KAISER ESCAPES BRITISH BOYS SUPERU-BOAT! ON HIS TRACK!

(SEE BELOW)

The Kaiser's Handprints.

(SEE BELOW)

Magnificent Plate of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is GIVEN FREE with this Friday's PENNY POPULAR.

No. 921. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending February 1st, 1919.

Ine Boys Whalaught Ine Kaiser!

An Amazing New Adventure Serial.

By DUNCAN STORM.



THE COLLAPSE OF CHINA!

FOR NEW READERS.

The astounding news that the KAISER has escaped in a super-U-boat reaches CY SPRAGUE, the famous American detective, and

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN, who resolve to go in search of the arch-villain and bring him to justice.

They leave the London docks in a vessel called the South Star, taking with them a merry band of boys, chief amongst whom are DICK DORRING-TON, CHIP PRODGERS, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

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

After a stormy crossing of the Bay of Biscay, Cy Sprague, Captain Handyman, and the boys left the ship, and landed on a little island called St. Jago's of tricks. Rocks. There they came across some Handyman volunteered the opinion that they were made by the Kaiser. After taking an impression of the handprints, Cy Sprague ordered the boys to return to the ship.

(Read on from here.)

On the Kaiser's Track.

The boys faced about in Indian file, and returned to the spot where the masts and funnel of the South Star showed amongst the moonlit rocks, just for all the world as though she | shaped nails in the soles of the boots. were piled up and wrecked on this Those are the boots which were served lonely reef of the Atlantic.

Handyman's instructions, and to leave | special grip for holding well to wet no footprints amongst the patches of I decks."

And one by one they marched on snug harbour like the walls of a dock. Captain Handyman and Cy Sprague

went together to the chart-room. The moon was rising higher in the

The boys gathered with the crew on the fo'c's'le head, looking round wonderingly on the strange harbour into which Captain Handyman had so daringly navigated them.

The moonlight cast shadows black as

ink in the deep harbour. The weathered columns of basalt, "Read away," replied the captain,

looked more and more like processions | Cy's intelligent face and magnetic of men walking about on the top of the high-standing reef. An intense loneliness made itself felt

on this solitary rugged stronghold of "But every man to his trade, and this the deep seas.

"If it wasn't so beautiful it would give you the pip," said Pongo Walker, looking round him.

'And just to think that old Kaiser Bill has found his way here," said Porkis. "If we could only sink his old submarine, and have him here to feed on starfish like Napoleon on St. Helena!"

"What rot!" interrupted Dick Dorrington. "Napoleon never lived on starfish at St. Helena. He had a jolly good time there, and, to my mind, this place is far too good for old Bill the Barmy!"

They watched the lighted door of

the chart-room.

They saw Cy Sprague and Captain Handyman eagerly going over the notes in Cy Sprague's pocket-book, and examining the tell-tale plaster casts which they had taken from the mysterious handprints.

Then Mr. Toots came bustling

"Clear away, young gents," he said. "We are going to lower tho masts and funnels, and you can lend a hand if you like."

The crew got a move on then, and to the wonderment of the boys, set about a wonderful series of evolutions with tackle and rigging.

The masts of the South Star were telescopic.

They shut down till all that supported the wireless were two stumps that were so short that they were hidden in the depths of the rockbound little harbour.

The funnel guys were unshackled and the funnel lowered by an elaborate gear, shut up in itself like a box

In ten minutes anyone standing on the island within a hundred yards of the spot where the three-thousand-ton steamer lay would have been ignorant of her whereabouts, unless he had advanced to the very edge of the natural dock in which she had taken her berth.

Up in the chart-room Cy Sprague was pointing out the distinguishing marks of the casts, which he had taken from the footprints.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff," he said. "Look at the marks on the starout to the petty-officers of the German They were careful to follow Captain | submarine service. They have got a

Cy Sprague frowned portentously. "And," he continued, "the handboard over the narrow plank which prints are, to my mind, unmistakable. had been laid between the hurricane There is a lot of character in a handdeck of the South Star and the rock | print. See, the withered arm of the walls which surrounded her in her German Emperor causes this contraction of the little finger. It is partly the result of the wasting of the muscles, partly caused by habit. It you look at any of his photographs you will see that he always rests that withered arm on his sword belt."

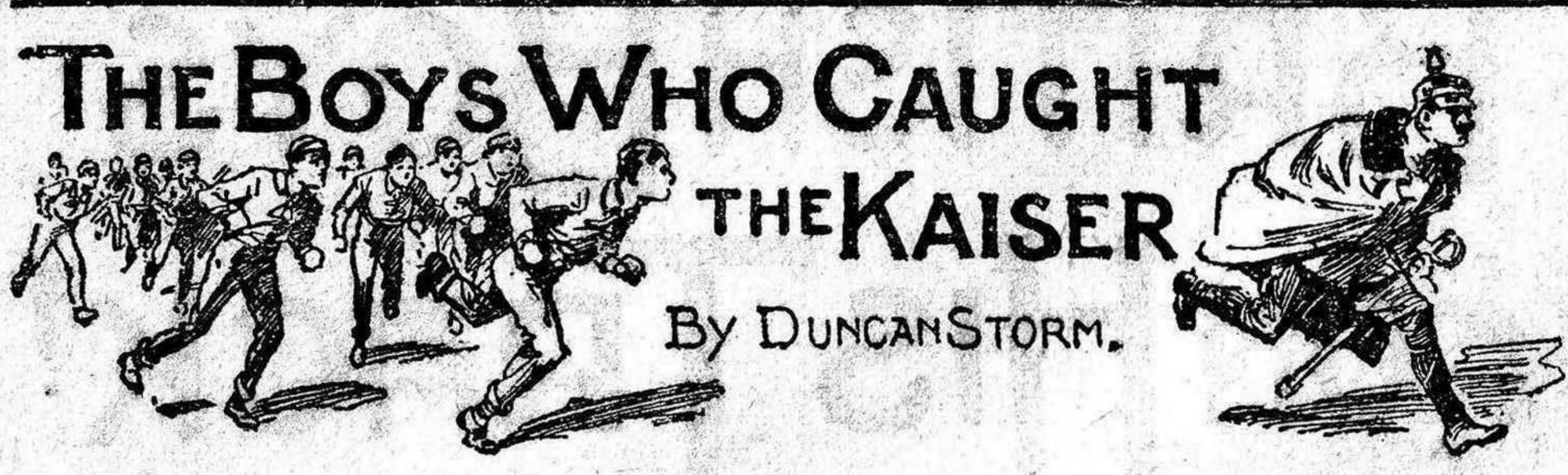
Captain Handyman nodded assent. "I have a bit more proof for you, captain," said Cy Sprague, with his quiet smile. "I have read the footprints over that track of sand as though they were an open book."

which stood up on the top of the rock, | gazing with undisguised admiration at eyes. "You have all the brains on

the ship," he added.

"Not all," replied Cy, laughing. is mine. The footprints tell me that just before sunset a man whom I believe to be the Kaiser walked across the islet from the other side and in this direction. He stood on that patch of sand watching the northern horizon. Probably he spotted our smoke, and calculated that we were another victim for the torpedoes of his submarine. And I read that whilst he stood there a man came running across the island to bring him a message in a hurry. It was a written message. The man ran up to the Kaiser, and stood before him at attention, and gave him the message. Then the two returned to the far side of the island together. Both were hurrying then, and the Kaiser, knocking his toe against a small point of the basalt that was half hidden in the sand, tumbled on his hands and knees. The man

(Continued on next page.)



(Continued from the previous page.)

helped him up, and they went on to- | look round this reef, and to search for gether, the Kaiser supporting himself on any hidden submarine stores," he said. the man's arm."

gazing into Cy's deep eyes in blank | Those scoundrels can't get back here for wonderment. "Perhaps you will tell us at least four or five days." the name of the chap who called the Kaiser when he was playing cards in the sanset. Where does his mother live?"

Cy Sprague smiled. said. "The man who ran with the mes- | and as powerful as a large cruiser. The Baroness Ottilie von Arnhem, late lady- | last." in-waiting and bosom friend of the Exiserin Augusta, ex-Empress of Germany. Her address is 34, Thiergarten,

Captain Handyman gasped.

"By George!" he muttered. "You are wizard! And you mean to say that there are ex-U-boat commanders working as hands on this submarine?" Cy Sprague nodded.

"I have reason to believe that half her crew is made up of the pirates who are wanted by the British Government for murder on the high seas."

captain. "How the dickens do you know that it was Kurt von Arnhem?" "Look here!"

Cy Sprague picked up the plaster cast of the boot sole. Then he took a tiny brush from a bottle

which was half full of a coloured dye. "You can't see it unless you are trained," he said. "But I will give the east a touch of stain. That will bring the marks out."

And he painted over the instep of the boot.

As though by magic, the letters stood out on the plaster, three initials cut roughly into the sole of the boot in the instep-"K.v.A."

the packed sand had barely recorded the impression, followed the words "Kapitan -Leutnant."

"There you are," said Cy, with great satisfaction. "If those letters don't stand for Kurt von Arnhem, Lieutenant-Commander of the late German Navy, you can call me a duffer at my trade!"

"I wouldn't call you a duffer!" ex- Poo, the cook. claimed Captain Handyman, almost in a whisper. "I call it wonderful!" Cy laughed easily.

"It's only what any bush-tracker or Indian hunter could read," he said. "I am only showing you this as a sort of lecture on my job. But here is the confirmation of it all!"

He drew from his cigarette-case a crumpled paper and unfolded it. Captain Handyman gave a gasp.

It was a German naval wireless chit, stamped with the arms of the Empire, the transcript of a wireless message received that very afternoon on this lonely island. The receiver's name there was written

in full. Kurt von Arnhem's own signature filled out the official space. It ran in German language and text:

"Arrive Lisbon to-morrow. Bay of Santo Falareo, two lights. Slyden, Von Sneek, Von Stoom. Keep sharp look-out for South Star. mander Handyman. Left Thames"here the date was blurred—"proceeding south with crew as before."

"That paper was dropped by the Emperor as he stumbled," said Cy. "He did not trouble to pick it up. There it was, just rolled in a ball as he had crumpled it up when he had taken it from the messenger and had read it. I suppose he did not dream that anyone would be likely to land amongst these deathtrap rocks to pick up his waste paper. So, in response to that message, the submarine has started off to pick up our old friends Von Slyden and Von Stoom and Von Sneek at the Bay of Santo Falareo, which may be close by the rocky headland of Cintra, outside the mouth of the Tagus, twenty miles from Lisbon

"Falareo!" exclaimed Captain Handyman. "I know that bit of coast as well as I know my own ticket-pocket. there's no Falareo amongst the fishing villages under the mountains. likely coast for a submarine to run in unseen, and to pick up passengers.

there's no Falareo!" "Have you never heard of back slang?" asked Cy, with his quiet smile. "There is certainly no place called Santo Falareo, but there is a little den of smugglers and sardine fishers which is called Santa la Reofa, and if you twist Santo Falareo about a bit, it spells out just the same." Captain Handyman pushed back his cap

and rubbed his head as though it ached. "This is about the limit! So they have gone off to Lisbon to pick up our old pals Von Stoom, Von Slyden, and Von Sneek! Good luck to 'em, say I! You put a cold chill down my spine, Cy, when you told me that we are up against the pick of the

U-boat murderers!" "How far is Lisbon from St. Jago's Rocks?" asked Cy Sprague.

"One thousand two hundred and thirtythree miles to the light on the bar of Tagus River," replied Captain Handyman

promptly.
Cy nodded. "We shall have a day or two, then, to

"And the boys will have a good chance "Great Scott!" exclaimed the captain, of getting in some fishing after supper.

"They will take longer than that," re-

plied Captain Handyman. But Cy shook his head.

"This is no ordinary U-boat that we are "I can tell you all that, captain," he | up against," he said. "She will be as fast sage was Kapitan-Leutnant Kurt von Kaiser went all out on her construction. Arnhem, late commander of a U-boat, | She was his pet and his dream of a refuge and he is acting on the Royal submarine | that would give him a chance of defying as wireless operator. And his mother is the just anger of the world to the very

> "Well, we've found one of her nests, at any rate," replied the little captain. "Now, what about supper? The boys will be as hungry as sharks after the rough passage we have made."

He stepped out on the moonlit deck, and looked round with satisfaction at the plates. hiding away of the South Star.

The ship presented a curious sight with masts lowered, and without funnel, as she lay snug and hidden in this strange harbour.

"I'd give anyone passing this deathtrap a pound of tea and a Sunday hat "Kurt von Arnhem!" muttered the little | for guessing that we are hidden away here," remarked Captain Handyman. Then he looked down on the fore-well

> The boys were chuckling and peering into the shadow of the forecastle.

> "Those young rips are up to their tricks again!" exclaimed the captain, tugging at his beard. "Now, what has Master Chip sloped into the fo'c's'le head

A Shock for Skeleton.

The boys had rolled a barrel out into the moonlight.

And soon there came a scuffling of hoofs in the dark alleyway of the forecastle, Then, in a tiny scratch, so small that | and Chip appeared, leading Horace. Captain Handyman gave a whistle of

> astonishment. It was Horace—but it was Horace transformed out of all knowledge by hair-dye and by grease-paint, and by padding, and by clothing, from a rough and disreputable goat into a very fair likeness of Mang Chang, the Chinese joss of Nah

> Chip slapped the barrel, and Horace, light as a feather, hopped on to it, whilst the boys arranged his flowing robes so that the barrel was entirely hidden.

In the galley below, Nah Poo, all unconscious of the surprise that was awaiting him, was finishing dishing up the Chinese supper.

At the same time he was burning fresh joss-sticks in front of the little painted joss of Mang Chang, that was secured to the bulkhead of the galley.

Nah Poo firmly believed that the joss. had saved him from drowning. He had always pinned great faith in

the jolly, fat Mang Chang. So Mang Chang's little shrine in the kitchen was wreathed in paper garlands, and Nah Poo was busy getting ready a Chinese supper, which he intended that the boys should remember for a long

Having finished his wreathing up of the joss, and set fire to the strong-smelling that, owing to the length of his menu, he broken plates and dishes. would have to get some more plates for the saloon supper.

Therefore, he went to the spare crockery store, and gathered up a whole | Nah Poo," said Pongo. "You've broken armful of plates and dishes.

The easiest way for him to carry these to the saloon was across the moonlit luck," said the happy Nah Poo. "Dat take the crabs away. fore-well deck.

Nah Poo did not much like crossing this

He had intended to stay below all the time that the South Star remained in her strange anchorage in St. Jago's Rocks.

He had taken one squint through the port of the galley at this strange berth, and had decided that it was a bad joss place, haunted by evil spirits.

Which, seeing that the place was an old German submarine base, and had just been vacated by his Majesty, the ex-Kaiser of Germany, he was not far from the

But these were not the evil spirits which Nah Poo feared.

queer pinnacles of weather-beaten basalt which, standing in the drifted sand and looked more like human beings than an elephant. pillars of stone.

So he had pulled the curtain across his porthole, and had decided that he would give St. Jago's Rocks a pass as a haunted

Yet the easiest road to the saloon with his pile of plates and dishes was across the deck and along the hurricane deck. And as a Chink, like most people, will always take the easiest road, Nah Poo, overcoming his fears of evil spirits, climbed up the stairway to the deck, carrying a huge pile of plates. Nah Poo was very clever at balancing

He would carry plates and dishes piled up in a most alarming fashion, even when

the ship was rolling in a sea way. Now that she lay quiet in port he was balancing dishes, dinner-plates, soupplates, cheese-plates, and saucers in a pile that was five feet high.

ing his fragile load. "Good old Nah Poo!" called Dick Dor-

"Three cheers for old Nah Poo, the China King!" exclaimed Chip.

Nah Poo grinned. He hopped across the deck, half-hidden a whole bunch of fresh greenstuff. behind the pile of plates, and greatly pleased at the applause of the boys for his plate-balancing feat.

Then he became aware of a tall, calm figure, which, seated high on some sort | sworn friends. of throne, looked down benignantly at him and at the boys.

Nah Poo stopped, with his load of plates clutched nervously to him. Then he looked up at the moonlit Chinese figure, with its great round outlines, its swelling robes, and its painted

Chinese face. It was the image of Mang Chang in the

Nah Poo imagined that his good old joss had boarded the ship in this spirithaunted spot to congratulate him on his and seaweed dumped with lumps of beanescape from the sea.

"Maw!" bleated Mang in a voice that was most uncommonly like the voice of Horace, the goat.

And, with a yell, Nah Poo dropped his pile of plates and tumbled on his face, whacking his head on the deck.

Which was the Chinese way of betraying the utmost veneration and respect. There was an awful smash of china. which was too much for the nerves of the painted Horace.

He leaped from his tub throne, whilst Nah Poo rubbed his nose on the deck before him and hid his face in his loose

And Horace, dragging his robes after him, bolted into the shadow of the fo'c's'le-head, leaving Nah Poo rolling on the deck, firmly persuaded that he had seen his good joss.

Nah Poo would not uncover his eyes till the boys assured him that the joss ! had gone.

Then he looked up at the empty joss-sticks, Nah Poo suddenly remembered barrel, and he looked at the piles of

> out loud. "I don't see what there is to laugh at, half the crockery in the ship!"

my joss you see on the barrel. 'Im plentee good joss. 'Im bring me lot 'o

"It wasn't Mang," said Chip. "It was Horace! We dressed him up like your old joss to give you a bit of a surprise!".

But Nah Poo was not to be dissuaded. He had seen Mang with his own eyes, and once a Chink has seen with his eyes what he wants to see he will take no explanation.

It was in vain that the boys dragged Horace out of the shelter of the fo'c's'lehead and showed him to Nah Poo, with his painted face and his dyed beard.

All that the Chinese cook would say was that Mang, his good joss, had made He had looked out, and had seen the himself manifest through Horace.

He said that it was nothing out of the way for a Chinese joss to take the shape casting long shadows from the moonlight, of a bat or a dragon, or a dromedary or

And he said that it would be nothing out of the way if Mang had borrowed Horace's body to show himself for a minute or two to his faithful servant. It was a sure sign that they were going

to have fine weather, a splendid supper, and that they would be successful in their adventures.

The boys gave three cheers for Mang | meaning. Chang, and three more for Horace, who had somehow got hold of the donkey's breakfasts, with which he was padded, and was rapidly devouring them.

Horace also tried chewing up some of the broken plates. He could eat almost anything, but broken china was a bit too much for

But the apparition of Mang had the effect which Chip desired to produce. Nah Poo, being firmly persuaded that more hammy!" The boys gave a cheer as they saw | Mang, his joss, had for a moment or him emerge from the companion, balanc- two inhabited Horace's body, buried the

hatchet with Horace. And when Horace, having eaten his donkey's breakfast, forced his way down to the galley, the cook, instead of smack- | to the remnant of the ham. "Where do ing him over the head with the frying- | you get those hams? Where do they pan, gave him a jam-pot to lick out, and come from?"

So Horace found a refuge. He settled down in the galley, and the coffee. before very long he and Nah Poo, instead of being deadly enemies, had become The boys trooped into the saloon.

They were eager to taste Nah Poo's dozen hams like that. How do they cure Chinese supper. It started, Chinese fashion, with

There were all sorts of sweets, from queries. dragons made in sugar and marzipan to lumps of ginger flavoured with cayenne began. pepper.

These were supposed to create appe-The next dish was lumps of raw fish,

paste and vinegar. boys, was a great Chinese delicacy.

The boys tried it, but they did not get on very well with the seaweed. "Look here, Nah Poo," said Skeleton ruefully, "I'm not a whelk or a winkle or a crab or a starfish! If I was I could get on with this grub. Try us again."

"Wait-a-beechee, Mister Teleton," said Nah Poo. "Nex' diss 'im Chinee clab. Him velly good!" He ran out of the saloon, and quickly

ran back with a covered dish. His face was beaming. He was sure that he had the real l

Chinese dainty for Skeleton. Skeleton lifted the cover, and gave a cry of astonishment.

The dish was full of small soft-shell to climb out in a mob.

Some of them succeeded in escaping, and ran over the table, dodging among the glasses and dishes in a lively fashion. "What are you playing at, Nappo?" demanded the hungry Skeleton. "How Then he sat on the deck and laughed do you think we are going to eat raw crabs?"

Nah Poo grah : a crab, and, pitching It in his mouth, gobbled it up. He looked rather disappointed when

"Dat bring me too much plentee good | the boys gave a yell and told him to Nah Poo followed up with dishes that

were less strange. There were meat and rice and curry, and the boys settled down to their Chinese dinner, the bill of fare of which was so topsy-turvy that Porkis declared

that he would have to stand on his head to digest it. The meal ended up with ham—the neat little smoked ham which Skeleton had

seen put in the pot that afternoon. The boys had all supped so well that they did not want any ham. In any case they thought that ham

was queer stuff with which to top up a

But Skeleton was not out of the run-

He was still hungry, and going strong. He carved himself a slice of the ham and ate it.

"Top hole!" he said. "Why don't you fellows have some ham?" "I've had enough," said Dick Dorring-

ton. "I don't fancy Chinese ham." "All the more for those who do!" replied Skeleton, helping himself to another slice or two of the delicious ham. "You fellows don't know what you are miss-

"Some of us do," replied Chip, with

Nah Poo had bustled off to the galley to get the coffee ready. Skeleton looked round for him.

"When old Nah Poo comes back," he said, "I must ask him for the address of the place in China where he gets these hams. I should like to get one or two for my guv'nor. He's awfully fond of a good ham, but this ham lays over any ham I have ever tasted. It's like a York ham, but it's more—if you might call it so—

And Skeleton cut himself another slice. Skeleton had pretty well finished the small ham by the time the smiling Nah Poo returned with the coffee.

"Hi, Nah Poo!" said Skeleton, pointing "Shantung, Chinaland, Mister Tele-

"Ah!" replied Skeleton. "They come from Shantung, do they? Well, Nah Poo. next time you are writing home to Shantung I want you to order me half a

ton," responded Nah Poo, pouring out

Nah Poo stopped pouring out his coffee to reply seriously to Skeleton's

'um catchee doggee--" he A roar of laughter went up from the boys, who had not partaken of this

Chinese dainty. Skeleton's jaw dropped. His face grew a little pale.

"Excuse me, Nah Poo," he said, very This, the smiling Nah Poo told the politely. "I think you mean to say 'First 'um catchee piggee,' don't you?" Nah Poo shook his head.

"Doggee!" he persisted. "Piggee!" suggested Skeleton. Then he made a noise that was a very good imitation of grunting: "Groogh! Piggee! Vooooop!"

But Nah Poo shook his head. "Me sabee piggee," he said. "But die ham no piggee ham. Dis ham Shantung doggee ham—'im velly nice! Him bow-

wow meat!" "Jiminy!" groaned Skeleton. "It can't be true!"

Mr. Lal Tata nodded. "Now I come to make remembrances, my dear Skeleton," he said, "I do remember that the ham of the dog is crabs, waggling their claws, and trying greatly esteemed in Shantung. I once dined with very great Chinese mandarin, and we had dog-pie. You have eaten some dogs. Ha, ha! It seems to me that our friend Nah Poo has sold you pups—

> Lal laughed, and everyone laughed. But Skeleton did not laugh. He vowed that he would never go to

> Chinese supper again, and it was not till he had eaten half a jar of bullseyes and drunk half a dozen bottles of gingerbeer, that he felt that the Shantung flavour of the ham was washed away. When they had finished their quaint

The plank which had communicated with the shore was withdrawn, and they were cut off from the wild-looking reef that lay in white and black shadows under the moon.

meal the boys went on deck.

little harbour to the other.

But they were not long in finding something to amuse them on the ship. Looking over the side into the dark, clear water Dick Dorrington saw a shadowy shape, outlined in phosphorescent fire, shoot from one side of the

This was followed by another and "Fish ahoy, chaps!" he shouted. "There are hundreds of fish playing round us!

Get the lines!" There was a rush for the lines and hooks that were stowed away aft, and soon the boys were busy making up lines, and baiting them with any old thing that

came handy. Chip baited up with a slip of salted Skeleton, who was trying hard to for-

get the Shantung ham, covered his book with a lump of cheese. Nah Poo was as eager as anyone for the

He came running out of his galley with a fishing-rod.

It was a Chinese fishing-rod—a stubby rod, with a wheel to the line as big as the top of a small table. "You see, young gentleboys," said Nah Poo. "My joss Mang, he bling plenty

good luck. Den we have grand fish-an'chip slupper." "I've had about enough of your sluppers, Mr. Nah Poo!" grumbled Skeleton. "I've swallowed a good many things in

my life, but I've never swallowed smoked retriever before! But here goes!" He dropped his line into the water,



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THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

whilst Nah Poo, sitting on the rail of the bulwark, lowered a string of bits of rags and feather, which was enough to scare anything in the sea.

But barely had he dropped the hooks

into the water than there was a sudden tug and a rush, and the rod was nearly pulled from his hands.

"Me got 'um plentee big fish!" stammered Nah Poo, full of excitement. "Me got too big bloater!"

Sure enough it was a pretty big fish which the Chinee cook had caught. deep under the keel of the South Star.

Then it came to the surface, and broke water in a great leap.

Then down it went again, trying to find a crevice in the rock face, where it could get a turn on Nah Poo's line and snap it off.

But Nah Poo's line was a sound one, made of woven human hair.

Nah Poo wound the great reel on his rod, nursing it as though he were playing a banjo.

And it was not long before the net was It kicked and it struggled, and dived sent down to his catch and a huge rock | He baited up again with a pickled "Jiminy!" he muttered. "What's that be glad if readers would write and let me cod, weighing a good twenty pounds, was onion, and fetched up a queer fish shaped row?"

flopping round the deck in the moonlight, like a bar of living silver.

That seemed the signal for the start of the fishing, for the fish began to bite fast

and furious. It did not matter what bait was put on the hooks, all sorts of fish grabbed all sorts of bait.

The boys were pulling them in as fast as they could drop their lines. They had forgotten all about the

Kaiser and the Germans now. They were far too busy hunting other

queer fish. Pongo, who was baiting up with cold roast beef, got a starfish as big as a tea-

like a football with a tail to it, which, as soon as it was landed on deck, went pop like a paper bag.

"Me go an get more fishee-lines!" cried the excited Nah Poo. "Me got plentee more lines in portmantle belong me!"

He ran down below to his portmanteau, wherever that might be stowed away, whilst the boys went on fishing, jerking out the shining, glistening beauties as fast as they could pull them up.

But soon their fishing was disturbed. From the skylight which was over the carpenter's shop, there sounded a dismal yell, ear-piercing and blood-curdling.

Chip, who was baiting his line, dropped

the deck.

It was Nah Poo's voice. "Helpee! Helpee!" he yelled. "Pleecemans! Quick! My cossin! Him bitee my

"What on earth does he say?" said Pongo, turning pale. "His coffin biting his trousers?"

"It's Gus!" gasped Chip. "We've forgotten Gus. Don't you remember? We shoved old Gus in Nappo's coffin before we were seasick!"

The boys looked at one another. Then they rushed in a body to the companion.

(Another magnificent long instalment it, and allowed the lead to smack on of this amazing new serial in next Mon. day's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. I should know what they think of this new story.)

WARDATH

A Splendid Long Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

The 1st Chapter.

Dodging Gunten.

"Bless my soul," Mr. Slimmey uttered that ejaculation in

tones of utter astonishment. The assistant-master at Cedar Creek was so astounded, in fact, that his goldrimmed glasses almost fell off as he stared

at Frank Richards & Co. Mr. Slimmey was taking a gentle stroll after dinner outside the school palisade, when the three schoolboys suddenly burst on his view.

From the timber near the creek Frank Richards came bolting, and after him came Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc. They dashed across the path towards the

high wooden palisade that surrounded the Cedar Creek playground.

burst from the timber in hot and breath- palisade. less pursuit. It was Kern Gunten, the Swiss, once a Cedar Creek fellow, now belonging to Hill-

crest, the new school up the creek. No wonder Mr. Slimmey stared blankly. Three fellows—any one of whom looked as if he could have made rings round the Swiss—were evidently running away in a ; his teeth with rage. state of panic, with Kern Gunten raging

on their track. None of them noted Mr. Slimmey standing blinking at some distance in the trail. "Stop, you funks!" shouted Gunten.

The three ran breathlessly on. The palisade cut off their flight, and Frank. they paused there, panting.

To dodge along the palisade to the gates was to lose ground; and Gunten was already swerving to cut them off.

Why the three should be fleeing from the Swiss was a deep mystery, and Mr. Slimmey could hardly believe his eyes, or his spectacles, as he witnessed it. But it was evident that they were des-

perately anxious to escape. "This way!" gasped Bob Lawless. He made a spring, and caught the top

of the wooden palisade with his hands, and dragged himself up. Frank Richards and Beauclerc followed his example.

"Stop!" yelled Gunten, racing towards The chums of Cedar Creek clambered desperately.

Gunten was barely a yard away when they dragged their heels out of his reach and landed astride of the palisade.

There they sat in a panting row. Gunten stopped, and shook his fist up at them as they sat with their feet well

out of his reach. "You pesky cowards!" he shouted. "Come down, and I'll wipe up the trail

with the three of you!" "Oh!" gasped Frank Richards. "Ow! Just done it, you chaps!" "Come down and be licked!" roared

Gunten. "Bless my soul!" murmured "This—this is most ordinary! I should never have believed that those three boys were such wretched poltroons. I certainly had a very different impression of them. I-I am amazed!" The young master walked towards the

spot, unobserved by the schoolboys. Frank Richards & Co. had eyes only for Kern Gunten, and the Swiss was watching them like a cat.

"Will you come down?" demanded Gunten.

"Nix!" "Funk!"

"Go it, old sport!" said Rob Lawless, unmoved. "You can blow off steam as much as you like till Friday. Then look out for cyclones!"

"Cowards!" "Keep it up!"

"I guess I'll come up after you if you don't come down!" said Gunten, between | appeared into the timber. his teeth. "I'm going to thrash the whole I

crowd of you!" The Swiss came closer to the wall, and I note of contempt in his voice. made a jump to catch the top in his | The three schoolboys dropped into the | make --- Hallo! Look out!"

hands. He was not quite so springy as the



A few seconds more and another figure | fingers failed to catch the top of the He fell back, stumbled, and sat down in

> the grass with a bump and a howl. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. "Try again!"

"Oh! Hang you! Ow!" "Ha, ha!"

Gunten staggered to his feet, gritting He did not essay to jump again, but

groped round the trail for stones. "Time we vamoosed, I reckon," remarked Bob Lawless. "Better hop down

"Hallo! Here's Slimmey!" murmured

Kern Gunten had straightened up, with a stone grasped in either hand, when Mr. Slimmey arrived on the scene. The Cedar Creek master dropped a heavy

hand on Gunten's shoulder, and the Swiss uttered a startled exclamation.

"What are you going to do with those stones, Gunten?" asked Mr. Slimmey, very

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Gunten. "Drop them!"

Gunten hesitated a moment, but he obeyed, and the stones clattered to the

Mr. Slimmey released his shoulder then. He glanced up at the three schoolboys sitting in a row on the top of the palisade. "What does this mean, Richards?" he

"We-we're just sitting here, sir." "Quite airy up here, sir," said Bob Lawless. "Good view, too. You can see quite a lot of the creek and the rapids." "Is it possible, Lawless, that you three boys are afraid to venture into the trail while Gunten is here?"

"Ahem!" "I do not approve of fighting," said Mr. Slimmey warmly, "but I must say, Lawless, that such poltroonery as this does not reflect any credit on your school."

Bob coloured red, and his chums looked very uncomfortable. "Gunten, I presume, has come here to fight with you?" continued Mr. Slimmey.

"Only they're afraid!' sneered Gunten. Mr. Slimmey made a motion with his

walking-cane. "You have no business here, Gunten!

Kindly go!" "I'll go when I please!" retorted

"You will go at once, Gunten, or you

will be sorry for it!" said Mr. Slimmey, taking a firm grip on his cane. Gunten glanced at the cane, and at Mr. Slimmey's determined face, and decided

He cast a last sneering look at the

Cedar Creek fellows on the fence. "I guess I'll corner you another time, you pesky cowards!" he said. And with that he turned and dis-

"You may come down now," said Mr. Slimmey quietly, but with an involuntary

chums of Cedar Creek, however, and his Frank Richards spoke:

away, sir."

"You have a right to my protection—if you need it!" answered Mr. Slimmey Frank crimsoned.

"You—you don't understand, sir!" he stammered. "I think I do."

"You don't, sir," said Vere Beauclerc. "We're not afraid of Gunten, or a dozen Guntens!" "Then appearances are certainly very

deceptive," said Mr. Slimmey, in the same dry tone. "However, I am glad to see you avoiding trouble with the Hillcrest boys. That is Miss Meadows' wish."

"There'll be lots of trouble next Friday, guess!" growled Bob Lawless. Mr. Slimmey blinked at him.

"What does that mean, Lawless?" "I guess you ought to know, sir. We don't want you to think us a gang of pesky cowards!" said Bob, with a very red face. "Miss Meadows called us over the coals last week for rowing so much with the Hillcrest chaps-especially that pesky coyote Gunten. She made us promise that we wouldn't fight Gunten if we met him, the promise to hold good for a week. I suppose she thought the trouble

would blow over by then." "Oh!" said Mr. Slimmey. "We meant to avoid Gunten, as Miss Meadows wished, sir," said Frank Richards. "But the cad knows about our promise, and he's trailing us down. We can't avoid him, and we can't fight him."

"So we have to dodge him, sir," added Vere Beauclerc. "It's that, or letting him lick us without putting our hands up in self-defence. We can't do that." "Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr.

Slimmey. "We wouldn't have told you, only you've seen the cad chasing us," said Bob Lawless ruefully. "We can't touch him, owing to the promise we made to Miss Meadows. And there's three more days to run-it's only Tuesday now. We've had to nip and tuck half a dozen times already."

Mr. Slimmey smiled. three chums, though it was serious enough to them.

"A very peculiar position," he remarked. "I am glad to see you have such a strict regard for your pledged word. This experience, my boys, will be a valuable lesson to you in patience and self-control."

"Oh!" said Frank.

Mr. Slimmey, still miling, walked away.

Frank looked at his chums. "He's grinning at us!" he said. "He! tage of it, had never crossed her mind.

thing funny in it!" "Gunten won't see anything funny in Yet, as Bob remarked, they might have

"Thank you for sending that fellow only waited in cover for Mr. Slimmey to The chums of Cedar Creek broke into l

> full flight down the trail. Gunten dashed on their track. In the gateway of Cedar Creek a dozen boys and girls gathered, watching the peculiar scene, as Frank Richards &

Co. came tearing up. A roar of laughter greeted them. The three were better sprinters than the clumsy Swiss, and they won the race. They shouldered through the crowd, and disappeared into the playground.

Gunten stopped. He would have carried the pursuit right into the playground of Cedar Creek; but Tom Lawrence came out on the trail to meet him, with an expression on his face which caused Gunten to turn and trot back into the timber.

Frank Richards & Co. had escaped once But they were not rejoicing. laughter of their schoolfellows rang in their ears; their predicament was

a standing joke in the school already. "I guess I can't stand much more of it!" growled Bob Lawless, as they went in to classes. "Miss Meadows was a jay to make us give her such a promise! I've a good mind to ask her ---" Frank shook his head.

"We can't ask to be let off! It's only a few more days."

"But what a time we're going to have those few more days!" groaned Bob. "I guess it'll turn my hair grey!"

"I say, you chaps, you're getting on splendidly with your running exercises!" remarked Chunky Todgers. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Br-r-r-r!" And Frank Richards & Co. went into

the school-room with glum faces—with smiling faces all round them.

The 2nd Chapter. Chunky Chips In.

Frank Richards & Co. arrived at school the next day with worried faces. The persecution was getting on their

He seemed to see something comic in Much as they liked and respected their the extraordinary predicament of the schoolmistress, they were beginning to feel decidedly "ratty" towards Miss Meadows for placing them in this ridiculous and absurd position.

Miss Meadows certainly had not foreseen anything of this kind.

She was aware that Kern Gunten was by no means brave, and little likely to seek a "scrap" with the Co., and, by making the chums promise not to fight with him if they met, she had considered that the peace would be safely kept. That Gunten, on hearing of their

pledge, would take so rascally an advanthinks this is funny! Blest if I see any- | Frank and his chums certainly had | not foreseen it, either.

it on Friday!" growled Bob Lawless, guessed it, knowing Gunten as they did. striking the air with his fists. "I'll make | He could attack them in safety—unless him weep when the week's up! I'll make I they broke their promise to the Head of him wriggle! I'll make him cringe! I'll Cedar Creek; and if they did that, disgrace and severe punishment would be There was a rustle, and Gunten sprang | the result—which would please Gunten |

The Swiss had not gone far; he had! He "had" them, as it were, either escort."

way; and he was making the very most of it, as they really might have expected such a fellow would.

Hillcrest was some little distance from

Cedar Creek, but distance was nothing to Gunten when he had such an object to He was giving his old enemies the time

of their lives; and he was prepared to put in all his spare time for that The unscrupulous fellow had ridden

over to the Lawless Ranch twice to catch Frank and Bob at home; but on his second visit Billy Cook, the foreman of the ranch, had laid a stock-whip about

Gunten had departed much faster than he came on that occasion.

After that he kept well away from the ranch; but he dropped in at the shack where Vere Beauclerc lived with his father, the remittance-man.

There he had no luck, however, for Vere had confided the state of affairs to his father; and Mr. Beauclerc, though much amused, took measures to keep Gunten away from the shack.

Two or three "swipes" from a coiled trail-rope were enough; Gunten gave the shack a wide berth afterwards. The Co. were, therefore, safe at home

from the peculiar persecution, which was something of a relief. But attending school was an incessant worry to them. Gunten had taken to waylaying them on the trails; and now, on Wednesday

morning, they had ridden four or five miles round to elude him. They had started early, but they were a few minutes late for school, and they received a reprimand from Miss Meadows.

During morning lessons the chums were in a worried frame of mind. They were well aware that the Swiss would be lurking outside the school palisade, on the watch for them if they

ventured out. To keep within the limits of the playground was possible; but it meant enduring the merriment and chaff of their

schoolfellows. It was possible, too, that Gunten might venture into the playground, and set them dodging him again under the very windows of Cedar Creek, amid howls of laughter from all the school.

More than once Miss Meadows had to speak sharply to the Co. for inattention

to lessons. The schoolmistress did not guess the trouble that was worrying them. When the hour of dismissal came, for

once the chums of Cedar Creek were not glad to be released from class. They looked round them almost apprehensively as they came out of the

lumber schoolhouse. They were getting quite into the habit of looking this way and that, like Moses of old, to see whether an enemy was

"Look out!" exclaimed Eben Hacke suddenly.

The Co. gave a jump.

"Is he coming?" ejaculated Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hacke. "You silly jay!" shouted Bob, as he realised that it was only a false alarm. "Don't play your silly sturts on me!

"Lawless!" It was Miss Meadows' quiet voice in the porch. "Oh! Ah! Yes, Miss Meadows!"

Bob Lawless spun round with a crimson "I hope you are not quarrelling again, Lawless!" said the Canadian school-

mistress sternly. "Ahem! Nunno!" Miss Meadows gave him a stern look as she turned away.

Bob hurried into the playground with his chums. "The creek's frozen," remarked Vere

Beauclerc. "What about skating?" "What about Gunten?" grunted Bob. "Hold on, you galoots!" Chunky Todgers joined the trio, grinning. "I say, are you going to stick inside gates

because you're afraid-" "Do you want to be squashed, you fat jay?" growled Bob Lawless. haven't promised not to handle you,

Chunky jumped back. "Keep your wool on, Bob!" he ejacu-

lated. "I was going to say-" "Oh, go and chop chips!" "I was going to say," howled Chunky indignantly, "that I'd come out with you. I haven't promised not to hammer Gunten, and if the foreign trash shows

up, I'll keep him off you!" "Oh! Now you're talking!" said Bob. "There's some sense in that! You're not such a fat jay as I thought, Chunky! Come on, then!"

"I say, Bob, I've run out of maple "All the better for you. You eat too

"I was going to ask you to lend me twenty-five cents," said Chunky Todgers loftily. "But if you don't care to-"

"That's the price of Chunky's protection!" said Frank Richards, laughing. Mr. Slimmey was turning away when out of the timber. better still. We have to pay twenty-five cents for an



"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers wrathfully. "It's got nothing to do with it. I'm going to look after you because you're my pals. You're going to lend me twenty-five cents because—because—"

"Never mind the because!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "Here's the quarter, you fat gopher. Now mind, you've got to give Gunten a terrific lambasting if we come across him."

"You leave him to me!" said Chunky confidently. "I'll make him feel as if he's been under a steam binder. You watch out!"

The schoolboys strolled on towards the creek, the Co. keeping their eyes well about them.

They fully expected that Kern Gunten would ride over from Hillcrest immediately lessons were over there, or else come along the creek on his skates to carry on his persecution.

They were not mistaken. As they came out of the timber on the bank of Cedar Creek a figure came in sight on the icc.

"Here he is!" said Bob dismally. "You watch me!" said Chunky Todgers. The chums of Cedar Creek stood where

they were and waited. Gunten caught sight of them, and bore down on the spot, and kicked off his skates and landed. "I guess I've cornered you this time!"

he remarked. "Go it, Chunky!"

And Chunky Todgers, full of courage and determination, rolled between the Co. and the advancing Swiss.

Chapter. 3rd A Narrow Escape.

Kern Gunten stopped and stared at the lat schoolboy. Chunky looked very determined, and

his fat fists were up. Gunten grinned.

He was not much of a fighting-man himself, but he was so much bigger than the fat little Chunky that even Gunten had the chasing of Frank Richards & Co. mistress. "Of course, my boys, you no fear of such a contest.

"Well, what's your game, Todgers?" he asked. "Put up your paws!" retorted Chunky

undauntedly. "I'm jolly well going to wallop you, you foreign trash!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunten. "Ain't

you afraid you'll burst if I punch you?" Chunky Todgers gave a snort of wrath, and rushed at the Swiss. Unfortunately, he caught one foot in a

trail root, and stumbled just as he reached Gunten.

The Swiss sprang on him before he could recover, hitting out vigorously. There was a howl of anguish from poor

Chunky. Gunten's right caught him on the chin, and his left on the chest, and Chunky

went spinning along the bank, quite winded. He crashed down among the frozen reeds, and lay there gasping and gur-

"Ow! Groogh! Yow! Oh! Help!" "Ha, ha, ha!" howled Gunten. "Get | up and have some more, Todgers."

"Groogh! Oh! Ow! Ooooch!" splut- shouted Beauclere. tered the unhappy Chunky. "Oh, dear! Ow! Wow! Yurrrrgggh!"

away. Their champion was evidently not to

hors de combat. "Running away again?" jeered Gunten. "Oh, bolt for it!" muttered Bob Law-

less. "There's nothing else to be done. Come on!" The three schoolboys ran into the

timber. Gunten rushed in pursuit, and grasped Frank Richards by the back of the collar

and dragged him back. "Got you, at least!" he gasped. Frank spun round on him, his eyes blazing and his fists clenched.

For the mement his promise had vanished from his mind in the surge of anger within him as the Swiss grasped his

The look on his face, however, was enough for Gunten. The Swiss' nerve ! failed him, and he jumped back. For a moment Frank looked as if he

would spring on him; but then he rememhered, and he ran after his comrades into the wood. His flight was all Gunten needed to en-

courage him, and he rushed in pursuit ! again.

The three schoolboys crashed through the thickets towards the trail that ran

through the timber. Once in the trail, they had no doubt

of outdistancing the heavy Swiss without much difficulty. They came out of the thickets with a breathless rush into the trail, and the and hurried away to the school gates.

next instant there was a crash and a cry: " Oh!" "Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" gasped Bob | time." Lawless. "Miss Meadows!"

Frank and Beauclerc had both rushed horse. into the schoolmistress, not seeing her till ! too late, as they burst into the trail.

time to avoid stumbling over her. Miss Meadows, completely thrown off her balance, had fallen in the trail, and lay gasping and dazed.

GUNTEN ON THE WARPATH!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Oh!" panted Frank. "Miss Meadows! "What—what—" stammered

schoolmistress. Bob Lawless helped her up. Miss Meadows put her hand against a

breath. Richards! "Lawless! Beauclere! What---"

"Sorry, ma'am-"

"We didn't see you-" "Oh, Miss Meadows--"

"Look out!" yelled Bob. Kern Gunten came bursting from the thickets with a whoop.

Leaving Miss Meadows leaning on the tree, amazed, the three chums bolted along the trail, Gunten racing in pursuit. Meadows called to the Co. as the school "Bless my soul!" ejaculated the head- marched out. mistress of Cedar Creek. "What-what-

what does it mean?" She gazed dazedly after the schoolboys looks. till they were out of sight.

Gunten close behind.

"Here they come!" roared Eben Hacke. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put it on!" yelled Dick Dawson. Hoof it! Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, Frank!" gasped Molly Lawrence, with tears of mirth in her eyes.

Frank's face was crimson as Molly's she repeated. laugh rang in his ears. He had never felt more humiliated and

ridiculous in his life than he did at that moment. He stopped, heedless of the Swiss behind

"Molly!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Frank! Ha, ha!" shrieked Molly.

"I can't help it, Molly! You wouldn't like me to break my promise to Miss Meadows, would you?" panted Frank. "No, no! But—— Ha, ha, ha! Look

out! Gunten is catching you!" gasped Frank Richards jumped away as the heavy hand of the Swiss clutched at his

shoulder. whirled round with his hands clenched, but he remembered his plighted word, and ran on after his companions.

Bob and Beauclerc had gone into the playground, and Frank joined them there, breathless.

"Safe here!" stammered Bob. "Oh, my word! What a life!" "Here he comes!" muttered Beauclerc.

Gunten was striding in at the gateway. | brows. A laughing crowd of Cedar Creek fellows followed him in.

They did not look inclined to interfere; appealed to their sense of humour, and they were not going to spoil the joke. Gunten headed for the three chums.

Beauclerc set his teeth. "He's trying to make us break our pro-

mise to Miss Meadows!" he muttered. "He'd like that more than anything eise, even if he got a thrashing along with it. Look here, you chaps-"

"Oh, come on!" growled Bob. The three chums dodged across the playground, Gunten still in pursuit, and ran into the corral, where there were a dozen horses and ponies belonging to the

Cedar Creek fellows. Gunten followed them in at the gate of the corral.

"I guess you're cornered now, you funks!" he called out.

The three chums ran among the horses, the Swiss pursuing them. Vere Beauclerc's big black horse Demon

threw up his head as Gunten gave him a promise." rough clump to drive him out of the

"You fool! Don't touch my horse!" The Swiss laughed, and struck at the

black horse again with a switch he had Frank Richards & Co. were backing in his hand, mistaking Beauclerc's warn-

The next instant he was springing away I looks for us he'll find us." be relied upon. Poor Chunky was already with a howl of terror, as the black horse turned on him with gleaming teeth.

The gleaming teeth were only a foot (from him as he sprang away, his face like

His call came only in time.

The black horse obeyed his master's voice, and swung round towards Beauclerc, as Gunten, overcome with terror, fell helplessly on his knees to the ground.

The merriment of the laughing crowd at the gate of the corral ceased suddenly, and more than one face turned pale, as Gunten's peril was seen.

Beauclerc caught his horse by the dangling trail-rope, and held him in. "Get out of here, Gunten!" he called out. "Get up, you coward; you're safe

enough now!" Gunten staggered to his feet. His face was white, his eyes almost starting from his head.

He gave the black horse one look, and started for the gate of the corral, his knees knocking together.

He was not feeling inclined to pursue Frank Richards & Co. further just then. "This way, Gunten!" called out Bob Lawless, with a laugh.

The Swiss did not heed. He almost staggered out of the corral, amid the jeers of the Cedar Creek fellows,

"Good old Demon!" grinned Bob Lawless. "I guess he's saved our bacon this Beauclerc patted the glossy neck of his

"That brute came near having his shoulder laid open," he said. "I don't Bob Lawless stopped himself just in think he will come into the corral again, anyhow."

"Ha, ha! Not likely." Nothing more was seen of Kern Gunten * that afternoon.

The 4th Chapter. Free at Last !

Miss Meadows regarded Frank Richards & Co. with a rather curious glance when she came in to take the class that afternoon, and the chums expected some allusion to the collision in the wood. But the Canadian schoolmistress did

not refer to it. Lessons proceeded as usual, Frank Richards & Co. feeling in a more cheerful mood.

Gunten had work to do that afternoon, tree for support, and stood gasping for | for his father, the postmaster at Thompson, so they were free of him for that

day, at least. The persecution could not last much longer, for the week for which their

promise held good expired on Thursday the following day. On Friday they would be free to deal

with Kern Gunten, and it was pretty certain that the Swiss would not continue his pursuit then. When Cedar Creek was dismissed, Miss

The three juniors came up to the school-

mistress' desk with rather doubtful

"If—if you please, Miss Meadows," said Frank Richards & Co. came out of the Frank, before the schoolmistress could timber by the school gates with Kern | speak, "we-we're sorry we ran into you in the wood. We didn't see you."

"Why were you in such a hurry, Richards?" "We-we were running away from

Gunten, ma'am." Miss Meadows raised her eyebrows. "You were running away from Gunten?"

"Yes, please!" said Frank meekly. "And why, Richards?"

"Because—because he was after us, ma'am." "You gave me your promise, all three of you, not to seek trouble with Kern

Gunten!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "We've kept it, too," said Bob. "It's not been easy to keep, Miss Meadows," said Vere Beauclerc. "But we've kept it so far, and we mean to keep

it to the end." "If you have avoided quarrels with Gunten, how is it that he is here apparently quarrelling with you to-day?"

The chums were silent. The facts were plain enough for anyone to see, but they did not feel inclined to make what amounted to a complaint. "Does Gunten know of your promise to

me?" asked Miss Meadows, after a pause.

"Oh, yes!" "Does this mean that he is taking a mean advantage of it, and attacking you because your promise makes you defenceless?" asked Miss Meadows, knitting her

"Ahem!" "I conclude that that is the case, from what I have seen," said the schoolunderstand that I did not consider the possibility of anything of the kind. Gunten's conduct is very mean and unworthy. I do not think I ought to hold you to a promise which places you in

such a position." "Oh, Miss Meadows!" exclaimed the

three together. Three faces brightened up wonderfully. Miss Meadows suppressed a smile.

"I do not mean that I give you permission to quarrel with Kern Gunten," she said. "I hold you to your promise, so far as that goes. But I release you from it to this extent, that if you are attacked you have full permission to defend yourselves. I rely upon you not to quarrel with this unpleasant boy if you can help it, and not to provoke him, but if he should lay hands upon you unprovoked you are at liberty to protect yourselves. To that extent I absolve you from your

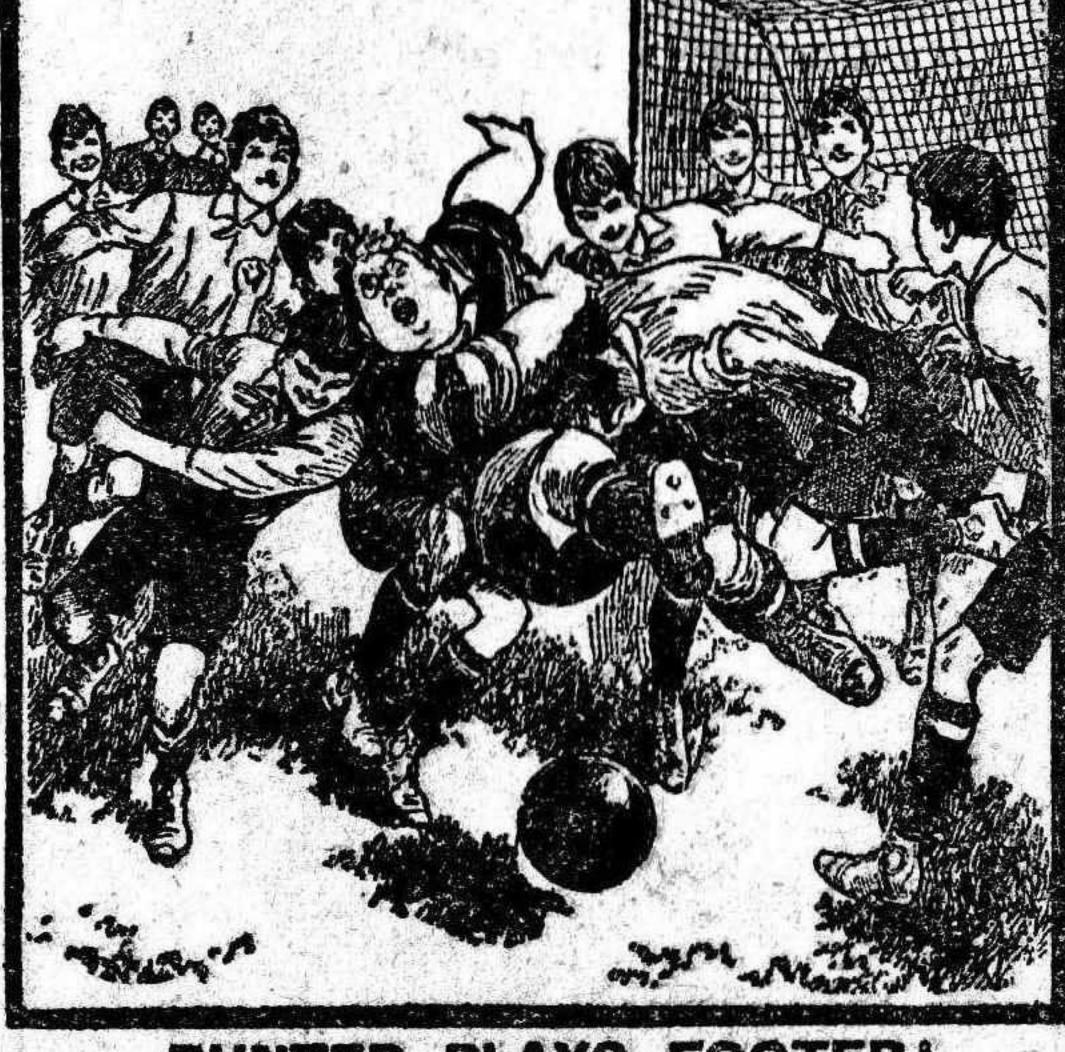
"Oh, thank you, Miss Meadows!" Frank Richards & Co. left the lumber

school smiling. "Isn't she a brick?" exclaimed Frank, as they led out their horses. "I think perhaps Slimmey has been saying something to her about it. I say, if Gunten looks for us to-morrow——"

"Ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. "If he

"Demon!" shouted Beauclerc. "Demon! GIVEN FREE MACNIFICENT PLATE AUGUSTUS DARCY. for him to mosey off!"
Here!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"





BUNTER PLAYS FOOTER!

OUT FRIDAY management of the second secon

"No mistake about that!" said Vere Meadows has let us off our promise, he's | You know we've promised-" bound to look for us to-morrow. He wouldn't on Friday, when the week's up. But to-morrow---"

Bob chuckled. "To-morrow the sneaking coyote will be over here again, on the war-path," he said. "Jerusalem crickets! There will "I guess I will!" said Gunten emphaticbe a bit of a surprise for him!"

The chums of Cedar Creek rode homeward in great spirits.

They had fully intended that when their week of probation was up they The three chums dodged Gunten as he would look for the Swiss and punish him strode at them, separating. Gunten severely for his many offences.

But they were aware that when that Kern Gunten.

The Swiss was pretty certain to dodge | your features for you," said Gunten. them even more sedulously than they had been dodging him.

But now-On the morrow, knowing nothing of their interview with Miss Meadows and and put up his hands. its result, Gunten would come over to Cedar Creek as usual to continue his clenched fists, suddenly paused.

persecution, and then-The three chums chuckled gleefully at

the prospect. The surprise of his life awaited Kern Gunten when he ran them down, and found that they were free to deal with him as he deserved.

The next morning, when Frank Richards & Co. trotted up the trail to school, they Bob. were in great spirits.

The anticipated meeting with Gunten that day was going to be a compensation | for all they had been through for the previous week.

They were rather disappointed not to find him on the trail, as they trotted up | fight, but there seemed no possibility of to the gates of Cedar Creek.

Molly Lawrence met them at the gates with a smiling face. "All safe!" she said. "Gunten's not

"I say, that's too bad, Molly!" exclaimed Frank reproachfully. "You know jolly well why we're dodging that cadwhy we've been dodging him, I mean." "Of course I do, Frank," said Molly,

with a smile. "It's a shame! We saw him this morning as we came by the Hill- | and the Swiss backed away. crest trail to school, and he told Tom he was coming over after dinner to see you. You'd better go out on a long ride." Frank shook his head.

"We'll wait and see him," answered.

"I shouldn't," said Molly seriously. sure to come, and-"

"And he'll find us at home," said Bob grimly. "It's all serene, Molly. We've his right, and Gunten caught it with his done dodging Gunten, and I guess he'll try to do some dodging when we see him to-day. If you want to see some fun, just be on hand when Gunten moseys along after dinner,"

"You see," exclaimed Beauclerc, with smile, "Miss Meadows has released us l from our promise, so we're quite anxious to see Gunten." "Oh!" exclaimed Molly. "I see! If

"He won't know it till it's too late," chuckled Bob. And the Co. went in to school in great spirits.

Gunten knew that-

The 5th Chapter. Going for Gunten!

Frank Richards & Co. came out of the lumber schoolhouse after dinner with crowd. smiling faces. They sauntered away to the gates to get on view, as Bob Lawless expressed

it, all ready for Kern Gunten when he roar. moseyed along. A good many of the Cedar Creek fellows gathered round them outside the gates, greatly interested in the forthcoming

meeting. Most of the fellows knew now how matters stood, and there was much speculation as to how Gunten would act

when he made the discovery. There was a murmur in the crowd of schoolboys as a figure came in sight on the frozen creek.

"Here comes Gunten!" grinned Chunky "Not a word to him, mind!" said Bob Lawless warningly. "Let him rip!" "You bet!" said Chunky.

"Yes, rather!" said Tom Lawrence, laughing. "Not a word till it's too late

ten with great interest as he took off his skates and came up the bank. The Swiss came directly towards the group outside the gates.

The Cedar Creek fellows watched Gun-

Frank Richards & Co., affecting not to observe his approach, strolled across the trail into the timber. They preferred to be out of sight of

the school windows when they interviewed Gunten. The interview was going to be a stormy

Gunten grinned as he saw them enter the timber, and followed. The trio were cut off from the school

now, and could not dodge into the corral to escape him. Gunten did not know yet that it was far from their intention to dodge. "Here comes Gunten!" called out Eben

Hacke, with a laugh. "Light out, you galoots! Gunten's after your scalps!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Stop, you cowards!" shouted Gunten, rushing into the timber.

Frank Richards & Co. glanced at him and exchanged a grin and ran, with the Swiss on their track, and the Cedar Creek fellows following. But they did not run far. They led the Swiss as far as the old The

clearing, which was some little distance from the school, and where interruption was unlikely. There they stopped. Gunten came on, panting.

"Looks like it," said Bob Lawless. Beauclerc. "And as he doesn't know Miss | "Gunten, old sport, play fair, you know.

Gunten sneered. "I know you say you have," he answered. "Any excuse is better than none, when you're afraid to put up your

"You won't touch us-" ally. "Now I've cornered you at last

I'm going to lambaste you! I guess you'll be a set of pretty pictures by the time I've sinished handling you."

headed for Frank Richards. "You first!" he said. time came it would not be easy to find | "You won't let me off?" asked Frank. "Nope! I guess I'm going to alter

"Stand your ground, you cowardly "Right-ho!" said Frank cheerfully.

He stood his ground, very unexpectedly. Gunten, who was rushing on with "You see, I've got some news for you,"

said Frank Richards pleasantly. "Miss Meadows has let us off our promise." "Wha-a-at?" "And we're free to handle you, my

pippin. So come on!" "Leave him to me, Franky!" shouted

"Rats! You leave him to me!" "Toss up for him!" suggested Hopkins;

and there was a laugh. Gunten's face was a study. He certainly was not looking for a fair

avoiding it now. The Cedar Creek fellows were thronging round him.

"Go it, Gunten!" sang out Lawrence. "Pitch in, Gunten!" "Get a move on!"

"I guess you don't seem to be in such a hurry now, Gunten!" chortled Chunky Todgers. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards advanced in his turn, The English schoolboy reached out and took Gunten's thick, prominent nose be-

tween forefinger and thumb. Tweak! "Gurrrrgh!" gurgled the Swiss.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Gunten struck out fiercely. Even Gun-"This is the last day, you know, and he's | ten could not have his nose pulled without trouble.

Frank warded the blow and sent back

eye, with a loud yell. "Go it!" roared Bob. "Pile in, Gunten!"

"I guess he's blown off all his steam!" chuckled Eben Hacke. "Ha, ha, ha!" Frank Richards was pommelling now,

and Gunten had no choice about the matter. He screwed up what courage he had, and threw himself into the fight. For two or three minutes he held his

ground, the Cedar Creek fellows watching the fight with breathless interest. Then the Swiss gave ground, his defence growing feebler as Frank's knuckles landed again and again.

He cast hunted glances to right and left, as if seeking a way of escape, amid loud laughter from the Cedar Creek

The contrast between Gunten now and the Gunten of five minutes ago was striking, and it made the Cedar Creek fellows "Go it, Franky!"

Gunten jumped back desperately, and made a sudden rush to escape. He burst through the crowd savagely. "Stop him!" yelled Bob Lawless. "Bring him back! He's not done yet!" "Collar him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a rush in pursuit of Gunten. The Swiss put on his best speed and ran for the creek, where he had left his He reached the bank, breathless, with

He had no time to put on his skates. He caught them up and ran out on the ice, sliding away desperately. "Ha, ha, ha! After him!" Frank Richards & Co. slid out on the

half Cedar Creek whooping in pursuit.

ice in pursuit, with a dozen fellows after Gunten put on desperate speed, and vanished along the frozen creek. Bob Lawless halted at last, laughing

too much to keep up the chase any further. "Poor old Gunten!" he gasped. "He came for wool, and he's returning shorn, and no mistake! I fancy this is the last time Gunten will come to Cedar Creek

on the war-path!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Frank Richards & Co. returned laughing to the school.

Bob's prediction was correct. Kern Gunten had had quite enough of the war-path. In class that afternoon at Hillcrest

Gunten kept his handkerchief to his nose most of the time, and mumbled with And when he left his footsteps did not

lead him towards Cedar Creek. Gunten on the war-path was a thing of the past! THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

REMITTANCE-MAN'S

PERIL! By MARTIN CLIFFORD. "So I've run you down at last!" he

A Splendid New Serial, introducing Bob Travers & Co., the Chums of Redclyffe.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE:

BOB TRAVERS, DICKY TURNER, JACK JACKSON, and BUNNY, the chums of Study No. 5.

MASON and HARRIS, the bullies of the Fourth, who share Study No. 2

BARKER, the bounder. MR. CHAMBERS, the master of the Fourth Form. JIMMY WREN & CO., the chums of the New House.

In recent instalments it was told how Barker, the bounder, having been defeated in a fight with Jack Jackson, resolved to make the latter's life a misery, and disgrace him in the eyes of his schoolfellows. Barker discovered that Jackson's father was employed by his own father, and threatened to secure Jack's father's discharge if he did not obey his—Barker's—orders.

It has been described how Jack Jackson was accused of drinking whisky, and was sent to Coventry, and how Bob Travers was sentenced to the punishment for standing by the convicted junior.

In last week's instalment Mason was caned for a trick he played on Harcourt, the captain of the school. In a savage mood, the bully accused Jack Jackson of sneaking to the master.

(Read on from here.)

The Fourth-Formers' Wrath!

"Sneak!" The word was absolutely hurled at the head of Jack Jackson by the angry Fourth-Formers. Jack Jackson drew himself up, and

faced his accusers. "I did not sneak," he said firmly. "I tell you you did-" began Mason

eavagely. "Shut up, Mason!" sang out Jimmy

Wren. "Don't you know that cad's in Coventry?" "I don't care!" snapped the bully disagreeably. "Whether he's in Coventry

or not, I'm going to have this matter | disappeared. settled. Jackson's a sneak, and--" "How do you know he's a sneak?" demanded Bob Travers, who was as loyal

as ever to his chum. "How do I know?" growled Mason.

"I'll jolly soon tell you! You fellows remember that Harcourt caned me yes- he demanded. "You-" terday for-for-well, for nothing at all, | "It was no business of mine," said the | Barker roaring with laughter, really?" "Go on," urged the jumors.

lying down," went on the bully. "I de- | have made another mistake. You're as | old son, those rotters have handled you cided to get my own back on Harcourt, and I left the dormitory after lights out for the purpose of ragging his study."

been thrashed, then," said Bob Travers. "Only a cad would have acted like that, thing for him, and—" "Shut up, Travers!" exclaimed the

juniors. "Go it, Mason!" "I went downstairs," said Mason, "and upset things a bit in Harcourt's study. Then I made my way back to the dormitory, and who do you think I met on

the way?" "How do you expect us to know?" asked Jimmy Wren, with a grin. "Well, I met that rotter Jackson!"

exclaimed Mason angrily. "He had been spying on me. He had followed me out of the dormitory, and-" "You lie, you cad!" cried Jack Jackson

vehemently. "I did not follow you. "Knowing what a rotter Jackson is, I

got him to promise not to sneak," interposed Mason. "He did promise, andand-well, you know what's happened." "He's a low-down cad!" cried Harris.

"A beastly outsider!" chimed in one or two other fellows. "That's my opinion," agreed Mason.

"Only a fellow who was a rank cad would sneak, especially after promising not to "I tell you I did not sneak!" exclaimed

Jack Jackson. "I never even told Chambers that you had been out of the dormitory. I--" "Tell that to the Marines!" said Mason.

with a laugh. "That yarn won't work with us. You don't believe it's true, do you, Barker?" Barker grinned, and shook his head.

"By gad!" he drawled. "What are you appealing to me for? How am I to know whether you're telling the truth?" "Of course I'm telling the truth!"

snapped Mason. "That chap there is a disgrace to the Form—to the whole school, in fact. Look at him now. You can see sneak written all over his face." Jack Jackson fixed his cyes on the "Duck him in the fountain as well!" | der's meaning was plain enough to him. | from the start." bounder, thoroughly bewildered by the latter's behaviour.

he who had proved Mason's guilt to Mr. | Mason!" Chambers, and yet he made no attempt l Formers.

to impart this information to the Fourth- | the dickens—" | little difficulty in understanding what he in consequence.



TO THE RESCUE OF HIS ENEMY!

Why did not the bounder endeavour | Barker, with a confident air. "I'm | "Surely you don't want me to write to clear him? Why-

Published

Every Monday

Jack Jackson's thoughts were broken into abruptly by Harris, Mason's crony. "I say, Mason, old man," said Harris, "we ought not to let the cad off this time. Let's duck him in the fountain." "Jolly good idea!" said Mason promptly. "Back up, you fellows!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Wren at once. "Jackson's a rotter, I admit that, but he doesn't deserve a ducking. The water's ice-cold, and-" "All the better," interposed Mason,

"He's earned his moving forward. punishment, and I vote we give it to him. Come on!" Mason made a dart forward, and

collared Jack Jackson. The latter hit out furiously, but he was gripped on all "Let him go!" exclaimed Bob Travers

angrily. "You cads! You-Ow! Yow! Yaroooooop!" One of the juniors had pulled Bob's

legs from under him, sending him with a bump to the floor. "Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Mason. "That's

what comes from interfering. Come on, you fellows; let's get this rotter to the fountain!"

The juniors carried their victim out into the quadrangle, and made tracks for the fountain.

By the time Bob Travers had picked himself up from the floor the fellows had I

Barker, the bounder, remained there, however, smiling cynically. "Those chaps are a bit wild-what?"

he remarked. Bob Travers gave him a bitter look.

bounder. "If Jackson sneaked--"

bad as they are. You pretend to be pretty roughly. I---" Jackson's chum, and--"

"Well, it serves you right if you've | "Jackson's a jolly decent chap, and I'm | Jackson fiercely. very keen on his company. I'd do any. He was soaked from head to feet, and passed him the plate of bread-and-butter,

"I don't think," snapped Bob, "otherwise you would have piled into those rotters. You stood by and let them carry Jackson off." "Well, I couldn't have done much to

"You could have done something." "H'm!" The bounder pursed his lips. "I suppose you're right there, old chap,"

"Don't 'old chap' me!" said Bob Travers. "I'm going after those rotters. If you care for Jackson at all you'll come, too."

"I-I- Oh, I'll come," said the bounder, very much against his will. "I only you to blame for this ducking." don't suppose we shall be able to do much, though."

"No harm in trying," said Bob Travers, and he darted out into the quad. Barker followed, and they came in

sight of the fountain, just as Mason & Co. were preparing to hurl Jack Jackson into the ice-cold water.

Jack Jackson landed in the centre of the fountain, and for a moment disappeared from view.

appeared above the surface, and Mason & Co. roared with laughter. "Doesn't he look a sight! I say, you

chaps, don't let him--- Ow! Yow-owow-ow-ow!" Mason was sent reeling to the ground, as Bob Travers rushed up and dashed

his left fist full in the bully's face. "You howling cad!" cried Bob Travers vehemently. "I'll teach you to behave like a low-down rotter! Get up, and I'll give you the hiding of your life!"

"Ow! Go for him, you fellows!" muttered Mason, rubbing his injured jaw.

"Better not ask any questions," said | meant.

backing up Travers this time, and any that note?" asked Barker, a sickly grin | clear away the tea-things. fellow who touches Travers-or Jackson, for that matter—will have to deal with

"By gad!" exclaimed Mason, in surprise. "You—you've gone potty, Barker, "Nothing of the kind, dear boy," said

Barker languidly, "If you want proof of whether I'm telling the truth, just tell | these chaps to go for me. I shall have no mercy on them if—" "Cheeky cad!" growled Mason.

in to him, you chaps!" But the juniors did not pile in. side, but Bob Travers was on the other side, and Bob was the finest boxer in

the Fourth. Moreover, Barker, although a poor boxer, knew how to hit hard, and very few of the juniors, with, perhaps, the exception of Jimmy Wren, were anxious to feel the weight of his fists.

The bounder grinned down gloatingly at the fallen bully.

"I'm afraid your dear friends are not his elbow, and glared after the departing fringed with a belt of trees. at all anxious to pile into me," he said. "Pernaps you'd like to take me on." Mason scrambled to his feet.

"Oh, hang you!" he growled, moving away. "You're about as big a rogue as Jackson. I shouldn't be surprised-Qw! Yow! Yoooooop!"

Barker had leaped forward, and doled out a straight left. Mason was sent reeling backwards. He

recovered himself quickly, however, but he did not stop to argue the matter with the bounder. He turned on his heels, and strode

"Why didn't you back up Jackson?" | away. A moment or so later his followers imitated his example, leaving "Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled. "What a

"Jackson did not sneak!" exclaimed lot of white-livered funks those chaps "I didn't intend to take that caning Bob, in a ringing voice. "Those cads are. It seems that- Hallo, Jackson,

"And I'll handle you pretty roughly "Oh, rather!" replied Barker at once. I if you don't buzz off!" exclaimed Jack

> his teeth were chattering with the cold. Nevertheless, there was a gleam in his eyes that caused Barker to hold his breath, and stare at him aghast.

"You-you'll what?" he stammered. "I'll thrash you to within an inch of your life," said Jack Jackson, "if you don't leave me alone! I've put up with far too much from you already. You've made my life a misery, you've turned all the fellows against me. You-" "Look here-"

"You've made me act like a blackguard," continued Jack Jackson fervently. "You forced me to go to that rotten inn in the village. And now I've "My dear chap-"

"One word from you would have explained everything, and those fellows would not have suspected me of being a sneak. You know how Chambers got to hear of Mason ragging Harcourt's study More than likely you told him yourself that-"

"Supposing I did?" prevented me from being suspected," said | Jackson, with a sigh. "But-but-Jack Jackson. "But there, you're a low- Oh, hang it! I'm going to tell you everydown cad, and I suppose I mustn't ex- | thing. If Barker doesn't like it he'll pect anything better from you!" | have to do the other thing!"

"By gad!" exclaimed Mason derisively. surveyed Jack Jackson critically. | me anything if it's going to bring you "Do you realise who you are talking any further trouble." to?" he said slowly.

disgrace to the school!" exclaimed Jack | along, but I-I've been afraid to. But | Jackson. "You're a young blackguard, I'm not going to be afraid of Barker any

came together in an angry frown in you." "You're kicking, are you? Very well, I "None at all," said Bob quickly. "You up as he heard a faint cracking sound. shall have to go up to my study and can rely upon me not to say a word." write a little note." | "I know that," said Jack Jackson.

"They'd better not try any more duck- Barker meant to carry out his threat, And, sinking his voice to a whisper.

on his face.

Jack Jackson planted his fist full in the bounder's face, sending the latter to the ground.

"You can write what you like, you cad!" he cried. "You can get my father discharged from your guv'nor's firm, and I shall see that you're expelled from Redclyffe! This is no place for a blackguard like you, and-"

"Jackson!" said Bob Travers, placing his hand on his chum's arm. along to the dormitory. You'll catch Certainly they had numbers on their your death of cold if you're not careful!" "I don't care!" said Jack Jackson. "I'm going to smash this rotter! I---" "No, you're not!" said Bob Travers. "That will do some other time. You've

> change your things." dragged his chum away. Barker, the bounder, raised himself on

him kicked out of Redclyffe! He shall which the sound came. be expelled within another forty-eight

hours, by gad!" And, with a desperate longing for re- | big beech-tree some distance ahead. venge in his heart, Barker rose from the ground and sauntered out of the gates.

Jackson to the Rescue.

"Don't look so glum, old son!" Bob Travers made the remark in a cheery voice, as he patted his chum on the shoulder.

It was tea-time, and the chums were seated at the table alone. Dicky Turner and Bunny, the duffer,

still had their meals in other fellows' Jack Jackson was looking little the worse for his ducking, but there was a

very morose, anxious expression on his countenance. He looked up, however, as Bob Travers and smiled faintly.

"Do I look glum?" he asked quietty. "I should just think you do!" said "What's troubling you now? You're not afraid of Mason, surely?"

"Oh, no!" said Jack Jackson quickly. "I'm only-" Jackson paused, and remained with his eyes fixed on the table-cloth.

Travers, as his chum hesitated. "I'm a sheet. going to find out what it is that's on your mind. I've suspected all along! that Barker's had some secret of yours, and forced you to obey his commands in consequence. But now I'm confident haltingly.

Jack Jackson looked at his chum questioningly.

"You needn't stare at me, old son," said Bob Travers cheerfully. "You said bear out my suspicions. But, look here, some thirty feet above their heads. I do wish you'd take me into your con- He had not fallen to the ground, after fidence. I should be only too pleased to all, but had managed to clutch at a help you if---"

"I shall have to risk it," said Jack

"Yes: I'm talking to a fellow who's a Jackson. "I've longed to tell you all] "Oh!" grunted Barker; and his brows why he should know that I've confided branch cracking?"

"I-I-" Jackson paused. The boun- | "Now, listen, and I'll tell you everything |

ing, by gad!" drawled the bounder. "I'm and get Jackson's father dis- Jackson told his chum how Barker Barker had informed him that it was I in this, and I'm not on your side, | charged from Barker senior's firm. | had got him in his power, how he had | body will have to go up to him. I—" Although the bounder did not say so I forced him to obey his every command, | But before Bob Travers could move "You!" muttered the bully. "What in so many words. Jack Jackson had and how his life had been made a misery | Jack Jackson had shinned up the trunk

explanation. "I-I never thought the fellow was such a cad!" "Neither did I," said Jack Jackson dis-

Travers, when Jackson had concluded his

mally. "He's an absolute brute! I expect he'll make me suffer for hitting him

this morning." "Surely-" "He will, for a certainty!" said Jack Jackson. "If only I could defy him-if

only I could give him a sound thrash-ing!" "Isn't there anything you can do?" asked Bob Travers. "Why not write to

your pater and ask his advice." "I can't-I dare not!" muttered Jack Jackson. "I wouldn't worry my guv'nor for anything! I know his job is a good one, and I should never forgive myself if he lost it through me."

"But--"

"It's no good arguing, Bob, old son!" said Jack Jackson, with a gesture. "My guv'nor has got to be studied first. I'd go through anything rather than he should suffer. There's one thing I'm thankful for, and that is that I've told you everything. You know I'm not to blame for what's happened."

"I knew it all along," said Bob Travers immediately. "I was confident you weren't the rotter the fellows accused you of being. But I'd like to smash that cad Barker."

"So should I," said Jack Jackson. "And I hope to get the chance one day. I'll have no mercy on him."

"Neither shall I!" agreed Bob Travers. "Now, what do you say to a stroll down to the village. I want to fetch a pair of footer-boots, and we can get back easily before dark."

"I'm game!" said Jack Jackson, rising from his chair.

It was the work of a few moments to Then the two chums donned their caps and coats and left the study.

There was rather a thoughtful expression on Jack Jackson's face as they strolled along the lane.

He had not seen Barker since the affair by the fountain that morning, and he was wondering what would happen when they did meet again. Jack Jackson was inclined to think that

the bounder would want revenge for the knock-down blow he had given him that morning, and the thought that Barker might force him to visit the Plough and Harrow once again weighed heavily on his mind.

He was not allowed to dwell on the matter for long, however.

Bob Travers saw to that. The latter got to come along to the dormitory and kept up a flow of cheery conversation all the way to Mervale.

Bob went into the boot-repairer's and "Come on!" said Bob Travers; and he secured his footer-boots. Then the chums set out for Redclyffe. Just outside Mervale the lane was

The sound of voices could be heard "By gad!" he muttered savagely. near at hand, and the chums promptly "I'll make him suffer for this! I'll get | turned their gaze in the direction from

Suddenly Jack Jackson uttered an exclamation, and pointed to the top of a "Look!" he exclaimed. "That chap will

be Great Scott!" Jack Jackson started, and the colour faded from his face.

"D-d-d-did you see what happened?" he asked, turning to his chum. Bob was pale, too, as he nodded his

head in assent. "That chap fell off the top branch," he said, in awed tones. "He must be-" Bob Travers broke off, not caring to voice the opinion that was in his mind.

Somebody had fallen from the top branch of a tree some distance away, and each of the juniors felt confident he had fallen to his death below. "We'd better trot over there," said

Bob Travers quietly. "That chap may want our help."

Jack Jackson nodded, but as he followed his chum he had little hope of finding the "chap" alive.

Bob Travers was the first to break through a belt of bushes near the tree, but as he did so he gave a startled gasp. For, standing at the bottom of a tree, were two Redclysse juniors-Mason and

The two cads turned round at sight "Now, out with it, old son!" said Bob of Bob Travers, their faces as white as

"What's the matter?" demanded Bob Travers breathlessly. "Who—who was it fell off the tree?"

"He's-up-there-Harris," said Wilson Next moment there came a call from up

Bob Travers and Jackson looked up, and, to their amazement, they saw quite enough this morning to Barker to | Harris hanging by one hand to a branch

lower branch. "Then you could have told Mason, and | "I know you would, Bob!" said Jack | "My hat!" exclaimed Bob Travers. "He's jolly lucky to have grabbed hold

of that branch. I thought he had crashed to the ground." "I—I—" faltered Wilson nervously. Barker drew himself up straight and | "I say," said Bob at once, "don't tell | "What the dickens are you looking so

scared about?" asked Bob Travers. "Harris can climb along to the trunk,

"He can't!" muttered Wilson.

"Can't?" said Bob, puzzled. "But-" "He's sprained his wrist," said Mason, longer. At any rate, there's no reason and— Listen! Can't you hear the

> "Great Scott!" exclaimed Bob, looking "Can't you manage to work your way along, Harris?" "No." came the reply, in a terror-

stricken voice. "The branch is snapping fast. Come up to me!" "By Jove!" said Bob Travers. "Some-

of the tree. "My giddy aunt!" exclaimed Bob He reached the first branch, and then

BARKER, THE BOUNDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

climbed rapidly hand-over-hand to a But he could not get within a foot of higher altitude.

The juniors below watched him anxiously, fearful lest, in his haste, he should miss his footing and crash to the ground.

But Jack Jackson did not meet with an accident.

He climbed higher and higher, and the juniors breathed a sigh of thankfulness as he came opposite to the branch to which Harris was hanging.

But Harris was not safe yet. Jackson moved forward, and sat crosslegged on the branch which was support-

ing the helpless Harris. A yard in front of him the branch was cracking; the other part of the branch was sagging ominously.

Harris was holding on grimly with one hand, but he was fully four yards away from his rescuer.

"Hold tight!" urged Jack Jackson, taking a firm grip on a branch above with one hand.

Then he reached forward with the

the helpless junior.

There was a rending sound as the branch dropped a few inches lower. Harris turned a pitiful face in Jack Jackson's remark. Jackson's direction. It was easy to see that he was almost at the end of his and a moment later Jack Jackson felt

"Hold on a bit longer!" said Jack Jackson softly. "I'll soon get to you!" He reached forward inch by inch, never giving a thought to the fact that a slight you." slip might send him to his death.

But at last he managed to touch Harris' collar. Then, taking a firm grip, he hauled the helpless junior away from the breaking branch.

Next moment there was a loud crack, and the branch broke away from the

It swept between the lower branches, and fell with a crash at the feet of the juniors below.

But the latter uttered cries of thankother in the direction of Harris' collar. I fulness as they saw Jack Jackson drag-

ging Harris towards the trunk of the tree.

THE BOYS' FRIEND

Harris' feet were dangling over a lower branch, and as Jack Jackson observed this he saw a chance of easing the weight on

his arm. "Try and stand on that branch under your feet," he urged. "I'll hold you tight so that you won't fall."

Harris was in a dazed state, but nevertheless he understood the meaning of

He felt for the branch with his feet, the weight on his arm disappear as Harris stood on the branch.

"Hold tight to the tree for a moment," said Jack Jackson. "I'll come down to

Harris held on for all he was worth whilst Jack Jackson dropped down to his level, and clutched at him tightly in case he should fall.

"Better stay where you are for a minute or two," said Jackson wisely. "Then you'll be able to climb down." Harris breathed heavily. The shock

had been a severe one, and he was feeling very dizzy. But he recovered quickly, however, and

in less than five minutes he was ready to undertake the descent.

Slowly, very slowly, he dropped down,

and when at length he reached the ground he sank down, thoroughly exhausted.

Mason and Wilson moved towards him at once, and gave him a helping hand. Bob Travers waited for his chum to come down, and then gripped him by the

"Well done, old son!" he said praisingly. "I-I never thought you'd do it!" "Neither did I," said Jack Jackson.

"But—but how is he? Is he—" Jack Jackson paused as he saw Harris rising to his feet.

The latter was looking very pale and distraught.

Mason took him by the arm. "I'm jolly glad you've come out of that | that!" he said. "Anybody would think all right, old son!" he said thankfully. "Shouldn't advise you to chase after squirrels again. Better get back to Redclyffe and get your hand bandaged." "I-I-I" Harris hesitated, and

looked awkwardly at Jack Jackson. "Come on," said Mason impatiently. "What are you waiting for?" "I—I— Oughtn't I to thank Jackson

for-for-" "What ever for?" said Mason.

have done. After all—"

nantly. "Jackson had more pluck than you, at any rate. You were too frightened to risk your life."

"Oh, rats!" sneered Mason. "I was just going up when Jackson got there before me. Come on, Harris!"

"Half a minute," said Harris, and he moved towards Jack Jackson. "Thanks," he said, in grateful tones. "I didn't think you'd have done anything like

that. I—I——" Harris paused. He was just about to say he was sorry for the way he had treated Jack Jackson, but stopped himself in time.

He turned round, and walked to his chum's side. "Well, I'm hanged if I would have done

the cad had done something!" "Oh, shut up, Mason!" exclaimed Harris, which showed that, cad as he was, he had the decency to be grateful to Jack Jackson for saving his life.

And as the three cads strolled back to Redclysse, one at least of them was feeling less bitter towards Jack Jackson.

(Another magnificent long instalment of this splendid new serial in next Mononly did what any other fellow would | day's issue of the Boys' Friend. I should be glad if readers would write and let me "You cad!" cried Bob Travers indig- know what they think of this new story.)

Backing up Bootles!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of JIMMY SILVER & CO. at Rookwood School.

CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

A Task for Tommy Dodd.

"Dodd!" Albert Leggett of the Modern Fourth called out to Tommy Dodd in Big Quad

at Rookwood. Tommy Dodd was chatting with his chums, Cook and Doyle, under the beeches, the subject under discussion being the dismissal of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth—a burning topic just then at Rookwood School.

"It's rotten!" said Tommy Dodd. "You see--"

"Dodd!"

"Of course, it was cheeky, perhaps, for poor old Bootles to stand up to the Head as he did," said Tommy Dodd judicially. "But---"

"Dodd!" howled Leggett. Tommy Dodd condescended to turn his head at last.

"Go and eat coke!" he snapped. Tommy did not like Leggett, and he made no bones about letting that fact appear in his manner.

Leggett scowled. "Old Manders wants you," he growled. "He's sent me to tell you so. You're to go to his study."

"What the dickens is it this time?" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in tones of great exasperation. "What does he want me for, Leggett?" "How should I know?" grunted

Leggett. "Better go!" remarked Tommy Cook.

Tommy Dodd gave a snort. But I'm "I know that, fathead! blessed if I know what Manders is on the war-path for now. I haven't done

anything." "We never have, bedad!" remarked Tommy Doyle. "I haven't even punched Leggett's nose

-have I. Leggett?" "Oh, rats!" snapped Leggett.

"Buck up, Tommy; you know Manders," urged Cook. Tommy Dodd indulged in another snort, and moved off towards Mr. Manders' House, followed by sympathetic

glances from the other two Tommies. Leggett joined him as he went in. There was a worried expression on Leggett's face, and, in fact, he looked a good deal more like a delinquent in

trouble than Tommy Dodd did. "I-I say, Dodd--" he mumbled, as Tommy was heading for Mr. Manders'

study. "Well?"

Manders wants?" asked Leggett.

"Not the faintest idea." "You—you might tell me—after you

come out-" Tommy Dodd looked at him. care a rap whether I get a wigging.

Go and eat coke, old scout!" Tommy Dodd tapped at the Modern master's door, and entered, Leggett hanging about outside the study, still looking worried.

The door closed on Tommy Dodd, fire, with a grim expression upon his his head. hard and severe countenance.

palms tingled in anticipation. Tommy.

Manders sternly. "I sent for you, as you I found at once." are generally the ringleader in any infraction of discipline in this House." "Oh, sir!"

my study," said Mr. Manders. "A key, | holidays for the Modern Fourth will be | up for a chap in his Form who was going | in point of fact. Do you know anything | cancelled until the key is found." of it, Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd gianced at the door.

"If—if you please, sir, the key is in I the lock now," he murmured. "I am not alluding to the doorkey, Dodd. I am alluding to a key which was kept in my desk."

The Modern junior coloured. to your desk, sir!" he exclaimed warmly. I thought of him at that moment he to find you guilty without proof. But the study with a whole skin. someone has taken the key from my He left the study rather hurriedly, enter here unnoticed. The key, Dodd, is | "Leggett! Listening, you cad!" mutthe key of the door in the passage which | tered Tommy scornfully. leads to the School House. I am quite | "I-I--" stammered Leggett. well aware why it has been taken. It has been taken before for the same purpose, when it was kept in charge of the

"Oh!" murmured Tommy. "It was taken to open the corridor door, in order to visit the Classical quarters, and renew the incessant disturbances which take place between Moderns and Classicals of the lower Forms!" exclaimed Mr. Manders. you are generally the leader in these rags, as I believe you call them, I conclude that you know something about the abstraction of that key, Dodd."

Tommy Dodd shook his head. Tommy was quite likely to borrow the corridor key from Mr. Manders' desk, in order to invade the Classical quarters for a "row"; but, as a matter of fact, he hadn't.

For once his conscience was quite clear. "Now, Dodd, did you take the key?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who took it?"

"Have you seen it since it was taken?"

"Were you aware that it had been "No, sir," said Tommy cheerfully, for

the fourth time. Mr. Manders searched his face with angry eyes.

The Modern junior met his glance calmly. He knew nothing whatever about the key, and he was feeling quite at

"It is very curious, Dodd, that you know nothing about the affair, as you are generally concerned in such affrays!"] snapped Mr. Manders.

"I don't understand it, sir," said "We have—ahem!— Tommy Dodd. done it lately, sir-not since the time we got the key from the porter's lodge. "You—you really don't know what I It hasn't happened since you kept the ling. key in your study, sir."

"Then why was the key taken. Dodd?" "I don't know, sir," said Tommy, honestly puzzled. "It couldn't be wanted except to get into the School House "I don't see why it should interest | quietly, I suppose. But, so far as I you, Leggett," he answered. "You don't know, nobody has been there kicking up a shindy—I—I mean, raiding the Classicals, sir. And it couldn't happen without my knowing."

Mr. Manders gave a grunt. It was manifest that Tommy Dodd was telling the exact truth, and even Mr. Manders could not find an excuse Mr. Manders was standing before the for pouring out the vials of wrath upon

"Very well, Dodd, I accept your assur-As he read that expression Tommy's ance. But the key must be found. I "You sent for me, sir!" murmured these incessant disturbances. It was an act of the most astounding impertinence "I sent for you, Dodd!" said Mr. | to take it from my desk. It must be

"Do so, Dodd; and in order to spur you on in the search." added Mr. Man- I "Something has been abstracted from | ders caustically, "I may mention that all | Tommy Dodd jumped.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped.

"I—I'll look for it."

"You may go, Dodd."

"But, sir—but—the—the footer—" "I did not call you here to discuss football, Dodd. You may leave my

Tommy Dodd restrained his feelings. "You surely don't think I have been If he had told Mr. Manders what he "I hope not, Dodd. I do not intend | would certainly not have escaped from

desk, and it must have been a boy of and a figure outside the door jumped this House; a Classical boy could not back just in time to avoid a collision.

> "Oh, get off, you rotter!" Tommy Dodd strode away to rejoin his chums, and tell them of Mr. Manders'

sentence—news which made Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle share his feelings to the fullest extent. The three Tommies felt that the only adequate way of dealing with Mr. Manders was by lynch law, the only draw-

back to that method being that hanging

was too good for Mr. Manders.

The 2nd Chapter. Conroy's Campaign.

"Gentlemen--" "Hear, hear!" "Gentlemen---"

"Go it, Conroy!" "Advance, Australia!" Conroy of the Classical Fourth was mounted upon the table in the junior Common-room on the Classical side.

Round the big mahogany table were gathered the Classical Fourth, to the very last man.

It was a meeting of the Form—the Classical portion of the Form—and well attended.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were there-Jimmy and Lovell, Raby and Newcome-but for once the Fistical Four were not taking a leading part in the proceedings. Jimmy was the object of a good deal

of attentive curiosity, however. He was still under the Head's sentence of a flogging, though the sentence had not been executed yet, owing to the

intervention of Mr. Bootles. Conroy, the Australian, was taking the lead, and the lead was certainly in very

capable hands. His chums, Pons and Van Ryn, were raided the Classical chaps sometimes by supporting him; their support taking the way of the corridor, but—but we haven't i form of sitting on chairs placed on the table, and cracking ruts—and eating them-while Conroy addressed the meet-

> "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows!" said Conroy. "This meeting has been called on my suggestion-"

"To deal with the very important matter of-"

"Hear, hear!" "Mr. Bootles--" There was a roar of cheering in the had damaged the carpet in his study Common-room at the mention of the

master of the Fourth.

"Good old Bootles!"

For a couple of minutes at least the orator was interrupted. Anyone who had listened to that terrific outburst would not have needed telling that the master of the Fourth | ejaculated Oswald.

was very popular in his Form. "Mr. Bootles," resumed Conroy, when received the order of the boot--" "Shame!"

"The Head has sacked him-"

"Now, what has Bootles done?" de-Conroy, growing eloquent. manded "What has he done that any Formmaster wasn't bound to do? He's stood to be flogged for something he hadn't

"The other day the Head was tripped up in his study on a cord tied across the room. He seems to have damaged his

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Of course, we all respect the Head, and we are sympathetic about his boko,

"Ha, ha!" "We agree that the chap who played that silly trick on the Head ought to be jolly well scragged! But we think the Head ought to find the right party before he begins the scragging—"

"Hear, hear!" came from Mornington. "You talk like a picture-book, old top! order of the boot! Only this afternoon You ought to tell the Head that!" "Go it, Conroy!" said Lovell encourag-

"Was Jimmy Silver the chap?" continued Conroy. "He wasn't! His pencilcase was picked up on the-the-"

"The scene of the crime!" suggested Mornington. "On the scene of the giddy crime," agreed Conroy. "But it's not disputed that Jimmy had been in the study, and he might have dropped the blessed thing -or the real nigger in the wood-pile might have put it there. Jimmy denies knowing anything about the jape on the Head, and his word is good enough for

"Hear, hear!" "Not good enough for the Head. though, it seems!" remarked Cyril Peele, with something like a sneer.

"Shut up, Peele!" bawled Lovell. "Order!"

this Form."

"Hold on a minute, Conroy, while I rub Peele's nose in the hearthrug!" Jimmy Silver caught his wrathful chum by the arm. "Quiet, Lovell--"

"I'm going to-" "You're going to keep quiet, old chap. Go it, Conroy!" "If Lovell has done chin-wagging, I'll

go on!" said the Australian junior. don't want to interfere with Lovell's jawbone exercises—" "Oh, go on!" growled Arthur Edward

"Thanks! To resume, then," said Conroy. "We've got Jimmy's word, and that's enough for us! But there's proof, too. Three chaps—Lovell and Raby and Newcome-bear witness that Jimmy was only a few seconds in the Head's study. and certainly hadn't time to drive screws into the wainscot and fix that cord for the Head to perform acrobatic feats on

"Ha, ha, ha!" "They explained it to Mr. Bootles, and convinced him. Bootles is a reasonable

"Bravo, Bootles!" "Bootles explained it to the Head, but | isn't a joking matter." didn't convince him. He's not a reasonable man-just at present; owing, 1 suppose, to the unfortunate fact that he

with his nose-" "Ha, ha!" "Instead of admitting evidence which was good enough to convince all Rookwood, the Head snorted at it-" "My hat! Who heard him snort?"

"Well, he turned it down. He pertook charge of it, in order to prevent i silence was established at last, "has oracle, and piped all hands for a flogging. I no intention of coming forward. Everybody in the school knew that Jimmy was innocent, except the Head. Somebody played the trick, but that | "A chap's bound to own up when another somebody was keeping himself very dark. Jimmy was going to get the chopper for I nothing---"

> "Shame!" "Then Bootles chipped in. Horatius of old-" "What the thump has Horace to do l with it?" demanded Townsend.

"I don't mean Q. Horatius Flaccus,

fathead! I mean Horatius who held the bridge!"

"Rot!" said Townsend. "The Romans didn't play bridge!"

"Fathead! Go back to the Second Form, and begin on Early Roman said Conroy scornfully. "Haven't you read your Macaulay? Don't you know what the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are?"

"New-laid eggs, I should think!" "You silly ass!" roared Conroy. "We haven't called this meeting to listen to you being a funny idiot, Townsend!" "Get on with the washing, Conroy!"

"Well, how can I get on when I'm interrupted by baby humorists? Like Horatius of old," said Conroy, with a glare at Townsend, "Bootles rushed into the breach! Then out spake brave Horatius, you know! Bootles stood up to the Head, and stopped the flogging."

"Good old Bootles!" "The Head was in no end of a wax. Perhaps that was natural. in a way—" "Perhaps it was!" grinned Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Still the Head was in the wrong, and when a man's in the wrong he ought to sing small. Instead of which he sacks Bootles--"

Groan! "And here's our merry Form-master, one of the very best—man who understands that juniors have rights, and stands up for them—here he is, with the I saw him in his study, packing up his mouldy old papers and things, and look-

ing as miserable as a boiled owl-" "Poor old Boobles!" "He's been at Rookwood for years on end—he's really part of the place—and it's an awful blow to him to leave! It will be a blow to us, too. We shall miss him. He's an institution. It's like somebody taking away the clock-tower, or the beech-trees, or Sergeant Kettle-"

"And to come to the point-" "Oh, you're coming to a point?" asked Townsend, in a tone of mild surprise.

"Shut up, Towny!" "To come to the point!" roared Con-

roy. "We're not going to stand it!" "Hear, hear!"

"We back up Bootles-"

"And there's one way of setting matters right, if we can work it. Suppose the real offender is found—the chap who laid that trap in the Head's studywell, then, the Head will have to own up that it wasn't Jimmy Silver, and that Mr. Bootles acted quite rightly in stopping the flogging. I don't see how Dr. Chisholm could possibly get out of that." "Right on the wicket," said Erroll. "But how?"

"Well, that's what the meeting's called for," said Conroy. "We don't know who did it. Might have been almost anybody. But the fellow's got to be found and made to own up. That will clear Jiminy Silver and set Mr. Bootles right, and the order of the sack will be withdrawn. The Head can't do less than that."

There was a murmur of approval. The whole meeting agreed with Coarcy on that point. "If the gentlemen present agree--

"Hear, hear!" "Passed unanimously, old nut!" "Let's send for Sherlock Holmes at

once," said Townsend. "We'll pass the hat round to pay his fees." "Look here, Towny-" "If we can't get Holmes, there's Sexton

Blake. Anybody know his address?" "Cheeese it, you ass! I've told you this "My mistake. I was thinkin' that it

"The next step," said Conroy, "is to find the merry japer. Now, if he was a

member of the Classical Fourth, he's here present, and I appeal to him as a man and a brother to own up and set matters right without any more trouble." dead silence followed Conroy's

remark. If the guilty party was in the Classical sisted that Jimmy Silver had worked the | Fourth, it was pretty clear that he had "It's up to the fellow, if he's here."

> said Jimmy Silver, breaking the silence. fellow is going to take his punishment. That's a law in every school." "It's Rookwood law, anyhow," said Lovell. "My belief is that it wasn't a

Classical. It was a rotten trick on the

Head, and a good deal more like a Modern "Fathead!"

"Well, that's what I think."

"Any takers?" asked Conroy.

No answer. "I say-" began Tubby Mussin.

"Hallo! You, Tubby?" "No!" roared Tubby, in alarm. don't know anything about it, of course. was going to make a suggestion." "You needn't trouble. Now, you fellows--"

"But I've got a jolly good suggestion] to make!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin excitedly. "I know how to find the man!" "Well, go ahead, and cut it short. I What's the idea?"

"Offer a reward!" "What?"

Offer a reward—say, five pounds—and I'll take the matter in hand at once," said Tubby Mussin brightly. "And with my gumption, you know-my brains-I think I can undertake to—— Yaroooop!"

Tubby Muffin wound up with a yell as he sat down hard on the floor of the

Common-room.

It appeared that Tubby's valuable suggestion was not likely to be adopted. "Sit on that fat idiot if he begins again," said Conroy. "Now, it's agreed that the matter will be set right if the real rotter is found. My idea is for all the Form to set to work and find him. It stands to reason that he can be found. Somebody may have seen him sneaking near the Head's study that afternoon. Somebody may have seen him getting his screwdriver ready, or getting the cord from somewhere—lots of clues, if you look for them. With the whole Form investigating, the fellow's bound to be unearthed. And then he's got to be persuaded to go to the Head and own up. He will do the decent thing, or we'll make his life not worth living at Rookwood."

"Hear, hear!" "Everything else has got to be set aside -even footer. We've got to nail the rotter and get at the truth before Bootles leaves Rookwood," said Conroy. "It's the only way to save Bootles' bacon. 'Nuff said! That's the programme."

The Australian junior jumped off the table, and the meeting dispersed. There was excited discussion as the funiors went their ways.

Conroy had received the backing of the whole Classical Fourth, and the Form had resolved itself, as it were, into a committee of inquiry.

And in those circumstances it was very probable indeed that the culprit would be brought to light, and the painful parting of Mr. Bootles from the old school would be obviated.

In his study poor Mr. Bootles was sorting out his innumerable books with a heavy heart.

He had done his duty, and he was not sorry that he had done it; but the result was a crushing blow to the little gentle-

He was quite unaware of the effort his Form were going to make to save him; and perhaps he would have derived little comfort from it if he had known.

But the Classical Fourth meant business, and investigations were already proceeding.

The 3rd Chapter. Tubby Muffin on the Track.

Jimmy Silver pointed to the door. The Fistical Four were discussing teaand the great investigation—in the end study when Tubby Muffin's fat face looked in at the doorway.

Jimmy was generally very patient with the fat Classical, but just at present he was in no mood to be bothered by Tubby. The sentence of flogging that was hanging over his head worried him; and he was still more worried for poor Mr. Bootles, who had sacrificed so much for his sake.

It was probable enough that when Mr. Bootles had gone the flogging would be administered after all; but Jimmy was less troubled about that than about the blow that had fallen upon his kindhearted Form-master.

"Don't bother now, Tubby," he said. Buzz off, there's a good chap! We've only got herrings for tea, anyway."

"If you think I've come here after your Yarmouth warriors, Jimmy Silver-" "Well, whatever you've come for, cut It!" said Lovell gruffly.

Instead of "cutting it," Tubby Muffin rolled in.

"I don't expect much in the way of manners from you, Lovell," he remarked. but you really might be civil to a chap who's devoting his time to saving Jimmy from a flogging. I've taken the matter in hand——" "Ass!"

"As for the question of a reward," said Tubby, with a great deal of dignity, "I let that pass! If I find the chap, I hope you fellows will do the decent thing. I'm willing to let it go at that."

"Fathead!"

"I've got a clue already," said Tubby. "What?"

The fat Classical chuckled.

"I thought that would interest you," he grinned. "You see, I'm a bit sharper than most chaps. I see things, you know."

"You don't seem to see that door!" remarked Newcome. "Ahem! Now, the chap who played

that trick on the Head is keeping it jolly dark," said Tubby. "It needs a chap with brains to bowl him out. As it happens, I've got the brains."

"Pity you don't use 'em sometimes, "I'll bet that you fellows haven't

guessed the chap's name yet, at any rate," said Tubby warmly. "Right on the nail. You haven't, either," said Raby. "Wrong!"

"Look here, you fat duffer," exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently, "do you mean to say you've found the fellow out?"

" Yes." "Then who is it?"

"Conroy!" "What?" yelled the Fistical Four together.

"That was camouflage," explained

Tubby. "Covering up his own tracks, you

"Well, what's the clue, you fat

"You noticed that when I suggested

offering a reward at the meeting some

"I did!" growled Lovell. "I'd do it

again now, only you're not worth the

"Then Conroy told the fellows to sit on

me if I said any more," said Tubby.

"Isn't that plain enough? He was afraid

a reward would be offered, and make the

fellows awfully keen to find out that

"You-you saw that at a glance, did

"Yes." Tubby tapped his forehead.

"I saw it at a glance. Guilty con-

"You crass ass!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"What!" ejaculated Tubby. "What do

"You've just proved that you ought

"Look here, Jimmy, it was Conroy, as

His intention was very plain, and Tubby

Mussin made a wild bound for the pas-

to be in a home for idiots, you ass!"

Arthur Edward Lovell jumped up.

you mean? Haven't I just proved that it

science, you know. Now, now we know

it's Conroy, that makes it easier. We've

dummy?" asked Jimmy Silver ungrate-

"But there's a clue!" yelled Tubby.

"I thought it would surprise you!" he said. "I'll bet you'd never have guessed "I it, Jimmy!" "You howling ass!" exclaimed Jimmy

cover the fellow, whoever he was!"

know, by pretending-"

silly ass pushed me over---"

japer. I saw it at a glance."

you?" gasped Jimmy Silver.

simply got to find the proofs."

Brains, you know!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It wasn't Conroy!"

plain as anything---"

"Oh, shut up!"

trouble!"

And I'm going to tell them. I look on that as my duty." Lovell recovered himself at last, and he

THE BOYS' FRIEND

made a bound for Tubby Muffin. This time the fat Classical was too quick Silver angrily. "I've a jolly good mind to] for him, however. punch your silly head for suggesting it!

He scudded out of the study, slamming Conroy's taken the lead in trying to disthe door after him, and fled for his life. "Come back!" roared Lovell, glaring out of the end study. "Come back, you fat villain, and I'll make shavings of you!

I'II—I'II——" Tubby Muffin rushed on desperately as he heard that roar behind him.

Three juniors who were coming upstairs reached the landing from one direction just as Tubby reached it from the other. Crash!

Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn reeled right and left, and Tubby Muffin, with a lafter Mr. Bootles had gone, a prefect gasp like very old bellows, sat down on the landing.

"Squash him!" panted Pons. "Yaroooh! I-I say, Conroy-I say, Pong-look here-he's after me!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Keep him off!"

"Eh? Keep whom off?" demanded Van Ryn, glancing up the passage, which was

"Lovell! Yaroooh! He's after me because I've found him out!" home!" said the South African junior, I

grub, you fat burglar?" "Ow! No! I—I've found out who japed the Head that time!" gasped Tubby, staggering to his feet. "Lovell,

you know! Ow!" "Lovell?" shrieked the Colonial Co. "Yes! Rather clever of me to spot him, wasn't it?" said Tubby. "That's what comes of having gumption, you know. It was Lovell did the trick. Fancy that!"

"You burbling bandersnatch!" said juniors. Conroy. "I can't quite fancy that! It needs a brain like yours to fancy that, you jabberwock!"

"I've got proof-

Tubby Muffin grinned at them cheer- | send him to Coventry when they know. | chuck up the whole thing now, and I won't clear up the blessed matter at all!" And Tubby didn't!

> The 4th Chapter. The Colonial Co. Get to Work.

Mr. Bootles took the Fourth Form as usual the following morning. It was his last day at Rookwood; on

the morrow he was to leave. Most of his packing was done, and it was probable that there had been tears

dropped on some of Mr. Bootles' beloved books as he packed them. He was looking distressed that morn-

ing, though he made a manful effort to keep his troubles from the eyes of his

It was understood in the Fourth that, would take the Fourth until a new master was appointed.

Some of the fellows had already decided that that prefect, whoever he was, would not have a happy time in charge of the Fourth.

Never had the Fourth Form at Rookwood been so exceedingly good as it was that morning.

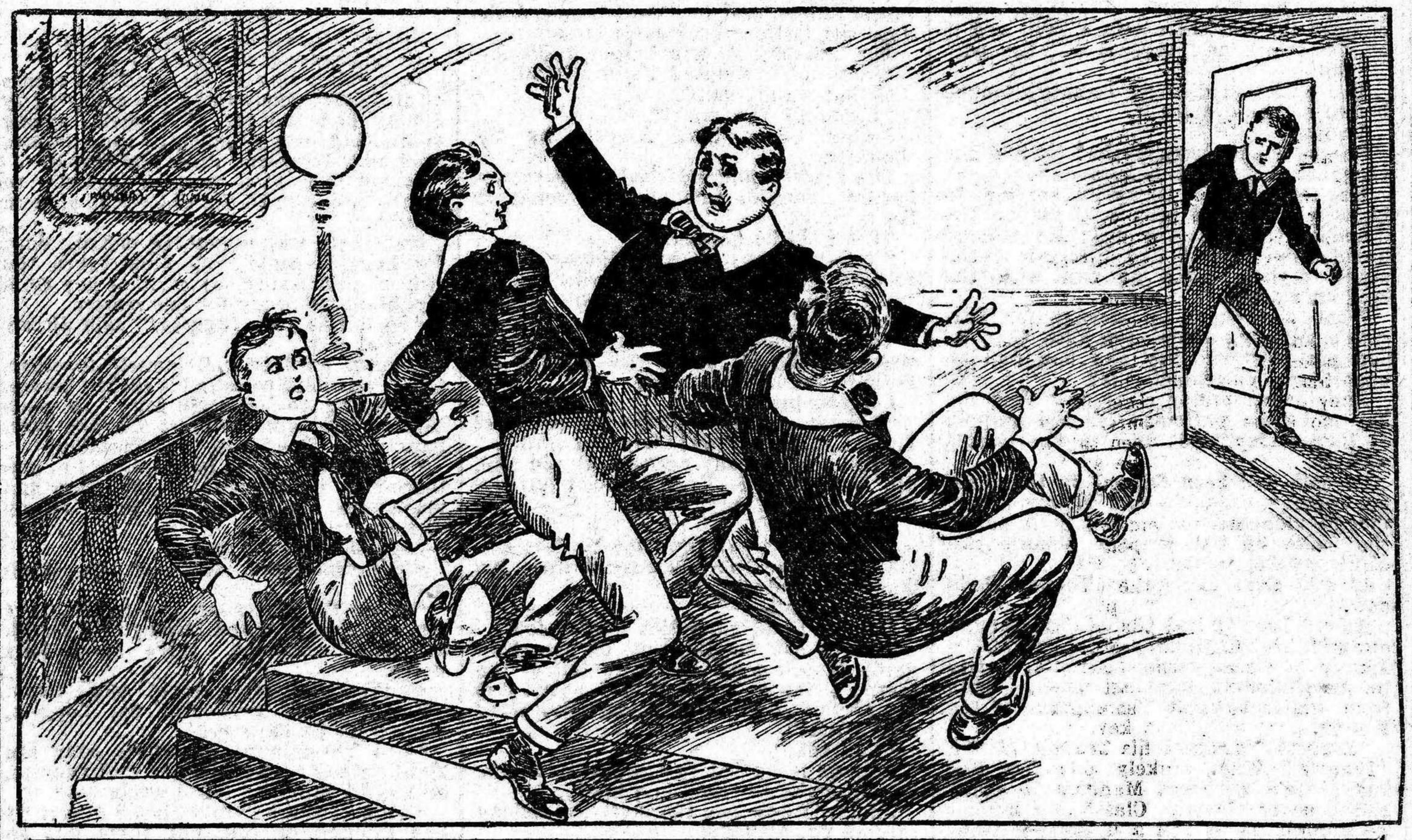
Nearly every fellow, Classical or Modern, wanted to be as nice as possible "I should think you'd found him at I to Mr. Bootles and to give him no trouble. As a matter of fact, lessons were little laughing. "Have you been bagging his more than a farce.

Mr. Bootles was too worried to put his mind very much into them, and the Fourth had their own troubles to think of. The Classicals were thinking a good deal about that great inquiry for the unknown japer—not successful so far. And the Moderns had their own worries,

owing to Mr. Manders. The prospect of all holidays being stopped until the missing corridor key was found was a dismal one to the Modern

Tommy Dodd & Co. had spent many hours already in quest of that key without result.

Every fellow in the Modern Fourth had



TUBBY MUFFIN CRASHES INTO THE COLONIAL CO.!

sage. Lovell's boot shot after him, and landed as Tubby reached the doorway. "Yooop!"

Lovell slammed the door. "Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came from the passage. "Oh, dear! I'm hurt! Ow, ow!

Arthur Edward Lovell sat down at the tea-table again with a ruffled brow. "If that fat idiot comes in here again I'll slaughter him!" he said sulphurously.

The door opened. "Get out!" roared Jimmy Silver. "I—I—I'm only going to say I—I made a little mistake about Conroy!" gasped

Tubby. "I see it all now!" He raised a podgy forefinger and

pointed it at the astonished Lovell. "There's the man!" he gasped. Lovell stared at him thunderstruck.

"Wha-a-at?" he stuttered. "I see it all now!" said Tubby, while the Fistical Four fairly blinked at him. "I dare say Conroy had a hand in it, because I saw at a glance that he had a

guilty conscience, you know. But Lovell was the man!" "Lovell!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "When a fellow cuts up rough with a brainy chap who's making an investigation, the reason is pretty plain, I think. Lovell was afraid I was going to spot him,

and he simply gave himself away!" said Tubby triumphantly. "I-I-I gave myself away?" gasped

Lovell dazedly. "Yes. You may as well own up now, "Own up?"

"It's up to you," said Tubby, with a magisterial air. "See how the matter stands. Bootles is sacked—Jimmy Silver is going to be flogged! You've got to do the decent thing, Lovell, and own up." "I-I suppose I'm dreaming this!" mumbled Lovell. "Is that fat idiot really accusing me of japing the Head?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "'Tain't a laughing matter!" said Tubby Mussin. "I think it's simply disgraceful of Lovell not to own up when into a chap because he found them out! poor old Bootles has got the chopper!

"Hand it out!" grinned Pons. "Lovell kicked me-"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Because I was on the track!" explained Tubby breathlessly. "I thought at first you were the man, Conroy-" "You thought what?" yelled Conroy.

"Owing to your showing a guilty conscience, you know---"

"A-a-a gig-gig-guilty conscience?" "Yes. But when Lovell cut up so rusty I saw it all at a glance. It was Lovell right enough, and he was keeping it dark, though his own pal was going to be flogged for it, you know. I'm shocked at him!" said Tubby. "I think it's simply rotten of Lovell! Don't you?"

"No!" gasped Conroy. "I think-I'm blest if I know what to think of you, Muffin? Why don't your people put you in an asylum?"

"Look here, Conroy, I suppose that means that you and Lovell were handin-glove in playing that trick on the Head! Now I think of it, it's plain enough. I wonder I didn't see it at a glance!"

"Hold on a minute!" said Van Ryn. "Tubby was suggesting in the Common- there was nothing doing. room that a reward should be handed out to the lucky finder. I think we ought to

give Tubby a reward." "Just what I think!" said Tubby brightly. "If it takes the form of cash I shall raise no objection. I really must say Yah! Qooooop!"

The three Colonials collared Tubby Mussin, and it dawned upon the fat Classical that the reward was not to take

the form of cash. It took a much less agreeable form. Bump, bump, bump!

Tubby Mussin smote the landing three times with his podgy person, and a fiendish yell rang out each time. "Now get on with the merry investigations," said Conroy. "You'll get the

"Yow! Ow, ow! Rotters! Pitching

same reward every time." "Yaroooh!" Conroy & Co. went into their study to

denied knowledge of the missing key. Fags of the Second and Third professed the same ignorance, when the three Tommies questioned them.

been questioned, and every fellow had

Yet it was clear that somebody must have taken the key from Mr. Manders' study—and that that somebody must be on the Modern side.

Evidently somebody was lying—there was no other word for it. With all holidays stopped till the key was found it was natural that Tommy Dodd & Co. should be thinking more about the missing key than about their lessons—and they were.

Lessons were, in fact, simply "walked through " that morning. After lessons, the Moderns scudded at once for Mr. Manders' House to put in another search for the key.

Jimmy Silver & Co., on the Classical side, had their own affairs to attend to. So far, Conroy's idea had come to nil. Every fellow was doing his best-but nothing had been discovered.

With the exception of the egregious Tubby, the Classicals had to admit that Conroy was in deadly earnest, and he

was far from giving up hope.

And he pointed out to his chums, as they strolled in the quadrangle, that the inquiry on the Classical side had not been so entirely without result as the fellows supposed. "Nothing's come out!" remarked Van

"There's something in it!" answered Conroy. "If the japer in the Head's study had been a Classical chap, something would have come out. If it was a fellow on this side, I feel sure that somebody on this side would remember some little circumstance, or something-"

"You mean that it must have been a Modern?" Conroy nodded.

"That's my idea. At least, we're justifled in concluding that it was most likely tea, and Tubby Muffin sat and spluttered. I a Modern, and looking in that direction." Van Ryn whistled.

"Not much chance of getting them to I can tell him that the whole Form will "Fancy that! Yow-ow-ow! I'll jolly well look at it like that, though," he

marked. "If we begin investigating in Manders' House, it simply means a scrap with Tommy Dodd and his gang."

"Not in this instance. Tommy Dodd's as sorry about poor old Bootles as we are. My idea is to put it to him fairly, and ask his help. He's a good chap-for a Modern—and he can't refuse."

"The Moderns seem to be in the wars just now," remarked Pons. "Old Manders is ragging them about a lost key, or something, I heard Towle say."

"Bother old Manders and his lost key! Let's go over and speak to Tommy Dodd after dinner." "Oh, all right!"

And after dinner the Colonial Co. dropped in at Mr. Manders' House. They found nearly all the Modern juniors indoors, and in a highly exasperated frame of mind.

Mr. Manders had sent for Tommy Dodd again, to learn whether the missing key had been found, and Tommy's answer had been in the negative.

Whereupon Mr. Manders had rejoined that he expected the key to be found that day at the latest, and that all the juniors in his House would be given lines if it was not forthcoming. Fellows were searching up and down

and round about, making remarks about Mr. Manders that were not loud, but very

The Colonial Co. found the Tommies in the junior quarters, in a far from amiable

"Bedad, and here's a gang of Classicals coming to bother us intirely!" exclaimed Dovle. "Roll them down the stairs!" "Pax!" said Conroy, holding up his

"Clear out, then!" said Tommy Dodd gruffly. "We've got to hunt for a blessed key, blow it! I shouldn't wonder if it was one of you Classical worms bagged it, after all!"

likely, I think!" chimed in Leggett. "Tommy, old scout," said Conroy pacifically. "There's something on now a bit more important than a dashed old

"Mr. Bootles, you know---" "I'm sorry enough about Bootles; but

I've got to find that key, or else do a hundred lines!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "You don't want our help," said Cook. "There's enough of you to find out the Classical dummy who japed the Head, I should think." "We think it was a Modern chap, you

"What?" howled Tommy Dodd.

"We think-" "You think!" snorted Tommy. "You can't think, if you think that! Do you think a Modern chap would keep mum, and let Jimmy Silver take his licking? That kind of meanness may go on on the Classical side. Not on this side."

"Don't get ratty, old chap!" "Well, don't you talk out of the back of your neck, then!" said Tommy Dodd. "Now, you chaps, about that key-" "You might help us, Tommy," said the

Australian junior reproachfully. "You know what depends on our finding out the rotter--"There are no rotters on this side they're all on the Classical side!" retorted

Tommy. 'You know that as well as I "Look here, you Modern ass--" "Look here, you Classical chump-" "Sling 'em out!" exclaimed Leggett.

"I'll back you up! Collar 'em, and roll em down the stairs!" Tommy Dodd was already thinking of that safety-valve for his exasperation; but as Leggett spoke he calmed down, and fixed a disdainful look on the cad

of the Fourth. "You're jolly warlike, all of a sudden. Leggett," he said. "We don't want any

direction from you, thanks!" Look here, I---" "Let's see you roll one of them down." added Tommy Dodd sarcastically. "We'll stand by and see fair play!"

Leggett scowled, and moved away hurriedly. Apparently he was not inclined to tackle one of the sturdy Colonials "on his

A chuckle from the Colonial Co. followed him; but that chuckle brought upon them the wrath of Tommy Dodd once more. "If you fellows have come here to

cackle—" he began. "Not at all, old chap," said Conroy soothingly. "Leggett's in a blue funk; but there's

lots of fellows here can roll you down, and not half try!" announced Tommy. But for the important business in hand Conroy & Co. would certainly have taken the Modern leader at his word. But they suppressed their feelings man-

"We didn't come here looking for trouble," said Van Ryn mildly. "You're jolly likely to find it, if you don't travel, then!"

'Look here, Tommy," said Conroy. "Keep your temper-' "Who's losing his temper?" "Ahem! It seems that there's a

blessed key missing, and you think a Classical may have hooked it. We think that japer rotter may be a Modern. Let's make a bargain. We'll help you look for the chap who boned the key, if you'll help us look for the chap who japed the

Tommy Dodd knitted his brows. It was a fair and reasonable offer, and Tommy Dodd was a fair and reasonable fellow, when he was not quite so exasperated. "Well, that's fair!" he admitted, at

"Good! It's a go, then! I think our affair ought to be taken first, as it's

important." "That's where you're off-side. We've got lines handed round unless that dashed key is found to-day. You find the Classical cad who sneaked over here and bagged Manders' key-"

"Now, look here, Dodd-"



Backing up Bootles!

(Continued from the previous page.)

sald Tommy Dodd! obstinately. "Until that key's found, it's no good jawing. Give your chin a rest!" "A wilful ass must have his way, I

suppose," said Conroy. "This seems a thumping lot of fuss to make about a key! Just like old Manders, I must

"Br-r-r-r !" "Is it the key of Manders' study?" asked Van Ryn.

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"No; he always locks his study now when he's out. Isn't that like him? Of course, the chap who took the key would like a chance of sheaking in and putting it back, now there's such a thundering fuss. And Manders keeps his door locked —he doesn't mean him to have a chance. He wants somebody to thrash."

"What key is it, then?" "The key of the big door in the corridor that leads into your quarters. Some ass has bagged it, to let himself quietly into the School House—to Jape the Classicals, I suppose. And we can't find the chap."

·Conroy started violently. "The corridor key!" he shouted.

"It's missing?" "Haven't I just said so?" grunted

Tommy Dodd. "My only hat!" Conroy's eyes were dancing. "It's a clue—a giddy clue! We've got on the track at last!"

The 5th Chapter. Light at Last.

Conroy's companions stared at him

"A clue?" repeated Van Ryn. "Blest if I can see it!" said Pons.

"Blest if I do, either!" said Tommy Dodd gruffly. "Suppose you explain what you're talking about, you fathead?"

Conroy's eyes gleamed. "Don't you see?" he exclaimed excitedly. "The key of the corridor door? When was it missing?"

"Some time before yesterday." "And Manders thinks it was taken by some chap who wanted to get into the

School House to raid the Classicals?" "Naturally. It was borrowed before for that reason, when Mack used to keep

"But there hasn't been a raid on our quarters," said Conroy. "I know that. I can't make it all

a chap who wanted to get into the School | study. House quietly for a jape—not on us, but on the Head,"

"Wha-a-at?" "Somebody sneaked into the Head's study and set a trap for him. I know you'll say it was a Classical, but just | It was clear enough to Tommy Dodd admit for one moment that it was a now. Modern? How would he get there? If he walked into the School House by the door he would be seen, and fellows would remember they'd seen him at that time. But by borrowing Manders' key he could let himself into the School House by the corridor door, and get back by the same way unseen."

"My hat!" exclaimed Van Ryn. Tommy Dodd himself looked struck by

that argument.

It certainly accounted for the abstraction of the key from Mr. Manders' study, which otherwise it was very difficult to account for, since it had evidently not | roy. been borrowed to help in a raid on the Classicals.

"Begorra!" murmured Tommy Doyle. "It looks--"

"Well, I don't say it's impossible," admitted Tommy Dodd reluctantly. "That -that may be the explanation. In that case, when we find our man, you'll find yours. It will be the same party."

"And we can jolly well work together to find him!" exclaimed the Australian | junior. "I tell you we're on the track! That accounts for the japer not being noticed anywhere near the Head's study. He came by that corridor, which is always locked up, and the back passages that nobody ever goes into. He only had to watch his chance of dodging into the Head's study. He knew the Head was out, of course. We all knew it. And he denly. must have known, too, that the Head had sent Jimmy Silver to his study a little while before. We were all present when Jimmy biffed into the Head at leapfrog, and was sent to fetch his cane.

Tommy Dodd nodded slowly. He was beginning to be convinced by the clear reasoning of the level-headed

Australian. "But-but," he objected, "a chap would have to be awfully ratty with the Head to play such a trick on him. He risked getting sacked. Now, Jimmy Silver had just been licked by the Head." "Got it!" shouted Tommy Cook sud-

"Eh? What have you got?"

"Leggett!" "Leggett!" repeated Tommy Dodd. "What do you mean, Leggett?"

"I mean it was Leggett! Hadn't he over his shoulder, without stopping. just been flogged by the Head for his money-lending tricks-holding an IOU over that silly idiot Mussin's head?" exclaimed Tommy Cook. "Jimmy Silver chipped in, and there was a row, and it all came out, and Leggett was flogged." "But---"

The objection died on Tommy's tongue before he could utter it. Leggett!

He could only wonder that he had not | shoulder.

thought of Leggett before. He remembered Leggett's anxiety to

know why he had been sent for by Mr. | his affright. Manders the previous day; he remembered how Leggett had listened at the study keyhole while he was with the Modern master.

What was there to account for Leggett's anxiety, except the fact that he had purloined the key and had had no opportunity of replacing it?

And it was pretty clear now that the "I think I can," said the Australian | key had been purloined for the purpose junior quietly. "That key was taken by of that surreptitious visit to the Head's

Leggett had been flogged by the Head for rascally conduct; and Jimmy Silver, though unintentionally, had been partly the cause of the Modern junior's rascality coming to light.

Albert Leggett had played that dangerous trick on the Head, and he had placed Jimmy Silver's pencil-case there, partly from malice towards the captain of the

"Leggett!" repeated Tommy Dodd. "Leggett! Why, what a silly fool I've been! He's as good as given it away, two Tommies marched him away. and I never thought of it! No wonder he wanted us to roll you fellows downstairs when you came up here investigating! I've been as blind as a bat!"

"Let's go and see Leggett!" said Con-

toime if it's Leggett intirely," breathed I-I'll kick your shins! Let go!" | the Head!" said Jimmy Silver deter-Doyle, "and us hunting high and low for howled Leggett, his voice rising to a minedly. "Bootles isn't going to be

Manders' study! Come on!"

Classicals and Moderns, quite on terms of amity now, started to look for the

cad of the Fourth. The matter was not, perhaps, proved yet, but they felt a conviction that was l

as good as proof. There were very few fellows at Rookwood mean enough to hold their peace while their just punishment fell on

another fellow; but Leggett certainly was one of that small number. The juniors were well aware of that. Of most of the fellows it could be said

without hesitation that they could not ! possibly be the guilty party, but of Leg. but the whole crowd of juniors were round groaned Leggett. "I picked it up to gett that certainly could not be said. Leggett's cunfling and unscrupulousness

were a little too well known. Albert Leggett was not found in his I study, and the juniors proceeded to look

for him in the quadrangle. "There he is!" exclaimed Cook sud-

Leggett was sighted under the trees, and the whole party made a rush for

Leggett started as he saw them coming, with grim looks, and his sallow face changed colour

The cad of the Fourth was a pretty thorough rascal in his way, but he had not the courage to be a successful one. As the juniors came dashing up Leg-

gett faltered and backed away, and took to his heels, without waiting to ascertain what they wanted. If ever a guilty conscience was revealed

in anybody's face it was revealed in Leggett's at that moment. "Stop!" shouted Tommy Dodd, as Leg-

gett ran for it. "Leggett! You cad! "What do you want?" panted Leggett

"We want the key!" Leggett ran on faster. He headed for the School House as the

safest refuge, and just as he reached the door the Fistical Four came out. The unhappy Modern halted in dismay.

"Stop him!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "What's the row?" "Leggett's the man!"

Jimmy Silver took Leggett by the The Modern junior kicked out savagely. hardly aware of what he was doing, in

"Let go!" he howled. as he caught Leggett's boot with his leg.

beast—ow!" Tommy Dodd came up as Leggett | Silver at last. Form-fellow by the collar.

Leggett panted. "Let me go! I'll yell for the prefects! Let me go, I tell you!" he cried shrilly. "Yell for as many prefects as you like, old bean," said Tommy Dodd grimly.

"Where's that key?" "What key?" "You know what key I mean. The corridor key—the one you bagged from Mr.

Manders' study."

"I-I didn't-Tommy Dodd gave him a grim look. "We're not wasting time on you, Leggett. If you don't choose to tell us the to save himself from suspicion, partly truth. I fancy Manders will squeeze it arm, Cook!"

> "You bet!", Leggett struggled spasmodically as the I Head's study that evening!" said Leggett, I of Leggett. He dared not face the steely, searching

eyes of Mr. Manders. come out in the presence of the stern, I now. The Head wouldn't want much

"Let's!" agreed Tommy Dodd. Let go!" he panted. "You—you can't | Leggett.

"More likely chucked it away when he | "Now then, what's this?" came Bulke-

"Dodd-Cook--" "Like to explain to Bulkeley, Leggett?" asked Tommy Dodd.

Leggett gasped. "It—it's all right, Bulkeley!" he stam-

The Rookwood captain stared at him.

about?" he demanded. "Only — only — n-n-nothing!" gasped

"Then shut up!" said Bulkeley. He walked on.

circle like a hunted animal. Tommy Dodd.

the key!" panted Leggett. "You can't | -I'm not going to touch you!" give me away to Manders! I—I've "Bring him along!" sald Lovell. "The chucked it away!"

key?" asked Conroy quietly. "Yes. I—I was looking for a chance of I've owned up—"

putting it back, but—but I couldn't get! "To us! But you've got to own up to into the study, and—and I chucked it the Head!" into a window in the old clock-tower to j you know! Hang you!"

"That settles it about the key," said Tommy Dodd. "It can be found in the old clock-tower, I suppose. I'm done with you, Leggett. But I don't think Jimmy

The three Tommies walked away to the clock-tower to hunt for the key there. Leggett made a movement to go.

But there was no escape for him. The Colonial Co. and the Fistical Four were round him, and Leggett, with growing apprehension, realised that the matter was not yet at an end.

The 6th Chapter. Own Up!

Jimmy Silver's brow was very dark. He understood well enough now.

In turning over in his mind the names of all fellows likely to be the guilty party Jimmy had thought of Leggett, among others, but only as much as some others, such as Lattrey and Peele and Gower. There had been nothing definite to very deeply; he had experienced that attach suspicion to the cad of the Modern | before.

But there was something definite now, "Yow-ow-woop!" howled Jimmy Silver, for Leggett could only have taken the betrayed, and that was enough for him. risk of abstracting the corridor key from "Oh! Ah! Ow! Why, you kicking Mr. Manders' study for one reason. "So it was you, Leggett!" said Jimmy

wrenched himself away. He grasped his Leggett tried to pull himself together, that trick in the Head's study. You'll be but it was hard to calm his shaken nerves. I expected to own up. You can't face the "Nothing to do with you!" he mut- school if you don't." tered. "Manders will get his key now, hang you! Mind your own business!" "I think this is my business, as I'm sen-

tenced to be flogged for the trick you played on the Head!" answered Jimmy

Leggett's jaw dropped.

"What did you want the corridor key afternoon we'll find some way of making for, you toad?" asked Lovell, with a look you, that's all!" of utter contempt. "We know jolly

"I think it's pretty clear," said Conroy. out of you. Come along! Take his other is You may as well own up, Leggett, man's face went straight to Jimmy's You've got to, anyway!" "I-I never went anywhere near the l

in a shrill whisper. "I—I swear—" grim master, and Leggett felt that it was I more. Bring him into the School House!" "What-what do you mean?" gasped

"And sure he's got the key all the give a chap away, anyhow! Let me go! I "Can't you guess? You're going before I

sacked to save your sneaking skin!" "You—you can't give me away!" said found he couldn't sneak it back into ley's deep voice, as the captain of Rook. Leggett hoarsely. "The-the Head will wood came out of the School House. | think—he will believe—"

"He will think and believe the truth!" sald Conroy. "And it's time he did. Leggett! If you'd had a rag of decency you'd have owned up before this!"

Leggett shivered. "I-I can't-I--

"You must!" said Jimmy Silver quietly. "If it's all right, what are you yelling | "You put my pencil-case there to bring me into the matter. You must have done that on purpose!"

"And stole the pencil-case in the first place!" said Lovell savagely.

"I-I didn't! Silver dropped it when The two Tommies had released Leggett, we were leap frogging that afternoons return it to him-I swear I did! Then-The cad of the Fourth looked round the then I must have dropped it in the Head's study! I swear it was an accident!"

"Are you coming to Manders?" asked I "Yes, we know how much of an accident it was," said Jimmy Silver contemp-"I-I'm not, hang you! I haven't got tuously. "You needn't shiver, you rotter

Head's got to know!" "You've chucked away the corridor "I can't face the Head!" hissed Leg-

gett. "You-you can't sneak about me!

"I can't! I won't! And—and you

get rid of it!" panted Leggett. "Now | daren't sneak about me!" hissed Leggett. "You can't do it!" Jimmy Silver & Co. paused.

They had been prepared to take Leggett before the Head if he refused to admit the truth; but to give information about him now that he had owned up was quite another matter.

Leggett, in spite of his terror, had not quite lost his cunning!

He knew that he could depend upon the shrinking of every decent fellow from playing the part of an informer. There was a long pause.

Jimmy Silver looked at his chums. "I-I hadn't quite counted on this." he said. "I reckoned that if the fellow was found he would have decency enough to own up when all the school knew. Butbut that worm hasn't any decency!"

Leggett recovered himself a little. He was feeling more assured now. He was assured, indeed, of the stinging contempt of his schoolfellows if he refused to own up; but that did not sting him

"He's got to own up!" roared Lovell.

In the angry faces of the juniors round him he could read that he would not be

"Leggett," said Conroy at last, "you know how matters stand. Mr. Bootles is leaving to-morrow unless the facts come out. All the fellows will know you did

"I won't!" said Leggett between his

"You'll be sent to Coventry!" "I don't care!"

Jimmy Silver set his teeth. "If you won't you'll be made to somehow!" he said. "Let the cad go now, you "The—the trick I—I—" he stam- fellows. He makes me sick! Keep this in mind, Leggett. If you don't own up this

> He passed Mr. Bootles as he went into the School House.

The deep trouble in the little gentle-He clenched his hands as he thought

Somehow, the cad of the Fourth should "That's enough!" said Jimmy Silver. "I be made to own up in time to save the had thought of you, but there was no master of the Fourth from dismissal. In spite of himself the truth would have | evidence. I think there's enough evidence | Upon that point Jimmy Silver was determined. But there was little time to lose, for on the morrow morning Mr. Bootles was to shake the dust of Rookwood from

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