MASTERS ON STRIKE! LATEST NEWS! ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOUR MATTERS GO FROM OF NEW MASTER! BAD TO WORSE!



No. 925, Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending March 1st 1919.



THE NEW MASTERS DISAGREE! (SEE OUR GRAND LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.)

The 1st Chapter.

A Surprise for Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Another new master!" "Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, chuckled.

They were strolling in the quadrangle after morning lessons, which had been taken in the Form-room, with Bulkeley,

the prefect, in charge.
For the present the Fourth Form lacked a Form-master.

That a new man was coming, in a hurry, they knew, and the sight of a stranger at the gates, speaking to Mack, the porter, interested them at once.

They guessed that this was the new master of the Fourth. And the Fistical Four paused, at a respectful distance, to look at the "new

man." He was a short, plump man, with a little fat nose and a very rich com- fully.

Good-nature beamed from his plump face, and in that respect he contrasted very strongly with the recent new master of the Fourth, who had come and gone since Mr. Bootles was dismissed by the Head.

"Looks rather a jolly dog," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "Not like the last man."

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

that chap. He looks so good-tempered,"

he remarked. "But we've agreed to rag everybody the Head puts in Bootles' place, till he lets Mr. Bootles come back."

"Yes, rather," said Raby.

"But, I say, that's rather hard on the new man, if he's decent," observed Newcome. "He can't help the Head being a rather obstinate mule, and he probably don't know anything about Bootles being don't know anything about Bootles being sacked, and the other masters resigning in sympathy."

Jimmy nodded. "Yes; perhaps we ought to give him a chance," he said. "Anyhow, we needn't be in a hurry. Hallo, here he comes!"

The stranger left Mack at his lodge, and came along across the quad, towards

the four juniors. As he evidently intended to speak to them, Jimmy Silver & Co. waited for him to come up, and "capped" him respect-

"Good-morning, my boys!" said the plump gentleman, in a rich, rolling voice. "Good-morning, sir!" said the Fistical

Four cheerily. "Do you belong to the Fourth Form?" "Yes."

"Then I am your new master," said the plump gentleman, with an expansive smile. "My name is Whibbs, my young friends."

And, somewhat to the surprise of the Mr. Whibbs.

"Blessed if I like the idea of ragging | chums of the Fourth, Mr. Whibbs shook hands with them one after another, inquiring their names as he did so.

Mr. Whibbs seemed bubbling over with good-nature. Indeed, Jimmy Silver & Co. had never come in contact with so very expansive a gentleman before.

The juniors could not help liking him,

but, at the same time, they could not help thinking that it was a little odd. "I hope we shall be very good friends," said Mr. Whibbs. "Delightful old place —what?" he added, looking round.
"We're rather proud of Rookwood,

sir," assented Jimmy Silver. It was true that Rookwood was a delightful old place, yet the remark seemed to come oddly from the new Form-master.

"And delightful boys, I am sure," continued Mr. Whibbs.

"Oh, quite so, sir," said Lovell gravely. "And in us, sir, you behold the pick of the bunch." "I am sure of it," said Mr. Whibbs

heartily. "Delightful! Undoubtedly. So you have lost your Form-master?" "He's left, sir.' "Mistake on his part," said Mr. Whibbs, shaking his head. "Delightful place.

Delightful boys. Delightful headmaster, I'm sure-eh?" "Q-quite so!" stammered Jimmy, more and more surprised by the effusiveness of Whibbs. "Unsatisfactory-what? Drank, perhaps? Sad failing in a man."

The Fistical Four almost jumped, at the bare idea of Mr. Bootles drinking. "Not at all," said Jimmy hastily.

"No! I'm glad. It's foolish of a man to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," said Mr. Whibbs solemnly. "My dear boys, never look on the wine when it is red. Never touch the cup that inebriates! You will grow to be sorry for it. It may ruin your career. It may lead to infinite difficulties in securing a berth. Mark my words."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Raby.
"Why did he leave, then?" asked Mr.
Whibbs. "Does the headmaster drink?" "Eh?"

"I hope not. It's a sad failing in a

"I-I suppose you're joking!" gasped Jimmy Silver, while Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at Mr. Whibbs blankly. "Eh? Oh, yes. Of course. Ha, ha!" said Mr. Whibbs. "Let me see. You were going to tell me why your late Form-master left."

Jimmy gave his chums a quick look. This seemed an excellent opportunity for acquainting the new master with the state of affairs at Rookwood.

"Mr. Bootles didn't exactly leave, sir," said Jimmy. "He was dismissed, but

"Why did he leave?" asked Mr. | he hasn't really gone. He's staying in the village."

By gad! Is he?" "The Head was down on him," pursued Jimmy. "It turned out that he was wrong, but he wouldn't change his mind, so Mr. Bootles had to go. Nearly all the other masters went on strike, and resigned, as a protest."

"My word!" said Mr. Whibbs.

"They're all staying at the inn at Coombe," pursued Jimmy Silver. "And a new lot of masters have come in. They

a new lot of masters have come in. They -ahem!-they're not quite like the old masters. They seemed to have been engaged in rather a larry."

Mr. Whibbs started.

"Oh! That accounts!" he ejaculated.
"I was engaged in rather a hurry, too.
But for that—ahem! Pray proceed."
"The man who came to take the Fourth had to go, and we've been taken by a prefect since," explained Jimmy Silver. "The other men are still here, but they don't get on with their Forms. All the fellows want their own Form-masters

back." "Oh!" said Mr. Whibbs. "And you boys want your own Form-master backwhat?"

Jimmy hesitated a moment. It did not seem exactly polite to tell Mr. Whibbs that they did not want him. But he felt bound to state the fact.

(Continued on next page.)

STORMY TIMES!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Well, yes, sir," he said frankly. "We I -we don't like to see another man in

Mr. Bootles' place."

"Quite natural," said Mr. Whibbs,
with a nod. "Loyal, and all that. Ha,
ha! I'm sorry for Mr. Bootles. Sorry
for them all. On strike! Ha, ha! What an ideal! Very worrying for the head-master, I'm sure. But perhaps he had his reasons for clearing them all out. He may have discovered that they drank."
"Wha-a-at!"

"It's a sad failing in a man," said Mr. Whibbs, blinking at the astounded juniors. "For instance, take the case of a man with his M.A. First-class man in every respect, suitable for any position; but he drinks! No headmaster will engage him. Can't be expected to. He can't get an appointment. Can't do anything but borrow money from his friends. Live from hand to mouth. If he bags an appointment he loses it again. Can't even bag an appointment, unless somebody's in a hurry for a man, and can't stop to inquire into his antecedents. Boys, remember this all your lives. Never touch the first drop! If you do you'll never touch the last drop. Bear

that in mind!" And, with an affable nod, Mr. Whibbs trotted off to the School House, leaving Jimmy Silver & Co. rooted to the ground, more astounded than they had ever been in their lives.

The 2nd Chapter. The New Master.

"Is he potty?"

Arthur Edward Lovell was the first to recover his voice, and he gasped out that

question blankly.
"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy
Silver. "If he isn't potty, he's so near it
that it makes no difference." "Seems a good-natured chap, though,"

said Newcome. "Good-natured enough! But-" Jimmy Silver wrinkled his brows in

thought. "Is it possible?" he murmured. "Is what possible?"

"He-he seemed jolly excited!" said Jimmy. "Tain't natural for a Formmaster to talk like that! And-and ne was harping on the subject of drinking! Can it be possible that—that—"
"That he dropped into the Bird-inHand on his way here?" grinned Lovell.
"Well, it really looks—"

"Form-masters don't do such things,"

said Raby. Well, you heard what he said. And he's been engaged in a hurry," said Jimmy Silver. "I can't help suspecting that that johnny has had an uproarious past, and he's kept it dark; and the Head's been in too big a hurry to find it out before engaging him. If so ""

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell, almost

"Blessed if I know what to make of him!" said Jimmy Silver. "We had an idea of ragging the new man, till he was fed up, and left. But-but I don't like

the idea of ragging that chap."
"Give him a chance, anyway."
The dinner-bell rang, and the Fistical Four went into the School House, in a thoughtful mood.

Certainly the new Form-master was the queerest customer they had ever met, and they wondered what lessons would be like in the Fourth Form-room that afternoon.

They wondered, too, what impression he would make upon the Head. If he displayed such exuberant spirits in Dr. Chisholm's study, it was pretty

certain that the grave old gentleman would be greatly scandalised. For once the Fistical Four were rather

keen to get in to lessons. "I say, Jimmy, the new man's come,"

said Tubby Muffin, joining the Fistical Four as they were making for the class-

"Late, for once," grinned Lovell. "We had the news before you, Tubby! We've seen him."

"Seen him!" exclaimed Mornington. "What's he like?" "Like nothing we've seen before!" said

Lovell, with a chuckle. "Merry as a

"Oh, gad!" said Morny. "Chirpy as a cricket!" grinned Raby. "I shouldn't be surprised to see him cake-walking in the Form-room!"

"Something queer about the new

man?" asked Conroy. "Well, he's not cast in the usual mould of a giddy Form-master," said Jimmy

Silver. "Still, he mayn't be any the worse for that. Let's give him a chance." The juniors had scarcely taken their places in the Form-room when Dr. Chisholm entered with the new master.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed them very curiously. To their surprise—perhaps to their disappointment—Mr. Whibbs was as grave

as a funeral mute. Dr. Chisholm presented the new master to the Form, with a few quiet words, the

juniors listening very respectfully. "In case of any difficulty with your Form, Mr. Whibbs, you will send for me," concluded the Head, with a warning glance at the Fourth.

'Certainly, sir!" said Mr. Whibbs.

"I do not anticipate any difficulty, however," said the Head. "I will leave you now to your Form."

And the Head rustled out. Mr. Whibbs accompanied him to the door, and bowed him respectfully out, with a gravity of manner that was | cine " Mr. Whibbs had been taking.

almost owl-like. The moment the door had closed upon Dr. Chisholm, however, his manner changed. Evidently it cost Mr. Whibbs an effort to remain serious for long.

He turned to the juniors with an expansive smile.

"Now, my boys, we are going to

work!" he said briskly. "Yes, sir," said Jimmy Silver, as the Form-master seemed to expect an answer from somebody.

"Work hard, and play hard, that is my motto," said Mr. Whibbs, beaming. "Hard work, however, has one drawback. You feel the need of a little stimulant. Let me warn you never to yield to that craving, however. It may lead to your being sacked—I should say, dismissed—and to endless difficulties in securing another post."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Mornington.

The Fourth-Formers stared, and perhaps their stare recalled Mr. Whibbs to himself, and helped to fix his wendering

himself, and helped to fix his wandering mind on the business in hand.

At all events, he became grave again, and the Form plunged into the afternoon's work.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were again surprised at finding that Mr. Whibbs was quite equal to his work with the Fourth. From his manner they had not ex-pected that his scholastic attainments

would be great. But they found that he knew his work, and was evidently accustomed to the

position he was in. They could not help wondering, how-ever, why he had left his former appointment, wherever that had been.

And it was impossible to help drawing certain conclusions from what he had said in the quadrangle. However, they found their new Form-

master a very agreeable man to work with, and for an hour or so everything went well in the Fourth Form-room. Matters were going better there, in fact, than in some of the other roomsespecially the Third, whence there came at intervals loud noises that were not

quite in keeping with the pursuit of knowledge. The new master of the Third had proved unequal to dealing with the fags, and, fag-like, the Third were taking

advantage of the fact. There was quiet pursuit of knowledge in the Fourth Form-room; but it was to be observed that as the afternoon wore on Mr. Whibbs became curiously downcast and thoughtful.

He moved restlessly about, and his temper began to fail him. He snapped several times at Tubby Muffin, who was obtuse, as usual; and even rapped Higgs over the knuckles with a ruler.

He looked at his watch at last.

"Bless my soul! It is time I took my medicine!" he exclaimed. "Silver!"

"You are head-boy in this Form, believe?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" "I shall leave you in charge for a few minutes. I have to take my medicine at this hour-doctor's orders. Pray keep quiet here while I am gone!" "Certainly, sir!" Mr. Whibbs left the Form-room with a

hurried step. And the moment he was gone a buzz

of voices broke out in the Fourth Form-

The 3rd Chapter. A Happy Afternoon.

"What price a rag?" asked Mornington. "Hear, hear!" "Might lock him out!" suggested

"Or put ink on his stool!" said Oswald. "And gum his books!" suggested Tommy Dodd.

"Good egg!"
"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "I've been left in charge of the Form,

to keep order, you know." "Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Sure, haven't we agreed to rag the baste, and make him quit, so that Bootles can come back?" exclaimed Tommy Doyle.

"I think the man ought to be given a chance," said the captain of the Fourth. "He's not a bad sort, and we don't want to get him into trouble with the Head. He's done nothing to us."

"He's rapped my knuckles!" growled Higgs. "He's jawed me!" said Tubby Muffin.

"You're enough to make any man jaw!" answered Jimmy. "Look here, you fellows, keep quiet, and give the man a chance!"

"Oh, any old thing!" yawned Mornington. "I wonder what he's gone out

"To take his medicine, he said," answered Jimmy. "He's a jolly long time taking it!" grinned Mornington.

Which was true. The clock-hands were travelling round, and Mr. Whibbs did not return.

Tommy Dodd jumped up at last. "Time we got off," he said. "We're due for our chemistry with Manders," And the Modern juniors left the Formroom, to head for Mr. Manders' House. The Classicals remained, to await the return of Mr. Whibbs.

Footsteps were heard outside at last. The buzz died away as Mr. Whibbs came in. All eyes were fixed upon him,

There was a deep flush in his face, and his eyes had a fishy glitter in them. Even the most unsuspicious member of the Classical Fourth could not help having a suspicion as to the nature of the "medi-

As if the medicine had "bucked" bim. he was quite good-humoured again, and his flushed face wore an expansive smile. "I am glad to see," said Mr. Whibbs, "that you have kept good order during

my absence. You are a good little boy, Silver!"

"Thank you, sir!" murmured Jimmy, Mr. Whibbs blinked over the class. "Are not some of the boys absent?"

he asked. "Only the Moderns, sir."

"The what?"
"The Moderns."

"I do not understand you, Silver," said Mr. Whibbs gravely. "You do not mean to imply that some of my class are more modern than the others? Do you mean

younger?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy.

"What did you say, Silver?"

"Ahem! I—I mean, some of the Fourth belong to the Modern side, sir," explained Jimmy Silver. "They've gone to stinks—I—I mean, chemistry—in Mr. Manders' House, sir."

Mr. Whibbs was silent for a few moments, as if weighing that explanation;

and the juniors watched him.

"Have they the headmaster's permission to do this?" he asked at length.

"Yes, sir. It—it's usual."

"In that case," said Mr. Whibbs, "I raise no objection. I have not yet made the acquaintance of Mr. Manders.

the acquaintance of Mr. Manders. Does he drink?" " Wha-at?" "I sincerely hope not," said Mr. Whibbs.
"It's a sad failing in a man. It may lead to a painful scene with one's headmaster,

and the loss of a valuable appointment."

"Indeed, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

"It is true, my boy," said Mr. Whibbs,
blinking at him. "Shakespeare—I trust you boys read Shakespeare-"

"Ye-e-es, sir." "I am glad of that. A great man, Silver—a very great man—though I have a suspicion that he drank."
"Oh!"

"A sad failing in so great a man, Silver!" said Mr. Whibbs, while the Fourth sat breathless. "Very sad indeed! However, as I was saying, Shakespeare remarked, with his usual per-per-perspicacity, 'Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!"

"D-d-did he, sir?" stuttered Jimmy.

"He did, Silver! Doubtless he was speaking from experience, for I have a strong suspicion that he drank."

"Oh!"

"A man who drinks," pursued the poor gentleman, "is a lost man! It is the first glass that does the mischief. Remember that, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver of the Fourth was not much in need of such a warning, and he "Look at me!" continued Mr. Whibbs.

The command was unnecess. Fourth were staring at Mr. Whibbs as if their gaze was glued upon him. "Look at me! After that exceedingly painful scene at Woodcroft School, when the headmaster addressed me in terms that I can only describe as ungentlemanly, I deter-mined never to touch alcohol again. I have never done to excepting a small quantity at stated intervals, by doctor's orders—strictly upon the orders of a medical man."

"Oh, gad!" murmured Mornington.

"We will now resume," said Mr. Whibbs, changing the subject quite suddenly. "What is the next lesson, Silver? think you said your name was Silver?"
"Yes, sir."

"What is the next lesson, my young friend?" asked Mr. Whibbs, with an agree-

His "young friend" gasped, while the rest of the Fourth grinned.

"I-I think we should have geography next," stuttered Jimmy Silver at last. "Quite so! A most valuable study." said Mr. Whibbs. "There are doubtless, books here, my young friend, relating to this important branch of study?" "Ye-e-es, sir!"

"Will you have the goodness, Copper-I think you said your name was Copper?" "Silver, sir!" stammered Jimmy.
"Quite so! My mistake!" said Mr.

Whibbs. "Silver is a much more valuable thing than copper, my boy. Coppers, in-deed, are sometimes excessively objectionable. A copper was mixed up in the un-pleasant transaction which preceded my

departure from my former appointment."

"A-a-a copper!" gasped Jimmy.

"Otherwise a policeman!" said Mr.

Whibbs. "Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed the Fourth. "However, to return to our subject," said Mr. Whibbs, "the next lesson, I think you said, is on the subject of geography?" "Yes, sir."

"Will you have the kindness to hand me a book and point out the place?" "With pleasure, sir!"

Mr. Whibbs took a book; but as he held it upside down, it did not seem likely to prove very useful to him. He blinked at it, however, with great

"Silver!" he rapped out suddenly. "Yes, sir?"

"Keep still!"

"I-1'm keeping still, sir!"

"And tell your brother to keep still!"

exclaimed Mr. Whibbs severely.

"My-my brother, sir?"

"I presume that the other boy who is so like you is your brother," said Mr. Whibbs, staring at him. "Both of you keep still!"

Jimmy Silver could only stare, Certainly there was no other fellow in the Fourth much like Jimmy, and it was very plain that Mr. Whibbs. "medicine" had caused him to see two Jimmy Silvers. "What is your Christian name, Silver?" asked Mr. Whibbs suddenly.

"Jimmy, sir-I mean, James." "And what is your brother's name?" That was rather a poser. "J-J-James, too!" gasped Jimmy at

"How very singular!" said Mr. Whibbs, in surprise. "You are both named James! James the First and James the Second! "Ha, ha!" gasped the Fourth. "Very singular indeed!" said Mr. Whibbs. "Does your father drink,

Whibbs.

Silver?"

Are you older than your brother, Silver?"

"Nunno, sir! J-j-just the same age!"

"Ah! Then you are twins! Pray keep still, Silver, and tell your brother to keep still also. It is very disconcerting to see the pair of you whirling about in this extraordinary manner."

"Oh, my hat!"

"We will now " said Mr. Whibbs "en.

"I am glad of that-very glad indeed!

"N-n-no, sir!"

"We will now," said Mr. Whibbs, "enlarge our knowledge of geology. I think you said geology, Silver?"
"Geography, sir!"

"You certainly said geology! Once for all, Silver, is the next lesson geology, or geography?"

"Geography, sir."

"Very well; I will accept your statement, Silver, though you appear to be a very absent-minded boy."

The Form-room door opened at this point, and a little dark French gentleman entered.

It was Monsieur Blanc, a new master, who had taken the place of Mossoo Mon-ceau, who was "on strike" with the rest of the Rookwood staff. The time that should have been de-

voted to geography was past, and it was time for the new French master to take the class.

Monsieur Blanc bowed to the Formmaster and came in. The juniors sat breathless.

The 4th Chapter. On His Neck.

Mr. Whibbs turned to the French master. He returned the foreign gentleman's bow with great politeness.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" he said.
"Bon jour, monsieur!" answered Monsieur Blanc. "Very kind indeed of you to give me a

look-in!" said Mr. Whibbs politely. "Pray take a seat." The Frenchman looked puzzled. "I have come to take ze class, mon-sieur," he replied. "It is ze hour."

"You have come to take my class?" "Mais oui, monsieur." "I fail to comprehend you, sir," said Mr. Whibbs coldly. "Do you imply that the Head is dissatisfied with my method

of conducting my class?" Monsieur Blanc raised his eyebrows. "It is trois heures et demi," he ex-

plained. "I am quite aware, sir, that it is half-past three. You wander from the point. Is the Head dissatisfied with my methods of conducting my class, or is the Head not dissatistied with my methods of conducting my class?" demanded Mr. Whibbs.

"Je n'en sais rien-I know nozzing of zat," answered the surprised Frenchman. "I take ze class in French."

"You will do nothing of the sort, sir!"

"Comment!"
"If the Head is dissatisfied with my methods," said Mr. Whibbs, "the Head can come and tell me so. I refuse to have my class taken out of my bands in this surreptitious way!"

"Mon Dieu!" "I do not regard it, sir, as playing the game!" said Mr. Whibbs severely. "The only explanation I can think of is that the Head drinks."

"Retire, sir!" said Mr. Whibbs, waving his hand. "Mais-mais---"

"There, sir, is the door!" "Mais-but I have come to take zis class!" ejaculated the astounded Frenchman. "It is trois heures et demi!" "We have French at half-past three to-day, sir," ventured Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Whibbs spun round. "Did you speak, Silver?" "Yes, sir. It's time for the French

Mr. Whibbs seemed to be considering that statement with deep gravity, but evidently the sense of it did not penetrate

his confused mind. He turned to Monsieur Blanc, who had gone to the master's desk. "What! Are you still here?" he exclaimed.

"Mais oul, monsieur." "You persist in your intention to take my class?"

'Mais oui!" "Then, sir, I shall allow you to do nothing of the kind!" said Mr. Whibbs. "My belief, sir, is that you are intoxi-

"Mon Dieu!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors involuntarily.

"You are exciting the boys to merriment, sir!" said Mr. Whibbs. from this Form-room at once!"

"Mais-je dois-"Retire, sir! Otherwise," exclaimed Mr. Whibbs wrathfully, "I shall be compelled to eject you!" "Mais, vous etes fou, je croix!" ex-

claimed the amazed French master. "I come here to give ze lesson!" "Go!" thundered Mr. Whibbs, advanc-ing towards him. "There, sir, is the door. Return to the headmaster, sir, and tell him from me that I refuse to have

my class taken out of my hands!" But-but-"You will not go?" shouted Mr. Whibbs.

"Non, certainment!" gasped Monsieur Blanc. "Absolument non! I come here -je suis ici. Mon Dieu!" The French gentleman was interrupted

by a powerful grasp upon his shoulders.
The Fourth Form sat stupefied as Mr. Whibbs whirled the Frenchman to the doorway. Monsieur Blanc resisted, as was natural, and there was a struggle, but

the plump Form-master was too weighty for the little foreign gentleman. The latter went whirling into the passage.

Bump! Mr. Whibbs stood gasping in the door-

past him, had a view of the French master sitting in the corridor. He remained there only a few seconds,

however. Then he picked himself up, and bolted along the corridor like a scared rabbit. The Fourth-Formers looked at one

another. After that it seemed time for the skies

to fall. Mr. Whibbs came back towards the silent Form, whose gaze was glued upon

him in wonder and alarm. "My young friends," he said, "you have observed what has happened. That man was under the influence of drink. I have been compelled to eject him. Take this lesson to heart, my young friends; regard that unhappy man as the Spartan boys were taught to regard the drunken Helots, as a terrible warning. Do you mark my words?"

"Ye-e-es, sir," stuttered Jimmy Silver. Mr. Whibbs looked at his watch.

"It is now time for me to take my medicine again," he observed. "Gold—— Is your name Gold, or Silver?" Silver, sir."

"Very good. Silver, I leave you in charge of the class. I shall return in a few minutes-a very few minutes. If that foreigner should return, be very careful with him. The unfortunate man

drinks." And with that Mr. Whibbs quitted the "Well, my only hat!" breathed Lovell. "How is this going to end, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He had no idea how it was going to

end. "Somebody ought to tell the Head," said Rawson.

"I fancy Mossoo will do that!" grinned Mornington. "Poor old Mossoo!" chuckled Lovell. "What a surprise for him! No wonder

he thought Whibbs was 'fou," "We're jolly lucky in our Form-masters, and no mistake!" remarked Newcome. "If there's much more of this I should think the Head would be glad to let Bootles come back."

"'Shush! Here comes the Head!" There was a rustle outside, and Dr. Chisholm swept into the room, with Monsieur Blane at his heels, quivering with excitement and wrath.

"Mr. Whibbs!" exclaimed the Head.
Then he looked round in surprise,
noting that the new Form-master was not there. "Silver! Where is your Form-master?"

"He-he's gone to his study, I think, sir," stammered Jimmy. Indeed! Have you any idea why he

left you?" "To-to take his medicine, sir." "His what?" "He said it was to take his medicine,

"Bless my soul!" "I have been zrow out of room!" spluttered Monsieur Blanc. "Zat man, who is quite mad, he take me by shoulder and zrow me in passage-bump! I am hurt!

I am injure! I do not suffer zis, sir. Is it zat at zis school a gentleman he is "Calm yourself, Monsieur Blanc."

"Zat is ferry well, sir; ferry well indeed!" exclaimed Monsieur Blanc, gesticulating wildly. "But I am injure! I sit down on floor wiz bump! I do not come to zis school, sir, to be zrow out of room by one madman, and sit down on floor wiz bump. If it is zat shall

give you resignation." "Really, monsieur-" "Je dis encore zat I am injure!" shricked Monsieur Blanc. "Am I one playball to be zrow out of room-bump? Is it zat zat man sall play feetball, wiz me for ze feetball?"
"No, no! Certainly not! "I do not

happen here, sir, I have ze honour of to

comprehend-"Mais moi, je comprends parfaite-ment!" hooted Monsieur Blanc. "Zat person he is one madman, and I do not stay in ze house wiz one madman. One madman he is ferry dangeorus. I goes wiz myself out."

"Monsieur-There was a heavy step in the passage, and monsieur jumped. "Zat madman, he come back!" he

shouted. Mr. Whibbs appeared in the doorway. The silence of stupefaction lay on the Fourth Form.

What was going to happen now was past their guessing, but it was evidently going to be something of an alarming

The 5th Chapter. Nice for the Head.

Dr. Chisholm fixed a cold, stern glance upon Mr. Whibbs. That gentleman, however, did not heed him; he seemed not to see him. His eyes rested upon Monsieur Blanc

with a deadly look.

He had recognised his supposed enemy, and the new dose of "medicine" he had just taken rendered him less likely than ever to listen to the voice of reason.

"So you are here!" he exclaimed.

Monsieur Blanc dodged behind the
Head for protection as Mr. Whibbs strode

towards him. "Zat you keep off!" he howled. "I will

not vunce more be zrow out of zis room "Mr. Whibbs!" thundered the Head.

"What does this conduct mean?" Mr. Whibbs blinked at the scandalised

"Conduct, sir! What do you mean by conduct?" "I am alluding to your astounding conduct, Mr. Whibbs. I demand to know

at once what you mean by it!" Mr. Whibbs pointed a fat and shaky forefinger at the French master.

"I have removed that man from the way, and the horrified juniors, looking ! room once," he said. "As he has returned, I shall remove him again. He is

under the influence of drink.' "Mon Dieu! Have I not said zat he is one madman!" wailed the French master. "Keep zat madman away!" "Stand back, sir!" thundered the Head.

"With all respect for you, sir, I cannot allow that man to remain in the room," said Mr. Whibbs. "He drinks! As master of this Form, sir, I am bound to consider the effect upon my boys of this shocking spectacle! I must remove him from their sight, lest by his example he should teach them to put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

"The man is mad!" gasped the Head. "Not at all, sir—simply under the influence of liquor," said Mr. Whibbs, apparently supposing that the Head was referring to the French master. "However, I will remove him!"

"Mr. Whibbs! I command you-" "Pray leave him to me, sir."

Mr. Whibbs dodged round the Head towards the French master, who dodged round on the opposite tack, so to speak, to escape him.

Dr. Chisholm stood rooted to the floor. He was wondering whether he was awake, or whether this was some dreadful dream.

"Here we go round the mulberrybush!" murmured Lovell, and there was a subdued chuckle in the Fourth.

Twice Mr. Whibbs chased the elusive Frenchman round the petrified Head, and then he caught him. "A moi!" shricked Monsieur Blanc, as

Mr. Whibbs' grasp closed on him. "Help! I vill not be zrow out! I am injured! I leave zis school! Monsieur, I resign me! I goes away toute suite! Help!"

Bump! Monsieur Blanc landed in the passage, with a concussion and a terrific yell. As he sprawled there Mr. Mobsby came

running out of the Third Form-room in alarm. "What ever is the matter?" he ex-

claimed. He looked in, and Mr. Whibbs strode

to meet him. "Have you any opinion to offer with regard to my conduct in this Form-room, sir?" he thundered.

"Wha-a-at?" "Perhaps, sir, you have come to take this class out of my hands?" "N-n-not at all!" gasped the astounded

Mr. Mobsby. "1-I assure you-"Then retire, sir!" said Mr. Whibbs. "Your interference is totally uncalledfor. I am capable of managing my class, sir, without outside interference. My firm opinion is that you are under the influence of drink."

"A shocking spectacle!" said Mr. Whibbs severely. "Had you belonged to my former school, sir, you would have been subjected to a very unpleasant scene with your headmaster, in which a policeman, probably, would have been involved. Take warning, sir, and do not put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains-that is, if you have any, which, judging by your counten-

ance, I consider very doubtful."
"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Mobsby.
He beat a rapid retreat to his own Form-room.

Mr. Whibbs, with a snort of contempt, turned away from the door, and came towards the dazed headmaster. A red and breathless French gentle-

man looked in for a moment. "Monsieur le docteur! I resign me!" he shouted. "I stay not in zis school one ozzer moment! I go-I fly! I am

injure! I vill not stay in ze house wiz one madman!" 'Are you still there?" roared Mr. Whibbs, turning round.

But the French gentleman was no longer there. He was fleeing for his life. "Mr. Whibbs!" gasped the Head, finding his voice at last. "This conduct-

this violence-"This is the second time, sir, that you have mentioned the word conduct," said Mr. Whibbs sternly. "Am I to understand, sir, that you find anything in my conduct to which you have reason to take exception?"

"Bless my soul! Most certainly!" "And upon what point, sir," said Mr. Whibbs, with elaborate politeness, "do you take exception? I am, I think, entitled to a full explanation. Have I not done my duty?'

"Oh!" gasped the Head.

"If 'anyone, sir, has cause for complaint, it is I," pursued Mr. Whibbs warmly.

"In the execution of my

duties, I am interrupted by men the worse for drink. Is that the manner, sir, in which a public school should be conducted? My firm belief, sir, is that you yourself are under the influence of drink."

"Sir! Man! How dare you!" "I am bound, sir, to speak my mind.
I am sorry to see this—in a gentleman of
your years, too! A shocking spectacle,
sir!" said Mr. Whibbs, wagging his head seriously at the doctor. "In my earlier days, sir, I regret to confess that I have been addicted to a similar indulgence, and in such cases I found it advisable to sleep it off. I recommend you, sir, to go to bed."

"Wha-a-at?" "Come, sir," said Mr. Whibbs kindly, taking the dazed headmaster by the arm. "Let me assist you! It is somewhat difficult to walk in this room, owing to the uncertain state of the floor. You may have observed, sir, that the floor is endued with a curious wobbly motion-a very remarkable circumstance. once." Pray be careful how you step.

"Mr. Whibbs! Unhand me at once! I insist-I command you! Bless my soul! I-I-I will send for the police!" stuttered the Head.

"In that, sir, you will simply imitate the utterly indefensible conduct of my former headmaster. But I warn you, remove me from the place of my duty. for making that suggestion.

Whibbs, so suddenly that the Head jumped away in alarm. "I shall fell him, sir! I will not be dictated to,

Published

Every Monday

"Bless my soul! Mr. Whibbs," almost groaned the Head, "pray calm yourself, beg of you!"

Mr. Whibbs waved his hand. "Say no more, sir," he said, his expansive mood returning. "If you apologise, that is sufficient, from one gentleman to another. I forgive you; I overlook any little unpleasantness there may have been." "Oh, dear!"

Mr. Whibbs took out his watch, and looked at it solemnly, if a little uncertainly.

"Bless my soul, it is time I took my medicine!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps, sir, you will be good enough to take charge of my class for a few minutes. I dare not neglect my medicine; my health depends on it."

"Pray-pray go!" gasped the Head. "Thank you very much, sir," said Mr. Whibbs, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You are a gentleman, sir. I am very much obliged to you. I shall be gone a few minutes, that is all."

"Yes, yes, please go!"

Mr. Whibbs went a little uncertainly into the passage, and the Head breathed more freely, with relief at having got him out of the Form-room.

But Mr. Whibbs looked in again the next moment. "I am much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I wish there to be no misappre-

hension on that point. I am very much obliged to you." "Yes, yes."

"The lesson now in progress, sir, is geology. You are equal, I trust, to taking my Form in that somewhat abstruse subject?" "Yes, yes. Pray go!"

Mr. Whibbs went, and the Head wiped his perspiring brow. But once more the plump, red face looked in at the doorway.

A thunderous look came over Dr. Chisholm's face. "Silver, you are impertinent!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, sir!" 'Upon such a point, Silver, I am not likely to consult a junior boy in the Fourth Form. A new master will be appointed to the Fourth Form in due

course. Hold out your hand, Silver." Dr. Chisholm picked up the Formmaster's cane.

Swish! "I shall send a prefect to take this class," he went on, frowning at the juniors. "Do not let this scene be made the excuse for any unruliness. Anything of the kind will be severely punished." And with that the Head swept from the

Form-room. He went directly to his study to telephone to the police-station at Coombe.

Jimmy Silver rubbed his hands. "Poor old Jimmy!" said Lovell. "The Head ain't in a reasonable temper just now. He might do worse than let Bootles come back."

"He has done worse!" growled Jimmy

"That's the second new master we've had this week!" grinned Mornington. "I wonder what number three will be like." "This one isn't gone yet," said Erroll.

"Goin', though," grinned Morny, "Two to one the Head's gone to 'phone for a bobby."

"Phew!" "Poor wretch!" said Rawson com-"What an awful comepassionately. down for a man who's been in a good position. No wonder he was pushed out of his last school. He must have kept that awfully dark, somehow."

"It was bound to come out, though," remarked Lovell. "The Head would have sacked him as soon as he knew. My only hat! Here he comes!"

The juniors became silent as Mr. Whibbs stepped in unsteadily. The wretched man blinked dizzily at the class.

"Let me out!" came the sulphurous voice of Mr. Whibbs from within. "I was brought here, sir, under the impression that this was the Fourth Form-room. I find that it is nothing of the sort. 1 find that it is a study-my own study, in fact!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bulkeley. "I refuse to remain here for one moment longer, sir!" bawled Mr. Whibbs.

"Please be quiet, sir." "I refuse to be quiet, when I am locked in a room, with an earthquake in progress. I demand to be released at

Crash! Bang!

"What is it, Bulkeley?" exclaimed the Head, arriving on the scene. "That-that man, sir. He's locked in

"Thank goodness! That was a very proper step to take. Do not release him on any account." Bang!

"I have telephoned for a policeman," said the Head, "This is a most-most unhappy occurrence, Bulkeley. I have been very unfortunate, owing to the pressing need for engaging new masters without loss of time.'

"Some of the fellows, sir, think that if an accommodation was made with the old masters-" said Bulkeley resolutely. The Head's manner froze at once.

"I cannot listen to your opinion on that subject, Bulkeley," he said. "Very well, sir," said Bulkeley quietly. "Pray go to the Fourth Form-room at once, Bulkeley. For the present I must ask you to take charge of that Form."

"I am willing to do so, sir; but I felt it my duty to tell you my opinion," said the captain of Rookwood. And he walked away.

Bang! Crash! "Pray be quiet, Mr. Whibbs!" called out the Head, in utter distress. "I beg of you, sir, to be quiet."

"Ha! You are there, are you?" replied Mr. Whibbs. "Wait till I get at

They arrived at the door of the study. Crash! "I will unlock the door," said the Head,

"and you will secure him, Mr. Boggs."

"'Old on, sir!" said Mr. Boggs
cautiously. "P'r'aps it would be better
to wait till he's a bit calmer, sir. This
'ere state of mind he's in, sir, will pass off, as I dessay you know from hexperi-

> ence, sir." "What-what!" gasped the Head. Certainly I have had no experience of such things, Mr. Boggs! What ever do you mean?"

Crash! "Werry wiolent, sir!" said Mr. Boggs. "I-don't want to 'ave to use my truncheon if it can be 'elped. Course, sir, if I 'ave to take 'im in charge, it will be in the papers arter, and that ain't pleasant for you, sir, if I may make so bold. When he's quiet he'll go quietly, sir, you take my word."

The Head started. The thought of a "case" in the papers, and Rookwood School and its good name draged in the mire of police-court re-

ports, made him shudder. He had not thought of that. "Quite-quite so, Mr. Boggs!" he gasped. "I certainly do not wish to give the man into custody, if he will only

depart quietly from the school. That is certainly all I wish. Perhaps-as you suggest-it would be better to-to wait until he is calmer."

"You take my word for it, sir," said Mr. Boggs. "I'll wait 'ere, sir, with plea-sure, till he cools down. The 'ot fit is always follered by the cold fit, sir. Bless yer, I knows 'em!"

"Thank you very much!" stammered the Head.

He pressed a pound note into Mr. Boggs' fat hand, and left the police-constable on

For some time the uproar continued in the study, but it died away at last. Then Mr. Whibbs' voice was heard from within, in plaintive tones, and finally he

was heard weeping pathetically. Mr. Boggs listened with stolid composure. As he had told the Head, he knew them," his experience having been very different from that of Dr. Chisholm,

who certainly did not know them at all. Meanwhile, lessons finished in the Rookwood Form-rooms, and the Rookwooders came out from classes.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were going out into the quad when Tubby Muffin came up, his fat face ablaze with excitement.

"He's going!" announced Tubby.
"Who's going?"
"Poor old Whibbs! Boggs is taking

"Poor wretch!" said Jimmy. "He's not going to be locked up,

think," grinned Tubby Muffin. "I heard Boggs say something to Bulkeley about seeing him off the premises. Somebody else has packed his things, and the box's corded up in the hall. Poor old Whibby's weeping!"

"Here they come!" murmured Raby. Mr. Boggs appeared in the doorway, with a firm grip upon the arm of Mr. Whibbs.

The latter was evidently sobered now, and he looked pale and ill. A hot flush suffused his face as he caught the looks of the juniors turned

upon him. The sight of his shame touched Jimmy Silver's heart, and he turned away at

Without a word, with bowed head, the unhappy man accompanied the police-constable to the gates.

Probably he was as glad to get out of the sight of the Rookwooders as the latter could possibly be to see him go.

Mr. Boggs and his charge disappeared together, and old Mack closed the school gates after them.

"Blessed if I ain't sorry to see him go!" remarked Tubby Muffin reflectively.

"He jawed me, but it was much better than lessons this afternoon. I say, Froggy's cleared off! We haven't a French master now. Fancy that!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. went up to the end study to tea in a thoughtful mood.

"I fancy," remarked Jimmy Silver, "that the Head won't engage another master in a hurry. I fancy he's had enough of that!" "I should jolly well think so!" grinned

Lovell. "That means that we shall be left to the tender mercies of the prefects." "We'll soon make them tired of us!"

grinned Raby. "What-ho!" Jimmy Silver nodded.

"There's been enough of this game!" he declared. "The Head's in the wrong,

and he ought to make it up with the masters. They ought to come back. Everybody's fed up with the new lot. They know they've bagged other men's jobs, and they ought not to stay. I think we ought to set to work to make them tired of Rookwood." "School without masters again!"

chuckled Lovell. "No-school with the old masters again!" said Jimmy. "Bootles and the rest! We'll call a meeting of all the Lower School-and the Fifth, too, if they'll come—and make up a plan of cam-paign. I believe the Head would be glad to get out of this scrape if he could. Well, we'll help him."

"Hear, hear!" said the Co. heartily. And that evening there was much discussion among the juniors of Rookwood, and many mysterious whisperings-of which the result was shortly to be seen.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

THE MASTER WITH A PAST!

By OWEN CONQUEST. DON'T MISS IT!



HERE WE GO ROUND THE-HEAD!

"One word more, sir," said Mr. Whibbs. "In case you should be compelled to leave the Form-room, in order to take your medicine-strictly by doctor's orders-I recommend you to leave Silver in charge.

Silver is a very good boy."
"Yes, yes." "His knowledge of geology, sir, is quite astounding," said Mr. Whibbs. "His metallurgical acquirements are also very great."

"Yes, yes. Please go." "I am going, sir," said Mr. Whibbs, clinging to the doorpost. "I am simply waiting a moment for the floor to steady itself. There is a very unusual commotion, sir, proceeding in the passage, and the floor appears to be decidedly wobbly. The foundations, I think, are unsafe. However, I will risk it."

Mr. Whibbs risked it, and disappeared at last.

The 6th Chapter. Exit Mr. Whibbs!

Dr. Chisholm mopped his brow, while the Fourth Form sat silent. It was some minutes before the head-

master recovered himself. His glance swept over the Form, and the juniors were very careful to keep

their faces serious. "Boys," said the Head at last, "a most scandalous scene has taken place in this Form-room, I have been deceived in that man. Doubtless he deceived the agents who recommended him to me. I am sorry that you should have witnessed such a scene. Needless to say, the man will be removed from Rookwood at

Jimmy Silver stood up. "May I speak, sir?" he asked.

"You may speak, Silver." "Might I-ahem-suggest, sir-ahemthat our Form-master, Mr. Bootles, should be allowed to return to Rook-

Jimmy Silver had been wondering sir, that no minion of the law shall whether it was a favourable opportunity

I shall show fight, sir!" thundered Mr. | He soon learned that it was not.

"Is this the Fourth Form-room?" he | you, sir! I will alter the shape of your "No, sir," said Townsend; "this is the

Sixth. "Bless my soul! I am looking for the Fourth Form-room, but owing to the uncertain state of the floor, I appear to have wandered into the wrong quarter," said Mr. Whibbs. "Perhaps you can direct me to the Fourth Form-room."

Townsend jumped up, grinning. "Certainly, sir," he answered. "Come

from the Form-room. What the dickens is Towny up to?" muttered Topham. The juniors waited. Townsend came

He took Mr. Whibbs' arm, and led him

back in about five minutes, chuckling. "What have you done with him?" asked Jimmy Silver gruffly. "I've taken him to his study," grinned

Towny. "Bootles' old study, you know. He went like a lamb." "He won't stay there," said Lovell.
"I think he will. I put the key in the

outside of the door, and locked it." "Oh, my hat!" "We've had enough of him here," said Townsend. "The beast might start on

us next." "Hark!"

There was a sound of loud hammering from the distance. "He's found out he's locked in," said Townsend coolly. "I shouldn't wonder if he wrecks Bootles' study."

Crash! Bang! Crash! The juniors left their places, and crowded to the doorway. From the direction of the Formmaster's study came incessant crashing.

Mr. Whibbs, locked in the study, was hammering on the door, apparently with Bulkeley of the Sixth was on his way to the Fourth Form-room, by order of the Head, but he stopped as he heard the uproar, and changed his direction for

the Form-master's study.

Bang! Bang! Crash!

The prefect tapped on the door. "What's the matter?" he called out. features."

"Bless my soul!" Bang! Crash!

before.

Dr. Chisholm hurried to the door in the hope of seeing Police-constable Boggs, of Coombe, approaching. But there was no sign of Mr. Boggs so

Like Sister Anne, the Head waited and watched, in a state of anxiety and distress such as he had never experienced

fat figure in blue was seen approaching. Police-constable Boggs came up the steps, and saluted the Head respectfully, but with a very queer expression on his fat face. The Head's appeal for succour, on the

The crashing continued in the study. At last, to the Head's intense relief, a

telephone, had caused quite a flutter in the village police-station. Certainly Mr. Boggs, in his wildest dreams, had never expected to be summoned to Rookwood School to take charge

of a master in a state of intoxication. "Thank goodness you have come, Mr. Boggs!" exclaimed the Head. "There is a—a—a person here——"

"'Orrid conduck, sir, for a schoolmaster!" said Mr. Boggs sympathetically.
"I'm s'prised; sir! But you never knows
'em! Is it Mr. Greely, sir?"

"No, no, no!" "Mr. Bootles, p'r'aps, sir?" "No, no!" exclaimed the Head. "A new master—he arrived only to-day. have been deceived regarding him-not really a Rookwood master at all, Mr. Boggs-simply a-a-a person who succeeded in concealing his antecedents-a

Crash! "Is that 'im. sir?" "Yes, yes! Pray come with me!" "Is he wiolent, sir?"
"I—I fear so, Mr. Boggs. This way!"
The Head led the way, Mr. Boggs fol-

most ruffianly person-"

lowing rather slowly. The fat officer was not, perhaps, anxious to tackle a violent gentleman armed with



UNDER ARREST!

A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. The Track in the Snow.

"Cherub's not here!" "Late for once!" said Frank Richards,

with a smile. It was a sharp, clear morning, and there was a light powdering of snow on the trails, glistening frost on the firs and

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their way to school at Cedar Creek, rode up to the fork in the trail where they were accustomed to meet their chum, Vere Beauclerc.

As a rule, Beaucierc was there first, ready to meet his chums, but on this particular morning he was not to be

The schoolboys drew rein at the fork, and looked along the branch trail in the direction from which the Cherub would

But Beauclerc was not in sight. From the fork they could see a third of the distance to the lonely shack where Beauclere dwelt with his father, the re-

mittance-man, but the trail was clear.

"Late, by gum!" said Bob Lawless. "I
wonder what's keeping him? He can't be
seedy; he was all right yesterday. Better
trot along and meet him, Franky."

Frank Richards nodded.

The cousins turned their horses into the Cedar Camp trail and rode towards the Beaucleres' shack.

They fully expected to meet Beauclerc on the way, but to their surprise no rider came in sight, and they came in view of the shack at last.

The little structure of logs and lumber stood near the creek, and the clearing round it was powdered with snow.

The door of the shack stood open on its leather hinges, and the glow of a fire came from within.

"There's the Cherub!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, pointing with his riding-whip. "And Mr. Beauclerc!" said Frank in wonder. "What the dickens are they up

At a distance from the shack the remittance-man and his son could be seen, bending low, and apparently examining

the snow on the ground.

They looked as if they were searching for a trail.

Bob Lawless put his hands to his mouth and shouted.

"Hallo, Cherub! Hallo!" Vere Beauclere sprang up at once, and waved his hand to his chums.

His father glanced up for a moment, and then continued his examination of "Come on!" said Bob.

Frank Richards and his cousin trotted across the clearing towards the father

"What's the row, Cherub?" asked Bob as he came up. "Looking for beartracks?"

Beauclerc shook his head. "Man-tracks," he answered.

"Somebody been nosing about the shack in the night?" asked Bob.

"That's it." Bob Lawless whistled.

"That's queer," he said. "So queer that we're looking into it." said Beauclerc. "I found the tracks when I came out for my horse to start for school. Somebody has been about the place during the night, and left tracks, but the snow's not thick enough to show much."

"What on earth could he want, whoever he was?" asked Frank Richards in

astonishment. "That's what we want to find out. The horses are safe, and there's nothing else here to steal. I can't understand

"You'll be late for school, Vere," said Mr. Beauclerc, looking up. "You'd better get off with your friends. There's nothing more to be found out here."

Beauclerc hesitated. "Someone was here last night, father," he said. "It can't have been a friend, and it must have been an enemy. You'll be careful to-day, father. - You-you haven't forgotten what Poker Pete

"I shall be careful, Vere. But I don't think there is any danger. I fancy it was some horse-thief, and he found the shed padlocked, and gave it up," said the remittance-man. "Poker Pete cleared out of this section, you know."

"I thought so, father, but-" "He has not been seen in the valley,

"But I don't believe now that he's gone, father," said Beauclerc earnestly. "You know the Flour-Bag Gang were rounded up yesterday, but their leader escaped, after shooting down the sheriff of Thompson. I believe it was Poker Pete. I am sure it was!"

"Jolly likely, I think!" said Frank

Richards. Mr. Beauclerc's face clouded. The mention of the gang of Toad.

agents, who had haunted the Thompson | Valley for several weeks past, brought

Valley for several weeks past, brought bitter memories to his mind.

"If Poker Pete was the man who shot down the sheriff, Vere, he is not likely to linger here," he said. "Mr. Henderson is lying between life and death, and if the man who wounded him was found he would most likely be lynched. If it was Poker Pete, I fancy he is a good many miles away by this time."

"He is, if he's got any hoss-sense," remarked Bob Lawless. "But I say, Cherub, we're late already, and Miss Meadows will be getting annoyed."

"Go at once, my boy!" said Mr. Beauclerc. "You need not fear for me. I shall be indoors, too. There is no work

shall be indoors, too. There is no work to be done in the fields this weather.' And Vere Beauclerc fetched his horse and rode away with his chums, but his brow was clouded with thought.

The three schoolboys rode at a good pace, to make up for lost time, and they did not speak till they were nearing Cedar Creek School.

"All serene," said Bob. "We sha'n't be late after all, and we shall hear the bell from here.

from here. No need to break our necks over it. Cherub, old scout, you're looking doleful."

Beauclerc smiled faintly.

"I'm a bit worried over what happened last night," he said. "Of course, it may have been only a horse-thief, looking for a chance. But I don't feel easy in my mind. I'm certain that the leader of the Flour-Bag Gang, the man who escaped, is Poker Pete; and you know he tried to shoot my father from the timber."

"But he must be miles away, most likely over the border in the States!" said Frank Richards. "Yes, I suppose so. After all, my

father's on his guard now." The three chums arrived at the school as the bell began to ring for morning

They put up their horses, and joined the crowd of Cedar Creek fellows heading for the lumber schoolhouse.

Frank called to Chunky Todgers before they went in.

"Any news from Thompson, Chunky?" "Only the sheriff's in a bad way," said Chunky. "Dr. Jones was looking jolly serious about it. They're talking about lynching the road-agent, if he's caught."
"But he's not been caught?" asked

Bob.
"Nope. But—" Chunky Todgers stopped

abruptly. "But what?" asked Frank.

"Nothing!" answered Chunky evasively. Chunky's fat face reddened, and he hurried into the schoolhouse, without saying anything further. Frank Richards & Co. looked after him

in surprise. Chunky Todgers was generally willing to talk, and he prided himself on knowing the latest news, but just now he seemed embarrassed, and desirous of

avoiding questions. "What's the matter with Chunky?" asked Bob Lawless in wonder. "He any news, I don't see why he can't tell

"Let's ask Lawrence," said Frank. Tom Lawrence and his sister Molly were coming in, and the Co. turned to them.

Chunky Todgers' mysterious manner had rather surprised them, and especially the peculiar look he had given Beau-

clerc. "What's the news, Lawrence?" asked Frank. "Is there anything going on in Thompson?"

Lawrence coloured, and Molly looked

"Only a lot of silly chinwag," said Lawrence hesitatingly. "I don't believe

a word of it."

"It is all wicked nonsense!" said Molly.

"But what is it, then?" exclaimed

"Oh, nothing; only rot!"
Lawrence hurried into the school-house, and Molly followed him, evidently to avoid further questioning. Harold Hopkins came along, and

clapped Beauclerc on the shoulder.

"Don't you worrit!" said the Cockney schoolboy. "It's all balderdash, that's wot it is, and I ain't believing a word

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished Beauclerc. But Hopkins went in without any further explanation.

The bell had ceased to ring, and Frank Richards & Co. had to go into the school-

room. They went in in a state of astonishment and wonder.

Something, evidently, was the talk of Thompson, and the fellows who came from that quarter knew what it was, but had an evident objection to telling

the chums what they knew.

It was no wonder that Frank Richards & Co. were mystelled.

The 2nd Chapter. A Strange Mystery!

Miss Meadows' eye lingered for a moment on Vere Beauclerc, as he took his place in the class with his chums. It was only for a moment, but the Canadian schoolmistress's glance was

very kindly, almost tender. Frank Richards noticed it, and he knew at once that the schoolmistress was aware of the secret whatever it was.

Whatever it was, it concerned Beau-clerc, that was clear. Hopkins' words were a proof of that.

And if further proof was needed, it was soon forthcoming. Vere Beauclerc was the object of un-

usual attention in class that morning. Every few minutes a glance would be turned on him.

Both Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd glanced round at the boy once or twice, and the members of their classes did so a good many times.

Beauclerc could not fail to observe that he was the centre of attraction in the school-room, so to speak, and it made him uneasy and a little angry. He could think of no explanation of it.

doesn't want to wag his chin. If there's The attention he received was far of kindness.

from hostile. Most of the glances turned on him were kind and friendly and sympathetic.

But why should he be an object of sympathy? That was a perplexing

His sense of uneasiness deepened as the morning wore on.

He was thinking, too, of the mysterious footprints near the shack.

In the circumstances, his attention to lessons was a little random; but Miss Meadows found no fault with him that

The schoolmistress was unfailingly gentle and kind.

The three chums were anxious for lessons to end, so that they could discover what it all meant. They were determined to have an explanation from somebody.

Lessons seemed interminably long to them that morning.

At last the hour of dismissal came, and the Cedar Creek crowd poured out into the playground.

Frank Richards collared Chunky Todgers at once, in spite of the desire

that fat youth evinced to escape.

"Now, Chunky——" began Frank.

"I—I say, I—I've got to go out," stammered Todgers. "I'm going to see a—a Hillcrest chap."

"You're not," said Frank. "Tell us what it all means."

what it all means."

"Eh?" said Chunky vaguely. "I say, leggo my shoulder, you know."

"Not till you've explained," said Frank

"I-I say, weren't the Flour-Bag Gang dished yesterday?" said Chunky Todgers. "You know, they made up gold sacks with nothing in them but quartz powder."

"I know that."

"One of them got away, with four of the buckskin bags—the leader, so the Thompson folk say. Fancy his face when he opens the buckskin bags, and finds only old quartz in them!" grinned Chunky. "Keep to the point, you duffer! What's going on in Thompson?" exclaimed Bob

"The sheriff's pretty bad. Bullet in the chest."

"We know that. What else?" "Oh, same as usual," said Chunky. "Gunten's store was open when I came through this morning."

"Bother Gunten's store! Is there any "News!" said Chunky Todgers reflec-tively. "Oh, no! Nope! Not that I know

of. I say, Franky, do let go my shoulder." "Will you tell us, or not?" demanded

Vere Beauclere angrily. "No, I won't!" said Todgers, driven into the open at last. "You wouldn't like it if I did."

"Why shouldn't I like it, you duffer?" "Oh, I-I don't know! I say, do you think the creek will freeze this afterneon, Franky?

"The creek!" repeated Frank.
"Yes. If it does we can get some more skating. What about going along to Hillcrest on the ice, and having a row with Dicky Bird and his crowd?"

Frank released the fat schoolboy in disgust. It was pretty clear that no information

was to be got out of Chunky Todgers. The three chums looked for it in other directions.

But, to their amazement and exasperation, every fellow they questioned was as non-committal as Chunky.

The fellows who came from Thompson evidently knew all about it, and pretty clearly had told the others.

But they did not want to tell Frank Richards & Co., and they did not tell It was clear, too, that it was Beauclerc

whom they wanted to leave out of the secret, not his chums, and that their motive was friendly. It was so perplexing that the chums

did not know what to think, but a sense of deep uneasiness was growing in their Whatever it was that was going on in

the frontier town, concerned Beauclerc, and the fellows, in refusing to reveal what it was, were actuated by motives

That much was clear, but it only made the whole affair more perplexing.

Even from Molly Lawrence nothing could be extracted.

The girl was so obviously distressed when questioned that the Co. did not persist, and they gave it up.

Vere Beauclerc walked away to the corral, his brow knitted, and his chums

followed him. "There's something up," said Beauclerc abruptly. "It looks like something serious. I'm going to ride over to Thompson. I shall have to miss dinner. That can't be helped."

"We'll come with you," said Frank.

"I'll bag a corn cake from Black Sally, and we can munch it as we go along," said Bob Lawless. "Bother dinner!"

And in five minutes the chums led out their horses, and started on the Thompson trail, eating the substantial corn

cake as they rode.

As they came in sight of the town, three schoolboys came into view on the trail-Dicky Bird and Fisher and Blumpy, of Hillerest.

The three exchanged glances at the sight of the Cedar Creek fellows, and Dicky Bird ran out into the middle of the trail, and held up his hand as a signal to halt.

Frank Richards & Co. drew rein.

"No larks now, Bird," said Frank.
"We're in a hurry."
"You're going to Thompson?" asked
Dicky Bird, his eyes lingering on Vere
Beauclerc's handsome, set face.

"I—I say, I guess I wouldn't," said Dicky. "I'll tell you what. Come along to Hillcrest, you fellows, and have a look at my new sleigh. It's a regular beauty, I can tell you"

"Well, my hat!" said Frank. Dicky Bird's object was so palpable that the chums of Cedar Creek could

only stare at him. Dicky plainly wanted to prevent them from going to Thompson, and certainly

from a friendly motive. "We'll see your blessed sleigh another time, Dick," said Bob Lawless. "Blessed if I don't think everybody in the valley is going off his roof! What's going on

in Thompson?"

"I say, I want you to help me try my sleigh," said Dicky Bird persuasively.

"Yes, do come," said Fisher. "Anyway, you come, Beauclerc. No rows to-day, you know. We'd really like you to

"Jolly glad if you would!" said Blumpy heartily. "We'll get you some dinner at Hillcrest, too.' "Thank you!" said Beauclere. "But I'm

going to Thompson.' And he rode on, his chums following. Beauclere's face was pale now. There was bad news for him to hear in

Thompson. He knew that now.

Even his old rivals of Hillcrest School had tried to keep him away from the town, and plainly for his own sake. What did it all mean? Personally, there was nothing going on in Thompson that could concern him. It

must be something in connection with his What danger, then, could be threaten-

ing the remittance-man? For that was the only explanation Beauclerc could think of. There was a pang in his heart as he

rode on at a gallop. The three schoolboys rode into Main Street at last.

The street was crowded, and there was a buzz of incessant voices. Outside Gunten's store the crowd was

As the schoolboys were seen there was a sudden shout: "That's his son!"

And men with excited, angry faces surged round the chums of Cedar Creek as they drew in their horses.

The 3rd Chapter. Black News!

The three riders drew close together, the horses tossing up their heads, startled, as the crowd surged round. The reception was a surprising one. "That's his son!"

"That's Old Man Beauclerc's boy!" Vere Beauclere's face was pale and set, but his eyes glinted. He needed no further proof that the ex-

citement in Thompson that morning was in connection with his father. What did it mean? What terrible peril was impending over the remittance-man?

"Here! Stand clear, you galoots!" ex-claimed Bob Lawless sharply. "Do you want to be trampled on? Stand clear!"
"You shut your yap-trap, young Lawless!" bawled a big, broad-shouldered rough, whom the chums recognised as Four Kings, the "king-pin" of the Red Dog crowd. "This hyer ain't your funeral! I guess you know what Old Man Beauclere has done!"

"My father has done nothing!" said Vere Beauclerc, in a clear voice. "And you, least of all, have any right to call him to account, you ruffian!" "What?" roared Four Kings.

He made a grasp at the remittance-man's son, as if to drag him from the

Frank Richards pushed his horse between, and Four Kings was shouldered roughly back, and nearly fell. Mr. Gunten, the fat storekeeper, called

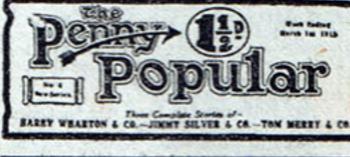
out from his doorway: "Hands off the boy! He's not responsible! Let the boy alone!"

"Look hyer-" yelled Four Kings furiously. "Keep your hands off the boy, my man!" It was Mr. Penrose, the newspaper man, who spoke, as he pushed through the rough crowd. "The boy's done nothing! He can't help what his father's done!"
"I guess he's had his share in what the

old man brought home off the trail!" shouted Euchre Dick.
"Nonsense! Men of Thompson," exclaimed Mr. Penrose, "you will not see

a schoolboy ill-used!

GREAT BARRING-OUT AT ROOKWOOD I









NEXT

FRIDAY

ORDER YOUR COPY AT ONCE! The crowd surged back.

Most of them were miners from the claims along the creek, or cattlemen from the ranches-a rough crowd, but decent men in the main.

Four Kings and his worthy confreres of the Red Dog were in a very small minority.

"Let the boy alone!" came a dozen voices. "It's not his fault!" Beauclerc, white to the lips, called to Mr. Penrose as the latter was stepping back towards the store.

"Mr. Penrose, what has happened?" The newspaper man gave him a glance

of pity.
"You shouldn't be here, Beauclerc," he said, in a low voice. "The people are excited—the sheriff's life is in danger. Get out of the town as fast as you can. But -but don't go home!"

"Why not go home?" "Better not. Take him home with you, young Lawless; that's best-or go back to school, and keep there."

"But what's happened, Mr. Penrose?" exclaimed Frank Richards. "You know the sheriff was shot down

yesterday by the road-agent who got away-

"Yes, yes! But what—"
"The man's name is known—at least, it's believed so," said Mr. Peurose. Beauclerc pressed his hand to his heart

for a moment. For one terrible instant it seemed that the chill of death itself was there.

"Not-not-" he panted. "Mr. Pen-rose, do they think-are they mad enough, fools enough, to think that it was my father?"

Mr. Penrose nodded without speaking. Beauclere reeled in his saddle, and Frank Richards' arm caught him.

The remittance-man's son was almost overcome with horror.

This, then, was the news. This was what all Cedar Creek knew, and would not tell him-what the Hillcrest fellows knew, and had tried to prevent him from learning-that his father's name was bandied about in the town as that of a robber and an attempted murderer!

That was the secret!

Beauciere drew a sobbing breath. "My father!" he whispered. "Oh, it's all lies-all lies! As if my father-" He broke off, and pulled himself together. "Mr. Penrose! Answer me! Who says that it was my father --- "

"Everybody seems to be saying so," answered Mr. Penrose. "But someone must have started it!"

exclaimed Bob Lawless. "Is all this row simply on a rumour? Isn't there any evidence?"

"Yes."
"And what's the evidence?"

"He was seen-at least, it's said he was seen," answered Mr. Penrose reluctantly. "There's a man in town who says he saw him last night-last evening, ratherdon't say it's true, my boy-but Keno Kit swears to it-

"Keno Kit-a drunken rufflan-one of the Red Dog crowd!" exclaimed Beau-

"That's so. But he says he saw Mr. Beauclere taking off the flour-bag in the timber. You know the road-agents wore flour-bags over their faces for disguise."

"It is false! He never saw it!"
"He says so, and he's believed. I—I'm afraid there's a lot of prejudice in the matter, too," said Mr. Penrose. "Your father—" He paused. "But you needn't fear, my boy. He will have a fair trial."

"A—a trial?"

"Yes. I understand that the deputysheriff is going to see him, and-and-Mr. Penrose broke off again.

Beauclerc set his lips. "Is my father to be arrested?" he

"He is to be questioned, and Mr. Oakes will take him into custody if he thinks fit. You'd better keep off the scene, my

Beauclere's lip curled disdainfully. "My place is with my father!" he answered. There was a shout in the crowded

street: "They're starting!"

The clatter of hoofs sounded down the Mr. Oakes, the deputy-sheriff of Thomp-

son, was riding out to the trail with three of the sheriff's men, and all of them carried rifles.

"They're going to the shack?" asked Bob Lawless breathlessly.

Mr. Penrose nodded. A crowd followed the deputy-sheriff and his men-a couple of dozen riders, and a

larger crowd on foot. It was pretty certain that the search at the shack for evidence of Mr. Beauclerc's

guilt would be thorough. Vere Beauclere glanced at his comrades. "I'm going home," he said. "You fellows had better get back. Tell Miss Meadows I can't come back to school." "We're coming with you, fathead!" an-

swered Frank Richards.
"You'd better not. If there's trouble shall stand by my father, and-and

"Come on!" was Bob Lawless' answer. Beauclerc said no more.

The three schoolboys rode after the sheriff's posse, and joined the crowd pour-

ing out on the trail. A good many glances were cast at Beauclere, the son of the suspected man,

but no one offered to interfere with him. In sombre silence the three chums rode, and they were close behind Mr. Oakes and his party, when they arrived at the shack by the creek.

The 4th Chapter. The Search at the Shack!

Mr. Oakes dismounted from his horse outside the shack.

The crowd that had followed from Thompson kept back a little, leaving the proceedings in the hands of the deputysheriff and his men.

John Oakes was a short, thick-set man, with a square jaw, and a very determined I

look, not at all the kind of man to allow the "bull-dozers" of Thompson to interfere between him and his duty.

He was a farmer in the Thompson dis-trict, and he had been called away from his land to take on the sheriff's duties, now that Mr. Henderson lay helpless on a sick-bed.

He was looking very grim, and perhaps a little morose; but Beauclerc and his chums were glad that he was there. There was no danger of lawless proceed-

ings where John Oakes was present. The clatter of many hoofs on the hard trail had doubtless reached the ears of the remittance-man in the shack, for the door opened, and Lascelles Beauclere looked out as the deputy-sheriff dismounted.

Mr. Beauclerc raised his eyebrows at the sight of the crowd from Thompson. There was a deep murmur at the sight of him.

"Keep back there!" called out John Oakes, as two or three of the Thompson men pressed forward.

And his order was obeyed.

But Vere Beauclerc rode on, with his chums, to the doorway of the shack.

Vere's place was with his father then. Mr. Oakes gave him a glance, but took no further notice of the schoolboys. He returned the remittance-man's salutation grimly.

"Anything wanted?" asked Mr. Beauclere.

"I guess so," answered Oakes laconically. "You're wanted to answer a question, Mr. Beauclerc. Have you had anything to do with the Flour-Bag Gang?"

Mr. Beanclere started. "I-I don't understand," he faltered.

"I guess I'll put it plain. You're not charged yet, and I'm speaking to you as a neighbour, so far. Yesterday three men in flour-bag masks stopped the post-waggon on the prairie trail. Two I

Poker Pete is at the back of it, I suppose. This is his vengeance. But there is no danger, my boy. I am innocent, and there is law and order in Canada, even in the Thompson Valley. If the rascals have counted upon raising a cry of Judge Lynch, they will be disappointed."

That must mave been the intention, said Vere Beauclere. "Keno Kit's evidence is not good enough for a court of law." "But it will fail, my boy. You need

have no fear for me."
Oakes and his men came out of the

The little building had been searched thoroughly, and it did not take very long. No evidence had been found, so far, to connect the remittance-man with the Flour-Bag Gang, and, as he had had no warning, there was a good chance of finding evidence there, if it existed.

The shed where the horses were stabled was next searched.

It was drawn blank.

The remittance-man's horse did not resemble the steed upon which the leader of the Flour-Bag Gang had been mounted, but that steed, doubtless, had been disguised with paint.

But no trace of paint was found upon the horse, and no paint was discovered about the building.

Frank Richards & Co. hoped that the affair was at an end, but Oakes and his men were not done yet.
"Is there a ladder here?" Oakes called

out to Mr. Beauclerc. "Yes; you'll find one behind the shed."

Oakes went round the shed, and returned with a rough ladder. He set it against the shack, and mounted to the roof.

Frank Richards & Co., and the Thomp-son crowd, watched him breathlessly. "What on earth does he expect to find there?" muttered Frank.

Bob's lips tightened a little. "You remember the road-agent got off !

to start, and there was a buzz in the crowd below, as he took out his knife, and began to hack at the thatch. It was clear that he had found some-

thing. Frank Richards and Bob exchanged startled glances, and Beauclerc's face

paled. The unhappy boy felt a contraction at

his heart. What was it the deputy-sheriff had

found? He caught his father's sleeve and looked into his face. But there was only surprise in Mr. Beauclerc's face as he watched

Oakes at work. Certainly there was no trace of guilt or

of fear. Mr. Oakes raised his head and looked down. There was a hush as he called out to his men below:

"Seize that man!" And the grasp of the sheriff's men closed upon the arms of Lascelles Beauclere!

The 5th Chapter.

Under Arrest ! Dead silence reigned as Mr. Oakes came down the ladder from the roof of the

shack. He carried a package in his hand, and as he came closer it was seen that it was

a folded flour-bag of rough texture. Lascelles Beauclere looked at it, and, in spite of himself, his bronzed face paled. Quietly the deputy-sheriff opened out the package, and the flour-bag was held

up to view.

There were three holes cut in one side of it, evidently for the mouth and eyes when it was used as a mask.

And that was not all. Four small buckskin bags had been wrapped up in the flour-bag. Frank Richards had seen them before.

They were four of the little bags stolen from the post-waggon, which the road-

"Yes," answered the remittance-man, in a low but clear voice. "I never placed those things in my roof. I've never seen them before."

"Anything else?" asked Oakes, with a shrug of his massive shoulders. It was clear enough that he did not believe a word of that statement.

"Yes. This morning there were tracks in the snow round the shack, which showed that someone had been prowling here last night while I slept. I thought it was perhaps a horse-thief. I know better now. Whoever it was that left those tracks hid those bags in my roof. It was easy enough for him to get the ladder."

"Any proof of the tracks in the snow?" "My son found them first."

The deputy-sheriff shrugged his shoulders again. "Your son's evidence don't weigh much in this affair, I reckon," he answered. "It may have to be proved that he was not

hand-in-glove with you."

"We can prove that much, Mr, Oakes!" exclaimed Frank Richards eagerly. "We came up while they were examining the tracks."

"I guess we're witnesses of that!" said Bob.

The deputy-sheriff gave them a glance. "That's as it may be," he said. "I guess it don't prove much, either way. I guess I don't see any reason why the road-agent should hide his plunder in your roof, Mr.

Beauclere, if you're not the man."
"It was hidden there to bring this suspicion on me," answered the remittance-man steadily. "I knew nothing of it. I have heard of the trick that was played on the road-agents-the bags contain only powdered quartz. It cost the rascal nothing to leave them here after finding that out. I believe I can tell you the man's name, too."

"And the name?" "Poker Pete-the man who attempted my life because I guessed him to be the leader of the Flour-Bag Gang and warned bim to clear out of this section," said Mr. Beauclere. "I reported it to the sheriff at the time."

"Poker Pete hasn't been seen in this section for weeks."

"I know it. I believed he was gone; but I think now that he was only lying low," said the remittance-man bitterly.
"That's all you have to say?"
"That is all."

"You'll have a fair trial," said the deputy-sheriff. "Mr. Henderson's lying in Thompson with a bullet-wound in his chest, and he may not recover. If he doesn't it's a rope for the man who pulled trigger on him. I don't say you're the man. But it looks like it, and it's my duty to take you into custody to stand The remittance-man bowed his head.

"I know that," he said. "I am ready." "Secure him!" said John Oakes curtly. Mr. Beauclerc's eyes glinted as his wrists were drawn together and a rope passed round them.

For a moment he appeared to think of resistance; but he thought better of it, and submitted quietly.

Resistance was hopeless, and the deputy-sheriff, too, was only executing his bounden duty. "Oh, father!" muttered Vere Beau-clerc, with a haggard face.

The remittance-man smiled at him. "Courage, my boy! I am innocent, and shall have a fair trial. You need not fear for me."

"Bring out his horse!" said John Cakes. Lascelles Beauclere was placed upon his horse, and the sheriff's men gathered round him.

Some of the rougher spirits of the Thompson crowd surged forward again. Four Kings flourished a coiled trail-rope.

"Lynch him!" he shouted. "This hyer is a case for Judge Lynch! Gentlemen and galoots, hyer's a rope, and hyer's a tree handy-" Crash!

Deputy-Sheriff Oakes made a stride towards the shouting ruffian, and struck him fair and square on his stubbly jaw. Four Kings rolled over as if he had been struck by a bullet.

Without another glance at him, Oakes threw himself upon his horse, and rode away with the sheriff's posse, the prisoner in their midst. Frank Richards & Co. rode after them.

Four Kings staggered to his feet, dragging at the revolver in his belt, his brutal face red with rage.

His friends gathered round him, how-ever, and held him back. The ruffian would have fared ill if he had made an attack upon the deputy-

sheriff. Without even turning his head, as if forgetful of the bull-dozer's" existence.

John Oakes rode on with his men towards Thompson. "Mr. Oakes!" Vere Beauclere rode

close by the deputy-sheriff. "May I go with my father?" Oakes glanced at him.

"Your father's going into the calabooze!" he answered curtly.

"I know-I know! Can I go-" "No!" Beauclere looked at his father.

Surrounded by the sheriff's men, Las-celles Beauclerc could not speak to his son, but he gave him a smile of encouragement.

The unhappy boy dropped behind the cavalcade with his chums. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless could

utter no word of comfort, though their hearts ached for their chum. In grim, sad silence they rode after the sheriff's posse into the streets of Thomp-

son, where the door of the log calabooze closed upon the remittance-man and shut him from the haggard eyes of his son.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"LYNCH LAW!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!



THE TRACK IN THE SNOW!

"I've seen him at the Red Dog," said

"I'm aware of that. But--' "Keno Kit, of Thompson-You

the remittance-man, his face flushing. What of him?" "He states that last evening, in the timber near here, he saw you taking a flour-bag mask off under the trees, on a

steaming horse, as if you'd come from a

hard ride." "It is false!"

Mr. Oakes nodded. "Like as not," he said. "Keno Kit's word is about as good as that of a Digger Injun. But there it stands, and the Thompson folk are excited about it. I've come to look into the matter. I won't mince words with you, Mr. Beauclerc. Remittance-men are not in the best savour in this section, and I reckon it wants

looking into." "I'm ready to answer all your questions, Mr. Oakes. Does this mean that I am to be arrested?" asked the remittance-man

quietly. "Not at present. Keep where you are while we search the place," said Oakes. 'No objection to that?"

"None at all." "Very good." One of the sheriff's men was told off to keep watch on the remittance-man, and

Oakes, with the rest, proceeded to search the shack. Some of the Thompson men were rather keen to help in the search, but the deputy-sheriff sternly ordered them back.

The search went on very thoroughly. Vere Beauclerc had dismounted, and he approached his father, who gave him | shack. a reassuring smile. "Why are you not at the school, Vere?"

he asked. "I heard this in Thompson, father, so I came. Father, why has Keno Kit told | desired. this wicked lie about you?" asked Vere,

in a low voice. Mr. Beauclere's lip curled. "He was a pard of Poker Pete, and

were captured, one got away after shoot- with the buckskin bags, that he thought ing down the sheriff." had gold-dust in them," he said. "I guess that's what Mr. Oakes has got in his mind, Franky."

"But there was only quartz powder in the bags," said Frank. "The Flour-Bag rotter wouldn't keep them, when he knew what was in them.' "He might have hidden them away before opening them, perhaps. He had

no reason to suppose they contained anything but gold-dust.'

where."

"Yes, I suppose so." Bob knitted his brows. "Depend on it that's what's in Oakes' mind," he said; "and there's the flour-bag, too. If Mr. Beauclerc was the man, he would have that about the place some-

"The fools!" muttered Frank. "They ought to know he's not the man." Bob Lawless nodded without speaking. Frank glanced at his Canadian cousin,

startled a little, and Bob avoided his Frank Richards realised, with a chill, that suspicion had found root in Bob's mind, for the moment at least.

But Bob shook himself, as if to shake off the wretched thought. "It's impossible!" he muttered.
"Quite impossible." said Frank warmly.
"Dash it all. Bob; he's Vere's father!

He's done a lot of reckless things, I know but this-"You're right, Franky. I was a beast to let the thought come into my mind for a second," muttered Bob.

The chums moved away from their horses, to join Mr. Beauclere and his son, and they remained together while the deputy-sheriff climbed on the roof of the

The timber roof was thatched with turf and branches, and it would have been easy enough to make a hiding-place for a small packet there, if it had been

search of the roof, all eyes below being fixed upon him intently. Suddenly the man on the roof was seen

agents had believed to contain gold-dust. The buckskin bags were fastened, and it was not possible to tell whether they had been opened. The deputy-sheriff's look showed what his opinion was-that the gold-bags had

been hurriedly bidden, unopened, by the

robber, who had just escaped from a desperate chase, and who, in fear perhaps of further pursuit, had not yet ventured to take them from their hiding-place.

A deep, savage murmur came from the Thompson men as they looked at the deputy-sheriff's discovery.

Oakes fixed his eyes upon the troubled

face of the remittance-man. "You see that, Lascelles Beauclerc?" he said quietly. "I see it!"

"You saw me take it from where it was

hidden-in the roof of your shack? It

had been shoved in under the loose thatch." "He's the man!"

"He's the road-agent—the man who shot the sheriff!" There was a surge forward of the Thompson crowd. Lascelles Beauclere did not flinch. He stood facing the angry crowd quietly,

steadily. Vere Beauclere pushed closer to his father's side.

The discovery had chilled the boy's very heart, but his faith in his father did not He was ready to stand by the remit-tance-man to the death, if it came to that. But John Oakes waved back the crowd

angrily. "Stand back!" he rapped out. "Lynch him!" came in a roar from five or six throats.

Oakes picked up his rifle.

"Who says lynch him?" he said calmly, "Let him stand forward. He will have to walk over my rifle first." The deputysheriff's eyes glinted. "Stand back!"

And the crowd surged back again. Mr. Oakes was making a very careful Oakes turned to Lascelles Beauclerc. "Have you anything to say?" he asked abruptly.

BARKER, BOUNDER!

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

.. BY ..

HERBERT BRITTON.

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

son was accused of drinking whisky, and was sent to Coventry, and how Bob Travers was sentenced to the same punishment for standing by the convicted junior.

Jack Jackson saved Harris' life, and very soon afterwards the Fourth-Formers' attitude towards him underwent a change. Barker was indignant, and asked Jack-son to break bounds, and accompany him to the Plough and Harrow. Jack replied

by punching the bounder's nose.
The next day Jack Jackson received a letter containing the information that his father had been discharged from his

(Read on from here.)

Jack Jackson Amazes the Juniors. The junior footballers stared at Jack

Jackson in amazement. Jack had gone ghostly white.

The letter he had received lay on the ground; not one of the Fourth-Formers cared to pick it up.

Bob Travers moved to his chum's side. "Bad news, old son?" he asked softly. Jack Jackson looked round quickly, as though he was almost unaware of the

Fourth-Formers' presence. "I-I- Oh, yes; it is rather bad!" he said haltingly. "I-I-"

"Excuse me, young sir," said the man who had brought the note. "I'm sorry for what's in that there note, but if you'll give me an answer I'll see about opping it."

"There's no answer," said Jack Jack-

The man did not move.

"But I understood there was one," he said. "Your father, 'e-says to me-"Yes, I forgot," said Jack Jackson quickly. His mind was in a bewildered state, and he hardly seemed capable of collecting his thoughts. "Tell my father I'll meet him at the place he mentions.' "Werry good!"

A moment later the man had disappeared from the juniors' view. Not that the latter paid much atten-

tion to the bringer of the bad news; they were more attentive to the receiver. Jack Jackson looked as though he had received a severe blow-as, of course, he

had-and there was not one junior there who was not deeply sorry for him. They looked at Jack inquiringly, hoping that he would take them into his confidence, so that they could offer him their

assistance. "I-I'm jolly sorry, old son!" said Jimmy Wren sympathetically. "If I can help you in any way I should be

only too glad to do so." 'Same here!" said Lucas and Lane. "And here!" chimed in several others.

Jack Jackson smiled faintly and shook his head. "It's very kind of you fellows," he said quietly, "but-but I'm afraid there's

nothing you could do." "Sure?" asked Jimmy Wren. "Just think for a moment, and-

"It would be no good," said Jack Jackson hopelessly. "But-

"It's no good my keeping everything to myself," said Jack Jackson confidingly. "I might just as well tell you fellows. The long and short of it is that my father has been sacked from his firm!" 'Sacked?"

"Yes; and it's all my fault!" said Jack Jackson bitterly. "If only I'd--" Jack Jackson paused and hung his head.

The juniors gazed at him in perplexity. "What the dickens-" began Dicky Turner, who was as puzzled as the rest. "If only I'd done as the bounder wanted me to," muttered Jack Jackson, "this wouldn't have happened, and-and - Oh, dear! I've been a fool-a silly

fool!" "The-the bounder!" gasped Dicky Turner in bewilderment. "What has Barker got to do with-with-"



DEADLY DANGER!

"Oh, I'll tell you!" said Jack Jackson miserably. "I've been bound to secrecy all along, but now that the rotter has carried out his threat there is no need for me to keep quiet."

"What rotter do you mean?" asked

Dicky Turner.

"Barker?" "The bounder?"

"Yes!" said Jack Jackson, raising his voice. "It's all his fault that my father's lost his job! It's all his fault, too, that you fellows thought badly of

There came a whistle of amazement from the juniors.

"My hat!"

"Do you remember that time I had a fight with him?" asked Jack Jackson. "Rather!" responded Dicky Turner. "You gave him a jolly good hiding, and

"Yes; if he had licked me everything might have turned out differently," said Jack Jackson sadly. "As it was he was bitter to obtain his revenge on me."

"The cad!" "He found out that my father was employed by his guv'nor," explained Jack Jackson, "and he threatened to get my father the sack if I didn't do everything he ordered me to."

The juniors' breath was almost taken away at this statement.

"But-but how the dickens could he have done it?" asked Dicky Turner curiously. "Surely Barker senior isn't as bad as his precious son?"

"Apparently he is," said Jack Jackson. "Barker showed me a letter from his guy'nor, in which the old man promised to kick my father out of the firm if I upset the bounder."

"My hat!" "I had to obey the rotter, and-" "I'm hanged if I would have done!" said Dicky Turner with emphasis.

"It was either that or running the risk of getting my father the sack," said Jack Jackson glumly. "The guv'nor told me more than once that his crib was a jolly good one, and that he wouldn't lose it for anything. I couldn't bear the idea of being the cause of getting him sacked, so I—I——"
"So you did everything the bounder

told you to?"

"I had to!" Jack Jackson's eyes blazed with anger as he thought of all that he had to put up with from the bounder of the Fourth. "I know you fellows thought me to be a rotten pubhaunter-

"Ahem!"

The juniors shifted uncomfortably on their feet; they did not like being reminded of this fact.

"It's all right," said Jackson, as several of the fellows coloured from shame. "I don't blame you now. If I had been in your position I should probably have thought the same as you did. But perhaps you'll believe me now when I tell you that I didn't go to the Plough and Harrow of my own free will."

"The bounder made you go?" "Yes!" said Jack Jackson hotly. "I begged of him to let me off, but the beast wouldn't do it! He simply revelled in making me act like a black-

"The cad!" exclaimed Dicky Turner. "The utter rotter!" cried the others

'Every time I went to that disreputable inn it was Barker who forced me to go," went on Jackson. "That bottle of whisky that was brought to me here was ordered by the bounder!"

"By gum!" exclaimed Dicky Turner indignantly. "The unscrupulous cad! He ought to be horsewhipped! He-"

"You chaps can imagine how I felt," interrupted Jack Jackson, "when you all accused me of being a whisky-drinking pub-haunter. I knew I was innocent, but I couldn't say a word in my own defence. The bounder's threat was always over my head, and-

"My hat!" exclaimed Jimmy Wren. "I wonder how you stood it!"

"I stuck it until you fellows came round," said Jack Jackson. "Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt that, having regained your friendship, I couldn't run the risk of lesing it again.

other night, and go with him to the Plough and Harrow."

"And you refused?"
"Yes," said Jack Jackson, "I refused, and Barker, rotter that he is, must have written to his guv'nor at once, and got my father the sack. That note I just received came from my father. He's come down to Mervale, and he wants me to meet him near the old quarries between half-past two and three."

Jack Jackson reached down, and picked up the letter he had received from his father.

The juniors watched him with angry

Their anger, however, was not directed towards Jack Jackson, but towards Barker, the fellow who had so cunningly contrived-and, apparently, succeededin bringing disgrace on the heads of Jack Jackson and his father.

"I'm afraid I shall have to miss footerpractice," said Jack Jackson regretfully. 'I mustn't keep my father waiting, and

"You're not the only one who's going to miss footer!" said Dicky Turner resolutely. "I'm going to hunt out that rotter Barker, and give him the soundest thrashing of his life!" "Good idea!" agreed Jimmy Wren. "What's more, I'll lend you a hand!"

"And I!" chorused several other Fourth-

"Good!" said Dick Turner. "Come on! I don't suppose the rotter's gone out just yet. We'll just be in time to nab him!" But Dicky Turner was wrong there.

Barker had left the precincts of the school by scaling the side wall.

The bounder had had a special desire not to be detained that afternoon, and, fearing that the juniors might stop him were he to try and pass through the gates, he had adopted an unorthodox method of leaving the school.

Dicky Turner and others hunted high and low for the bounder, without

They were deeply annoyed at not finding the cad, but when they at length gave up the search as being hopeless, they were resolved to increase Barker's punishment upon his return.

The bounder's hour of reckoning was very near at hand now!

The Taunting Bounder!

"Ten past three!" Jack Jackson muttered the words in an undertone of impatience.

He was standing near the edge of the old, disused quarry, gazing to right and left.

In one direction the school stood out prominently; in another, it was possible to see the village of Mervale. But no sign was there of any human

The whole countryside seemed bleak and desolate; and Jack Jackson turned up his coat-collar as the wind freshened. He had reached the old quarry, ex-

pecting to find his father waiting for But, although he had tramped wearily

up and down for fully half an hour, his father had failed to put in an appear-

Jack took out the note he had received. and read it over again. It had occurred to him that he might have made a mistake in the time he was

to meet his father. But, no; there it was plain enoughbetween half-past two and three. And now it was nearly quarter-past the hour, and still there was no sign of

his father. Jack gazed around, and his brows knitted suddenly as he observed a short figure leave the road, and take the path

leading to the quarries. Jack uttered a grunt of annoyance as he recognised the figure. It was Barker, the bounder!

Jack made up his mind there and then that if Barker had come to taunt him he should suffer for it. He gripped his hands hard, and waited

for the bounder to approach.

Barker sauntered up, with his hands dug deep into his pockets, and his nose

held high in the air. "Cheero, old fellow!" he said jauntily. Barker asked me to break bounds the "Why didn't you let me know you were "Now, there's no reason why this

strolling in this direction? I would have come with you."
"I should have asked you for your company if I'd wanted it," said Jack Jackson

Barker glared at him; he understood the meaning of Jack's remark.

But next moment the bounder's features curved in a cynical grin. "I suppose you haven't heard from your guv'nor lately?" he remarked, in a care-

less manner. Jack Jackson gave his enemy a grim

"You cad!" he muttered between his teeth. "You know I've heard. You

know that my father has been sacked from your guv'nor's firm!"

"Really?" said Barker innocently.

"Don't talk like that, you rotter!" exclaimed Jack. "You know very well that you're responsible for my father losing his

"Not at all, old fellow!" said Barker. "If you had broken bounds with me as I suggested, this wouldn't have happened!" "No," said Jack Jackson, in a shaky voice. "If I had agreed to act like a blackguard, and disgrace myself and the school as well, you would never have carried out your threat."

"That's so," said Burker. "Mind you, I'm awfully sorry for you! It must be rotten to know that your guy nor is out

of a job!" "You-you-

"I suppose you'll be leaving Redelyffe

"L-l-leave Redclyffe?" stammered Jack Jackson. "Why should 1?" The bounder made a gesture.

"Well, I suppose that's bound to happen now that your father's got the push!" he said triumphantly.

"Oh, you ead-you taunting cad!" cried Jack Jackson miserably. "Haven't you done enough to me already? Aren't you satisfied-

"My dear fellow---" "Oh, leave me alone!" murmured Jack. My father will be here soon."

"I don't think he will," said Barker casually. Jack Jackson started.

"What?" he exclaimed.
"I don't think your guv'nor will put in an appearance-at least, I'm sure he won't!" said the bounder.

"How do you know?" demanded Jack. "My father's staying in Mervale, and-" "He's not, old fellow!" said Barker, with a grin. "Your father is many miles from here at the present moment. I shouldn't be surprised if he's slogging away in the office, and not even thinking of you."

"But-but-" Jack Jackson was too flabbergasted to made a coherent remark.

Barker laughed heartily. "My dear fellow, you needn't look so scared!" he said. "If you only knew, you've got nothing to worry about."

"Look here-"That letter you received was not written by your father," said Barker. "Not-not-" stammered Jack Jack-

son. Then he added: "Who could have written it, then?" "Little me," said the bounder coolly. "I suppose you'll admit that I imitated

your guv'nor's writing pretty well?"
"You imitated my father's handwriting!" said Jack Jackson incredulously. "You've forged his signature, and-" "Tut, tut." said Barker, with a wave of the hand. "Don't put it like that."

"There's no other way of putting it," said Jack Jackson hotly. "I suppose you helped yourself to one of my father's letters, so that you could-"Never mind about that," said the

bounder. "The fact is, I've given you a jolly fine scare." "Yes, you cad!" cried Jack Jackson "You-

"Really, you ought to be jolly grateful to me for not writing to my guy'nor to sack your father," said Barker calmly. "I did write a letter, but I tore it up. I decided to give you a bit of a scare to see if I couldn't bring you to reason. You must confess that it would be rather rotten if you received a genuine letter from your father, saying that he had been given the boot."
"You-you-" Jack Jackson's temper

was rising.

should happen," said Barker. "I'll give you still one more chance-"

"I don't want it!" snapped Jack Jackson irritably. "That's all rot!" said Barker. "Think of your father. Do you want him to lose his job? Don't forget he's getting on in years, and that he might find it difficult

years, and that he might find it difficult to obtain another decent crib."

"That's no business of yours."

"It concerns you, though," said Barker. "You ought to think a good deal about your father's future. There would be no need to worry if only you'd listen to reason, and do as I ask you."

"Yes, if I lower myself to follow in your blackguardly ways."

"You needn't put it like that," said Barker. "All I want you to do is to break bounds with me to-night, and go down to the Plough and Harrow."

down to the Plough and Harrow."

"I won't." "Think, old fellow. Just---" "I tell you I won't go with you!" said Jack Jackson, in a high-pitched voice. "I'd rather be drowned before I'd do anything of the kind!"

The bounder remained silent for a

"Then you'll sacrifice your father in-stead?" he remarked.

"What do you mean?"
"It's plain enough, isn't it?" asked

Barker.

"You mean that if I don't obey you, you'll get my father discharged?"

"Most decidedly," said Barker. "I've been jolly lenient with you, but I can't be lenient any longer. Come with me to-night, and—"

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Then you can regard your father's fate as settled," said Barker tauntingly.

"Incidentally, your own fate will be decided. Just think of it, old fellow. Your father sacked, you forced to leave Redclyffe, and perhaps earn your own living. Then—"

"You cad!" exclaimed Jack Jackson.

"You cad!" exclaimed Jack Jackson, gripping his hands harder than ever.

"You utter cad!" "It isn't a nice prospect, is it?" said Barker airily. "Just think for a moment. You can easily prevent— Here, don't

you dare to lay hands on me!"

Jack Jackson had advanced on the bounder, shaking his fists threateningly. "Put your fists up, you cad!" he cried vehemently.

"Look here-"Put your hands up! D'you hear?" "I-I-I-

Smack! Jack Jackson's fist landed full on the bounder's nose, sending him hurtling to the ground.

"Ow! You beast! Yaroooooogh!" yelled Barker. "Get up, you cad," cried Jack Jackson hercely, "and I'll give you some more!"

The bounder, his face red with rage, scrambled to his feet. He rushed towards Jack Jackson, and threw his arms round the latter's body.

Jack tried to hit out at his enemy, but Barker held on like grim death. The two swayed backwards and forwards on the slippery ground. At the commencement of the tussle

they were fully a dozen yards from the edge of a yawning cliff. But they gradually surged nearer, and, seeing this, Jack Jackson uttered a warn-

"Look out, you fool!" he shouted. "You'll have us over the edge if you're

not careful!" But Barker was incapable of listening to reason.

He held on to Jack Jackson in an endeavour to throw the latter to the

ground. Jack tried his utmost to drag the bounder away from the edge of the cliff. But Barker was in a savage temper. Jack had defied him; he was deter-

mined that the junior he had persecuted should suffer for his defiance. Backwards and forwards the two swayed.

Nearer and nearer they approached to the cliff-edge. Time after time Jack Jackson uttered warning cries, all to no purpose.

He tried to drag himself free from

the bounder's clutch. But it was no good; he was held as though in a vice. "Be careful, you idiot!" he shricked

frantically. "Another yard, and-Jack Jackson broke off abruptly, as his foot slipped on the edge of the cliff. Barker felt him going, and instantly

released his hold. An instant later, Jack Jackson had disappeared from sight. He had dropped over the edge of the

Barker fell back to the ground, and for a few seconds he remained there. He had so completely lost control of his temper that he barely realised what

had happened. But slowly he calmed down, and began to gaze around. "Jackson!" he muttered. "Jack--"

And then it dawned upon him. Jackson had fallen over the edge. The bounder went pale, and drawing to the edge of the cliff, looked down.

The side of the cliff was perpendicular, and there was a sheer drop of a hundred feet. But of Jackson he saw no sign.

The bounder shook from fear. He realised what he had done. He had sent Jack Jackson reeling over the side of the cliff-sent him, perhaps, to his death below.

"Jackson!" he shouted. "Where are you?" But there was no reply.

"Jackson!" repeated Barker again and No answer came, however. Jack Jackson had disappeared as

though into thin air. But Barker knew what had happened to him.

He had fallen down, down, down---His mangled body was possibly lying below.

Small wonder, therefore, that Barker

death. He had-

They would find his mangled body, and

BARKER, THE BOUNDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

quivered from head to foot, as the thought surged through his mind.

"Oh!" he groaned. "I never meant to No, the bounder had not meant to exact such a terrible revenge.

He had made Jack Jackson suffer. He had meant to make him suffer still more. But this-

In his wildest longings for revenge, Barker had never thought of causing his enemy any bodily injury.

But he had done it. He had sent Jack Jackson to a terrible The bounder groaned in his agony of

He wanted to peer over the edge of the cliff once more, in the hope of catching a sight of Jack Jackson.

But he was stayed by the thought that his eyes might light on a battered human there and then. But heroics were not in the bounder's

He sat for a while, gazing vacantly ahead of him. What should he do?

Jack Jackson's disappearance would be bound to be noticed very soon. The police would commence to search of the school.

for him.

leading to the gates of the school. Then they would begin to se rch for

the cause of the tragedy.

They would find him, and he would be accused of being Jack Jackson's mur-

Barker made up his mind quickly. Coward that he was, he could not bring matter with you?" himself to face the music.

Had he possessed a vestige of pluck, he would have searched for Jack Jackson

Personal safety was the greatest con-cern to him, and thus, having decided to save his own skin at all losts, he rose

to his feet, and walked in the direction He tried to pull himself together.

But, in spite of all his efforts, his teeth were chattering as he walked up the lane, His knees were knocking together, too,

and the sight of Mason and Wilson coming through the gates did not tend to improve his condition.

Mason gave him a curious look.

"By gad!" he exclaimed. "What's the

"N-n-n-nothing!" faltered the bounder. "You look as though you're frightened out of your life," said Mason. "Jackson

been pummelling you, or "Mason broke off abruptly, so amazed was he by Barker's appearance. The bounder strode on, and entered the

His one aim was to pack his bag, and get away from Redelyffe as quickly as

The sooner he had shaken the dust of Redclyffe from his feet the better his chance of escaping punishment.

He broke into a run as he entered the quadrangle.

But suddenly a crowd of juniors came tearing out of the house, shaking their fists at him.

"Here he is!" shouted Dicky Turner, at the head of the juniors. "Here's the rotter! Collar him, you fellows!"

Next moment the angry Fourth-Formers rushed towards the bounder in a body.

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

THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!



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

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 croco-

In recent instalments Horace, the goat, ran away from the ship. Dick Dorrington, Pongo Walker, and Porkis left the ship, and landed on an island named St. Jago's Rocks, with the intention of searching for their pet.

They had not gone far before they were captured by the Kaiser and three other Germans, who took them to an underground prison. The boys were left alone, and in scouting round Dick Dorrington made the amazing discovery that e Germans had constructed a submarine base in the heart of St. Jago's

The boys also discovered the Kaiser's intention to depart in a submarine. They fixed a towline to the propeller guard, and when the submarine began to leave its base, they held on to the line. With a sudden jerk they were dragged under water, but they clung madly to the quivering line, with the firm hope that their desperate venture to escape would meet with success.

(Read on from here.)

Three in Danger.

Dick Dorrington, Porkis, and Pongo Walker had the experience of their lives as they were towed by the huge German super-submarine through what was nothing more or less than a submarine tunnel, two hundred yards in length.

As they clung to the long line of stout insulated copper cable, which Dick had attached to the rudder-guard of the submarine, they were conscious only of the tremendous strain upon their arms, and of a tremendous pressure upon their bodies.

Porky afterwards declared that he felt exactly as if he had been shoved between the rollers of a huge mangle, and was being wrung-out like a wet disheloth. Dick said it was much the same as

having a tooth out with gas. All he remembered of their experience was that he clung to the cable as the submarine jerked them from their perch

on the cave wall. Then, when he could hang to the line no longer, it tore from his grasp, and he popped up to the surface, to find himself bobbing about in a clear, fresh, moonlit

sea, with Porky and Pongo swimming close alongside him. And this was all that happened. The boys had been jerked out of the cave by the tremendous power of the submarine, which carried them deep down below the surface.

If they had hung to the line a few seconds longer they would have become

As it was, half-asphyxiated by the pressure of the water, they had released their hold, and popped up to the surface out-

side the cave. There they lay on their backs, paddling in the long swells, and drinking in

the pure, fresh night air. When they looked round them they found that they were not more than fifty yards from the black walls of St. Jago's

"Are you chaps all right?" panted Dick Dorrington, as he swum to his chums. "My arms feel as if they had been pulled out of my shoulders!" replied Pongo. "My hat! I don't want to hang on to the back of a big submarine again! It's as bad as hanging on behind a rail-

way train!" He turned over and began to swim, and Dick and Porkis followed his example. There was a good old swell running on this side of the island, bursting up in black basalt rocks.

And as the great waves, all molten and shimmering in the moonlight, heaved them up, Dick gazed out to sea for any sign of the Kaiser's pirate submarine, which had so obligingly towed them out of the death-trap to which they had been condemned.

But nothing broke the great moon track

on the sea. It was evident that the Huns were in the habit of making and departing from their secret base, running submerged.

Then Dick looked for some shore mark which would show the entrance to the

It was there right enough, a white patch on the rocks, which, to the eareless eye of a passing ship, would have betrayed nothing.

There were similar white patches of incrustation all over the black basalt of St. Jago's Rocks.

But this particular white patch, when viewed near at hand, was diamond-shaped, and above it, slightly inland, rose one of the queer pillars of basalt which were dotted all over the tonely rocks.

This pillar was similarly whitened, and it was plain enough that a submarine, picking up these landmarks with her periscope, and keeping the apex of the diamond in line with the whitened pillar, could plunge and pass into the submerged entrance of the cavern with absolute cer-

"You chaps have got to save your breath," said Dick Dorrington. marked the entrance to the cavern, but we've got to swim round yonder point before we can find water smooth enough to let us get ashore. If we tried to land hereabouts we'd get knocked into putty!"

This was apparent enough. The walls of weathered basalt, worn into a thousand spiky rocks by the run of the eternal sea, presented no sort of landing-place.

Three hundred yards farther on was the end of the ridge, over which the boys had climbed on the previous morning, to stumble into their wonderful adven-

This projected into the sea in a pile of fantastic arches and towers and spires, through which the sea thundered with a deep roar of surf.

"If we get round that headland we are all right!" called Dick.

He struck out, and his chums swam on either hand, keeping well beyond the white water which was thrown back from the jagged rocks.

The tide was running strong in their favour, and the strange, weird pile of rocks seemed to be sliding of its own !

great surges against the walls of the | accord over the lark, rolling sea towards

Soon they were rounding it, and Dick headed in for the shore, swimming with a strong breast-strike.

Behind the shelter of this projecting cape he had seen a tretch of white sand, which seemed to ofer them a landing-

If they could only get ashore there they could make their way overland to the spot where the Soith Star was hidden

away in her snug tarbour.

But, alas for this plan! they soon discovered, as they bothed past the stack of jagged rocks, that they were in the grip of a current, which ran like a mill-race, and which set off the end of the point out to sea.

In vain they stiffened their stroke and struck in for the inviting patch of sandy beach, which showed write under the

dark shadows of the rocks.
"We sha'n't make it!" besped Porkis,
as the beach went sliding past like the beach of a dream. "The tide pas got

us! It's setting us off from the land!"

"Tired?" asked Dick rather anxiously.

"Middling!" replied Porkis bravely.

To tell the truth, Porkis had nearly had enough of it. That tremendous battering under the

water, as they had been plucked out of the cave by the flying sumarine, padwould admit.

"Look here, Dick," he added, "you ald Pongo fight through. I'll turn over on my back and go on drifting. Bunk or the ship as hard as you can when you get ashore, and tell 'em to send ou a boat to search for me. You'll know pretty well where I've drifted to, if I am still afloat."

And Porky rolled over on his bick, exhausted.

"Rot!" replied Dick "We aren't going to leave you in the cart, Porky, old chap. If you're done, we'll stand by. Maybe the current sets round on this side of the island in a ort of eddy. Lie back in the water, so; I'll keep your head up.

Dick supported the exhausted Porty,

whilst Pongo, paddling round them like a friendly seal, gazed anxiously inshore. All of a sudden Pongo gave an exclama-

tion. Far inshore of where they were he could descry against the dark rocks a white shape, which bobbed and danced on the water like a cork.

"It's one of our boats!" said Pongo. "I suppose she is patrolling along the rocks, looking out for our bodies. Half a mo! I'll just get a bit of breath into my lengs, then I'll let them have a shout!

up his lungs.

Then, as a big swell swung him high,

he let loose a yell, which aroused the echoes of St. Jago's Rocks above the thundering of the surges.

It was not exactly a yell.

As a matter of fact it was Pongo's

imitation of a fox-terrier which has had its tail shut in a door.

"Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo! Yip, yip, yip!" yelled Pongo, waving his arm from the crest of a great huddling swell.

The wave slid from under him, and he dropped into the valley between the water hills alongside his two chums.

"They've heard us!" he gasped. thought that'd fetch 'em!" And, sure enough, plain over the waters came the school howl of the Bombay Castle, accompanied by the rattle of oars in the rowlocks.

The next wave that swung them up showed them the whaler of the South Star, tearing over the water towards them at a racing-stroke.

In her bows stood a tall black figure. It was Tookum-el-Koos, the nigger, whose eyes, catlike in the darkness, were better than any pair of glasses. Good old Tookum had spotted them.

He was waving directions to the steersman, and soon they could hear the smack of the whaler as she fell into the hollows of the waves. And in another minute there she was,

dancing about alongside them, sidling up cleverly in the huddled seas, so that the exhausted swimmers should take no barm of her.

A figure plunged over her side carrying a coil of line, and Chip Prodgers, swim-ming round the exhausted Porky, made the line fast about his chest. Then, one by one, the panting and

exhausted boys were pulled into the whaler, and sank, dead to the world, upon her floorboards.

Dick Dorrington looked round, blinking his eyes.

He was aware that Nah Poo, the Chinese cook, was bobbing about on the floor of the boat in front of him, whacking his yellow head, with its coiled pigtail, on the boards.

Nah Poo was blubbering with relief. "Me too muchee glad you come back," sobbed Nah Poo. "Me tink you all gone ta-ta for keeps. Me tink you deaders!" "Yes. By Jingos!" put in Lal Tata's voice from the group in the stern of the "We have been making great mournings for you boys. We have put dust on our heads, and our livers have turned to water. We have made great sorrowings! We have come out to look

Pongo laid back for a moment, filling | for your corpse bodies. Where have you been?"

Dick was too exhausted to laugh. He sat on the floorboards and panted. Captain Handyman was rummaging in a locker astern for a bottle and a teaspoon, as the boat was turned and rattled off at full speed towards the spot where the South Star lay.

"Come out of the way, Lal! The boys will be corpse bodies, indeed, if we don't look after 'em!" said the captain.

And, lifting Porky's head, he spooned some mixture from the bottle between his lips.

Whatever the mixture was it did Porky good, for he sat up and sneezed. Then Captain Handyman dosed Dick and Pongo.

Cushions were next thrust under their heads, hot-water bottles were packed round them, and they were rolled in warm blankets.

"Now, lie there!" ordered the little captain. "And not a word, any of you, till you are safe on board the South Star. You can tell us all about your adventures when you've had something And Dick, with his two chums, was

very well content to lie there during the half-hour in which the whaler played pitch-and-toss over the long, tumbling seas, coasting round the island to the secret harbour of the South Star. Presently the water smoothed, and she

shot in under the dark shadows of the rocks with a sharp twist and turn, which brought her alongside the hidden ship in her smooth harbour. The crew gathered up the boys,

blankets and all, and carried them up to the chart-room, where they were placed in ready-warmed bunks. Then Nah Poo brought them warm,

stimulating soup, and the chill and exhaustion of their swim passed away in a warm glow. The three of them were in top-hole

condition, and the young blood soon came coursing back through their veins. They demanded their clothes and more to eat.

Nah Poo was delighted.

He brought them their clothes, and fetched up from the galley a noble seapie, piping hot, with layers of onions and hard-bone i eggs, meat and gravy. And when Porky had had two helpings

of this he said that he felt good enough to swim round the island three times and stand on his head on the top of it. Then Skeleton turned up with a huge

plate of raspberry jam puffs.

Skeleton said that there was nothing more restorative than jam puffs and coffee. And Nah Poo came bouncing up into

the chart-room with huge pots of coffeeand-milk, whilst the boys gathered round, eager to hear the adventures of the three truants. But not a word did they reveal till Captain Handyman and Cy Sprague made their appearance in the chart-

"Now, boys," said Captain Handyman, "let us hear all about it. We made certain that you had tumbled off the rocks somewhere, or that, worse still, you had been captured by some Germans. who had remained hanging about in some

secret hiding-place." "That is just what did happen to us, sir," said Dick. "We climbed over the big ridge of the rocks yonder, and we arrested a German between us, a chap

you will all know."

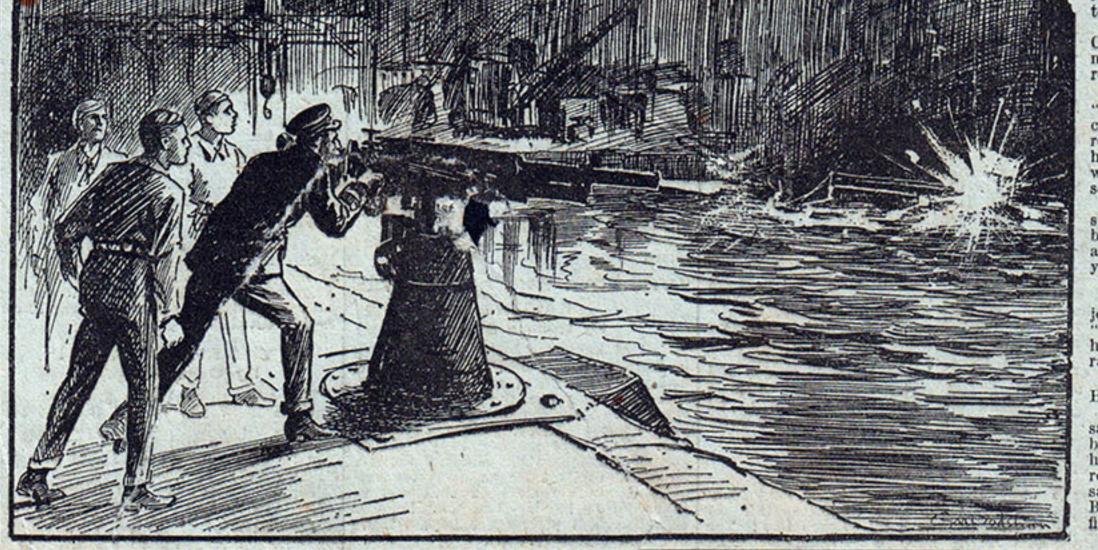
"Not-" began everyone, in chorus.

"It was, though," responded Dick, enjoying the excitement he was creating. "It was Kaiser Bill. He was sunning himself outside his burrow like a jack

rabbit!" "Then what happened?" asked Captain Handyman eagerly.

"Why, we thought we had got him safe, when we found ourselves surrounded by Germans," explained Dick. "They hopped up a hidden stairway in the rocks and nobbled us. Horace tried to save us, and boosted the Kaiser himself. But didn't you hear the shots that they fired at Horace when he got away?" Captain Handyman shook his head.

"The wind was blowing strong this morning," he said, "and there was a good set of sea on the outer rocks that would have drowned the sound of shots."
"Well, they didn't hit old Horace," resumed Dick. "But they carried us away



CAPTAIN HANDYMAN BAGS A GERMAN SUBMARINE!



(Continued from the previous page.)

down a hidden stairway carved out of the rock, into the great underground cavern, which is fitted up as a complete submarine base and repair shop, and which has an outlet into the sea through a tunnel in the rock. It is just a natural cave, but it is fitted up with everything for repairing submarines-a regular little dockyard!"

"I thought as much," muttered Captain Handyman. "And they shut you up

Dick told his story of the submarine that was repairing, and of the return of the Kaiser's great four thousand-ton submarine-cruiser.

He told how they had escaped, and finally he produced the notes he had taken from the charts, and the jewels they had taken from the tins.

Captain Handyman's eyes bulged with astonishment as the boys, undoing the bags they had secured round their necks, poured forth the shimmering jewels they had collared from the Germans' hidden

But his eyes bulged still more when Dick, unwrapping his precious notebook, showed him the pencilled notes he had taken from the Kaiser's secret charts.

The boys stood thunderstruck as they regarded the pile of sapphires, rubies, diamonds, and pearls that lay on the chart-room table.

They would have given anything to have shared this adventure with the lucky three.

But Captain Handyman and Cy Sprague were absorbed in Dick's notebook.

"My word!" exclaimed Captain Handyman. "You boys have done pretty well. You have managed to collar a fair share of the pick of the German crown jewels, but you have done more than that. This notebook is a clue to every German submarine base in the seven seas. The rascals must have spent millions on these places before the war. And it's a clue to that rascally pirate, Kaiser Bill, as well. He may have given us the slip this time, but, with the help of this little book, we can track him all round the world and back again."

He held up the shabby little notebook with shining eyes.

"We will scotch this base first, boys," he said. "And we'll set about it at once. Do you think you can find that mysterious hidden doorway into the cavern again, to-night? Do you feel up to it?"

Dick and Pongo and Porkis sat up. All the wearmess had gone from them

"Let us have a try, sir," said Dick. "We may be a bit groggy on our pins, but we can get across the island all

Captain Handyman looked rather doubtfully at the pale faces of the three

The tremendous strain they had undergone was plain to his eye.

"I am not quite certain whether you ought not to be rolled up in bed with a sleeping draught," he said.

"Don't be afraid for us," pleaded Dick. "We can stand another turn." "Right!" answered the little captain.

"But we'll carry you across the rocks." And he would hear nothing of the protestations of the three boys that they could walk it easily enough.

Three stretchers were produced-"St. Jago's taxis," as the little captain called

The boys were bundled on these, and surrounded by a heavily-armed party. Then they marched off in style across the weird patch of sand and basalt

Lal Tata insisted on accompanying the party.

Lal was armed like a bandit,

He had three revolvers stuck in his belt, and he carried a heavy elephant rifle, big enough to put a locomotive out of action, let alone a German.

And, as he hopped along over the rocks, Lal was muttering what he would do to the Germans if he caught them. "If I lay bands on German rascals," he said, "I will shoot him like rat fellows. I will show no mercies. I will detonate

him into the middles of next weeks. Ha! I will hit him some jolly good kicks!" And Dick, reclining at ease on his stretcher, laughed. "We sha'n't find any Germans," he

said. "They have all cleared out. I doubt if we shall find the entrance to the cave again by this light, or, for the matter of that, by daylight. There are thousands of those bits of basalt sticking up in the valley beyond the ridge, and they are all alike. All I know is that two of the columns are cut, and if they are rolled aside they show the secret entrance to the cavern. But they & tion. But Mornington makes a startling will be as difficult to find as Aladdin's

"Then we shall call for some Genii of the Ring!" said Cy Sprague, with a

"You will have to do that part, sir,"

But Cy Sprague shook his head as they mounted the regular basait columns of the high ridge.

"I am only a detective," he said. "I am not a magician. If the entrance to part in these matters."

The Submarine's Fate.

The boys insisted on getting off their stretchers as their bearers breasted the

ridge. As Captain Handyman had foreseen, their trying experiences during the day and their swim for life had taken it out of them more than they had believed, and now that the natural reaction had set in, all three of them were shaky on their legs.

But, supported by their chums, they managed to climb down the basaltic rocks of the valley, where they had found their enemy, and Dick led the party down to about the spot where he thought they had stumbled upon the

The place had looked unearthly enough in the bright sunlight, but now, with the moon casting its long, black shadows, the huddled blocks of basalt gave everyone the impression that they had entered a dead world.

"'Ome of the Demon King! Act One-Scene One!" laughed Arty Dove, as he supported Dick on his powerful arm. "Mind your eye, Dick, or you'll tumble on your nose. Do you think that it was here that you found the Phantom Kaiser, Bill of the Clutching Hand?"

Dick looked around him, puzzled and distressed. His head was spinning and dizzy.

"It must be here or hereabouts," he said. "When they fired at old Horace, he hopped over the ridge yonder." Cy Sprague was casting about like a

sleuth-hound amongst the rocks. Dick and his two chums had seated themselves, and were looking round the wild spot hopelessly.

"All cats look grey at night," mut-tered Pongo. "But, my hat, I don't know if it's because I've got a head on me like a concertina after our day out, but every one of these bits of basalt looks alike! Our cave is lost, like a needle in a bundle of hay!"

"It was hereabouts," said Cy Sprague, suddenly straightening his back. "Look, here is an empty German cartridge-case! It is fresh and new, and must have fallen here when it was ejected from the rifle of one of those chaps who were potting at Horace."

"And here is another!" cried Chip, who was easting about near by.
"And, behold, I also have found ear-

tridge-cases," put in Lal, holding up a small brass cylinder between his fingers. "Behold, Mr. Sprague, I also am some Sexton Blakes!" "The fellows who fired must have been

standing here," said Cy. "Now, boys, do you think you can point out the rocks that the rascals rolled aside?"

Dick pointed to two lumps of basalt which looked like those which the Germans used to hide so carefully the entrance to their lair. Cy and the sailors struggled to shift

these sideways as the boys instructed

But they might just as well have tried to shift St. Jago's Rocks themselves.

"Either those are not the particular lumps of basalt, or we have not got the open-sesame," muttered Cy Sprague. He stood up and looked at the spot which the boys had indicated as the

place where Horace had disappeared over

Then he gave an exclamation. "Hete comes someone who may help us," he said. "It is Horace himself. I suppose he is feeling lonely knocking about the rocks on his own. Look, he has scented us. He is coming this way. Don't scare him, boys, or disturb him.

Horace may prove a finer detective than
I am. He can smell Germans; I can't."

Horace stood out on the ridge of rocks

boldly against the moonlight. It was plain that he recognised the little group who were gathered in the rocky valley as friends, for, after sniffing the air, he came tripping down the rocks like a fairy

He approached the group with a friendly bleat, which said plainly as words: "I've had enough of being on my own. I'll ome in and be good!" Now and then he stopped and sniffed the rocks as though he was following a

Chip laughed. "Look at the old rascal!" he said.

hound! Slowly Horace advanced, his green eyes shining like opals in the moonlight. It was plain that he was following some trail, and that he was out after

"He's playing a Pedro, the sleuth-

an enemy. The hoys could tell that by the twist

When Horace waggled his tail in this fashion he was out for blood. But his exemy was tot in the group.

Lal shrank back as the huge goat approached. "That goat is going to play some hankom-pankum trick," he muttered. "I don't put trusts in Horace when he

makes signal with ois tail in those fashions." But Horace took to notice of Lal. Dropping his mastive head, he singled

out a lump of reck which stuck up black in the moonlight.

Then, with a sudjen rush, he charged

The seamen gave | yell. The earth seemed to open and swallow Horace up as the apparently solid rock shifted on its foundation.

They heard a thumping as though someone was falling down many stairs. Then followed at angry bleat from the bowels of the earth.

"Well," exclaimed Captain Handyman, "if that doesn't beat the band! Horace has got the open-sesame all right. This is the cave of the Forty Thieves, and Herace has sumbled into it!"

The party pressed forward, and there sure er ough, Horace had revealed the cut rock and its neatly balanced bronze castors, with the circular opening of the stairway lying black like a coal-hole in its shadow.

Capta: 7 Handyman flashed his electriclamp into the opening.

The stairway into the submarine base Yas as the boys had described it, neatly but in the rock with a bronze handrail giving access to the store-room below. A sentry was posted at the entrance.

Down in the dark chamber below they ound Horacc, ruffled and indignant with ais tumble, sniffing in every corner of he chamber at the trails of the Ger-Lans, his tail cocked just like a terrier Oh the hunt for rats.

It was plain that Horace knew the scent of the men who had fired at him, and meant to get bit of his own

He rattled down the long, dark, sloping Passage which led to the great cavern. And Captain Handyman, flashing his lamp around on the walls, gave an exclamation of wonderment at the skill and persistence and the absolute disegard of cost with which this lonely submarine base.

"Jingo!" he exclaimed. "The ruffians must have spent thousands and thousands of pounds on this job."

He came to a sudden stop at a door which barred the passage half-way down. It was a door of solid steel, adapted from the watertight doors of some battleship or cruiser, for it bore the stamp and numbering of the Schichau Steel Works.

At the foot of the door lay a key, which had been pushed through a spyhole drilled in the steel.

It was this door which had been locked against the boys when, by the cruel decree of the mad Kaiser, they had been left entombed.

The key had been pushed through the hole in the steel plate for the future use of anyone possessed of the secret of the hidden entrance.

picked it up and fitted it in the welloiled lock of the doors, examining the great steel plates as he swung them back on their hinges. "They made certain of you, Dick," he

Captain Handyman grinned as he

said, as he examined the massive plates. "You might have found tools down below there to break this open, but I think you'd have starved before you were through with the job."

He paused and looked at Dick and his two chums.

"Look here, boys," he said. "We've found our way into this pirate's nest all right. Don't you think you had better

get back to the ship and turn in?"
But Dick and Pongo and Porkis all declared that they were feeling ever so much better.

They wanted to show the captain the cave in which they had been imprisoned and the bolt-hole through which they had so miraculously escaped.

And they wanted to see more of the

great secret cavern from which the dastardly pests of the sea had been launched in their desperate fight against the crushing sea-power of the Grand Fleet of Great Britain.

"Have it your own way," said Captain Handyman. "I don't want to leave you out of the fun."

They went on down the dark passage till they emerged on the wharf. The great cavern was black as pitch

now, and as silent as a vast tomb. The only sound that broke the silence was the dripping of water here and there, and the scuttling of crabs over the weed and rocks of the mighty hall.

The seamen looked round them, silent with awe, at this great subterranean dockyard, as Dick pointed out the whereabouts of the submarine tunnel, through which the pirate submarines had passed in and out of this cave. Then he led them into the engine-room,

whom the oil-engines attached to the dynamos were quiedy set running. The light of the electric hand-lamps

they carried was lost in the vast gloom

of the great cave. But soon the electric arc-lamps fizzed, and lit up the whole vast expanse with

their blue light. Then Dick led his companions through the offices and sleeping-quarters to the cave where they had been locked up.

He showed the captain how they had found the way through to the cupboard in the Kaiser's room, and how they had escaped through the crevasse into the great cavern, to be hauled out by the Kaiser's own craft when she made her

The sleeping-rooms and the offices had been cleaned out of every scrap of paper and every bed.

All that the Germans had left behind them were the dockyard stores, locked chests, and tools, and one of their big submarine guns, with its pile of neatly-

The gun was mounted on the wharf at the edge of the black expanse of the

cavern, and when the tarpaulin was stripped from it, it was found to be in perfect condition, and ready for instart

1/3/19

"It's one of their spares," said Captain Handyman, as he examined the weapon and tested the training-gear. "I supposthey kept one or two here to replace any guns they had knocked out in their fights with her gun-crews."

He was busy with the gun, when sul-denly Dick, who was seated on the whaif, resting, lifted his head and listened in-

Their imprisonment in the cavern had made him familiar with the sounds of

the cave. It seemed to him that, apart from the

clatter of the oil-engines and the puring of the dynamos, he could hear the sound of other engines, which seemed to "Listen, Porky!" he whispered o Porkis, who had taken a seat by his side.

"What do you make of that row?" Porkis listened intently. "My hat!" he exclaimed. "It sounds to me just the same as when the lig submarine came in from the sea. L's

one of those scoundrels coming back!" Dick nodded. "It's not the Kaiser's craft," he sail. "It's probably the one that was under

repairs. Maybe she has gone wrong again, and has put back." "Quick!" gasped Dick. "Let's tell the

captain!" The two boys stumbled along the

wharf. Captain Handyman, with two of his crew, were slipping a shell into the

"What's that?" he asked incredulously,

as Dick ran up to him.
"It's one of the submarines coming back, sir!" said Dick breathlessly. "Maybe they've found that bit of wiring attached to the big craft, or maybe the Kaiser has missed his jewels!"

Captain Handyman rubbed his hands. "Stop the oil-engines and cut off the light," he said, "or the ruffians may smell a rat! We've got em!" The breech-block of the gun closed with

a click as the purring of the dynamos died away and the cave was plunged into

Captain Handyman named a gun-crew, who gathered round him behind the gunshield on the wharf. Shells were laid handy, and the rest of the party were ordered to shelter in the

Now that the oil-engines and the dynamos were stopped they could hear the sound of the approaching submarine clearly as she returned to her lair.

"She's a lame duck!" said Captain Handyman in a low voice as he listened. "One of her sets of engines has gone

wrong. Low as he spoke the little captain's voice echoed through the vast vault of the cave like distant thunder.

The silence in the gloom grew che oppressive as they stood and waited the German U-boat that, all unconscious of its doom, was now entering the submerged mouth of the cavern. Louder and louder came the throbbing

of its engine through the black, silent pool of the water.

Captain Handyman wetted a phosphorus match and rubbed it on his gunsights, and these tiny wavering specks of blue light were all that showed in the intense blackness. Then beneath the dark water of the

cavern showed a dull glow, and there was a rumbling and bubbling in the The greasy black water of the cavern

broke and moved. A few white patches of bubbles showed, and the long, lean snout of the gun swung slowly round and down, till it was covering the spot at which the submarine would break water.

The rumbling increased, and the glow of the light strengthened, till Captain

Handyman could plainly see the black tube of the gun outlined against the luminous patch of water which showed the submarine's whereabouts. Fountains of white water started to

Then slowly the top of a periscope showed above the water, followed by the

shape of a steel conning-tower. It was the smaller submarine, plainly

By the glow of light that was reflected from her ports the boys could see the red oxide patch of the new plate which had been fitted into the side of the con-

ning-tower. And it was on that plate that Captain Handyman was directing his gun at a range of less than a hundred yards.

Slowly the conning-tower rose amidst a bubbling of broken water. Then the outline of the hull appeared

above the surface. "Now!" hissed the little captain. The blinding flash and stunning crash of the gun and shell came almost simul-

taneously. The U-boat quivered, and rolled up on her side like a stricken whale.

A fountain of water rose about her. Her bow and torpedo-tubes lifted high in the air. Then with a plunge she sank, with her

crew of pirates, into the depths of the grim cavern which had been her lair, leaving only a wide-spreading ring of foam and oil to mark her last resting-

Captain Handyman, with set teeth and blazing eyes, watched her go. He had won his heart's desire. He had sunk a German submarine!

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

arranged shells. hunch of rocks had been created a secret

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

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

Dr. Chisholm, the Headmaster of Rookwood, has been extremely unfortunate with his new masters, and in next Monday's story, which is entitled:

"THE MASTER WITH A PAST!" By Owen Conquest,

it can hardly be said that forthne comes his way. Certainly Mr. Egerton, the new master, is successful in managing the Fourth Form, and winning a certain

amount of favour with the juniors. But Mr. Bootles makes the astounding statement that Mr. Egerton was discharged from his last school for theft, much to the annoyance of Dr. Chisholm, who declines to believe such an accusadiscovery, and- Well, when you learn what he sees when hiding behind a screen in the new master's study, you will, I feel sure, vote this story a splendid one, and look forward to its

sequel, which appears the following week. "LYNCH LAW!" By Martin Clifford.

The above is the title of next Monthe cave is hidden in this sort of stuff, & Frank Richards & Co. Lynch Law! The that this idea pleases the boys. There I am afraid it will be beyond my skill two words have a terrible, menacing to find it. But luck sometimes plays its meaning in the Far West. Hanging is a bad enough death, but when Judge ments in next Monday's instalment of

Lynch plays a part, it is wolse-far

Small wonder, therefore, that Vere Beauclere experiences some very anxious moments when he learns that the men of Thompson are resolved to lynch his father.

In spite of the junior's pleadings, Four Kings, Euchre Dick, and the other plotted against Jack Jackson, and if he ruffians are determined to lynch the boy's father. Are they successful in carrying ting his just deserts. out their brutal scheme? For the answer to this question you are mmake a point of reading "Lynch Law he

The next instalment our amazing "THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!"

By Duncan Storm, is full of humorous incidents. You will be introduced to a number of Kroo boys, and you will read of an exciting adventure the black boys have with Horace, will, I am confident, greatly appeal to you. The boys manage to get Baron want to miss a real treat, I would urge you Slylen into their hands. Captain you to order your copies of next Friday's Handyr an tells them to dress the rascally terman in an Eton suit, and to day's splendid long complete, tale of take him in hand. You may be sure

"BARKER, THE BOUNDER!" By Herbert Britton.

Things do not run smoothly with the bounder. His hour of reckoning is near at hand, and he suffers for his many misdeeds in the past. I am sure you will agree with me that this is as it should be. Barker has schemed and is paying the piper now he is only get-

THE " PENNY POPULAR."

Readers of the Boys' FRIEND are bound to appreciate this Friday's issue of the "Poiny Popular," for in it appears a grand long complete story, dealing with the early adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled:

"THE RUBELS' RUSE !" By Owen Conquest.

This story deals with a great barringthe goat. Then something happens that out. I know you re all fond of this 'Penny Pop." at once.

The other stories in next Friday's issue are "The Head's Secret," by Frank Richards, and "Branded a Coward!" by Martin Clifford. Each of them is a yarn none of you should fail to read.

YOUR EDITOR.