

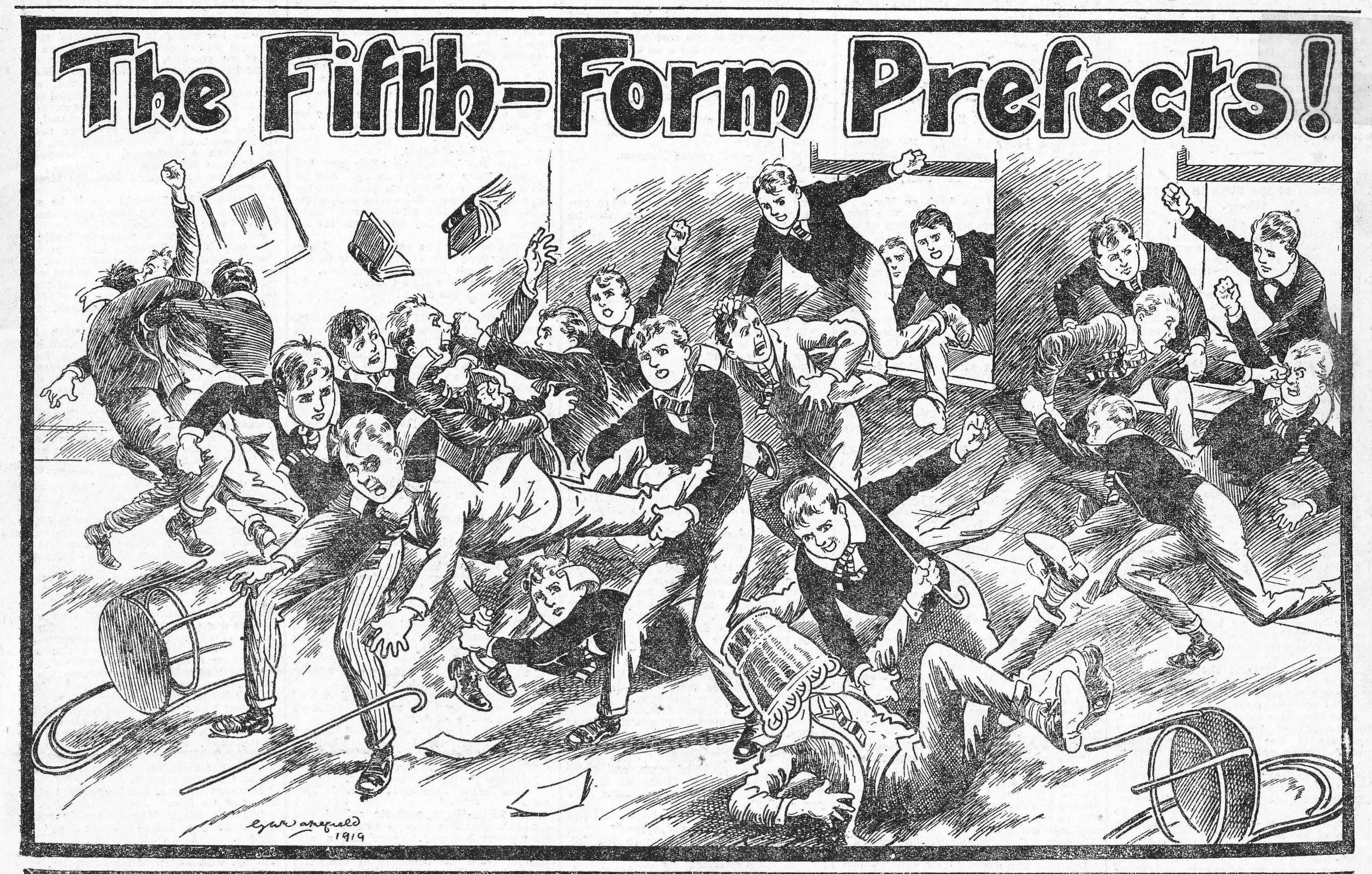
The New Prefects in Trouble! In this week's "Skull Island!"

Chaos at Surf-Riding Rookwood! at Honolulu!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 14th, 1919.



A BAITLE-ROYAL

The Fifth Form prefects were swept back from the window as the juniors poured in. Jimmy Silver was in the midst of the fray; he had Hansom's head in chancery—Hansom's legs being held by Lovell.

The 1st Chapter. The New Prefects.

"It's up!" Tubby Mussin rushed into the junior Common-room at Rookwood with that | breathless announcement.

There was a buzz of excitement at

"Up!" repeated Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth Form. "Are you |

sure. Tubby?"

"I've seen it! I saw the Head putting ! the paper in his hand, after jawing to up on the board himself! Fancy that!" gasped Tubby.

"Let's look!" said Lovell.

"Come on!" There was a rush from the Commonroom at once.

The announcement Tubby Musin had i made was not unexpected. But it caused great excitement when it came. A buzzing crowd gathered round the school motice-board.

A new paper was there, and undoubtedly it was in Dr. Chisholm's "fist." The juniors craned over one

another's shoulders to read it. Comments were loud and emphatic.

"Cheek!"

usual state.

"We're not taking any!"

"No fear!" "Fifth-Form prefects! My hat! What is Rookwood coming to?"

"Bosh!" Which certainly was an unusual manner of commenting upon a notice in the Head's fist. But affairs at Rookwood School just then were in a rather un-

Bulkeley and Neville of the Sixth Form it up—the Head himself!" said Tubby | came along, and the juniors made way for Mussin. "I had my eye on him, you know. I them to look at the notice. Bulkeley, I saw him come out of his study with late captain of Rookwood, had all eyes upon him as he read it. But his thought-Hansom of the Fifth. And he pinned it | ful face expressed little. If the juniors expected to read his opinion in his looks

they were disappointed. Neville shrugged his shoulders. Then the two great men of the Sixth walked on, without passing any audible com-

The buzz broke out with renewed emphasis when they were gone.

"Fifth Form prefects!" repeated Arthur

Edward Lovell. "Does the Head think we're going to stand it?" 'Let 'em begin prefecting, that's all!" said Raby, with a warlike look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hansom, Lumsden Talboys, Muggins, I Classical prefects," read out Jimmy Silver;

"Myers and Lister, Modern prefects. | marked Smythe of the Shell. "And all | ing Carthew-and Carthew's a blackies Half a dozen of 'em—and not one of 'em | the Sixth Form prefects have resigned | and a worm—"

any good."
"Rotten!" "It's the Head's fist right enough; he's signed it," said Mornington. "But it strike, what can they expect?" won't wash!"

"We're not taking any, at least!" Jimmy Silver mounted on a stool to address the indignant gathering of juniors.

"Gentlemen of the Fourth--" he

Hear, hear!"

"Go it, Jimmy!" "Gentlemen, this is the last straw. This is the limit!"

"It is-it are!" said Newcome.

"Hear, hear!" "Not content with pushing old Bulkeley out of his job as captain and head prefect, the Head thinks he is going to plant Fifth Form bounders on us as prefects! It won't wash!"

"Never!" "What are the Fifth, anyway?" demanded Jimmy Silver indignantly.

"Nothing!" "Nobody!"

"Exactly! Nothing and nobody, or said Jimmy eloquently. even less!" "We're backing up old Bulkeley-"

"Bravo!" "Bulkeley isn't a prefect now," rein sympathy. Well, then, the Head's The orator was interrupted by deep bound to stick in Fifth-Formers. There must be prefects! If the prefects go on

"Shut up, Smythe!"

"Bump him!" "Scalp him!"

Adolphus Smythe's views were evidently unpopular. There was a yell from Adolphus as he was bundled away and went rolling along the floor; and the voice of | prefects in the history of Rookwood? It Smythe of the Shell was heard no more.

"Go it, Jimmy!" shouted Lovell. Jimmy Silver "went" it! Head's down on him for next to nothing. The other prefects were right in going on strike to support him. I don't think

much of the Sixth as a rule--' "Ha, ha, ha!" "But in this matter they're right. If

they didn't support old Bulkeley we'd be down on them---" "Which would be awful for them, of

of the Fourth, in a slightly sarcastic tonc.

course." observed Townsend, the dandy

"Shut up, Towny!"

"Kick him out! Go it, Jimmy!" "We'd be down on them," resumed Jimmy Silver. "All the Sixth Form pre-

fects are standing by Bulkeley, except-

groans for Carthew of the Sixth. When the groaning died away he went on:

"Even Knowles, who's a bit of a worm himself, is backing up Bulkeley. So are we, to the last shot in the locker-"

"Now the Head has appointed prefects from the Fifth Form," said Jimmy Silver warmly. "Who ever heard of Fifth Form can't be did!"

"Never!" "I put it to this meeting, that we don't "We're backing up Bulkeley! The take any notice of any Fifth Form prefects. They can play prefect to one another if they like. But they can't come the prefect over us."

"Hear, hear!" "And I suggest a deputation to the

Head to remonstrate---" "Oh, my hat!" "I'm willing to lead the deputation,". said Jimmy Silver. "I'm ready to be spokesman. And I'll put it to the Head

"Cave!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Here comes the Head!"

Tubby set the example of flight. There was a rustle, and an awe-inspir-

(Continued on next page.)

FREFECT S! THE FIFTH-FORM

(Continued from the previous page.)

the noisy meeting. "What-" began the Head.

A clatter of hurrying feet interrupted | premises-" him. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the meeting was gone. Only Jimmy Silver remained, elevated

upon the stool. He blinked at the Head, and the Head stared at him. "What is all this uproar about, Silver?"

rapped out Dr. Chisholm sharply. "This-this uproar?" stammered Jimmy. "Yes. I heard you in my study—most disorderly shouting!" exclaimed the Head. "What does it mean?"

"I-I-- We--" "You appear to be the cause of it, Get down from that stool at

Jimmy Silver stepped down. It did not occur to him for the moment that now was an excellent opportunity for making I his remonstrance to the Head, and putting it plainly to him. Somehow such ideas were driven from his mind by the stern brow of the headmaster of Rook-

"You will kindly keep order," said the Head severely. "There has been too much laxity of late, owing to the prefects resigning their functions. Now that new prefects are appointed, the most complete discipline will be maintained. Remember that, Silver!"

"Ye-es; sir!" stammered Jimmy. "Any repetition of this uproar will be severely punished!" said the Head. "You may go, Silver!"

And Jimmy Silver went. That opportunity of remonstrating with I the Head, and putting it to him plainly, was lost—for ever!

The 2nd Chapter. Hansom of the Fifth in All His Glory.

Edward Hansom of the Fifth Form walked into the prefects' room at Rookwood with his hands in his pockets and a lofty smile upon his face.

Hansom of the Fifth was rather a lofty fellow at all times; he had an excellent opinion of himself, and never took the trouble to conceal it. But at the present moment he was loftier than ever-in fact, he seemed like the gentleman of ancient times, who was like to strike the stars with his sublime head.

It was the first time in the history of Rookwood that prefects had been appointed from the Fifth Form. Always those great and important personages had been selected from the august ranks of the Sixth. And it was possible that his | prefects' room! Now then, get a move | elevation had got into Hansom's head a on!"

In the Fifth Form, at least, the Head's new idea seemed an excellent one-and Hansom endorsed it most heartily. He was, as he confided to his chums Lumsden and Talboys, just the man the Head wanted—just the fellow to be a prefect, having, as it were, an eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

Hitherto, the Fifth had been rather inclined to support Bulkeley and the Sixth, in the peculiar dispute that was dividing Rookwood. The "sacking" of Bulkeley from the captaincy had seemed to them, as to the rest of Rookwood, rather high-handed on the Head's part; and they had approved of the strike of the prefects in protest against it. But the Head's new "stunt," as the juniors called it, had brought the Fifth round,

or most of them. Hansom almost strutted as he walked into the prefects' room.

That room was sacred, in normal times, to prefects of the Sixth Form-other members of the Sixth who were not prefects only entered it on sufferance. The Fifth had no right to set foot within its door; and as for juniors, they would have been scalped if they had entered

its precincts, excepting on fagging duties. Now Hansom walked into it as if it belonged to him — as indeed it did, in virtue of his new rank.

Bulkeley and Neville were chatting by a window in the prefects' room, Mark Carthew was in an armchair, and Lonsdale and Jones major were at the table. The former prefects still used the room, though they were on strike. And all of them looked very expressively at Edward Hansom of the Fifth as he strolled loftily in.

Even Carthew looked rather grimthough he was against the rest of the Sixth. Airs and graces on the part of a Fifth-Former did not please even Carthew.

Hansom was quite aware of the sudden grimness that had come over the faces of the Sixth-Formers. But he did not mind. He was a prefect now—and as one holding authority! He was, in fact, in authority over fellows who were not prefects, whether they were in the Sixth or the Second. And it was his intention to let that fact come into due prominence.

His visit to the prefects' room, in fact, was to let the Sixth-Formers learn, at first hand, who was who and what was what!

You fellows here—what?" re-Hansom, reposing himself marked elegantly on a corner of the table and

surveying the room. There was no reply.

Bulkeley and Neville ostentatiously looked out of the window, so that their backs were turned to the Fifth-Former. Carthew grinned and Lonsdale stared. Jones major snorted. And that was all.

"I don't want to cause you any inconvenience, of course," went on Hansom andauntedly.

Another snort from Jones major. "But this is the prefects' room, you

snow!" said Hansom, a little more loudly. Then Lonsdale ejaculated: "What?"

Ing figure in cap and gown dawned upon | Hansom. "I'm sure I don't want to put | was being held. As it was certain that | you out in any way, but as soon as you I the new body of prefects would never concan make it convenient to vacate the sent to leaving their official headquarters sides.

"What do you mean?" snapped Lons-

"I mean what I say, dear boy." "Don't call me dear boy, please!" "As a prefect, Lonsdale, I shall call !

you anything I like." "As a prefect! You a prefect!"

"I suppose you've seen the Head's

"Oh, rats!" "Look here!" said Hansom of the Fifth, his temper beginning to rise. "I'm a pre- | Lister of the Modern side. Hansom" fect, Lonsdale, and I want you to under- | claim to the prefects' quarters having stand it! I'm going to be fair and considerate—if you'll let me. But I want it | were coming to take possession—evidently understood, first of all, that I'm a prefect, and I've got to be treated with I respect!"

"Rubbish!" snorted Jones major.

Hansom raised his hand. "Do you want me to give you lines?" he demanded.

"Lines!" roared Jones.

"Yes. As a prefect---" "Lines!" said Lonsdals. "Lines—us! Us-lines! Are you off your silly rocker, you dummy?"

"If you call a prefect names, Lonsdale---" "Fathead!"

"Look here---" "Idiot!"

"Take five hundred lines, Lonsdale!" roared Hansom, in great wrath.

"Take a thousand lines!"

Hansom breathed hard. He did not think it wise to make it two thousand lines; he had a misgiving that those lines would never be done, though ordered by a prefect.

Lonsdale turned his back on him. The new prefect was rather at a loss. He had come there as a monarch of all | mistaking their meaning. he surveyed, so to speak; but it was evidently a limited monarchy that he l enjoyed, so far-very much limited.

But he could not very well retreat. It

was a case of now or never. "I'm sorry to turn you fellows out," said Hansom, after a very awkward pause. "But you are aware that the prefects' room is used only by prefects. You must clear. Not you, of course, Carthew; you're a prefect, the same as I am-" "Not quite the same as you are, I

hope!" grunted Carthew. Hansom did not heed that remark. "You other fellows are to get out," he said. "I can't have outsiders in the got the Sixth to deal with now."

"Chuck him out, Bulkeley," suggested Jones major.

But the late captain of Rookwood shook his head.

"Hansom is within his rights," he said. "The Head has chosen to make him a prefect, and this is the prefects' room. shall not dispute the point."

And with that George Bulkeley walked out of the room. Neville, after a the Fourth. moment's hesitation, followed him. Hansom looked rather pleased. This was a real concession to his new dignity.

"Now, you others—" he said.

affair, and his feeling of what was due they would stay there if they liked. It to the authority of the Head, did not was really not very dignified of the quite appeal to them. They were angry and restive.

It was true that they were on "strike," and were no longer prefects; but that did not incline them to take "cheek" from anybody in the Fifth.

"I'm waiting for you!" said Hansom. "We won't keep you waiting!" said

Lonsdale grimly. "That's right! I can tell you I mean Yaroooh! Wharrer you at?" roared Hansom, in surprise and wrath, as I you going?" the two Sixth-Formers rushed upon him and collared him.

It was a superfluous question; he could really see what they were at. Lonsdale and Jones major collared him without ceremony, and spun him towards the door.

"Legge!" yelled Hansom.

"Out you go!" growled Jones. "I-I- Lend me a hand, Carthewdo you hear? Yow!" howled the Fifth-Former, struggling frantically.

Carthew only chuckled. Hansom had no aid to expect from his fellow-prefect. He went whirling to the door in the grasp of the two powerful Sixth-Formers, and went spinning through the doorway. Crash!

"Ow! Yaroooh! Ow!" Hansom sprawled breathlessly in the

Lonsdale and Jones major looked out at him grimly. "Now come back again and play prefect!" said Lonsdale.

"Ow! Yow!" Hansom did not come back to play prefect. He scrambled up, and limped away to the Fifth Form quarters—to con-

sult with his comrades. The Fifth Form prefect had lost the first round. But the tussle was only beginning.

The 3rd Chapter. Jimmy Silver & Co. Take a Hand!

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Here they come!" In the corridor near the doorway of the prefects' room a little army of juniors had gathered.

The Fistical Four were there, and Mornington, and the three Tommies from the Modern side, and a dozen other fellows. "Prefects' room, you know." explained I They lined the walls, with grinning

faces, to see the circus, as Arthur Edward Lovell expressed it.

BOYS' FRIEND

The news of the dispute in the prefects' room had spread. It was known that Hansom had called a meeting of the pre- | school by both the Fifth and the Sixth, fects in his study. where a council of war | in the hands of their rivals, Jimmy Silver & Co. had assembled to see the "rumpus." The idea of a battle-royal between Fifth and Sixth was quite entertaining—to the juniors.

"Here they come! Order!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Down the corridor came the new prefects, with determined faces. Hansom was not alone now. With him came hands up and hit out. Lumsden, Talboys, and Muggins, prefects of the Classical Fifth; and Myers and been disputed, the whole august body by force if no other means would serve.

Hansom had not cared to call in the authority of the Head. He was aware that Carthew had failed in his brief spell as captain of Rookwood, because he had called for the Head's support every time a difficulty cropped up, and had worried and tired Dr. Chisholm out. Besides, Hansom was ready to defend his rights himself. He had plenty of pluck and determination, whatever might be said of his intellectual powers.

He frowned loftily at the grinning juniors, as he found them gathered in numerous array in the corridor. "Go it, Hansom!" came an encouraging

voice from the fags. "Stick up for your rights, old man!" chuckled Mornington. "We're going to wait outside and catch you as you drop."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Hansom halted, and raised his hand. "You fags clear off!" he rapped out.

"Bow-wow!" "Off with you!" roared Hansom.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Yah!" The replies of the fags were more emphatic than elegant; but there was no

For a fellow who had an eye like Mars, to threaten and command, Hansom did not seem very well able to assert his ! authority. Possibly he was mistaken about his commanding qualities.

"Will you go?" he demanded angrily. "No fear!"

"You know I'm a prefect---" "Think again!" suggested Jimmy Silver. "We don't know it yet. We're never going to know it!" "Bow-wow!"

Lumsden touched Hansom's arm. "Don't get into a scrap with the fags now, old fellow!" he murmured. "We've

"That's all very well, but-" "My dear chap, one lot at a time!" whispered Talboys.

"Oh, all right! Come on!" Hansom realised that the advice of his chums was good. A row with the Fourth, at the same time as a tussle with the Sixth, was really booking too large an

He marched on, frowning, followed by a victorious chortle from the heroes of

The door of the prefects' room opened the Fifth Form prefects at his heels.

Only Lonsdale and Jones major were Lonsdale and Jones major exchanged a in the room now. They had no special business there, or desire to be there; but Bulkeley's quiet sense of dignity in the they remained to show the Fifth that mighty Sixth to take such a line; but they were thinking more of their wrath than of their dignity just then.

Hansom & Co. crowded in. "So you've come back!" growled Jones

"Outside!" said Hansom. "Oh, clear off!"

"This is the prefects' room, and we're the prefects," said Hansom firmly. "We've come to take possession. Are

"No, you silly ass!" "Then you'll be put out, sharp!" Hansom waved his hand to his followers.

"Put them outside!" he said. "You bet!" answered Lumsden. "We're not going to stand any rot from the Sixth, I can tell you, Jones!"

"Hands off, you durmy!" "Rot! Out you go!"

It was a most lamentable scene, considering the lofty position held in the and the fact that both senior Forms were called upon to set an example to the juniors. But tempers were rising on all

Hansom & Co. rushed to the attack; and as six fellows piled on them, the two Sixth-Formers possibly regretted the rather obstinate and unreasonable decision they had taken. But it was too late to retreat. They could not submit to being tossed out of the room like cheeky fags.

Lonsdale and Jones major put their

The odds were great; but both the late prefects were hefty men with their hands; and there was a struggle. Hansom rolled on the floor, feeling as if his chin was travelling through the back of his neck, as he caught Janes major's right. Lumsden collapsed on him as Lonsdale hit out with great vigour. But they jumped up again and rushed to the attack.

The six drove the two back—but not towards the door. Lonsdale and Jones major were driven into the window recess, where they put up a gallant fight. Most noses in the room were damaged by that time; several of them streaming!

But the odds told at last.

Lonsdale and Jones major were collared and dragged over in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers, and hustled, still resisting furiously, towards the doorway.

In the doorway was gathered a breathless crowd of juniors. Jimmy Silver & Co. had watched the struggle with wideopen eyes; it was an event unprecedented at Rookwood.

But as the two Sixth-Formers were dragged doorward, Jimmy's voice was

"Rescue!" he shouted.

To tell the truth, the affair was not exactly Jimmy Silver's business. But he was up against Fifth Form prefects, anyway; and the two victims were supporters of Bulkeley, the idol of Rookwood. That i was enough for Jimmy Silver, and for his I comrades.

He did not need to call twice. There was an excited rush of the juniors to the rescue of Jones major and Lonsdale.

"Mop 'em up!" roared Conroy. "Down with the Fifth!"

"Rag 'em!" "You fags clear off!" shrieked Hansom. "Hands off! I'll report you to the Head! |

I'll—I'll—I'll—Oh, my hat! Yoop!" Hansom disappeared on the floor under half a dozen juniors. His comrades rushed to his aid, letting go the Sixth-Formers. But Jimmy Silver & Co. were in great force; and they drove the Fifth-Formers back by weight of numbers.

Silver encouragingly. "Back up, Jones! We'll help you chuck 'em out!"

"You cheeky fag!" exclaimed Lonsdale. "Wha-a-at?" "Get out of here at once!"

Jimmy Silver blinked at the Sixth-! Former. He hadn't expected black ingratitude

But the bare idea of being mixed up in l a rumpus with the fags of the Fourth was too much for the lofty Sixth-Formers. with a crash. Hansom marched in, with They were not grateful-far from it. They were angry and indignant.

"Turn those fags out!" exclaimed Jones !

stopped them chucking you out?" "Outside, I tell you!" "Let's get out of this, for goodness';

sake!" growled Lonsdale. The two Sixth-Formers walked out of the room. They were more than fed-up with the whole affair.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy get for backing up the Sixth!"

"Blow the Sixth!" growled Lovell. "Swanky asses!" snorted Raby. "Turn those fags out!" roared Han-

The Fifth Form prefects rallied and charged. But the juniors were ready to meet them half-way. There was a wild | scrapping in the prefects' room, in which the furniture was considerably damaged. In the midst of it the astonished face and spectacles of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form, looked in.

"Bless my soul! What-what-what is—" stuttered Mr. Bootles.

"Yaroooh!"

"Mop 'em up!"

"Oh, gad!" "Cease this at once!" shrieked Mr. "Silver-Lovell-Mornington-Dodd, be quiet at once! Leave this room at once! Do you hear me?"

"Oh dear!" "Bootles!"

lowed them.

"Ye-e-e-es, sir!" Under Mr. Bootles' wrathful eye and upraised hand the juniors crowded out of the prefects' room. Mr. Bootles fol-

In the disputed apartment Hansom & Co. remained, victorious. But as the Fifth Form prefects rubbed their noses and their eyes and gasped for breath, they were not feeling very victorious. That evening Hansom of the Fifth was seen with a dark circle round his right

eye, growing darker and darker. He was beginning his career as a Rookwood prefect with a black eye, which was certainly beginning it under a very severe disadvantage.

The 4th Chapter. Sat Upon!

"Lumsden's in charge!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

It was a day or two later, and a halfholiday. Cricket practice was the order of the day for the Fourth Form, and the prefect in charge of the junior practice

that afternoon was Lumsden of the Fifth. Since the affray in the prefects' room Hansom had avoided the public eye as much as possible, his own private eye being the reason. A prefect with a black eye was unheard-of at Rookwood, and Edward Hansom's eye had developed into a thing of beauty and a joy for ever-it was, as Lovell admiringly declared, a regular corker! Black eyes had sometimes been seen in Rookwood before, but never such a first-class, thorough-going specimen as Hansom's.

So far he had kept it from the Head's observation.

What the Head would say if he saw, his new prefect with a black eye Hansom did not care to imagine.

Certainly it wasn't Hansom's fault; it was only his misfortune. But a prefect wasn't entitled to such misfortunes. It was certain that the Head would consider a discoloured eye quite out of place in a prefect, whatever the cause of it, and whether the recipient thereof was to blame or not.

Hansom dodged interviews with the Head during that day or two; he fell into a habit of scuttling round corners if the Head was sighted. He hoped fervently that his eye would grow a little less conspicuous before he had to meet Dr. Chis-

holm face to face. He had intended to take the Fourth at "Back up, Lonsdale!" called out Jimmy | cricket practice himself, but his eye kept him in his study that afternoon, and Lumsden of the Fifth was the happy man. Lumsden was as determined as his leader to make the fags understand that he was in authority, all the more because of certain scornful and mocking glances

from the Sixth. Jimmy Silver & Co. came down to Little Side with happy smiles. They were quite pleased to have a Fifth Form prefect in charge, which did not bode well for the

Lumsden really knew a good deal about cricket, being a great man in the Fifth Form eleven, and sometimes playing for the first eleven. But the fags were "Why, you ungrateful rotter!" shouted | not seeking cricket knowledge from Lums! Arthur Edward Lovell. "Haven't we just I den. They had come down more for ragging than for cricket, as the new prefect soon discovered.

"Give him some bowling, Jimmy!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. And Jimmy Silver nodded, with a smile.

Jimmy was the champion bowler of the Lower School, but his ball seemed quite unable to find the neighbourhood of the Silver. "I like that! This is what we wicket now. Curiously enough, it found the neighbourhood of Lumsden's legs, though the Fifth-Former was a good distance from the stumps.

· Lumsden gave a howl as the leather clumped on him. "What's that? Why, you silly young idiot, do you call that bowling?" he

"Did it hit you, Lumsden?" asked Jimmy, with an air of mild surprise. "Yes, you young ass!"

"Now, I wonder how that can have happened? Send that ball in, Putty." Teddy Grace sent the ball in. He was supposed to be sending it in

to the bowler, but somehow or the other it flew up and dropped gently on Lumsden's head.

Lumsden jumped. "What on earth's that?" he gasped. } "Ha, ha, ha!" "Well hit, Putty!"

As the ball rolled at his feet Lumsden understood. He had an ashplant under his arm, and he let it slide down into his hand, and made a rush at Putty of the Fourth. Putty fled for his life.

He was gaining on the junior, when a

bat came somehow in the way of his legs,

"Stop!" yelled Lumsden.

and he rolled over. There was a roar of laughter from the Fourth.

"Pin him!" shouted Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Sit on him, Tubby!"

Lumsden was struggling up, when five or six juniors collared him and downed him in the grass again. Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior at Rookwood, sat on his shoulders.

Tubby's weight was no joke. Lumsden of the Fifth gave a gasp and collapsed. "Gerroff!" he mumbled faintly.

"Stick to him, Tubby!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"All serene!" said Tubby Mussin cheerfully. "I'm sticking to him! You take care of his arms and legs."

"Gerroff!" shrieked the hapless prefect. But Tubby sat tight. Jimmy Silver jammed four stumps into

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the ground, deep. With some lengths of the majestic effect was somewhat marred whipcord, Lumsden's ankles and wrists by his black eye. were tied to the stumps. His nose was | "You're brought here for punishment," exploring the grass, and his voice came he said. up in muffled but furious accents.

marked Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lumsden.

"Not just yet, old fellow. You're all been rebellious. You don't come to fag right there. Besides, we don't want to when called upon." disturb Tubby."

settling down comfortably on the Fifth- | fect on the cricket-field!" Former's shoulders. "I'll sit here for a | "Not a real prefect!" said Jimmy bit. Don't mind me."

"Yow-ow! Help!"

nate Fifth Form prefect. With Tubby Mussin planted on his Silver expressed himself thus. shoulders he was helpless to make any attempt to release himself, and he had yourself, Silver!" growled Hansom. to stay where he was.

The Fourth-Formers proceeded to play cricket.

They got through their practice quite well, without any assistance from Lumsden, and without heeding the enraged howls that proceeded from the unhappy prefect of the Fifth.

Bulkeley and Neville, on their way to Big Side, passed within view of Lumsden at last, and stopped to stare at the him have it!" extraordinary scene.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed

Bulkeley. Neville grinned.

"Looks like one of the Head's giddy new prefects," he said. "Come on!" "Dash it all, this won't do!" said Bulkeley. "I'd better chip in, I think."

. "We're not prefects now, you know," remarked Neville. "I think I'll chip in all the same."

And the former captain of Rookwood walked on the junior field towards the unhappy Fifth-Former, spread-eagled under Tubby Mussin's weight. Tubby looked up at him with a grin.

"It's all right, Bulkeley!" he said. "It's only a Fifth Form bounder. He tried to come the prefect over us, you know." "Get up!"

"Oh, I say-"

Jimmy Silver ran up. 'Roll off, Fatty!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you do as Bulkeley tells you?"

"Bulkeley isn't a prefect now!" grunted Tubby Muffin. "Look here-yow-ow!leggo my ear, Jimmy, you beast-yow-I'm getting off the beast, aren't

And Tubby Mussin got off. "Let Lumsden loose at once, Silver!" said Bulkeley quietly.

"Right you are, Bulkeley!" said Jimmy

· He released the Fifth-Former: Lumsden sat up in the grass, gasping, his face crimson. Bulkeley walked on to rejoin Neville, with a slight smile on his face. Lumsden staggered to his feet.

"You cheeky young rotters!" he gasped.

"You'll travel!" said Jimmy Silver. "We've let you go because Bulkeley told us to. He's our prefect, if not the Head's. But we don't want any cheek from the Fifth! Travel off!" "I-I-I-"

"Travel!" commanded Jimmy Silver. And as the command was backed up by half a dozen lunging bats and stumps, Lumsden of the Fifth decided to travel. And as he limped and gasped his way back to the School House he vowed silently but emphatically that he would never, never take the Fourth at cricket practice again. And he never did.

The 5th Chapter. The High Hand.

"You're wanted, Silver!" Jimmy Silver was coming in, with a bundle under his arm, when Talboys and Muggins of the Fifth appeared. Jimmy had been shopping for tea, and he was thinking of anything but Fifth Form prefects as he came in. Talboys and Muggins took both his arms at once, and walked him along before Jimmy quite knew what was happening.

"Here, let go!" exclaimed Jimmy indignantly. "What do you want?"

"You, my pippin!" "The fellows are waiting for these

things for tea in my study!" "Let 'em wait! Kim on!" "I jolly well won't! I--"

"Yank him along!" said Talboys.

Jimmy was being hurried down the corridor to the prefects' room. The two seniors nearly lifted him off his feet as they rushed him on. Jimmy had time only for one shout.

Tubby Muffin was hanging about the passage, and he blinked at the scene with wide-open eyes. "Tubby! Rescue!"

Then Jimmy was whirled into the pre-

fects' room, and the door was slammed

"Oh, my aunt!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin. "Fancy that!" And the fat Classical rushed off to carry the news to the Fourth Form

quarters. Jimmy Silver, breathless and excited, was whirled into the middle of the room, bundle and all. There was an ominous crack from the bundle. It contained

eggs among other things. "Lock the door!" rapped out Hansom of the Fifth.

The Fifth Form prefects were all there. It was evidently a meeting in council of that august body.

Lumsden locked the door.

Jimmy Silver looked round him, rather apprehensively, at the six Fifth-Formers. He was quite at the mercy of the new prefects, and the locked door was between him and possible rescue.

"Look here, what's this game?" demanded Jimmy.

"Silence!" said Hansom.

"Oh, rats! Do you want another eye to match that one you've got?" asked

Jimmy Silver undauntedly. Hansom frowned majestically—though

"Look here, you cheeky cad-" "Now we'll get some more cricket!" re- "Silence!" roared Hansom. "You've on the quad were darkened by a crowd ! been picked out, Silver, as the ringleader of the fags. Discipline is going to be "Will you lemme gerrup?" shrieked instituted. Since the Head made us prefects, you and the rest of the fags have

"No fear!" said Jimmy emphatically. "I'm all right!" said the fat classical, "You have even dared to rag a pre-

cheerily. "Only one of your Fifth Form spoof prefects!"

"You're only making matters worse for

"Bow-wow!"

"You're going to have a prefect's licking, as a warning to the other fags," explained Hansom.

"Only prefects can hand out a prefect's licking," said Jimmy, "Well, we are prefects."

"Rats!" "That's enough!" exclaimed Muggins

angrily. "Collar the cheeky cad, and let "Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver jumped back as the Fifth-

Formers closed on him, and swung up his parcel. "Hands off, or-"

"Collar him!" shouted Hansom. Crash! Biff! Squash!

The parcel smote Lumsden on the head and burst, and the eggs it contained burst at the same moment from the shock. There was a howl from Lumsden as broken eggs streamed down his face and over his hair. "Grooogh! Ooooch!

Ooooooch! Wow!" "Nail him!"

Jimmy Silver had only time for that one doughty swipe. Then his arms were seized, and he was helpless in the grasp of the Fifth-Formers,

"They've cleared off!" remarked Tal-

But Talboys was mistaken. It was about a minute later that the two tall I windows of the prefects' room looking of heads. The room being on the ground floor, the windows were easy of access, and it was Mornington who had suggested that mode of ingress.

Whack, whack! "Yooop!"

"Look ou's!" shouted Myers. A window flew open with a crash, and

Mornington of the Fourth tumbled in head first. The flower-bed under the window was sadly trampled, but the juniors were not thinking of the flowers just ! But there was no help for the unfortu- The expressions on the faces of Han- then. After Mornington came Arthur som & Co. were quite peculiar as Jimmy | Edward Lovell, breathless and warlike.

"Keep them out!" shrieked Hansom. Jimmy Silver had received only nine or ten of the promised "twenty of the best." But there was no time to deliver the balance. The Fifth Form prefects rushed to defend the invaded window. They knew what to expect if a mob of juniors succeeded in swarming into the sacred precincts of the prefects' room. Since the last affray the Sixth had avoided that apartment with lofty dignity -but there was no lofty dignity about the Fourth!

'Rescue!" yelled Jimmy Silver, as he l rolled off the chair.

"We're coming!" "Back up, Fourth!'

"Hurrah!"

Mornington was seized, and Lovell was seized. Raby and Newcome, who tumbled in next, were seized. But Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn came rolling in recklessly, and after them came Putty of the Fourth, and Rawson and Jones minor, and Oswald and Higgs and Tommy Dodd and Towle, and a swarm more. They came in like the tide.

The Fifth Form prefects were swept back from the window.

Jimmy Silver was in the midst of the boys. "I-I don't want to be a prefect! fray. He had Hansom's head in chancery, Hansom's legs being in the posses-

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom struggled desperately. There was no doubt as to Jimmy Silver's intentions, and the humiliation of a licking at the hands of a junior was too terrible if it could be helped. It did not seem, however, that it could be helped.

A prefect's licking had seemed to Hansom's mind exactly to meet the case applied to Jimmy Silver. Applied to himself, it was an outrage too awful for words. But it was going to be applied.

Hansom was yanked across the chair where Jimmy Silver had lately been held, in the grasp of so many hands that it was impossible for the Fifth-Former to

do more than wriggle. "Keep clear!" said Jimmy.

The ashplant whizzed up.. Hansom waited in horrid anticipation for it to come down. He did not have to wait

Whack!

"Yoooop!" Whack, whack, whack!

"Lay it on!" chortled Lovell. "Stoppit!" shrieked Hansom. "I'll report you-"

Whack! "Ow! I'll—I'll smash you!

Yarooch! Oh crumbs!" Whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver was warming to his work. Hansom wriggled and yelled in anguish. He had had no idea how painful such an infliction might be, but he was learning

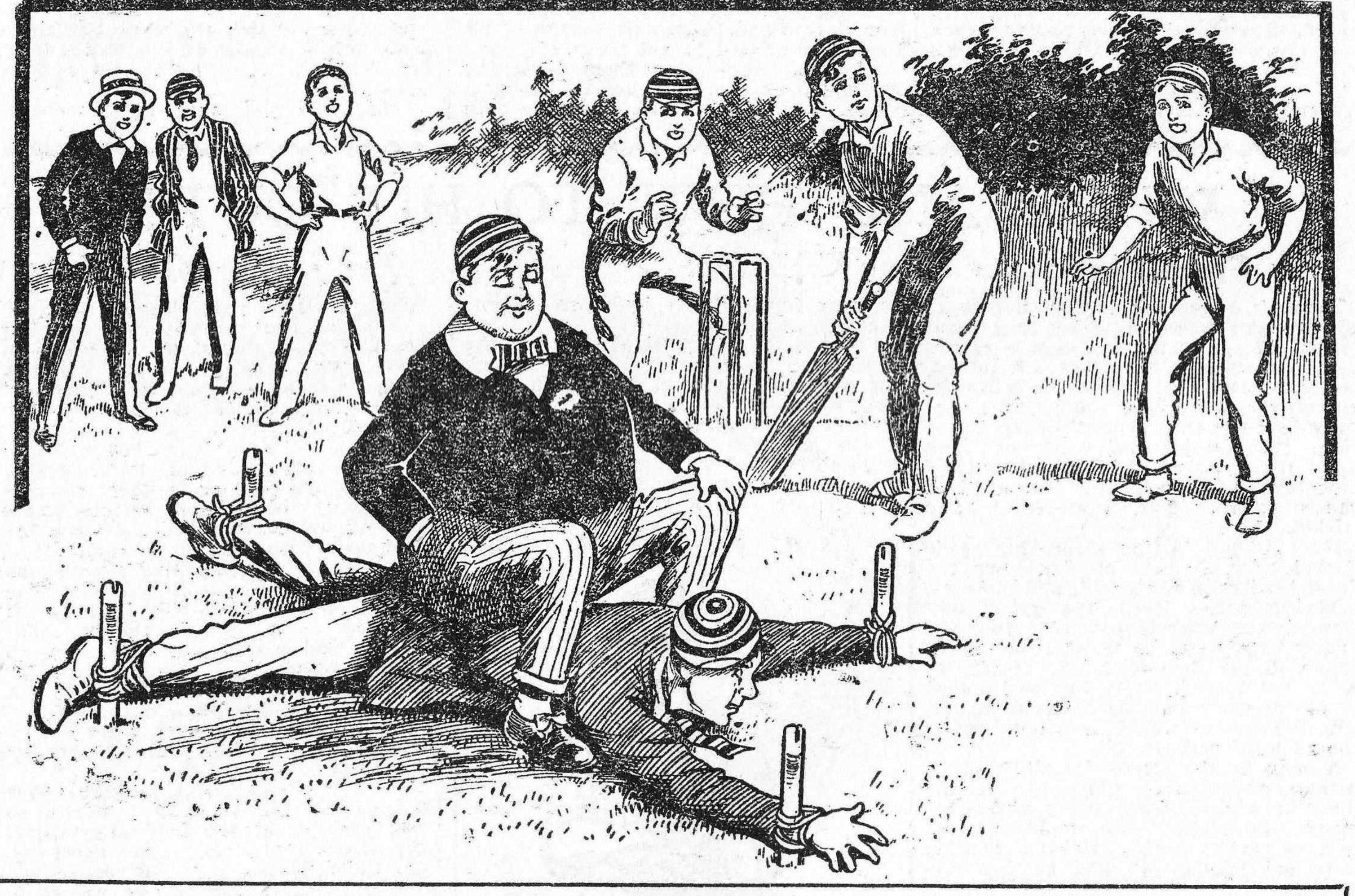
Lovell was counting, and it was not until he had counted a dozen that Jimmy Silver ceased to lay on the ashplant.

Then Hansom, gasping with anguish, was yanked aside, and Talboys was stretched across the chair in his place. The dandy of the Fifth shuddered in dire apprehension.

"I-I say, Silver! I say-" he gasped. Whack, whack!

"Yarooh! Stoppit! Leave off! I-I say. I'll resign if you like!" shrieked Tal-I-I-I'll resign!"

"Resignation is needed at a moment sion of Lovell, and Hansom's voice being | like this!" chuckled Mornington. "Resign like unto that of the Bull of Bashan. As I yourself to your fate, old bean."



SITTING ON LUMSDEN! With some lengths of whipcord Lumsdell a annual and the Fifth-Former. "Lemme gerrup!" shrieked the hapless prefect. The Fourth-Formers proceeded to play cricket!

"Put him across a chair!" said Hansom, taking up an ashplant. "I'm going to give him twenty of the best."

"Rescue!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Buck up, or we shall have a horde of fags here soon!" said Talboys.

"Don't open the door, Lumsden!" "Groogh! I'm going to get a wash! Grooooch!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Let us in!" came in a roar from the passage_without, in the dulcet tones of Arthur Edward Lovell of the Fourth, and Lumsden's hand relinquished the lock just in time. There was a trampling of feet and a howl of excited voices outside. "They've got Jimmy!" howled Tubby

Mussin. "They've got him in there!

saw him! They've got him!" "Open this door!" "It's locked!"

"Bust it in!" Thump, thump! Kick! Bang!

"Clear off, you fags!" shouted Hansom. "Let us in!" howled Lovell. "Buck up!" murmured Talboys.

"There'll be a regular riot soon. The Head won't like this!" "Hold him!" said Hansom. Jimmy Silver was wriggling in the grasp of the Fifth Form prefects, but he

held him down across a chair, and Hansom wielded the ashplant. Whack, whack, whack! "Yoop! Help! Rescue!" roared Jimmy

wriggled in vain. Muggins and Myers

Bang, bang! Crash!

To the accompaniment of a terrific din at the door the whacking of the ashplant continued, and Jimmy Silver wriggled and yelled as he received the prefect's licking.

Suddenly the din at the door ceased. There was a rushing of footsteps, and then silence without.

the Fourth-Formers streamed in the unhappy prefects were scattered far and

wide, most of them on the floor. "Hurrah for us!" roared Mornington. "Don't let them get away! Collar that Lumsden was grabbing at the key in the door, when he was seized and dragged

"Sit on him!"

"Sit on the lot of them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, my hat!" panted Hansom, as he was sat upon by three or four juniors and squashed almost to pancake shape. "Yow-ow! Gerrup! Let me up, you young villains! I-I-I'll let you off, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy chuckled breathlessly. "But I'm not letting you off, Hansom, old nut! You're jolly well going to have a prefect's licking yourself!" And there was a roar of applause from the Fourth.

The 6th Chapter. The Chopper Comes Down!

Jimmy Silver was feeling rather painful. Hansom's strokes with the ashplant had been well laid on. But the tables were turned now, and Jimmy derived considerable comfort from the idea of reversing the process of the prefect's licking.

He took up the ashplant the captain of the Fifth had dropped, and took a business-like grip on it. "Put them over the chairs!" he said. I

"What-ho!" "Leggo, you young villains!" roared the Fifth Form prefect. "Buck up, there! Never mind his yell-

"Hansom first!"

to yell for!'

"Ha, ha, ha!" Whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Oh, by gad! Whoooop!" "Muggins next!" commanded Jimmy Silver

"Look here, you young sweeps!" roared Paul Muggins "I'll jolly well smash you! Don't you dare to lay a finger on me! I'll--"

"Put him on the chair!" "I'll-I'll-Oh, crikey!" Whack, whack, whack! Knock!

"Hallo!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, as loud, sharp knock came at the door. Who—who's that?" A deep voice came from without.

"What is this disturbance? Admit me instantly!"

"Phew! The Head!" Knock, knock!

row!" stuttered Lovell.

said Jimmy Silver.

The juniors looked at one another. In the excitement of the moment they had forgotten the Head. "I-I suppose he must have heard the

"Unless he was stone-deaf!" grinned Mornington. "Hook it! The windowsharp! Hook it!" "What-ho! Come on, you fellows!"

He tossed away the ashplant, and there was a rush for the window. The juniors tumbled out pell-mell after one another The Fifth Form prefects did not at-

tempt to stop their retreat. They were feeling too badly used to care for any more scuffling. The sharp knocking at the door continued. "Admit me at once!" thundered the Head. "Are you there, Hansom-Lums-

den? Open this door Instantly!" With a sickly look Hansom of the Fifth ing! I'm going to give him something tottered to the door and unlocked it. The last of the juniors disappeared from Assessing the last of the last of the juniors disappeared from Assessing the last of the

the window as Hansom threw the door Majestic in his wrath, the Head of Rookwood stalked into the prefects'

room. The dusty, dishevelled Fifth-Formers blinked at him. Never had a sorrier crew met the Head's gaze. They did not look much like prefects. They looked, in fact, a good deal more like tramps. Most of them were mopping their noses. Some of them had their coats burst or buttonless. All were rumpled and dusty and gasping.

The Head looked them over, with astonishment and wrath in his gaze. This was certainly not how he had expected his new set of prefects to look.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "You -you- Are these Fifth Form boys of Rookwood, or a set of hooligans?" There was silence, broken only by pain-

ful gasping and snuffling. The unhappy prefects looked at the floor.

"Hansom!" thundered the Head. "Ye-e-es, sir?"

"What is the matter with your eye?"

"Mum-mum-my eye, sir?" "Yes, your eye, Hansom!"

"It-it-it's black, sir!" gasped Han-"You have been fighting here!" exclaimed the Head in indignant scorn.

"You, senior boys, whom I have appointed prefects, have been fighting-actually in the prefects' room itself!"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Lumsden. "Then how is it that I find you in this

"The—the juniors—" "What! Do you mean to tell me that juniors have treated you like this—that you have allowed junfors to treat you

like this?" thundered the Head. "We-we couldn't help-"

"We-we-we-" "Absurd! Ridiculous! Unheard of! Pooh!" exclaimed the Head angrily. "I appointed you as prefects to keep order in the school! I find you with black

"Only-only one black eye, sir!" gasped

"I find you with black eyes!" thundered the Head, incensed, as he always was, by anything that looked like contradiction. "I find you with black eyes and swollen "Ow! Oh dear!"

"With black eyes and swollen noses,

engaged in fighting with juniors!" exclaimed the Head. "Juniors! Upon my word! Is that what you regard as conduct suitable for prefects of Rookwood?" "We-we-we-" "I-I-I-"

"Enough! Your appointment is cancelled!" exclaimed the Head. "Not only have you proved yourselves useless in the capacity of prefects, but by your ridiculous conduct you have brought contempt upon that rank. Your appointment as prefects is cancelled! Evidently I was mistaken in you! You need say no more,

Hansom. Your appointment is cancelled! Ridiculous!" And with that the incensed headmaster

swept out of the prefects' room. Hansom & Co. looked at one another with sickly looks.

"I-I-I'm jolly glad!" gasped Hansom. "I'm fed-up with it, anyhow. 'Tisn't all toffee to be a prefect, that I can see! Br-r-r-r-r!" And Hansom's followers agreed with

him. Certainly it had not been all toffee in their case. They limped away from the prefects' room for a much-needed wash and brush-up, sadder if not wiser Fifth-Formers!

That evening fags were wanted to put the prefects' room to rights. Jimmy Silver & Co. did that duty cheerfully—in fact, merrily. They had seen the last of

the Fifth Form prefects.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"BULKELEY'S

CHANCE!" By OWEN CONQUEST.

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NEW READERS COMMENCE HERE!

The famous school-ship, the Bombay Castle, is on the way to the South Seas on an educational voyage, with a mixed crowd of schoolboys drawn from many of the most famous schools in England, Our old friends, Dick Dorrington, Chip, Skeleton, Porkis, and Pongo Walker, with their famous pet animals, are of the number. Captain Handyman is in command of the liner, Dr. Crabhunter is the Head of the floating school, and "Scorcher". Wilkinson is responsible for the boys' discipline.

At the last moment Dick, Chip, Porkis, and Pongo manage to smuggle on board a quaint old riverside character, calling | though he made a pretty good guess himself Captain Bones. Captain Bones | where we are," said Pongo Walker philois a little blind man of great age who I sophically. sailed the South Seas in the bad old i days, and is more than suspected of Dick. "See, the rocks are falling [being a retired pirate himself. He tells the boys he has the secret of a wonderful buccaneer's treasure.

The first Pacific Island at which the Bombay Castle touches is Chatham Island, one of the Galapagos group. Here, according to Captain Bones, a small cache of the old pirates' treasure is hidden in a cave. A party is made up to search I had enough of this mountain path." for it.

tortoise, which throws further light on a parchment in Captain Bones' possession.

The treasure is discovered in a cave, and the party begin to make their way back to the ship. Captain Bones declares that someone has tampered with the trail, but Lal Tata obstinately holds on. As they are traversing a narrow cliff-path rocks are hurled at them.

"That's the keyhole man, the eavesdropper, that's rocking us!" exclaims Captain Bones.

(Read on from here.)

Captain Benes' Witchcraft!

the abyss below them.

There was no doubt now that the great rocks which were hurtling close past cricket what it is. You can have the their faces and smacking like bombshells in finest bowlers in the world, and cleverest into the great gulf below, were no acci- fieldsmen, but without the great, outdental rockslides, but were being levered standing batsmen who have scored heavily

the big rocks came down.

Luckily for them, the wall of the cliff the national pastime. projected slightly above the lava path A man in the street doesn't want to on which they were clinging, and, as far witness a match in which low scoring as they could judge, the rock-slinger prevails, and I don't think there are up above dared not approach too near many local players who would continue the edge of the cliff to launch his pro- to take part in weekly cricket if bowling into space.

The style of the country they had seen gave them a very good idea of what while it is coming the learner is comit was like up above, where the rockthrower was at work trying to bowl them & be acquired in a few days. Like other from their dizzy perch.

The top of the cliff was the outer lip of the great crater of the long-extinct at any rate, cannot afford to purchase volcano of Chatham Island, and the stone averages at this price. There is no place up there would be, as it was every- in cricket for the goose game, because it where in the island, rotten and treacherous.

So the stone-thrower would not dare ness' sake let him get out and make room to approach right to the edge of the for a better man. cliff above them, but would have to content himself by levering the rocks and do other departments of the game. It getting them on the run down the slope is not that the difficulty of making a

to the cliff edge. bounded out several feet from the path must be so much greater. as they fell, and even the smaller rocks and stones fell almost clear of them.

filling their noses. cheerfully. "Play up at the cocoanuts, have to give to learning a break, for me sons of noblemen! They are all example, if the penalty of attempting

all bad 'uns!" get tired of the game.

apparently determined to wait till the ing. clouds rolled by.

our talk o' treasure. He was peerin' an' practice is the only royal road. peepin' in at th' porthole o' the cabin ? There are no "short cuts" to good strength at your command. Of course, Jones by droppin' rocks on us!"

"Gold, my boy! There's men that will F do anything for gold, an' the man with proposition. He was greatly crestfallen the yellow face will do more than most! I at having led his companions into such A gallows' ruffian—a son o' the devil—a la trap against the warnings of Captain keyhole man—a spy! An' he's stowed! away somewhere in the galley or the stokehold o' th' Bombay Castle!"

"Supposing he did knock us off this perch?" asked Dick.

ship. Then he would get round into that I had come. And as they crawled along I of branches behind them, he must have valley below us, and would pick the gold | they could hear the rocks crashing along | felt that he had booked by a fast train. lout of our bodies an' leave the rest to behind them at an increasing distance. th' vultures!" snarled Captain Bones, It was plain that the man with the his great head out of his shell and lighting his pipe. "But I'll be even with | yellow face was still at work on the him yet!"

"Lucky for us that he can't see us, I

"He's losing his range now," added [farther along!"

It was as Dick had stated. The rocks were falling now some twenty or thirty ! had advanced, had moved on with his I load. He wanted to get home. rock-slinging.

Lal had nothing to say against this

"We will retrace footsteps, boys!" said he briefly. "I was silly ass fellow to bring you by this road!"

They rose and crept cautiously back "Why, he'd stay behind and lose the lalong the perilous path by which they of the tortoise path, hauling their sled assumption that he was following them along the track.

At last they found themselves back on the safe ground at the head of the crater, and, casting about amongst the tortoise tracks, they hit on one which they all agreed was the path by which they had come to the ship.

They left the choice largely to Horace, having a shrewd idea that his instinct yards ahead of the spot where they were I would lead him back to the ship all right. seated. The stone-thrower, thinking they | For Horace had had about enough of his

And Horace, leading them down the "I vote we go back!" said Chip. "I've | tortoise path, proved himself a good guide. A couple of miles down the path I

the boys gave a shout of recognition. There was their old friend the giant tortoise still legging it out for the coast at the rate of about two hundred yards an hour.

As the old Flying Dutchman heard them overtaking him, he gave a hiss like a gas escape, pulled in his head and legs, and allowed his huge shell to settle down on the ground.

The boys seated themselves on his shell

and took a short rest. "I vote we take him down with us

to the ship!" said Dick. "But how are we going to haul twenty stone of tortoise down three or four miles?" exclaimed Pongo. "It's no good home. He can't do more than a mile and a half a day, even when he wants to. He won't reach the shore for three or four

"I've got a brain-wave!" said Skeleton. "Let's cut down a few of these acacia trees and make a sort of sled of them. Then we'll roll him on the sled and haul him home. He'll travel faster than he has ever travelled in his life."

The plan was agreed to. The boys set to work and made a sort of rough sled of acacia trunks, binding these together by spare lengths of cord.

Then the unwilling tortoise was levered up with the ever-useful crowbar, and away they went in a cloud of dust, shouting and cheering.

The tortoise certainly travelled faster than he had ever travelled in his life. As the boys trotted down the steep slope H was bumped and jolted. He stuck hissed at the team which were dragging him. Then, when his nose bumped on the road, he drew it in hastily again.

It was a rough-looking crowd that finally arrived at the boat which was waiting to carry them off to the Bombay Castle.

"Good gracious, young gentlemen!" exclaimed the coxswain, as he saw the tortoise. "What have you got there—a

"He's all right, Umpty Ginsen!" answered Dick. "He's the slowest thing on earth, but he's hustled to catch the boat. But how are we going to get him on

"What do you want him for?" de-

manded Umpty Ginsen, eyeing the tortoise doubtfully.

"Paper-weight!" responded promptly.

"'E'll sink the boat if we ain't careful with 'im!" said Umpty, as the giant tortoise, hissing and spitting in his vast shell, was levered to the edge of the rocky ledge which served as a landing-

"You've got to take him on boards." We've lugged him along for miles, and we don't want to leave him on the beach? We are going to present him to the Zoological Gardens when we get home." .

"There's a few more o' your crowd that you might present to the Zoological Gardens, I'm thinkin', young gents!" growled Umpty. "It's gettin' on for sailin' time now, and there's still 'arf the young gents and 'arf the nigger crew driftin' about on the island like a barrerload of monkeys let loose!"

Chip pricked up his ears at this remark. It told him that a large number of the native crew had been given shore leave that afternoon, which would account for the presence of the mysterious yellow, man ashore. He decided that when he got aboard the Bombay Castle he would watch for the natives when they came off to the ship.

The shipping of the Flying Dutchman was no light job, but it was done at last, by dint of levering him into the boat with the oars.

The boat pulled off to the Bombay. Castle, and was hoisted up to her davits with the giant tortoise still in her. She was swung in and turned over on the boat-deck.

The tortoise was all right. As soon as he found the deck under his feet he crawled off to a quiet corner between the funnels, and started to chew up a pair of spare dungaree overalls that the boatswain kept up there.

The boys climbed up to the bridge with their load of buccaneer treasure.

No one on board took any interest in the bundles, for the golden candlesticks were covered with thick wrappings of myrtle branches, and the gold coin and cups were stowed away in the boys' haversacks. The crew merely assumed that they were bringing geological specimens and other like rubbish aboard.

Captain Handyman led the way to the chart-room, and there the treasure was revealed and the story was told.

"D'ye mean to say that some chap They discover a clue on the back of a source marks and led you on to the cliff, and there tried to drop boulders on your heads?" asked Captain Handyman.

"Ay, cappen!" answered Captain Bones. "And he's one of this ship's crew. The same eavesdropper and keyhole man that came speerin' into the porthole of the

"He was foxing us right enough, sir!" said Chip. "I had a glimpse of him peering through the bushes at us when we' were getting the gold out of the cave. And I found out something else, too!"

"Could you identify the man?" asked Captain Handyman. "We shall muster the crew when the shore-parties come on board before we sail to-night." Chip shook his head.

"I only just had a sight of him. He disappeared too quickly," he replied. "But it was a man with a yellow face

and a thin black moustache." Captain Handyman grunted. "Half the crowd of rag-tag and bobtail

that we've got aboard in the stokeholds and deck staff have got yellow faces and thin moustaches," said he. "These mixed pickles look all alike. They are like a lot of tom-cats in the dark for that!" "But, whoever he is," persisted Chip,

"he chews betel-nut!" "How do you know that, young Sexton

late, then the power of the stroke will dusting of lime on the false blaze of the cactus, lime which had been rubbed into the plant to make a recent cut look like In all your shots that are made at an old one, and to staunch the flow of straight balls, and even some on the the water from the cells of the great leaf. "It was coral lime," said Chip, "and

> gets in his lime-box." Captain Handyman nodded. He had had plenty of experience of the East, and of the habit of chewing the betel-nut, which obtains amongst the Malays, the

By these the betel-nut is supposed to keep away fever and ague, and its use is the same as that of tea and cigarettes in England, of coffee to the Turk, and salt to the Soudanesc.

The bitter nut is wrapped up in the leaf of a plant like a convolvulus, and put in the mouth of the chewer. The nut itself is about the size of a small marble, and half a nut, or a quarter, is taken at a time. Then a little coral-lime is taken from the pretty lime-box of the betel chewer, which is generally made of carved bamboo, and carried to the lips with a quaintly-carved lime-stick.

The instruments, to the betel-chewer. are the same as the tobacco-pouch of the smoker or the snuffbox of the snuff-taker. They are always carried.

The lime sweetens the bitterness of the betel, and the saliva becomes blood-red a process which ends, in the course of time, by staining the teeth of the habitual chewer of betel a dark brown

The eating of the betel-nut is warming to the mouth and the stomach and the flavour is half-way between that of peppermint and clove. The drug is a powerful stimulant, and dazes the chewer for a few minutes.

"Half our gang of mixed-pickles chew betel-nut" remarked Captain Handyman, "and the other half chew opium. And I let the whole mob off watch go ashore for a run this afternoon. How are we to find the man who rolled down the rocks? You can't swear to a man be-

WHEN AND HOW TO HIT OUT!

an Englishman which makes him want practice, and patience. thing that comes in his path—even at the actual practice, the player will soon learn a good length. twigs that hang from the trees; and if the bat which he is wielding is of that little natural habit of hitting the right weight or balance.

cricket. Hitting, and hitting alone, has made over the edge of the crater slope above. and quickly, men like W. G. Grace in his They could tell this by the showers of prime, G. L. Jessop, A. A. MacLaren, small stones and dust that came pouring K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, and a host down the face of the lava cliff before of others too numerous to mention, the game of cricket would have not become

jectiles, lest he should launch himself were not pre-eminent and batting sub--servient.

The proper game comes slowly, and paratively helpless; but stonewalling can cheap substitutes, it is apt to prove expensive in the end, and young cricketers, benefits no one. If a player will not hit half-volleys or punish long hops, for good-

Batting calls for more practice than particular stroke is greater than that of Thus it happened that the big rocks delivering a given ball, but the certitude

The batsman dare not attempt a fresh stroke at a match until he has learned But they got the benefit of the dust, at the nets to bring it off, not occawhich poured on them in showers, silting sionally, but always; whereas it is down their necks, blinding their eyes, and sufficient for a bowler if he can deliver milky! Ladies half-way, and we change it unsuccessfully in a match were his own

retirement? The boys squatted themselves on the There are batsmen whose true form is a public park—where, I believe, the truest | balance; a well-balanced bat, though path, waiting till the stone-thrower should seen only at the nets. They have all lovers of the game are to be found—it heavy, being far easier to wield than a manner of accomplishments that are never lis not difficult to find people who will light, but ill-balanced weapon, Horace evidently knew that some enemy a displayed, strokes that would win a cheer be only too glad to bowl without any If I can help any of my readers in the was attacking them, for he very sensibly at Lord's, but quite useless for match hopes of reward in the shape of an selection of a bat I shall be only too squatted down with his golden load, purposes, because the certainty is lack- innings.

Captain Bones had seated himself, his adays "all-round mediocrity" is not valued opposing the straight bowler who is a point I would like to be remembered. wooden leg sticking out over the abyss. Wery highly; but a man who is a good little uncertain of his length. There are Rather choose a bat which is too light "What did I tell ye!" he grumbled. I bowler and fieldsman, or a first-rate bats- I thousands of such, and half-volleys, the I than one which is too heavy, for in hit-"'Tis the man with th' yellow face that's man and fieldsman, will always find a latural food of the hitter, are probably ling, or in making any stroke, everything doin' this dog's trick on us. I see his place in a side, and to become either of coming along four balls out of six. little game. The eavesdropper has heard these, careful, patient, and whole-hearted When in the nets get into the habit of

that day that I showed the gold, an' he's cricket, though on a few fortunate indi- strength is not everything; but when the foxed us up here and changed our blaze viduals the science of the game seems young batsman thoroughly appreciates marks to mislead us on to this trail. It to have descended like a revelation; their how far he can smash the ball while at Then he tries to send us all to Davy probation has been comparatively short, practice he will form the habit, and will and their ultimate success unbounded. I not be content to play the half-volley "But what's his object?" asked Dick. These, however, are the lucky men of as if it were a difficult ball when he "Gold!" replied Captain Bones grimly. The game. The ordinary mortal can win meets it in a match.

A Special Article for Young Cricketers. . . . By J. W. HITCH. There is something in the nature of his way forward only by determination, When I advise young people to hit I cabin the day I showed you the gold from

W. HITCH,



his new ball correctly twice in three the famous All-England and Surrey 21b. 3oz. to 21b. 6oz. It is worth while "Roll, bowl, or pitch!" called Chip times. How much time would a bowler Cricketer, who has written this remembering that, as a bat should be Article specially for the BOYS' FRIEND.

hitting that half-volley with all the

do not for one moment suggest the Skull Island!" to hit. If you watch a man who carries I cannot lay too much stress upon the adoption of slogging style. The ball to a stick down a country lane, or, indeed, benefits to be gained by going through drive is that one which you can get anywhere that he is not likely to be the motions of various strokes in one's within six inches of when it pitches; or, generally gazed at, he will hit at every- lown room, as, quite apart from the in other words, the ball which is just over

Even then it must not be in the nature of a blind swipe, as blind hits are bound The little party hung against the face probably accounts for his love of field In regard to net practice, it is fairly to fail at one time or another; whereas of that grim lava cliff, looking down into games such as golf, lawn-tennis, and easy to get all one wants, for even in the properly watched and perfectly timed drive at an over-pitched ball can be relied upon with absolute certainty.

Now, I advise good, long practice at that one particular shot, and when the right ball comes along—only wait for the one—jump to it, getting the left foot well out and within four or five inches of the exact spot where you expect the bat to meet the ball. But—and a big "but"—unless you are a natural hitter you will find that, in nine cases out of ten, you have wasted your strength by hitting too soon.

This is the commonest mistake about hitting, and that is why I advise so much practice of the half-volley drive. Blake?" asked the captain. Leave the hit until it seems almost too . Chip related how he had discovered a go into the ball, and not be wasted in

the air. offside, the position of the foot counts almost more than anything else. If it is there was a tiny red smear on it, just always moved nearly in a direct line with the same as a betel-chewer sometimes the oncoming ball there cannot be any drawing away; such would be a physical impossibility.

Never, under any conditions, go in to bat without pads and gloves; the slowest and easiest ball may hit one on the Filipinos, and many of the inhabitants knuckles and carry away a piece of skin, of the Pacific. or may glance off the blade of the bat on to the shin or ankle. A word may be useful as to the selection of the bat, but every batsman must find out what kind of bat suits him best, and choose accord-

The weight varies from 2lb. 2oz. to 21b. 10oz.; but only a man of special strength can use the latter weight, and the former is exceedingly light, so that the average weight varies from about rubbed fairly frequently with unboiled linseed oil, to keep it from getting dry, it always increases its weight. Weight, however, is hardly so important as

happy to do so. However, every player For learning to hit you cannot wish must find out by experience the kind of In all classes of cricket as played nowa- for any better opportunity than when handle which suits him best. One further depends on quickness.

cappen!" chuckled Captain Bones. "I'll he passed them.
warrant I'll find out, within half a dozen, They knew that there was something "Ha, you! What d'ye know of the The swift tropic twilight had fallen

bridge, carrying his Obi stick jauntily ought to have known about a burglary threatening skull-stick.

under his arm. | light by reason of some chemical which "Be of good cheer, my jolly murderer!" | Captain Bones had dropped into them.

Galapagos Islands.

who were mostly Chinese and Chinese disappearance.

their crowd had been-well cleaned out. Then, having quarrelled amongst themselves, there had been a fight, and both I from the wild, tumbled land of the Gala-" Goadger and Smarler were adorned with | pagos now, and the sun was declining in | black eyes.

unamiably through the crowd of boys the Pacific for the Sandwich Islands. gathered at the gangway as they made their way to their cabins.

The swells of St. Winifred's were out of luck, too.

Being a most exclusive set, they had simply because in that direction was a lobi stick. swamp and a thicket of wait-a-bit thorn.

first. Then they had got out of the possessed of supernatural powers. themselves in a labyrinth of thorn, from which it had taken them most of the afternoon to extricate themselves.

Yells of delight went up from the boys of the Bombay Castle as these haughty swells came alongside.

The white ducks and natty blazers in which they had started were covered with black mud. Their clothes were torn to rags, and their faces and hands were scratched all over. The mosquitoes and [flies which they had stirred up in the swamp had got at them and drunk deeply of their blue blood, so that their foreheads were knobbly and their eyes were nearly closed by the swelling of the stings.

"Aw, Awchibald!" grinned Pongo, as Percy Poppleton led his unhappy band up the long companion-ladder. "What have you been doing? Turning an honest penny by mudlarking?"

"Chuck us a copper, sir, and I'll roll in the mud!" put in another wag. Percy Poppleton, heading his disconsolate crowd, looked round on the group of mockers.

"Aw! I think th' Galapagos Islands are a wotten hole!" he exclaimed. "But it's better to woll in the mud and be bitten by mosquitoes, large as dragonflies, than to have to mix up with an awful lot of cads like some of you fellahs!"

And he plunged off to his cabin, leaving black rubber stamps of juicy mud on the snowy decks.

But he was not allowed to go far. The bugle rang out for the roll-call and muster, so that it could be ascertained that all the ship's company were on board.

The summons was imperative. The first officer was already on the fo'c's'le-head, and the anchor-winches were slowly heaving short on the great anchor.

The boys and the crew were lined up for roll-call, the boys along the hurrieane-deck, the crew in the fore well of the deck. The unhappy swells of St. Winifred's were unable to escape the ordeal, and the bullies, who were doctoring their eyes with beefsteaks, were slowly out of the bay.

All were present. The boys were dis- signs. missed, but the native members of the

of great ports like London can show. Castle for this voyage. He hated native | need to do magic." crews, but as nearly every clean bred obliged to put up with what he could looked furtive and sweated.

ously at the yellow faces. Some of the blind eye that shone like an opal in the firmly screwed to the deck.

know all his crew. The captain of a his movements that made them feel that Then Captain Bones slipped his hand great steamship seldom comes in touch he could yet see by some magic charm or into his great patch pocket, and produced with his hands, as the stokehold staff power. falls under the command of the chief They did not like Captain Handyman engineer, and the crew are best known much. They feared the white breed in I tain light, with its great hollow eyeto the first officer and the boatswain, him, as it is feared all the world over sockets, and it was the liveliest skull that who have control of them.

But what he saw he did not like. This with his magic box was the limit! gang of yellow men were all a pretty evil- | Captain Bones chuckled as he passed

looking lot. They glanced at the captain furtively, yellow faces. or kept their eyes on the deck as they ["Ho, ho!" quoth he cheerfully. "Here's toed the deck-seam with their naked gallows'-meat! Here are eavesdroppersfeet. Some of them wore turbans, the spies, and keyhole men! Here are men cloth, such as the Lascar seamen of sixpence! Ha, you!" Bombay are in the habit of wearing.

"Let me do a bit of witchcraft on em, | pointed, grey beard seemed to bristle as | which formed right | felt a cold chill running down their backs | we'll live to see you 'anged! An' that's

lot who had a clean conscience.

strong, old pirate," said he, "or I'll have you would have found that one yellow the ash-shoot?" half the crowd deserting at Honolulu!" | bird had murdered a man up in the | It was just a lucky shot, but it told. | ning of a weight of quicksilver through

shore fast now, for all the parties which the disappearance of the chief engineer I do my magic for this time. You will long, swaying lines of terrified yellow men had been wandering about over the wild of the Flowery Land in the Java Seas one meet your doom in due season in a burn- who were glued to the deck-from which country had had about enough of the night. It was supposed that this par- ing ship, and you shall suffer the same they would have given anything to run ticular chief engineer had tumbled over- fate as the Flowery Land sahib, but he away-by some power that was greater The bullies came off in a gang, looking | board whilst sitting on the rail of his | was dead when you put him through the | than their wills or their fear. rather dejected. They had been spending | ship. But the real truth was that his furnaces. But you shall go through them | The skull rolled down the line, stopping an afternoon after their own fashion, stokehold crowd had fallen upon him, alive. Ho, ho, ho!" hiding in a gully in the rocks, playing and had slain him, and had cremated him pitch-and-toss and cards with some of in his own furnaces, and put him up overthe worst characters amongst the stoke- I side in the ash-shoot with the rest of the hold crowd. And the stokehold crowd, cinders before anyone was aware of his

half-breeds, had taught them the game of All these things were passing through fan-tan. And as the Chinese knew a the well-oiled heads of this choice gang great deal more of fan-tan than the of ruffians as Captain Handyman marched bullies, and were adepts in hiding aces silently up and down the ranks, waiting on the sea, and the flames of the candles skull—the skull of a head-hunting Dyak in their boots, Goadger and Smarler and I till Captain Bones should make his ap-

The Bombay Castle was steaming away the west. The steamer had shaped her They were in a vile temper, and pushed | course N.W. by W., heading direct across |

> wooden leg, and supporting himself by his | grim-looking Obi stick.

The lined-up mob of yellow men looked

THE BOYS' FRIEND

the man or the men who were in this I doing, and there was not one amongst the I engineer o' the Flowery Land, the China I now, which added grimness to the scene. ship?" croaked the old pirate. "Who hit They knew that it was all mumbo-Captain Handyman agreed. If you could have taken off the tops him on the head and shoved him in the jumbo work and conjuring trick. Pro-"Don't make your witchcraft too of those rascals' heads at that moment, furnace, and who hoisted him out through bably the skull was dancing about worked

"Trust me for that!" replied Captain | jungles of Sulu for half-a-dollar, whilst | The yellow man addressed turned green | a secret tube within. No doubt the Bones; and he stumped out on to the another knew a great deal more than he with fear, and quailed beneath the candles were burning with that unearthly

The ship's boats were coming off the Yet another had been concerned with grinned Captain Bones. "It's not you that But there was no mistake about those

The yellow man addressed turned livid. | another. He was a half-breed Malay-Jap, but he understood English all right.

placing them on the deck in a triangle, | pocket like a pet rat. lighted them with a match.

burned absolutely steady.

first before one man and then before

It rolled on to the end of the line like a dribbled football. Then Captain Bones, Captain Bones said no more. Out of who followed it along as if he had eyes, his box he produced three candles, and, snatched it up and returned it to his

"Good!" said he grimly. "The skull There was only a light following breeze | tells me much! Ho, ho! He is an artful who hunted old Captain Bones! But

Then Captain Bones, stooping over the | Captain Bones was one too many for him! pearance with his magic box. candles, muttered an incantation, and, Now, yellow men, open your mouths!" putting his hand in his pocket for a At once every jaw in those two long second, held it over the first candle. lines of men dropped open like a letter-There was a burst of pale-blue flame, box. There was no resisting Captain which showed up the scared faces in the Bones' command. And, opening his magic box, Captain Bones passed down He held his hand over the second the line, holding the box under his arm Presently Captain Bones came tumbling along the deck, hopping gaily on his candle, and there was a burst of red flame, and grabbing small pinches of blood-red and over the third candle, and there was rice from it. a rush of green flame. A pinch was placed in every man's "Crikey! He isn't half monkeying mouth. made their way along the shore in a apprehensively at the quaint little figure | about!" muttered Chip, who was leaning "Chew!" cried Captain Bones, with a direction which nobody else was following, with its three-cornered hat, and at the lover the rail of the hurricane-deck in comwave of the dread Obi stick. pany with a large crowd of interested And every yellow-faced man started Talk runs very fast on board ship, and | spectators. "Hi, you chaps!" he added. chewing rice as though he were in for The exclusives had got into the swamp | they had heard that Captain Bones was | "Don't lean so hard on my back; you'll | a rice-chewing competition. break my watchglass on the rail, and I There was not one amongst them who people. thick black mud and reeds, only to find | Under his arm he carried his magic box. | haven't had any tea yet!" wanted to chew rice. They simply had ! The magic box was just a cigar-box "He's putting the fear into that mob!" to chew by the compelling power of the Captain Bones from getting swished that which had been used for Whitechapel- | whispered Dick Dorrington. "See how the | hypnotic spell which the old pirate had made British cigars sold in a public-house ' rear ranks are shuffling their feet. Crikey! ' cast on them.

Of a sudden Lal Tata's board stood on its nose, throwing him with a double somersault, just as though he had been shot out of a gun. And over and over he rolled in the boiling surf!

seaports of the Far East and the stews | about it already. The great captain with | noon!

There was not a movement in the Captain Bones yelled the word as he Britisher was still serving in the Navy | banana-faced gang of hooligans who were | flourished the Obi stick. and the mine-sweepers, cleaning the seas | lined up on the deck. They were not | Nothing else would have held that quakof the rank weeds of war, he had been | going to give themselves away. They | ing crew. But as this uncanny little man

He marched down the line, looking curi- peering up into the yellow faces, his become lead, and that their feet were

Captain Handyman, as yet, did not | blind, but there was a queer certainty in | the lot so that they can't run away!"

by the half-breed. But Captain Bones

along the line peering up into the uneasy

He came to a stand in front of one of less. They could not have stirred a limb | They did not like the look of the squat, I the yellow-faced scoundrels and shook his I for all the wealth of the Indies. stiff figure of the little captain, whose I stick at him, so that the grinning skull I Even the duartermaster. "You wait a bit an' I framed a pleasing prospect of blue sea.

obliged to turn out on deck as the boats by the dock-gates in London. But Cap- | The old pirate is an uncanny little bird!" | were hoisted up, and the Bombay Castle, | tain Bones had made it a thing of fear | "Behold, yellow men!" cried Captain bringing her anchor home, steamed and mystery by painting it over with a Bones, facing the mob with a sudden skull and crossbones and many mysterious | flourish of his Obi stick. "Well I know who am a great magician and versed in "Now, boys," said Captain Handyman, the black magic, the white magic, and crew who had been ashore were kept addressing the shore-going division of his the magic of the Near and Far East, that lined up in the forecastle, so that Cap- | crew in their own mixed lingo, "there | the whole lot of you would look best with tain Bones might do his magic on them. have been evil doings. I am not going to a rope of hemp about your necks! But There were more than fifty of them—a | tell you what they are, for those who | the evils that ye have done are no conqueer lot of Malays, Burmese, Chinese, have done no evil have nothing to fear, cern of mine or the magic skull, save the Japs, and half-breeds, such as only the and those who have done evil know all evil that was done against me this after-

the wooden leg is going to do magic to "Now," he continued, "I am going to do Captain Handyman had been obliged discover the evil. But if the man fearsome things, so that ye men of yellow to content himself with this gang when amongst you who has done ill will step faces and little hearts, back-stabbers, and l he had gathered the crew of the Bombay I forward and confess, there won't be any I stranglers, would run away if there was nothing to hold you. But stand!"

cried aloud to them to stand where they Captain Bones hobbled down the line, were, they felt as though their legs had

men were of the stokehold gang, and last rays of the sunset. "Crikey!" whispered Chip from his front others of the deck staff. The men flinched from him. He was place at the rail above. "He's hypnotised

> a skulf, which he placed on the deck. It looked a grim thing in that uncerever was, for it rolled over and over on its own accord, rolling in between the

> candles, which burned with strangecoloured flames, and headed towards the line of unhappy yellow men. These would certainly have run away as the skull approached them, gambolling over the deck in a most unearthly fashion.

others, little pork-pie straw or tarpaulin | who would sell a friend for twopence- | But that single glance of Captain Bones' hats, wrapped round with a bit of red | ha'penny, and do a murder for a crooked | opalescent eye, and the flourish of the dread Obi stick, had made them all power-

And Captain Bones made them chew for five minutes. Then he stepped up to the man at the end of the line, and held up his hand

against his mouth. "Blow!" said he.

And the man blew, so that the rice hit against the old pirate's hand.

Captain Handyman followed him along the lines, watching each man as he blew the rice he had been chewing against Captain Bones' hand. Some men blew wet rice and some men

blew dry, and Captain Handyman marked every man who blew dry, for he knew that these were the men whose evil consciences had made their mouths go | that he declared that he would never dry with fear so that they could not I try to run in a haddock or a herring or chew the rice.

And Captain Handyman noted that lagain. every man who blew guilty was a Malay, and a chewer of betel-nut, as his blackened teeth showed.

was a Malay named Toon—an evil-faced, rabbit-mouthed son of a gun, whose face I had "gallows" stamped all over it.

The test was put to every man. Then Captain Bones, with a wave of his magic Obi stick, dispelled the hypnotic power by which he had held the ruffians tight in their ranks.

The spell broken, nothing could hold them. With a yell of fear they made a rush along the decks, bolting into their quarters in the fo'c's'le head, or rushing astern to hide themselves down below in the bunkers of the stokehold.

with the murder on the Flowery Land- I it was dinner-time. Chip, also, was yawn; was so scared that, finding Captain Bones barring his way, he leaped for the sitte, and would have jumped overboard in his panic. But a quartermaster who was standing I and a big red-ink cross where the treasure

by caught him by the neck and pushed was supposed to be hidden. him towards the fo'c's'le-head.

the sort of stuff they man the British Mercantile Marine with!" he added bitterly. "Grand old British tars-I don't think!"

And he went off to his tea. The bell rang out for tea along the decks, and the boys moved off to the saloon, greatly impressed by this show of witch doctoring.

"Old Bones is a regular nib!" said Dick to Pongo Walker as they strolled along to the saloon. "What a conjurer he'd make! If I were Scorcher Wilkinson," he added, "I shouldn't care to swish him?" One of these days he'll turn on Scorcher, and he'll waggle his Obi stick at Scorcher and put him under the 'fluence, and make' him do some of his own rotten sums—

"Oh, he will, will he, Master Dick?" put in their master, who had come along the deck behind them. "I wish we could get Captain Bones to hypnotise you into doing a decent paper on algebra, instead of those hieroglyphics you are turning in just now! Hurry up to your tea, boys! We start evening prep this evening now we are at sea again, and I hope to brush up your neglected educations between

here and Hawaii!" "Oh, crikey!" groaned Dick, as Scorcher passed on, smiling his grim smile. "Why can't he leave us alone? Just think of it, chaps, we have been digging up pirate treasure all the afternoon and he expects us to swot at algebra all the evening!"

Down in the saloon they found that the fame of Captain Bones had spread mightily. The word had gone forth through the ship that he was a dread magician, and the dark-skinned Portuguese stewards who waited in the saloon hardly dared to approach the table where Captain Bones sat with the Glory Hole gang, eating bread and jam like any ordinary mortal, except that he knew how to pile the jam thicker than most

But all his magic did not prevent night when Scorcher Wilkinson took evening prep, and found that he had made no progress in his spelling at all.

When Captain Bones insisted that window was spelled w-i-n-d-e-r, he clicked, to the great delight of the boys; who now regarded the ancient pirate quite as one of themselves. And Scorcher Wilkinson, having got

them in his clutches again, as he always did when the ship was at sea, gave them all a gruelling as the ship steered to wards the Sandwich Islands. The only fun they had on this long run

across the vacant spaces of the Pacific was when, once or twice, they dropped the deep-sea trawl in the great depths of 15,000ft, and 18,000ft, of water. All they got were a few rare shrimps and a fish that, when he was brought to the surface, swelled up like a football

and blew up. There were also a few sponges and a few lumps of manganese These were not to be despised, however, for they kept their headmaster, Dr. Crabhunter, out of mischief. The artful ones had soon discovered that if you gave the worthy doctor a few shrimps or sponges,

he would be good for hours, dissecting them, giving them electric shocks, and examining them under the microscope. Some of these lads had laid in pickle bottles of tiddlers, gathered from the pools in the rocks of the Galapagos. At least, they called these "tiddlers," though the doctor gave them long Latin names and pickled them in spirit for the ship's

museum. And everyone admired the presence of mind of Torkington, a lower school kid, who was sent up to be swished, but who escaped by producing a rare sea anemone which he had pinched in the Galapagos

and stored up in a jam-jar. The good old doctor was so interested in the anemone that he forgot that he had not swished Torkington.

Having spent an hour examining the anemone under a strong magnifying-glass, he looked up and discovered Torkington dutifully awaiting his pleasure.

"Let me see, my little lad!" said the doctor dutifully. "Did I swish you?" "Don't you remember, sir?" replied Torkington reproachfully.

"Ah, yes! Then run along, my boy," said the doctor absently, "and don't do it again!"

But a different fate overtook Porkis, who tried to wangle out of a swishing by offering the doctor a pickled herring, which he had borrowed from the cookhouse, as an interesting object of deepsea research.

The doctor was not caught napping this time. He was not going to allow Porky to draw his red herrings across the trail of justice, and Porky got such a hiding a lump of pickled salmon on the doctor

And Scorcher Wilkinson kept their noses to the grindstone as the Bombay Castle steamed along over a glorious blue And the man who chewed driest of all sea that invited them out on deck from the fusty class-room all the time.

Sometimes, looking through the open doorways, they could see a flight of flyingfish rising and scattering from the paint blue seas as they were chased by the

And on the day before they sighted the Sandwich Islands, when the whole school was assembled in the class-room, a historic event happened in the history of the Bombay Castle.

Scorcher was at the blackboard working out an interesting problem in quadratic equations for the benefit of the boys. One man—he who had been mixed up | Skeleton was yawning and wishing that ing and wishing that it was bed-time. Dick Dorrington was busy drawing an imaginary picture map of Skull

All of a sudden Chip stiffened in his "No you don't, Claude, my boy!" said | seat and gazed out at the doorway, which

Island, with palm trees dotted all over it,



up into the air exactly as though a shot out every soft patch. had hit the water.

class room and he was very sleepy. It done, so that he could contemplate at his appointing under a dull sky, more like a was too good to be true that some pirate lease the performance of this mighty feat bleak moorland than a tropic island. craft was chasing the Rombay Castle. There was another puff of vapour, then minutes almost under the Equator.

showing shining and wet. Then Chip forgot himself. The class timing each licking accurately. room and Scorcher Wilkinson and the blackboard and the quadratic equations all faded from his sight and mind in the excitement of the moment. It must be

Whale-oh!" called Chip, At the cry every boy rose from his seat and gazed out at the open doors of the class-room to see this wonder of the vasty deep.

remembered that they had seen nothing

but a few flying-fish for nearly a week.

There she blows!" cried Captain Bones, who had been stood out of form for trying to draw skeletons on the pages of a French grammar.

Then a madness seemed to seize the cooped-up boys. There was a rush for the door and a struggling and a scrum as they fought to get on the deck, overturning desks and inkpots.

There she spouts!" yelled one. What-ho, the tiddler!" cried another. Where's the harpoons?" yelled a third

And Scorcher Wilkinson, astounded and shocked, was left in the class-room alone, looking round, chalk in hand, from his equation on the blackboard.

The whole school had bolted without asking "By your leave!" or holding up a hand to say, "Please, sir!"

Scorcher rubbed his chin reflectively. In all his career as a schoolmaster—which was wide and varied in its experience he had never had such a thing happen before.

It was clearly a case for swishing. The happy crowd strung themselves along the rail, whilst Dr. Crabhunter, greatly delighted by this chance of a close survey of one of the most stupendous sights of the sea, issued from his cabin, , leaving the starfish whose stomach ; he was examining, lectured the boys on

the whale. He explained to the boys that the whale is not a fish, but is an animal which had taken to the sea.

And our friends agreed that in this respect the whale bore a certain resemblance to Bully Goadger, who was certainly an animal who had taken to the

Then the good doctor, unwitting that he was mixing in a sort of school revolution, told the boys all about sperm-whales, white whales, and the countless branches of the whale tribe, and gave them a neat little sketch history of whaling in the South Seas.

The whale obligingly kept swimming and keeping pace within a few hundred yards of the ship for nearly a quarter of an hour, and the boys were hoping that he would stay along till dinner-time, and that they would dodge Scorcher's quadratic equations for good and all.

But presently the whale discovered that he had business of some sort beyond the horizon to the south-west. He sheered off his parallel course to the ship, and, following his solemn, lonely path, was lost his cabin once more to go on with his through, though he began to ease the crests capped by huge masses of cloud. research into the digestion of the star- cane as he worked down to the smaller And as the port doctor's launch came

Scorcher Wilkinson had made no move. I they watched the unswished. But when the boys returned rather guiltily to the class-room, they found that he had Great beads of perspiration rose on his laid out three slender and useful canes on | brow. his desk.

He waited till they had all taken their | late victims encouragingly. seats again before he spoke. Ten kids more; and four minutes to from the port of Honolulu, which is the

"Did you enjoy the whale, young gen- | go!" murmured Chip. tlemen?" he asked politely. The last cane just lasted out the last sport of surf-riding can be indulged in,

chorus. But all the same they kept their | wild burst of cheering announced that | South Sea paradise. eyes on those three canes.

promptly, "you will enjoy a wale of thoroughly well and efficiently licked, and looking seawards, they could see the great another sort for breaking class without | Scorcher looked as if he had just finished | combers rolling in from the south, thunpermission. I have never swished a whole a fast ten-mile race. dering in tremendous surf, lacing half a clearest spring, and so warm that one school before, and"—the Scorcher looked | He threw the last tattered cane away | mile of sea which lay between the reef | could stay in it from early morning to ! at the clock—"it wants forty minutes to I in the corner of the class-room. dinner-time," he added, in a businesslike | "There you are, young gentlemen!" said | dappled foam. fashion. "I think I can just manage to Scorcher, wiping his brow with the The boys had never seen such waves in

promptly.

rather unwillingly. "Then you shall shout, 'There he ling. blows!" rejoined Scorcher affably. Then Scorcher, lifting his hand for of sandwiches and a Honolulu newspaper. "Come hither, my good Bones!"

and the exhausting weather, the swishing I tion of performing this act of justice. I real printing-presses, and turned out a of Captain Bones was a masterpiece. | there will be no school this afternoon!" Scorcher took him by the collar, and his The cheers were delirious, and as the full of the latest cables from all over the not had such a dusting for years!

nificantly. "He'd ha" done all right as away. a gunner's mate in th' old days. Knows where to find the soft an' juicy bits!"

Scorcher's real swishings were like. Not three hundred yards from the ship kinson gave him a good warming swish- getting ashore on their first real South rose a puff of vapour or spray, which shot ing of the old-fashioned sort, which found I Sea Island in the morning.

of swishing a hundred boys in forty

how huge rounded shape, like the back of Mr. Wilkinson went methodically to in the Island of Oahu, and that it was submarine, rolled out from the water, work. He kept his eye on the clock, and the goods. called out the name of boy after boy, I

At the twentieth boy he threw off his gown and coat and wired in with renewed vigour, picking out the biggest boys and the morning, as the ship sighted Diamond grading them in rotation.

It was really a great feat of endurance, and the boys who had been swished, and ing mists the full glory of Oahu broke the boys who had not been swished. looked on with thrilled interest as though they were looking on at an exciting liant emerald green, dappled with shadows boxing-match.

Could Scorcher stay the course? a bit groggy. But, seeingsbroad smiles on | There were neat bungalow houses, and a the faces of all who had been swished, he | great port, where big ocean steamers lay, | pulled himself together.

duster, with which Scorcher now and then I one the ocean routes between the American refreshed himself and dried his perspiring and the rest of the Pacific ports.

an easy novel and smoking. He had had | enough of swishing, and was stiff.

Late on that golden afternoon, as they were playing cricket on the hurricanedeck, there was a cry of "Land ho!"

Upon the horizon on the port-bow showed a slight patch of trade-wind cloud. This marked the great volcano of Mauna Loa, which rises nearly fourteen thousand feet from the Island of Hawaii. the largest island of the Sandwich group.

But Captain Handyman was steering for the farther island of the group, Oahu, which was yet over two hundred miles

The speed of the engines was slowed down, for he did not wish to make his But Ohip was soon to discover what landfall till the morning, and all through that night the boys were wakeful and They meant to go surf-riding at once. His name was called, and Scorcher Wil- restless, thinking only of the delights of

Although the Galapagos were Pacific He took his seat, tingling all over, glad silands, and situated right on the Equator, Chip blinked. It was very not in the that he had got his part in the show their scenery and vegetation had been dis-

> But Captain Handyman had assured the boys that they would not be disappointed

During the night; the great ship slowly steamed along the coast of that isle of sorrow, Molokai, where the lepers live.

All hands were up bright and early in Head and came in full view of the busy port of Honolulu. And out of the mornupon them.

From the shore rose great hills of brilof the great trade-wind clouds. was a beach of snowy white coral, where At the fiftieth boy, Scorcher was going | the great waves burst in glittering foam. for Honolulu is no desert coral island, but Chip stood by politely holding a chalky a half-way house and great stopping-place

The boys gazed in admiration as they One by one he swished away at the saw great fields of sugar-cane stretching

printed in the world! Wait till we get | were a mile long, and there were thouyou hear the spears whistlin' round your all right. Look yonder!"

And the boys, looking yonder, saw a majestic wall of green water, a full milein length, rise up out of the sapphire-bluesea and come curling in, to race half a mile up the smooth coral sands.

And with the wave came a man, apparently standing on its crest, racing forward with the wave as he travelled along at tremendous speed perched upon his surf-board like a circus-rider!

This was a native, and an expert surf-

And this settled matters for the boys. Mr. Lal Tata, who wanted to read his him. "Now see, boys, I will show you newspaper.

"Come on, sir!" pleaded Dick.. "We toboggan half a mile on the top of a big wave?"

Mr. Lal Tata rose with a groan. "I know what you boys are after," I from him."

said he. "You are going to get me into some more of your silly, foolsome adventures. It is better to sit in the shade of the palm-trees and to read newspapers than to go and be drowned like kittens! in the briny ocean."

"Come along, old pirate!" exclaimed." Dick invitingly to Captain Bones, who, with his three-cornered cocked hat tipped over his eyes, was leaning up against the trunk of a cocoa-palm, enjoying the sunshine and smoking his pipe. "You come and have a swim, too. We'll look after

But Captain Bones shook his head and

not so fond of washin' as I was.. When moves. The surf-rider is not pushed a man's old the water takes the strength ! out of him through his skin. But when I I was younger I've done it. I've run the biggest surf with a crew o' cannibals I was friendly with - Typees, man-eaters,

amongst the head-hunters, and wait till sands of tons of water in each of them. Yet the bigger native boys were swimheads. The grand old sea is behind it ming out to these, and, rising on their surf-boards, were standing or lying flat on these as they raced in over half a

mile to the shore. It was wonderful to see these fellows leaping, as it were, on the back of the great combers, with their feet standing in the foaming crest, sweeping in like

birds as they stood erect on their boards. But Mr. Lal Tata, who always played for safety, ordered the boys to tackle at first the little waves that ran inshore after the great combers had expended the first of their strength.

"It is foolsomeness to try to tackle too big waves," said Lal, who had now begun "Why can't you sit quiet?" demanded to swim and was pushing his board before how to ride in on waves like Neptune. All you do is to wait for your wave to can get surf-boards up at yonder little come along. Then you throw yourself hut under the palms. How can you sit on your board and hit out great kicks and read a newspaper when you can with your feet. Then the wave takes you, and you go inshore, always sliding down the front of it. See how that little brown boy does it, and take examples

And Lal indicated a small Oahuan, who, with a cheerful shout, flung himself on his board, and raced off on the slope of shoreward-bound wave as easily as catching a 'bus.

Lal tried to do this with the next! wave that came along. But the wave rushed by and left him

behind. He succeeded better with the following wave, which was a baby-wave. By a lucky fluke he kicked off his board, so that it lay on the front slope of the

It must be explained that the water that composes a wave does not move: "I'm an old man," said he; "and I'm I It is only the shape of the wave that along by the water but by the wave motion of it, so that when he mounts a wave he rides always on the slope of it without coming to the bottom of it. It he puts his hands into the water as he lies flat on his board, the water about him does not move. It is quite still. It is only the wave that travels and takes him along with it.

The baby-wave took Lal with it all right. He ran in a hundred and fifty yards, only coming to a stop when the board settled down on the white sands, like a starfish left by the tide.

He was beaming when he towed his board off from the shore again, his fat legs kicking up the warm, translucent water like a drayhorse.

"This is some splendid sports, boys!" he cried. "It is most jolly!"

The boys had found this out for themselves, and were catching little waves and riding in on them in fine style, whilst the little brown kids clapped their hands and cheered these white little boys who were joining in their native sport.

"Now, boys," said Lal, who could not quite forget that he was a schoolmaster, "you shall see me do an exposition of this great sea sports. I will go out yonder into deeper waters, and I will catch a bigger wave, and come riding in like mermaids on some briny billows. You see; I shall wait until a big fellow comes along. Then I shall jump on my boards and lie flat on his face, and he will bring me in to you at great speeds from great distances. Got me, Steves?"

And off Lal paddled with his board, whilst the boys grouped themselves on the beach or sat comfortably up to their waists in the warm water, waiting for him to come in.

"I bet the old duffer will stand on his head, or do something silly!" remarked Dick, as they saw Lal start to swim, his drenched, pointed turban bobbing out over the waves as he pushed his surf-board sea-

He waited for a while at a distance, which was pretty well a quarter of a mile out to sea, and allowed several waves to pass him.

At last he caught one. It was a third wave, as they are called, one of the larger waves that underrun the tide.

And the boys gave a yell of delight as they saw that Lal, not content with lying flat on his board, was performing the feat of riding on it, standing, like the natives.

The natives cheered as they saw him. The little brown Ohahuans clapped and cheered also as they saw the fat black man come charging in on the great comber, at a speed of about sixteen miles an hour, waving his arms like windmills. and madly keeping his balance. All went well till the wave reached the

shallower water where the boys stood. sweeping high up the beach past them. Then, of a sudden, Lal's board stoud

on its nose, throwing him with a doublesomersault, just as though he had been shot out of a gun. And over and over he rolled in the boiling surf!

(Another grand instalment of this thrilling adventure serial next week.)



))) Avoid the crush by Ordering in Advance!

OF THE SWELLS! "Aw! Awchibald!" grinned Pongo, as Percy Poppleton led his unhappy and dilapidated band up the companion ladder. "Been turning an honest penny by mudlarking?"

Scorcher was feeling his great task now.

"Yes, sir!" replied everyone in hearty kid, and the bugle went for dinner as a and here they found themselves in a real Scorcher had finished his feat in the ap- The grass and the cocoa-palms grew "Well," responded Scorcher Wilkinson | pointed time. Everyone had been right down to the water's edge, and,

dust the lot of you. Bones!" | duster. "Now I must go and change, and | their lives. These were the great ground-

themselves too grown up to take a swish- said Mr. Lal Tata, settling himself in the

silence, added:

Considering the heat of the class-room to the heat of the weather and the exer- South Seas to discover a place which had

cane curled round the ancient mariner like boys rushed off to dinner in the saloon, world. a serpent, sending out clouds of dust. Scorcher, who had licked the whole school, Captain Bones' venerable garments had in forty minutes, was easily the most when he heard their talk. popular person in the ship.

He stumped back to his seat.

And the boys noticed that all that long, The old Pacific is still the old Pacific, and

to sight, whilst Dr. Crabhunter turned to | crowd, keeping up a fair level all the way | up towards the foothills of great volcanic | every one of them—and I was as good as

fry. The boys watched the clock, and I dashing out to meet the ship, they saw another glimpse of the real South Seas, for a sea-turtle came to the top to look at them, and bobbed down again as the great ship steamed towards the harbour. "Stick to it, sir-stick to it!" cried his It was not long after breakfast that they

were all off to Waikiki Beach, a few miles one place in the world where the great

and the shore with a great carpet of late at night, and take one's meals in it,

shade of a tall cocoa-palm with a packet The boys were a bit disappointed about And "my good Bones" came hither. | "And young gentlemen, having regard | the newspaper. They had not come to the morning newspaper every day in the week

But Captain Bones chuckled grimly

"Ho, ho! That's only skin-deep, boys.

the best of 'em at the game!" "What! Of man-eating?" demanded Dick, horrified. "No; surf-riding!" responded Captain

was the South-Seas in those days!" "And there were no newspapers!" replied Dick mischievously. And off he rushed after the rest of the

crowd who were clamouring for surf-

Bones. "Ah, my boys, the South Seas

These were rounded boards, about two inches thick and as long as the rider, and the boys, slipping into their bathing togs, left Captain Bones, unwashed, to look after their clothes for them whilst they

It was glorious water, as clear as the without taking any harm.

pushed out into the milk-warm water.

And the boys began to realise why the natives of the South Seas are the | | There will be a "Yes, sir!" replied Captain Bones get a bath. And next time a whale promptly.

"Yes, sir!" replied Captain Bones get a bath. And next time a whale swells of the Pacific, which had rolled up greatest swimmers and divers in the comes up, don't make a bolt for the door across the seas a thousand miles before world. It is possible for them to bathe without asking permission!"

GREAT RUSH pleasantly. "You shouted, 'There she blows!' I believe, Bones?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Captain Bones, "The boys cheered again and again, with shore in great walls of sapphire turquoise islands. Little wonder that a South Sea crowd, who were beginning to consider "This is what I call top-holes, boys!" baby learns to swim as soon as it can

> already beginning to make their appear- | 112-page Bumper Number of | 111 ance in the shallower waters inside the reef, pushing their toy surf-boards before them, and riding in on the smaller waves with the greatest skill, screaming and shouting, as kids all over the world scream and shout at play.
>
> "If the kids can do it, I don't see why

deep through the water over the almost level beach, pushing his board before him. But Mr. Lal Tata, who had stuck his

we can't!" said Dick, as he waded waist-

"What was it like, Boney?" whispered pleasant afternoon, as the Bombay Castle afore we've done you'll see enough of turban tight on his head, looked rather | | Out on Monday. Price 12d. | | "What-ho!" replied the old pirate sig- at full length in a long deck-chair, reading forget that there was ever a newspaper which were rushing in farther away. They



STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE!

A Splendid New, Complete Story about FRANK RICHARDS & Co., of the School in the Backwoods.

CLIFFORD. MARTIN

The 1st Chapter. A Shock for Qunten!

"Frank!" Frank Richards' face was very bright as he came out of the lumber schoolhouse at Cedar Creek with his chums. Molly Lawrence was waiting outside

the porch. "Yes, Molly?" said Frank cheerily. Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc exchanged a slight smile, and went on towards the corral, leaving Frank to speak to Molly alone.

Molly's pretty face was flushed, and her eyelids were wet.

"I-I wanted to speak to you, Frank," she said, in a low voice. "I-I'm so sorry i-I thought-"

"It's all right, Molly." "I-I thought that letter came from you, Frank, and I couldn't guess that Kern Gunten had written it in your hand, could I?" said Molly. "I'm so glad it's been found out. I'm sorry, Frank

"It was all Gunten's fault," said Frank, his brow darkening. "Don't worry about it, Molly. It's all right

Molly Lawrence smiled and nodded, and ran to join her brother, who was leading out her horse. Frank Richards followed his chums to the corrat.

The chums of Cedar Creek mounted at the gates for the ride homeward. All three of them were looking very cheery. Frank Richards had passed through some dark days, but the discovery of Gunten's plot had caused the clouds to roll by.

"I guess there won't be any school for us in the morning," Bob Lawless remarked, as they trotted away through the timber. "Poppa is going over to Thompson to see Old Man Gunten, and I reckon we shall be wanted. There's going to be a row."

"I'd rather Kern Gunten was left to us to deal with," said Frank. "But I suppose your father knows best, Bob."

"You bet! This is rather too serious a matter to be settled by punching Gunten's nose."

"Mr. Lawless is right," said Vere Beauclerc, in his quiet way. "He ought to take the matter up. Gunten will have to be dealt with pretty severely this time. Forging a chap's handwriting is a rather serious thing."

"Hallo, talk of angels!" murmured Bob. He pointed with his riding-whip into the timber.

In the sunset, under the trees, two figures came in sight, seated upon a fallen log. One of them was Kern Gunten, the Swiss schoolboy of Hillcrest; the other, Louis Leronge, the half-breed trader. The log between the two served as a card-table; Black Louis and the Swiss schoolboy were playing poker.

They glanced up at the sound of hoofbeats on the trail, and Gunten grinned at the sight of Frank Richards. The Swiss was not yet aware of the discovery of his cunning scheme for disgracing Frank Richards at Cedar Creek. Frank checked his horse.

"I'm going to speak to him," he said. He turned his horse into the glade, and rode up to the card-players, followed by his chums.

"Hallo!" grinned Gunten. "Not back at school, are you, Richards?" "Yes," answered Frank; "I'm back to-

"I thought Miss Meadows had turned you out for writing to Molly Lawrence as you did," said Gunten, with a stare. "She hasn't let you go back, sure!" Frank's lip curled.

"It's been found out who wrote to Molly Lawrence in my handwriting," he answered.

Gunten started. "You're bowled out, Gunten," said Bob "Yen Chin has confessed to Lawless. stealing a copy of Frank's fist to take

to you." "It's a lie!" muttered Gunten. that's the yarn you're going to spin, hopes to get into the Legislature some Richards---"

"That's it," said Frank. "And you'll have a chance of proving whether it's a lie or not, Gunten. My uncle is going to see Mr. Gunten about it in the morn-

Black Louis, the half-breed, looked very curiously at his companion. Gunten's hard, ill-favoured face had grown very

"Old Man Lawless is going to see my father?" muttered Gunten.

"Yes." "What about?"

"About your forging my handwriting in a letter to Miss Lawrence, and getting me into disgrace at the school," said Frank grimly. "That's what you've got to answer for."

"My father won't believe a word of it," muttered Gunten.

a law in Canada to punish things of that | to think of." kind," retorted Frank.

"You—you mean——" "I mean that you're going to take your punishment, whatever it is, for forging a letter," said Frank.

And he wheeled his horse and rode back

to the trail with his comrades. Gunten had a hand of cards in his fingers, but he did not play. He rose from the log, and stood staring after the three riders until they disappeared beyond the trees.

A dark cloud had settled over his face. Black Louis watched him in silence for some moments.

"What is all this?" he asked at last. "What have you done, Gunten?" The Swiss looked at him moodily.

"I've landed myself in trouble, I guess," he said. "I reckoned it was safe enough. You know those three galoots; they've always been my enemies. It was through them, as much as anything else, that I had to leave Cedar Creek, and they've never let me alone since I've been at Hillcrest School. They were down on me for playing poker with that rascally heathen. Yen Chin."

The half-breed grinned. "You won his money," he remarked. "No affair of theirs if I did," growled I ing to a customer, with a rather troubled I Gunten. "I had a stunt for turning all | brow. He glanced at once at the visitor, | rancher had ceased to speak. three of them out of their school, one after another. I reckoned it was a sure | civility.

thing. I got a copy of Richards' fist, and

breed, Gunten mounted his horse and rode away through the wood, with a black brow. The schemer was in a tight corner now, and he realised it fully, and for the present, at least, he could not see a way out.

The 2nd Chapter. The Confession!

There was no school for Frank Richards morning.

As Bob had surmised, Rancher Lawless intended to take them with him when he called upon the Swiss storekeeper at Thompson.

A note had been sent to Mr. Gunten overnight to apprise him of the call. In what mood he was awaiting it Frank and Bob could guess easily enough.

After breakfast the rancher mounted his horse and rode to Thompson with his son and nephew.

They arrived at Gunten's store, and tethered their horses to the posts outside and entered. Old Man Gunten was in the store, talk-

and greeted Mr. Lawless with great

"I guess you know what I've called bling.

over his desk at school. The heathen son's handwriting. It had no other value. He was caught, and confessed that Kern Gunten had bribed him to take it—and confessed further that about a week ago writing."

and more troubled. was to be placed on his son's word, and picion."

to Gunten, the day before that letter was written to Miss Lawrence," went on the rancher. "The inference is clear enough. Yen Chin can be called in, if you like, to repeat his statements. He declares that he did not know what Gunten wanted the specimens of handwriting for, and I think that's true. But it's plain enough—to

Gunten.

explain what he wanted the papers for?" never wanted them," said Kern Gunten, as steadily as he could. "I never asked the heathen to get them for me. It's not true!"

"You're welcome to, I guess. The matter will go farther. After forging a or his Canadian cousin the following letter in my nephew's hand, and disgracing him, the young rascal evidently intended to play a similar trick on my son. That kind of game is too dangerous to be allowed to go on. If Gunten confesses, and you are willing to give him proper punishment, I guess the matter can drop; don't want to be too rusty with a

"Otherwise---" repeated the store-

"Otherwise, I am going directly to the sheriff. There's law, even in the Thompson Valley, and I shall prosecute Gunten, and if he is innocent, he can prove it in a court of law—with the penitentiary for ported a strong rail, in the midst of a him afterwards if he doesn't make his crowd of Hillcrest fellows; and astride of case good"

There was a grim silence after the Kern Gunten.

Gunten looked at the floor, his lips trem-

"Yesterday," he went on, "my son meant to explain afterwards—it was a found Yen Chin, the Chinee, rummaging | joke-" Gunten a specimen of Frank's hand- section-"

"It's not true!" chimed in Gunten. The storekeeper's fat brow grew more

Gunten's denials did not impress him. "My nephew's handwriting was taken

"A heathen's word—" began Mr.

"It's good enough for me. Let your son

"I-I must believe my son, of course!" said Old Man Gunten.

Mr. Lawless shrugged his shoulders. neighbour. Otherwise-"

Mr. Gunten looked at his son, and



Down the trail from Hillcrest came a curious procession. Dicky Bird, Blumpy, and Fisher supported a strong rail, in the midst of a crowd of Hillcrest fellows; and astride the rail, frantically clinging to it, was Kern Gunten.

wrote a letter in it. I'm rather hefty | about, Mr. Gunten!" said the rancher. with my pen. Molly Lawrence got the letter-not a flattering one, you understand—and there was a fuss at the school, and Richards had to go. And then I was going to play the same game on the other two in turn, something of the same kind; but——"

"But you've been found out!" "It looks like it. The heathen seems to have given me away," muttered Gunten. "There'll be a thundering row now. My father will be as mad as a hornet. He holds his head high in this section; he day. And this-"

Black Louis grinned again. He knew Gunten's father, the fat, pompous, wealthy storekeeper of Thompson. "Old Man Gunten" was a far from scrupulous man himself, but he was certain to have little mercy upon his son for bringing disgrace upon his name.

"Funny, ain't it?" snarled Gunten, as he saw the half-breed's grin. "It means the cowhide for me-perhaps more than that. Hang it—hang them all! I wish I'd left the thing alone now. But it seemed such an easy stunt, and it was so successful at first-" He broke off again and turned to his

horse, which was tethered to a tree near at hand. "You have not finished playing your hand," said the half-breed.

"I guess I'm not playing poker now!" "It won't rest with your father; there's | growled Gunten. "I've got other things

And without another word to the half-

"You got my note?"

"Yes, yes. Step into the parlour, please!" said the storekeeper nervously. The three entered the parlour behind the store, and Old Man Gunten followed them in, and closed the door carefully. Evidently he did not want the interview

to be overheard by anyone in the store. Kern Gunten was in the parlour with a pale and harassed face. He had not gone to school that morning.

He gave Frank Richards and Bob a bitter look, but did not speak. "Now-" began Mr. Gunten.

"It's all lies, father!" said Kern Gunten. "Richards and Lawless have made it up between them."

"You can hold your tongue for the present, Kern. What is it you have to tell me, Mr. Lawless? Sit down, will

The rancher remained standing. "I guess I made the matter clear enough in my note," he said. "Last week a letter was written to Molly Lawrence, in my nephew's handwriting. It was a mean, cruel letter—and if my nephew had written it, he would have deserved pretty severe punishment. A fight with Molly's brother followed, which caused the affair to be taken up by the schoolmistress, who turned Frank out of the school in consequence. My nephew maintained that he had not written the letter, and I believed it."

"He wrote it," said Kern Gunten. The rancher did not heed that remark.

As neither the father nor the son spoke, Mr. Lawless turned to the door at

"Come!" he said to his son and nephew. "We're finished here." "Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Gunten.

"There-there's no hurry!" muttered the fat storekeeper nervously. "Let my son speak. Kern, tell me the truth. If there's a case at law, the truth will come out, whatever it is. If you've anything to confess, confess it now, while you can Lawless. get off cheap." Kern Gunten licked his dry lips.

The bare thought of being called upon to answer for his rascality at the bar of the law terrified him. He knew that his nerve and courage would fail him in the attempt to keep up a tissue of falsehoods He opened his lips to speak, and closed

them again. His father's brow grew sterner. There was guilt in every line of Gunten's harassed face, and little need for him to speak. "Do you hear me, Kern?" exclaimed the

storekeeper roughly. "If you've anything to say, say it!" The rancher's hand was on the door.

"I-I-I" stammered Gunten huskily. "Is it true or false?" exclaimed the storekeeper.

"I-I- It's true!" faltered Gunten. "You confess?" exclaimed the rancher, swinging round from the door. "Ye-s-es. I-I-it was really a joke!"

stammered Gunten wretchedly.

"That is false!" said Mr. Lawless. "You took away a paper—a specimen of my need not tell more lies, Gunten—you have told more than enough already. Mr.

Gunten, your son has confessed." "He shall suffer for what he has done!" growled the storekeeper. "But-but there he was bribed in the same way to take is no need to make this the talk of the

"If Gunten writes a letter to Mr. Lawrence-Molly's father-and confesses to him, I am satisfied, and the affair need go no farther, so far as I am concerned. He was well aware how little reliance My nephew must be cleared of all sus-

The storekeeper pointed to pen and ink on the table, and Gunten, without a word, sat down to write.

The letter was written, at the rancher's

"I will see that that is sent to Mr. Lawrence," said the rancher, slipping the letter into his pocket. "Now, I leave Kern Gunten to you, sir!"

"He will be punished," said the store-

The fat, savage face of the Swiss left no doubt on that point. He was not a gentle parent at any time; and now, the interview with Frank's uncle had enraged and humiliated him. Kern Gunten was

certainly booked for the "cowhide." Frank Richards and Bob followed the rancher from the store. As they mounted their horses, loud howls were heard proceeding from the house. Kern Gunten was already undergoing his punishment.

The 3rd Chapter.

At the Camp of the Half-breeds. "Hallo!"

"What on earth's that game?" It was the following day, and Frank Richards & Co. were riding along the Thompson trail after lessons at Cedar Creek, on a visit to the town. As they passed the branch trail that led towards Hillcrest School, a sudden uproar burst upon their ears and a strange sight upon their vision.

Down the trail from Hillcrest came a curious procession.

Dicky Bird, Blumpy, and Fisher supthe rail, frantically clinging to it, was

Evidently the Swiss was in trouble with his schoolfellows. His face was convulsed with rage and

terror, as he clung to the swaying rail on the shoulders of Dicky Bird & Co. It was not easy to keep his seat on it and a fall upon the hard trail would have been anything but agreeable. The chums of Cedar Creek halted, and

looked on with grinning faces. "They're riding him on a rail!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "That's one of our Western customs, Franky, that you've not see yet, I guess!"

Frank Richards laughed. Gunten's position was painful enough to

him, but it was absurd to the beholder -and the Swiss did not deserve much sympathy. It was pretty clear that his rascality had become known at Hillcrest, and that his schoolfellows were thus displaying their opinion of it—and him.

The shouting procession came along the trail, Gunten swaying and squirming in the centre.

"Hallo, here are the Cedar Creek galoots!" exclaimed Dicky Bird. rout of the trail, you fellows!"

"What are you up to?" asked Vere Beauclerc. "Riding Gunten on a rail, I reckon."

"Let me down!" yelled Gunten. "Not yet, I guess. We've heard all about the letter," explained Dicky Bird. "That kind of thing isn't good enough for, Hillcrest. We're letting this foreign trash see what we think of him!"

"March!" sang out Blumpy. "Get on, Bird!" "Clear the way, you galoots!" shouted

Frank Richards & Co. drew their horses aside, and the procession passed them, into the Thompson trail.

They watched it as it went; Gunten clinging like a cat to the swaying rail. He lost his seat upon it at last, and clung to it underneath with his hands and legs. In that hapless position he passed out of sight of the three chums.

"I guess Gunten isn't popular at Hillcrest!" grinned Bob Lawless, as the schoolboys rode on again, after the procession. "If he was half as sharp as he reckons he is, I guess he would give up his mean tricks, and try to be a white

A little later the Co. came on Gunten in the trail. Dicky Bird and his companions had cleared off home, and the rail lay in the

grass, and Gunten was sitting on a knoll, gasping for breath. He looked up, with a black scowl, as

the three riders came by. "Enjoying life, old scout?" asked Bob

Gunten staggered to his feet. He shook a turious fist at the chums of Cedar Creek; whereat they smiled again." "I owe all this to you—you three!" said the Swiss, between his set teeth.

"You owe it to yourself!" said Frank Richards contemptuously. "You can't expect the Hillcrest chaps to go easy with a forger. You've disgraced their schooljust as you disgraced Cedar Creek when you were there! Why can't you be decent?"

Gunten's eyes glittered. "You've got the upper hand just now," he said. "My turn will come! I'll make you pay for it—all three of you!" "Bosh!" said Bob cheerily.

And the chums rode on, leaving Kern Gunten scowling savagely after them. Gunten did not follow towards Thompson. After the riders were out of sight he turned into the wood, and tramped slowly away into the heart of the forest.

The sunset had depende into night when he arrived on the edge of a glade in the timber. The red glow of a camphre struck his eyes as he came through the trees.

Half a dozen cabins of branches and l skins stood there, and several horses were grazing in the glade. Five or six swarthy half-breeds were gathered round the late if we lose any more time. I'm camp-fire, some of them cooking the evening meal.

Louis Leronge, the leader of the band of traders, was smoking on a log near the fire. He gave Gunten a nod as he came

It was not the first time the storekeeper's son had visited the camp of the North-West traders — generally to play poker or euchre with the half-breeds. "Traders," as they were called, Black Louis and his followers did not depend wholly on trading for their living. Since the gang had camped in the Thompson | good speed, and turned at the fork into | and Cedar Creek School, every inch of Valley, there had been horses and cattle the main trail. missing from the ranches and "dust" difted from the mining-claims along the river.

' Gunten sank down on the log beside the half-breed. Black Louis rolled a cigarette and handed it to him.

The Swiss lighted it, and smoked for some minutes in silence, the half-breed watching him curiously.

"You're not staying in this section much longer, I guess?" Gunten remarked at last.

Leronge shook his head.

"A few days," he answered. "I guess there's a lot of talk in Thompson about you," said Gunten. sheriff will be getting busy soon."

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders. "There's stories about cattle being missing," remarked Gunten.

"The cattle will not be traced here," said Black Louis, with a grin. "Still, it is nearly time we pulled up stakes. shall be sorry to part with you, mon ami Gunten.".

"You've done pretty well out of me, ! I guess," said Gunten moodily. "Most of my dollars have come this way." "You are too fond of the cards,"

grinned Leronge. . "You're going in a few days?" repeated Gunten.

you could-you could-" "Then Gunten hesitated and glanced round, and lowered his voice. "You remember those three galoots—" "I remember."

"They came here one night and made Yen Chin vamoose, when you were winning his dollars—you remember?"

remember!" said the half-breed again, with a glitter in his black eyes. "I am not likely to forget!" "Where will you go when you leave this

section?" "North-west — towards the Cascade Mountains."

"A good distance?" "Many miles the first day. We shall camp again a hundred miles from here. Why do you ask?"

"You could-you could-" Gunten's voice trembled, and he lowered it still further, till it was a whisper. "Those three galoots, they've beaten me again; but you could help me."

Louis Leronge started a little. "You can speak out!" he said.

Gunten did not speak out-he whispered, as if fearful of the sound of his own voice. The half-breed did not interrupt him. His black eyes glittered, and he nodded several times, as he listened.

"It would be safe!" said Gunten, at

"Sure!"

"And you'll do it?" "You will pay for it to be done,

then?" Gunten gave a grunt.

"You've paid yourself well enough out of me at poker-and you like them no more than I do. But I could stand ten dollars." "Put it there!" said the half-breed, as

he held out a dusky hand. When Kern Gunten left the glade, the

compact—whatever it was—had been made. What it was Frank Richards & Co. were to discover later.

The 4th Chapter.

Where is Beaucierc?

"Hallo! Where's the Cherub?" "Late!" said Frank.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless halted at the fork of the trail on their way to

dwelt with his father, the remittance- next issue of the "Green 'Un" will con- a grand, double-length complete story of your interest in the latest adventures of man. But there was no sign of the tain the extra four pages—the price, of the Chums of the School in the Back- the floating school. None of my readers Cherub on his black horse.

nothing wrong at the shack."

"Let's ride to meet him." "Good!"

green. minutes came in sight of the Beauclercs' aware that I owe

shack in the distance. Near the building Lascelles Beauclerc was at work on the clearing, wielding a to what must be the most loyal body of

riders clattered up. "Good-morning, Mr. Beauclerc!" called Friend has been offering eight pages of

Frank.

he looked at them in surprise. "Certainly!" he answered. you not meet him on the trail?"

: "Nix!" said Bob.

two," said Frank Richards. "But Beau the bottom of my heart. And now that always waits for us at the fork of the trail, if he's there first. I suppose he hasn't waited this time, though."

"You'll find him at school," said the remittance-man. He turned to his labour again as the

chums rode back to the trail. "Put it on," said Bob. "We shall be dashed if I understand the Cherub leaving I tinually towards the door in the expectaus in the lurch like this! He knew we I tion of seeing Beauclerc enter. should expect him as usual." Frank Richards nodded.

"Beau must have had some good reason for going on and leaving us behind," he said. "He must have wanted to get to away from school like this? It was almost school early, for some reason." "Blessed if I can guess what it was,

we should expect him there, anyhow. I to his father or to his chums. Yet what Put it on!"

some time, and they had none too much I left to get to Cedar Creek before morning | spoke to Frank. lessons commenced.

They rode on at a gallop towards the school, keeping their eyes open for the sight of Vere Beauclerc ahead of them on the trail. But they did not sight him, and they rode up at last to the gates of Cedar Creek.

entered. The bell had ceased to ring, his father, ma'am. He told us that Beau and all Cedar Creek was at classes.

"Late!" growled Bob. "Can't be helped. Here's Black Sam. I "The He'll take our horses," said Frank ing her lips.

Richards. Sam, the negro stableman, came forward and took the horses to lead them to the corral, and Frank and Bob hurried | Richards?"

at once to the schoolhouse. Both of them were feeling, perhaps, a 1 little sore.

They were late—only a few minutes, but I Miss Meadows was very strict on punctuality. And it was ewing to their stopping to call for Beauclerc, who had apparently gone on to school, forgetful of the usual arrangement at the fork of the trail.

Miss Meadows was taking her class, and | Richards." she turned a somewhat stern look upon the I cousins as they entered.

Frank's glance passed the school- he could not understand it. mistress, seeking Vere Beauclerc in the class. To his surprise, he did not see him there.

"Richards! Lawless!" "Yes. ma'am?"

he not come yet?"

"Beauclerc!" stammered Bob. "Isn't he here, Miss Meadows?" " No."

astonishment. stammered 1 "We - we thought---"

"You may go to your places," said Miss Meadows.

In great amazement Frank and his Canadian cousin went to their desks. They were surprised, and almost confounded, to find that Beauclerc had not, after all, arrived at school before them.

If he had not waited for them at the fork on the trail, as usual, it seemed certain that he must have gone on to school ahead of them. Yet he had not arrived at Cedar Creek!

Chunky Todgers nudged Frank Richards

as the latter sat down. "Where's the Cherub?" he whispered. "Blessed if I know!" answered Frank. "Isn't he coming?"

"I give it up." "Silence in class, please!" rapped out Miss Meadows. And Chunky had to re-

strain his curiosity for the present. Frank and Bob were rather inattentive during first lesson. They glanced con-

But the school-room door did not open. Their surprise was beginning to be mingled with uneasiness now. What could have happened to Beauclerc to keep him unthinkable that he could be staying away of his own accord on some business then," said Bob, rather tartly. "He knew I so secret that he had not mentioned it accident could possibly have happened to The schoolboys galloped back at a him between the remittance-man's shack The visit to the shack had taken up without their seeing a sign of him?

At the end of the lesson Miss Meadows

"Richards, are you aware why Beauclerc has not come to school this morn- life was bound up in his sou. ing?" the schoolmistress asked.

"No. Miss Meadows."

"Have you seen him to-day?" "No. He started for school, though," said Frank. "As we didn't meet him on The playground was deserted as they the trail, we went to his place and saw been over the whole trail?"

started for school at the usual time." "It is very singular that he has not horse-" arrived, then, said Miss Meadows, purs-

"I'm afraid something has happened to him. Miss Meadows," said Frank uneasily. "What could have happened to him,

"I-I don't know." "If he had been thrown from his horse you would have found him on the trail, I suppose?"

"Yes," admitted Frank. "He certainly wasn't anywhere on the trail between his home and here, ma'am."

"Then I must conclude that Beauclerc is staying away of his own accord,

Frank was silent. There really seemed no other conclusion to come to. And yet I

Both Frank and Bob were anxious as the morning wore on and Beauclerc did not appear.

When Cedar Creek was dismissed for the morning nothing had been seen of him, "You are late!" said Miss Meadows and most of the fellows were discussing severely. "Where is Beauclerc, too? Has his absence as they poured out of the and eat it as we go," said Mr. Beauclerc. schoolhouse.

"He's playing truant," said Chunky Todgers. "Miss Meadows will be as mad as a hornet when he turns up. What's "Well, by gum!" exclaimed Bob, in he doing it for, Franky?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Frank. "There's something wrong, Frank," said Bob, drawing his chum away towards the corral. "The Cherub isn't playing this fool game for fun. Something's happened to him, though I can't guess what."

"It beats me hollow," said Frank. "We'd better hump along to the shack and see if his father's heard anything of him," said Bob. "Old Man Beauclerc will enough. give us some dinner."

"Right-ho!" The chums mounted their horses and took the trail. They lost no time in getting to the Beauclercs' shack on the him. lewer creek.

The remittance-man was sitting down to his rough-and-ready lunch on a log outside the shack when they dashed up.

Frank's heart sank as he saw that Mr.

Beauclerc was alone. Vere was not at home after all.

"Hasn't the Cherub come back, Mr. Beauclerc?" called out Bob breathlessly, as they clattered up.

The remittance-man rose quickly. "No. Surely you found him at school?"

he exclaimed. "He hasn't been to school to-day."

"What?"

"Something's happened," said Frank Richards.

The 5th Chapter. A Complete Mystery. Lascelles Beauclerc laid down the loaf he still had in his hand. His bronzed,

lined face had grown pale and troubled. The bare thought of a disaster happening to his son was a blow to the remitwhich had been covered by his chums tance-man. In his lonely, shadowed life Vere Beauclerc was all that he had to make his existence tolerable and to remind him of earlier and happier days. All that held the remittance-man to

> He was silent for a few moments, and when he spoke again his voice was low

> and shaken. "Vere has not been to school? He started as usual this morning. You've

> "Twice now," said Bob. "Then he cannot have fallen from his

"We should have found him." "But if he left the trail, he must have ridden away of his own accord," said the

remittance-man, more calmly. "Perhaps he has gone to Thompson, or down to Cedar Camp for some reason. Do you know whether he had any such intention?"

"I feel sure he hadn't," said Frank. "If he wasn't going to meet us on the trail as usual this morning, he would have told us so last evening."

"I guess that's sure," assented Bob. Mr. Beauclerc drew a deep breath. "He must be looked for," he said. "My eyes are not so good as they once were, Lawless; but you are very keen on a trail, I believe. You know the marks of Vere's horse well enough. If we can find

be able to follow him up." "Just what I was thinking," said Bob. "You've not had your dinner yet--"

the place where he left the trail we may

"Never mind that--" "Take the bread and cheese with you, "It is all the dinner I can offer you."

The two schoolboys dismounted. They started for the trail on foot, letting their horses follow at a distance. The remittance-man accompanied them, but it was left to Bob Lawless to hunt for "sign."

The rancher's son was well-skilled in woodcraft. Frank Richards had learned a great deal from him since he had been in Canada; but he was still an infant in such matters compared with the Canadian. It was easy enough to pick up the trail of Vere Beauclerc's big black horse Demon. Bob knew his hoofprints well

The track, five hours or more old, was followed from the clearing into the grass of the forest trail towards the fork where | Feauclerc's chums had expected to meet

Every now and then Bob Lawless stepped, but it was never for more than a few minutes. To the surprise of his companions, he kept on right to the fork of the trail.

"Beau came as far as this, then!" Frank Richards exclaimed.

"His horse did, at any rate," answered

"If his horse did the rider did, I sup-

pose," said Mr. Beauclerc. "I guess we shall see." The main trail was well trampled by horses' hoofs; it was a good deal used between Cedar Creek and the ranch-lands

beyond the timber. But Bob succeeded

at last in picking up Demon's track

again. It did not lead towards the

school, however, but in the opposite direction, towards the plains and the Lawless Ranch. There on the well-trodden trail it vanished, disappearing among numerous other tracks, that baffled even Bob's keen

The rancher's son rose from the examination of the ground at last. His sunburnt face was troubled. Frank and Mr. Beauclerc looked at him in silence.

"It beats me!" said Bob at last. "It beats me to a frazzle. Demon came all the way from the shack to the fork in the trails, and turned towards the plains.

That's all." "My son was early," said Mr. Beauclerc. "He may have turned towards the

ranch to meet you on the way." "Then why didn't we meet him?" said Bob. "It's not that. When Demon turned into the main trail the Cherub wasn't on his back!" "What?"

"I wouldn't swear to it, of course," said Bob quietly. "I've only got the tracks to go by. But unless I'm making a big mistake, Demon had no rider when he turned the fork in the trail. A riderless horse makes a lighter track. And look how the track went coming up to the fork-here and there Demon had stopped and cropped the grass! He wouldn't be doing that with the Cherub on his back. He was taking his own way, as a horse does when he's turned loose. Mr. Beauclerc, I guess that somewhere between your house and the fork of the trails Beauclerc left his horse to go where it liked. It trotted on and turned into the main trail, and most likely took to the timber afterwards, or we should have spotted it as we came along.

"But, my son!" exclaimed the remittance-man.

Bob shook his head.

"He left his horse on the branch trail, goodness knows how and why!" he answered. "Let's get back and search for foot-tracks." His eyes were keenly on the ground,

and he moved among the trees that bordered the trail, but there was no "sign." He knew well the track of Beauclerc's rather elegant riding-boots, but there was no sign of them to be seen. It was well past the time for afternoon

lessons at Cedar Creek now, but Frank and Bob were not thinking of school. Their anxiety for their missing chum was growing sharper. If Bob's surmise was correct, Beauclerc

had dismounted somewhere on the branch

trail, leaving Demon to wander, and his reason for doing so was utterly inexplic-They arrived at the clearing round the

shack at last, without any further discovery being made.

The remittance-man's face was almost haggard.

He could not believe that his son had thus absented himself of his own will. Vere Beaucierc was not the fellow to cause needless anxiety to his friendsabove all to his father.

But he had vanished, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Bob was perplexed. His skill had revealed something, but only enough to make the mystery all the deeper.

Vere Beauclearc had disappeared without leaving a trace behind, and that was all that could be said.

"I guess we'd better get along to the ranch," said Bob, after some thought. "I'll tell poppa, and he'll start the cowboys looking for Demon. If we find Beauclerc's horse we may learn somebetter than, anything Mr. Owen Conquest & thing. It's possible some horse-thief is

> "A horse-thief would take the horse, but he wouldn't want to hurt Beau." said Frank. "Even if—if Beau were badly hurt, we should find him somewhere on the trail."

Bob nodded. "I know. It beats me. I can't catch on to it at all. But the only thing is to should miss this grand, long instalment of a search for the horse and for Beauclerc. Poppa will start the cowboys hunting

as soon as he knows. That's the only thing to be done that I can see." "You are right," said the remittanceman in a low voice. "You'll come with us, Mr. Beauclerc?"

Old Man Beauclerc shook his head. "I am going to search for Vere, he 'Then we'll get along to the ranch.

As Frank and Bob rode away they glanced back, and saw the remittanceman disappear into the timber, with a gun under his arm. They dashed on at These form only a small part, I know, a good speed for the Lawless Ranch.

"Bob," exclaimed Frank Richards, as

Bob knitted his brows. "I don't know-unless-But it doesn't seem possible." "Unless what?"

"Unless he's been roped in and kid-But who'd want to do it? It beats me.

And the chums galloped on to the THE END.

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fieetway

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House, Farringdon Street, London, E.O. 4."

COOD NEWS AT LAST! announcement—the announcement which and more than maintained. all readers of the Boys' FRIEND have been anxiously waiting and hoping for give Martin Clifford double the usual entitled through many weary months. The space in Boys' Friend is going back again to Cedar Creek School in the sunny morning. Its original pre-war size—twelve large They looked along the branch trail, to- pages—and this magnificent improvement, wards the shack where Vere Beauclerc will take place NEXT WEEK! The very and he has turned up trumps by writing Storm has, I am certain, fully aroused course, remaining the same. This means ""Late, by gum!" said Bob. "That's that the result for which I have been not like the Cherub. I hope there's ceaselessly working through all the warrestricted months has at last been attained. From next week onwards the Boys' Friend will stand second to no The chums of Cedar Creek rode up the paper on the market in the matter of branch trail under the heavy, overhang- giving in actual bulk of reading-matter ing boughs that were now thick with a value for money—apart from the superexcellent qualities of that reading matter They rode at a good pace, and in a few 2 And in this connection I am strongly

A SPECIAL MEED OF THANKS

spade. He looked round as the two readers any Editor was ever blessed with. and entitled For several months now the Boys' out Bob Lawless. "Where's the Cherub?" & reading matter only, against the twelve "Hasn't Beau started yet?" asked pages of a number of competing journals selling at the same price. Circumstances a portrait specially drawn by C. W. Wake-Mr. Beauclerc rested on his spade as of paper control and other weighty considerations simply did not allow of the 'Vere enlargement of our paper until now. But started for school at the usual time. Did I through all this time, when the old "Green 'Un" was labouring under this heavy disadvantage, the great body of my "That is very odd. Perhaps you were chums stuck to their favourite paper with a fine sense of loyalty that was truly Well, we might have been a minute or admirable. I thank them for this from !

GOOD TIMES ARE IN STORE

standard — the Boys' Friend's own of Mr. Owen Conquest. It deals with the special standard, in fact—of the reading reinstatement of the popular captain of At last I am able to make the great matter in our paper will be maintained—the old school, and is as good as, if not

NEXT WEEK'S BUMPER NUMBER,

"MISSING!" This is a particularly fine story, which

A NEW FEATURE.

chums to miss.

Another good thing contained in next week's Bumper Number will be the first of a clever series of pen-portraits, written in verse by our own Rookwood Rhymster,

ROOKWOOD PERSONALITIES!"

This new feature will be illustrated by field, and the first "Personality" to be dealt with will be—as is only right and proper-Jimmy Silver, of the Fourth

OUR OTHER SPLENDID STORIES.

not be disappointed with the next fine, or north. for us, I can promise them that the high long, complete story from the ready pen!

As a special treat, I have arranged to has given us in the past. The story is at the bottom of it." "BULKELEY'S CHANCE!"

The next instalment of our great adven-

ture serial is a fine long one. Mr. Duncan

"SKULL ISLAND!"

All my readers who are followers of should be sorry indeed for any of my cricket should not fail to read W. Rhodes' article, "Strokes on the Off!" Some very useful tips are to be found, which come direct from the head, as well as the bat,

FOR LONDON READERS.

of the famous Yorkshire cricketer.

though I am proud to say I have myriads of supporters in the little old village of they rode out of the timber upon the London. I was just thinking of what the sunny plain, "what can have happened Londoner can do when he throws his leg > to him?" over the saddle of his bicycle and starts off. He has Surrey beckoning to him: Surrey, with its wonderful commons and hills. While Middlesex is attractive, too-Very much so. I fancy there must be a rare lot of Londoners who hardly know napped. That would account for it. there is a County of Middlesex at all! Yes, it is true. Middlesex has been sort of Frank-beats me to a frazzle! But we'll swamped by its big neighbour. But it is I find out when the ranch hands search the there sure enough, a land of woods and whole show. We won't leave an inch of I am sure that all my readers who have | meadows, and not a bad share of romance, the valley without searching it but we'll followed the exciting turn of events in either. Anyone can see this who cares to a find the Cherub!" the happenings at Rookwood School, will swing off either of the main roads west

YOUR EDITOR.

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