let the matter drop.

The Fistical Four were rather too tough a handful for him to deal with. The Classical juniors reached the music-

room in great spirits. They had had rather the worse of the contest with the Moderns, but the intervention of Mr. Manders had turned the tables for them, and there was no danger of any further conflict with Tommy Dodd

The cottage-piano was wheeled out again, and wheeled along the passage to the little stairway.

There it was lifted up and bumped down in the upper passage with great success.

To run it along the Fourth-Form passage to the end study was quite easy, and Jimmy Silver sat on it in transit, giving orders from the bridge, as it were, to his crew.

It came up to the end study with a shriek and a rush, and Lovell guided it round, and it was rushed in to the accompaniment of a fiendish yell from Jimmy Silver, who was brushed off the top as it flew in.

The piano, with great speed on it, flew into the study, and crashed on the table, leaving Jimmy Silver sitting in the passage, roaring.

The table was deposited in the fender, but the piano was brought to a halt at last, and dragged round to the win-

"You silly chumps!" roared Jimmy Silver, following his comrades in. "Couldn't you give a chap time to get down before you pushed the dashed thing in the doorway!"

"Looks as if we couldn't!" remarked Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Jimmy, old chap!" said Lovell, pulling a chair to the piano, and sitting down. "It's ripping to have the thing here-don't grumble. Now, be quiet, and I'll give you a song!"

and started his song, to his own accompaniment. There was a sudden rush of feet. Arthur Edward Lovell, in surprise,

Lovell ran his fingers along the keys,

stopped at the third bar, and looked The study was empty.

Lovell put his head out of the doorway; Jimmy Silver & Co. were vanishing towards the staircase.

"You silly chumps!" roared Lovell, in great wrath. But his comrades were gone, and Lovell closed the piano-lid with a slam like a

cannon-shot, and followed them, snorting. His chums smiled as he rejoined them in the quadrangle; but Arthur Edward did not smile. He frowned.

"I rather think the house-warming is going to be a success," remarked Jimmy Silver. "We've bagged the johanna-I mean the piane. Not much good those

"Not a bit," agreed Raby and Newcome. "Not if Manders chips in, anyway," grunted Lovell morosely. "Don't swank! It was Manders got the piano for us, if

he only knew it." "Lovell, old chap, you let your chin wag too much," said Jimmy Silver reprovingly. "We've got the goods, and that's the main thing. And the shopping committee have done rather well. There will be something like a spread."

"Good!" "And those blessed Moderns don't look as if they're enjoying life," added Jimmy Silver, glancing towards Tommy Dodd & Co., who were walking lugubriously under the beeches

There was no doubt that his old rivals 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 & prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street London, E.C. 4."

ATTRACTIONS!

On the front page of this number you will find a facsimile of the magnificent ceeded to the other end of the long room, photogravure plate of the Boys Who Beat the Kaiser, which will be presented with next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. This picture gives you a small-very small, in fact-idea of the real thing. For the plate itself measures eight inches wide

It is a splendid picture, one that, when framed, will be suitable to hang on the walls of the very best room of your house. It is not gaudy in Jimmy Silver, who was guiding it, had a colour, as are many plates given free with weekly journals. It will be of a soft, attractive tone, and the splendid likeness of the various characters reflects great credit on Mr. G. M. Dodshon, who has

executed this plate in his very best style. I want every reader to secure a copy of this magnificent plate. You can only make sure of doing this by ordering your copy of next Monday's issue in advance. | Gunten is the junior who gets the order

advance. The stories due to appear in our next issue are of the highest quality. The tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., which is entitled

"LOVELL'S DISAPPEARANCE!" By Owen Conquest,

an old Rookwood boy, having been dis- action, you will, I feel sure, long to read The instrument ran well on its castors, charged from the Army, comes to Rook- the stories which follow "The Order of claims relationship with the man, but. The Redclyffe chums are so popular with

very offhanded sort of manner.

Needless to say, Lovell is considerably surprised. But when, some time afterwards, the Fistical Four are exploring the vaults, and come across Captain Lagden, they have a breezy encounter with the latter, and are compelled to think still less of their new football coach. Lovell is determined to obtain his revenge on the captain, and leaves the dormitory late at night. But Lovell completely disappears after this. The juniors wake up the next morning to find that he is missing. Where he has gone to is a complete mystery; the whole school is completely

baffled. Next Monday's grand long complete tale of Frank Richards & Co. also forms number one of a splendid new series. The title of this story is

"THE ORDER OF THE BOOT!" By Martin Clifford.

There is bound to be an enormous of the boot. That he deserves it is the demand for this number, for many boys general opinion of the Cedar Creek before will purchase this issue. There- Old Man Gunten. Gunten's father is in fore it behoves every one of you to take a terrible rage, however, and threatens the necessary precaution, and order in Miss Meadows with dismissal if his son is not taken back into the school.

The schoolmistress refuses to give way, with the result that Mr. Gunten carries out his threat. Frank Richards & Co. are indignant with Old Man Gunten's action, and they resolve to remain staunch to the schoolmistress. When I tell you that in future stories Frank Richards & Co. are forms number one of a splendid new mys- going to embark upon a barring-out to

strange to say, Lagden treats him in a all my readers that in next Monday's issue it is my intention to publish the first grand long instalment of a new serial introducing Bob Travers & Co., and entitled

"BARKER THE BOUNDER!" By Herbert Britton.

In the first instalment you will read how Bob Travers went to meet Barker, the bounder, and how they were given to understand that he was a weak, nervous fellow, and how they found him to be totally different. You will also read of the difficulty Bob Travers had to get him to the school, the means they adopted, and of the ultimate result.

Baron von Slyden & Co. have already adopted desperate measures to obtain their revenge on the boys of the Bombay Castle, but in next Monday's instalment of

"THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER!" By Duncan Storm,

you will be held spellbound when you become acquainted with their latest das- I silly Moderns trying to compete with who have never read the Boys' FRIEND juniors; but this opinion is not shared by tardly plot. It seems hardly credible that even a German, bad as he is, could concoct such a scheme. Even Horace, the goat, and Gus, the crocodile, fall victims to the baron's plot. Gus, in fact, is badly hurt, and there seems very little hope of his recovering. Whether he does or not we must wait and see.

The three Tommies were looking very

"You'll be pleased to hear that we've landed the piano all right, you chaps!" called out Raby, with a grin.

"Only through Manders shoving in his oar!" growled Tommy Dodd. "We had

"You had it-but we've got it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Fortune of war, old scout. I'll tell you what; we'll let you come to the house-warming if you'll behave yourselves and wash your necks!"

"Go and eat coke!" "Look here," said Lovell. "We'll give you a chance, Tommy. We shall have a big party, and we shall want some waiters. You chaps come and wait at table, and we'll stand you sixpence each."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classicals. "Oh, bother you and your gas!" grunted Tommy. "Run away and play!"

The three Tommies walked away, leaving the Classicals smiling. The fortune of war certainly seemed to be in favour of the Classicals just now.

"Sure, we're done in the eye!" groaned Tommy Doyle. "Those swanking asses are having it all their own way-and all through Manders intirely. And to think that the Germans dropped bombs on Rookwood-and missed Manders! Those Huns are clumsy beasts!"

"It wouldn't matter so much if we could have our house-warming," said Cook. "But we can't have even that." "Not on the Modern side!" said Tommy

Dodd thoughtfully. "We can't have it anywhere else, suppose!" grunted Cook. "Thinking of picking up the study and carrying it somewhere else?"

"Don't be funny, kid," said Tommy Dodd severely. "I've been thinking a bit. As matters stand, the Classicals win all along the line. But we're not quite beaten yet. We can't house-warm in our own study. But Jimmy Silver is going ahead with the Classical house-warming-"

"Sure, we know that!" "We get out of the Form-room an hour before those Classical chumps!" went on Tommy. "It's 'stinks' this afternoon, you know, with Manders."

"What the thump difference does that make?" "Lots."

Tommy Dodd's chums stared at him. It was a fact that they had to attend to chemistry class-more commonly known as "stinks"—that afternoon, while the rival side of the Fourth was grinding at the Classics in the Fourth-room.

But what difference that made to the matter in hand was a deep mystery to Cook and Doyle. Tommy Dodd was smiling, however,

plainly pleased with the idea that had come into his fertile brain. "We're not dead yet!" he remarked

complacently. "Faith, and what are ye driving at intirely?" demanded Tommy Doyle im-

patiently. "Give it a name, ye gossoon!" "Don't you see?" chirruped Tommy Dodd. "There's no end of preparations

for a terrific house-warming in the end study, on the Classic side." "Don't we know it, ass?" "They've got the biggest spread they

can get inside the grub rules, and the piano, and so on." "Well, ass?"

"And they'll be in the Form-room right ap to the usual time, digging into cheery old Classics with Bootles, while we shall be doing chemistry with Manders."

"Come to the point!" yelled Cook. "I'm coming. dear boy!" smiled Tommy Dodd, and he lowered his voice. shall be finished 'stinks before they finish in the Form-room. We get out early, don't we?"

"We usually do, so I suppose we shall; but what the thump-"

"Don't you see now? We're out, and they're in, and what's to prevent us from strolling up to the end study-"

"And walking into it?"

"Wha-a-at?" "And fastening the door!" grinned Tommy Dodd. "Oh!"

"You see!" Tommy Dodd chuckled. "Easy as falling off a form! That's the game for us, my innocent infants." He lowered his voice deeply and mysteriously, and said, in a thrilling whisper: "BAG THE HOUSE-WARMING!"

The 5th Chapter. Bagged!

Jimmy Silver & Co. turned up to classes that afternoon in cheery spirits. From the Classical point of view all was going well.

True, the juniors felt that, upon such an occasion, the Head would have done well to grant Rookwood a whole holiday, or, at least, a half.

That had not seemed to occur to Dr. Chisholm, however. Perhaps he was not keen on such celebrations as housewarmings.

But though a holiday would have improved matters, Jimmy Silver & Co. felt that all was going well; in fact, all was for the best in the best of all possible schools.

As soon as they were free from classes. the house-warming was to begin; and considering the preparations that had been made, it could not fail to be a great success.

The Moderns were simply nowhere. Indeed, it was known by this time that Mr. Manders had prohibited a housewarming on the Modern side, so manifestly there was nothing left for the

three Tommies to do but to hide their diminished heads. Some of the Moderns were looking glum when they came into the Formroom, but the three Tommies, strange to say, seemed to have recovered their

spirits. Classicals and Moderns had the first lesson together, with Mr. Bootles; and then the Moderns left the Form-room,

to go to the chemistry class under Mr. Manders.

The Classicals were left with Mr. Bootles to pursue more Classical courses, chemistry not being a Classical subject.

It was customary with the fellows on the older side of Rookwood to proclaim the superiority of Classical studies, while turning up their noses at such subjects as German and chemistry and book-keeping, but it must be admitted that Jimmy Silver & Co. did not display a pronounced interest that afternoon in the tongue of Horace and Livy.

Their thoughts wandered to the housewarming, especially Tubby Muffin's, Tubby being in a state of beatifude at the mere thought of the eatables accumulated in

the end study. Rationed "grub" was only in its usual quantities, but there were other things, such as candied fruits, and other fruits, and pickles, and cheese, and biscuits, and, in fact, all sorts and conditions of things that did not usually appear on junior teatables in war-time.

The shopping committee had done well, and all the "house-warmers" had shelled out manfully for the purchase of supplies And as yet Tubby Muffin's greedy fingers had not been allowed to touch the good things, he had only seen them and yearned for them, like a podgy Peri at the gate of Paradise.

When the house-warming started Tubby meant to distinguish himself, though there were some other fellows who meant that Tubby should not distinguish himself so much as he intended.

Seldom had good Mr. Bootles seemed so prosy as he did that afternoon; very seldom had the Classics seemed so terrific a bore.

But all things come to an end at last, and so did afternoon classes for the Classical Fourth of Rookwood.

In great relief, the Fourth-Formers trooped out when Mr. Bootles at last gave the word to dismiss.

"Blest if I thought it would ever end!" yawned Arthur Edward Lovell. "Bootles really seemed to be wound up."

"Eh! This is our house-warming," was f the reply.

"What?" "House-warming!"

There was a roar of laughter in the end study, following that explanation. Evidently Tommy Dodd was not alone

He had brought his friends with him, and, judging by the roar, the end study was pretty well crowded.

Jimmy Silver stood petrified. He had known, if he had happened to think of it, that the Moderns were released from classes earlier than the Classicals that afternoon, but he had not happened to think of it.

Even if he had done so he would scarcely have foreseen such an extraordinary raid as this.

He stood rooted to the floor, unable to reply for some moments. Lovell and Raby and Newcome seemed

as petrified as their leader. The door was locked.

The end study was crowded with Moderns, and the owners of the study and the house-warming were locked out in the cold, and their numerous guests were due in a few minutes.

The piano crashed out again. Tommy Dodd was the pianist, and what he lacked in technique he made up in

energy. Evidently the Modern house-warmers

were enjoying themselves. Nine or ten voices joined in a rousing chorus.

Outside, the Fistical Four looked at one another speechlessly. Jimmy Silver found his voice at last.

"The-the Moderns!" he stammered. "They—they—they've bagged our study!" "And our piane!" said Lovell sulphurously.

"And our house-warming!" "And our grub!" wailed Tubby Muffin, looking on the verge of tears. "Our grub, you know! 1-1 say, they've bagged the

Lovell kicked furiously on the door.

outside, breathing threats | Classical Fourth swarmed into the paspassage through the keyhole, and discussing the | sage again. situation with growing wrath.

"By gad! Somethin' will have to be they did not mean to let it be closed done," said Mornington, with a grin. "We | again after Mr. Bootles was gone. can't let them gloat over us like this." "What's going to be done?" said Higgs

sulkily. "We're done! That's because we've got such a jolly good leader!" "I couldn't help it, could I?" snapped | Jimmy Silver.

"Well, you ought to." "Yes, Silver ought to have foreseen

this!" remarked Jones minor, with a sage shake of the head. "I must really say I think that Silver ought to have foreseen

"They'll be scoffing the grub!" said Tubby Muffin, in a tone that was like unto a wail of the deepest anguish.

"Dash it all, we'll get the lock off somehow!" said Jimmy Silver desperately.

There was a chuckle from within. "N.G., dear boy!" came Tommy Dodd's voice through the keyhole. "We've got the table and the sofa against the door, and if you try to shove it in, we'll jam the piano against it, too!"

"Oh, you rotter!" "Keep smiling, old scout-your own cheery maxim, you know!" chortled Tommy Dodd. "I say, we've passed a vote of thanks to you for providing the grub. Our first toast is going to be to the founder of the feast-Uncle James!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I'll johy well call up Bootles to you!" exclaimed Higgs.

"Yah! Sneak!" "No, you won't, Higgs," said Jimmy

Silver quietly. "Shut up, and don't talk like a cad!" "That's right; play the game!" said

Tommy Dodd approvingly. "Besides, you. can stand outside there, and listen to the singing!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

The enraged Classicals held an excited council of war in the passage, what time merry strains of music proceeded from the end study.

to be in a Fourth Form study, Dodd?" "It-it was brought here, sir," stammered Tommy. He gave the Classicals, outside, a furious glare with the side of his face that was turned from Mr. Bootles, trying to look meek and respectful with the other side—an effort which caused him to assume an expression that was really

Now that the disputed door was open

The Form-master's arrival was a god-

send to Jimmy Silver & Co. They were

not responsible for it; in fact, it was the

Moderns' uproar that had brought him

there; but they were quick to seize their

the study Jimmy Silver & Co. could be

As Mr. Bootles walked majestically into

Mr. Bootles glanced round the study in

"Bless my soul!" he said. "This is-is

surprise at seeing only Modern juniors

there, and he was still more surprised to

extraordinary! How did that piano come

advantage.

see the piano.

seen grinning behind him.

extraordinary. "I am aware that it was brought here, Dodd," said Mr. Bootles, "But by whem, and for what purpose, was it brought

here? "We-we-we're having a house-warm-

ing, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" "Jimmy Silver was kind enough to bring the piano in for us, sir," said

Tommy Dodd meekly. Some of the Moderns grinned, and Jimmy Silver shook his fist at Tommy Dodd hehind Mr. Bootles' back.

Mr. Bootles glanced round at the same moment, and Jimmy burriedly turned his threatening gesture into scratching his nose, just in time. Mr. Bootles looked at him curiously.

"We-we thought we'd have the piano, as-as it's a special occasion, sir," said Jimmy crimsoning.

"You should have asked permission, Silver," said Mr. Bootles. "However, there is no objection for this occasion only, though you should certainly have asked leave. But you must not make so much noise here. I heard the piano in my study, and was very much surprised and disturbed. I should be sorry," continued Mr. Bootles, in his benevolent way, "to throw cold water upon a harmless celebration, but, really, you must keep yourselves within bounds."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Yes, sir!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. It was very clear that Mr. Bootles was blissfully ignorant of the true state of affairs in the end study.

"A-ahem! House-warming is a somewhat odd idea," said Mr. Bootles genially. "But I am glad to see you joining in this friendly way, on the occasion of theh'm!-resumption of normal tife at Rookwood. I am glad to see Classical and Modern boys on these cordia, terms with one another, after the many occasions upon which there have been disputes and even fistical encounters."

"Oh!" stuttered Jimmy, "'Um!" mumbled Tommy Dodd.

"Pray continue your little celebrations!" said the benevolent Mr. Bootles. "I will not interfere with it; but, at the same time, I request you not to make too much noise." "T-t-thank you, sir!"

"Not at all, my boys!" said Mr. Bootles graciously. And he retired from the end study, and the rustling of his gowu died away down the passage.

Tommy Dodd held the door for him as he went out, and would gladly have shut it when he was gone, but three or four Classical boots were in the way. That door was not destined to be shut

again. Classicals and Moderns glared at each

other in the doorway, till Mr. Bootles was gone. The Moderns drew together for defence, but they were well aware that they had

no chance, with nearly all the Classical

Fourth swarming to the attack. "Rush the rotters!" exclaimed Lovell. "Hurrah! Sling them out!" But Jimmy Silver held up his hand.

In the hour of triumph Uncle James was generous. "Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Rats! What is there to hold on for?" Evidently the somewhat reckless cele-

exclaimed Jones minor. "Kick those Modern rotters out on their necks!" "Order!" -said Jimmy Silver sternly.

"Gentlemen, this is a house-warming, not a dogfight! Under the—the circumstances, we extend the olive-branch to there Modern rotters-I mean, to these gentlemen of the Modern side. Tommy Dodd, old scout, the invitation still holds good! Bury the hatchet, and let's have the house-warming together!" voices, and in somewhat excited tones!

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a snort. "Isn't that just like Jimmy, when we've got them fairly by the neck?" he ex-

"Order!" Tommy Dodd grinned.

"Jimmy, old scout, you're a Briton!" he said. "We accept the invitation, with thanks! We'll call it a draw, and we'll house-warm together—the giddy lion and the merry lamb! Walk in, gentlemen!"

And so it was settled, and the gentlemen walked in, as many of them as could find room, the passage accommodating the rest. For once the hatchet was successfully buried, and Classicals and Moderns celebrated together-and great was the celebration thereof. And without a dissentient voice it was agreed that the event of the term was Jimmy Silver's House-warming!

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS ITT



Leaving Lovell thumping out discords, and Jobson still yelling, Jimmy Silver & Co. proceeded to roll the cottage piano into the passage.

"Hallo! Where are you going, Tubby?" roared Jimmy Silver. The fat Classical was already scudding

"I-I'm just going to see that it's all right in the end study, Jimmy," stammered Tubby.

"Take hold of his ear, Lovell." "Yarooh!"

"Gentlemen," said Jimmy Silver, "we're going to get ready now. Guests will begin to arrive ten minutes from now." "Rely on us," said Oswald.

"Hear, hear!"

And the Fistical Four proceeded to the end study to give the finishing touches to the preparations before the great cele-

bration started. Tubby Muffin followed them with a hungry gleam in his eyes.

The door of the end study was closed, and, to the surprise of the Classicals, sounds of merry music proceeded from the room.

"Somebody's playing our piano!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in astonishment.

"My hat!"

They ran on to the study. Jimmy Silver turned the handle, but the door did not open. It was locked on the inside.

Within, someone who had apparently not completed his studies as a pianist, was thumping out a triumphal march. It bore some distant resemblance to the prelude to the Third Act of "Lohengrin," and was probably intended for that, but

the pianist was putting in a good many things Wagner had never dreamed of in his most Wagnerish moments. But it certainly expressed great joy and jollity, and was played with terrific

energy. Jimmy Silver thumped on the door wrathfully. "Who's in there?" he shouted.

The blare of the cruelly-used piano ceased. "Hallo!" came back a voice from within, the well-known voice of Tommy

Dodd of the Modern Fourth.

"Dodd!" yelled Lovell. "What are you doing there?" shouted | rivals. Jimmy Silver.

"Let us in, you Modern rotters!" he roared.

Crash! Thump! Bang! The piano and the chorus ceased at last. Tommy Dodd's voice came through the keyhole.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not so much row out there, you Classical hooligans! You're interrupting the harmony of the meeting."

"We'll smash the door in if you don't open it!" bellowed Lovell. "Shush!" Bang! Crash! Thump!

"Go easy!" said Tommy Dodd. "You'll

have a prefect up here if you keep up that row. Play the game, you know." "I'II-I'II-I'II-" Lovell seemed on the point of suffo-

cation, but he ceased to hammer at the door. It was not "in the game" to bring | masters or prefects into the war that

raged between the rival juniors. Tommy Dodd chortled. "Get in if you can," he said. "You can squeeze through the keyhole, or drop down the chimney, or fly in at the window, if you like—and if you can! My advice to you is, to go away and be good

little boys." "Ha, ha, ha!" The music recommenced, while the Fistical Four raged impotently outside. And now the guests began to arrive.

The 6th Chapter. The Lion and the Lamb.

"What's the row?" "What's up?"

"What the dickens-"

The Classical Fourth, as they arrived on I the scene, were apprised of the state of affairs, and there was towering wrath in | the Fourth Form passage. Mornington laughed, and Erroll smiled,

but most of the juniors were furious. The house-warming had been bagged. There was no doubt about that, and the

still more their triumph over their old The Classical juniors crowded the many other study doors opened, and the

Moderns were enjoying it—and enjoying

The Moderns, in the exhibaration of triumph, were letting themselves go. "They'll bring somebody up with that row, if they don't draw the line," re-

angels-here comes Bootles!" "Oh, my hat!" The Classical juniors vanished into the studies as Mr. Bootles was seen by the staircase at the end of the passage.

marked Mornington. "Hallo! Talk of

bration in the end study had disturbed the Form-master, and he had come to inquire into the cause-probably very much surprised by the sound of a piano from the Fourth Form passage. The Classicals had vanished as Mr.

Bootles came along, and the little gentleman blinked round him, over his glasses, in surprise. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles. "I am sure I heard voices here-several

He walked on to the end study, from which a terrific din was proceeding, and claimed. tapped at the door with his knuckles. "Oh, buzz off!" came Tommy Dodd's

Dear me!"

voice from within. "Get a move on, you duffer, and hop it!" "What?" ejaculated Mr. Bootles. "What? What? Is that you, Dodd? How dare you address me in such a

manner?" "Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd, recognising the Form-master's voice. "Is -is that Mr. Bootles?"

"Certainly it is Mr. Bootles!" "Sus-sus-sorry, sir! I-I thought it was Jimmy Silver!"

"There is a very extraordinary noise proceeding from this study, Dodd. The door appears to be fastened," said Mr. Bootles, trying the handle. "Kindly open it at once, and admit me!" "Oh, jiminy!" "What-what did you say, Dodd?"

"N-n-nothing, sir! Just a minute! We -we'll open it!" There was a sound of dragging furni-

And just at that time, too, a good

ture, and then of a key turning. The door of the end study opened.

Just as they entered the drive, the fumbering shape of a huge grizzly stood ahead of them.

The "animal" let forth a deep grunt; but, instead of showing signs of fear, Bob Travers & Co. leaped forward, chortling to themselves.

The bear pulled up short, apparently nonplussed by the cheerful expresions on the juniors' faces.

Next moment the three chums had thrown themselves upon the intruder, and rolled him over on the sandy path.

"My hat!" exclaimed Dicky Turner. "What a vicious brute! Don't you think we ought to chop its head off, Bob?" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll go and fetch an axe," said Dicky, rising to his feet. "One on the napper ought to put him out. What do you say, Mister Bear?"

"Lemme go!" came in muffled tones from inside the head of the bearskin. "I'm Mason, you silly asses! If you dare to bring an axe near me-"

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Dicky. "This is a jolly funny bear. I didn't know that bears could talk English before."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Travers.

"Pass over that rope and the flag, Dicky. and get this old bear on its hind legs." "What-ho!" said Dicky. And after handing Bob the required articles, he assisted in dragging Mason to his feet. Bob Travers tied the Red Cross flag to the front of the bearskin, and then he opened the head, to reveal the savage !

countenance of Mason inside. "Look here, Travers, you rotter!" snarled Mason. "Why the dickens don't you let me go?"

"No fear!" replied Bob emphatically. "You're going to help in collecting for the Red Cross."

"I'm jolly well not!" snapped Mason. "Right-ho!" said Bob. "If you refuse | we'll take you straight to the Head, and | by Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin and the tell him about your low-down scheme. | pack-mule. I suppose you don't realise that you might have sent people into fits by appearing at the fete in that get-up."

"Oh, rats!" "Well, make your choice," said Bob plainly. "Are you coming to the Head, Or-

"No, hang you!" "Good!" said Bob. "That means that you're going to collect for the Red Cross. Before we start I'm going to give you a word of warning. If you attempt to kick up a fuss, we'll give you the biggest hiding of your life. Now, take hold of this box in your paw."

Very much against his will, Mason took hold of the box, and with the Red Cross flag stretched neross his chest and a rope tied round his neck, he allowed himself to be led to the fete ground.

Bob Travers and his chums started at one end of the ground, and gradually worked towards the other.

Silver and copper coins were placed | liberally in the box, and when Mr. Gregory handed over a Treasury note for a pound, Bob Travers & Co. realised I replied. that their scheme was meeting with tremendous success.

But Mason's troubles were not yet OVEY. At length Bob Travers led him before Jimmy Wren & Co. and several other

Redelyffe fellows. "Come on, you fellows!" said Bob cheerfully. "It's your turn to dole out.

What do you think of my bear?" "Not much!" chortled Jimmy Wren. "He's too knock-kneed for my liking. Reminds me of that rotter, Mason."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Let's give old Bruin a bun," said Jimmy Wren. "He must be hungry after all this time. Here you are, old boy;

open your mouth." Bruin did not open his mouth, but, nevertheless, Jimmy Wren opened it for

him, and stuffed the bun down his throat. "Here's another bun for old Bruin!" sang out Lucas. "And another!" exclaimed Lane.

Several other juniors stepped forward with buns, and one after another rammed them into the bear's mouth, and at sight of Mason's miserable face revealed in the opening they roared with laughter. But Mason groaned dismally. There were rather too many buns knocking

about for his liking. They were falling to pieces over his head, and crumbs were trickling down

his neck like grains of sand. "Now, then, you chaps, not so much nonsense!" said Bob Travers seriously, as he observed Mr. Gregory approaching. Bob did not want to arouse the gentieman's suspicions. "Pay up, and look pleasant. It's time we took old Bruin

off to bed." Jimmy Wren & Co. slipped several coins into the box, and then Bob Travers & Co. departed, dragging Bruin after

them. Right up to the gates they went, and then they released their hold on their strange "pet," first taking from him the

Red Cross box. "Better give him one for luck," advised Dicky.

"What-ho!" Bob Travers & Co. brought the toes of their boots into action, and Mason

was propelled in the direction of a ditch at the side of the road. Splash! Right into the centre of the muddy water landed the crestfallen bully, and

when he managed to scramble up the side of the bank, it was to hear Bob Travers & Co. chortling hilariously to themselves as they returned to the fete ground.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK.

First Instalment of Grand New Serial. "BARKER, THE BOUNDER!"

By HERBERT BRITTON, Introducing BOB TRAVERS & CO.

Published

Every Monday

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

The 1st Chapter. Two in Trouble.

"I guess those galoots have found trouble!"

Bob Lawless shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked away across the wide expanse of prairie, dotted with clumps of timber, as he spoke.

Frank Richards & Co. were on the homeward trail, after their holiday in the far North-West.

Far behind them now rose the pine-clad slopes and rocky summits of the Cascade Mountains. They were heading southward for the Fraser River, with some more days of

travel before them ere they reached their homes in the Thompson Valley. Frank and Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc were riding a little ahead, followed

Away, ahead of the schoolboy party, two diminutive figures had come into view on the plain, Bob's keen eyes being

the first to sight them. The two strangers were a good distance ahead on the same scarcely-marked trail, and, being on foot, they were half-hidden by the high grass.

They were tramping on slowly, their heads bent, and their looks indicative of heavy fatigue, their backs to the riders coming up the trail behind.

"I guess there's been trouble," Bob Lawless went on, "Those galoots never started on this prairie on foot, I reckon. They've lost their hosses, and they've had to tramp it."

"Poor beggars!" said Frank. "There's twenty miles ahead of them to the nearest settlement, I calculate," said Bob. "They've got a hard row to hoe." "We shall be camping soon," said Frank. "Let's put on speed, and overtake them, Bob, and see if we can help."

Bob Lawless nodded. "I was just thinking of that," he

"Good idea!" agreed Beauclerc. "Put "Hustle, ihere!" Bob called back to Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin. And the

chums of Cedar Creek urged on their horses. They had been proceeding at a leisurely pace when they sighted the two forlorn

wanderers ahead; but now they were galloping they soon overhauled them. Bob's expression changed as they came

nearer and nearer to the pair. "I guess I've seen those galoots before!"

he said suddenly. "Can't see their faces," remarked Frank. "There seems something familiar about

them, though." "Gunten and Keller," said Vere Beauclerc quietly.

slackened down a little. They were not anxious to fall in with Gunten and Keller, their old enemies of

Cedar Creek School. The two Swiss schoolboys had spent the school holiday in the North-West, and more than once had fallen in with Frank

Richards & Co., and there had been Bob frowned grimly.

"Better keep clear of that lot," he said "We've had trouble enough with them." "But-" began Frank.

"They're bad eggs, Franky." "I know; but they're in hard luck, by their looks," said Frank. "They've lost their horses, and they're stranded. After all, they belong to our school, rotters as they are."

Bob Lawless made a gimace. "You mean you want to lend 'em a hand!" he grunted. "They're the kind of rotters to bite the hand that helps 'em!

Still, I don't mind." "They've seen us," said Chunky Todgers.

Gunten and Keller had heard the hoofbeats behind, and looked round. They stared in surprise at the sight of Frank Richards & Co., and stood motion-

less, evidently waiting for the party to i come up. The looks of the two Swiss showed that they were very much down on their luck.

It was clear that they had been in the wars. "Hallo, you galoots!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, as he drew rein. "I never expected to see you again before we got

back to school. "Where are your horses?" asked Frank.

Gunten gritted his teeth. "Stolen!" he answered. "We fell in with a gang of rustlers this morning. They took our horses, and cleared us out of our money, and everything else they took a fancy to."

"And left us to hoof it," said Keller, with a quaver in his voice. "We're tired out, and jolly near famished!" -He cast a hungry glance at the load on

the pack-mule. "Hard luck!" said Beauclerc. "Yes; very amusing to you, I dare say!" said Gunten, between his teeth. "You can cackle!"



Suddenly Gunten gave a start and jumped to his feet. "Look out!" he exclaimed, pointing excitedly to the shadowy wood.

"But we're not cackling, Gunten," said Frank Richards mildly.

"That yellow heathen is, at any rate!" Yen Chin, as a matter of fact, was grinning all over his face.

The little Chinee did not seem to be troubled with much compassion for the two Swiss in their misfortunes.

"Shut up, Yen Chin!" growled Bob. Bob did not like Gunten and Keller, by any means, but he could feel for them in their distress. "Velly funnee!" said Yen Chin coolly.

'Guntee velly bad egg! Kellee velly bad | placer--" egg! Servee light! Oh, yes!" "Well, it does serve them right!" remarked Chunky Todgers. "All the same. it's up to us to lend 'em a hand!"

"I'm not asking you for help!" growled "Servee light! Goey choppy chips!"

"You heathen rotter!" "Not so much chin-wag, Gunten!" grunted Keller. "We're in a bad box. Look here, you chaps, we'll be glad of some help. We've eaten next to nothing to-day."

"You're welcome to camp with us, and share round," said Bob Lawless at once. "But none of your tricks! We did as much for you before, when you landed yourselves in a scrape, and you played a dirty trick on us. None of that, or I tell you there will be trouble!"

"That was only a-a joke." "We don't like jokes of that kind. Look here, we're camping at the next timber," said Bob. "Hoof it along with us as far

as that." "I'm dog-tired!" mumbled Keller. Frank Richards jumped from his pony. "Get into the saddle," he said. "I'll

"I-I say, that's jolly good of you, Richards!" mumbled Keller. And he gladly climbed on the back of the pony. "You can have my gee, Gunten, for a bit," said Bob. And he dismounted.

Gunten promptly mounted Bob's pony. Yen Chin.

"Eh! Why should we lead the hosses, you young jay?"

"Guntee and Kellee stealee." On second thoughts Frank and Bob

decided to lead the ponies on which the two Swiss were mounted. In point of fact, the two young rascals were quite capable of repaying their kind-

ness by bolting with their horses. Gunten and Keller scowled savagely at the cunning Chinee; it was quite possible that some such thought had been in their minds.

Vere Beauclere dismounted, and walked with his chums, leading his horses. A mile on, a clump of timber rose from the plain, a spring sparkling in the sun-

set among the trees. There the Cedar Creek party halted, to camp for the night.

The horses and the mule were staked out, and the latter unloaded. Bob Lawless was about to begin gathering brushwood for a camp-fire, when he

paused. "Hold on!" he said. "How far back did you meet those rustlers, Gunten?"

"A good many miles," answered the Swiss. "We've been tramping ever since." "We don't want them to call on us, if they're within sight of smoke," Bob explained to his chums. "Of course, they any shooting, if we can help it. I reckon we'll do without a fire. It's not cold, since we left the hills."

"Good idea!" agreed Frank Richards. "We've got plenty of cold meat, and we don't need to cook." "I say, I was going to make a jolly

good supper!" said Chunky Todgers. "There's game in this timber-" "Bother your supper, Chunky! Leave it till to-morrow, and you can feed till you burst your crop!"

"Look here, Bob-" "Br-r-r-r!" was Bob's answer. And Chunky Todgers had to relinquish the vision of a glorious supper, which you can!" he had been looking forward to all day, and the party sat down to cold meat and | said Gunten.

corn-cakes, which, however, they ate with

very good appetites.

The 2nd Chapter. Good Samaritans.

Bob Lawless had taken a large buckskin bag from his saddle at the halt, and fastened it to his belt when the schoolboys camped.

It was a heavy bag, and both Gunten and Keller looked at it very curiously,

probably guessing what it contained. "How did you get on with that strike you made up in the hills? asked Kern Gunten suddenly. "You were working a

"First chop!" answered Bob cheerily. now, rifle in hand. "We put in a week's hard work, and cleared out the placer." "You found dust?"

"I guess so-in fact, you know we did!" said Bob, looking at him. "You saw Yen | prairie. In the timber all was darkness. Chin with some of our dust, I guess." "Guntee velly bad boy!" murmured

Yen Chin. "And you've got it there?" asked

Gunten. "A thousand dollars' worth!" answered Bob. "That was clear, after we'd spent money on tools and things in the camp at Tucker's Bar. Not so had to hag on

a holiday, I reckon." Gunten compressed his lips. There was bitter envy and malice in his

"You fellows have all the luck," he | not armed." said sullenly. "We've had the worst." "I dare say we each got what we | deserved, said Bob drily.

"We've had rotten luck all along," said Keller. "We lost our canoe and outfit, in the first place, on the rapids, and had to spend money on horses. Now | Oh, yes!" we've lost them."

Bob Lawless looked very thoughtful. In the buckskin bag there was gold-dust to the value of a thousand dollars, which was to be divided into two hundred to the Swiss. dollars each for the five members of the party-forty pounds each in English

money. Instinctively, the chums of Cedar Creek | "Bettee leadee hoss, you fellee," said | Frank Richards smiled as he read the refused. expression in his Canadian cousin's face,

and Vere Beauclerc smiled and nodded. They could guess Bob's thoughts. "I suppose you galoots are cleared right

out?" said Bob, after a short silence. "Down to bedrock!" grunted Gunten; and Keller nodded dolorously.

Bob glanced at his comrades. "What do you fellows say?" he asked. "We're going to divvy up the dust when we get home. What about letting these galoots stand in, to see them through?"

Chunky Todgers' eyes opened wide. Yen Chin shook his head emphatically. But there was assent from both Frank Richards and Vere Beauclere. "Oh, I say--" began Keller.

"You don't mean that?" said Gunten. "I do mean it," said Bob quietly, "Yen Chin and Chunky don't agree, I see that; but we three do, and you two fellows shall stand in equal with us three, in six hundred dollars, if you like."

"And welcome!" said Frank Richards. Beauclerc nodded. "I guess we close on that," said Keller, with a grin. "I don't know what you're doing it for, but I agree, right down! I owe money for my outfit at Thompson, and it will see me through.

Kern Gunten did not speak. There was a strange expression on his heavy face.

"Well, what do you say, Gunten?" wouldn't handle us as they seem to have a sked Bob genially. "It was a windfall thing of the kind, of course. You've had hard luck, and it will help you through." Gunten shook his head.

"I don't want to touch your dust!" he said deliberately. "Keller can do as he likes, but I sha'n't touch it!" Bob shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself!" he answered. exclaimed Keller. "I think it's jolly miles away, I guess. They were going decent of these chaps, and I accept- | west when they left us." with thanks, too! Don't be a silly ass! Keller stared at his comrades, in the Your poppa will make a row when you | gloom under the trees, in utter bewilcrawl in and tell him you're cleaned out. I derment. I know that. Take your chance while

"I guess I know my own business best," And with that the subject dropped.

his eyes on the dark trees round the camp, as he finished his supper. Suddenly he gave a start and jumped

to his feet. He pointed excitedly to the shadowy wood.

"Look out!" he exclaimed. Bob Lawless grasped his rifle at once, remembering the rustlers.

"What is it?" he asked. "One of that gang that robbed us this morning!" said Gunten. "He was staring out from that thicket! He's gone!" The schoolboys were all on their feet

But there came no sound from the 'timber, not even the rustling of a twig. The sun was gone now, and the dim twilight of the stars reigned on the "By gum!" muttered Bob Lawless. "We shall have to keep our eyes peeled to-night! You're sure you weren't mistaken, Gunten?"

"Quite sure!" "I heard nothing," said Bob. "I reckon I'll take a look round before I turn in.

You fellows keep a watch out. Bob went into the timber, his eyes well about him and rifle ready.

"I reckon I'll look round too!" he said. "Better keep here," said Frank. "You're "Lend me a gun."

Gunten rose to his feet.

"No lendee gun!" came at once from Yen Chin. "Guntee shootee ole Bob, velly likely!" "You heathen rascal!" roared Gunten.

"Me knowee Guntee. Velly bad egg. Frank Richards smiled a little.

He did not distrust Gunten to that extent, but at the same time he was not disposed to hand over his own weapon He was not called upon to answer, how-

ever, for Gunten did not repeat his rea quest, probably knowing that it would be "Come on, Keller!" he said. "Let's

have a look round!" "I'd rather stay here." "Oh, don't be a fool! Come with me!" Keller unwillingly rose and followed his comrade. They disappeared into the

shadows of the timber. Yen Chin rose to his feet. "Me lookee lound, too!" he said. "Sit down!" answered Frank. "You'll lose yourself, kid! Stay where you are!" "Me wantee lookee lound!" persisted

Yen Chin glided away into the timber, unheeding. Frank Richards and Beauclerc and Chunky Todgers remained in charge of the camp and the horses, waiting rather

the little Chinee.

uneasily for the others to return. Bob Lawless came back before long. "All serene!" he said. "I can't find any trace of anybody in the timber. I guess Gunten was mistaken. Where are

they?" "Gone to look, too!" answered Frank. "Silly duffers!" commented Bob. "We'd better stay up till they come in." And Bob sat down on a log, his rifle on his knees, and his eyes very sharply

The 3rd Chapter.

on the shadowy timber.

A Precious Pair. "What's the game, Gunten?" done with these chaps; but we don't want | for us. We never expected to bag any asked the question sullenly when the two Swiss were a dozen yards from the camp. "I'm not going into the wood in the

dark. That rustler-" Gunten broke in impatiently. "Don't be a fool! There was no

rustler." "But-but you said-" "I was fooling them, of course," mut-"Well, I guess you're a jay, Gunten!" | tered Gunten. "Those rustlers are thirty

"What did you want to give a false alarm for?" "Oh, you're a jay!" said Gunten im-

patiently. "Look here, Keller, we both owe money for our outfit in Thompson, Gunten sat silent for some time, with | and we're cleaned out. We spent every



the canoe, and now we've been robbed

"I know that. But a whack in the

"Hang them and their offers! I don't

want shucks in their dust; I want the

"There's a thousand dollars in that

bag," said Gunten, sinking his voice,

though the wood was silent round them.

"Think of that! It would see us through,

and give us plenty over. It's a ten-

"You fool!" muttered his companion.

"They'd give us the trail-rope again, as

they did before, if we tried anything of

the sort. There's five of them, armed-

"I'm not thinking of tackling them,"

he said, "That wouldn't do, anyway.

We can't knock them on the head, and

nothing short of that would be safe.

But there's no reason why we shouldn't

hag the dust. Bob Lawless keeps that

hag tied to his belt. When he's

"One cut of a knife would get the

"Oh, you're mad!" muttered Keller.

"I dare say you could do that much;

but how could you get away with it?

They'll be watching the horses; they

haven't forgotten the trick we served

"Well, are you thinking of starting

"That's no good, of course. We've got

to stick them for a supply of food before

we leave them. We can't take that with-

out being seen, and we can't take the

horses. We're not going to light out

"Not light out! Then as soon as Bob

Lawless misses the bag, do you think he

"Yes; he'll think of the rustler he

"That's why I pretended to see the

"They may think of the rustler, but

they're jolly certain to think of us, too,"

"Of course they will; I've considered

that. But we sha'n't have the dust

about us. As soon as I get my hands on

the bag I shall hide it. Easy enough to

"They can search us if they like; they'll

find nothing. They'll have to take the

trail to-morrow without the bag of dust.

"After we've parted with them-we

can work up a quarrel-we get back

here, and lift the dust," said Gunten

coolly. "We can buy horses at the settle-

ments, and ride home, with money in

"By gum, it's a einch—if you can get

"I can do that. I guess I know how

to work the riffle," said Gunten. "The

one I'm afraid of is that infernal Chinee.

He's as sharp as a needle. But I guess

"I'm going to find a hollow tree before

Keller's objections were overcome now.

In the darkness under the timber the

· Gunten thrust his arm into the hollow,

can stuff some brushwood in after the

"Don't forget the tree."

with creepers. I sha'n't forget that.

"Better keep a watch to-night, all the

"You bet!" answered Bob. "Might lose !

Gunten affected not to see that allusion

to the trick the two Swiss had played

yawn. "I'm tired out. I reckon I shall

he said. "They'll search us to the skin."

man there. Now do you savvy?"

out on foot?" sneered Keller. "Suppose

they didn't miss the bag till morning

Then they'd simply run us down."

Keller looked bewildered.

won't know who's taken it?"

Keller shook his head.

Oh!" said Keller again.

hold of the dust!" said Keller.

We shall go with them."

"And then-"

our pockets."

we can do it."

tered Keller.

"Good!"

a hollow tree.

and felt around it.

Let's get back."

they thought of looking."

on the edge of the timber.

the starlight. "Seen anything?"

somebody lurking in the wood."

ing up his companion's story.

same," said Gunten anxiously.

our horses if we don't!"

on a previous occasion.

sleep like a top to-night."

we get back to camp."

, bag loose, without waking him; and

strike, if we can finger it."

Gunten smiled sourly.

of the whole caboodle."

offered-"

"What?"

against us two!"

asleep---"

then-"

"Well?"

them before."

"I know that."

with the dust."

coolly. -

"Oh!"

do that."

(Continued from the previous page.)

got to. I wonder?" not noticed the absence of Yen Chin. "Has the heathen gone out?" he asked. | as you choose, I suppose."

"The young ass went to look for your blessed rustler," said Frank Richards. "I'm afraid he'll get lost."

said Bob. "Lucky we've got a few

spares. Where has that blessed heathen !

"If he does, he can camp out in the timber till morning," said Bob. "No gold-dust will help us out, and they've finding him in the dark. He shouldn't have gone."

Gunten's eyes glimmered.

Yen Chin was the only member of the | however. party of whose keenness he was in fear, and nothing would have suited his plans better than for the little Chinee to re-

main out of camp for the night. He made no remark, however. The campers waited up some time for Yen Chin, but the Chinee did not appear.

"The young ass!" said Frank at last. "He would go. After all, it won't hurt him to sleep in the bush; it's not cold. Just as good as being here, except that. he won't have his blanket." "Bless him!" said Bob. "You fellows

turn in; my first watch.' Chunky Todgers was already fast

asleep, and snoring. Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc rolled themselves in their blankets to sleep, and the two Swiss followed their example.

Bob Lawless remained near the stakedout horses, on the watch. At midnight he called Vere Beauclerc,

who rose to take his turn of duty. "Yen Chin come in?" asked Beauclerc.

"The young ass!" Beauclerc took his rifle, and paced to and fro in the grass, near the horses, while he kept watch.

Bob Lawless was very quickly in the land of dreams. Beauclerc was watching the horses, the plain, and the shadowy wood with unresting vigilance; but, naturally, he did

not give much attention to the sleeping forms in the camp. Darkness and silence reigned. In the darkness Beauclerc was unconscious of the fact that Gunten was

moving silently, cautiously. He did not know that the Swiss, like a snake in the grass in nature as well as

action, was creeping into the timber hidden by the long herbage. Black shadows hid the curning Swiss as he moved and as he crawled back

through the deep grass. There was a smile on Kern Gunten's

thinks I saw in the thicket," said Gunten face when at last he composed himself to sleep.

The 4th Chapter. Missing!

Morning dawned on the prairie.

It was Frank Richards who was keeping the last watch, and he called to his comrades as the sunlight strengthened on the plain, turning it into a sea of green and gold.

Bob Lawless sat up, yawned, and kicked Chunky Todgers in the ribs, and Chunky jumped up with a yell. "That blessed Chinee come back?"

asked Bob, looking round. "No," answered Frank.

"Bother him! That means that we shall have to hunt for him before we take the trail!" growled Bob. "Here, wake up, Gunten! Wake up, Keller!"

The two Swiss sat up and rubbed their Bob cast an impatient look towards the

timber. He had intended to take the trail early, after a hasty, cold breakfast. | makee Flanky anxious. Oh, yes!" But Yen Chin could not be left behind.

"He's bound to find his way back now "Where will you hide the dust?" mutit's daylight," said Beauclerc.

"Unless something's happened to him," said Frank uneasily.

"He had his gun with him. He would have used it if he was in danger, and we should have heard it."

"Yes, that's so." The party sat down to a cold breakfast, two young rascals proceeded to search for a hiding-place for the bag of goldand they were just beginning when Bob dust, and in a few minutes they found

Lawless suddenly started to his feet, with a loud and excited exclamation. "Great gophers! The bag!" "The bag!" repeated Frank.

"I guess this will do," he said. "We Bob's hand was at his belt. The place was empty where he had slung the buckbag, and they'll never find it, even if | skin bag the previous night. "It's gone!" he shouted.

"Gone!" yelled Chunky Todgers. "The "I guess I'll remember it," said Gunten. I gold-dust!" "Yes!"

"Look at it-two forked branches, covered | "Oh, gum! But it can't be gone." "Must have come unfastened," said The two Swiss returned to the camp Beauclerc. "How could it be gone, Bob?

You'll find it in the grass." "Oh, here they are!" said Bob Law-Bob Lawless' eyes gleamed. less, as Gunten and Keller came out into "It hasn't come unfastened," he said. "Look here! The strap's been cut

"I heard something," said Gunten | through with a knife!" calmly. "I'm pretty certain that there's | "Great Scott!" Gunten and Keller went on with their

"I heard a footstep," said Keller, back- | breakfast, apparently unconscious of the looks the chums cast upon them. "Mine, perhaps," said Bob, laughing. "Gunten," said Bob, very quietly. "I reckon you were mistaken, Gunten."

The Swiss looked up. "Do you know anything about this?"

"What should I know?" said Gunten, with a sneer. "Do you think I've taken your bag of gold-dust?"

"Yes, to be candid, I do," answered here." Bob. "It's been cut loose from my belt while I was asleep, and somebody's taken "Time to turn in." he said, with a | it."

Gunten shrugged his shoulders. "You should have kept better watch," dollars about me. That rustler has bagged it."

Bob fixed his eyes on Gunten. "It's possible that there was a rustler in the timber last night," he said slowly. "Only you saw him, though. It's possible that he may have sneaked in through the grass and corralled my bag. But it's jolly unlikely. I may as well speak out plain, Gunten. I think you've got it, and I'm going to see."

"You can do as you like, of course," Gunten looked round quickly; he had said Gunten sullenly: "You're armed, and I'm not, so you can insult me as much

"If I'm doing you a wrong, I'm sorry. But I'm going to see whether you've got my dust, and that's flat-you and Keller." "You're welcome!"

Gunten and Keller held up their hands submissively, while Bob Lawless made a grim and thorough search of them.

The buckskin bag did not come to light,

It certainly was not concealed about either of the two Swiss. "Well?" said Gunten sneeringly, when

Bob had finished. "If you took it, you've hidden it somewhere. Easy enough to crawl out of

camp in the dark and hide it, I guess." "If it was easy for me to crawl out unseen, it was easy for anybody else to crawl in unseen," said Gunten. "I don't know anything about it. It looks to me as if that rustler I saw last night crept in and robbed you."

Bob wrinkled his brows. There was certainly reason in what the

Swiss said. "Better search," said Frank Richards abruptly.

Bob Lawless nodded, and the chums of Cedar Creek began a search for the missing buckskin bag.

They extended the search to a good distance round the camp, among the trees and tangled thickets.

But if the bag was hidden there it was too well hidden for them to find it. They returned to the camp at last, tired and angry.

The two Swiss were still there, and they found Yen Chin sitting on a log, eating his breakfast.

"Oh, you've come back, then!" growled "Me comee backee," said Yen Chin, grin-

ning. "Turnee up like badee pennee. Ole Bob bad tempee this morning." "The dust's been stolen."



"Velly baddee," said Yen Chin. "P'l'aps Guntee stealee."

"Blest if I know!" "Where have you been all night, Yen Chin?" asked Frank Richards.

"Walkee bout, and sleepee undel tlee," said the Chinee. "Allee light! Solly

"You didn't see anything of a rustler in the wood?" "No see."

The chums ate their belated breakfast in glum spirits.

The gold-dust had vanished, and there seemed no prospect of finding it. But naturally their suspicions lingered

upon the Swiss. "We'll stick here for the morning, and hunt for it, anyway," said Bob. "If a rustler's bagged it and vamoosed, we

shall never see it again, of course, but -- " He paused. "But if it's hidden in the timber, to be

taken after we've gone, that's different," said Beauclerc. "It won't be," said Bob grimly.

"Gunten and Keller are going to keep in our company till we get back to Thompson Valley, now. They're not going to have any chance of coming back and taking it." Keller started, but Gunten burst into

"We'll be glad to travel with you," he said. "It's up to you to pay our expenses

if you do." "You'll stay in camp for the present," said Bob. "Yen Chin, stay with them, and see that they don't light out. If

they try to vamoose, give them a charge from the shotgun in their legs." "What you tinkee?" grinned the would not fail to carry out Bob's

instructions. "We'll help you hunt for the thing, if you like," said Keller.

Bob's answer was curt. "I guess I don't trust you. Stay

And, leaving the two Swiss in charge of the Chinee, with the loaded shotgun on his knees, Frank Richards & Co. resumed their search for the missing dust:

It was a discouraging search, for they | grin. "Whack out the blankets, Franky," he said. "I should, with a thousand knew all the time that the stolen bag

might be twenty miles away, if some unknown thief had taken it.

The search was only founded upon their distrust of the Swiss.

Gunten and Keller were not without uneasiness, as they waited at the camp. Well as the stolen buckskin bag had been | let-them vamoose!" hidden, it was barely possible that it might be found.

But when the sun was at the meridian, and the chums returned wearily to camp, their looks showed that they had been unsuccessful.

"Any luck?" asked Gunten, smiling. "No!" snapped Bob.

They ate their midday meal almost in silence, Chunky Todgers giving a deep groan every now and then.

After the meal there was a consultation. "We can't do any good by hanging it out here," said Bob glumly. "It's a case of easy come and easy go. The dashed stuff's gone, and we may as well make up our minds to it. It's rotten, but it can't be helped."

Chunky groaned. "We've only allowed ourselves time to get home before school begins, too," said "You've not got it about you," said Bob. Bob. "We can't afford to lose another and opened it. day. What do you fellows say?"

"Better get on the trail," said Frank. "And keep Gunten and Keller with us," added Beauclere quietly. "You bet!"

Upon that point the chums were determined, though their suspicion was less! keen now.

If the Swiss had taken the gold, they were not to be allowed a chance of returning to the timber and taking it from its hiding-place.

The horses were saddled, and the mule's pack being distributed among the other animals, Gunten and Keller rode double

upon the animal. There were glum faces in the party as they set out on the trail-with one excep-

Yen Chin was smiling away cheerily, as if he regarded the loss of the gold-dust as more or less of a joke, as perhaps he

The 5th Chapter. The Plotters' Punishment.

Frank Richards & Co. took little heed of the two Swiss as they travelled on that day.

Gunten and Keller looked gloomy as the afternoon waned into evening.

They were looking for a chance to get away, but it had not come. They were, in fact, more or less prisoners, and they realised it. Gunten had tried the resource of a

quarrel, but that failed him.

The chums of Cedar Creek, half-suspecting his motive, refused to answer him; and when he became insulting "lick" from Bob's trail-rope gave him a hint to be silent; and he was silent. But the Swiss was growing desperate

as mile after mile intervened between him and the timber left far behind. To recover the buckskin bag hidden in the tree he had to retrace the journey

on-foot, and that was no easy task. Indeed, after another day's journey he was not sure that he would be able to find the timber-clump again in the wide

prairie. That night, at the latest, he had to escape.

Then, with the gold-dust in his possession, he would be able to reach the settlements and pay his way home. At sundown the party halted by a

stream that murmured through low bushes and long grass. .The two Swiss sat sulkily on a knoll, while the chums camped and built a fire, I

and Bob and Frank and Beauclerc went to look for game. Chunky Todgers gathered brushwood

for the fire, and Yen Chin was set to watch the two Swiss, with the shotgun

Gunten and Keller gave him savage looks.

To their amazement, after his comrades were out of sight, Yen Chin rose from the ground and walked away towards the stream.

Gunten and Keller exchanged a rapid "The fool's forgotten us!" muttered |

"More likely fed up with the job of watching us," grinned Gunten. "Now's our chance!" Yen Chin was standing by the stream

twenty yards distant, looking with apparent interest into the glistening waters as they rippled by. He had his back to the two Swiss, who

rose with great caution and tiptoed away

in the opposite direction. The Chinee did not turn his head. Glady enough would the Swiss have stolen a horse apiece, but Yen Chin was standing close by the animals, where they

were tethered within reach of the water. and that was impossible without risking the shotgun. They were only too glad of the chance of escaping at all, and their hearts were

There was a yell from Chunky Todgers as he came back with his plump arms full of brushwood.

beating as they stole away.

"Yen Chin! You silly heathen, you've ! let them go!" Yen Chin looked round.

Chinee, and his look showed that he heels now, and were running hard, and keller were still on the tramp, homehe caught a last glimpse of them vanish- | ward bound. ing among the swellings of the prairie. "Gonee!" said Yen Chin calmly.

"You jay!" roared Chunky. "They've gone back for the dust. I'll bet you they have!" -"No findee, me tinkee."

Chunky Todgers threw down the brushwood, and stood for a good ten minutes telling Yen Chin what he thought of him.

The little Chinee listened with a sleepy Chunky's tirade was still going strong when Frank Richards and his chums returned to the camp, well supplied with game for supper.

"Hallo! What's the row?" exclaimed Bob. "Where are the Swiss?"

"Gone!" howled Chunky. "The heathen

"Yen Chin! You born idiot-" "No mattee!" said Yen Chin. "Allee

"We can run them down on horseback."

said Frank Richards.

"In the dark?" grunted Bob. "We know where they are heading for." "What's the good? They won't go straight back there. They'll keep close till they know we're off the scene," said Bob. "Oh, that idiotic heathen! oughtn't to have trusted him."

"Velly good to tlustee Chinee," said Yen Chin. "Me tellee you allee light! You losee gold-dust; you velly silly. Me findee!"

"What!" yelled the whole party." Yen Chin grinned and fumbled among his garments, and to the amazement of his comrades produced the buckskin bag. Bob, almost gasping, pounced upon it

The gold-dust was there! "Great gophers!" gasped Bob dazedly. "Here's the dust, right enough! Was it you who lifted it, you monkey? Is this

another of your heathen tricks? By gum, I've a jolly good mind-" "No playee tlick!" said Yen Chin indignantly. "Me velly good boy!" "How did you get the dust. then?" asked Chunky Todgers, feasting his eyes

"Explain, you young ass!" said Frank Richards.

Yen Chin chuckled.

"Chinee velly clevee boy," he said. "Velly deep ole lascal, you bet! Oh, yes! Last night Guntee and Kellee goey out. Pletend lookee for bad man in timbel. Oh, yes! Me tinkee keepee eye on ole lascals. Oh, yes! Me goey, too!"

"You were watching them!" exclaimed Beauclerc. Yen Chin nodded, evidently in great enjoyment.

"Me watchee. Keepee velly close, and watchee and listen. Oh, yes! Heal Guntee talkee to Kellee. Sayee steal golddust flom silly ole Bob, and hidee in hollow tlee. Me stickee in wood, waitee and watchee.

"So that's why you didn't come back to camp?" said Frank in wonder.

"Allee light! Me waitee, watchee!" grinned the heathen. "Latel on Guntee stealee bag. Comee creepee, creepee into wood, and hidee in hollow tlee. Me say nuffin, no lettee Guntee see. Oh, yes! Guntee cleepee, cleepee, and hidee bag, and goey back cicepee, cleepee, likee snake. Me smiley. Goey to hollow tlee, takee out bag, and puttee back blushwood in hollow, allee samee Guntee."

"My only hat!" murniured Frank. "Lettee Guntee tinkee bag hidee allee light. What you tinkee? Me comee backee in morning, bag safee under jackee. What you tinkee? Me laugh velly muchee when pool ole Bob searchee

for bag. And Yen Chin roared. Frank Richards & Co. gave the young Chinee very peculiar looks.

"You young rascal!" said Bob in measured tones. "You let me hunt all the morning for the bag! Why didn't you tell us?"

"Spoilee jokee on Guntee," explained Yen Chin, perhaps not thinking it wise to confess that the vain search had amused him, too. "You savvy? Guntee goey twenty milee back to takee bag flom hollow tlee. No findee! Ha, ha!"

And he roared again. The chums of Cedar Creek stared at one another, and then burst into a roar.

They understood now. Yen Chin had allowed the two Swiss to escape on purpose, and they had twenty miles to tramp back on the rough prairie to find the hidden gold-dust in the hollow

When they arrived and found that it was not there their feelings could be better imagined than described.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Yen Chin joined joyously in the laughter. "Goodee jokee on Guntee. What you tinkee?" he grinned. "Goey tlamp, tlamp,

tlamp twenty milee, and lookee in hollow

tiee, and findee noting! He tinkee Guntee and Kellee solly stealee. Oh, yes!" "Ha, ha, ha!" The chums of Cedar Creek camped in great spirits, and they burst into renewed laughter whenever they thought of the two rascals tramping mile after mile over

the dark plains to find the plunder that was not there! They felt that they could quite forgive Yen Chin for the trouble they had gone through in view of the peculiar punish-

ment of Gunten and Keller. The next day two disappointed and furious young rascals were tramping wearily on the prairie-disappointed, furions, penniless, and fatigued. Gunten and

Keller were getting their punishment. Frank Richards & Co. at the same time were riding cheerily homeward, to arrive in great spirits, with a thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust to show for their excursion into the wild North-West: but long after the chums of Cedar Creek had Gunten and Keller had taken to their arrived at the Lawless Ranch, Gunten

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!

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