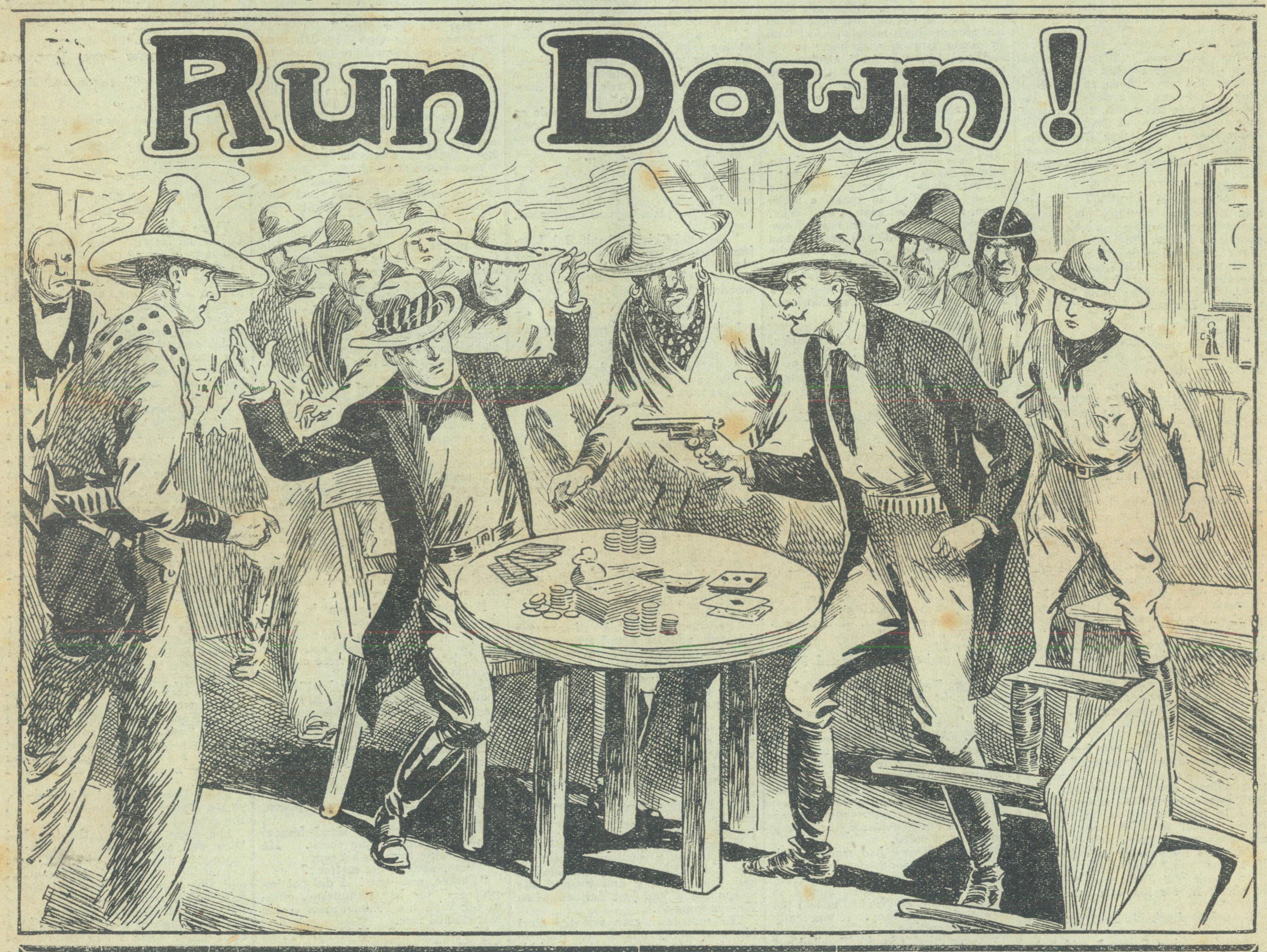
George Robey on Cricket! THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN THIS ISSUE.

DIVERTING ARTICLE BY

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 16th, 1919.



"Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!"

"Cover the stakes, or pass!" grunted Poker Brown. Mr. Beauclerc nodded. He slid his hand into his hippocket, apparently for a further supply of cash, but when it came out a revolver glittered in it! "Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" was what the remittance-man said.

The 1st Chapter. Dark Doubts.

"Beau!" "Cherub!"

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless uttered those exclamations together

in startled tones. They had come upon their chum-Vere Beauclerc-suddenly, on the bank of the creek. They had missed him after morning lessons at Cedar Creek School, and had been looking for him for some time, when they suddenly found him.

Vere Beauclere was sitting on a log by the bank of the stream, his elbows on his knees, and his chin sunk in his hands, gazing out dully over the shining creek, his whole attitude one of deep dejection and trouble.

mittance-man's son had not heard the approaching footsteps of his chums.

gave a sudden start. His handsome met their surprised glances.

again on the log, crimson. But the Beauclere to give way like this. He colour ebbed from his face, leaving him pale.

"Beau," exclaimed Frank Richards, "what's the matter, old chap? What's happened?"

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Beau-Bob Lawless shook his head.

"I guess that cuts no ice with us, Cherub," he said, in his direct way. "I reckon there's something very much the matter when you look like that. And I reckon, too, that you're Sunk in gloomy thought, the re- going to tell your pals what it is." Beauclere was silent.

The two chums halted by the log, I less gently. "But-but-" He I Valley than Lascelles Beauclerc.

Well they knew that the remittanceface flushed as he looked round and man's son had had troubles enough, He half rose, and then sank back it was very unlike the quiet, calm was trying, now, to regain his usual composure, but it was not easy.

"Beau, old fellow," said Frank Richards softly, "you can tell us, I suppose? We're your friends, you know."

Beauclerc smiled faintly.

"I know!" he answered. "Butbut you couldn't help! And-and it's nothing. Very likely I'm mistaken. | quiet calmness and a face of proud I-I hope so."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank. "Your father-"

Beauclerc nodded.

"Poor old Cherub!" said Bob Law-

But he heard their voices, as they looking down in dismayed surprise on broke off. What could he say to conexclaimed together in dismay, and Vere Beauclerc's bowed head. his father was breaking out again into the wild recklessness which, not so chiefly on account of his father; but | very long ago, had earned him an unenviable notoriety in the Thompson Valley?

> In the days when Lascelles Beauclerc, the remittance-man, had been "one of the boys," when he had spent his remittances as fast as they arrived in playing poker at the Occidental, or faro at the Red Dog, or in "painting the town red," Beauclere had borne the trouble and notoriety it brought upon him with indifference.

But the remittance-man had changed for the better, and for months past there had been no more industrious worker in the Thompson, Till of late-

It was needless for Beauclerc to tell his chums, if he wished to. They knew. Of late, Lascelles Beauclere had been as frequent a visitor as of old at the poker-room at the Occidental. Many a pilgrim in Thompson had grinned, and remarked that "Old Man Beauclere" was on a "bender"

again. "But-but-" muttered Frank Richards.

Vere Beauclerc bit his lip hard. Even with his best chums it was repugnant to him to discuss his father. Yet, at the same time, the lonely lad's heart was yearning for comfort and counsel-above all, for some friendly assurance that his doubts were unfounded.

"It's rotten, old chap!" said Bob Lawlest, at last. "I-I'm afraid it's I no good blinking the facts. I've used to be."

him?"

"Sure!"

clerc paused.

"Yes, old chap?"

cousin were silent.

incidence, at least."

"Then why not?"

yours."

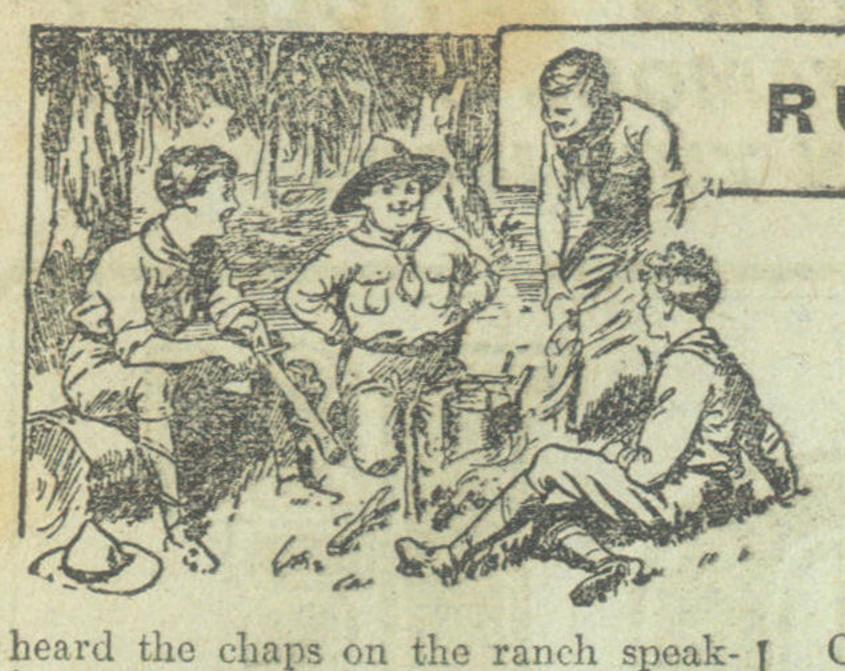
out, Cherub."

Clang, clang!

father made him wince.

silent.

asked, in a low voice.



"How do you mean, Bob?" he

"It's only poker at the Occidental,"

worse than that, old chap. So-so I

don't think I should worry. Your

poppa's the kind of man who's

pathetic eagerness. "It's not like the

past. He never touches drink now,

and he has never been to the Red

Dog. And—and he's under the in-

fluence of a rotten rascal. It's because

he's easy-going, you know. You

know that fellow Poker Brown, the

newcomer who's taken up mining on

Tucker's Tailings? You remember

"He's always with my father,"

said Beauclerc. "They play poker

nearly every evening at the Occi-

dental, so I hear. My poor father is

never home till midnight now. I-I

can't understand his slipping back

like that, after he had thrown it all

over. I-I sometimes think he's had

a shock. You remember--' Beau-

located in the valley," said Beau-

clerc. "You remember he attacked

my father at the shack a week or two

ago, the day after his remittance

arrived. There was shooting. I've

shock did my father any harm, and-

and he's not quite himself now."

Jones, the Californian outlaw.

"It is," assented Frank.

began then, never before. It's a co-

"I'll tell you what, Cherub," said

Bob Lawless abruptly. "Have you

judge my father," muttered Beau-

used to be reckless as he was to

drive painful thoughts away. I'm

if I was you," said Bob sturdily.

"I'd speak out plain, and ask him

to chuck it, for his own sake, and

Beauclerc shook his head, and was

"I believe he's a rotter! He makes

out that he's mining on Tucker's Tail-

to be found there, I guess. More

likely he makes the money at poker.

seen him spreading his cash in

Thompson. The less your poppa sees

of that galoot the better. I'd speak

the discussion. He had, for once,

spoken out impulsively, but every

word he heard on the subject of his

Creek School with his chums; but the

his burden alone.

There was a smile on his handsome

"I guess I'd have it out with him

sure that was it. And now-"

"Besides, he's had troubles

you fellows don't understand; he's any time we liked-and we missed the

spoken to your poppa about it?"
"No, no, no!"

nobody's enemy but his own."

(Continued from the previous page.)

> The 2nd Chapter. Poker Brown's Luck.

Chunky Todgers made that remark after school in the playground. There ing of your poppa haunting the Occidental again. But it's not like it was quite a forlorn expression on Chunky's fat face. Beauclerc gave him a quick look.

"Hallo! What's biting you now, poker," said Bob drily. Chunky?" asked Bob Lawless. "Have they run out of maple sugar at Gunten's store?"

"What a pesky sell!"

said Bob, "and—and it used to be Chunky shook his head.

quickly at Todgers. "Tucker's Tail- as he wins, according to Dawson; ings" was the abandoned mine which I've heard him say so." "You-you mustn't think badly of had recently been taken up as a claim him," said Beauclerc, with almost by Amos Brown, a stranger in the at the mine," confessed Bob. "But the new acquaintance of the remit- there was much gold there; and a Beauclerc attributed the backsliding of the reformed remittance-man.

"What about Tucker's Tailings, Chunky?" he asked.

Chunky looked lugubrious. "It's a sell!" he said. "A dozen galoots have pegged out Tucker's Tailings since Tucker went up the flume and tried to make a stake there, and they all gave it up. Why, I guess I've been over the tailings myself, looking out, you know. And now here comes a stranger in the valley, pegs out the tailings, and makes a regular bonanza of it."

"So the old mine is turning out a bonanza, is it?" asked Bob Lawless. "Sure."

"That's jolly curious!"

"Oh, it's luck!" said Chunky. | could do. But there isn't." "It's only since that villainous out- "Fool's luck, I call it! This new law, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, pilgrim, Poker Brown-he's from Colorado, I hear-he's simply dropped | ranch in a thoughtful and rather into it by luck. Fancy those old tail- sombre mood. ings turning out a bonanza!"

"But is it true?" asked Frank Richards.

wondered sometimes whether the "Sure, I tell you. Poker Brown don't make any secret that he was hard up when he came to town; he's Frank Richards and his Canadian said so himself. Dawson's brother, at the Occidental, has heard him say Poor Beauclerc was clinging to any so. And now he's fairly rolling in almost haggard look took its place. straw; but to the two chums it was durocks. Orders the most expensive extremely unlikely that the toughdrinks at the Occidental, and the | brow as he rode homeward. grained remittance-man was suffering | biggest cigars, and makes big bets on from any "shock," as the result of his the races down the valley, and encounter with Five-Hundred-Dollar spreads himself around. Rolling in it!" said Chunky Todgers impres-"It's only since then that he's sively. "He's boasted at the Occichummed with Poker Brown, and dental that he's making three hungone to the Occidental in Thompson | dred dollars a day out of those golin the evenings," said Beauclerc. "It! darned old tailings." "Phew!"

"Gas, perhaps!" suggested Frank Richards.

Chunky Todgers shook his head. "Straight goods," he answered. "He's got the rocks, you see-spends | home. money like a Texas cowboy on a bender. Always got a wad of dollars "I-I can't! It's not for me to in his pouch. And think of us, living only a few miles from the tailings, and we could have pegged 'em out

chance. Isn't it a pesky sell?" had lots of troubles, and-and he And Chunky Todgers rolled away to his fat pony, evidently in a very

discontented mood. If Poker Brown had made a rich strike at the abandoned mine, it was clear that wealth had been lying around loose, as it were, almost at Chunky's door, and he had missed the his son came in. chance of picking it up. It was really very exasperating.

"As for Poker Brown," said Bob, Bob Lawless, with a grin. "There's | hip-pocket. another chance for you to get rich quick!" ings, but there's precious little gold

Tedgers, looking round.

"There's still a reward of five hun- on the trail at nights." He's got plenty. Lots of galoots have dred dollars offered for that bulldozer from California, you know. You were talking about going after the scalp of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. That's your chance."

"Br-r-r-r !" said Chunky.

The school bell rang through the And with that reply, he climbed on sunny air, and Vere Beauclere his fat pony and trotted away. Since started to his feet. It was probable the Californian outlaw had raided that he welcomed the interruption to Cedar Creek School, Chunky had quite lost his desire to make an attempt at "roping in" the five hundred dollars offered for Mr. Jones' apprehension.

Frank Richards & Co. were rather face as he walked back to Cedar | thoughtful as they rode away from Cedar Creek School, in the timber smile did not deceive them. They trail.

knew that it hid an aching heart, and The information that Poker Brown their own hearts were heavy for their | had made a rich strike at the abanchum. But there was nothing they | doned mine was interesting enough. could say, nothing they could do. | Since the original Tucker had aban-The remittance-man's son had to bear | doned the mine years before, it had | thing to be done on the clearing been supposed to be worthless. Cer- before supper?"

tainly Mr. Brown, of Colorado, seemed born under a lucky star.

BOYS' FRIEND

"Blessed if I quite savvy!" remarked Bob Lawless. "I've looked over the mine myself, and I know something about mining, too, but I reckoned it was all tailings, and no use. And that galoot Brown doesn't | put in much work, from what we saw when we called there to see him. He goes away from the Occidental early in the day, and returns at night, and sometimes stays all night at the shanty there; but when I passed the tailings last time, I couldn't see much sign of work done. It's queer." "But if he's spending the money,

that proves that he's got it," said Frank.

"Unless he makes most of it at

"I don't think that's the case," remarked Beauclerc. "Dawson's brother is employed at the Occidental "It's Tucker's Tailings!" he said. lot about Poker Brown from him. Beauclerc stopped, and looked Brown plays high, and loses as much

"Then he must have made a strike section. And "Poker" Brown was it's jolly queer. I never believed tance-man, to whose influence dozen galoots have tried for it there without finding any."

The chums of Cedar Creek rode on together to the fork in the trail, where Beauclerc parted with his comrades.

"So-long, you fellows!"

He turned into the branch trail that led to the remittance-man's shack, and Frank Richards and Bob rode on towards the plain beyond the timber, homeward.

"Poor old Cherub!" said Bob Lawless, as they trotted on towards the ranch. "It's no good saying anything—a chap can't help him. He's worried about his father."

Frank Richards nodded. "It's rough on him," he said. "I -I wish there was something we "Nothing, old chap."

And the cousins rode on to the

The 3rd Chapter. Father and Son.

Vere Beauclerc smiled back at his chums as he turned into the branch trail; but when his back was to them. the smile died off his face. A dark, There were deep lines in his boyish

He had felt so sure, so certain, that the remittance-man had abandoned his wild ways, and settled down to steady work, that the sudden outbreak on his father's part had come as a miserable shock to him.

His affection for his father never faltered, and he found innumerable excuses for him; but the trouble of it lay heavy upon his heart.

The Beauclerc clearing lay hot and sultry under the afternoon sunshine, as the schoolboy came in sight of his

The door of the little shack was open, an indication that his father was at home.

Vere Beauclerc put up his horse in the shed behind, and came round to the door.

Mr. Beauclerc was at the log-table, and he glanced up, with a smile, as his son entered.

Beauclere's glance passed his father and fell upon a revolver that lay on the table. Evidently Mr. Beauclerc had been cleaning and loading the weapon, and had just finished when

The remittance-man saw the start his son gave, picked up the re-"Never mind, Chunky!" called out | volver hastily, and slipped it into his

"It is necessary to be careful these days, Vere," he said lightly. "With "Eh? What's that?" asked Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones roaming the valley, a man may need a weapon

"Yes, father." Beauclerc did not utter what was in his mind-that there was no need for his father to be on the trail at night. except to return from the poker parties at Thompson.

The remittance-man gave him a rather keen look. "You are tired, my boy," he said.

"No, father." "You do not look well."

"I am quite well." "Has anything happened at school?" asked Mr. Beauclerc, still

looking at his son's pale face intently. "Nothing." "You are not so cheerful as usual,

at all events." "I-I am not feeling very cheerful, father," said Beauclerc, colouring a little. "It's nothing. Is there any-

"No; I have finished there, and I want supper early, too," said the remittance-man. "I shall be out this evening.12

Beauclere made no answer to that. "I have business in Thompson," added the remittance-man. "You will go to bed early, Vere."

"Yes, father," said the boy heavily. He knew what the "business" in Thompson was.

The remittance-man gave him a sharp look again, but made no further remark. Father and son prepared the frugal supper together, and the meal was eaten almost in silence.

After supper Lascelles Beauclere went for his horse, and led it round before the shack.

Beauciere watched him from the doorway as he saddled up. His heart was heavy, and his face was sombre. He tried to smile as his father glanced at him, but it was a pathetic you know, and Dawson has heard a attempt. The remittance-man came towards him, his rein over his arm.

"I am going now, Vere."

"Yes, father."

"Bar the door after I am gone. You remember that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones came here once after I had my remittance from the bank?"

"I remember." "He is not likely to come again, but you must be careful. Before long, my boy, my business in Thompson will be over-perhaps very soon. 1 am not willing to leave you alone

here, but I have reasons." Beauclerc was silent.

The remittance-man looked at him, and seemed to hesitate, and then turned to his horse and mounted,

"Good-night, Vere!" "Good-night, father!"

Lascelles Beauclere rode away in the sunset, already deepening into dusk. Beauclere gazed after him till the remittance-man vanished among the trees by the trail.

Then he turned back into the cabin. He threw himself into a chair, and leaned on the table. Now that he was

alone, his calm composure failed him. His face dropped into his hands, and a sob shook him.

He was thinking of his father, of the glare of lights in the card-room at the Occidental Hotel in Thompson, the reckless talk in the bar-room, of the excesses into which the remittance-man would probably be led by riotous companions. Such excesses had made Lascelles Beauclerc's name a byword in the section; but of late he had been living down his evil repute. There had been very pleasant evenings in the shack after work was done on the clearing, when father and son read or chatted by the blaze of the log fire, and made plans for the cultivation of the holding and the marketing of the produce.

But the remittance-man had evidently tired of quiet contentment. The excitement of the card-table had drawn him away again, and those quiet, homely evenings were endedperhaps for ever.

Alone in the shack, with the shadows deepening, Beauclerc gave way for once to the trouble and pain he had felt so long. The tears ran through his fingers.

He did not hear the sound of a hoof without or of a footstep in the doorway, still open.

"Vere !" He started as his name was spoken. "Father!"

The remittance-man stood framed in the doorway of the shack. came quickly towards his son. "Vere, what is the matter?"

"Father, you-you! I did not expect-" the boy stammered, crimsoning with the consciousness of his tear-stained face.

"I came back," said Mr. Beauclerc quietly. "I was troubled about you, Vere. I knew you were in some trouble, from your looks. What is

"Father!" muttered the boy miser-

"Tell me, Vere." "It—it is nothing."

"Come, come!" Vere Beauclerc looked at his father. There was affectionate concern in the face of the remittance-man.

"Father," Beauclerc broke out suddenly, "it-it is you! Why-why! couldn't you be satisfied? We were happy enough here—at least, I was. But-but I know where you are going-everybody knows. I've known about it ever since the day the outlaw came here and tried to rob the shack. Father, if—if only you wouldn't—" His voice broke.

The remittance-man stood looking at him in silence for some moments.

"My poor boy!" he said at last, and his tone was very gentle. "So you have been troubled about me?" "Yes," muttered Beauclerc.

"Because because you know that I "To gamble," said Beauclerc-"to for a schoolboy.

gamble with that rascal, Poker Brown. I know it all, father." "My dear boy, I told you I had

business in Thompson." "I know what it is."

The remittance-man smiled. "You do not know what it is, Vere. You are mistaken. You think that I have given up my new life-that the lure of the card-table has taken hold of me again. But it is not so."

"Father!" "I have a reason for what I am doing, Vere, and you must trust me," said the remittance-man quietly. "You can trust your father, surely?" "Yes, yes, yes! But-"

"To-night, I believe, is the last time I may have to go to the Occidental," said the remittance-man. He reflected for a moment. "I cannot explain now, Vere. The secret must be kept till I have finished my-my business. But you shall come with me to-

Beauclerc started.

"Come with you!" he stammered.

"Where?" "To Thompson."

"But-but-" "Get out your horse, Vere, and

"But-but-" stammered Beau-

clerc. "I___'" "Come with me!"

The bewildered boy made no further demur. Five minutes later father and son were riding together on the Thompson trail.

The 4th Chapter. " Hands Up!"

There was a blaze of lights at the Occidental Hotel in Thompson.

The usual crowd had gathered there in the evening, and there was good business going on, to the clinking of glasses in the bar, and a chatting group on the piazza.

There were a good many of the usual habitues in the poker-room, which opened on the piazza. Lounging near the doorway was Poker Brown, the man from Colorado, who had made a strike at Tucker's Tailings.

Poker Brown was quite a conspicuous figure at the Occidental, and treated with considerable respect

His clean-shaven face was a little tanned by the sun; his white hands did not look as if they did much manual labour. But there was no doubt about the "strike." For Poker Brown spent his money very freely about the town, and was frequently seen on a "bender," when the dollars

flow like water. Some suspicious galoots in Thompson had suspected, like Bob Lawless, that Poker Brown made more money at the game of poker than by working on his claim. But that suspicion had been allayed. Mr. Brown looked a good deal like a sport; but it was soon known that he played a reckless game, and, indeed, lost more money at cards than he won. He was a desperate gamester, and had been seen to rise from the card-table a thousand dollars "out." But as fast as his money went, it seemed to be replaced -which substantiated the surprising story of a rich strike on Tucker's

Tailings. Poker Brown nodded, with a smile, at Mr. Beauclerc as the latter came up the steps of the piazza.

For some time now the two had been well acquainted. The remittance-man was always willing to meet the new-comer at his favourite game, and Old Man Beauclerc had better luck with the cards than of old. Now that he had given up drink, he had the advantage of a cool brain and a clear head, while Poker Brown was given to filling himself with expensive drinks as a start to the merry evening. And Mr. Brown was the more reckless player of the two. So long as he had the excitement of high stakes, he seemed to care little whether he won or lost-it was the craving for excitement that he wanted to gratify; and, as for the dollars, it was a case of "easy come, easy go."

"Hallo, old sport!" he remarked. "I've been looking for you. I guess the luck is going to change this even-

"Very likely," said Mr. Beauclere, with a smile. "It will not always go the same way."

Poker Brown glanced at the remittance-man's son.

"Is the kid with you?" "Yes, this evening."

"Teaching the young idea how to shoot-eh?" chuckled Poker Brown. The remittance-man smiled, but did not answer. Vere Beauclerc accompanied his father as he followed the man from Colorado into the poker-

room. And a good many glances followed Vere. The card-room at the go to the Occidental in the evening?" | Occidental was not exactly the place



Mr. Beauclere and Poker Brown

sat at a card-table near the window,

and the remittance-man signed to his

son to sit down by them. Vere

obeyed in silence. Why his father

had brought him there was a mystery

less face of Poker Brown filled him

with dislike; but he obeyed his

father, and sat silent, with an im-

A crowd gathered round the poker-

For several nights past the remit-

tance-man had won heavily from

table with a big cigar in his mouth

by the excitement of the game that

followed, though it drew many com-

ments from the onlookers. He un-

derstood that it was a tussle—a sort

of battle of the giants-between his

father and Poker Brown, and most

of the habitues of the Occidental were

The play was deep. There were

large sums on the table, and at first

the clean-shaven man from Colorado

was winning. But he began to lose,

and a rather ugly look came over his

tanned face. His glass was emptied

There was a murmur among the

spectators as a game ended, and Vere

saw his father rake in a "pot" which

certainly contained over a thousand

The remittance-man's success did

not seem to excite him, and it caused

Poker Brown sat rather silent,

shuffling the cards after the pot had

The remittance-man looked at him

. "Not giving in?" asked Mr. Beau-

Poker Brown shook his head, with !

Vere Beauclerc drew a deep breath.

Why had his father brought him

there? He could not understand:

And that smile on the remittance-

man's face, the tone of provocation

in his voice—it was as if he were

bantering the man to play, when

common-sense warned the loser to

He longed to go, to get away from .

leave off. Vere Beauclerc felt a sick-

the sight of it; but he sat still. It

was his father's wish, and he obeyed

He hardly saw the glimmering

cards. The money was raining into

the pool again, amid excited com-

ments from the Occidental crowd.

Other play in the room had almost

ceased, and the loungers had gathered

round the table to watch the high

Vere Beauclerc was aware that

there was a pause, and he looked up.

The pool seemed to him to be stacked

with banknotes-and Poker Brown

ing a "no limit" game, and the

remittance-man had put in a bill for

five-hundred dollars. It was up to

Poker Brown to cover it, or abandon

But the gaming instinct was too

strong for him. He turned out his

And the sport was hesitating.

the pot without a struggle.

watched him grimly.

The reckless gamesters were play-

"I'll see you!" he answered.

The cards went round again.

no sense of pleasure to his son.

passive face.

gamester's way.

keenly interested in it.

and refilled several times.

dollars.

been taken.

clerc.

with a smile.

an oath.

"Your deal."

ness at his heart.

stakes.

was hesitating.

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Excuse me if I look-you did not count the bills."

Poker Brown's eyes glittered. "You don't take my werd?"

The man was ripe for a quarrel. But Mr. Beauclere answered quietly and suavely:

"Your word is good enough, Mr. Brown; but you did not count the bills. Let me see before I pass out." "See, and be hanged to you!" growled Poker Brown.

The remittance-man lightly fingered to him, and his surroundings were | the bills the sport had thrown on the utterly repugnant. The hard, reck- stack in the pool.

He smiled. "Satisfied?" grunted Poker Brown.

"Quite." "Then cover the stake, or pass!" Mr. Beauclere nodded. He slid

his hand into his hip-pocket, appar-But Vere Beauclerc, who had seen his Poker Brown, and the latter was keen | father place a loaded revolver in that on his "revenge." He sat at the pocket, started violently.

The remittance-man's hand came and a glass of spirits by his side. It out, and there were no bills in itwas not a good preparation for a but a revolver glittered in his fingers. hard tussle, but it was the reckless | And the weapon was levelled full at | the face of the startled gambler oppo-Beauclere looked on icily, unmoved | site him.

"Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" was what the remittanceman said.

> The 5th Chapter. The Last of the Outlaw.

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" The name was repeated on all sides with a buzz of amazement.

with Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones of California.

"What's this game?" "You're mad, Beauclerc!"
"Let up!"

It was a buzz of excited voices round the poker-table. Mr. Beauclerc glanced round quietly.

"That man is Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw and murderer," he said. "Call in the sheriff. I'll make my charge good!"-

"The sheriff's on the piazza—"
"Call him in!"

Poker Brown's face twitched as the burly form of Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, filled the doorway. He made a movement to lower one of his hands, and the remittanceman rapped out:

"Keep them up! My finger's on the trigger!"

bitter oath. Mr. Henderson strode it would be sooner or later. He forward.

"What's this, Mr. Beauclerc?" he exclaimed. "You charge this man

"I charge him with being Fiveently for a further supply of cash. Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw, and I can prove it!"

"Prove it, durn you!" hissed Poker Brown. With his left hand the remittance-

man pointed to the bills in the pool. "Take those bills, sheriff, and look at them. You'll find they're the bills stolen from the Thompson bank a few days ago. I have the numbers from the manager. I asked him for them."

"I have the numbers, too!" said the sheriff. "Well, look!"

A deadly paleness came over Poker Brown's clean-shaven face. Mr. Henderson picked up the bills and examined them, in the midst of a deep silence.

every time an outrage was perpetrated by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. When the bank was held up in Thompson the other day, I galloped at once to Tucker's Tailings, and found that he was not there. I was sure of what I suspected-but I had to have proof. That is why I have played cards with him--"

A savage curse from the outlaw interrupted Mr. Beauclerc. Vere was watching his father, his face very bright now.

He understood at last.

"Sooner or later," went on the remittance-man, "I knew that in the fever of gambling he was likely to lose his caution, and produce stolen bills that he did not intend to show in Thompson. Those bills, taken from the bank, he was keeping hidden, no doubt to pass at another time at a distance. But the gambling spirit And the gambler obeyed with a was too strong for him-as I guessed chanced it-not knowing that it was what I was watching for. And so he sealed his own fate. If you search in the shanty at Tucker's Tailings I guess you will find the disguise he wears when he goes on the trail, and probably a good deal of stolen property, too. There's your man, sheriff-Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, of California!"

Mr. Henderson's heavy hand dropped on Poker Brown's shoulder. "I gues you'll come with me, Mr. Brown!" he remarked. "I reckon you're the right bird; but never fear, you'll have a fair trial. Ah! Would

The desperate rascal, throwing prudence to the winds now that he realised that all was lost, leaped furiously to his feet. His hand clutched at a revolver hidden under his coat.

But the sheriff's strong grasp was upon him.

remittance-man's home. The trouble that had lain so heavily upon his heart had been lifted at last.

"Beau, old chap!"

"By gum! The Cherub looks merry this morning!" The chums of Cedar Creek met on the trail, on their way to school. And

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless looked in wonder at Beauclerc's bright face.

"Goed news, you chaps!" said Beauclerc. "The very best!"

And he explained. Bob Lawless hurled his hat into the air, in the exuberance of his satisfaction.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Frank. "And Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is arrested?"

"He's in the calaboose now; the Mounted Police are going to hand him over to the American authorities. think. The Thompson Valley will be rid of him, anyway!"

"Hurrah!" It was a happy day for Vere Beauclerc and his chums. And the satisfaction of the chums of Cedar Creek was shared by most of the citizens of the Thompson Valley, relieved for ever of the presence of Five-Hundred Dollar Jones.

THE END.

TURNING THE TABLES! (Continued from page 295.)

It seemed to the unfortunate captain of the Fifth that a forest of

boots started up behind him to help him out of Study No. 4. He went out with a rush, and landed on his hands and knees in the

passage. But there was no rest for him there. The Fourth-Formers closed round him, and Hansom, of the Fifth, was dribbled along to the staircase, yelling. He bundled headlong down the

stairs, and fled.

He was followed by yells of laughter. On the lower staircase, Hansom picked himself up dazedly. He rushed down, his only thought to get that tell-tale paper off the noticeboard before all Rookwood had seen it. But nearly all Rookwood had seen it already.

There was a swarm of fellows round the board, and they were roaring. Even Lumsden and Talboys were grinning.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Neville, of the Sixth. "My only hat! What have you been doing with your mop, Hansom?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Hansom made no reply. He drove through the yelling crowd with jabbing elbows, reached the board, and tore down the paper. Then he fled for his own study, followed by shrieks of laughter.

Hansom of the Fifth was not seen in public again that evening.

He did not appear in class the next day. It was stated that Hansom had a cold, and was excused classes.

Nearly all Rookwood, however, guessed the nature of his "cold." The hapless Fifth-Former was waiting for his hair to grow!

But, cold or no cold, he was unable to lie low long enough for it to grow very much, and his hair presented a rather odd spectacle when he was seen in public again. Hansom was deeply thankful, in fact, that he had signed the paper before Mornington had put in any more work with the scissors.

But the paper he had signed was not likely to be forgotten, even after his hair had grown more normal in appearance. Hansom had fagged for the Fourth, and admitted it under his own signature—and there was no getting out of that fact. The Fifth Form chortled him; and even Lumeden and Talboys reproached him. This was the end of his scheme of fagging the Fourth, they told him; and Hansom could not deny it. It certainly was!

The thorny question rested after that. Whether Hansom still claimed a right to fag-service or not, he certainly did not attempt to enforce his claim. It was, in fact, a game that two could play at; and, having made that valuable discovery. Hansom of the Fifth let the matter drop.

But in the Fourth Form there was endless satisfaction. And Morny, who had risen so effectively to the occasion, was no longer called upon even by Tubby Muffin to "resine."

THE END.

(Another magnificent story of the Chums of Rookwood School in next Monday's Boys' Friend, entitled. "Jimmy Silver's Trial." By Owen covered. He was taking no chances work there—and that he was absent night under the humble roof of the Conquest. Order in advance.)



Alone in the shack, the remittance-man's son gave way to the trouble and pain he had felt so long. He did not hear a footstep in the doorway. "Vere!" He started as his name was spoken. "Father!" "Vere, what is the matter?"

Vere Beauclere gave a cry.

opposite him, within three feet of How did you come by them?" Poker Brown's nose.

The gambler's hands were on the table; he had no chance of drawing a concealed weapon.

He glared furiously at the remittance-man. "You-" he began huskily.

Mr. Beauclerc's voice rang out again: "Hands up! Unless you put up

your hands, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, I'll shoot you where you sit." "It's a lie!" panted the gambler. "A lie! I'm Brown-Brown, of Colo-

wallet-it was empty. His hands | groped in his pockets, and came out "You are Five-Hundred-Dollar empty, too. The remittance-man | Jones, of California, and I've got you covered. For the last time, hands Slowly the hand of the gambler

There was a roar in the poker-room of the Occidental now.

Poker Brown's teeth came together hard. He cast a wild glance towards the door-then towards the window. But the crowd was thick round the table, and the unwayering revolver looked him in the face. The outlaw's

Slowly, with mad rage in his face, Poker Brown put up his hands, clasp-

"They are the stolen bills," he said. The revolver in the remittance- "These bills were taken from the man's hand never deviated. It was | bank, Mr. Brown, at the point of the bearing on the startled, enraged face | pistol, by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. "I-I guess--"

> The wretched man's voice faltered and trailed off.

There were grim looks round him ! now, and more than one weapon was terrorised the valley, there was no outlaw was ended. escape for him. And the belief was | gaining ground now that the remittance-man was right.

Mr. Beauclerc's clear, cool voice broke the silence.

"I have been watching the man for a long time. As soon as it came out that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' red beard and whiskers were a disguise, I guessed that he had located in Thompson, and that that was how he gained his information for his robberies."

"But-" began the amazed sheriff.

"Poker Brown was a new-comer in the town, with plenty of money to spend—that is why I looked for him. He pegged out Tucker's Tailings-a worthless claim-and made out that he had made a rich strike there. It was to account for the money he spent, of course. A dozen times I visited the Tailings, without showing myself. I watched the place, and I Still the remittance-man kept him | knew that Poker Brown did little |

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was borne to the floor with a crash. There was a roar of excitement, as

a dozen Thompson men threw themselves upon him in aid of the sheriff. Struggling furiously, the ruffian was soon overcome, and dragged from the room.

That night Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones spent in the calaboose of in sight. If the man was Five- Thompson with shackles on his limbs. Hundred-Dollar Jones, who had The reign of terror of the Californian

In the poker-room at the Occidental a congratulating crowd surrounded the remittance-man. But he hurried away as soon as he could with his son. They mounted their horses to ride back to the shack on the creek. Vere Beauclere was silent; his heart was too full for words.

He understood at last; and the understanding brought happiness to his heart.

Father and son dismounted at the shack. The remittance-man lighted a candle, and looked at his son with a

"Well, my boy, you understand now?" he said. "Oh, father!"

"No more evenings at the Occidental, Vere," said the remittanceman, smiling. "And you will never doubt me again?"

"Never, never!" And there was a smile on Vere Beauclere's face as he slumbered that

went to his breast, and he drew out a bundle of notes. It was apparently a supply of cash he had been unwilling to touch, but in the heat of the struggle he had abandoned prudence, and it was a case of "all in." . With an oath, Poker Brown flung a wad of notes into the pool. "I see you, and go five hundred | game was up!

better," he said savagely. "Now | cover that, you galoot!"

"A thousand dollars there?" asked | ing them above his head. the remittance-man.

"Sure!"



Published

A Splendid Complete Story of the Chums of the Fourth Form at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Unpleasant for Morny!

"Resine!"

Valentine Mornington stared. Morny had just come up to his seemed roused now. study-No. 4 in the Fourth-and he on the panels, caught his eye.

"Resine!" at the remarkable word. He did not lowed Mornington to Study No. 2. quite understand it.

within Study No. 4.

Kit!" "Anything up?"

Erroll came out of the study, looking a little surprised. Mornington pointed to the chalked letters on the outside of the door.

"Look at that!" he said. "Oh, my hat!"

"What the thump does it mean?" "Somebody's chalked it there," remarked Erroll-"somebody rather weak in orthography, I should say.

Cheeky ass, whoever he was!" Jimmy Silver & Co. came along the passage from the stairs. It was tea-time, and the Fistical Four were bound for the study Arthur Edward Lovell had a bundle under his arm, and Raby was carrying, very carefully, a bag of eggs. The four chums stopped at the sight of Morny and Erroll staring at their study door.

"Hallo! What's that game?" asked Newcome. "Only some cheeky ass!" said Erroll hastily. "I'll rub it out.

Morny-Lovell blinked at the chalked

word. "Resin," he said. "Resin, with an extra 'e' on the end. What the dickens does it mean? Why should anybody chalk 'Resin' on Morny's

Jimmy Silver smiled, but made no remark. But Raby chimed in, with

a grin: "Put the accent on the second syllable, Lovell, old top. Then you'll get at it."

"Resine!" repeated Lovell. "Oh, resign! I see!"

And he chortled. grinned Newcome. "Resign!" "It's a message from somebody who's not satisfied with you as junior captain, Morny."

Morny's brow darkened. "I think I can guess who it was,

from the spelling," he said. "Tubby Muffin, of course!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Well, you're not going to resign, Morny, because Tubby Muffin isn't satisfied. Stand him a bun, and he'll think you're the best junior skipper Rookwood ever had."

"Ha, ha, ha!" But Mornington did not smile. He was evidently deeply exasperated by that checky message from the fattest junior at Rookwood.

It touched a tender spot, as it were.

Valentine Mornington had not been junior captain long, but a good many of the fellows who had voted for him had come to the conclusion that they had made a mistake in voting Morny into Jimmy Silver's old place.

Many of the fellows, who had thought that a change was a good idea, confided to one another now that things had gone better in Jimmy Silver's time.

"Muffin, of course," growled Mornington, "the cheeky cad! I'lltalk to him about this!"

He strode away towards Tubby Muffin's study.

The hapless Tubby had chalked that message on his door, very surreptitiously, and doubtless firmly believed that he had left no clue behind | know!" to his identity. He was not aware that his distinct originality in matters of spelling furnished a clue that | ington. could not be missed.

"Morny!" called out Erroll, rather uneasily.

He did not like the look on his chum's face. Morny had a savage look. temper when it was roused, and it

The junior captain did not heed his was about to push open the door, chum. He strode on to Study No. 2, when that surprising word, chalked and threw the door open. Erroll went back into his own room, with a troubled brow. Jimmy Silver & Mornington paused, and blinked | Co. exchanged a glance, and fol-

There were four juniors in that "Hallo! That you, Morny?" | study at tea-Higgs, Jones minor, came Kit Erroll's cheery voice from Teddy Grace, and Reginald Muffin, otherwise known as Tubby. All four "Yes. Come out here a minute, looked up as Morny's frowning face appeared in the doorway.

> "Hallo!" said Teddy Grace coolly. "Ever heard of the ancient custom of knocking at a door, Morny?"

"Rot! I want to speak to Muffin." "Here I am, Morny!" said Tubby affably. "If you want me to come to tea, old chap, I'm your man. I shall be finished tea here in a few minutes."

"I don't want you to come to tea, you fat rascal!"

"Eh?"

"Hold on, Morny!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Mornington gave him an angry

"You needn't chip in here, Silver. You're not skipper now, if you want reminding of that!"

"I don't," answered Jimmy Silver. "But Tubby isn't worth licking; and besides, he's got a grievance."

"Yes, rather!" said Tubby Muffin, more confidently now he had found a champion. "You ought to resign, Mornington!"

. "What?"

"What good are you as captain, anyhow?" demanded Tubby, blinking at the enraged Morny. "You let the Fifth fag us. The Fifth Form never fagged the Fourth in Jimmy Silver's time. They do now. Well, you ought to resign if you can't stand up for the rights of the Form. so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Morny!" "Why, you—"

"I jolly well did chalk it on your door, and I will again!" said Tubby Muffin defiantly. "Hansom of the Fifth fagged me in his study. You remarked. "Poor old Morny! the

"Will you get aside, Grace?" asked Mornington between his teeth. "No, I won't!"

"Then I'll-"

Jimmy Silver grasped Morny's shoulder as he was striding at Grace. The junior captain gave him a furious

"Let go!" he snapped. "Easy does it, old chap!" murmured Jimmy Silver soothingly. "What's the good of scrapping? Let's keep that for the Fifth now

"You can't bully in this study, Morny!" remarked Higgs. "If you're looking for trouble, there's the

Fifth waiting for you." "Hear, hear!" came from Jones

minor. The Fistical Four were all in the study now. They were between Morny and Tubby Muffin, and evidently intended to see that the fat Tubby was not licked. Mornington's eyes glittered, but, with an effort, he controlled his temper. He gave an angry, disdainful glance round the

study, and strode out into the passage. "He, he, he!" followed him from Tubby Muffin. "Shut up, you fat sweep!" growled

Jimmy Silver. "I say, Jimmy--"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Morny ought to resign, you know, and you ought to be skipper again,' said Tubby. "I'll vote for you." wouldn't have voted for that swanking cad before, only he stood me some tuck. It was really bribery and corruption, you know, and it wasn't right, was it? I can't help despising him. Look here--"

"Oh, dry up!"

Jimmy Silver left the study with his chums. Morny's door slammed as the Fistical Four passed Study No. 4, and Arthur Edward Lovell indulged in a chuckle as the chums went on to their own quarters.

"He's rubbed it off his door!" he

up!" growled Mornington, breaking the silence at last.

"I shouldn't do that, old chap!" "I haven't really had a chance of making good yet," said Mornington restively. "'Tain't all roses being junior skipper. I've a good mind to go along now and give Muffin a thumpin' good hidin'! But he's only said what the other fellows are think-

ing-I know that." "Well, Tubby's got a grievance," said Erroll, with a smile. "Hansom

of the Fifth fagged him---" "The fat cad oughtn't to have fagged for Hansom!"

"I know that; but Tubby isn't exactly a hero. Hansom and Lumsden and Talboys had him in their study and licked him. Now, the Fourth don't fag for the Fifth," said Erroll. "We're not going to stand it. Something has got to be done about it, Morny!"

"And it's up to me, you mean?"

grunted Mornington. "Well, yes. You're junior captain, and it's up to you to take the lead and give the Fifth a lesson," said Erroll frankly. "Hallo! What on earth's

"That" was a peculiar sound from

the passage "Yow-ow-ow! Ochone! Yaroooh!

Oh, oh, oh-ow!" "It's Flynn!" grunted Morny. Erroll opened the door and looked out. A good many other doors had

opened, too. Patrick O'Donovan Flynn of the Classical Fourth was coming along the passage, rubbing his hands dolorously and uttering sounds of

"What's the row, Flynn?" called out Conroy from Study No. 3.

"Ochone!" "Bootles been licking you?" asked Erroll sympathetically.

"Sure, it was the Fifth!" "Hallo! Bagging again?" ex-

claimed Conroy. "Yis, intirely!" groaned Flynn. "Sure, I've got something to say to

Morny. Where is the thafe of the worruld?" Flynn looked in at the door of

No. 4, and Mornington gave him a surly glance. "You omadhaun!" shouted Flynn.

"What?" snapped Morny. "Ye spalpeen!"

"What are you babbling about?" "Sure. I've been fagged!" yelled Flynin, in wrath and indignation. "Lumsden and Brown major, bedad, told me to fetch a cricket-bat, begorra, and laid into me with a stump whem I wouldn't go! Call yourself a skipper! Phwat are ye going to do about it? Think Jimmy Silver would have let the Fifth fag us and

rag us? Yah!" And, having relieved his feelings with those emphatic remarks, Patrick O'Donovan Flynn meandered on to his own study, still rubbing his hands and yowing and wowing.

"Yah! Resign!" came a yell from Tubby Muffin along the passage. Mornington kicked his door shut.

There was a grim silence in Study No. 4 as Morny and Erroll went on with their tea. Morny had plenty of food for un-

comfortable thought. Since he had been junior captain

the Fifth had renewed their ancient claim to fag the juniors—a claim fiercely disputed by the Fourth. In Jimmy Silver's time, certainly,

Hansom & Co. had been given as good as they gave, and they had found it judicious to let the Fourth alone. Now they had their ears up again with a vengeance. Jimmy Silver was dutifully standing aside, leaving the lead to be taken by Morny, loyally prepared to back up the new captain to any extent. But the new captain was rather at a loss. It was not easy to decide how to deal with the presumptions of the Fifth.

Hansom & Co. were determined to assert what they were pleased to consider their rights; and they were setting to work with some strategy. They had "tried it on" with the Fistical Four, and failed dismally. But with Tubby Muffin they had been successful; and so the ice was broken, as Hansom expressed it to his chums, and the principle established.

Flynn was the next victim; and though he hadn't actually fagged, he had been licked for refusing to fag, which came to much the same thing.

Licking the Fifth in return was too large an order. The big seniors of the Fifth were rather too hefty for that.

Mornington wondered what Jimmy Silver would have done in his place. It was quite certain that the former junior captain would have devised

some scheme for bringing the heroes of the Fifth to reason. There was a tap at the door as Morny finished tea. He took no heed

of it, but Erroll called out "Como

With a furious face, Edward Hansom knelt at the fender, and swept up the grate and sorted cinders from ashes under Morny's direction. And as his first attempt did not give satisfaction, Morny ordered him to sift them all over again! With a face like a Prussian Hun, Hansom of the Fifth obeyed. There were loud chortles from the Fourth Form crowd as they watched him.

"You've been chalking on my ought to pack up. You're no good! I don't seem to be making much of a

"Not at all, old chap! I-I don't want you to resign-I don't, really!" stammered Tubby Muffin. "Pi-pippip-perhaps it was Jimmy Silver-"

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy, looking in over Morny's shoulder. Tubby jumped.

"I-I didn't see you, Jimmy, old chap! I-I meant perhaps it was Lovell!"

"Me?" roared Arthur Edward. "Oh dear! Nunno, not you, old fellow-certainly not! Pip-pip-perhaps it was Erroll, or-or Oswald, or-or somebody, you know-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You cheeky, fat cad!" exclaimed Mornington angrily. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nothing at all!" gasped Tubby, edging behind Teddy Grace's chair. "I-I never meant anything, you

"Well, I mean to give you a licking for your cheek!" growled Morn-

"Oh, I-I say-".

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington made an angry stride at Tubby Muffin. Teddy Grace rose from his chair, and stood in the way. Putty of the Fourth was smiling, but he was quite determined.

"Hands off, Morny!" he said quietly.

"Get aside!" Putty did not move.

"You're not going to touch quite true. You ought to back us up | Mornington was dropped. against the Fifth, and put a stop to their cheek. If you don't, it's high time you resigned!"

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Tubby Muffin, keeping behind Teddy Grace. "Resign! Yah!"

Mornington clenched his hands hard, and his eyes glittered at Putty of the Fourth. That cool youth regarded him unmoved. Morny's dark' looks had no terrors for him. He was made of rather sterner stuff than chum. Tubby Muffin.

success of it!" "He hasn't really had a chance

yet," said Jimmy.

"Oh, you're an ass, Jimmy! If you put up again, you'd get nine in ten of the votes!" "Well, I sha'n't try!" said Jimmy.

"Give Morny a chance. We agreed to give him a chance, didn't we?" "He's had his chance," said Raby, "and precious little he made of it!"

"Oh, bow-wow! Let's have tea!" And the Fistical Four set to Tubby!" he said. "What he says is | work getting tea, and the subject of

The 2nd Chapter. Putty's Idea!

Valentine Mornington's handsome face was dark as he sat down at the tea-table in Study No. 4. Erroll was silent, but good-

humoured. He was accustomed to tolerating patiently the variable muds of his

"I've a jolly good mind to chuck! It was Teddy Grace who came in.



Published

Every Monday

"He wouldn't fag!"

wash teacups-"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

he asked.

remarked.

"It's a go!"

a paper--"

"Then we'll try the same method

with him that he tried with Tubby

-lick him till he does fag!" said

Putty cheerfully. "That's the stunt.

"And fag him till he goes down on

"Yes, signs a paper giving up his

"He wouldn't!" gasped Morning-

"He might be persuaded to-by

"Certainly; and his hair!" said

"Ha, ha! Yes, if it will work!"

I've only made the suggestion, you

And Putty of the Fourth lounged

"Not a bad idea-what?" he

"Ripping!" said Erroll, laughing.

The 3rd Chapter.

Hansom is satisfied!

the delights of his society. But on I

the present occasion, in Hansom's

fagging for the Fifth! He was the

tain had failed to put Hansom's ears

of another licking with a cricket-

stump. So he was fagging with a

deep sense of injury. It was no won-

on Morny's door. He was feeling

measures than that if such had been

out of the study. Mornington looked

Putty. "Before he was quite bald,

his knees and begs pardon, and signs

"Signs a paper?" yelled Erroll.

claim to fag the Fourth---"

shaving his eyebrows off--"

I am sure he would agree!"

junior captain complacently.

know. Think it over."

at his chum, and smiled.

And a "go" it was!

reason to be satisfied.

sign of Hansom's victory.

"His-his eyebrows!"

"Yank him along to this quarter, where his friends can't rescue him Morny did not even look at him. "Oh !" Putty of the Fourth was smiling and "And fag him!" said Putty.

was anything but good-humoured just then. "More trouble with the Fifth?" re-

good-humoured, as usual; but Morny

marked Putty. "Yes-we've seen Flynn!" said

Erroll, with a slight smile. "What are you going to do about it, Morny?"

"Find out!" was Morny's polite

Teddy Grace coughed. "I've dropped in to make a suggestion," he observed.

"You can drop out again!" "So I will, when I've made my suggestion!" answered Putty, with undiminished good-humour. "This won't do, Morny, you know! Hansom is letting alone the chaps who are too hefty for him, and biding his time. But he's getting the Fourth to fag-some of them. Tubby's been told to go to his study and clear up!" "Is he goin'?" snapped Morny.

"Well, I've told him not to; but he's afraid of getting another licking, so I fancy he'll go."

"I'll thrash him if he does!" "No, you won't, old top!" said Putty cheerfully. "That isn't the way to stop fagging for the Fifth!" "Who'll stop me?" demanded Mornington, with a glitter in his

"Well, I will, for one-and I fancy most of the fellows will stop you fast enough! That isn't the way. We've got to stop the Fifth."

"Well, anyhow, that's my business, not yours!"

"But you seem so jolly slow getting on with your business, Morny! That's why I'm going to offer a suggestion." "You can keep it!"

"Oh, let Putty run on!" said Erroll. "He has good ideas sometimes. What's your suggestion, Putty?" "It's a ripping, good idea!" said

Putty modestly. "I think of things, you know. But it will need all the fellows to back up to carry it out, and | looks. they'll back up if Morny calls on

Mornington's brow cleared a little. "You can run on," he said.

"Thanks; I will! The Fifth have got their ears up, and they've got to get their dashed ears down again. That's agreed, isn't it?" " Yes."

"We can't-ahem!-lick them; they are too hefty for that. But they claim to fag the Fourth; and that's a claim they've got to give up. Well, ! what's sauce for the goose is sauce | cheery. for the gander, isn't it?"

"I suppose so; but I don't quite ! follow-"

"If the Fifth fag the Fourth, why shouldn't the Fourth fag the Fifth?" " Eh ?"

"That's the stunt!" "But--"

"I don't say they'll fag if we order | der that he had chalked "Resine!" 'em!" grinned Putty. "I don't mean that. But suppose we catch Hansom | inclined to take much more drastic on his own-" "Yes?"

He gave the Fifth-Formers a dark look.

But Hansom of the Fifth did not intend to have dark looks from his fag. He took Tubby Muffin by a fat

"What are you scowling about?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!" "Now, then--"

"Pip-pip-please, I-I wasn't scowling I" wailed Tubby Muffin. "Leggo my ear, you beast!" What?"

"I-I mean, please, Hansom?" "That's better!" grinned Hansom, releasing Tubby's fat ear. "I don't want any cheek from my fag, Muffin!"

" Ow ! 12 "Why, you've broken one of the cups, you clumsy young villain!" 'Pip-pip-please, I c-c-couldn't help

We'll make him clean up grates and it!" gasped Tubby. "Give me that stump, Lumsden!" "Here you are, old top!"

Whack! "Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin. "Oh, you rotter!"

"What?" "I-I mean, d-d-don't!"

"If you break any more of my crocks, Muffin, I'll scalp you!" said turned out. All was dark, and all Hansom sternly. "I can't have fags breaking crocks in my study. You've I got to replace that cup!"

"Bring a new one next time you come here to fag!" said Hansom. "P-putty says I'm not to come-" "What?" roared Hansom

"I-I mean, I'm coming, whether Putty likes it or not. I-I like to There was a roar of laughter in come, you know!" moaned Tubby. Study No. 4. Putty grinned at the "You'd better!" growled Hansom. "I'm going to make you my regular "Rather a nobby stunt-what?" fag, Muffin."

"Oh dear!" "You're to turn up here every day "That's for you to manage, Morny! at tea-time. I believe you can cook. You're to get my tea every day."

"Ye-es, Hansom!" "And if you burn the toast, Muffin, I'm sorry for you—that's all!"

"I-I won't b-b-burn it, Hansom!" "You'd better not. Now, then, you haven't cleared up that grate. It's horrid dusty. Pile in!" "I-I was j-j-just going to."

"Well, get to work. I'm coming back in ten minutes, and if the room isn't like a new pin, you'll know about

"Ye-es, Hansom!" groaned Tubby. Edward Hansom, the captain of the | The Fifth-Formers put down their Fifth, was looking quite cheery as he bats, and lounged out of the study came into his study with his bat under | again, grmning. Their lofty claims his arm. Lumsden and Talboys; to fag-service were being admitted followed him in, with equally cheery | after all-at least, by Reginald Muffin.

"That's only a beginnin', you The great man of the Fifth had know," remarked Hanson, as they strolled down the passage. "I'm Reginald Muffin was in the study! going to bring all those unruly kids ! Mussin, certainly, was not ordinarily I to reason in the long run. Dash it I him. a person whom it was delightful to all, it's better for them as well as behold. There was a plentiful lack | us-nothin' like discipline, you of appreciation in his own Form for know!"

"Nothin'!" agreed Talboys. "It's simply rot that they shouldn't study, he was, as it were, a symbol. | fag for the Fifth as well as the Sixth. He was of the Fourth, and he was | Why shouldn't they?"

"No reason at all!" agreed Lums-

"Well, we're going to make them! Tubby, however, was not looking As I said, it's better for them, too. He was fagging for the Fifth by It does a kid good to be taught to Hansom's lofty order, lest worse obey orders." should befall him. The junior cap-

"Of course it does!"

"And tea in the study is much more down; and Tubby was not in want | comfy with a fag doin' the work. My opinion is that faggin' is a splendid institution!"

"Toppin'!" said Talboys. The chums of the Fifth quite agreed on that. Possibly their views would have been different if they had been fags. But they weren't fags, so they did not consider that aspect of the case.

When Hansom & Co. came back to their study, Jones minor of the Fourth was standing in the doorway. He had his back to the passage, talking to Tubby in the study.

'You fat rotter!" Jones minor was saying. "Cut it, I tell you! We'll scrag you for fagging here!" "I'm not going to be stumped,

blow you!" was Tubby's reply. "Cut it, I tell you! Oh-ah-ow!" continued Jones minor, as Hansom took him from behind by the ear and jerked him into the study.

"Yarooh! Leggo!" "Just arrived in time, Jonesy!" remarked Hansom. "You'll find some | he went down on the landing with a | tan boots under the table that want | crash.

polishing." "Do you think I'm going to polish your boots?" shrieked Jones.

"Yes, I rather do!" "I won't-I won't! I-Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my ear, you beast! Oh, crikey! Yooop! I-I-I'll polish 'em, if you like, you rotter!" wailed Jones minor.

And Jones minor did.

Hansom stood over him with a stump while he polished the tan

Hansom's foot helped Jones minor out of the study, and he fled to the quarters of the Fourth, bursting with rage and indignation, to pour his his yells, and six pairs of hands made woes into sympathetic ears.

Tubby Muffin, however, was rewarded with a tart for his fag services.

He left Hansom's study in a more contented frame of mind than the hapless Jones.

"I believe in treatin' fags well," Hansom remarked to his chums. "Lick 'em till they know their place, and then treat 'em well. That's my idea."

And Lumsden and Talboys agreed that it was a good idea.

The 4th Chapter.

In the hands of the Amalekites!

"Ready?" whispered Mornington. "Ready!" Jimmy Silver whispered back.

And there was a hush.

On the landing of the lower staircase six juniors of the Classical Fourth were in ambush, with bated breath.

The light on the landing had been was silent.

Mornington and Erroll, Jimmy Silver and Lovell, Conroy and Rawson, were the six. And there were many more of the Fourth waiting, with bated breath, in the Fourth Form passage, up the next staircase, till the signal should be given that the enemy had walked into the trap.

Hansom of the Fifth was the

enemy! Hansom had been under observation for some time-in fact, all the evening. Scouts of the Fourth had ascertained when Hansom was at prep in his study. They had noted that Lumsden had gone down to the gym with Brown major, and that Talboys remained in the study doing "maths." They had noted, especially, that Edward Hansom had gone along to the Sixth Form quarters

after prep. A breathless scout had rushed back with the news that Hansom was in Bulkeley's study, talking to the captain of Rookwood. Probably Hansom was discussing cricket matters with the captain of the school, little dreaming of the measures the wrathful Fourth were taking.

Morny was in command, and he rapped out orders that were promptly obeyed. The ambush of six was stationed on the lower landing.

Hansom had to pass that landing, if he returned to his study. And one of the junior scouts had heard him call to Talboys that he would look in for

All was ready for Hansom; and there was a thrill of excitement among the juniors when a step was heard on the stairs.

The landing was in darkness, but from below came a glimmer of light. and the ambushed juniors watched eagerly. It was a Fifth-Former who came up, but it was not Hansom. Jobson of the Fifth stumbled on the landing, and grunted.

"Where's that dashed light?" Six juniors lay very low.

Jobson went on into the Fifth Form passage, without troubling about the light that was out. He was allowed to pass, and he passed without even suspecting that an ambush was there. Jobson was not their game.

"Next man in!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell, when Jobson's footsteps died away, and there was a subdued chuckle. Next man in was Hansom himself.

The juniors caught a glimpse of him in the light below, and they hardly breathed as he came up the stairs. There was a grunt from Hansom as he came to the landing.

"That dashed light out! Some fag playing tricks, I suppose. Br-r-r!"

Hansom came on. "Now, then!"

It was a sharp call from Morning-

There was a rush of feet, and before Edward Hansom knew what was happening he was seized on all sides, and

"Oh! Yooop! Ah-h-h-h!" "The bag-quick!"

"Yarooh! Leggo! Help!" The next moment a bag was over Hansom's head, and was drawn tightly round his neck. "Got him!"

"Quiet!"

"Bring him along."

Hansom of the Fifth struggled furiously.

After the first moment or two of athletic Fifth-Former had not the boots, and the polishing was well blank astonishment, he guessed, easily ghost of a chance. He went to the done. When it was done, a lift from | enough, into whose hands he had I floor again with a crash.

fallen, and struggled and wrestled and punched and roared for help.

But the bag over his head drowned short work of his resistance.

He was lifted from the floor and

rushed away to the next staircase.

"Got him?" gasped Raby.

upper staircase.

"You bet!"

"Lend a hand!"

"Hurrah!"

Morny gave a whistle, which was

answered from above, and a swarm

of juniors came dashing down the

"Yank him along! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooog-ogoooogggh!" came a

voice from within the bag. "Oh!

Ooooooch! Grooooch! Oooooh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" Wriggling wildly in the grasp of

his captors, Hansom of the Fifth was whirled up the stairs. He was a good weight, but his weight was nothing in so many hands. It was a case of many hands making light work. Nine or ten juniors had hold of him now, and Tubby Muffin and Jones minor had an ear each through the bag. And they pulled at the ears with great vim. They had fagged for Hansom, and now they were indemnifying themselves. And the wild, weird, and woeful sounds from within the bag hinted that the captain of the Fifth was feeling the situation acutely.

There was no doubt that he was. The unfortunate fagger of the Fourth was upside down as he was rushed along the Fourth Form passage, and his head bumped several

But nobody was thinking about Hansom's head.

He was rushed into Study No. 4, and deposited on the carpet with a resounding bump.

He rolled there, gasping. The juniors swarmed into the study

after him. Morny and Erroll and the Fistical Four, Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons and Rawson, found room in the study with Hansom. The rest congregated round the door. All the Classical Fourth were there, with very few exceptions, and some of the Modern Fourth; though the latter, at that hour, were supposed to be in Mr. Manders' House. But Tommy Dodd & Co. were not to be left out of this.

Edward Hansom sat up on the carpet, clutching at the bag on his head. He snatched it off and got his head out— a very ruffled and dishevelled head. He gasped for breath, and glared furiously at the grinning jumpors.

"Yooooooch!" was his first remark. "Go it!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You-you-you-" Hansom stuttered breathlessly. "You-you -you cheeky young scoundrels!"

"Let me give him a cosh!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I've only pulled his ear, so far. He fagged me, you know. Stumped me! Lemme gerrat at him! I want to give him a cosh!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin, valorous as a lion now, rushed into the study, with his fat fists clenched.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Mornington.

"I'm going to give him a cosh!" roared Tubby Muffin. "He's fagged he, hasn't he, and stumped me, too?" "You-you-" gasped Hansom.

A fat fist smote the breathless Fifth-Former on the nose, and he rolled on the carpet again. There was a roar from Hansom.

"Now, lemme give him another! Jimmy Silver dragged the infuri-

ated Tubby back. "Stop it, you mad porpoise!"

"I've only given him one!"

"Roll that barrel out!" said Mornington. "Look here, Morny, I'm going to

give him one in the eye!" roared Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I tell

The indignant Tubby was pushed out. Hansom of the Fifth was scrambling breathlessly to his feet. quite wild with rage. His nose showed signs of the heavy punch that had been delivered with Tubby's weight behind it.

"I-I-I'll smash you!" panted Hansom.

"Go ahead!" grinned Mornington. Hansom went ahead. He was far too enraged to count odds at that moment. He made a furious rush for the door, hitting out as he rushed.

The juniors piled on him at once. Against such heavy odds, even the

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possible.

"Now stay there!" said Mornington.

"Better stay there, old top!" advised Teddy Grace. "Every time you get up you'll be knocked down."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom tried his luck again, however. He scrambled up and rushed on the juniors. Down he went again, bumping. And this time he stayed down. He was too breathless for any further resistance just then.

The 5th Chapter. Sauce for the Gander.

Valentine Mornington glanced round at the juniors in the passage. "See if any of the Fifth are

coming," he said. "They may have

"Right-ho!" said Putty. Putty of the Fourth cut off to the stairs. But he returned in a minute or less, smiling.

"All serene!" he said. "Ne tinued to rise and fall. alarm!"

"Good!" "Ow, ow, ow, ow!" Hansom was | you gave Muffin till he fagged!" mumbling, from his seat on the carpet.

"If there's an alarm, and they try a rescue, they've got to he stopped!" said Mornington.

"You bet!" "Now, Hansom-"

"Groooogh!" "Sit up and pay attention, Hansom!"

" Wow!" been fagging the "You've Fourth!" continued Mornington, with a stern glance fixed on the gasping Fifth-Former.

"Oooch!" "You're goin' to have a lesson." "Ow! Wow!"

"You've been brought here to fag!" said Mornington.

"Sauce for the goose, sauce for the senior. gander!" chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Hansom, still gasping, blinked at the grinning juniors. He was in the toils, and he realised it; his lofty frowns had no more effect on Morny and his followers than water on a duck.

And he could see that the Fourth-Formers meant business.

"Get up, Hansom!" rapped out Mornington. Hansom staggered to his feet.

"Get to work!" "What?"

"The grate is rather grubby," said Morny. "You're to sweep it up. There's a broom there. Then you're to polish the fender!" "Wha-a-at!"

"After that, there's teacups for you to wash up!" "Wa-wa-wash up!" repeated Han-

som dazedly. "Exactly!"

"You cheeky fag!" shrieked Han-"Are you going to begin?"

"No!" roared the captain of the

"You know how you persuaded Tubby and Jones to fag. You'll get some of the same if you don't begin sharp!" "I-I-I'll-"

"Are you going to fag?" "No!" shrieked Hansom. "Collar him!" said Mornington.

Hansom put up his hands as the juniors closed in on him. He was down almost in a twinkling, however, and the Fistical Four grasped him and stretched him over a chair. "Tubby, take that stump!"

"What-ho!" Tubby giggled Muffin.

He grasped the cricket-stump very readily. Tubby had not forgotten his own stumping in Hansom's study. He was ready to repay that stumping now with compound interest.

"A dozen to begin with!" directed Mornington. "Leave it to me!"

Whack, whack, whack! Tubby Muffin was not an athlete; but he put remarkable muscular powers into the stumping. Hansom of the Fifth was well placed to receive it. He wriggled, and roared like a bull, as the lashes rained down.

Whack, whack, whack! "Stoppit!" shrieked Hansom. "I'll -I'll- Oh, my hat! Help! Yoop! Yaroooh! Stoppit!"

Whack, whack, whack! "Yooooop!" Whack, whack!

"Help!" "Chuck it, Tubby! That's a dozen!"

"Lemme give him some more!" "Hold on! Are you going to fag now, Hansom?"

"No!" raved Hansom. "Give him another dozen, Tubby!" "He, he, he! You watch me!" Whack, whack! Tubby

seemed to think he was beating

carpets. The wild howls of Hansom of the Fifth rang through the study, though they were almost | drowned by the roars of laughter from the Fourth. "Say when!" said Mornington,

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laconically. "Yow-ow-ow! Yooop! Stoppit!" "Say when you've had enough, old

"That's a dozen!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Give him a rest, Tubby!"

"Have you had enough, Hansom?" "You young fiends-" "Will you fag now?"

"No!" yelled Hansom desperately.

"Go it, Tubby!" Tubby Muffin "went" it. Whack, diminished. It was a congenial occu- of the Fifth obeyed.

Whack, whack, whack! Hansom made a frenzied effort to drag himself away; but the Fistical Four had him fast. The stump con-

"Your own medicine, you know," said Jimmy Silver. "That's what

"Yarooooh!" Whack, whack! "Stoppit!" yelled Hansom. "I-I

-I give in! Ow! Stoppit!" "Hold on, Tubby! You'll fag, Hansom?" asked Mornington.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yes!" groaned the Fifth-Former. "Good! Let him go!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. released the captain of the Fifth. Hansom leaned | som!" on the mantelpiece, and gasped. It was, as Jimmy had remarked, only a dose of his own medicine; but it was evidently not to Hansom's taste. Discipline was a great thing; but it had its drawbacks when applied to oneself.

Mornington. "I-I-I-" gasped the hapless if his life depended on it. The

"Get on with the fagging, sharp!" And Hansom obeyed.

done. Tubby Muffin was prepared to | irresistible. go on with the stumping till bedtime; and the other fellows were Mornington at last. "You've done ready to hold Hansom while he stumped. It was fagging or stumping; and Hansom had had enough young rotters!" hissed Hansom. He of the stump.
So he fagged.

There were loud chortles from the Fourth Form crowd as they watched

With a furious face, Edward Han- "Not just yet!" said Mornington. som knelt at the fender, swept up "I've got a paper here for you to the grate, and sorted cinders from sign, Hansom." ashes under Morny's direction. And as his first attempt did not give Silver. satisfaction, Morny ordered him to whack, whack! The energy of the sift them all over again. With a fat Classical seemed quite un- face like a Prussian Hun, Hansom

tea-things. crammed with hilarious juniors.

marked, resembled that of a demon | ness my signature, in a pantomime as he washed up. He ventured to let one cup fall to the floor, and his ears were promptly boxed for the breakage. After that | he was careful not to break any more crockery.

"He hasn't polished the fender!" squeaked Tubby Muffin, when the washing-up was finished.

"Get on with the fender, Han-

"I-I-I'll-"

"Keep that stump handy!"?

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin was ready with the stump. But Hansom did not want any more of it; he had too many "I'm waiting, Hansom!" remarked | aches and pains already. He started on the fender, and polished away as juniors shrieked with laughter as he

"I think that will do!" said that quite well, Hansom!"

"Now let me get out of this, you was thinking, with anguish, of what all Rookwood would say when the story of the fagging spread over the school. It was not likely to remain a secret.

"Read it out!" chuckled Jimmy Morny read out the paper:

"Whereas I, Edward Hansom, of the Fifth Form, have had the cheek | pation for the ill-used Tubby. Then he started washing up the fourth, and every hair off your head, if you don't There were howls of irrepressible to fag for the Fourth myself, I merriment from the Fourth. The hereby certify that I give up my doorway and the passage outside were | cheeky claim to fag-service, and humbly beg the pardon of the Fourth But Hansom did not feel like Form, and promise to behave myself laughing. His face, as Lovell re- in future like a good boy. As wit-

> Hansom's face was a study as he listened. Morny dipped a pen in the inkpot and presented it to him.

> "You sign your name there, Hansom."

> He made a frantic rush for the door. But he was promptly collared,

> "Hold him!" said Mornington cheerfully. "Give me the scissors,

Erroll handed him the scissors. Hansom, helpless, in the grasp of five or six fellows, looked at him with dire apprehension, wondering what he was going to do with the scissors. He



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There was really nothing else to be study, polishing the fender was trousers. And there was a shrick from the Fourth Form crowd.

> The 6th Chapter. Victory !

Hansom of the Fifth sat petrified. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

He began to struggle frantically. "Better keep still," advised Mornington. "I might snip your ear by mistake-"

"Yaroooh!"

"There! I told you so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You-you-you young villain!" panted Hansom. "Let my hair

alone!" Snip! Another lock fell.

"My dear man, I'm going to cut whereas I have been justly compelled | sign that paper!" said Mornington. "And if you don't sign it then, I'm goin' to begin on your eyebrows!"

"Oh, you-you-" Snip, snip, snip! The scissors were getting busy.

Mornington was not an experienced hairdresser. He got the hair off fast enough, but it could not be called a neat job. There were bald spots showing on Hansom's head now. "You-you- Stop it!" gasped Hansom. "You-you're disfiguring me! You-you young hooligan! Stop

"Are you going to sign the paper?"

"No!" shricked Hansom. Snip, snip, snip, snip!

There was a rain of hair on Hansom's knees.

It was more than flesh and blood could bear. Already Hansom's appearance was likely to evoke smiles when he appeared in public. He howled to Morny to stop it.

"Hold on! Stop it! I-I-I'll do anything you like!"

"You'll sign the paper?" "Yes!" gasped Hansom.

"Just in time to save your topknot!" said Mornington. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Give him a pen, Putty."

Putty Grace placed the pen in Hansom's fingers. The Fifth-Former hesitated a moment, calculating the chances of a struggle. But there was really no chance; and Morny gave a threatening flourish with the scissors. Hansom decided to sign. "Your usual signature, you know,"

said Mornington coolly. "If it isn't quite your usual style, Hansom, off. comes one of your eyebrows, and I'll draw up a fresh paper for you!" And that timely warning caused

Hansom to change the intention that had already formed in his mind. With a Hunnish look on his face, the hapless Fifth-Former signed his name at the bottom of the paper.

Morny examined the signature carefully. "Your eyebrow goes off, if it's not

all right!" he remarked. Fortunately for Hansom, the signature was all right. He had not ventured to depart from his usual

"That will do!" announced Mornington. "I'm going to post this paper up on the board. Hansom, for all Rookwood to read!"

"Oh! You-you let me go!" "After it's posted up!" agreed Mornington. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep him here till I come back, you fellows!" "Yes, rather!"

Mornington left the study, and Hansom, helpless in the grasp of the juniors, groaned in anguish of spirit. He could guess with what hilarity that precious paper would be read when it was put on the notice-board. In a few minutes Mornington returned, with a smile on his face.

"Posted it?" asked Lovell. "Yes: I've pinned it on the board," smiled Mornington. "Bulkeley, of the Sixth, was reading it when I came away. He seemed rather amused!"

Hansom gave him a wolfish look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "There's quite a crowd round the notice-board now. Most of the fellows

seem interested - especially the "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "I-I-I'll make you sit up for

this!" gasped Hansom. "I-I'll--" "We've done with you now, old top! I think you mentioned, Jones, that Hansom booted you out of his study when he was done with you?"

"Yes, rather!" said Jones minor, with a vengeful glare at Hansom. "Sauce for the gander!" said Mornington. "Kick him out!"

Jones minor rushed in for the first kick. But none of the fellows were backward in coming forward. It was a unique occasion; a chance that was not to be missed,

(The conclusion of this story appears on page 291.)

Mr. Beauclerc and Poker Brown

sat at a card-table near the window,

and the remittance-man signed to his

son to sit down by them. Vere

obeyed in silence. Why his father

had brought him there was a mystery

to him, and his surroundings were

utterly repugnant. The hard, reck-

less face of Poker Brown filled him

with dislike; but he obeyed his

father, and sat silent, with an im-

A crowd gathered round the poker-

For several nights past the remit-

tance-man had won heavily from

Poker Brown, and the latter was keen

on his "revenge." He sat at the

table with a big cigar in his mouth

and a glass of spirits by his side. It

was not a good preparation for a

hard tussle, but it was the reckless

by the excitement of the game that

followed, though it drew many com-

ments from the onlookers. He un-

derstood that it was a tussle—a sort

of battle of the giants-between his

father and Poker Brown, and most

of the habitues of the Occidental were

The play was deep. There were

large sums on the table, and at first

the clean-shaven man from Colorado

was winning. But he began to lose,

and a rather ugly look came over his

tanned face. His glass was emptied

There was a murmur among the

spectators as a game ended, and Vere

saw his father rake in a "pot" which

certainly contained over a thousand

The remittance-man's success did

not seem to excite him, and it caused

Poker Brown sat rather silent,

shuffling the cards after the pot had

The remittance-man looked at him

"Not giving in?" asked Mr. Beau-

Poker Brown shook his head, with !

Vere Beauclere drew a deep breath.

Why had his father brought him

there? He could not understand:

And that smile on the remittance-

man's face, the tone of provocation

in his voice—it was as if he were

bantering the man to play, when

common-sense warned the loser to

leave off. Vere Beauclerc felt a sick-

He longed to go, to get away from .

the sight of it; but he sat still. It

was his father's wish, and he obeyed

He hardly saw the glimmering

cards. The money was raining into

the pool again, amid excited com-

ments from the Occidental crowd.

Other play in the room had almost

ceased, and the loungers had gathered

round the table to watch the high

there was a pause, and he looked up.

The pool seemed to him to be stacked

with banknotes-and Poker Brown

ing a "no limit" game, and the

remittance-man had put in a bill for

five-hundred dollars. It was up to

The reckless gamesters were play-

Vere Beauclerc was aware that

"I'll see you!" he answered.

The cards went round again.

no sense of pleasure to his son.

passive face.

gamester's way.

keenly interested in it.

and refilled several times.

dollars.

been taken.

clerc.

an oath.

with a smile.

"Your deal."

ness at his heart.

stakes.

was hesitating.

table.

DOWN!

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Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Excuse me if I look-you did not count the bills."

Poker Brown's eyes glittered. "You don't take my werd?" The man was ripe for a quarrel. But Mr. Beauclere answered

quietly and suavely: "Your word is good enough, Mr. Brown; but you did not count the

bills. Let me see before I pass out." "See, and be hanged to you!" growled Poker Brown. The remittance-man lightly fingered

the bills the sport had thrown on the stack in the pool. He smiled.

"Satisfied?" grunted Poker Brown. "Quite."

"Then cover the stake, or pass!" Mr. Beauclere nodded. He slid his hand into his hip-pocket, apparently for a further supply of cash. But Vere Beauclerc, who had seen his father place a loaded revolver in that pocket, started violently.

The remittance-man's hand came out, and there were no bills in itbut a revolver glittered in his fingers. And the weapon was levelled full at the face of the startled gambler opposite him.

Beauclere looked on icily, unmoved "Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" was what the remittanceman said.

> The 5th Chapter. The Last of the Outlaw.

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" The name was repeated on all sides with a buzz of amazement.

with Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones of California.

"What's this game?" "You're mad, Beauclere!"

"Let up!" It was a buzz of excited voices

clerc glanced round quietly. "That man is Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw and murderer," he said. "Call in the sheriff. I'll make my charge good!"

round the poker-table. Mr. Beau-

"The sheriff's on the piazza-" "Call him in!"

Poker Brown's face twitched as the burly form of Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, filled the doorway. He made a movement to lower one of his hands, and the remittanceman rapped out:

the trigger!"

And the gambler obeyed with a bitter oath. Mr. Henderson strode forward.

"What's this, Mr. Beauclere?" he exclaimed. "You charge this man

"I charge him with being Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw, and I can prove it!"

"Prove it, durn you!" hissed i Poker Brown.

With his left hand the remittanceman pointed to the bills in the pool. "Take those bills, sheriff, and look at them. You'll find they're the bills stolen from the Thompson bank a few

days ago. I have the numbers from the manager. I asked him for them." "I have the numbers, too!" said

the sheriff. "Well, look!"

A deadly paleness came over Poker Brown's clean-shaven face. Mr. Henderson picked up the bills and examined them, in the midst of a deep silence.

every time an outrage was perpetrated by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. When the bank was held up in Thompson the other day, I galloped at once to Tucker's Tailings, and found that he was not there. I was sure of what I suspected-but I had to have proof. That is why I have played cards with him--"

A savage curse from the outlaw interrupted Mr. Beauclere. Vere was watching his father, his face very bright now.

He understood at last.

"Sooner or later," went on the remittance-man, "I knew that in the fever of gambling he was likely to lose his caution, and produce stolen bills that he did not intend to show in Thompson. Those bills, taken from the bank, he was keeping hidden, no "Keep them up! My finger's on | doubt to pass at another time at a distance. But the gambling spirit was too strong for him-as I guessed it would be sooner or later. He chanced it-not knowing that it was what I was watching for. And so he sealed his own fate. If you search in the shanty at Tucker's Tailings I guess you will find the disguise he wears when he goes on the trail, and probably a good deal of stolen property, too. There's your man, sheriff-Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, of California!"

Mr. Henderson's heavy hand dropped on Poker Brown's shoulder. "I gues you'll come with me, Mr. Brown!" he remarked. "I reckon

you're the right bird; but never fear, you'll have a fair trial. Ah! Would

The desperate rascal, throwing prudence to the winds now that he realised that all was lost, leaped furiously to his feet. His hand clutched at a revolver hidden under his coat.

But the sheriff's strong grasp was

upon him.



Alone in the shack, the remittance-man's son gave way to the trouble and pain he had felt so long. He did not hear a footstep in the doorway. "Vere!" He started as his name was spoken. "Father!" "Vere, what is the matter?"

Vere Beauclere gave a cry. The revolver in the remittanceman's hand never deviated. It was bearing on the startled, enraged face opposite him, within three feet of Poker Brown's nose.

The gambler's hands were on the table; he had no chance of drawing

a concealed weapon. He glared furiously at the remit-

tance-man. "You--" he began huskily. Mr. Beauclerc's voice rang out

again: "Hands up! Unless you put up your hands, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, I'll shoot you where you sit."

"It's a lie!" panted the gambler. "A lie! I'm Brown-Brown, of Colorado--" "You are Five-Hundred-Dollar

Jones, of California, and I've got you covered. For the last time, hands

There was a roar in the poker-room of the Occidental now.

Poker Brown's teeth came together hard. He cast a wild glance towards the door-then towards the window. But the crowd was thick round the table, and the unwavering revolver looked him in the face. The outlaw's

Slowly, with mad rage in his face, Poker Brown put up his hands, clasp-

covered. He was taking no chances work there-and that he was absent night under the humble roof of the

"They are the stolen bills," he said. "These bills were taken from the bank, Mr. Brown, at the point of the pistol, by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. How did you come by them?"

"I-I guess--" The wretched man's voice faltered and trailed off.

There were grim looks round him now, and more than one weapon was terrorised the valley, there was no outlaw was ended. escape for him. And the belief was | tance-man was right.

broke the silence. that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' red | was too full for words. beard and whiskers were a disguise, I guessed that he had located in Thompson, and that that was how he gained his information for his robberies."

"But-" began the amazed

sheriff. "Poker Brown was a new-comer in the town, with plenty of money to spend—that is why I looked for him. He pegged out Tucker's Tailings-a worthless claim-and made out that he had made a rich strike there. It was to account for the money he spent, of course. A dozen times I visited the Tailings, without showing myself. I watched the place, and I

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was borne to the floor with a crash.

There was a roar of excitement, as a dozen Thompson men threw themselves upon him in aid of the sheriff. Struggling furiously, the ruffian was soon overcome, and dragged from the room.

That night Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones spent in the calaboose of in sight. If the man was Five- Thompson with shackles on his limbs. Hundred-Dollar Jones, who had The reign of terror of the Californian

In the poker-room at the Occidental gaining ground now that the remit- a congratulating crowd surrounded the remittance-man. But he hurried Mr. Beauclerc's clear, cool voice away as soon as he could with his son. They mounted their horses to "I have been watching the man for | ride back to the shack on the creek. a long time. As soon as it came out | Vere Beauclere was silent; his heart

He understood at last; and the understanding brought happiness to his heart.

Father and son dismounted at the shack. The remittance-man lighted a candle, and looked at his son with a

"Well, my boy, you understand now?" he said. "Oh, father!"

"No more evenings at the Occidental, Vere," said the remittanceman, smiling. "And you will never doubt me again?"

"Never, never!" And there was a smile on Vere Still the remittance-man kept him | knew that Poker Brown did little | Beauclere's face as he slumbered that

remittance-man's home. The trouble that had lain so heavily upon his heart had been lifted at last.

"Beau, old chap!" "By gum! The Cherub looks merry

this morning!" The chums of Cedar Creek met on the trail, on their way to school. And Frank Richards and Bob Lawless looked in wonder at Beauclerc's bright face.

"Goed news, you chaps!" said Beauclerc. "The very best!"

And he explained. Bob Lawless hurled his hat into the air, in the exuberance of his satisfaction.

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Frank. "And Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is

arrested?" "He's in the calaboose now; the Mounted Police are going to hand him over to the American authorities, think. The Thompson Valley will be rid of him, anyway!"

"Hurrah!" It was a happy day for Vere Beauclerc and his chums. And the satisfaction of the chums of Cedar Creek was shared by most of the citizens of the Thompson Valley, relieved for ever of the presence of Five-Hundred Dollar Jones.

THE END.

TURNING THE TABLES!

(Continued from page 295.)

It seemed to the unfortunate captain of the Fifth that a forest of boots started up behind him to help

him out of Study No. 4. He went out with a rush, and landed on his hands and knees in the passage. But there was no rest for him there. The Fourth-Formers closed round him, and Hansom, of the Fifth, was dribbled along to the staircase, yelling.

He bundled headlong down the stairs, and fled.

He was followed by yells of laughter. On the lower staircase, Hansom picked himself up dazedly. He rushed down, his only thought to get that tell-tale paper off the noticeboard before all Rookwood had seen it. But nearly all Rookwood had seen it already.

There was a swarm of fellows round the board, and they were roaring. Even Lumsden and Talboys were grinning.

"Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Neville, of the Sixth. "My only hat! What have you been doing with your mop, Hansom?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Hansom made no reply. He drove through the yelling crowd with jabbing elbows, reached the board, and tore down the paper. Then he fled for his own study, followed by shrieks of laughter.

Hansom of the Fifth was not seen in public again that evening.

He did not appear in class the next day. It was stated that Hansom had a cold, and was excused classes.

Nearly all Rookwood, however, guessed the nature of his "cold." The hapless Fifth-Former was waiting for his hair to grow!

But, cold or no cold, he was unable to lie low long enough for it to grow very much, and his hair presented a rather odd spectacle when he was seen in public again. Hansom was deeply thankful, in fact, that he had signed the paper before Mornington had put in any more work with the scissors.

But the paper he had signed was not likely to be forgotten, even after his hair had grown more normal in appearance. Hansom had fagged for the Fourth, and admitted it under his own signature—and there was no getting out of that fact. The Fifth Form chortled him; and even Lums. den and Talboys reproached him. This was the end of his scheme of fagging the Fourth, they told him; and Hansom could not deny it. It certainly was!

The thorny question rested after that. Whether Hansom still claimed a right to fag-service or not, he certainly did not attempt to enforce his claim. It was, in fact, a game that two could play at; and, having made that valuable discovery. Hansom of the Fifth let the matter drop.

But in the Fourth Form there was endless satisfaction. And Morny, who had risen so effectively to the occasion, was no longer called upon even

by Tubby Muffin to "resine." THE END.

(Another magnificent story of the Chums of Rookwood School in next Monday's Boys' Friend, entitled. "Jimmy Silver's Trial." By Owen Conquest. Order in advance.)

Poker Brown to cover it, or abandon the pot without a struggle. And the sport was hesitating. But the gaming instinct was too strong for him. He turned out his wallet-it was empty. His hands groped in his pockets, and came out empty, too. The remittance-man watched him grimly. Slowly the hand of the gambler

went to his breast, and he drew out a bundle of notes. It was apparently a supply of cash he had been unwilling to touch, but in the heat of the struggle he had abandoned prudence, and it was a case of "all in." With an oath, Poker Brown flung a wad of notes into the pool.

"I see you, and go five hundred game was un! better," he said savagely. "Now cover that, you galoot!"

"A thousand dollars there?" asked | ing them above his head. the remittance-man.

"Sure!"