

Astounding Behaviour of the New Junior! of Teddy Grace gets into Hot Water-

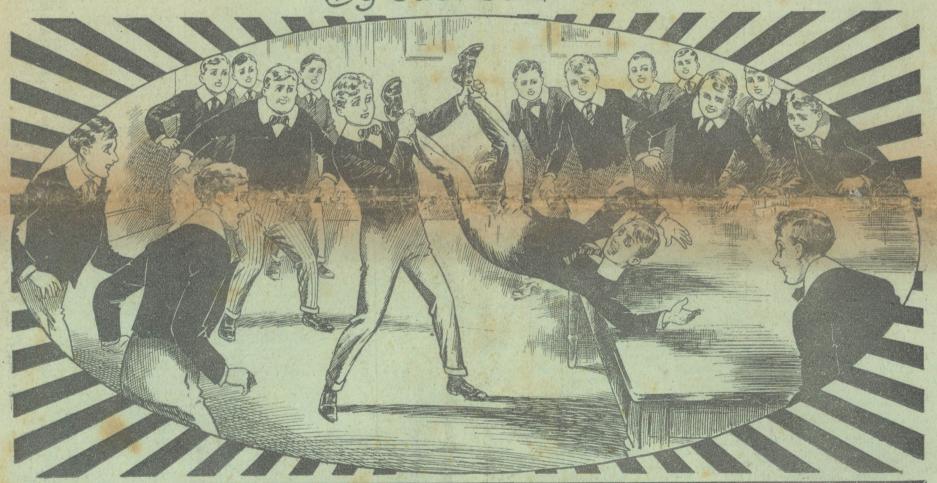


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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending April 5th, 1919.

# By Owen Conquest.



## AWKWARD FOR HIGGS!

"Let go!" roared the bully of the Fourth. Putty grinned at him cheerfully. "I'm afraid I must pull you off the table, old bean!" remarked. "It may damage the floor, but that can't be helped!" "I'm afraid I must pull you off the table, old bean!"

The 1st Chapter. Astonishing the Natives.

Great Scott!"
The awful ass!" exclaimed Jimmy

'He awful ass." exclaimed Jimmy ver.

'Look at him!" ejaculated Tubby Muf"And Bootles may come along at y moment!"

'Immy Silver & Co. had come in from e quad, when surprised exclamations we them in the direction of the Formom passage. And then their surprised elamations were also heard.

A score of fellows, at least, were thered there, all of them looking onished.

onished.

A junior of the Fourth Form was walkinity ockets.

It was Teddy Grace, the new boy in
Fourth, more commonly called
utty."

Although a new fellow, who had been
are betrayed no sign of shyness or
shfulness. He sauntered down the
ridor as if it belonged to him.

But that was not what drew the sursed glances of the Rookwooders. They
re used to that in Teddy Grace
ready.

hat astounded them was that Teddy to had a eigarette between his lips, in he was smoking quite cheerily and incernedly.

here were bold, bad blades in the ver School who smoked, but however it they were, they were always careto do it in the privacy of their studies behind the wood-shed-somewhere, at it, where they could not be spotted the eye of authority.

The spot; at any moment a master or orefect might have come along—even majestic Head himself.

Eddy Grace did not seem to care, e did not seem concerned by the bunded stares of the Rookwooders, nodded cheerily to Jimmy Silver & modded cheerily to Jimmy Silver & Management & Manageme

Co.

"Are you off your dot?" demanded
Jimmy Silver.

"Eh? No."

"What are you up to?" asked Lovelf.
"Smoking!"

"Don't you know it's against the

"On't you know les against the lest"
"Oh, yes!"
"On't you know you may be spotted re any minute?" exclaimed Raby.
"Oh, quite!"
"Do you want a flogging?"
"Not at all."
"If this is one of your jokes," said mmy Silver, "I don't quite see where e joke comes in. I warn you that Mr. ootles won't take it as a joke if he cs you—or Bulkeley, either!"
"No?" said Grace, inquiringly.
"No'fear! You'll get it in the neck!"

anxiously "Hallo!" "Put that muck away!"

"Carthew's coming, you ass!"
"Who's Carchew?"
"Carthew of the Sixth—a prefect! If he catches you—"
"Here he comes!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell. "And serve the silly ass right, too!"

meekly.
"In the Form-room passage!" exclaimed the prefect in amazement. "Are you out of your senses?"
"I hope not. Carthew."
The prefect dropped his haud on Grace's shoulder with an iron grip.
"You'll come straight with me to the Head!" he snapped.

holm's study, still with a grip upon his shoulder.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"That means a jolly good licking for Grace!" he remarked.

"Serve him jolly well right!" growled bovell. "I never heard of such cheek! Why, even Townsend or Lattrey wouldn't smoke in public!"

"Blest if I can understand the chap!" remarked Mornington. "He's a practical jokin' ass, but I thought he had some sense. I fancy this will be a public floggin."

"He's asked for it!" said Conroy.

"An' he'll 'get it!"

The juniors, wondering what was going to happen in the Head's study, gathered at the corner of the passage, to watch and wait for Teddy Grace's return. They expected to see him come along the corridor wringing his hands, if not wriggling with anguish. And they listened for the expected sound of woe and wailing from the Head's study.

(Continued on next page.)

(Continued on next page.)

## THE SCAMP OF ROOKWOOD!

Published Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

#### The 2nd Chapter. Quite Innocent.

"Come in!"

Carthew threw open the door of the Head's study and marched Putty of the Fourth into that dreaded apartment.

Most of the Rookwood jumiors entered the Head's study in something like fear and trembling, but Putty of the Fourth walked in cheerily enough. It was evident that the cool young gentleman experienced no unusual trepidation in the presence of the Head.

He held the half-smoked cigarette between his thumb and forefinger now, and it was still emitting a curl of smoke.

Dr. Chisholm's eyes seemed glued on it for a moment.

Then he glanced at the prefect.

"I have brought this junior to you, sir," said Carthew. "I found him smoking a cigarette in the Form-room passage—parading about with it, in fact, as if he wanted to show that he cared nothing for the rules of the school!"

Dr. Chisholm's glance was almost terrific as it fixed upon Putty.

That innocent-looking youth looked more innocent that ever. His mild blue eyes met the Head's terrific glance confidingly. Never had a schoolboy looked more as if butter would not melt in his mouth.

"Grace!" exclaimed the Head,

mouth.
"Grace!" exclaimed the Head,
"Yes, sir!"

"Grace!" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

"You have dared to smoke a cigarette in this school—and actually in public—in a public place!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Kindly hand me my cane, Carthew!"

Carthew obeyed cheerfully. Carthew had a fixed belief that the more the juniors were caned, the better it was for them; and he never, in discharging his duties as a prefect, erred upon the side of sparing the rod.

"Are you going to cane me, sir?" he stammered.

"Cane you!" repeated the Head angrily.

"Are you going to cane me, sir?" he stammered.

"Came you." repeated the Head angrily.
"Most certainly I am going to cane you, you silly and disreputable boy.! You will learn than you cannot, with impunity. Introduce the customs of a tap-room into this school!"

"But, sir—"

"Hold out your hand, Grace! I shall cane you with the greatest severity."

"Certainly, sir, if you wish; but it seems rather hard that I should be caned for doing as my father told me—"

The Head started.

"Your father?" he repeated.

"Your father?" he repeated.

"My father, sir!"

"Do you dare to tell me, boy, that Dr. Grace sold you to smoke to bacco at school?" as you have supported by the first of the sir!"

"Do you dare to tell me, boy, that Dr. Grace sold you to smoke to bacco at school?" as you have says if sin, the growth, and he ought to know, being a medical man, said Grace meekly. "I wouldn't smoke tobacco for snything, sir."

"What! That cigarette—"

wouldn't smoke tobacco for anything, sir."

"What! That cigarette—"

The faintest of grins dawned upon Putty's simple face.

"That isn't tobacco, sir!"

"Of course not, sir! I should think it very wrong to smoke tobacco, sir," said Putty meekly.

The Head seemed at a loss for speech for a moment or two. Carthew of the Sixth could only stare.

"Grace," stuttered the Head, at last, "If that cigarette does not contain tobacco, what does it contain?"

"A medicated mixture, sir."

"A-a-a what?"

A medicated what?"

Medicated mixture, sir," said Grace serfully, "It's for keeping off influ-

"Medicated mixture, sir, said Grace cheerfully." It's for keeping off influenza; "Influenza!" murmured the Head.

"Yes, sir—it's a disinfectant. Father said I was to be very careful not to catch the fu, sir," said Putty simply. "He gave me these medicated cigarettes to keep it off."

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.
He looked hard at Putty's face; but only suilling innocence met his gaze.

"Give me the cigarette!" he said abruptty.

He looked hard at Putty's face; but only spilling innocence met his gaze.

"Give me the cigarette!" he said abruptly.

Putty laid the eigarette! now extinguished, on the writing table. The Head picked it up and examined it.

Carthew set his teeth. His look was not pleasant as if dwelt on the new junior.

He realised that he had been a little hasty in marching Putty of the Fourth into the Head's Study. He had heard of the new junior's practical joking propensities, and it dawned upon him that his leg had been pulled.

"This is certainly not tobacco," said the Head, after a pause. "It is a mixture of harm'ess herbs. No doubt it is a disinfectant."

"I wasn't inhaling the smoke, str," said Putty meekly. "Only disinfecting the mouth with it, according to the pater's instructions. My father is rather an authority on inducata, str."

"You must be aware, Grace, that your action was hiable to misconstruction," said the Head.

"Yes, sir," said Putty. "That is why I have shown the cigarettes to Mr. Bootles, my Form-master, and explained the matter to him."

"Oh! You have told Mr. Bootles?"

"Yes, sir, I was afraid of being misunderstood," said Putty innocently.

"You had better write to your father, Grace, and request him to send you something else in the place of these medicated cigarettes," said the Head abruptly.

"Certainly, sir! I hope you are not going to cane me."

"Of course not!" said the Head atestily. "It was a mistake. You did quite right in bringing the boy to me, Carthew; but on another occasion, I suggest to you to be a little more careful. It will save

you from wasting my time and your

you from wasting my time and your own."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Carthew.

He left the Head's study rather hastily. Instead of commendation for his efficiency in discharge of his prefectorial duties, he had received what amounted to a wigging; and his temper was not pleasant as he strode away. He did not stride very far. He was anxious to interview the cheerful new boy, as soon as that exasperating youth was outside the Head's quarters.

"You may go, Grace!" snapped the Head, as the new junior still lingered within his study.

"Thank you, sir!" said Putty demurely.

"Thank you, sir!" said Putty demurely.

"Why do you not go, Grace?" he rapped out sharply.

"H-I-I'd rather give Carthew time to get clear before I go, if you don't mind, sir!" "What?"

What?"

"I-I'd rather--"
"What utter nonsense!" exclaimed the

"I—I'd rather—"
"What utter nonsense!" exclaimed the Head angrily.

Teddy Grace did not quite agree. He had noted very clearly the look in Mark Carthew's eyes as he went out.

Dr. Chisholm was about to speak again, but he checked himself, rose to his feet, and put his head out at the door,

A dozen feet from the doorway stood Carthew of the Sixth, with his brows knitted and his teeth set, in an attitude of grim waiting.

He made a step forward as the study door opened, his fists clenched and his eyes gleaming—under the belief that it was Teddy Grace who was coming out.

Then he stopped, almost paralysed, as he saw that it was the Head.

Dr. Chisholm's glance fixed upon him grimly. He could see at once that putty's apprehensions were not without grounds.

"Well, Carthew" he rapped out "what."

Putty's apprehensions were not without grounds.
"Well, Carthew," he rapped out, "what are you waiting for?"
"Oh, sir! !—!—nothing!"
"Is it possible," exclaimed the Head, "that it was your intention to punish Grace, although! I have stated that he was not to be punished?"
"Oh, no, sir! Certainly not!" gasped Carthew.

"Oh, no, sir. Carthew."
"Then what are you waiting for?"
"I-I-I wanted to speak to the boy, sir-that-that's all. I-I was going to

sir—that—that's all. I—I was going to

to—"
"Well, to what?"
"To—to warn him not to smoke his
medicated eigarettes in public again,
sir!" gasped Carthew, hoping that that
would pass.
"Very good! You will understand
"Very good! You will understand
"To we that the property of the same state of this incidents."
Oa, certainly, sir."

ishes, for this incident."

Og, certainly, str!

And Oarthew retired, covered with confusion and very glad to get out of the sight of the Head's keen eyes. Dr. Chisholm turned back into his study.

"You may go, Grace!" he said curtly.

"Thank you, sir!"

And Putty of the Fourth went, with a smiling face.

#### The 3rd Chapter A High Tea.

A High Tea.

Jimmy Silver & Co. met the new junior at the corner of the passage, in great perplexity.

Carblew of the Sixth had passed them. with a savagely scowling face, and had bestowed a cuff on Tubby Muffin as he passed—Tubby's fat ear being handy. Apparently something had gone wrong in the Head's study. When Putty of the Fourth came along, smiling and serene, the juniors surrounded him.

"Not lieked?" exclaimed Loveli.

Putty opened his eyes.

"Lieked! No. Why?"

"Well, my hat!" ejeculated Jimmy Silver. "Not lieked! Not after marching up and down the Form-room passage smoking."

"Oh. you misunderstand—het see Comments."

moking."
"Oh, you misunderstand—just as Car-thew did!" said Putty cheerily; and he

thew did!" said Putty cheerily, and rexplained.

There was a chortle among the juniors when they understood.

It was clear now why Carthew of the Sixth had passed them with an expression which Lovell likened to that of a demon in a pantonime.

"You checky bounder!" said Jimmy silver. "You've been pulling Carthew's leg, then—making him make a fool of himself—"" and for coming along

Silver. "You've been pulling Carthew's leg, then—making him make a fool of himself."

"It was his own tault, for coming along just then!" said Putty.

"Any prefect who had come along would have taken you in to the Head, said Townsend.

Putty nodded.

"Yes; I rathler expected that." he said. "It's rather a joke to pull the prefect's leg. I thought it might he Bulkeley who would catch me. I haven't pulled Bulkeley's leg yet."

"I'd rather advise you to leave the captain of the school alone!" said Jimmy Silver warningly. "The fact is, Grace, you're a little too funny for Rookwood. It may land you in trouble."

"Bear me!"

"Carthew won't forget this; he will find a chance of scalping you," said Jimmy. "You can expect to be called on to fag for Carthew, and when you're in his study you'll find that he's got a good reason for using his ashplant; nothing to do with this, of course, but a folly good brand-new excuse, which will be good enough for the Head if necessary."

"Oh!" cjaculated Putty.

sary."
"Oh!" ejaculated Putty.
He looked a little dismayed.
Putty of the Fourth was rather a
peculiar youth in some respects, and he
seemed to have been born with a japing

kink in his nature. A practical joke had an irresistible attraction for him; and reflection generally came too late—as in the present instance.

He had succeeded in making an enemy of a prefect of the Sixth—which was certainly not a good beginning for a new junior in any school.

The Fistical Four grinned as Putty's face lengthened.

"Not so funny now—what?" chuckled Lovell.

"Not so funny now—what?" chuckled Lovell.
"Can't be helped!" said Putty philosophically. "After all, it was a good joke. Besides, I explained the matter, and Carthew ought to be satisfied. The Head was."

Head was."

"The Head's a bit more innocent than Cartbew!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"Carthew knows you were pulling his leg. And you will hear of it again."

"And I must say," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, "that it will serve you right (Grace. There's such a thing as be sg soo Tunky!"

Indward Lovell, "that it will serve you right, Grace. There's such a thing as be ig too funcy!"

And me Fistical Four went off to the end steel to tea, leaving Putty of the Fourth to derive what consolation he could from their remarks.

The new junior remarks.

The new junior remained for some minutes in thought.

But his face cleared very soon. He was not very much given to reflection, and he certainty, did not believe in meeting troubles half way.

But here Carlback "I he murmured."

not very men given to reflection, and he certainly, did not believe in meeting troubles half way.

"Bother Carthew!" he murmured.
And with that remark he dismissed the bully of the Sixth from his mind, and walked cheerily away.

Tubby Mufan met him at the foot of the big staircase, and laid a podgy hand on his sleeve.

"What about tea?" he asked. "You haven't forgotten?"

"Not at all!" said Putty cheerily. "It's up to me! A high tea at sharp six—that was the arrangement."

"It's getting on for six now," said Tubby anxiously. "I have not seen you do any shopping. Can I do it for you? I don't mind! In fact, I'd be glad to oblige you, Putty!"

Putty grinned.

"My dear chap, the shopping's all done!" he said. "You turn up in the study at six, and you'll find the high tea all ready."

"Can't I' help you with the cooking?"

all ready."

"Can't I help you with the cooking?"

"Can't I help you with the cooking?"

asked Minim.

"Leave it to me, my fat pippin!"

And Putty went cheerily upstairs. Tubby Muffin was left with a very cheerful expression on his fat face.

Tubby had a fixed belief that he was entitled to live on the fat of the land; and I'he did not get a good-spread in the atudy, he felt that there was something rotten in the state of penmark, so to speak.

sotten in the state to speak. It was up to It was Tubby's idea that it was up to the new justine to stand a study feed, to may his locting at tookwood, as it were. The office declipates of Study No. 2 confined to the standard participation of the standard production of the standard producti

The other description of Stady No. 2 contents in the stady of a bully promised Petry a famining it has a preside higgs who was a cool day of a bully promised Petry a famining it has a preside not come off.

And Putty had meekly agreed to standahigh that it would be a very high tea.

Putty was busy in Stady No. 2 for some time: but just before six he came out, and found Higgs and Jones minor and Tubby Muffin in the Fourth Form passage. Higgs save him a rather striy look. The 'bully of the Fourth had had his tabs with the new junior already.

"Tea ready" he demanded.

"Ready, my lord!" answered Putty cheerfully. "You fellows don't mind if I don't stay in to tea? I find I've got another engagement."

"What rot!" said Jones minor. "If you're standing the spread, stay in and have a whack in it!"

"Certainly." said Higgs. "If there's plenty, at any rate.

"I don't know about plenty," said Putty thoughtfully. "I've done my hest, and I'm pretty certain that there's more than you can eat."

"Well, that's all right."

"Right as rain!" said Tubby Muffin brightly. "You're not half a bad sort, Putty, though you're such a silly ass!".

And Tubby Muffin rolled on to, the study, followed by Higgs and Jones minor—Putty of the Fourth descending the stairs rather hastly as they went.

The three juniors entered Study No. 2, and they looked tather puzzled. The study tathe was not set for tea; there was nothing on it but a large dish, with the coyer on.

was nothing.

Higgs after d an angry exclamation.

Higgs after d an angry exclamation.

Is the charlet ass spoofing us?" he exclaimed. "Where a the high tew?"

Must be an the dish, said Tupby

Must.

chained "Where a the high teat?"

Must, be an the cish, "and Tubby Muffin.

"There would be much in one dish," he said there was more than we could eat," remarked Jones minor.

Higgs strode to the table and lifted the cover from the dish. The next moment he staggered back, with a gasp.

'Occoped the 'There was a kipper in the dish. It was not a new kipper, by any means. It looked like a kipper that had been on active service for a very long time. And the scent that proceeded from it could not be called agreeable.

"What the—" gasped Jones minor. There was a howl from Tubby Muffin.

"Oh, the rotter! That's the high tea—it's one of his rotten jokes!"

Alfred Higgs glared at the ancient kipper.

His brain did not work swiftly: but if.

Alred higgs gantous kipper.

His brain did not work swiftly; but it dawned upon him at last that this was the "high" tea Putty had arranged; and it could not be denied that the kipper was very "high" indeed; it was more than

gamey.
"The the the cheeky idiot!" gasped
Higgs. "Why. Pil-Pil-Pil-"
Words failed him. He harled the dishcover into the grate with a terrific

crash, and rushed from the study in search of Putty of the Fourth,

## The 4th Chapter. atching a Tartar.

"Grace!"
Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, was taking the roll at calling-over.
There was a moment's pause after Teddy Grace's name had been called.
All the rest of the Fourth were there, but Putty had not put in an appearance, but Putty had not put in an appearance the had been missing since the high tea in Study No. 2; and Alfred Higgs had lunted for him up and down Rookwood in vain.

in Study No. 2; and Alleu Hisso in unted for him up and down Rookwood in vain.

"The silly ass will get lagged!" murmured Arthur Edward Loveli. "I wonder what potty trick he is up to now?"

The big door opened softly, and Teddy Grace slipped in and dodged into the ranks of the Fourth.

"Grace!" repeated Mr. Bootles, raising his voice.

"Adsum!" answered Teddy cheerfully. And Mr. Bootles, after a glance in his direction, went on with the roll.

Higgs fixed a deadly look on the new junior. He knew that Putty had been dodging him; but it was impossible to escape calling-over, and Putty had been obliged to turn up at last.

Higgs did not mean to lose sight of him again.

When the Rookwooders were dismissed

again.
When the Rookwooders were dismissed from the Hall, Higgs hurried to join

when the Rookwooders were dismissed from the Hall, Higgs harried to Join Teddy Grace going out.
Putty sauntered after the Fistical Four into the Common-room, and Higgs followed him there.
"Now, you rotter!" exclaimed Higgs, striding towards him.
Putty looked at him.
"Hallo, what's the trouble?" asked Jimmy Silver.
"Blessed if I know!" said Putty.
"Higgs appears to be annoyed about something. I hope I haven't offended you, Higgs."
"I'll jolly well show you whether you have or not!" roared Higgs. "What about that high tea, you rotter?"
"Like it!" gasped Higgs.
"You seemed pleased when I suggested a high tea," said Putty simply. "It was as high as I could make it."
"And I'm going to give you a thundering good hiding for your high tea!" snoted Higgs.
"Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, interposing. "Is that what you call thanks for hospitality, Higgs?"
"Get aside, you ass!"
"He spoofed us!" howled Tubby Muffin. "What he called a high tea was a high old kipper!"
"Oh, my hat!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, wasn't it a high tea?" demanded Putty.
"You immy ass" said Jimmy Silver. "You funny ass!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look hers."
"Look hers."
"Oh, rats!"
Higgs dodged round Jimmy Silver, and rushed at the new junior. Putty of the Fourth promptly dodged round the big mahogany table.

The bully of the Fourth dashed in purality

The bully of the Fourth dashed in pursairt.

But at that game the nimble new junior had a great advantage. The burly Alfred was soon panting for breath, and the rest of the Fourth howled with laughter as they went round and round the big table.

"Stop bin!" howled Higgs at last.

"You cackling idiots, stop him!"

"Gatch him!" answered Jimmy Silver, laughing.

laughing.
"Mumn, stop him at once!" "Mum, stop him at once!"
"Stop where you are, Tubby!" said
Jimmy silver, taking the fat Classical by
the collar.
"I say, Jimmy..."
"Shurtup!" chuckled Jimmy. "Go it,
Higgs! Here we go round the mulberrybush!"

Higgs! Here we go round the mulberrybush!"

Higgs rushed in pursuit of Putty once
more, and the nimble junior circled
actively round the table. Twice round
they went again, and bowls of laughter,
and Higgs stopped, panting.

He shook a furious fist at Putty across
the table.

"You rotter!" he roared.

"Same to you, old bean!" answered
Putty affably.

"I'll smash you!"

"Go ahead!"

"I-1-1:"

Higgs sprawled furiously across the

"I'll smash you!"
"Go ahead!"
"I-I-I'll-""
Higgs sprawled furiously across the table. It was the oily way of getting at his enemy.
As he sprawled across Putty whipped round the table, with lightning speed and graspest Higgs by the ankles.
Higgs squirined round on the table, surprised to find his enemy behing him, and kicked furiously to free his legs.
But Putty's grip on his ankles was like iron, and he dragged Higgs back neross the table with ease.
Here, hold on!" roared Higgs, in great alarm, as his shoulders approached the edge of the table. "Do you want to break my neek, you mad duffer?"
Higgs' shoulders and head were on the table now, and part of his back-just enough of him to keep his head from crashing down to the floor. His struggles ceased suddenly. He could not free his ankles, which Putty was holding high; and if he slid off the table, the result was likely to be exceedingly painful to Higgs' head, hard as it was.
The juniors yelled with laughter. Nobody seemed inclined to go to the enraged Alfred's help. He clutched at the table with his hands, but the smooth mahogany offered no hold.
Putty grinned at him cheerfully, "Let go?" roared Higgs.
"Not this evening, dear boy!"
"You—you—you—"
"I'm afraid I must pull you off, old bean," said Putty. "It may damage the floor. That can't be helped."

"Hold on!" shrieked Higgs, in great

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alarm. "What for?"

"What for?"
"You—you crass idiot, you'll crack my skull if you land me head-first on the floor!" raved Higgs.
"What does it matter!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Leggo! You—you villain—leggo!"
Higgs wriggled spasmodically. He was terrified at the idea of the back of his head coming down with a crash to the floor. And no wonder! Certainly it would have meant a serious case for the sanatorium.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Leggo!"
"My hat! Your feet are a good weight,
Higgs," remarked Putty. "Do you take
elevens or fifteens?"
"Help!"
"Make it pax!" suggested Putty.
"You look like getting the smashing,"
remarked Putty, keeping Higgs' wriggling
feet well up. "Ir you damage the floor
with your sepper, it will most likely
be put down in your bill, too. Make it
pax, old bean, or I'm afraid I shall have
to floor you."
"1—I won't!" gasped Higgs.
"Then here goes!"

to floor you."

"I—I won't!" gasped Higgs.
"Then here goes!"
"Stop!" roared Higgs. "You mad idiot, hold on! I—I—I!]! make; it 'pax."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Honest Injum?" asked Putty.
"Ye-es!" groaned Higgs. "Oh, you beast! Honest Injum?" asked Putty.
"Done!" said Putty cheerfully.
And he released Higgs' ankles, and the bully of the Fourth was allowed to slide to the floor, right end uppermost.
Higgs stood panting for some moments, while the juniors howled with laughter. He scowled savagely at Putty and clenched his fists—hard!
"Pax, you know!" murmured Putty.
Higgs gave an angry short and strode away. "Pax" was a binding compact, even on the bully of the Fourth. Putty smiled cheerfully as the burly Alfred stamped out of the Common-room.
He seemed quite satisfied with the result of the argument. Higgs was not satisfied, certainly; but then it was impossible to satisfy everybody.

## The 5th Chapter.

"Fag!" Carthew of the Sixth called out

"Fag!"
Carthew of the Sixth called out sharply.
It was the following afternoon, and it happened to be a half-holiday at Rookwood.
The weather was fine, and most of the fellows intended to seend that half-holiday at the fellows who heard the fellows in the fellows who heard the fellows and the fellows who heard the fellows which has to near Putty for the latter to scuttle off, and his eyes were fixed grimly on the new boy.

"Fag! Come here, Grace!"
Teddy Grace looked at him:

"Do you want me, Carthew?" he asked meekly.

"Yes, you young sweep! I want a fag, grimed tarthew. The Sixth Form prefect was quite within his rights in calling on a junior to fag, though whether Carthew really wanted a fag just then was a question. Grace had a suspicion that what he really wanted was to wipe off the score of the pfevious day.

"Well, here I am," said Putty, with a sigh.

"Well, here I am," said Putty, with a sigh.

"Go to my study at once."

"Yes, Carthew."

"And wait there till I come."

"Very well."

Putty glanced out into the sunny quadrangle, which was so pear and yet so far, and headed for the prefect's study in the Sixth Form passage.

He expected the prefect to follow him there to explain what duties were required of him; but Carthew seemed, in no hurry.

quired of him; but Carthew seemed in no hurry.
Putty waited about five minutes, and then he looked out of the study.
Carthew could be seen at the end of the passage, chatting with Knowles of the Modern Sixth.
Teddy Grace eyed them impatiently for some minutes, but Carthew did not look in his direction.
The new junior called out to him at last.

What do you want me for, Carthew?"
The prefect glanced round at that.
I've told you to wait," he answered.
Well, I've waited."
Go oh waiting." smiled Carthew.
Look here, how long am I to wait?"
Till I come."

"Look here, how recommended Putty.
"Till I come,"
"When are you coming, then?"
"Presently."
"Look here, Carthew—"
"Go back into the study at once, and be quiet!" rapped out the prefect.
Teddy Grace looked rebellious; but he obeyed. He understood well enough now that he was not really wanted to fag—it was a way of detaining him for the half-holiday, and spoiling any little excursion he might have planned. This was Carthew's tit-for-tat for the affair that cigarette.

half-holiday, cursion he might have pure cursion he might have pure was Carthew's tit-for-tat for the analof the cigarette.

Doubtless the situation was humorous, from Carthew's point of view; possibly he wanted to show the humorist, of the Fourth that he could be humorous, too. But, like many humorists, if not most of them, Putty did not fully appreciate humour when it was directed against of them, Putty did not fully appreciate humour when it was directed against himself.

He did not see anything funny at all in remaining shut up in Carthew's study,

when he wanted to be out of doors in the shine. Besides, he had arranged to join the Fistical Four that afternoon in a ramble on Coombe Heath.

He went to the study window and looked out, debating in his mind whether to drop out and "cut" for it.

Hallo, young 'un!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came along and glanced up at Putty, surprised to find him at Carthew's window.

"Aren't you coming out?" asked the captain of the Fourth. "We're just going to start."

"Carthew's told me to wait for him here," growled Putty. "It's only a trick to keep me indoors. He doesn't want a fag."

here, s.
to keep me indoors.
fag."
Jinmy Silver whistled.
"That's hard cheese," he said.
"Your own look-out, my boy," grinned
Arthur Edward Lovell. "You shouldn't
be so jolly funny with a Sixth Form prefect! Keep your little jokes for your
own Form."

Partry grunted.

\*\*coing to stick it much

feet! Keep your little jokes for your own Form."
Putty grunted.
"Well, I'm not going to stick it much longer," he said. "It's no joke to spend an afternoon in a study doing nothing."
"Ha, ha! Perhaps Carthew's pulling your leg this time," chuckled Raby. "It's a Roland for an Oliver, you know," "Oh, rats! What would happen, Silver, if I cut for it?" asked Putty. "I could drop from this window."
"A jolly good licking," answered Jimmy Silver. "You have to fag for a prefect if he requires it."
"But it's only spoof; he only wants to keep me bottled up here!" said Putty savagely.

keep me bottled up here:
savagely.
"He would make out that he wanted
you, my boy. You'd better stick it." advised Jimmy Silver. "When Carthew's
done with you, come along to Coombe;
you'll find us somewhere on the heath."
"Ta-ta!" smiled Newcome.
The Fistical Four went on their way to
the gates.

Ta-ta; sunce.
The Fistical Four went on vac.
the gates.
They were sorry for Putty; but they could not help feeling that, if he was going to be so humorous himself, he must expect a little sardonic humour in there.

others.

Putty of the Fourth walked about restlessly in the study for some time. Mark Carthew showing no sign of putting in an appearance.

It was really impossible for the energetic junior to keep idle for long, and he was soon improving the shining hour by pouring ink into Carthew's clock, and gum into the inkpot.

He had just finished the latter operation when Carthew, at last, appeared in the doorway of the study with a sardonic grin on his face.

"Hallo! Have I kept you waiting?" he asked.

nano! Have I kept you waiting?" he asked.

"Yes, you have!" grunted Putty.

"Don't scowl at me!" snapped Carthew. Teddy Grace cleared his clouded reatures with an effort. Carthew's eye, had wandered to his ashplant; and it was easy to see that be was seeking an excuse for a "licking." It was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again.

"That's better," jeered Carthew. "We're going to teach you how to behave yourself at Rockwood, my pippin!"

"Thank you Carthew!" said Teddy Grace meckly.

"Eh?"

"Thank you so much! It is so kind of

"Thank you so much! It is so kind of you!"

"Thank you so much! It is so kind of you!"
Carthew scowled. If Putty expected the soft answer to turn away wrath, he was doomed to disappointment.
"Don't give me any of your jokes. Grace," said the Sixth-Former. "Now, I shall want you for a good bit of the afternoon. Were you going out?"
"Yes; and I'm late already."
"That's too bad; I'm afraid you'll be a bit later," grinned Carthew. "I hope you're not lazy, Grace. I've a way of making lazy fags industrious. I don't mind how much trouble I take. In fact, I enjoy it. Now, I've let my fag off for the afternoon; I'm always kindhearted to fags. You're going to take his place. See?"
Putty was silent.

for the afternoon; I'm always kindhearted to fags. You're going to take his place. See?"

Putty was silent.

"It's three now," said Carthew, looking at his watch. "At four, or soon after, I'm coming in to tea. You're to tidy the study, and make it as spick and span as a new pin... If I see a speck of dust anywhere, I'll skin you! Got that?"

"Yes, thanks!"
Carthew smiled.

"You're to have tea ready at four," he continued. "I shall require a rather good tea—say, eggs and rashers, and a cake, and some biscuits, and you'd better get some ham, too, and a few trimmings. Knowles and Frampton are coming in to tea, and I want a good table."

"Yes," growled Putty.

"If you don't do exactly as you're told." went on Carthew agreeably, "I shall skin you! You can ask Wegg of the Third what he gets when he annoys me. It may be a lesson to you."

"You're doing this because you made a fool of yourself to the Head yesterday," said Teddy, between his teeth.

Carthew raised his eyebrows.

"That little matter of the influenza cigarette?" he smiled. "Not at all! 'I dorgotten about it. Didn't you hear the Head say that you were not to be punished for that? A prefect of the Sixth Form, my boy, has to carry out the Head's orders, not oppose them. That matter is entirely closed. I am now dealing with you as a fag."

"Oh, I understand!" grunted Putty.

"You've got your yarn all ready in case I should complain to the Head."

"I really don't know what you're talking about," said Carthew. "In fact, you remember tea—a good spread—ready at four o'clock, or you'll wish you'd never been born!"

And Carthew turned to the door.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Grace.

"I really don't know what you're talking about," said Carthew. "In fact, you alk too much. Shut up, will you? Now, emember tea—a good spread—ready at tour o'clock, or you'll wish you'd never een born!"
And Carthew turned to the door. "Hold on!" exclaimed Grace. "Well?" said Carthew, looking back. "You've forgotten the money."
"What money?"
"If I'm to get you a big spread, I supour o croca, or seen born!"

And Carthew turned to the door.
"Hold on!" exclaimed Grace.
"Well?" said Carthew, looking back.
"You've forgotten the money."
"What money?"

pose I shall have to buy the things," said Putty. "I can't get them on tick, I suppose; so you'd better leave me the money. hadn't you?"

Carthew shrugged his shoulders. Putty did not know the Sixth Form bully yet. It was no new proceeding for Mark Carthew to order his fag to prepare tea without providing the necessary funds. In such a case, the fag was supposed to manage somehow. He could use his own money, or he could raid some other fag's study cupboard, or he could lay in supplies on "tick"—in fact, he could do anything he liked so long as he did not disappoint the bully of the Sixth at tea-time. Carthew was not particular, so long as he had his tea.

Teddy Grace did not understand all that yet, and he waited for the prefect to hand over the cash. Carthew made no motion to hand over any cash.

He turned to the door again, as if the matter was settled. Putty, perplexed, followed him.

"I can't get the things without money, Carthew!" he exclaimed.

Tollowed him.
"I can't get the things without money,
Carthew!" he exclaimed.
"Can't you?" asked Carthew, looking

back.
"Of course I can't."
"You'd better manage, somehow, to have the spread ready," remarked the bully of the Sixth. "I'm sorry for you, otherwise."
"Outto understood then, and his eyes

"Boy you think I'm going to stand a spread for your tea-party out of my own pocket?" he howled.
"My dear kid, I don't think about it at all," grinned Carthew. "All I know is, that if there isn't a first-class spread ready at four o'clock, there will be weeping and walling and gnashing of teeth!"
"Why, you thumping swindler!" ejaculated Putty.
"What!" roared Carthew.

"What!" roared Carthew. "
He strode back to his study, snatched

lared the unfortunate fag with the other.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Yaroooh!" roared Putty, struggling frantically in the Sixth-Former's powerful grasp. "Oh! Ah! Ow! Stoppit!"
Whack, whack, whack!
"Yooop! Leggo! Stoppit! Oh, my hat!"

"Yooop: Less."
hat!"
Whack, whack, whack!
"There!" gasped Carthew, pitching the
hapless, Putty across the study. "Is
that enough, or do you want some
more?"

more?"
"Yarooop!"
Putty sat down upon the hearthrug
with a bump, gasping for breath. He
blinked dizzily at the big Sixth-Former.
"Do you want any more?" roared Carthew.

"Do you want any more?" roared Carthew.
"Ow! Yow! No! Wow!"
"I thought I'd bring you to reason!
You mustn't bandy words with a Sixth-Form prefect, my boy!" grinned Carthew. "It doesn't pay. You'll find that out in the long run. Now set to work, and don't forget tea at sharp four! You're such a funny merchant, Grace, that you ought to see something funny in this."

in this."
Carthew himself evidently saw something funny in it, for he laughed loudly as he went down the passage.
Putty apparently did not.
He sat on the hearthrug and gasped for breath, and rubbed his shoulders ruefully, feeling for once like anything but a humorist.

The 6th Chapter. A Little Rag. Putty of the Fourth rose to his feet at

No.

2 1 0

A HIGH TEA! Higgs lifted the cover from the dish and then staggered back with a gasp. "Ooooch!"

There was an ancient kipper on the dish—and the scent of it could not be called agreeable.

up his ashplant with one hand, and collared the unfortunate fag with the other.

Whack, whack, whack!
"Yaroooh!" roared Putty, struggling "Yaroooh!" roared Putty, struggling

Putt

since making the latter's estimable acquaintance, and what he had learned of him had not inspired him with respect for the bullying prefect.

If he had been commanded to fag for Bulkeley or Neville, Putty would have done his fag's duties without repining, like any other junior at Rookwood; but with Carthew it was quite a different proposition. Bulkeley or Neville would not have ordered him to supply a spread at his own expense.

Putty had plenty of pocket-money, but he was not in the least degree inclined to spend it on Carthew.

He had the prefect's orders to carry out, but he intended to carry them out in his own way.

As he did not intend to provide the

out, but he intended to carry them out in his own way.

As he did not intend to provide the required spread, it was certain that he was booked for a severe licking; and as that was certain anyway, Putty made up his mind to carn it fully, on the principle that it is as well to be hung for a success for a tamb.

Carthew had told him to tidy the study, and Putty proceeded to tidy it—on original lines.

He tidied the mantelpiece first, by sweeping off every article it contained into the fender, with a terrific crash.

Then he pitched the books of the floor in a shower. To the heap of books he added an inkstand from the table and a bottle of gum, with the cork out.

He was grinning by this time.

The scamp of the school seemed, in fact, quite in his element in fagging for Carthew in this style.

A fat face glimmered in at the doorway while he was thus erigaged. Tubby Muffin gazed in amazement and horror at the havoe in Carthew's study.

"Wha-a-at are you up to, Putty?" he gasped.

"Fagging for Carthew."

"My hat! He'll skin you alive!"

gasped.
"Fagging for Carthew."
"My hat! He'll skin you alive!"

"The kik-kik-carpet!" stuttered Tubby.
"Yes; there's lots to be done. You see, I'm going to have a licking anyway, and this won't make it much worse!" said Putty cheerfully. "Come in and help!"

neip;"
"No jolly fear!" gasped Tubby Muffin.
And the fat Classical scuttled away,
terrified at the idea of even being near
at hand to such a scene of catastrophic
havec.

Putty grinned and continued his He jerked out the table-drawer, which was full of books, papers, and other articles.

helped.

He glanced at a folded pink paper that had fallen from the burst tin box, and gave a jump.

The title printed on the pink paper was "Racing Tips,"

"My only summer chapeau!" gasped

"My only summer chapeau" gasped Putty.

He fairly blinked at the racing paper. He had lieard hints and whispers about Carthew, but this was a clincher. He understood now why the tin box had been locked. The discovery of such a paper in a prefect's study at Rookwood meant a very painful interview with the headmaster, probably to be followed by immediate departure from Rookwood.

Putty grinned as he picked up the pink paper. If he had been inclined to "sneak," he held the bullying prefect in the hollow of his hand now.

There were scribbled words on the margin of the paper, next to a list of horses—notes made by the amateur

C

punter regarding the form of the "geegees," evidently for guidance in laying bets. There were plenty of papers about the study with Carthew's writing on them, and at a glance Putty saw that the marginal notes on "Racing Tips" were in the prefect's hand. Naturally, Carthew had never expected a paper in a locked box to come to light. He had not been careless enough to leave it in the drawer without precaution.

Putty stood amid the wreck he had made and examined the pink paper with an interested eye.

He held in his hand evidence enough to get him severely reprimanded and punished, and degraded from the rank of prefect.

Putty did not intend to make that evidence known. Carthew certainly deserved to be exposed; but the junior

of prefect.

Putty did not intend to make that evidence known. Carthew certainly deserved to be exposed; but the junior had no intention of betraying him. Whatever Carthew deserved, it was not his business to "sneak."

But he realised at once the use that that incriminating paper might be to him.

But he realised at once the use that that incriminating paper might be to him.

"My hat?" mermured Putty. "I fancy I sha'n't get that licking after all?" He looked at his watch. "Half-past three!, Lots of time yet."

He thrust the loided paper into an inside pocket and sauntered out of the study, shutting the door after him.

Tubby Muffin met him with a scared face, as he went up to his own study in the Fourth Form passage.

"Finished?" gasped the lat Classical.
"Oh, yes!"

"Carthew'll boil you in oil!"
"My dear old porpoise, Carthew won't touch me," smiled Putty. "If he comes inquiring after me, tell him I've gone down to Coombe, and sha'n't be back till call-over."
"Oh, crikey!" gasped Tubby.

Putty went into his study, and came out in a few minutes, smiling cheerily. The annotated racing-paper was in a safe place now.

The new junior walked contentedly out of the School House and away to the gates. He had nearly reached the gates when there' was a sound of running feet from the direction of Mr. Manders' house.

Putty looked round quickly.
Carthew of the Sixth was speeding

nunders' house.
Putty looked round quickly.
Carthew of the Sixth was speeding after him, with a red and angry face.
He had spotted the junior from Knowles' window.
"Star!"

"Stop!" shouted Carthew.
"Another time, dear boy!" called back Putty.
"I'll—I'll—

"Go and eat coke, old top!"
Putty dashed out of the gates at top speed, with Carthew rushing on his track. He was well down the lane when Carthew glared out of the gates.
"Come back!" roared Carthew furiously.

ously.

Put: paused for a moment to kiss his hand at the inturiated prefect, and then sped on.

Carthew made a stride out of the gates, but he stopped and turned back. It was not much use to think of pursuing the clusive junior up and down the country lanes.

elusive junior up and down the country lanes.

His wrath had to be bottled up till a more favourable opportunity. But Putty had to return by locking-up, and then he could be dealt with. And Carthew's plans for dealing with him were almost blood-curdling.

He returned to Mr. Manders' House; and at four o'clock he took his friends to his study in the School House, without much expectation of finding that Putty had left tea ready for him. It was only too plain that the fag had mutinied. 'Carthew did not quite expect to see a spread; and he was very far indeed from expecting to see what he actually did see.

When he threw open the door of his study and glanced in, he could not believe his eyes at first.

Knowles and Frampton looked in and whistled.

"What the thunder—" said Knowles.

"What the thunder—" said Knowles.
"Have the Huns been here?" grinned

was full of books, papers, and other articles.

He emptied it by the simple process of letting it fall on the floor with a crash.

There was a flat tin box among the articles, locked, but it burst open as it crashed on the floor.

The lid flew open, and several articles rolled out on the carpet.

"Oh, my hat?" murmured Putty.

He had not meant to proceed to the length of breaking a lock, but the damage was done now, and could not be helped.

"What the thunder—" said Knowles.
"Have the Huns been here?" grinned Frampton.
Carthew stuttered.
"I—I—I told him to tidy up the study!" he gasped. "I—I told him not to leave a speck of dust—"
"By gad! He's left a good many!" grinned Knowles. "You don't seem to keep your fargs in much order on this side of Rookwood, Carthew, old sport."
"He—he—he's wrecked the study!" gasped Carthew dazedly. "Look at the mantelpiece—and the fender—and the carpet—and my books—and papers! My hat! I'll—I'll—I'll—" "I shouldn't lick him," said Knowles. "I'd take him to the Head, and get him a flogging! That's better."
"I—I will! I'll have him flogged! I'll have him expelled from Rookwood, if I can!" gasped Carthew. "Treating a prefect's study like this—a prefect's, you know! He must be mad! I'll make him clean up this muck on his bended knees. I—I—I'll—"

clean up this muck on his bended knees.

I-I-I'I' "

Carthew's voice failed him, and he fairly babbled with rage.

"You'd better come to tea with me, after all," remarked Knowles, repressing a grin. "This study really doesn't look inviting."

Carthew nodded speechlessly.

He went back to Mr. Manders' House with his friends in a state of mind that would have done credit to Von Tirpitz in his Tirpitziest days. His only consolation was the thought of what was to happen to Putty of the Fourth when he came in.

But Putty of the Fourth had his own ideas about that.

#### The Trump Card!

Jimmy Silver & Co. came back to Rookwood in the falling dusk, with Putty of the Fourth. The new junior had joined them on the heath, and had enjoyed a

ramble among the old quarries. The juniors came home together in a cheery mood; Putty the cheeriest of all.'

Jimmy Silver was looking rather grave. Putty had told him of the way he had fagged for Carthew, and Jimmy was thinking of the consequences.

"You don't seem to understand that it's serious, Grace," he said, as they came up to the gates of Rookwood. "Carthew will be as mad as a hatter."

"I shouldn't wonder," assented Putty. "I'm rather a hopeful chap, as a rule, but I never expected that Carthew would be pleased."

"He will skin you!" said Lovell.

"I'm afraid he will take you to the Head," said Jimmy Silver; "and I'm afraid it will mean a flogging, Grace."

Putty shook his head.

"Well, what do you think Carthew will do, then, you ass?" exclaimed Raby.

"I don't think he'll do anything."

"Oh, you're potty, then!"

"Wait and see!" said Putty, with a grin.

Putty walked in cheerily with Jimmy

"Wait and see!" said Putty, with a grin.

Putty walked in cheerily with Jimmy Silver & Co.—the Fistical Four feeling very much perplexed. They were not aware of the existence of Putty's trump-card—in the shape of "Racing Tips," securely hidden in his study.

A good many juniors were waiting about the doorway, and they looked very expressively at Putty as he came in with the Fistical Four. Tubby had spread the news of the ragging of Carthew's Study.

"Carthew's waiting for you," said Tubby Muffin. "He's hanging about waiting for you to come in, Putty."

"How very kind of him!"

"Here he comes!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

waiting for you to come in, Putty."

"How very kind of him!"
"Here he comes!" murmured Jimmy silver.

Carthew of the Sixth was not far away. He came down to the crowd of juniors near the big doorway as he saw Putty. The prefect's brows were knitted, his face pale with suppressed fury.

"So you've come back, Grace!" he said, between his teeth.

"Yes, thank you, Carthew!"
"I suppose you know what you're booked for."

"Am I booked for anything, please, Carthew?"

"I'm not going to lick you myself——"
"Thank you so much!"
Carthew trembled with rage.
"I'm going to take you to the Head!" he went on, almost choking. "You're going to get a flogging, you young ruffian! Come with me!"

"I'll come with you with pleasure, Carthew," said Putty meekly, as the bully of the Sixth grasped him savagely by the shoulder. "I want to see the Head! I want to ask him what I had better do with a copy of 'Racing Tips' I found in a prefect's study——"

"What!"

Carthew's grip suddenly relaxed.

He stared blankly at Teddy Grace, who returned his look with a sweet smile.
"Of faurse, I'm rather a simple chap," said Teddy. "I'm rather a simp

writing, pursued rutty gently. Boyou think it is against the rules, Carthew? As a prefect, you ought to know."

Carthew gave him one look, and rushed away to his study. There was a buzz among the juniors who had heard Putty's startling words.

Silver caught him by the arm.

"Is that true?" he asked breathlessly.

Putty smiled.

"True enough," grinned Mornington. "I fancy Carthew's rushed off to see whether his merry racin' paper is missin'. What a game! Putty you funny idiot, you take the cake, and no mistake!"

There was a shower of questions, but Putty did not answer them. He did not intend to give Carthew away more than was absolutely necessary for the purpose of saving his own valuable skin.

Carthew had not reappeared when the juniors went in to call-over. Jimmy Silver chuckled at the thought that the Sixth Form bully was swarching frantically among the debris in his study for the racing paper that was not there.

After call-over, Putty of the Fourth sauntered along to Carthew's study. The Sixth Form bully turned a crimson and furious face on him, his hands twitching with the desire to seize the cool, smiling junior and smitchim.

Putty stepped coolly into the study and laid three-halipence on the table. Carthew watched him with gilttering eyes.

"I'm sure you don't mind selling me that old paper at cost price Carthew"

eyes.
"I'm sure you don't mind selling me that old paper at cost price, Carthew,"

"I'm sure you don't mind sening methat old paper at cost price, Carthew," said Putty gently.
Carthew panted.
"Have you—have you got it about you?" he asked huskily.
"Should I be idiot enough to come in here if I had?" smiled Putty.
"Where have you hidden it?" hissed Carthew.

"Where have you hidden it?" hissed Carthew.

"In a safe place, old bean."

Putty strolled to the door, Carthew watching him a good deal like a tiger. The junior glanced back in the door.

"That merry paper won't come to light so long as you behave yourself, old nut," he said sweetly. "But don't be a bully any more, Carthew. I shall be angry if you do. Besides, it's bad form."

And Putty of the Fourth sauntered away, whistling. Carthew did not follow him. Not for a king's ransom would he have dared to lay hands, just then, on the scamp of Rookwood.

THE END. THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

## SOLD AGAIN!"

By OWEN CONQUEST.



Published Every Monday

## DICKY BIRD'S BONANZA!

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. Looking for Gold!

Hillcrest galoots!" exclaimed Bob

"Hillcrest galoots!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

Cedar Creek was frozen hard; from its source in the foothills to its outlet in the Thompson River it was one sheet of ice. And, naturally, Frank Richards & Co. had turned out with their skates after morning lessons at the backwoods school. Most of the Cedar Creek fellows were on the ice, near the school, getting a keen appetite for dinner; but the three chums had gone farther afield.

They were speeding along the frozen creek towards the little island which lay half-way between the lumber school and Hillcrest School.

Possibly they surmised that they might

Hillcrest School.

Possibly they surmised that they might meet some of their old rivals on the ice; they were generally ready for a "row" in a good-natured way with Dicky Bird & Co., of Hillcrest.

The three schoolboys slowed down, and Bob Lawless spoke, jerking up his hand to point to the rocky island a little distance ahead.

On the iclot the school and they will be in the control of the con

distance ahead.

On the islet two or tiree fellows could be seen, and among them the Co. recognised Dicky Bird himself.

"They've come out skating, like us," remarked Vere Beauclerc. "Shall we give them a look-in?"

"May as well bump them over, just to show that Cedar Creek is top school in this section!" said Frank, laughing.

"That's a cinch!" agreed Bob.

And the chums of Cedar Creek kept on for the island.

And the chums of Cedar Creek kept on for the island.

But they slowed down again as they neared it.

Through the frozen, leafless thickets among the rough rocks of the island, more fellows came into view, and they saw that there were seven or cipht of the Hillcresters.

Kern Gunten and Keller, the two Swiss, were there, with Dicky Bird and Blumpy and Watson and Fisher and another one or two.

A pile of skates could be seen on the shore. The Hilleresters had apparently taken them off to explore the island. Why they should want to explore that barren spot, was a mystery.

Certainly there was no bird's-nesting to be done at that season of the year.

"They're up to something," remarked Bob Lawless. "But they're rather too many for us to bump over, Franky. The bumping would be on the other side, I guess!"

guess!"

"They've seen us!" said Frank.

Dicky Bird ran quickly to the edge of the ice as he saw the three chums from Cedar Creek.

His face was rather excited.

"You galoots can vamoose!" he called

"Anything on?" called back Bob.
"Little kids shouldn't ask questions!"
was Dicky Bird's reply. "Make yourselves scarce before we come on the ice to you!"

you!"
Kern Gunten looked round.
"Clear those rotters off!" he exclaimed.
"Don't let them land here, Bird!"
"No fear!" answered Dicky.
"But what's the game?" exclaimed
Frank Richards, in astonishment.
"Nothing on the island we mustn't see, I
suppose?"

"Don't tell them!" called out Gunten.
"Shurrup, Gunten, you jay!" said Dicky
Bird hastily. "Now, you galoots, are you

Bird hastily. "Now, you galoots, are you going on?"
"I guess not!" answered Bob.
"Then we'll come along to you. Roll up, you fellows!"
Half a dozen of the Hillcresters came running out on the ice, with evidently warlike intentions.

running out on the ice, with evidently warlike intentions.

Frank Richards & Co. grinned, and waited till they were quite near, and then started skating again.

The Hillcresters were left hopelessly behind as the three chums shot onward over the ice.

Their merry laughter floated back as they went, and the Hillcrest fellows were left standing, shaking their fists.

A bend of the creek left the island behind out of sight, and Dicky Bird & Co. with it.

Then Bob Lawless slacked down.

"Holt on, kids!" he said.

"We've time for a run as far as the rapids and back before dinner, if we buck up." answered Frank.

"Never mind that. I want to know what those galoots are up to," answered Bob Lawless. "They were exploring the island."

"Blessed if I can guess what for!" said

island."

"Blessed if I can guess what for!" said Frank, stopping. "There's nothing there but rocks and ice, that I know of."
"Correct! But it's pretty plain that they think there may be something else there," answered Bob. "And I reckon I know what they're after."

"What's that?" asked Beauclerc.

"Gold!"

"Gold!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise.
"Is there any gold there?"
"Not a cent's worth. But a good many pilgrims have 'panned' on the island looking for it." said Bob, with a grin.
"There's gold on the Thompson River, and some hopeful galoots have looked for it on the island here. They've never found any. But I remember Gunten going there to search when he was a Cedar Creek chap. He's still got the idea in his silly head, and he's taken that crowd along to help him. That's why they didn't want us."

ant us."
Frank Richards laughed.
"They won't find anything," he re-

"They won't find anything," he remarked.

"Not unless it's put there for them to find!" chuckled Bob. "But I want to know for certain what they're after. I've got a stunt in my head. You fellows skate back and give them a yell as you pass, while I scout round on the other side of the island and put an eye on them. They won't tumble."

"Oh, all right!"

The chums of Cedar Creek turned back. Frank Richards and Vere Beauclere went skimming past the island the way they had come, and they shouted defiance at the Hillcrest fellows as they passed—answered by derlsive yells from Dicky Bird & Co.

Magnuthic Rob Lawless skated quietly

end.

Bob removed his skates and crept ashore into the frozen thickets.

The island was small, and in a few minutes he was in the middle of it, keeping carefully under cover.

minutes he was in the middle of it, keeping carefully under cover.

Clang!

It was the sound of a pick on the rocks
that came to his ears.

Bob Lawless grimed!

The sound of the pick confirsted his
surmise as to the reason why the Hillcrest fellows were there.

Dozens of times hopeful gold-seekers
from the Thompson Valley had searched
the island for traces of pay-dirt, without
success; and Dicky Bird & Co. were evidently taking up the quest, probably
rather to kill time than in the actual
hope of "striking ile."

The rancher's son tole
quietly forward
through the thickets, and stopped as he
caught sight of moving forms and heard
voices.

voices.

Keeping behind a tree, Bob Lawless watched the Hillcrest fellows through the openings of the thicket.

Dicky Bird was wielding the pick.

Chips of rock whizzed under his doughty blows.

blows.

"I guess there's nothing here, Gunten!" said Dicky Bird, stopping at last, and resting on the pick.

"I guess we haven't half looked yet!" answered Gunten. "Injun Dick's been bringing gold to sell at the store the past week, and when he was drunk he let out that he'd been on the island."

"Gammon, most likely," remarked Fisher. "Injun Dick's more likely to have bagged it on the river claims, and talked about the island to put folks off the scent."

scent."
"It's possible, of course," said Gunten.
"Still, there's a good chance. Lots of
miners have searched here for gold."

rocks are just like the rocks down the valley, where they've found nuggets and

dust."
"Well, it won't hurt us to look!" remarked Dicky Bird. "It would be all right to strike a bonanza. Would they let schoolboys stake out a claim, though?"

ough?"
"Our fathers could stake out the claims r us, if we found gold!" answered inten. "That's easy enough." "Share and share alike, if we find anying!" said Blumpy.

"Share and share alike, if we find anything!" said Blumpy.
"Of course—that's understood!"
"Of course," said Dicky Bird, with a nod. "Look here, we'll give it a trial. We'll come along to-morrow and spread over the whole island, and hunt it all over. It's understood that anything that's struck belongs to the whole crowd."
"That's fair."
"I guess we'd better be getting back to Hillcrest now, or we'll be late for dinner, and old Peckover will scalp us."
The Hillcrest fellows left the island, donning their skates and speeding away for home.

donning their skates and speeding away for home.

Bob Lawless kept carefully in cover till they were gone.

Then he moved back to the bank and put on his own skates, and started for Cedar Creek.

There was a merry grin on Bob's face as he skated away.

He had not much faith in gold being struck on the island in the creek; he had, in fact, looked there for it himself once, with the usual want of success.

But the discovery of the Hillcrest fellows quest had brought a little scheme into Bob's active mind—a "stunt" that made him chuckle loud and long as he skimmed back over the ice towards Cedar Creek School.

## Bob Lawless' Little Joke

"You're late!"
"I've got an idea—"
"Late for dinner—"
"I tell you I've thought of a stunt—"
"Dinner!" said Frank Richards ar
Vere Beauclere together, laughing.
And they took Bob Lawless by the same and rushed him to the Scho House.

The "timet" had to remain presented.

House.

The "stunt" had to remain unrevealed for the present.

But Bob Lawless was grinning cheerly over his dinner. He was evidently greatly pleased with his stunt, whatever it was.

greatly pleased with his stunt, whatever it was.

"Come on!" he said, when the Cedar Creek fellows came out of the lumber school after dinner.

"Skating again?" asked Frank.
"No; get your snowshoes. We've got to get a quick run down to Thompson, and get back before lessons."

"What the dickens are we going to Thompson for?" exclaimed Beauclerc.
"No time for chewing the rag, or we sha'n't be back in time, and Miss Meadows will snatch us baldheaded," answered Bob.

"Yes, but—"
"Come on, I tell you!"

"Yes, but—"
"Come on, I tell you!"
Frank and Beauciere acquiesced, and the three schoolboys put on their snowshoes at the gates.
The long trail before them was white and thick with snow, and they had not brought their borses to school that day.
Chunky Todgers came up as they were starting.

"You fellows—" he began.
Chunky did not get any farther.
The three chums glided off, leaving the fat schoolboy staring after them.
"I say, where are you going?" shouted Chunky.
No answer.

"I say, was Chunky.

Chunky.

No answer.

"If you're going to Thompson, you can bring me back some maple sugar." roared

words were lost

Chunky Todgers' words were lost wind, as the chums of Cedar Creek

on the wind, as the chums of Cedar Creek sped away.

There was no talking en route; the pace was too swift for that.

In fact, there was no time to lose, for it was a long run to Thompson, and it was necessary to get back by the time the bell rang for classes.

Bob Lawless had been very keen to tell his chums the "stunt," when he had come in from the island; but he did not speak now. He kept on at a terrific speed, and Frank and Beauclerc did their best to keep pace with him.

They arrived in Thompson at last, and removed their snowshoes to walk down Main Street.

"Where now?" asked Frank.

main Street.
"Where now?" asked Frank.
"The store down the street," answered

"Old Man Gunten's store?"
"Nope! Might meet Kern Gunten there; I think he goes home for dinner."
"What does it matter if we meet him?"
"Lots."

"Lots!"
Bob Lawless, with that laconic reply, led the way into a store in Main Street, his chums following him in perplexity.
Bob's purchases perplexed them still

his chums following him in perplexity.

Bob's purchases perplexed them still more.

What Bob Lawless could possibly want with a squirt and a packet of bronze-powder was a mystery to his chums; but such were the articles that the rancher's son bought for hard cash.

He slid the packet into one of his pockets and concealed the squirt under his jacket as they left the store.

"Now tell us what all this means!" said Frank Richards, when they were in the street again.

"I don't know that we've got time!" said Bob loftily.

"Fathead! Get it off your chest."

"Well," said Bob, relenting, "I found that Dicky Bird & Co. are really hunting for gold on the island in the creek, and they're going there again to-morrow to keep it up."

"Let them, the duffers! But what——"
"They didn't find any gold to-day," continued Bob.

"They won't to-morrow, either."
"That's where you make a mistake, Franky. They will!"

"Do you mean to say there is gold on the island, then?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"They won't to-morrow, either."

"That's where you make a mistake, Franky. They will!"

"Do you mean to say there is gold on the island, then?" exclaimed Beauclerc.
Bob Lawless shook his head.

"Not at present." he answered. "But we're going to alter all that. Now do you understand?"

"Blessed if i do," said Frank, "Make it a hit sleamer, if you're not wandering in your mind, old chap?"

Bob grunted.

"Haven't you ever heard of salting a claim?" he demanded.

"Salting a claim!"

"Yep! Don't you remember we were nearly swindled once by a Mexican man who salted a claim for us and nearly bagged our dollars? You squirt bronze-powder into a rock, and it looks like gold to any fellow who isn't well up in mining. It's often done by knowing galoots to swindle tenderfeet."

"Well, we're not going to swindle anybody, are we?" demanded Frank Richards in astonishment.

"Ha, ha! Nope! We're going to do it for a loke on Hillcrest. They're looking for a gold-mine—and we're going to help them find one!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank.

He comprehended at last.

"Got it?" grinned Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha."

The chums of Cedar Creek chuckled.
Bob's chums understood the: "stunt" at last. Dicky Bird & Co. were going to "strike fle" on the island in the creek—and they would be welcome to all the "ile" they struck!

"Fancy 'em pegging out claims—and going along to the sheriff's to register them!" chuckled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And fancy their faces when they try to get real gold out of the claims—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of Cedar Creek chuckled as they started for the school on their snow-shoes.

Their faces were very bright in class that afternoon.

It was agreed to keep the matter very dark; not a hint was to be allowed to escape which might possibly reach the ears of Dicky Bird & Co., and warn them that their leg was to be pulled.

Chunky Todgers was looking for them when they came in, but they were only just in time for class, and they hurried into the lumber school.

After lessons, however, the fat Chunky

into the lumber school.

After lessons, however, the fat Chunky joined them as they came out.

"You went to Thompson?" he asked.

"Correct!" answered Bob.

"Did you get it?"
Bob started.

"Wha-at!" he exclaimed. "You fat jay, how do you know anything about it?"

Chunky Todgers stared.

I guess—"he began.
ob Lawless took him by one fat ear.
Not a word!" he said warningly.
Eh? Ow!"
If you so much as breathe a word for
Hillcrest fellows to hear, I guess I'll
p you baldheaded!". said Bob imssively.
hunky Todgers looked bewildered. ealp

ressively. Chunky Todgers looked bewildered. "What does it matter if the Hillcrest aloots know?" he demanded. "They'd tumble to the stunt at once, galoots

"They'd tumble to the swar of course."
"What stunt?"
"Eh?"
"Blessed if I know what you're talking about," said Chunky Todgers. "Leggo my ear! I don't see why the Hillerest fellows shouldn't know that you've brought me some maple sugar from Thompson—"

ompson—" Mum-mum-maple sugar!" ejaculated

Bob.
"Yes; that was what I asked you."
Bob Lawless stared at the fat schoolboy for a moment, and then burst into
a laugh. It was evident that Chunky
did not, after all, know anything about
the intended stunt.
"Wall did you get it?" asked Chunky

did not, after all, know anything about the intended stunt.

"Well, did you get it?" asked Chunky impatiently.

"Ha, ha! No."

"Oh, I say—"

But Frank Richards & Co. did not stay for Chunky's further remarks.

They had work to do before they started for home, and Chunky Todgers was left to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Cheap Gold!

Cheap Gold!

Dusk was deepening into darkness as Frank Richards & Co. put on their skates and started down the creek.

Most of the Cedar Creek boys and girls were on their way home, but for the three chums there was business first.

The dusk did not trouble them; they knew every foot of the way, and they glided swiftly along the frezen stream.

It was night before they reached the island; but the bright stars were coming out in the sky, and a moon glimmered over the tree-tops along the bank.

There was quite light enough for their purpose.

"Here we are, my sons!" said Bob Lawless, as he slowed down. "Kick off your skates and follow your uncle."

The chums landed on the island.

They had no fear of being interrupted there by the Hillcrest fellows; Dicky Bird & Co. were not likely to visit that lonely spot after dark.

Bob Lawless looked round him, seeking a favourable spot for "salting" the rocks.

He stopped on the spot where Dicky Bird had wielded the pick earlier in

He stopped on the spot where Dicky Bird had wielded the pick earlier in

He stopped on the spot where Dicky Bird had wielded the pick earlier in the day.

"I guess this fills the bill!" he remarked. "They're most thkely to start again from here, I reckon. And when they come cavorting round here tomorrow there'll be a pleasant surprise ready for them."

And the chums chuckled.

At a short distance from the chipped rock Bob Lawless made his preparations. The squirt was loaded with bronze-powder, and then its contents were ejected with full force at the rough surface of the rock.

In the glimmer of the stars the surface of the rock showed a thousand yellow gleams.

Thrice Bob used the squirt, till the supply of bronze-powder was exhausted.

Frank kichards struck a match and held it up.

In the light the rock gleamed, to an inexperienced eye, rich with streaks of the precious yellow metal.

Bob Lawless dusted the surface carefully.

the precious yellow metal.

Bob Lawless dusted the surface carefully.

It was necessary to leave the yellow grains only in the rough crevices of the rock, not scattered on the surface.

When he had finished, another match was struck, and Bob surveyed his handiwork with great satisfaction.

"I guess that does the trick!" he remarked.

"Ripping!" said Frank, laughing. "My hat! If I'd come along and found that, Bob, I should have thought I'd struck a gold-mine."

"So would most anybody," replied Bob. "Even old miners have been taken in by that dodge before now. When you're swindling a greenhorn you do it a bit more thoroughly, that's all; but this is good enough for most pilgrims. We're not selling the clain, to Dicky Bird, you know."

"Ha, ha!"

"It isn't everybody who provides a gold-mine for a chap to discover," went on Bob. "The Hillcrest chaps ought to be grateful, but I doubt whether they will be when they come to work their claim."

"My hat! If they stake out the claim!" grinned Frank.

"And register it!" said Beauclerc, laughing.

Bob chuckled.
"And they will!" he said.

nughing.

Bob chuckled.

"And they will!" he said.

The chums of Cedar Creek skated away.

rom the island in great spirits.

Magnet-

THIS NUMBER IS ON SALE **EVERYWHERE** TO-DAY.

ARTFUL DODGER"-



-BY FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FUNNIEST

COMPLETE SCHOOL

TALE EVER

PUBLISHED.

They changed into their snowshoes at the school and started for home—Vere Beauclere for the shack where he lived with his father, the remittance-man, and Frank and Bob for the Lawless Ranch.

Mr. Lawless met his son and nephew when they came in at the ranch.

"Late!" he said.

"We've been doing a good deed, poppa," answered Bob meekly.

"You mean you have been up to some mischief, I suppose," said the rancher.

"We've been doing the Hillcrest chaps a good turn, uncle," said Frank Richards, with a smile.

"Good! You are usually fowing with them, I believe," said Mr, Lawless.

"Now we've taken a lot of trouble to give them a pleasant surprise," said Bob.

"We're feeling quite pleased with ourselves, poppa. It's such a nice feeling to have done a good deed."

The rancher laughed, and did not inquire further.

The next morning Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin started for school in great spirits.

Vere Beauclerc met them at the fork of the trail, as usual, and they glided on together over the frozen snow.

"Not a word in the school," said Bob Lawless, as they came in sight of Cedar Creek. "It might get out; the fellows meet the Hillcrest galoots sometimes."

"Not a syllable!" agreed Frank. "We may as well go along the creek after lessons, though, and see whether Dicky Bird has struck oil."

"Ha, ha! You bet!"

"You fellows look very cheery this morning," observed Eben Hacke, when the Co. came into school.

"We're thinking what nice chaps we are," explained Bob.

And the chums walked on, leaving Macke staring.

Morning lessons seemed longer than usual to Frank Richards & Co. that morning.

They were anxious to get along to the leiland in the creek, and learn whether

And the chums walked on, leaving Hacke staring.

Morning lessons seemed longer than usual to Frank Richards & Co. that morning.

They were anxious to get along to the island in the creek, and learn whether Dicky Bird had yet "struck ile."

It is to be feared that they did not that morning give their whole attention to Miss Meadows' valuable instruction.

However, they escaped the vials of wrath, and they came out of the lumber school in cheery mood.

Chunky Todgers joined them as they took their skates and started for the frozen creek.

"Hold on a minute! I'm coming, you chaps!" called out Chunky.

Bob Lawless hestated.

He did not want the talkative Chunky on the scene until the stunt was fairly on its way to success.

"Oh, good!" said Frank Richards.
"Just the fellow we want, Chunky! If the ice will stand you, it will stand anybody. You don't mind going ahead when we get near the island, do you!"

Todgers halted.

"Waly, you silly chump, he exclaimed wrathfully, "do you think I'm going to get drowned to show you whether the ice round the island is safe or not!"

"It would be good-natured of you," urged Frank.

Chunky glared at him.

"Good-natured!" he spluttered. "Why, you—you—you howling idiot! I'm jolly well not coming!"

"But think of the risk to us if you don't try the ice for us!"

"Yah!"

With that emphatic, if not elegant, reply, Chunky Todgers turned back.

They skimmed along the frozen creek, and the island loomed up ahead of them at last.

There were moving figures on the island. Dicky Bird & Co. had already turned up there to pursue their quest.

The sound of excited voices reached the ears of the three schoolboys of Cedar Creek.

They exchanged clances.

"Looks as if somebody's made a valuable discovery already!" said Beauclere, laughing.

"Well, it sounds like it," grinned Bob.
"Let's get on and see."

"Looks as if somebody's made a valuable discovery already!" said Beauclere, laughing.
"Well, it sounds like it," grinned Bob.
"Let's get on and see."
They skated nearer to the island. As they came closer the voice of Kern Gunten was heard, in tones of jubilation and triumph.
"Gold!"

d trium...

"Gold!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

Hows on the island.

Dicky Bird & Co. had "struck ile."

#### The 4th Chapter. All That Glitters is Not Gold!

All That Glitters is Not Gold!

Dicky Bird was in high feather.

So were his comrades.

They had come along to the island immediately after morning lessons, to pursue their gold-seeking where they had quitted it the previous day.

Probably they had only very faint hopes of success; the island had been so well explored by earlier hopeful prospectors.

But there was a chance at least; and

ecters.
But there was a chance at least; and was as good an amusement for leisure

But there was a chance at least; and it was as good an amusement for leisure hours as any other.

But the faint hopes of the Hillcrest prospecters were speedily turned into golden certainties.

It was Dicky Bird who found the goldstreaked rock, almost in the middle of the island, only a few yards from the spot where he had wielded the pick the previous day.

The yellow gleam caught Dicky's eyes as he searched among the rocks, and his excited shout brought his comrades to the spot.

Kern Gunten was the first to arrive, his heavy face full of excitement.

"Found anything!" he exclaimed.

"Look!"

Gunten looked and gasped.

"Gold!"

cresters gathered them up and examined them with blazing eyes.

them with blazing eyes.
Every splinter showed traces of the golden grains.
Kern Gunten was breathing hard.
The sight of the gold roused every greedy instinct in the nature of the grasping, hard-flated Swiss.
He was almost trembling with excitement.

ent.
"Gold!" he repeated. "Gold!"
"Gold!" chirruped Blumpy. "What

"And lots of it!" said Fisher. "here, you can follow the veins along."

"It will want crushing," remarked Watson. "I'd rather have found nuggets. Machinery is wanted for this kind of ore." Dicky Bird laughed gleefully. "My dear kid, machinery will be easy enough te get," he answered. "Why, this is as rich a claim as any along the Thompson Valley, to judge by its looks. The rock is fairly thick with it. Ounces and ounces to the ton, when a quartz-crusher gets going!"
"Hurah!"
"All we've got to do is to peg out the

"Hurrah!"

"All we've got to do is to peg out the claim," said Dicky Bird. "This is unclaimed land, so far. The island isn't much bigger than a single mining claim, so it will be easy enough. Of course, it's got to be registered in the names of the lot of us."

"Oh, of course!" said Blumpy. "Share and share alike, like, good pards."

"That's it!"

Kern Gunten started.

There were seven Hillcrest fellows there; and if the claim was registered in the names of seven, only a seventh part, naturally, fell to the share of the Swiss.

Even so, judging by the look of the rock, it would work out at a handsome figure for each participant.

But a seventh part of that glorious bonanza" did not satisfy the greedy Swiss.

"I—I say—" he began.

wiss.
"I—I say——" he began.
He stopped abruptly.
If he had been about to give utterance

Bird did not answer

question.

It was very necessary not to let any outsider suspect what the Hillcrest party were doing on the island.

"Cedar Creek galoots ain't allowed here," he answered. "We're coming along to scalp you."

"Won't you let us come on the island?" asked Frank Richards.

"Nope!"

"Nope!"
"Why not?" smiled Frank.
"Dogs and Cedar Creekers not admitted!" said Fisher. "Come on, you chaps; it's a long time since we've licked Cedar Creek, and it's time they had another lesson!"
"You bet!"

another lesson!"
"You bet!"
Six of the Hillcresters rushed on the ice, Kern Gunten remaining on the island. The Swiss was not a fightingman, when he could help it; and at the present moment he found it difficult, too, to tear limself away from the gold.

He stood and eyed the rock with the golden veins showing in its rough surface with greedy eyes, that grew greedier as he looked.

be looked.
Dicky Bird & Co. little suspected the dark and cunning thoughts that were working in the brain of their Swiss schoolfellow.
They were not thinking of Gunten at all

They were not billiking of Ginter at an just then.

Greatly delighted as they were with the big strike," they were only thinking just now of "mopping up" their old rivals of Cedar Creek.

But as they rushed to the attack Frank Richards & Co. glided away on their skates.

Dicky Bird grabbed up handfuls of snow from the bank, and his comrades followed his example, and a shower of snowballs followed the chums of Cedar Creek.

Creek.

Frank Richards gave a howl as two or
three snowballs crashed on his back, and
he pitched forward.

The next moment he was rolling on the

ice.
"Collar him!" roared Dicky Bird.
Before Frank could get up on his

in his eyes. He started as they came

"Why didn't you come and lend a hand?" demanded Blumpy. "Have they gone?" asked Gunten, un-

heeding.
"You bet, and glad to go!" cnuckled

"You bet, and glad to go!" cnuckled Fisher.

"They don't suspect—"

"Of course they don't!" answered Dicky Bird. "Why should they? Now we'll see about pegging out our claim, you fellows. Lucky we brought our lunch with us, and haven't got to go back to school for dinner. We needn't turn up at Hillerest till lessons. We've got lots of time to get through here."

"I've got to go home for dinner," said Gunten hurriedly.

"You can have some of our grub," answered Dicky Bird. "We've got plenty."
Gunten shook his head.

"My father's expecting me to dinner," he said. "He would row me if I didn't turn up. You know what his temper's like."

"But I thought it was arranged for you

"But I thought it was arranged for to stay with us!" said Dicky in surpr "We're going to prospect till time classes."

to stay with us!" said Dicky in surprise.
"We're, going to prospect till time for classes.
"I don't want to be jawed by my poppa," answered Gunten. "You fellows get the claim pegged out. You don't need my help. It isn't much to do."
"Oh, that's all right. But mind, not a word in Thompson about what we've found!" said Dicky Bird warningly. "Just a whisper would be enough to bring a score of pligrims cavorting about here."
"I'm not a silly fool!" said Gunten impatiently.
"Well, no, you're not a fool, whatever you are!" agreed Dicky Bird, with a grin. "Pille in, you chaps, and let's get on with the pegging out."
The chums of Hillcrest set to work, while Gunten departed for his home in Thompson.
Dicky Bird & Co. were joyfully busy on

Thompson.
Dicky Bird & Co. were joyfully busy on the island till it was time to start for Hillerest for afternoon lessons. Mr. Peckover, their new master, was not amiable to fellows who were late.

"They'll register the claim to-day," Bob Lawless remarked, as the chums started for home after lessons. "Dicky Bird won't let the grass grow under his feet with such a valuable gold-mine as that lying round loose."
"Not likely!" chuckled Frank, "I dare say they're at the office now."
And the chums chuckled at the thought.
On the way home it was arranged that they should start earlier than usual in the morning, to go by way of Thompson,

they should start earlier than usual in the morning, to go by way of Thompson, and meet Dicky Bird on his way to school. They were very keen to learn whether the claim had actually been officially registered

the morning, to go by way of Thompson, and meet Dicky Bird on his way to school. They were very keen to learn whether the claim had actually been officially registered.

Bright and early in the morning the three chums were astir.

The sun was hardly up when they started, and in its earliest light they were speeding on their snowshoes towards Thompson.

It was yet early when they came into the trail near the town, on the side towards Hillerest School. By that trail Dicky Bird & Co. were accustomed to go to school, and they were not due yet. Frank Richards & Co. waited.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Bob Lawless exclaimed:

"There they are!"

Three figures appeared on the snowy trail—Dicky Bird and Blumpy and Fisher. They were tramping along silently, and even at a distance it could be observed that they were not in happy spirits. As they came nearer the Cedar Creek chams saw that their faces were darkly clouded.

"Oh!" murmured Bob. "Have they found out already what their gold-mine's worth, I wonder!"

Dicky Bird & Co. glanced up as they came near the Cedar Creek chums, but their gloomy faces did not clear.

"Hallo!" said Bob Lawless affab;".

"You don't look very cheery this morning."

Dicky Bird grunted.

"We've heep sold!" he said.

ng."
Dicky Bird grunted.
"We've been sold!" he said.
"Sold!" said Bob gravely. "Do you mow, Birdy, that i almost suspected yesterday that you fellows had struck ile

know, Birdy, that 1 almost suspected yesterday that you fellows had struck ile on the island."

"It's no secret now," said Dicky Bird glunly. "We did."

"You struck ile?" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes; and a regular bonanza!" said Blumpy. "One of the richest claims hereaboute, I reckon.

Frank Richards & Co. stared. From the gloomy looks of the Hillerest triothey had expected that the discoverers had learned that the claim was a "salted" one, and worthless. But that was evidently not the case.

Dicky Bird & Co. still believed that they had struck a bonanza. In those circumstances it was difficult to see why they were so downcast.

"You don't look very happy over it," said Frank Richards.

Dicky grunted.

"We've been sold." he answeed. "I say, that fellow Gunten was turned out of Cedar Creek before he came to Hilicrest, wasn't he?"

"Correct!" said Bob.

"I wish you'd kept him!" said Dicky Bird savagely. "The rotter—the swindler—the thief!"

"So you've found out what a nice chap he is, have you?" grinned Bob.

"We're not going to stand it!" exclaimed Dicky Bird flercely. "I don't know what we can do, but we're going to do something. That foreign villain isn't going to swindle us like this!"

"Why, what has he done, then?" exclaimed Frank.

"He made out that he had to go home to dinner while we grubbed on the island!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Would you believe it, we were going to the office to register our claim on our way home from school—well, Gunten went home at dinner-time, and what do you think he did?"

"What on earth did he do?"

"Went straight to the office and registered the claim! howled Dicky Bird furlously. "Not in our names, all of us, as we'd agreed, but in his own name! His poppa went with him. The claim's his now—his in law. We haven't got a look-in! Who'd have suspected such a thing? He's dished us—swindled us out of our shares! And it was it who struck the claim, too! And—and now it's registered as Gunten's claim. And it's his—his now-his in law. We haven't got a look-in! Who'd have suspected such a thing? H

NEXT MONDAY.

"GUNTEN'S GOLD-MINE!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!



THE HILLCREST FELLOWS' WONDERFUL FIND! There was a sudden excited shout from Dicky Bird. "Look! Look!" Gunten looked—and gasped "Gold!" The Hillcrest fellows cheered loudly. Dicky Bird had struck gold!

to the greedy thoughts in his mind, prudence restrained him.

"Well?" said Dicky Bird.

"Oh! I-I-"

"Share and share alike, of course," said Dicky, quite misunderstanding him.

"I'm not entitled to any more than the others just because I happened on the strike. It was agreed that we all stood together. If you'd found it, it would be just the same."

"Oh! Of—of course!" stammered Gunten. "It—it's us seven—"

"Well, Keller was with us yesterday," said Dicky Bird. "Perhaps we ought to tet him in, though he was too lazy to come along to-day."

"What rot!" exclaimed Gunten sharply."

"He's no right to share! He's not here, I don't agree!"

"He's vour chum—"

"This is business. I don't agree to letting anybody in. Seven's toe many to share!"

Dicky Bird shrugged his shoulders.

Dicky Bird shrugged his shoulders. Dicky Bird shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'll see about that later," he said, with a far from admiring look at the Swiss.

"We've got to get the claim staked out, and registered in Thompson. We can go to the sheriff's when we go home from school, and lose no time about it. Hallo, there's somebody on the ice!"

"Cedar Creek chaps!" exclaimed Rhumov.

"Cedar Creek chaps!" exclaimed Blumpy.
Gunten jumped.
"Don't let them get wind of this!" he exclaimed.

"No fear! Keep them off the island!" exclaimed Dieky Bird hurriedly. "We've got to keep this to ourselves till we get the claim registered."

The Hillcresters rushed to the edge of the island.

"Bound anything!" he exclaimed,
"Look!"
Gunten looked and gasped.
"Gold!"
And the Hillcrest fellows cheered loudly as they gathered round.
Dicky Bird raised his pick and struck the rock. Splinters flew off, and the Hill-

wo or three of the Hillcresters were upon He was grasped on all sides, struggling

He was grasped on an source, furiously.

Bob and Beauclerc came whizzing back at once to the rescue.

They charged into the Hillcrest crowd, and sent them spinning right and left; but unfortunately went spinning themselves.

At close-quarters six were to many

but unfortunately went spinning themselves.

At close-quarters six were to many for three—two to one was long odds.

In a couple of minutes Frank Richards & Co. were down, with the grinning Hill-cresters pinning them on the ice.

"Got 'em! grinned Dicky Bird. "Now we'll teach them manners!
"Let up!" gasped Bob Lawless.

"Not just yet. Give 'em some snow!"
"Ha, ha, ha"

The chums of Godar Creek roared and spluttered as snow was rubbed in handfuls over their faces.

Dicky Bird & Co. left them spluttering, and retired to gather more snowballs.

Whizzing missiles crashed and smashed

Whizzing missiles crashed and smashed round the three schoolboys as they sprawled breathlessly on the icc.
"Ow! Yow!" gasped Bob Lawless.
"Let's get out of this! Wow!"
"Whiz, whiz! Smash!"
"Whiz, whiz! Smash! and got going, with snowballs flying after them in volleys.

They dashed away up the frozen creek, with snowballs bursting on their backs as they fled.

as they fled.

A howl of laughter followed them as they escaped at last round a bend of the creek and got out of range.

"I guess we've done with Cedar Creek for a bit!" grinned Dicky Bird. "They won't come along this way again in a hurry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The Hilleresters returned to the island.
They found Kern Gunten still inspecting the gold-claim, with a greedy glitter

They expected to see Kern Gunten Hillcrest, but they did not see him. I reasons best known to himself Gunten wabsent from lessons at Hillcrest thatternoon.

The 5th Chapter.
The Sharpness of Kern Gunten.
Oh, my hat!"
Phew!"

"Phew!"
"Groogh!"
Frank Richards & Co. slackened speed when they were at a safe distance from the Island.
They were breathless and snowy and damp and discomfited.
"We didn't get the best of that, did we?" murmured Bob Lawless, as they headed at a more moderate pace for Cedar Creek.

we?" murmured Bob Lawless, as they headed at a more moderate pace for Cedar Creek.

"We didn't, that's certain!" agreed Frank Richards ruefully. "Yow-ow! I've got tons of snow down the back of my neck!"

"Never mind," said Beauclere. "We shall have the laugh of them to-morrows at any rate. It's pretty clear why they were determined to keep us off the island—they've struck oil!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That reflection restored the merry humour of the heroes of Cedar Creek.

'It was plain enough that Dicky Bird & Co. had found that valuable go'd-mine, and were keeping the secret of it ver, carefully till they could get their claim registered at the office in Thompson.

The three chums roared at the thought of the jubilant Hilleresters registering a worthless heap of rocks with half a dollar's worth of bronze-powder squirted into them.

They arrived at Cedar Creek in time.

worthless heap of rocks with half a dollar's worth of bronze-powder squirted into them.

They arrived at Cedar Creek in time to make themselves tidy for dinner, and their smiling faces drew some inquiries as to what was "on."

But the chums discreetly refrained from telling the story yet. Not a word until their old rivals were completely victimised.

victimised.

## THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!

A SPLENDID NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL

### DUNCAN STORM. - 312

#### FOR NEW READERS.

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

CY SPRAGUE, the famous American detective, and CAPTAIN HANDYMAN, who resolves 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 DORRINGTON. CHIP PRODGERS, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

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

HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the crocodile.

It has already been described how Captain. Handyman discovered a large submarine base belonging to the Kaiser, and blew it up. The Kaiser, however, had got away on a super-U-boat.

Later the boys captured Baron von Slyden, one of the Kaiser's agents. Captain Handyman told the boys to take Slyden in hand. The boys were delighted with such a task. They dressed the baron in Etons, and after being beaten in a fight with Arty Dove, Von Slyden was forced to do ordinary school work with the boys. He succeeded in making his escape, but was recaptured and confined to his cabin. Meanwhile, the boys go off on an expedition to explore the Peak of Teneriffe, and after sundry adventures they leave the hot lowlands of the island to climb the snow-clad Peak.

(Kead on from here.)

(Read on from here.)

#### The Terror of Tenerifie!

The Terror of Tenerifie!

Up and up the donkeys and mules climbed, passing the last cottages and cultivation of the foothills of the Peas of Tenerifie.

By four in the afternoon they had already passed out of the stilling lava valleys, with the cacti and orangetrees, and had climbed up into what Skeleton called "Scotland," for they were passing over a bett of beautiful commonland smothered in tall heather.

It was cooler up here. And soon, after the excessive dryness, it became quite moist, for the little procession, with its string of mules and donkeys, popped into a belt of white cloud which hung along the mountain-side, where the heather suddenly ceased and they came on a desert of stones and hard ground, sprinkled with large, straggling broombushes.

The cloud struck quite cold and chill as mules and

heather suddenly ceased and they came on a desert of stones and hard ground, sprinkled with large, straggling broombushes.

The cloud struck quite cold and chill as mules and riders suddenly turned to shadowy outlines in its mist.

"Jiminy!" said Porky's voice from the mist. "I wish I had got my overcoat on after all. It's parky up here!"

Then there was a crash in the mist followed by deep lannentations from Mr. Lat Tata, whose donkey had put his foot in a pot-hole and stood on its head.

"Ho!" groaned Lal's voice from the smother. "My donkey he stands on his head, and he has broken my neck. I call this the most foolsome adventure I have ever undertaken. We climb out of nice, warm climates into Greenland's parky mountains, and our silly ass donkey people stand on their heads!"

The boys slipped from their saddles and groped around in the mist.

They found Lal sitting between a couple of big rocks, rubbing his head and looking reproachfully at his donkey.

"Not lurt, are you, sir?" asked Dick, obsequiously picking Lal up and dusting him down.

"Hurt! My dear bick, I am broken into little pieces!" moaned Lal. "I was a donkey-fellow to come on this so silly excursion!"

They hoisted Lal on to his donkey again and followed the shadowy forms of their companions as they rode ever up and up through the cloud.

And, all of a sudden, they popped out into glorious sunshine again, which warmed them through and through.

Ahead and above them rose the grand, snow-covered Peak, glittering in the sunlight, whilst away to their left the crest of a long mountain-ridge snaked away above a snow-white belt of cloud which broke against it like a sea of surf and foam.

Behind and below them the cloud-belt lay like a calm sea, stretching away from the mountain-side till it touched the pale blue sky, hiding the sea and land and the world which they had left below, save where, far away in the distance, the neighbouring Island of Palma broke, purple-coloured, above it.

On They went, till they got to an elevation of eight thousand feet



"BOCA A TIERRA!"

As the threatening call of the Spanish brigand rang out, the boys put up their hands, and the ruffian advanced with the ugly bell-mouth of his blunderbuss covering the little group. It was the Terror of Tenerifie!

blue-grey in colour, looking as though it were only an hour's walk away.

As soon as the sun went down the air began to get very cold. Porkis, whose teeth began to chatter, dug into his bag and put on two waistcoats and a cardigan jacket. Then he wrapped himself up in a couple of blankets, which he wore like a poncho.

The scene of the encomponent was a constant of the encomponent of the encompo

and put on two waistcoats and a cardigan jacket. Then he wrapped himself up in a couple of blankets, which he wore like a poncho.

The scene of the encampment was a hard, stony slope, sprinkled with the large bushes of broom, beneath which lay wide patches of snow.

The boys and the kroo sailors set to work to cut these bushes down, and to chop them up into firewood and into studing to lay under the ground-cloths of the tents, to take off the hard edge of the stones.

To save the small supply of water they had brought with them, the kettles were filled with snow. Then big camp-fires of the broop were made up, which, blazing splendidly, drew even Horace to their friendly warmth.

Howee was very targe now flectuming up with the donlays and mules, and got amongst them for warmth, as the last of the sunset died away and the stars shone out like jewels in the deep blue vault above. As a matter of fact, Horace was cold. The nipping air took all the spirit out of him.

And when the fires blazed up and the kettles were singing, and the air was filled with the pleasant scent of coffee and cocoa, Horace butted in amongst the circle of boys who were gathered round the fire in a merry group, and, showing Porkis aside, squatted down, blinking at the flames of the crackling broom.

"Go away, Horace!" exclaimed Porkis. But Horace showed no intention of fleaving the glow of the fire.

He lowered his head and gently boosted Skeleton out of the light, and made himself thoroughly snug, his drowsy, green eyes glowing like opals in the reflection of the flames.

It was Cecil, however, who most felt the change of temperature at this high altitude. Cecil was absolutely whimpering with cold, for his smart Eton suit and totton shirt did not protect him much. So the kindly boys filled bottles with hot water and packed them round him, and they covered him up in layers of blankets and pulled a Balaclava helmet over his locked the very double of the famous Ole Bill.

There was a topping supper of hot soup and hot roast beef, which the Kroo

looked the very double of the famous Ole Bill.

There was a topping supper of hot soup and hot roast beef, which the Krooboys eleverly warmed up in a portable tin oven. The boys washed this supper down with jorums of piping hot coca and coffee, and Skeleton, beaming with hospitality, produced his nosebag, handing round iced wedding-cake, pies, and jam-puffs, oranges, and bananas.

The boys did not care much for the oranges. They were frozen hard, and the bananas suffered from the same complaint. So these were thawed out in the embers of the fire and ted to Horace and Cecil, who never said "No" to anything in the shape of fruit.

Everyone was very comfortable and happy, and they would have remained so as they sat, yarning round the fire under the brilliant stars, if Skeleton had not been struck with a brilliant notion for making Cecil a little bit warmer.

Not that there was anything the matter with Cecil now. The orang's great teeth had ceased to chatter like castanets. He was sfull of hot coffee and cocoa till he was as comfortable inside as a hot-water bottle.

But Skeleton, overflowing with the milk of human kingless and hospitality and

But Skeleton, overflowing with the milk of human kindness and hospitality and thought for others, could never leave well alone.

alone.
"I know how we can make old Cecil
a bit more comfy," said he. "I got a
tip from a chap once who had lived out a
long time in the North of Canada. He
said that there was nothing like a hot
rock to warm you up when you are cold.
I vote that we make a good old slab of
rock hot in the fire. Then we will sit
old Cecil on it, and wrap him up well in

blankets, and he'll be as snug as a bug in

blankets, and he'll be as snug as a bug in a rug!"

The boys fell in with this suggestion. They heaved a big slab of lava into the embers of the fire, and piled on great armfuls of brush till the flames shot up a good fitteen feet into the air.

It was a splendid glow, and Horace, snuggled up amongst the boys, blinked and said "Maw!" with great approval, as much as to say, "That's the jolly game, boys!"

The rock was not long in warming up, and when the blaze of the broom had died out the rock was fished out of the embers and placed ready for the chilly Cecil to sit on!

"Come along, Cecil, old chap!" said Skeleton, "Incle Skeleton is going to make you thoroughly comfortable. All you have got to do is to hop up and sit on this nice warm stone."

Cecil rolled his eyes and looked gratefully at Skeleton, who arranged his blankets round his shoulders and led him ta, the stone and subset pluh down on it in a sitting position.

There, Cecil!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet that'll warm you!"

Cecil's teeth chattered as he sat on the stone.

"Cold, old chap?" asked Skeleton, "Never mind; you'll warm up in a minute!"

Cecil tried to rise; but Skeleton shoved him down again.

"Stay where you are, old chap. Don't be silly!" said he. "You must let us

Cecil tried to rise; but Skeleton shoved him down again.

"Stay where you are, old chap. Don't be silly!" said he. "You must let us do our best to make you comfy. We don't mind taking any amount of trouble over an old pal like you, Cecil!"

But all of a sudden Cecil leaped into the air with a tremendous howl.

The rock was a bit hotter than Skeleton had thought for. It had bitten the orang hard, and the air was filled with the smell of burnt wool.

Cecil leaped into the air, chattering and howling.

He came down with his feet on the stone, and with another yelp sprang high into the air again, falling on Horace and rolling him over.

This was too much for Horace.

With a bleat of anger he leaped to his feet, just as Lal came running into the group from his fire.

"What is all this foolsomeness, boys?" demanded Mr. Lal Tata. "If you play goats you shall write me tremendous impots. You shall write cssays describing your visit to Peak of Teneriffe!

Lal's threats were cut short by the angry Horace, who, seeing his old enemy

goats you shall write me tremendous impots. You shall write essays describing your visit to Peak of Teneriffe! Yow!"

Lal's threats were cut short by the angry Horace, who, seeing his old enemy dancing about between him and the fire, suddenly lowered his head and charged, Lal doubled up with a tremendous howl, and the boys gave a yell of horror as they saw him tumble backwards into their fire, sending up a huge shower of sparks that looked like the last show of a firework display.

Horace glared into the red embers with a "There you are! Don't you do that again!" sort of look on his ugly diad. "Helps! Helps!" yelled Lal, rolling in the fire, "I burn like grilled chops!"

The boys leaped into the fire and dragged their preceptor out of the feryglow of the broom embers.

Luckily for Lal there was not much substance in the stuff. But he looked like a burst squib as the boys set him on his feet and rapidly patted out the smouldering patches on his clothes.

"That goat fellow is too wicked!" exclaimed Lal. "I will have him executed to-morrow morning. Ha! He shall die! He shall die."

"Lum-tiddiey-um-tum! Tiddley-um-tum-ti:" put in Porkis by way of chorus, for he well knew that all Lal's bloodthirsty threats against the recalcitrant Horace ended in smoke.

"Porkis," said Lal severely, "you will write me twenty thousand times, "Thou shalt not make impudences at thy master!"

Porkis pulled a face and turned away,

"I'll let his tent down in the night!" he muttered sourly. "Old Lal's getting

too handy with his impots. And what sauce, talking about killing old Horace! I'd like to see him try it on!"
"Now, boys," said Mr. Lal Tata, "it is time that you shall retire to your tent. We are up very earlee in the morning."

tent. We are up very earlier in the morning."

He went off to his own camp-fire. The boys did not want to go to bed in their stuffy little tent. The strong air of the mountain and the keen, bracing stillness of the frost made them feel as lively as crickets. And, further, the moon was rising from below that great level sea of cloud, which stretched still and silent like some great frozen sea as far as the eye could reach.

But orders are orders.

They crawled into their tent and lit a candle which was attached to the tent-pole.

But orders are orders.

They crawled into their tent and lit a candle which was attached to the tentpole.

Ceeil crawled in with them. Ceeil was in low spirits. That hot rock had about finished out the seat of his natty Eton trousers, of which he was very proud, and he was, scorched and sad.

"Never mind, Ceeil, old chiap!" safid Skeleton, patting him on the shoulder as Ceeil cricked his neck trying to see how much damage was done. "I'll give you a nice new pair of trousers when we get back to the ship—a pair of trousers with a pattern like a chessboard, something sancy and glad!"

They stowed Ceeil up in his blankets, making him comfortable.

Then a horned head was shoved into the tent, and Horace, shaggy and disreputable, with a nasty gleam in his green eye, leaped through the opening.

"Hi, Horace! Get out of it! We are thick enough in here as it is! We don't want a flavour of goat all through the tent!" said Dick, sitting up in his blankets.

But Horace would not go out. The frost was stinging outside, and when he had tried to shelter with the mules and donkeys a mule had kicked him hard in the ribs. To which Horace had replied by a but under the chest of the disagreeable and unfriendly mule which had turned that animal over on his back.

He intended to spend the night with the boys, and they knew that they could not throw him out without a struggle that would bring the tent down.

So Horace snuggled down between Arty and Skeleton, and a flavour of goat pervaded the whole tent.

There was one thing about Horace—he was warm enough to warm up a Polar expedition.

The candle was extinguished, and the boys settled down to sleep. Soon they were all, more or less, in the land of dreams.

Outside, one by one the lights of the camp disappeared, and soon it was sleep-ing twenty in the tent to the camp disappeared, and soon it was sleep-ing twenty in the camp of t

The candle was extinguished, and the boys settled down to sleep. Soon they were all, more or less, in the land of dreams.

Outside, one by one the lights of the camp disappeared, and soon it was sleeping tranquilly in the light of that magnificent moon which shone on the upper levels of the clouds and on the white patches of snow around them with a cold, frosty light.

Above them rose the tremendous shadow of the Peak—that great spike of rock rising from the old crater of an extinct volcano.

Presently Horace started to snore,
Horace had a horrid snore, enough to wake a whole parish.

"Snaw-haw-maw!" snored Horace.
Dick Dorrington woke up.

"Chuck it, Skeleton!" he grumbled.

"You are snoring like a police band!"

"Snaw-haw-maw!" snored Horace, as Skeleton turned restlessly in his sleep.

Skeleton turned restlessly in his sleep.

Skeleton was dreaming that he was locked up in a palace of almond-rock, and that all he had to do was to eat his way out of it. He was just wondering on which pillar of the palace he would start when he was awakened by a thump on the head from the boot which the irritable Dick Dorrington had picked up.

"Hey!" said Skeleton, sitting up and rubbing his head. "Who's that?"

"It's me!" replied Dick. "You were snoring like a bassoon!"

"Snaw-haw-maw!" snored Horace uneasily.

"It wasn't me!" said Skeleton, in aggrieved tones. "It's that heastly

easily.
"It wasn't me!" said Skeleton, in aggrieved tones, "It's that beastly goat!"

"So it is!" replied Dick, in a whisper.
"I am sorry that I thumped you over
the head!"
"And I was having such a topping
dream, too!" exclaimed Skeleton reproachfully.

Horace, apparently, was having a dream
also. Perhaps it was a dream of the
goat he had fought that morning on the
pier at Santa Cruz. Perhaps it was a
dream of the mule which had kicked him
in the supper just before bed-time.

At any rate, he hit out with his hoofs
and caught Arty a crack on the head.
Then he butted uneasily at his neighbour.

Arty woke up swiftly, and hit out in
the dark, catching Horace on the nose,
and Horace woke up with a plaintive
bleat.

Then the whole tent woke up.

and Horace woke up with a plaintive bleat.

Then the whole tent woke up.

"What's all the row about?" asked Chip, sitting up in his blankets.

"Why, as usual, it is Horace!" replied Arty. "He's been having nightmares. I expect that last bunch of frozen bananas has got across his chest."

"Well, he's spoiled our beauty-sleep now!" said Dick. "I'm going to have a look out at the door of the tent."

He unfastened the cords which secured the tent-fly, and peeped out at the wonder-world outside.

The moon had soared high above the cloud sea now. The long slope of the mountain, bathed in its white light, and backed by that towering pinnacle of the Peak, four thousand feet above them, looked like a seen from another world. Then Dick was seized by a sudden inspiration.

"I say, you chaps," he said, "we

Peak, four thousand feet above them, looked like a scene from another world. Then Dick was seized by a sudden inspiration.

"I say, you chaps," he said, "we sha'n't go to sleep again! Let's have a ta-ta round the mountain in the mounight. It's a regular nib, outside. It's wonderful!"

"Old Lal won't fox us, will he?" asked Porkis. "I don't want to get another twenty thousand lines about disrespect to masters! I'll be writing lines all the way round the world, if I do!"

Lal answered the question for himself as the boys crept out of the tent into the wonderful radiance of the night.

From his dark tent there sounded a snore like a trombone.

"He's off to bye-bye all right!" grinned Dick. "Come along, chaps, we'll do a toodle-oo over to that big range of rocks yonder. And here's old Horace and Cecil. They are coming. too!"

Horace did not mean to be left behind if there was any fun going. Nor did Cecil, who hated to be left alone in the dark tent by himself.

He came sloping along wrapped up in his blankets, and shoved his cold paw in Skeleton's hand, like a little boy who wants to be fussed over.

"Come along, little Cecil!" said Skeleton pleasantly. "Give your other paw to Uncle Pongo!"

Cecil handed out his other enormous naw to Pongo, and they swumg him along in the moonlight which was as bright as aday, as they made their way across the snow patches towards an inviting and savare range of lava rocks, which inted up like a row of tumbledown houses on the Tar-side of the slope.

"This is some place!" said Pongo, looking round admiringly. "This is the Back of Beyond! This is the Never-Never Country! Do you think we shall find a lot of ghosts running about behind those rocks. Dick?" he added.

Dick laughed.

"I expect, if you asked old Lal, he'd tell you that only a lot of English chaps would be fools enough to climb up here above the clouds and on to the snowline. I bet there are not many of the inhabitants of Triperiffe who have been up here in their lives!" he replied.

They reached the great ridge of lavaroc

carriages. The place looked, as Skeleton aptly remarked, like a volcanic railway collision.

They were a good long way from the camp now. So, whistling merrily, they started to climb the piles of rocks.

Horace was wonderful when it came to climbing rocks.

He just gave a leap and a bound, and up he went ten feet or twelve feet at a time, never missing his footing.

And Cecil swung himself up over the great black boulders in fine style. His great, hairy paws clutched the rock and the walled rock faces like a huge fly in a pair of burned-out Eton trousers.

The boys made him useful.

When he had climbed up above them Dick threw him up the coil of the climbing-rope which they, had brought with them. Then Cecil pulled them up, one after the other, hauling them up the stiff rock faces as easily as possible with the great strength of his enormous arms and powerful paws.

Over the ridge they went, well out of sight of the camp. Then they found themselves on the side of a steep gorge, through the bottom of which tinkled the waters of a little stream fed by the water which ran down from the snow-slopes up above.

Dick gave a whistle and Horace bleated suspiciously as they looked down into the dark abyss below, which was so narrow that it shut out the white light of the moon.

Dick had seen the glowing embers of a fre which dinnyl di

that it shut out the white light of the moon.

Dick had seen the glowing embers of a fire which dimly lit up the jagged mouth of a cavern in the lava. Horace had scented men.

"There's someone down below there, chaps!" said Dick. "Let's go and pay them a visit!"

"They'll probably be goatherds," objected Pongo. "And if Horace gets amongst their goats there will be trouble, He'll be chasing their billygoats all round the Peak!"

"That's all right," replied Dick, who always liked to have his own way. "I'll put a bit of rope round his neck when we get to the bottom of the gorge. And I don't see what goats would be doing so high up the mountain. Goats will eat 'most anything, but they can't live on rocks and snow and that scanty broom



(Continued from the previous page.)

stuff. I expect the fire belongs to another party that has come down from the Peak. We'll come and have a look-see, at any rate. They may be able to give us some tips about the snow up there."

The boys clambered down into the gorge. And rough clambering it was, too! Horace leaped from rock to rock, but Pongo Walker came near breaking his neck, for he fell over the edge of a deep chasm in the darkness, and swung there suspended by Cecil's great paw.

It was a happy thing for Pongo that he was holding Cecil's paw at the moment for Cecil stuck-to the rock like a limpet with his great fect, and, with a mighty jerk of his tremendous arms, pulled Pongo back into safety again.

"Thanks, Cécil, old chap!" said Pongo.

"You saved my little bit o' bacon that time. If I had gone down there I'd have had no more bones left than a sausage."

Little did the boys dream that, as they climbed noisily down the rocks, six pairs of eyes were gazing wonderingly into the dark shadows of the tumbled chaos down which they were coming.

As a matter of fact, no mountaineer in his senses would have come over that ridge in daylight, let alone at night in those black, uncertain moon shadows. But English boys out for a lark will do things that the most experienced and hardy people will not do, and, what is more, will come through safely.

Down in the bottom of that dark gorge were six men who were greatly astonished. The leader of these was Juan Cabrera, bandit, otherwise known as the Terror of Teneriffe, A coal-heaver by trade and a smuggler by profession, the Terror of Teneriffe and come into collision recently with the guardias civiles, or military police, of the Port of Santa Cruz. Having nearly killed a policeman, he had taken to the mountains, to lurk in the fastnesses of the Peak with five other companions wanted by the police, till things should blow over a bit and they should get a chance of slipping away from the island on of the small coasting boats.

The Terror of Teneriffe knew that these could not be the military police.

Span

That was the Terror of Tenerifie's way of going to work.

Not a sign of him or his five pals showed in that dark gorge as the boys approached' the smooldering embers of the brush-fire which glowed at the mouth of the cave, "My word! This is topping!" exclaimed Dick, as he peered into the cave, which was faintly illuminated by the dim lifelight. "It's a robber stronghold, and there's no one here. Let's——"

His remarks were broken short by a hoarse voice from the darkness:

"Booa a tierra!" (Down on your face.)

It was the call which is the "Money or your life!" of the Spanish brigand.

The boys looked round helplessly. They were unarmed. They saw evil, slinking figures rising from the rocks about the mouth of the cave, and also realised that they were standing in what little light there was, covered by the blunderbusses of their captors.

"Put your hands up, boys," whispered Dick, under his breath, "and pretend to be in no end of a funk!"

There were two members of the party who had not walked into this trap.

Horace had sloped off, and was camouflaged amongst the outer rocks.

Horace really knew more about life than the boys. He was a goat of the world, and had known better than to thus tamely walk into this bandit's trap without even being asked to do so.

And with Horace was Cecil. Cecil, too, had hung in the background, for his instinct told him that there were men hidden amongst those rocks.

The boys put their hands up, and the Terror of Teneriffe stepped forward, a huge, hairy ruffian, with a red handkerchief tied round his head and great gold rings in his ears.

He spoke English did this bandit, and quite clear English, too.

As a coal-heaver, he had lived amongst the ships in the port, and was a master of language.

"Hallo!" said he, advancing, with the ugly bell-mouth of his escopeta, or blunderbuss, covering the little group. "You ingles boy?"

"Yos, sir!" replied Porkis, looking as frightened as a boy could look.

As a matter of fact, Porky was none too comfortable. He did not like the look of the Te

There were a few earthen jars for holding water—enough water for the brigands to drink, for it was plain that they never washed. There was also a goatskin full of red wine, one or two drinking-cups, a few loaves of bread and onions, and a black Spanish ham, which can be eaten raw or cooked, according to the taste of the consumer.

cooked, according to the taste of the consumer.

And these things, with a few rough beds of broom-scrub and a few horse-cloths, were all the furniture of this rough abede. "Welcome, Ingles gentlemens!" said the Terror mockingly, as he shepherded his captives into his stronghold and lit a cheap tin oil-lamp. "So you come to visit de Terror of Tenerifie?"

And he rolled his eyes.

"Are you the Terror, sir?" asked Arty respectfully.

"I," exclaimed the bandit..." I am Juan Cabrera, de Terror of Tenerifie!"

And he looked round on the boys, who shivered respectfully at the dread name.

"And you shall be my captives!" he added.

"Well, sir," said Pongo doubtfully, "we were thinking of going up to the top of the Peak to-morrow merging, if you have no objection."

The bandit smiled mockingly.

The bandit smiled mockingly.

"Dose who fall into the hands of the Terror do not longer wish to visit de Peak," he replied significantly, "Dey stay in dis little ouse, and I send message to deir friends in town—deir rich friends—and I tell dese to send me moneys?"

"Oh!" replied Pongo, greatly interested, "And supposing the rich friends of your captives don't send the dincro—supposing they don't stump up?"

The Terror sighed, and rolled his eyes, shrugged his shoulders and spread out his dirty hands.

"I am too sorry!" said he, "I cut off one ear and send to friends—de rich friends of my clients!"

"That ought to make 'em sit up," agreed Pongo, without any show of enthusiasm." But supposing they don't pay up then?"

The Terror wriggled with delight, and rolled his eyes as though he was going to have a fit. His thin lips widened across his ugly face, revealing a row of discoloured teeth that were like the fangs of a wolf.

"I cut off some more ears and some more fingers—two ear, two finnes!" Lev

his ugly face, revealing a row of discoloured teeth that were like the fangs of a wolf.

"I cut off some more cars and some more fingers—two ear, two finger! Dey enough, Dey always pay!"

"Oh!" said Pongo.
Then for a moment there was silence.
Then Pongo folded his arms,
"I don't want to peer into any of your trade secrets. Mr. Terror." he said politely. "but how's the market in British boys just now!"

Dick kicked his pal softly.
"Don't chip him, Pongo," he whispered.
"He's an ugly-looking devil, and he might turn rusty on us."
But the Terror showed no signs of turning rusty.
"Two hundred poords English, each but any any he added waggishly, "I'd mark Dick Dorrington down to one and eleven three-farthings, and give him away with a packet of pins."

Pongo did not notice the sudden gleam which had come into the brigand's evileyes at the name of Dick Dorrington.
"And—you young Ingles gentlemens," he asked, "what make you in Tenerife?"
"We don't make anything!" replied Pongo, mystified.
"I mean, what you do? Why you come here?" asked the Terror. "Who are your

friends, and where do I send messages for my money?"

Dick took on himself to answer this

question.

"I suppose we shall have to pay up and look pleasant," said he. "If you must know, we are doing a tour round the world on a British ship called the South Star, which now lies in the road-stead at Santa Cruz. We are out for

Dick hesitated now. He could not very well say that they were out to catch the Kaiser.

the Kaiser.

"We are out for pleasure," said he,
Which was not telling a lie, for nothing
would have given the boys more pleasure
than to have caught that evil genius of
the German Empire.
But a strange look had flitted across
the face of the bandit.

Juan Cabrera was on a bigger thing
than he had at first imagined. Already
he was commissioned to do away with
these boys. One of the countless spics
of Tenerific during the late war, he had
been in the pay of the German Government for years.

He was one of the lesser agents of the
German Government who traded in
murder, During the piping times of the
war his job had been to betray ships of
the Allies to the lurking submarines that
hung about round the islands, and which
found shelter in the deep bays amongst
its rocky lava-cliffs. Or he was ready,
if chance offered, to slip a time-bomb
into a ship's bunkers, neatly done up in
a spurious lump of coal.

And, still close in touch with the
Germans, he knew that here was a bit
of luck that would make his fortune.
These were the very boys that his enforced absence from the town of Santa
Cruz had caused him to miss.

He had arranged the whole affair, if
the South Star had called at the port
whilst he was in the town. A quiet knifethrust or two in a quiet street whilst the
boys were ashore would have settled the
whole business. He could have managed
that sort of affair easily, and would have
left the Spanish Government to explain.

From his German friends he would
have collected a thousand pounds per
head on the inquest on any of the boys,
or of Captain Handyman, or Cy Sprague.

He had gnashed his teeth over the
loss of this chance when he had been
obliged to fly to the mountains. To think
that he was losing the chance of a lifetime all over the kniing of a mouldy
Spanish policeman!

But here his victims had absolutely
come and sought him out. Seven of
them! Seven thousand English pounds!
A hundred and seventy-five thousand
pestas. Enough money to make him
rich for the rest of his life.

"Plensure!" he muttered, r

"The great Kaiser—he is friend of mine. I am a son of Spain. I love Germany, and I hate England, who is always friend to France!" exclaimed the

brigand. "And France is the enemy of

brigand. "And France is the enemy of Spain."

"All right!" said Dick. "There is no need to make a song about it."

"So you shall die this night!" said the bandit, flourishing his hand dramatically. "You shall not see the surrise above the Pico de Tenerife. I shall kill you to-night, and I shall put your bodies in the lava-cave where the snow and ice arc, and I shall receive great rewards when your death is proved!"

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" demanded Dick. "You are going to murder us, and you are going to stow our bodies away in a natural ice-house until we are identified by your German pals down town. Then you will claim your bloodmoney!"

The Terror-nodded. His hand was on

money!"
The Terror nodded. His hand was on the hilt of an ugly, leaf-shaped knife which stuck out at his red sash. There was no mercy in his eye.
"What will they pay you for our death?" asked Dick calmly.
"One thousand pounds each," replied the bandit.

death?" asked Dick calmly.

"One thousand pounds each," replied the bandit.

"Supposing we go to fifteen hundred?" suggested Dick.

A cunning look came into the murderous eyes as the bandit shook his head.

"The collecting of ransoms, it is always dangerous," he sneered. "But the thousand pounds is safe. Many a bandit has been caught whilst getting his money. So, Ingles boys, you shall die quickly and by the knife. The gun it is not safe. Your friends are not far away, and in this mountain air the sound of guns travels too far."

Then he turned, and called in Spanish to one of his followers.

"Ho! Pepe! Come and bind these English!"

Dick understood what he said all right,

"Ho! Pepe! Come and bind these English!"

Dick understood what he said all right, As they stood their hands were still free. The Terror of Teneriffe, contemptuous of a few unarmed British boys, had not taken the trouble to secure them.

"Go for 'em, boys!" he shouted; and up went his list before the bandit realised what was happening.

He staggered against the lava wall of the cave, and partially recovered himself. The knife flashed out of his sash.

"My turn!" breathed Arty.

And the Terror of Teneriffe took a smack on the point of the jaw that would have smashed up a cab.

With a heavy thump he fell on the floor of the cave before his bewildered followers realised what had happened.

One of these put up his blunderbuss. But before he could take aim there was a rush in the door of the cavern—a rush like a train coming through a tunnel.

It was Horace to the rescue. Horace travelling fike the 8.30 King's Cross to Edinburgh. And Morace's massive head took the bandit square in the waist-coat.

The men doubled up the an "Ouch!"

The man doubled up the an "Ouch?" to film, and faired a form.

Then, in the doorway, there was a garding cry.

Ceel was taking a hand in the game, too. He had seized a third man in his terrible grip, and was choking the life out of him.

of this splendid serial in next Mon-day'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.) \_\_\_\_\_

high-pitched voice. "Stop it, or- Ow-

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the nuts, as Jack jumped in the air from another prod in the back.

The trolley twisted unsteadily on the uneven road, almost causing Drake to

in the back.

The trolley twisted unsteadily on the uneven road, almost causing Drake to slip off his perch.

"Be careful!" exclaimed the dandy. "I shall fall if—" He just managed to save himself by holding tight to the top bag of the pile. "By gad, Dwuwy, old boy, I wish you'd keep that old hoss fwom buckin!"

"He don't seem to understand what he's got to do." laughed Drury.
"Pwod him in the wibs, old boy," said Drake. "Keep on pwodding him, in fact!"

Jack had almost lost control of his temper by this time.
He caught sight of the nuts' laughing faces, and then, biting his lip in his rage, he tooke into a trot.

The to they rattled along behind him, and Drake was compelled to hang on like grim death to prevent himself from falling.

"By gad," chackled Drury, "we're meaning now," Keep it now, and heavy."

# : THE: SCAPECRACE REDCLYFFE!

A GRAND NEW SCHOOL SERIAL.

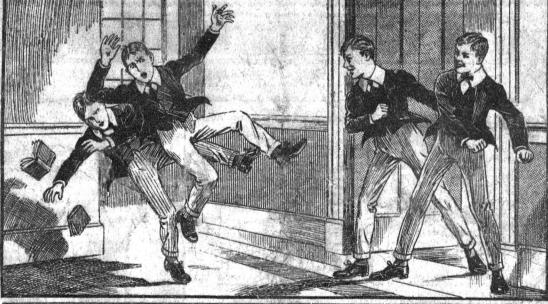
HERBERT BRITTON. SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a stormy interview between Jack Turner and his father, in which the latter informs Jack that he is removing him from Beecheroft School at the request of the headmaster, who stigmatises Jack as "undesirable." Realising that his son is a hardened young scapegrace, Mr. Turner decides to send him to Redciyffe, in the hope that he may be steadled by the good influence of his twin brother, Dicky—a boy of the right sort. Dicky Turner does not much appreciate this arrangement, as he does not get on well with Jack, but promises his father to do his best.

On the way to Redclyffe Jack gives his brother the slip, and falls in with Drake, Drury, Slade, and Spooner, four "nuts" who are also going to the school. Arrived at Mervale Station, the four "nuts" make use of Jack by tying him up to a porters' trolley loaded up with their luggage. Drake seats himself on the pile of bags, and Drury and Spooner encourage the unfortunate Jack with prods from their sticks. In this fashion they proceed in the direction of Redcivie School.

(Read on from here.)



CHUCKED OUT!

"Swing him!" shouted Bob Travers: Jack Turner was swung through the open doorway of the study, and his flying form went crashing into another junior in the passage. "By Jove!" exclaimed Jackson. "It's Dicky!"

An Unfortunate Spill, up, theah!"

"Gee up, theah!"
Drake sat cross-legged on the pile of bags and portmanteaux, and, reaching forward, prodded Jack Turner in the ribs with his walking-stick,
"Yes, get a move on!" said Drury, striding quickly along at the side of the tradlar

trolley.

"Just like an old cab-horse, isn't he?"
chuckled Spooner. "Let's tickle him up ace an aced Spooner what?"
"Good idea!"
The nuts
Turner wistretel

nuts advanced towards Jack with their walking-sticks out-

Jack Turner glanced over his shoulder at his tormentors.

His eyes fairly blazed with anger.
The odds were against him.
He was tied to the handle of the trolley, and could not raise a hand in his own defence.

The nuts had him at their mercy, and the knowledge that he was absolutely helpless caused his temper to rise.

"Ow! Yow! Yaroocoogh!" he relled, as Drury, Spooner, and Slade all jabbed him with their walking sticks at the same moment.

moment.
"Go it, death boys?" sang out the lordly Drake, from his perch on the port-

manteaux. "Give him some more like

Prod, prod!

Again and again Jack received the business ends of the nuts' walking-sticks in the small of his back.

the small of his back.

At each prod he leaped forward, dragging the unwieldy trolley after him.

But every time he endeavoured to stop the nuts advanced with their walkingsticks held out threateningly.

"You mustn't stop, old hoss!" chuckled Drury. "This is a non-stop run to Redclyffe, and—"

"You cads!" yelled Jack Turner, in a

"By gad," checkled Drury, "we're moving now," keep it up, old hoss!"
Prod."
Once more Drury dug his walking-stick into Jack Farner's ribs.
But it was for the last time, Jack was in a bitter rage.
An idea had flashed across his mind for getting his own back on the nuts—or, at any rate, on the lordly Drake—and he proceeded to carry it out.
From a trot he broke into a run, causing the trolley to twist from side to side of the road.
Drury Spooner, and Slade kept pace with it for a time, but when they came to a down slope, and the trolley gathered still more speed, they pulled up short, roaring with laughter.
And the cause of their laughter was their own chum Drake.
The notion of riding to Redelyffe on the pile of portmanteaux had greatly appealed to the dandy.
Drake was afflicted with laziness, and never walked when he could ride.
But now he fervently wished that he had decided to walk to Redelyffe.
For, as the trolley swayed and twisted down the slope, he was flung full length on the topmost bag.

tailing.

\* By gad," checkled Drury, "we're moving now.! Keep it up, old hoss!"

## THE SCAPEGRACE OF REDCLYFFE

(Continued from the previous page.)

into the air, and landed in a ditch at the side of the road.

But brake cared dittle about the loss of his property at that moment; he was more concerned for his own safety.

And his chums were almost doubled up with mirth as they watched him clinging like grim death to the pile of porthanteaux.

reaux.
"By gad," exclaimed Drury, "poor old Drake's going through it with a ven-

gamee!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha there was no doubt that the dandy
was "going through it."
But his troubles were not yet over.
Jack Turner was well on the move.
He tore down the slope, fully intending
to unseat the lordly Drake if it were at all
possible.

to unseat the lordly brake if it were at all possible.

He glanced back for a moment, and a grin spread over his face as he observed the spread-eagled dandy.

"Stop, you boundah?" shrieked Drake, "You'll have me off in a minute if you don't stop this sillay game!"

"Rats!" shouted Jack Turner, loud enough for the dandy to hear.

"By gad," exclaimed Drake, "I'll m-m-make you suffer for this when we get to— Ow! Yarooooogh!"

The dandy uttered a frantle yell as one of the front wheels collided with a large stone, causing him to bump his chin on the bag and bite his tongue.

At the same moment he slipped down the pile of bags.

He felt himself falling, but by a strenuous effort he managed to regain his balance.

But still his position was by no means secure.

secure.

Had there been a small space on the top of the trolley on which he could have stood, all would have been well.

But the bags and portmanteaux had been piled in the shape of a pyramid, and a fall meant that he would be sent sprawling on the muddy road.

And Drake wished to avoid this at all costs, if only for the sake of his well-cut clothes.

costs, if only for the sake of his well-cut clothes.
But it looked very much as though he was finding it a hard task to do so.

Redelyffe came in sight at last, and still Jack did not make any attempt to pull up. In fact, he appeared to be striving to increase his speed.

He was breathing heavily under the exertion, but his determination to unseat the lordly Drake appeared to lend him strength, and he careered madly along the road in the direction of the school.

Drake was almost grant for breath. "Stop, you well a bandah!" he roared, "I shall fall—ye "- and break my—ow neek!"

Linek Turner of not reuly.

"The trunks of the school."

And the school with which dignation.

"Hosh!"

By gad, I'll make you suffan for this

"Pir goodness" sake ston!" velled.

school!" he flung back at the dismal dandy.

"For goodness' sake stop!" yelled Drake frantically. "Look at those sillay chumps at the gates! They're woaring at us, and— Ow! Yooooooop!"

Once again the front wheels of the trolley came in contact with a large stone, with results that were not at all pleasing to the dandy.

Jack looked up, and saw a group of Redclyffe juniors standing at the gates, roaring with laughter.

He broke into a last desperate spurt. The trolley swayed worse than ever. Drake was rocked from side to side. He shrieked at the top of his voice, clinging desperately to the portmanteaux. "Look out, you duffer!"

Bob Travers, the captain of the Fourth Form, uttered a warning shout from the gateway.

But Lack Turner was not in the mood.

Form, uttered a warning shout from the gateway.

But Jack Turner was not in the mood to look out.

to look out.

He dashed on madly, unaware of the fact that danger was near at hand.

Crash!
The trolley came into violent contaction a stone post, just outside the gate f the school.

f the school.

Drake was sent hurtling into the air, o land in a ditch at the side of the

The bags and portmanteaux flew in all

The bags and portmanteaux flew in all directions.

The trolley twisted round quickly, and the handle, catching Jack Turner full in the back, sent him reeling to the ground.

"My giddy aunt!" exclaimed Bob Travers, in astonishment. "This is a nice way to arrive at Redelyffe! I wonder who the dickens these duffers are?"

"Lend me a hand!" muttered Jack Turner, breathing heavily. The fall had been a severe one, and his temper was rising in consequence. "Don't stand there like a lot of stuffed dummies!"

"Cheeky young cad!" said Jimmy Wren of the New House. "I suppose he's a new kid, and has never heard the word please."

new kid, and has never nears "please," "
please," "
"Can't you see that I'm tied up?" exclaimed Jack Turner impatiently.
"Seems to me that you'd better remain tied up," said Jimmy Wren blandly. "When you've learned manners, we might..."

might—"
"Oh, lend me a knife, somebody!" said
Bob Travers, with a grin. "I haven't
got mine with me."
"Here you are," said Jackson.

Bob Travers took the knife, and proceeded to cut away the ropes that held Jack to the trolley.

The latter rose to his feet, rubbing his injured limbs.

He gazed around him, frowning flercely.

"Where's that rotter?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, dear! Grocoogh! Yaroocoogh!"

Loud solutterings came from the

"Where's that rotter?" he exclaimed,
"Oh, dear! Groocogh! Yaroocoogh!
Loud splutterings came from the
direction of the ditch, and next moment
Drake, covered in mud from head to
foot, scrambled up the side of the bank.
His appearance was greeted by loud
chortles from the Redclyffe juniors standing in the gateway.
"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Bob Travers.
"Apparently there's a little mud in that
ditch."

ditch."

"This chap's found it, at any rate," said Jackson,
"More than he wants, I bet!" remarked Jimmy Wren, with a laugh.
"Where's that low-down cad who hurled me into this wotten ditch?" said the muddy figure. "I'm going to give him a thunderwin' good hidin'! Oh, theah he is!"

Drake gouged the mud from his face, and advanced towards Jack Turner with clenched hands.

Jack saw him coming, and backed

away.

"Come heals, you cad!" exclaimed Drake. "You're not goin' to dodge me! Put up your fists—d'you heals?"

Jack Turner glanced towards the gateway, in the hope of being able to dodge the grade of the state of the state.

ugh.

the Redclyffe juniors stood there
group, and it was impossible for Jack
ass through them
mmy Wren gave him a slight push in

"Stand up to him, new kid," he said.

"Stand up to him, new kid," he said.

"If the chap wants to fight, fight him?"

"Yaas, stand up to me, deah boy?" said
Drake. "Of course, if you funk me—"

The suggestion that he was funking was to Jack Turner as a red rag to a bull.

He clenched his fists hard and made a rush at Drake.

The latter flung up his hands to defend himself, but he was a fraction of a second too late.

Jack caught him two stinging blows on the head, which sent him reeling backwards.

But the middly dead.

But the muddy dandy quickly recovered and then, to the amazement of the delysic juniors, Drake squared up to take in spiendid style, and commenced to hit out.

in out.

In spite of his toppish ways, Drake ertainty the whow to fee his fists.

It is not harder to the man of the hist said the hiad.

Well clone, old nut!" said Jinmy Vren praisingly.

The New House junior's remark stung ack Turner.

himself on the dandy, and gripped him round the neck.

pummelled away at the latter's

ack.
"Break away!" shouted Bob Travers,
tenning forward.

tepping forward.

But Jack took no notice.

His temper was out of hand, and then, of satisfied with punching his antagonist i the back, he commenced to kick with is feet.

"For two pins I'd give you a sound thrashing for behaving like a cad?" said Bob.

curasning for behaving like a cad!" said Bob.

"It wouldn't pay you to!" said Jack defiantly. "I should complain to the masters then."

"Cheeky young cad!" said Jackson. "Pile into him!"
Bob Travers hesitated.

His gaze had become fixed on three well-dressed juniors who had just come in sight down the lane.

Jack Turner caught sight of the fellows at the same moment, and, with a twist and a wriggle, he managed to escape from Bob Travers' grasp.

Then, before anybody could stop him, he darted through the gateway, and tore on in the direction of the School House, "After him!" exclaimed Appleby of the Fourth.
"Oh, let the cad go!" said Bob Travers

Fourth.
"Oh, let the cad go!" said Bob Travers.
"We can settle with him some other
time. I suppose these chaps are new
kids."

Drury, Spooner, and Slade came march

kids."

Drury, Spooner, and Slade came marching up.
They gasped with amazement at sight of the muddy Drake.

"By gad!" exclaimed Drury. "What the merry discens has happened?"

Drake aplained, and Bob Travers frowned portentously when he learned how the funts had fied the new jumior to the frolles.

Let the beauty little cade the beauty little cade the state of the property of the property of the field of the property of the field. The beauty little cade the state of the property of the field of the property of the property of the property of the field of the property of the pr

We've got a loyely batch of new kids s term!" remarked Bob Travers. "One i't fight without kicking, and the this term!" remarked Bob Travers. "One can't fight without kicking, and the others appear to be a lot of stuck-up prigs! It seems to me that we shall have to take them in hand." "What-ho!" agreed the others. The excitement over, the juniors left the gates, and made their way to their studies.

It was getting very near tea-time.

#### Not Wanted.

"It's time Dicky was here!"
Bob Travers uttered the remark.
He and Jack Jackson had been making themselves busy in Study No. 5. They had each brought several belongings from home, for the purpose of brightening up their study.

These consisted chiefly of pictures, who to frame and consuments.

These consisted chicay or photo-frames, and ornaments.
They had made it their first job to place these articles in attractive positions

face these articles in attractive positions i the study. This task finished, they had turned to

Preparing tea.

Now the table was laid, the bread-and-butter cut, and the kettle boiling merrily

the fire. And Dicky Turner had not put in his

on the fire.

And Dicky Turner had not put in his appearance.

"Perhaps he's still searching for his brother," suggested Jackson.

"By the way," said Bob Travers, "I wonder what's happened to the kid? There are a host of new kids this term; he may already be here."

"I met a batch of them in the Hall," said Jackson, "and asked if Jack Turner was amongst them. But they hadn't heard of the name."

"Poor old Dicky!" said Bob sympathetically. "He may be still kicking his heels on Meringham Station."

"Well, I don't envy him with his job," said Jackson. "It must be rotten to have to take a young scapegrace in hand, and—"

"He won't be the only one, at any

"He won't be the only one, at any rate," said Bob. "We've got to take a few chaps in hand. For instance, there's that young cad who kicked that silly ass who can't proformee his 'r's'."

"A jolly good hiding would do him good!" said Jackson, quite unaware of the fact that "the young cad." was Jack Turner—Dicky's twin-brother. "I almost wished you had.— Hallo, who's this?"

The door of the study opened, and the figure of a junior appeared on the threshold.

doesn't know how to fight fair. A kicking cad—
"Oh, go and eat coke!" exclaimed Jack, sinking into the easy-chair.
"What?"
"I said go and cat coke!" repeated the new junior. "Go into another room if you like. I'm staying here—"
"You're not!"
"You'd better try and put me out, then!" said Jack Turner defiantly. "I shall probably kick you worse than I did that other chap!"
Bob Travers fairly gasped.
If the new boy lacked pluck, he certainly possessed any amount of cheek. "Look here!" said Bob, after a moment's pause. "Are you going out?"
"No."
"You want us to put you out, then?"

"No."

"You want us to put you out, then?"

"You wouldn't dare to—"

"Collar him!" said Bob Travers, and he made a grab at the new boy.
Jackson lent his assistance, and Jack Turner was hauled out of the easy-chair on to the hearthrug.

"Pick him up!" said Bob.
In spite of his struggles, Jack Turner was picked up and carried to the door.

"Let me go!" he shouted. "I'll smash you! I'll—"

"Swing him!"
Jack Turner was promptly swung back-wards, and then pitched out of the open

"Swing him!"
Jack Turner was promptly swung backwards, and then pitched out of the open doorway into the passage.

At the same instant as the new boy left the chums' hands, the figure of another junior came in sight through the doorway.

Jack Turner's hurtling form crashed into him, and the two fell with a bump to the floor.

Jack Turner's hurtling form crashed into him, and the two fell with a bump to the floor. "Ow! Yow! Grocoogh!" muttered the new boy.

new boy.

"Yarooooogh!" roared the other junior, and Bob Travers and Jackson started as they recognised the voice.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jackson. "It's Dicky!"

Bob Travers moved forward at once, and assisted his chum to rise to his feet.
"Sorry, Dicky, old son!" he said apologetically. "We didn't know you were coming along the passage. We—"
"You silly chumps!" said Dicky wrathfully."

coming along the passage. We—
"You silly chumps!" said Dicky wrathfully.
"We were just chucking some rubbish into the passage that we didn't want," explained Bob, with a grin.
"S-s-some rubbish?" stammered Dicky, as his eyes lighted on the new boy, now scrambling to his feet.
"Yes," said Bob. "He wanted to stay in our study, and we didn't want him. So we chucked him out. He's a new kid, and a cad into the bargain!"
"A-a-a-a cad?"

" A-a-a-a cad?"

"A-a-a- cad?"

"I should just say he is!" said Bob.
"He had a fight with a new fellow, and started kicking."

"Great Scott!" An angry look camo over Dicky's face as he fixed his eyes on Jack, who was claims styragely at Beb.
"To be started whemently. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"J-Jack?" gasped Bob Travers, in surptise. "You-you don't mean to say you know him, Dicky?"
"Know him!" said Dicky, with a bitter laugh. "I ought to, considering he's my twin brother!"

This statement fell like a bombshell on Bob and Jackson; they were too astonished to do anything but gasp.

"Your b-b-brother?" stuttered Bob, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," said Dicky, with a gesture towards Jack. "What do you think of him?"

"I-I I Oh, come inside, Dicky, old son!" said, Bob awkwardly, "Tea's, all ready. You must come in, too, Jack. I—er—didn't know you were Dicky's brother."

"Bring him in, Dicky!" urged Jackson.

ready.

er-didn't know you

brother."

"Bring him in. Dicky!" urged Jackson.

Dicky faced his brother,

"Have you seen Mr. Chambers yet?" he

sked.
"Yes," replied Jack sullenly.
"What study are you booked for?"

"No. 5."
"Oh. well, you'd better come inside, then!" said Dicky. "But you'll have to mind your 'p's 'and 'q's' now I'm here!"
"Draw it mild!" said Jack, with a sneer. "I'm not in the mood for a sermon!"

sneer. "I'm not in the mood for a sermon!"

"I-I-I Oh, get inside, for goodness' sake!" said Dicky, his temper rising.
"You've been just about enough trouble for one day!"
"Are those fellows going to stay to tea?" asked Jack, jerking his thumb in the direction of Bob and Jackson.
"Of course they are!" snapped Dicky.
"They're my chums!"
"Your chums!" said Dick, in a lofty manner, "You're welcome to them! I wouldn't rob you of such delightful company!"

would be soon designful company!"
And with that Jack Turner strode along the passage, leaving Dicky staring after him, dumbfounded.
Bob Travers darted forward.
"Fetch him back, Dicky, old son!" he urged.

"No fear!"

"But—but— I say, Dicky, we're awfully sorry for chucking him out of the study!" faltered Bob. "We didn't know

"There's nothing to be sorry about," said Dicky, shutting the door of the study, "Let the young bounder find other quarters. I can't be bothered with him just now!"

just now!"

But Jack Turner's quest for other quarters was not to be a successful one. Some unpleasant surprises awaited the scapegrace. (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.)

# wished you had—Hallo, who's this?" The door of the study opened, and the figure of a junior appeared on the threshold. There was a sullen, disagreeable expression on the new-comer's face. Bob Travers recognised the latter, and pieked up a cushion from the easy-chair. "Buzz off!" he said sharply. "This is Study No. 5, isn't it?" asked Jack Turner. "That's right, but—"well. I've come to the right, show, and the study, and "You're not going to do anything of the kind!" said Jackson. The new boy walked coolly into the study. "Hop it!" said Bob Travers commandingly. "We don't want you here!" "Mr. Chambers says—" "Chambers can say what he likes," said Bob. "You—" says what he likes," said Bob. "You—" "Mr. Chambers says I'm to share this study!" exclaimed Jack. "And I'm jolly well going to share it!" "You're not!" declared Bob firmly. "You're not!" declared Bob firmly. "We don't want a fellow here who The New House Junior's remark soung Jack Turner. Somewhat dazed by the two blows he had received on the head, he made no attempt to continue the fight, "By gad!" muttered Drake languidly. "He's funkin' me! He—" "I'm jolly well not!" cried Jack hotly, "Then come on, deah boy," said the dandy coolly, "I haven't half finished with you yet. I'm waiting." Drake did not have to wait long, His eyes gleaming, Jack Turner flung aback. "I'll trouble you not to addwess me again!" said the dandy loftily. "Come on, deah boys!" he added, turning to his chums. "I think the soonah we get away fwom these feltahs the bettah!" And, picking up their bags and pormanteaus, the muts passed through the gates and on to the School House. The Fourth-Formers gazed at them in amazement.

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

FOR NEXT MONDAY! Our next splendid complete story of the chums of Rookwood deals with the further activities of Teddy Grace, the new junior in the Fourth Form, who is known as 'Putty' because, as he himself modestly explains, "he is so soft!" Jimmy Silver & Co. decide that it is time the new junior was put in his place, and they point out to him—somewhat forcibly—that whoever else he plays his little pranks on, he must not jape Jimmy Silver & Co.! The title of the story is

"SOLD AGAIN!"
By Owen Conquest,
and my chums will wonder, perhaps, whether it is Teddy Grace or Jimmy Silver & Co. who are "sold"!
In the next grand complete story of Frank Richards & Co. of the school in the backwoods, entitled

"GUNTEN'S GOLD-MINE!"

"GUNTEN'S GOLD-MINE!"
By Martin Clifford,

By Martin Clifford,

Kern Gunten, of Hillcrest School, lays his plans, as sole owner of the island goldmine, for the amassing of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. The only thing that worries him at all is the fact that Frank Richards & Co. go about smilling! Gunten does not understand this at all—until later! He is not at all repentant for the piece of sharp practice by means of which he "jumped" Dicky Bird's claim, so that the chums of Cedar Creek, and of Hillcrest—who join forces for once—have no compunction in "pulling his leg" to the fullest extent, and inflicting a very sharp lesson upon the unscrupulous Swiss junior.

sharp lesson upon the unscrupulous Swiss junior. In next week's instalment of our splendid new school serial,

## "THE SCAPEGRACE OF RED-

By Herbert Britton,
Jack Turner falls into further trouble—
as can only be expected of a fellow of his
calibre in a first-rate school like Redelyffe,
Wherever he goes he finds he is "not
wanted"—and it is not until the chums
of Study No. 5—following the hospitable
lead of Bob Travers—take pity on him,
that he finds anywhere to lay his head,
as it were, even temporarily.

The efforts of Dieley Turner to "stick"
his scapegrace brother are far from being
an unqualified success, and, as my chums
will find, the young black sheep of the
Turner family has a very hard row to hoe
at Redelyffe as yet.

In the next instalment of
"THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE

"THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE

KAISER!"

By Duncan Storm.
the chums of the school afloat, after an exciting struggle, complete the discomiture of the rufflamly Terror of Teneriffe. Cecil, the orang-outang, in fact, has to be restrained by Pongo, as, in his enthusiasm for the fight, he is inclined to carry matters too far.

A glorious toboggan-trip is undertaken, and Horace, the goat, has a special little bit of excitement all to himself; while, to crown a most exciting succession of adventures, Lal Tata entirely disappears! My chums will find this next instalment of this grand adventure story a wonderful cure for the blues!

#### A NATURE-LOVING CHUM.

There are letters-and letters, some

which bring a little of that inspiriting human thought which brightens life, others which contain merely some sort of an old grumble reflecting a passing mood.

numan thought which brightens life, others which contain merely some sort of an old grumble reflecting a passing mood. I am disposed to smile at the remark of some that the art of letter-writing is dead. It may be—as an art. But then the best letters, the letters that live, were not written by those who sat down expressly to write them—that is, ornamental show letters, with an eye to publication. Good letters are accidental. The writer has something to say—something about his interests, his hobbies, his sympathies, or those troubles from which some of us are never free. He has something to say—something which is a bit of himself and his character—and in that way what he sets down is better than any invented work, for it is life itself.

I am always pleased to hear from my chums. There is one loyal reader who writes to me regularly, and I have come to look for his well-written communications. They are full of the keenest observation. He is a bird-lover, such as Richard Jefferies was many years ago. He studies the countryside, and sees the wondrous life of the copse and the hedgerow. I should say nothing escapes him. He knows all about the redpole, the bull-finch, and the tats. He is really interested, just as old Gilbert White, of Selborne, was interested as he sat under the hig beech-tree in his garden and gazed at the green hangar which shut in his pleasant old cottage home.

Now, that correspondent has a hobby which will last him his life and render his life nobler for its possession.

THE EDITOR

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