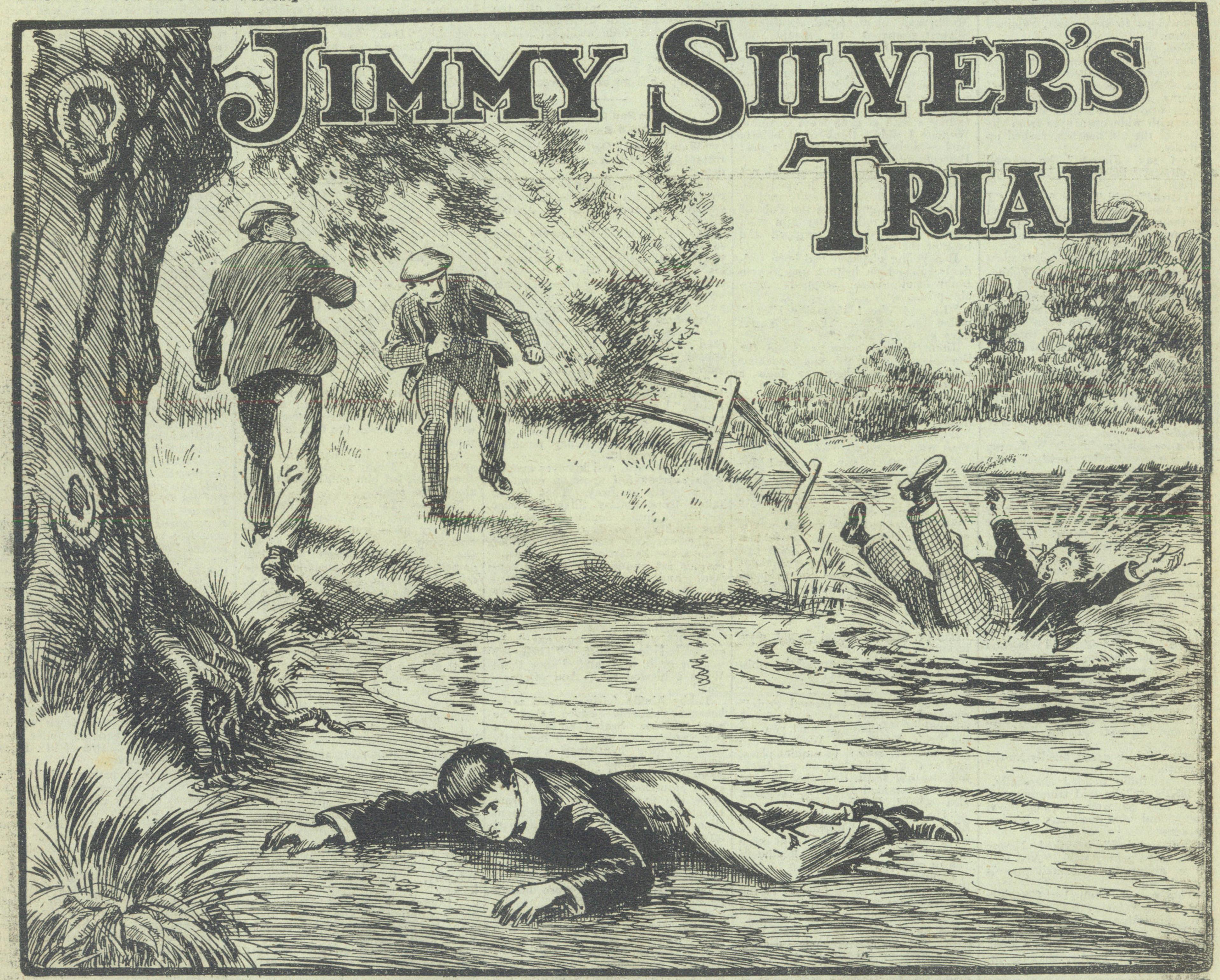


Serious Charges | Also in The Sports of St. Clives Arthurs this | Skull Island Duncan Storm.

No. 950. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 23rd, 1919.



As Jimmy Silver lay motionless in the mud, his mind a welter of confused emotions, he had a vision of the sprawling arms and legs of Tubby Muffin. The fat Classical whirled overhead and fell with a tremendous splash into the deep water.

Bulkeley was Neville of the Sixth, cham. Can't you get Smythe or surprise. and Bulkeley and Neville were also Tubby Muffin, or Jones minor to "You-you cheeky young rascal!" crossing towards the gates with their skipper the first eleven this after laughed Bulkeley good-naturedly. bicycles. noon? Awfully sorry an' all that—" Look here, Silver! Raby tells me

Blackmail!

Bulkeley, captain of Rookwood, Bulkeley, captain of Rookwood, as that junior was wheeling his blocked towards the gates. With Bulkeley was Neville of the Sixth.

Bulkeley stared.

Jimmy Silver looked round, with a twinkle in his eye.

"What on earth are you talking about, you young ass?" he ejaculated in a dismal yell as Bulkeley's finger and thumb closed like a vice on his ear. Pulling the august leg of the good-natured captain of Rookwood, ing the junior. "I want you to—"

"Why, weren't you just going to ask me to skipper the first eleven in your absence this afternoon?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, however, had apparate the start of the sixth.

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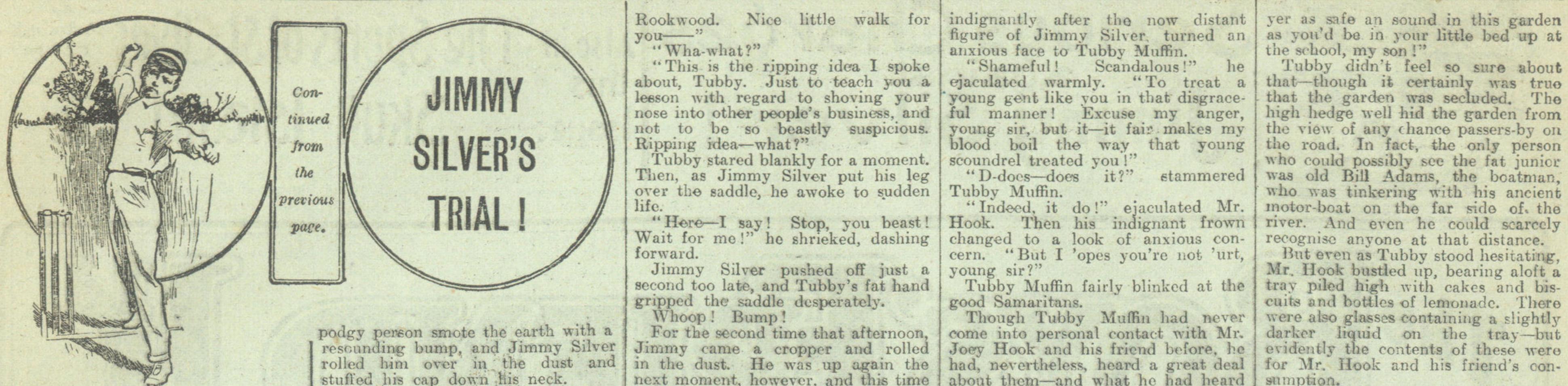
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Yarrough! Leggo!"

ently overstepped that point.

"Stop that rotting, youngster,"
commanded Bulkeley sternly, "an" listen! While you are in Latcham. Jimmy Silver's cheerful words I I want you to pay a cricket account



you're satisfied."

parently anticipated.

I'm coming with you."

back of the saddle.

abruptly.

teriously.

pered darkly.

Jimmy Silver's reward not being in

Silver prepared to mount his

machine, Tubby bounded to his feet.

gasped breathlessly. "I-I made a

little mistake. I see it all now. You

-you're not blackmailing Bulkeley,

after all. He's given you that money

to buy a load of grub from Coombe.

Wonder I didn't think of it before.

And - here, I say! Wait for me!

the saddle and rode away grinning.

"Leggo! Wow! You silly idiot!"

Jimmy's words were prophetic, for

the abrupt stop of the machine

promptly caused him to take a

"You-you dangerous ass! You-

"Why, I - I'll wipe up the blessed

"But-but I say, Jimmy! I-

I'm com-coming with-with you,

look here, Jimmy, old pal. I-I've

Tubby stopped and backed warily

Tubby Muffin looked round mys-

"Collar Bulkeley's grub," he whis-

"Collar Bulkeley's blessed grub!"

repeated Tubby, in a thrilling

whisper. "Bulkeley's sent you for

the grub, hasn't he? Well, we can

get the stuff, take it to a quiet place,

and scoff it, and when we get back,

tell the old scout that the Bagshot

cads have raided it-see? Ripping

Silver grimly. "Ripping idea -

almost as ripping as mine. But come

on, old bean! Jump up behind if

Tubby's podgy face was beaming

like a full moon as he jumped on the

The conversation for the next half-

hour was very one-sided. Jimmy

Silver had no breath to spare for

talking. But the fat Classical fully

made up for Jimmy's remissness in

He was so full of his "ripping

had branched off from the Coombe

road, and not until Jimmy slowed

"He, he, he!" echoed Jimmy

idea-what? He, he, he!"

you're coming!"

the pedals round.

notice anything amiss.

that respect.

as Jimmy Silver rose to his feet, a

got a ripping idea! I-I-"

header over the handlebars.

"I-I say, wait a bit, Jimmy!" he

Published

Every Monday

at Stubbins', the sports outfitter. Neville and I are cycling to Middlewood to fix up a match with Middlewood College, an' don't want to have to go round to Latcham. Here's the cash and the account."

And Bulkeley, releasing Jimmy Silver's ear, took an envelope from his pocket, slipped five pound Treasury notes into it, and, handing the envelope to the junior, rejoined

his chum. "Well, of all the nerve!" observed Jimmy Silver, staring after the seniors as they vanished through the gates. "Never even asked if I--" Jimmy Silver paused as Tubby Muffin, who had watched the transaction with wide open eyes from the shelter of the old beeches, rushed up

excitedly. "I-I say, Jimmy," he gasped breathlessly, "halves, you know!"

"Halves!" said Tubby firmly. "I] sha'n't be satisfied with less. Hand But his grin vanished as the Falstaff over the merry Bradburys, old pal!" Jimmy Silver fairly blinked at the surprising speed, and gripped the fat Classical.

"Wha-what on earth-"

at a glance there was something jolly mysterious between you and old Bulkeley. In fact, I've been watch- | yelled Jimmy Silver. "Leggo! You'll ing you two for some time. I have me off! Wow!" spotted him handing you that hush money. And-"

"H-hush money-m-my hat!" "Bit of a shock — eh — what?" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "Thought your little blackmailing game was you raving maniac!" roared Jimmy known to no one, eh? Never | Silver, sitting up in the roadway. guessed--"

"Bla - blackmailing! Well, my road with you-you-" hat! You—you utter ass!"

Tubby frowned darkly.

"That's enough, Silver," he said, you know," gasped Tubby. "Lookwith a magisterial air. "The game's up! It's jolly plain to me, Jimmy Silver, that you don't realise the seriousness of your crime."

"My-my crime-" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

enough to hide Bulkeley's guilty Tubby, old son," he chuckled. "Let's Treasury notes. stoop to blackmailing -- I must | you mine later on." say, Jimmy-I really must. I'm shocked at you-shocked beyond words. Blackmailing, eh? Fancy that! I'd scorn to think of such a thing myself!"

"Wou - would you?" gasped Jimmy Silver dazedly.

"Certainly I should—scorn it with contempt," said Tubby Muffin

Jimmy Silver gazed fixedly at the

fat youth. Tubby Muffin nodded cheerfully. "That's it!" he said triumphantly. "You may as well own up now, Jimmy, and—and shell out. Halves, you know!"

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Jimmy Silver, more grimly still. "And now you're going to blackmail me-is

"That's it-nunno! Certainly not! Not a bit of it! I'd scorn such despicable conduct. Meremerely as a - a reward, you know. That's it - a reward! Hang it all, Jimmy." urged Tubby, shaking his head, "you'll admit yourself, as a reasonable chap, that a fellow deserves a reward for refusing to expose your rascally conduct."

Jimmy Silver leaned his bicycle up | idea" and its possibilities, indeed, against the gatepost with deliberate | that he failed to notice that Jimmy care.

"I do, Tubby-I admit it readily." he agreed with deadly politeness. "You deserve a jolly good reward, three miles from Rookwood did he an' you're going to get it!"

Tubby's fat face beamed. Then as the bicycle stopped he "Good!" he exclaimed brightly. "I jumped down and stared around in knew you'd do the decent thing, astonishment. Jimmy, old pal. Three quid will take the cash now. And—— Here! | are you going to?" Leggo! Wow!"

"Wha-what?" about, Tubby. Just to teach you a ejaculated warmly. "To treat a lesson with regard to shoving your young gent like you in that disgrace-

nose into other people's business, and ful manner! Excuse my anger, not to be so beastly suspicious. Ripping idea-what?"

Tubby stared blankly for a moment. Then, as Jimmy Silver put his leg over the saddle, he awoke to sudden

Wait for me!" he shrieked, dashing forward.

Jimmy Silver pushed off just a second too late, and Tubby's fat hand gripped the saddle desperately. Whoop! Bump!

next moment, however, and this time | about them-and what he had heard | sumption. "There's your reward, you-you Tubby Muffin did not escape the just | was by no means to the credit of those Jimmy wrathfully. "Now perhaps | Fourth at Rookwood. And a weird wail of woe arose from the fat youth | had imagined them to be, here they But to judge from the fat youth's as his feet were swept from under were, treating a perfect stranger wails of woe, he was far from satis- him and he sat with a thump on the fied. Possibly this was owing to stony road.

"Ta-ta, Tubby!" called Jimmy Silver, leaping into the saddle.

Bradburys as the fat Classical had ap-And leaving the astounded Tubby sitting in the middle of the But though dissatisfied, Tubby road gasping like a stranded fish, Muffin was not dismayed. As Jimmy Jimmy Silver rode away, chuckling hilariously.

He rode on, feeling he had administered a well-needed lesson to. the Peeping Tom of Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter. The Good Samaritans.

"Wow! Ow! Ow! The howling rotter! He did that on purpose! Oh Apparently Jimmy Silver did not | dear!"

Thus Tubby Muffin as he sat in the desire company, for he jumped into | road shaking his podgy fist after the swiftly vanishing figure of Jimmy of Rookwood rolled after him with

The fat Classical had never been so astonished in his life. But his If a young elephant had been sud- wrath and dismay greatly exceeded "Drop it, Jimmy!" said Tubby, denly hitched on behind, the bicycle his astonishment. His great expecwith a fat, knowing wink. "I saw | could not have stopped more | tations of a gorgeous feed-at Bulkeley's expense—had suddenly faded away like a beautiful dream.

And now the dismal prospect of a three-mile tramp along the dusty road to Rookwood did not at all appeal to the fattest and laziest junior in the Classical Fourth.

"Ow! The spoofing beast!" spluttered Tubby, rising slowly and painfully. "I see it all now! The mean, greedy beast wants to scoff all the blessed grub himself. I'll jolly well tell old Bulkeley! Fancy pinching Bulkeley's grub!"

Tubby paused, and his eyes opened wide as they fell upon an envelope lying in the roadway. That it had fallen from Jimmy Silver's pocket he hadn't much doubt-nor had he any doubts as to its contents.

The envelope was unsealed, and Hunnish glare in his eyes. But just | somewhat hesitatingly the overwhen the alarmed Tubby was about | curious fat youth drew out its con-"Yes, that's the word!" said to bolt, Jimmy stopped and grinned. tents; and a scared look overspread Tubby impressively. "It's bad "I've also got a ripping idea, his face as he counted the five

> accompanying cricket account. "Why-wha-what-my hat!" he murmured in disgust. "Then it's

> not for grub, after all! Fancy that! What a blessed sell? And after-Tubby Muffin fairly jumped as he

became suddenly aware that he wasn't alone. Seated on a gate-a few yards away were two distinctly horsey-looking gentlemen who had watched the little episode between Jimmy Silver and Tubby Muffin in great amusement. But when Tubby drew the five Treasury notes from the envelope, their amusement changed abruptly to looks of deepest interest.

As Tubby looked round, however, they descended from the gate and approached the startled junior.

Both the gentlemen were known step and Jimmy Silver began to drive by sight to Tubby Muffin.

One of them, whose outstanding features were a red nose and blue chin, was Mr. Joey Hook, bookmaker and card-sharper. The other was Joe, the potboy from the Birdin-Hand at Coombe-evidently out for his "half-day off."

slipped the Treasury notes and account back, and stuffed the envelope into his jacket pocket.

Mr. Hook and his friend did not, his kind benefactor so blindly. down at the cross-roads when about however, appear to notice the action. Indeed, their one concern and thought appeared to be for the welfare and comfort of Tubby Muffin.

Mr. Hook's manner was goodnatured and considerate in the ex-"I-I say, Jimmy-wh-where are treme as he dusted the fat junior

Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "But you, head.

anxious face to Tubby Muffin.

"This is the ripping idea I spoke | "Shameful! Scandalous!" he | Tubby didn't feel so sure about young sir, but it-it fair makes my blood boil the way that young scoundrel treated you!".

"D-does—does it?" stammered Tubby Muffin.

"Indeed, it do!" ejaculated Mr. "Here-I say! Stop, you beast! Hook. Then his indignant frown changed to a look of anxious concern. "But I 'opes you're not 'urt, young sir?"

Tubby Muffin fairly blinked at the good Samaritans.

the blackguards and ruffians Tubby with a kindness and consideration that was really touching.

In fact, they appeared to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and all Tubby's fears and apprehensions were gradually dispelled.

"I-I-I feel better now," he stammered. "D-did you see the-the rotter? Bumped me-me, you know! Fancy that!"

"Indeed we did-witnessed the whole bloomin' show!" exclaimed Mr. Hook warmly. "Both me an' me friend 'ere was just about to rush to your rescue when the young 'ound bolted."

"We was that," agreed Mr. Hook's friend solemnly. "'E jist missed a good 'iding, bolting like that."

Tubby frowned darkly. thrashed him myself, but-but the rotter bolted!" he exclaimed Muffin?" valiantly. "Only-only wait until I get back to Rookwood! I-I'll be getting along now and wait for

Mr. Hook shook his head kindly, but firmly.

"I won't 'ear of it!" he said. "I won't 'ear of you trampin' all that way in your state. You're not fit! No-what you wants is rest and refreshments to-to recuperate-that's the word! No; you're comin' with us now, to a place I knows of-a friend of mine's place-to 'ave a nice glass or two of lemonade an' a feed. An' after that you can come back with me and Joe in the trap to Rook-

And laying his hand on the astonished Tubby's shoulder, Mr. Joey Hook led him gently but firmly along the road.

Needless to say, the prospect appealed keenly to Tubby Muffin. It was very plain just then to Tubby that both Mr. Hook and his friend the potboy were dogs with bad names-disgracefully misjudged and misunderstood at Rookwood.

Tubby's fat face was very bright as Mr. Hook led the way through a secret from the authorities. But to hear yours though, Tubby. I'll tell But he gasped aloud as he saw the wicket gate, and round the back of a house standing well back from the road, and half hidden by trees.

> Under the shade of a tree in the garden were tables and chairs. And Joe and Tubby seated themselves, whilst Mr. Hook went indoors to arrange with his friend about the refreshments.

It was a pretty spot, and Tubby smiled with satisfaction as he looked from the shining river at the bottom of the garden across the lawn to the house. And then Tubby gave a start as his roving eyes fell upon rows of casks and stacks of bottle cases in the yard; while from an open French window come a sudden waft of stale beer and tobacco.

"I-I-I say," he stuttered aghast. "Wha-wha-what place is this? Wh-why, it's a-a-pub-bublic-

"Course it is!" grinned Joe, highly amused. "The Jolly Fisherman, kept by a friend o' Mr. Hook's. Why, what's up now?"

For Tubby had jumped to his feet and was blinking around in great

Tubby Muffin was not a very par-And as Tubby recognised them, he | ticular chap in most respects. But | paper. gave a gasp of alarm, hurriedly had he known that Mr. Hook's friend's "place" was nothing more nor less than a riverside public-house, he would certainly not have followed

> "But-but-look here," stammered | gathered the cards. Tubby, after a pause, "I must be g-gug-going! I didn't know it was

Tubby was getting his reward. His my pippin, are now going back to Then Mr. Hook, shaking his fist an who's to know you're 'ere? Why, new-found friends had been imbibing

Rookwood. Nice little walk for indignantly after the now distant | yer as safe an sound in this garden figure of Jimmy Silver, turned an as you'd be in your little bed up at the school, my son!"

that-though it certainly was true that the garden was secluded. The high hedge well hid the garden from the view of any chance passers-by on the road. In fact, the only person who could possibly see the fat junior was old Bill Adams, the boatman, who was tinkering with his ancient motor-boat on the far side of the river. And even he could scarcely recognise anyone at that distance.

But even as Tubby stood hesitating, Mr. Hook bustled up, bearing aloft a tray piled high with cakes and biscuits and bottles of lemonade. There Though Tubby Mushin had never | were also glasses containing a slightly

"There you are, my son!" said burbling jabberwock!" gasped wrath of the ex-junior captain of the two gentlemen. But, instead of being Mr. Hook heartily. "Pile in, and welcome! It's a pleasure to treat a young gent like you!"

> And all Tubby Muffin's qualms and misgivings vanished. He piled in.

> Tubby was hungry and thirsty, and it was a sight to see the way he shifted the good things Mr. Hook had so kindly provided. But evidently the sight, interesting as it was, bored the good-natured Mr. Hook, for he took a greasy pack of playing-cards from his pocket and began to shuffle them casually.

> Tubby had just finished his fourth lemonade when he jumped as he became aware of the little pile of cards at his elbow.

"I-I say," he gasped, "whawhat's these for?"

Mr. Hook raised his eyebrows. "Only a little game-banker! Just to pass the time away," he explained affably. "Sorry my friend's got no "Come to that, I-I'd have draughts or dominoes. Perhaps, though, you'd prefer nap, Master

> "But-but-the fact is, I-I don't want to play!" explained Tubby, in alarm. "Look here-you two play, and—and I'll—I'll watch. I'd much rather-really I would!"

> Mr. Hook frowned with annoyance. "Come, come, Master Muffin!" he remonstrated, in a hurt tone. "You're surely not goin' to spoil the a'ternoon like that? I'm surprised at you bein' so unsociable. It's ungrateful—that's what it is-ungrateful!"

"But - but - I - I haven't any money-not of my own!" gasped Tubby. "Besides--"

Mr. Hook laughed heartily. "Bless me, we'll soon put that right, if that's what's troubling you!" he smiled good-naturedly. "What's the matter with bits of paper-played with 'em many a time myself? All you got to do is sign 'em-and there you are! Not that you'll need 'em, o' course-I can't see a sharp young gent like you losin' at banker! Not likely! Why, as soon as I set eyes on you, I said to meself, 'Now, there's a born banker-player, if you like!' No; don't you worry about that, Master Muffin!"

Tubby Muffin swelled visibly. Next to his "tummy," his vanity was his tenderest spot. And there was certainly no harm in playing for fun with bits of paper—as far as he could see-especially if the other players played with cash!

So, deciding to take Mr. Hook's advice and not to worry about it, Tubby Muffin settled down to his first essay at banker under the exceedingly able tuition of Mr. Hook and Joe the potboy.

With frequent pauses, whilst Mr. Hook made various pilgrimages to the house to refill glasses, the game proceeded merrily. And very soon Tubby himself began to think he was indeed a born banker-player, for quite a little pile of cash was accumulating on Tubby's side of the table.

Unfortunately, Tubby never dreamed that it was just a little encouragement-sprats to catch whales, so to speak. And Tubby's disappointment was great when his luck began to turn and his pile of cash dwindled down gradually. But even when it was all gone the fat Classical did not worry, but plunged cheerfully and recklessly with the scraps of signed

Tubby was quite enjoying his little flutter in fact. And he was more than sorry when Mr. Hook, who had been closely scanning the "scraps of paper," suddenly chuckled and

"There—that'll about do for this a'ternoon!" he exclaimed somewhat a beastly low p-pub-pub! I shall be | thickly, winking solemnly at Joe. "I s-sac-sacked if I'm caught here! Oh hope we'll 'ave more pleasant a'ternoons together, Master Muffin."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Joe the Mr. Hook rose as he spoke, swaying settle matters—for the present, I'll | we?" he gasped in alarm. "Where | down. His friend kindly picked up | potboy. "What a nervous young | a little. And there was a gleam in Tubby's cap, dusted it, and placed it | gent you are! What 'arm is there | his eyes that Tubby didn't like a bit. Hands off! What— Yarroough! "I'm going to Latcham," grinned gently on the astounded Tubby's in callin' 'ere for refreshments, eh? It struck Tubby quite suddenly then An' come to that, who's to see you | that the liquid refreshments his two was something stronger than the lemonade he himself had partaken of. Tubby blinked nervously at Mr.

Hook. "Ye-yes, rather!" he gasped, with a dismal attempt to look unconcerned. "I-I-I quite enjoyed the little flutautter, you know. B-but-what about the t-trap? Hadn't we better be g-gug-going now?"

"What's that?" snapped Mr. Hook grimly. "Don't you be in sich a 'urry, me lad! What about settling up-eh?"

Tubby fairly jumped at the sudden change of tone in the man's voice. "What-what do you m-mean?" he]

stuttered "Ho, ho, ho! What do I mean, 'e's askin'!" grinned Mr. Hook sarcastically. "I suppose we 'aven't been playing at banker—and I sup-

five quid, young shaver?" Muffin, aghast. "But-we were only playin for-for fun! An-and look here-I-I haven't any money at-at

"Why, you young liar!" shouted Mr. Hook. "Didn't I see you with five quid in your 'ands only an hour ago? Now, look 'ere, me lad, I've got your I O U's for just five quid! An' you don't stir from 'ere until you've stumped up-see? So look slippy, or inter the river you goesthat's straight!"

Tubby Muffin, his fat knees almost knocking together with fright, stared at his nice, kind friends of an hour

.But, though a young rascal in most respects, Tubby Muffin had no intention of giving up five pounds that didn't belong to him-nor had he any desire to take an involuntary dip in the river.

So he did the best thing under the circumstances. He made a frenzied bolt for it. But, unfortunately, Mr. Hook and Joe had apparently anticipated such an intention.

Though they had no objection to Tubby going, they strongly objected to his taking the five pounds with him.

And barely had the unfortunate Tubby taken half a dozen steps, when he felt himself grabbed roughly and flung, yelling wildly, to the ground.

The 3rd Chapter. In the Hands of the Philistines.

Without the tremendous weight of the fat youth, Jimmy Silver soon made up for lost time, and rode into Latcham a little after four. He was whistling cheerily as he dismounted outside Stubbins', the sports outfitters, and felt in his inside pocket for the envelope Bulkeley had given him. Then quite suddenly his whistling ceased, and with rapidly growing alarm he hurriedly went through his pockets.

But from each pocket in turn his hand came empty away. The envelope containing the five pounds and account Bulkeley had entrusted to his care had disappeared.

"My only hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver, in blank dismay. "Must have dropped out when I was rotting with that fat ass, Tubby Muffin. Oh crumbs!"

In a far from happy meed Jimmy Silver mounted his machine again. There was nothing else for it but to return the way he had come and search for the missing envelope.

At top speed Jimmy drove the pedals round, his eyes on the alert for anything white lying in the roadway. But the miles flew by, and Jimmy reached the scene of his farewell encounter with Tubby Muffin without a sign of the lost envelope. Dismounting, Jimmy began to search the road eagerly, but to no purpose, and his face was very sombre as he gave it up at last.

Pushing his bike, Jimmy Silver was walking moodily away from the spot towards Rookwood, scanning the road keenly as he went, when he gave a

jump. From beyond the high hedge on his left came a sudden wailing, followed by a yell for help in the unmistakable tones of Tubby Muffin. It was nothing new to hear wails of wee and yells for help from the Falstaff of Rookwood; and Jimmy Silver grinned unceremoniously as he moved towards the hedge.

Then suddenly he halted as if transfixed.

For the sounds of distress were proceeding from the garden in the rear of a disreputable riverside inn-a place with an unsavoury reputation, and strictly out of bounds to all Rookwood.

"M-my hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver aghast. "The silly, mad fool! What blessed trouble has that sense-

less idiot got himself into now?" And leaning his bike against the hedge, he passed through the wicketgate to investigate.

Entering the garden, he stared in astonishment at the scene before him. Struggling in the grip of Mr. Joey Hook and the potboy from the Bird in Hand, at Coombe, and yelling shrilly, was Tubby Muffin-which was in itself enough to astonish Jimmy Silver. When the late captain of the Classical Fourth saw the table with but he hung on to the unhappy Tubby its tell-tale bottles, glasses, and cards, nevertheless. he fairly gasped in alarm.

Published

Every Monday

Jimmy Silver, however, lost no time in looking around. A Rook. | the river at the bottom of the garden. wood fellow was in danger, and it was up to him to go to the rescue, whatever the circumstances. With a shout of anger he hurled himself at the burly figure of Joey Hook, and what happened after that, even Jimmy himself has no clear recollection.

grappled with him savagely. Joe, almost at the same instant his head pose you don't owe me a matter of the potboy, also released the yelling struck something with tremendous Tubby on realising that the new- force, and for the moment the world "F-five q-quid!" gasped Tubby comer was a factor to be reckoned seemed to end in a blaze of light to with. Together, full-grown men, they Jimmy Silver. gave the junior captain of the Fourth | For what seemed a lifetime, Jimmy at Rookwood a very rough time. | Silver wallowed mechanically in four strenuously, and had the men only but a few seconds. Then he found fought fair, the sturdy junior would his feet, and slowly and dazedly staghave more than held his own. But | gered out and collapsed in a limp heap |

"You'll be getting me inter trouble over this business!"

"Trouble be hanged!" roared the rascally bookmaker, "That fat young 'ound's swindled me outer five quid, an' I mean to take it out of | for the bank, and saw Neville plunge him! Jest you 'old him!"

The innkeeper frowned doubtfully;

And a moment later Jimmy Silver was being roughly dragged towards As he realised the ruffians' intention, he began to struggle frenziedly.

But he was still dazed, and, despite his struggles, he felt himself lifted and swung through the air. Splash!

A sudden chill shot through the Mr. Hook turned with a snarl, and junior as he soused under. But

For all that, Jimmy Silver fought | feet of water-though in reality it was

But Bulkeley's grasp was already on the drowning junior. As if he were watching the players on a cinema screen, Jimmy Silver saw Bulkeley, swimming stoutly, making into the shallows and help the Sixth-Former ashore with his burden.

And then, quite abruptly, as if awaking from a trance, Jimmy Silver came back to the world. His brain cleared, and the whole horrible feeling left him as quickly as it had come. But he was still sick and giddy, and his face was pale and drawn as he staggered to his feet, and slowly approached the two seniors as they laid the sodden form of Tubby Muffin on the grass.

"Is-is he all right?" he asked faintly, looking down at the limp figure on the grass.

Bulkeley and Neville looked up, and Jimmy Silver's face went whiter still at the scorn and contempt in their glances.

"He's coming to," said Bulkeley harshly. "He'll be all right in a minute, small thanks to you, you coward, Silver!"

There was a wealth of scorn in



The Falstaff of Rookwood gripped the back of Jimmy Silver's saddle. If a young elephant had been hitched on behind, the bicycle could not have stopped more abruptly. "Wow! you silly idiot!" yelled Jimmy Silver as he promptly took a header over the handlebars.

Far from sober, they fought and emotions. kicked like savages.

Tubby Muffin, too scared to move, stood watching helplessly as the struggling figures lurched this way and that amid a trampling of feet and sundry gasps and much strong

language. There was a crash and a tinkle of breaking glass as the trio lurched against the table, upsetting that and the contents over the combatants. A moment later Jimmy Silver was

sitting helpless amid the ruins. He was badly knocked about, and his face and clothes reeked with the evil-smelling contents of the smashed glasses, and he felt sick and dazed in consequence.

Down the garden from the inn, a fat, low-browed individual in a dingy white apron came running, evidently alarmed at the sound of breaking glass. He stared in astonishment at the startling sight for a moment. But suddenly Joey Hook's eyes fell upon the still shivering Tubby.

"Collar that young 'ound, Bill!" he yelled quickly.

Tubby Muffin turned to bolt, but too late. He howled as the heavy i hand of the innkeeper grasped him.

"Here, Joey, what's the game?" exclaimed that individual angrily. I river.

he whirled overhead and fell with a a hand to help. tremendous splash into the deeper water far out.

"Help! Silver, oh, help!" As from afar, Jimmy Silver heard Tubby's terrified shriek. Dazedly and weakly, he raised himself on one elbow, a wave of giddiness sweeping over him as he did so, and stared dully and helplessly at Tubby's white, fear-stricken face as it appeared above

the surface of the water. Then, in a dim sort of way, Jimmy Silver realised that Tubby could not swim-was, in fact, drowning. But he still stared, helpless and incapable

of movement. But other help was at hand. There came a sudden shouting, and the figures of Bulkeley and Neville appeared tearing down the garden. A splash, and Bulkeley was ploughing his way with vigorous strokes towards the drowning junior. Almost at the same moment came the chugchugging of a motor, and old Bill Adams' ancient motor-boat was lumbering across from the far side of the

admired by the two shady scoundrels. | his mind a welter of confused | gered back with white-set face. Then suddenly the meaning of it For a full minute he lay motionless. | flashed upon him. They had not seen He heard as in a dream the shrill | the whole of the wretched business, yelling of Tubby Muffin. Then came | and were calling him a coward. In a confused vision of the sprawling | their eyes, he had lain there watcharms and legs of the fat Classical, as | ing Tubby drowning without raising

"I-I-I-"

Jimmy Silver stammered and stopped, flushing furiously. It struck him then what a lame excuse-what a feeble defence, to say that he had struck his head, and that he had been physically incapable of going to Tubby's rescue.

And yet it was true. But even as he stood haltingly, with crimson face, Bulkeley turned his back abruptly as the motor-boat stopped about a regard him as a sheer funk, but as a couple of yards from the bank, and pub-haunting blackguard as well. the old boatman, his face stern and concerned, stood up.

"Is the youngster safe—all right?" he called out. "I saw the young gent go in, but I couldn't get the old tub, side of Tubby Muffin in the front of to go in time."

"Yes, thank Heaven!" said Bulkeley. "He'll be himself soon."

Tubby Muffin was, indeed, rapidly regaining consciousness. His face was still white and drawn; but he was stirring a little, and a trace of colour was visible in the podgy cheeks.

As they waited silently, Bulkeley's

eyes roved idly round the garden. Joey Hook and Joe, the potboy, were nowhere in sight; they had, like the cowardly scoundrels they were, bolted on the approach of the seniors. In the billiard-room window could be seen the frightened face of the innkeeper, watching the group in the garden in apprehensive alarm.

Then Bulkeley's face set grimly as his eyes rested on the overturned table under the trees, with the grass all around strewn with broken glass and playing-cards, a scene that to Bulkeley told its own disgraceful

"A-oeoegh!"

Bulkeley dropped on his knees beside Tubby Muffin as the fat Classical gave a gasping sigh and opened his eyes. He blinked at the group dazedly for a moment.

"Ow! Oh dear!" he gasped faintly. "Wha-where am I? Am I drowned?"

"You're all right, Muffin," said Bulkeley quietly. "Just keep quiet

for a minute until you feel better." Tubby Muffin sat up in the grass, looking pale and dazed.

"But-but I remember now. Tho-those brutes pitched me in! D-did you see them? I jolly near drowned!" he gasped. "I-I say, who who pulled me out?"

"Bulkeley!" said Neville quietly. "It was Bulkeley yanked you out, Muffin!"

Tubby Muffin grunted.

"I-I say, I-I feel rotten, and awfully wet, you know!" groaned Tubby peevishly. "I-I say, Bulkeley. you might help a fellow up, instead of standing there staring. I've been jolly near drowned, an' a lot you seem to care!"

Bulkeley bent down and helped the fat Classical to his feet without a word. It was very evident that Bulkeley stood in no danger of becoming embarrassed by a touching scene of rescued thanking rescuer.

But though it was abundantly plain that Tubby had really come to himself spiritually, so to speak, it was very evident that he was far from being himself physically. He swayed dizzily in the captain's strong grasp. and was plainly not fit to stand, much less walk.

"Better get him to the school at once," said Bulkeley, with a concerned glance at Tubby. "But how on earth are we going to do it?"

"Better carry him to the boat, an' I'll run him down to the school boathouse," suggested Bill Adams. "You'll have to wade out with him, though. There's some old piles hereabouts, and I can't get the boat any nearer in. But it's only about four foot deep at most."

"Good-and thanks!" said Bulkeley, his face clearing. "That will simplify matters. We'll cycle back, and wait for you at the boathouse. Then we can take him to the sanny. He looks jolly bad!"

Tubby Muffin really did look ill, and he was groaning dismally as Bulkeley and Neville waded out with him and laid him in the bottom of the boat. Then Bulkeley splashed his way back to Jimmy Silver, his face dark and ominous.

"Silver!" he exclaimed harshly. "I will not ask you what all this means-that," went on Bulkeley, with a nod of disgust towards the overturned table, "tells its own story. You had better go back in the boat with Muffin now. You will have every chance to explain to the Head later on."

"But-but my bike's-" "Never mind your bike!" rapped out Bulkeley. "We'll see to that. Get

out to that boat at once!" Jimmy Silver turned slowly, and, with his face clouded and miserable. splashed to the waiting boat and boarded it. Then Bill Adams started the engine, and a moment later the boat moved out into mid-stream.

The whole business seemed like some horrible nightmare to Jimmy Silver just then. His head was aching abominably, and he could not think clearly. In fact, it had all happened so quickly that he had hardly had time to think at all up to now.

But, unfortuntely, it was real enough. Bulkeley's last words told him plainly that not only did they

And Jimmy Silver was wondering dismally and confusedly what the outcome of it all would be as he crouched, wet and dispirited, by the the boat.

"Ow! Oh dear! I do feel awful! I-I say, Jimmy, I-I think I'm going to have pneumonia, or appendicitis, or something! I'm awfully wet,

Jimmy Silver pulled himself to gether with an effort to banish his worrying thoughts and forebodings as the gasping wail of Tubby Muffin broke on his reflections.

Jimmy Silver was feeling anything junior, who by his apparent foolishness had caused all the trouble. But | And you'll know soon enough." he was too good-hearted to feel bitter against anyone for long, much less | nounced Peele triumphantly. "Ask to show his real feelings to a fellow him yourselves! Anyway he looked and concerned as he leaned towards | Bulkeley was telling old Greely about the fat junior.

"I-I-I say, Jimmy," went on Tabby feebly, "I-I'm sure I'm going to die-I'm soaked through, you know! But-but look here. What's Bulkeley going to d-do?"

Tubby's fat face was full of alarm. It was plain to Jimmy Silver that the fat youth was feeling ill; but it was also very plain that he was not seriously ill-at least, not too ill to think over things, and to worry about saving his own precious skin.

"Never mind Bulkeley, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver kindly. "Just lie down and don't worry, there's a good chap!"

"But-but, I say, there'll be an awful row about this! Oh dear, what am I to do? I shall be fl-flogged, and sa-sacked! Bulkeley saw those cards and things, and-and that beast, Joey Hook! He'll think was playing-playing cards with those cads! But-but, of course, I wasn't-certainly not, Silver!"

"Then that's all right, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Don't you worry now about the cards-just lie down and be quiet."

But Tubby, like Rachael of old, refused to be comforted. "But-but you won't t-tell anyone

that I was there—that I was in the garden?" spluttered Tubby tearfully. "I shall tell the truth!" exclaimed you away, if that's what's worrying you, Tubby."

"You-you mean you won't mena relieved tone.

did Tubby look wretched, but he also | chum's face was set and wretched. looked feverish and ill. And all Jimmy was concerned about was to pacify his excrtement, and to persuade him to lie down.

"No!" he said briefly, at last. You-you won't mention my name-honour bright?" "On my honour!" said Jimmy,

with a smile. Tubby Muffin lay down again with a deep gasp of satisfaction, and for the remainder of that journey to Rookwood was silent.

But Jimmy Silver little dreamed what the consequences to himself were to be for that promise so lightly given.

The 4th Chapter. The White Feather?

- "Rats!" "Rot!"
- "Bunkum!" "Bosh!"

"Tell that to the marines!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell. "I tell you it's true!" howled Peele angrily. "Both Gower and myself | Silver slowly. were standing by the gates when they

Pirived, wet through and carrying Muffin. And we heard Bulkeley tell Creely all about it, and he ordered "m" to take Tubby to the sanny!" "Wha-what"

Perhaps you'll believe us now!" sheered Gower spitefully. "Fancy Jimmy Silver showing the white feather, eh? My hat! Only what the can expect, though! Ha, ha.

Lovell's eyes flashed and he clenched his fists.

Published

Every Monday

"No need to get ratty, Lovell," but kindly disposed towards the fat | growled Gower, somewhat nervously. "It's true enough-every word of it! |

"And here's Silver now," anwho was ill. And his face was kind | jolly sick, I can tell you, when it all at the gates!"

There was a stir of interest among | fancy. So hold yourself in readiness." the group at the foot of the Classical steps, as Jimmy Silver was seen approaching from the direction of the sanny.

Raby, Newcome, Putty Grace, lowed, his brow dark and clouded. and in fact, most of the juniors were grinning. Jimmy Silver they knew, would soon give the lie to the won- in silence. Then an excited buzz derful yarn, of course!

But the amused grins faded as Jimmy Silver came nearer, and they noted his bedraggled appearance and downcast face.

"I-I say," muttered Mornington of the Fourth slowly. "It's all rot, of course, but-but he looks pretty sick, and-well, hang it all, there must be something in the yarn-something's happened, anyway!"

Jimmy Silver came up slowly and his face crimsoned as his eyes encountered the curious glances. Lovell stepped forward, his face set and

"I-I-I say, Jimmy, old man!" he exclaimed, with a nervous laugh. "Look here! Is-is it true that Tubby's been nearly drowned?"

"Yes!" replied Jimmy quietly. "B-but look here," stammered Lovell. "There's a wonderful yarn going round. They-they say that Tubby was drowning and you-you Jimmy quietly. "But I won't give lay in the grass without raising a hand to help him. Silly rot, of course. And--"

Lovell stopped and stared. He had tion my name-won't say anything | half hoped, half expected a hearty about me at all?" gasped Tubby, in laugh-or at least a prompt denial for answer. But to his astonishment Jimmy Silver hesitated. Not only and alarm there was neither. But his

"I-I-I-" stammered and stopped, conscious that all eyes were fixed upon him currously.

"By gad!" ejaculated Mornington of the Fourth.

"Sure-surely it can't be true, Jimmy?" muttered Lovell, aghast. "It-it's true enough," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "But-but-"

"Silver!" Across from the direction of the sanny came Bulkeley, his clothes sodden, and his boots squelching dismally. The astounded juniors eyed him expectantly as he came up. But when he saw Silver his face set

grimly and he stopped at once. "Silver, one moment! It has just struck me!" began the captain harshly. "I gave you an envelope this afternoon to take to Stubbins' in Latcham. Did you deliver it?"

"I_I_I_" "Well?" snapped Bulkeley suspici-

ously. "I-I've lost it!" faltered Jimmy

"You've lost it?" "Yes, Bulkeley," Silver said wretchedly. "I-I must have dropped it out of my pocket, for it was gone when I reached Latcham. was searching for it when I heardheard--"

Jimmy Silver's words ceased as he remembered his promise to Tubby Muffin. And it was then for the first time that the junior realised what a serious position he was in. How on

earth could he explain or defend himself without bringing the fat Classical into the story at every turn?

In tense silence Bulkeley waited, and Silver's face paled as he read the frank disbelief in Bulkeley's glance.

"Very well!" exclaimed Bulkeley at last. "I will see you later about this matter, Silver. Cut off now and get changed! You will be required very soon in Dr. Chisholm's study, I

Without a word Jimmy Silver mounted the steps and passed indoors. Bulkeley, without a glance at the group of astounded juniors, fol-

For fully a minute the excited Fourth-Formers blinked at each other broke out.

"Well my only hat!" "Great Scott!"

"Would you believe it!" gasped | contempt at Jimmy Silver. Conroy in sheer amazement.

by gad.!" drawled Morny thoughtfully. "Jimmy Silver a blessed funk! No-hanged if I do! There's a mis-

take somewhere!" "But he admits it himself," sneered Peele. "And it's jolly plain to him like-like-"

"Like talkin' to a dog, old bean," grinned Adolphus Smythe of the Shell. "My hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

But there was no answering laugh -unless the sniggers of Gower and Peele could have been called laughs. Most of the fellows-Classics and Moderns alike-were looking grave and concerned. Silver's extraordinary lapse-if lapse it could be -was no laughing matter to them.

"Let's get out of this before I slay someone!" groaned Lovell irritably. "What on earth can have come over Jimmy? He must be potty! Hang it all, we know jolly well he couldn't play the funk! But

"It beats me altogether!" exclaimed Raby uncomfortably. "Besides, there's something else behind | it all. What did old Bulkeley mean I about that envelope business? It's jolly queer!"

"It's-it's rotten!" muttered Arthur Newcome miserably. "Rotten isn't the word for it,"

snapped Lovell. "But come up to] the study for goodness' sake, or I shall bust. We'll wait for Jimmy and have the thing out."

And Arthur Edward Lovell led the way gloomily towards the end study where the three chums discussed the astounding news almost in whispers, as they waited for Jimmy Silver. He appeared presently, tubbed and changed. But his expression was still gloomy in the extreme.

"Look here, Silver! It can't be true-what you admitted just now. Hang it all, what's it all mean?"

"It's true enough, Lovell. I-I did lie watching Tubby Muffin drowning!

But-but-" "Well?" queried Lovell wonder-

Jimmy Silver pulled himself to-

gether with an effort.

"The fact is, you chaps," he went on quietly. "I-I've never been given a chance to defend myself yet—to tell the whole story. Before Tubby went in I was pitched in, and—and I only fell into shallow water and must have biffed my head against a submerged log, of wood or something. Anyway, it was a tidy old jar-fairly knocked me silly. I can't understand it myself. I wasn't exactly unconscious, and I could see Tubby was drowning. And yet I couldn't have raised a hand to help him if-if-"

Jimmy Silver stammered and stopped, fully conscious that his words sounded halting and weak. But Lovell's face wore a relieved expression.

"Look here, Jimmy," he ejaculated warmly. "I don't jolly well pretend to understand it. It's all jolly mysterious. But you're our pal, an' we know you better than anyone else. And if you give us your word | quietly. that you didn't funk-didn't play the else!"

"Hear hear!" came from Raby and Newcome promptly.

Jimmy Silver's face cleared a little. "Thanks, you fellows! I didn't funk it! And you chaps know jolly well I'd have gone to help Tubby like a shot if I could! But-butthat's not all!"

" Eh ?" "I-I can't explain fully," mutbusiness happened in the garden of exclaimed. the Jolly Fisherman near the cross

the potman, from the Bird in the | can't understand it!" Hand in Coombe. It was those two and I've lost the money. You chaps heard him ask me about it. Bulkeley thinks I've pinched it to play cards with—I'm certain he does."

There was an astounded silence as Jimmy finished.

Then Lovell gave vent to a long whistle of amazement.

"My only hat, Jimmy!" he gasped. "You've fairly been having an afternoon out. All the same it's frightfully serious! But-but surely you can explain-"

Lovell's words ceased as a sharp | "But," he proceeded grimly, rap sounded at the door, and Bulkeley entered. He shot a glance of hearty

"Silver, the Head wants you in his 'Blessed if I believe it even now, study! Follow me at once!" he exclaimed, in an ominous tone.

> And Jimmy Silver gave his chums a miserable glance, and followed the captain of Rookwood out of the room.

Bulkeley thinks so, too. He spoke acquainted Dr. Chisholm with the to Rookwood boys. That in itself facts, as far as he knew them. And | would fully justify me in instantly plainly it was the captain's duty to expelling you. To my mind," went

vaguely as he followed Bulkeley's of this school-much less a juniorstalwart figure how he was going to | can have laid himself open to such explain his position, how he was going | grave charges. And I cannot, and to defend himself without giving Tubby Muffin away.

The 5th Chapter. At the Bar of Justice.

"Come in!"

Dr. Chisholm's brow was dark as Bulkeley of the Sixth entered the sacred study of the headmaster of Rookwood with Jimmy Silver. And there was more than a trace of anger in the Head's keen glance as it rested on the junior's downcast face.

"Silver," began the Head sternly, "doubtless you are fully aware why I have sent for you. Bulkeley has brought to me a very disquieting and discreditable report regarding your conduct this afternoon, a report that is as astounding as it is disgraceful!"

The Head paused, and Jimmy Silver's face crimsoned under his piercing gaze.

"The charge of cowardice, happily, does not come within my province,' proceeded the Head quietly. "I have no power, nor do I wish to judge any boy's conduct in that respect. That matter must be left to your own conscience, Silver. But-"

"I am not a coward, sir!" muttered the junior through clenched teeth. Bulkeley has only told you one half of the story. I have not had a fair chance to-"

"Silence, Silver!" snapped Dr. Chisholm angrily. "I do not wish

"But it's not fair, sir," protested Jimmy Silver hotly. "Everyone is calling me a coward. They say ! watched Muffin drowning without moving to help-"

"That is perfectly true, sir!" exclaimed Bulkeley grimly. "Both Neville and myself saw--"

"It is true enough, but not all the truth!" broke in the junior passionately. "Bulkeley saw me lying there. but he did not know that I had been thrown into the river, that I was injured, and unable to go to Muffin's

"I certainly did not know that, Silver," ejaculated Bulkeley, in surprise, "or I should certainly have made sure of the facts before making the matter public. And in those circumstances I think it only right that the facts should be heard."

Dr. Chisholm frowned thoughtfully, and drummed his fingers on the table before him.

"Very well, Silver. I will hear what you have to say," he said

And in low tones Silver told his coward, then I, for one, am going to story, only relating the happenings believe you. And hang everyone from the time he was flung into the water to his boarding the motor-boat. And the Head's brow darkened as the junior spoke of Joey Hook and his companions. When he had finished, however, the Head was eyeing him thoughtfully.

But there was a curl of scorn on Bulkeley's lips as he turned to the Head.

"Then if that is so, sir-if Silver struck his head with such force, untered Jimmy slowly. "I-I've given | doubtedly he will have a wound to my word not to do so. But the whole | show and so prove his statement!" he

"I-I- That is the funny part roads leading to Middlewood and about it," muttered the junior, pass- knew that the eyes of both the Head Latcham. And Bulkeley and Neville | ing his hand through his hair per- |

think I was pub-haunting and brawl- | plexedly. "It was a frightful bang, ing with Joey Hook an' that cad Joe, but-but it hasn't left a mark.

"That is no proof, Bulkeley," said who pitched Tubby and myself into | the Head quickly. "It is quite possithe river. Not only that, but ble for a person to receive a severe Bulkeley gave me five pounds to pay | blow on the head without an abrasion a cricket account in Latcham. And- or any visible signs of injury.

Indeed, I have known several-" Dr. Chisholm stopped abruptly as if suddenly recollecting himself.

"However," he continued tersely, "I am strongly inclined, Bulkeley, to believe this boy's statement. He is certainly entitled to be given the benefit of the doubt. Under the exceptional circumstances it would be unjust to do otherwise. But--"

Dr. Chisholm's voice became harsh as he turned a glance like steel upon

the junior.

"though that disposes of the charge of cowardice in so far as I am concerned it is my intention to subject the further disgraceful charges brought against you in the strictest investigations. Silver," went on the Head, with a note of anger in his tone, "you have been found, under the most shameful circumstances, on the premises of a dis-Without a doubt Bulkeley had reputable inn strictly out of bounds on the Head, "it seems too amazing But Jimmy Silver wondered and incomprehensible that any boy will not, believe it possible without the strongest proofs of guilt. I intend, therefore, to give you every chance to defend yourself, Silver. And now what have you to say?" "I-I-I-"

> "Well?" said Dr. Chisholm, as the junior stammered helplessly.

> "I cannot explain, sir," exclaimed Jimmy Silver stoutly, pulling himself together with an effort. "But I have done nothing that I am ashamed of!" The Head's face darkened with

anger. "Does that mean, Silver, that you actually refuse to explain?" he thundered.

No answer

"Then there is only one construction that I can place on your silence, unless-unless, possibly, you are keeping silent from a desire to shield someone else, from a foolish, misguided sense of schoolboy honour. If that is so, Silver, let me warn you as to the seriousness of your position. Unless you can satisfactorily explain your conduct, I shall have no other course than to expel you with ignominy. Now will you answer me?" Silence, during which the Head's brow grew darker and darker.

"Very well, then, Silver," said Dr. Chisholm, in a determined tone. "As you still persist in this foolish refusal to speak, I will not, for the moment, question you further on these charges. There is, however, one other matter-a very grave matter indeed, that I hesitate to bring against you, but which certainly requires some explaining by you. Bulkeley informs me that he gave you the sum of five pounds to pay an account in Latcham. But I understand," added the Head grimly, "that you claim to have lost the money. Is that so, Silver?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Then cannot you see, boy, that under the circumstances under which you were found this places you in a very grave position—that you are responsible, and must give a satisfactory account of the money?"

Jimmy Silver raised his head and met the Head's keen gaze unflinch-

'I understand fully, sir!" he exclaimed somewhat bitterly. "But it is the truth! I did lose the money! It was while searching the spot where thought I had dropped the envelope that I heard-heard-" "Yes, Silver!" said the Head

testily. "Proceed!" "I-I-that is all I can say, sir!" stammered the junior. "But I am speaking the truth. I have lost the money, and not used it as you think,

"As I think!" repeated Dr. Chisholm angrily. "I have not suggested in any way what I think about the matter, Silver. You state you have lost the money, and there is not an atom of evidence to the contrary. But this foolish, obstinate silence must end, Silver. I demand here and now that you give a full and accurate account of your movements this afternoon. Otherwise--'

The Head paused meaningly, and his lips set in a determined line. Jimmy Silver's lips were also compressed and his head downcast. He

(Continued on page 307.)



Stories

JACK,

SAM,

PETE.

and

IRITA ONE

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THE STUNT

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

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The 1st Chapter. A Question of Cash.

"The Cherub's got to come!" said Bob Lawless.

And Frank Richards exclaimed emphatically:

"Yes, rather!"

It was the last day of school at Cedar Creek; on the following day the school in the backwoods was breaking up for the summer holidays.

Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin were sitting on the school fence, after morning lessons, holding a discussion.

Their plans were laid for the holiday.

But holidays cost money; and so they were a little doubtful on the subject of their chum, Vere Beauclerc.

To go on the excursion they had planned-to the Pacific Coast-without the Cherub was not to be thought of. But whether the remittanceman's son could raise the necessary cash was a doubtful point; and whether he would allow his chums to "stand the exes" was not doubtful at all-it was certain that he wouldn't.

"He's simply got to come!" said Bob Lawless. "If he won't come any other way, I'll rope him in and make him!"

Frank laughed.

"It's got to be fixed somehow," he said. "Blow the money! Money's always a worry! Hallo! Here's Beau!"

Vere Beauclerc came across the playground towards his chums with a smile on his face.

"You fellows holding a pow-wow?" he asked.

"I guess so!" said Bob, with a nod. "What's the important topic?" "The holidays."

Beauclerc's face clouded slightly for a moment. His holiday, so far as he could see, was likely to be spent at the shack on the creek-and without the society of his chums. But he smiled again the next moment. "You're going off somewhere?"

he asked. "We are-we three!" said Bob,

with emphasis.

"Three or none!" said Frank. Beauclerc shook his head.

"I'm afraid you'll have to count me out," he said. "But I hope you'll have a good time, old fellows. Where are you going?"

"To the Pacific coast, to look at

the sea." "Lucky beggars!"

"Popper's arranged it for us," explained Bob Lawless. "Bill Hichens, who used to be on the ranch once, lives at Pacific Pointhe's got a bit of land there, about a hundred miles north of Vancouver. Popper's fixed it up for us to go and stay with him. Hichens runs a holiday camp for people from the towns-tin shanties, and all that. Popper thinks we shall be safe under his eye. As a matter of fact, we sha'n't trouble Bill Hichens' eye much. We can look after ourselveswe three."

"We three!" agreed Frank. "Popper's seeing us through, of course," went on Bob. "He's settling the bill with Hichens. And he says he'll be glad to settle it for three instead of two, Cherub, and three railway tickets instead of two

Beauclerc shook his head.

"You're very kind," he said. "But I couldn't allow your father to stand my expenses on a holiday, Bob. I'm grateful, but it couldn't be done."

"Now, look here, Cherub-" "It isn't really very much," urged Frank Richards. "Only the railway enjoy yourselves. You can tell me fare on the Canadian Pacific to New Westminster, and the run up the That will be nearly as good as going coast, and staying at Pacific Point

"Only!" said Beauclerc, with a smile.

Cherub!"

"Can't be done, old fellow!" "Don't you want to see the big ocean?" demanded Boi). "We shall get some sailing on the Pacific. That I lumber schoolhouse for their last doesn't come every fellow's way." "Wouldn't you like it, Beau?"

asked Frank. "I'd like it no end."

"Then you're coming." "Could it be done on ten dollars?" asked Beauclerc, with a laugh.

"Ahem! I'm afraid not." "Then I'm not coming, thank you | mistress. all the same. When are you start-

"Next week."

"Well, we're see something of one another for the first few days of the | that they should not be separated. holidays, anyhow," said Beauclerc. "I'm really sorry, you chaps; I shall to be made to accompany them on miss you, and I'd like to come. But I can't ask my pater for an expensive holiday, and I don't suppose he could | stand it if I did."

"It's got to be worked somehow," said Bob. "Suppose we lend you the rocks, and you square when you

get rich?" "Fathead!"

"Suppose-"

"It's not much good supposing," said Beauclerc cheerily. "Besides, I've made some arrangements for the | timber after school.

lessons at Cedar Creek that term.

Miss Meadows found some of her pupils a little inattentive that afternoon.

Frank Richards & Co. were thinking; but not very much about the valuable instruction they were receiving from the Canadian school-

Beauclerc, in spite of his smiling face, was feeling keenly the prospect of a long separation from his chums; and Frank and Bob were determined

Somehow or other, Beauclerc was their holiday excursion to the Pacific coast; and the question was-how?

To that question, at present, the chums of Cedar Creek could find no answer.

Frank and Bob were determined to find an answer to it; the problem had occupied their minds for a good many days without a solution being found-but they meant to find one. They were still thinking of it when the trio rode home through the

noticing what a difference there was been when "Old Man Beauclerc" had seen the dawn rise in the poker-room at the Occidental, or had reeled home | Thompson River." from the Red Dog in the small hours of the morning, to sleep heavily at the shack till noon or later. But those days were past.

For a long time now the remittance-man had been a hard and steady know something about gold-mining. a good profit on the labour expended | we've got the time?" upon it.

was both.

There was colour in his cheeks, a "Well, it's a ripping morning for a evil reputation that had made his name a byword in the valley.

"Good-morning, sir," sang out Bob Lawless. "Is Beau about yet?"

"Yes, you'll find him up!" Vere Beauclerc looked out of the doorway of the shack, with a fryingpan in his hand, and a smile on his handsome face.

"Hallo, you fellows, you're early!" he called out.

"We've come for you," said Frank. "I'm getting breakfast. Will you join us?"

"My dear chap, we came fishing for a free brekker," said Frank, laughing. "We'll come in and help

"Sure," said Bob.

The chums of Cedar Creek tethered their horses, and joined Beauclerc in the shack.

Outside the hoe of the remittanceman was still ringing on the soil. Mr. Beauclerc did not come in till

breakfast was ready. Then he joined the three schoolboys

at the lumber table, where the simple. but ample, breakfast was spread. "We want Beau to come with us

holiday. A good many of the fellows | When they parted at the fork of | this morning," Bob Lawless exare going out working on the farms the trail and Beauclerc turned into | plained. "It's a stunt, Mr. Beau-

"I was going to work on the clear-

doubtfully. "As there's no school

"My dear boy," said the remit-

the best of your holiday; and there

is little to be done here now. You

Beauclerc fetched round his horse and

rode away with his chums, the re-

mittance-man resuming work cheer-

Beauclerc glanced back at him

several times, with a very happy ex-

days had brought happiness into

the timber, and the clearing dis-

"Now, what's the game?" asked

And when breakfast was over,

will go with your friends."

fully on the clearing.

pression on his face.

Beauclerc's life.

appeared behind.

"Not a bit of it. We've got an in the remittance-man now. Time had | idea," explained Bob Lawless. "You know there have been some rich strikes made on the creeks up the

"I've heard so!" assented Beau-

"A lot of galoots have been prospecting there, and some of them have struck ile," said Bob. "Now, I worker, and his holding was showing | Why shouldn't we do the same now

"It's Bob's idea," said Frank In British Columbia there is a good Richards, laughing, as Beauclerc living for any man able and willing to glanced at him. "Bob thinks he's work, and the reformed scapegrace going to strike oil. After all, it will was both.

healthy spring in his step, and he ride up the valley, anyhow," said looked years younger than of old. Beauclerc. "I don't think we shall And he was living down, at last, the have much trouble in carrying home all the gold we find."

"You never know!" answered

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards and Beauclerc laughed heartily. The idea of spending the first day of the school holiday in hunting for gold, with the hope of finding any, struck them as comic.

But Bob Lawless seemed hopeful. He had a spade and a pick slung on his saddle ready for business. His knowledge of mining was not perhaps very deep; but he knew something about it-certainly enough to know if he made a "strike."

The three riders clattered away, and rode through the town of Thompson, where Chunky Todgers waved a fat hand to them outside Gunter's store. The other fat hand held a chunk of maple sugar.

From the town they rode up the river, past the placer claims, and an hour or two later they were in the foothills. Beauclerc uttered a sudden exclaimation.

"There's Billy Cook!"

He pointed with his riding-whip. Through an opening of the pinetrees a horseman appeared for a moment or two. it was burly, bearded Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch. Bob Lawless gave a start, and Frank Richards and Beauclerc looked very curiously at the burly ranchman. The pines swallowed him up the next minute, and he disappeared from view.

"What the thump is Billy Cook doing here, so far from the ranch?" ejaculated Frank Richards. 'Looking for gold, perhaps, like

us?" said Beauclerc, laughing. Bob Lawless did not speak. The sudden sight of the ranch foreman seemed to have disconcerted the

cheery Bob somehow.

It surprised his chums very considerably. They were a good ten miles from the Lawless Ranch, and they could not imagine what business Billy Cook could possibly have in the rugged foothills at that hour in the morning, too. He must have left the ranch very soon after daylight, and judging by the direction he was taking when they spotted him, he was now returning. It was puzzling, and Bob Lawless offered no suggestion; but the chums soon forgot the incident as they rode deeper into the hills.

Bob Lawless was looking about him very keenly, and his comrades grinned as they noted it.

"Are you expecting to spot a likely claim on horseback, Bob?" asked Frank Richards. "Fathead! I guess I'm locking for

a likely spot to begin," answered Bob. "No good scraping the roots of the pine trees for gold. I reckon that little arroyo is a good spot." The rancher's son pulled in his

ing this morning," said Beauclere horse. Ahead of the schoolboys lay a little shadowy ravine, through which a stream tumbled and cascaded on the

tance-man, "you are going to make rocks. The murmur of the waters came musically to their ears as they dismounted.

The horses were tethered, and Bob unfastened the pick and spade from his saddle.

"Follow your leader!" he said. And the chums of Cedar Creek

entered the arroyo.

Frank Richards carried the spade, resting it over his shoulder like a The change in the remittance-man gun, with a smiling face. Bob from what he had been in former carried the pick, and as he advanced

into the arroyo, he struck the rock here and there. Flashes of fire came The chums rode down the trail into as the pick rang on the hard rock. "Tell us when you find a nugget,

Bob," chuckled Frank. "Oh, don't be funny," said Bob

Lawless. "Look here, this arroyo is a good place. If there's gold in these hills, this stream will have brought some of it down. If we strike ile-" "If!" laughed Beauclerc.

"Well, if we do, we share alike," I said Bob. "Who knows but what



There was a sudden yellow glitter in the sun as something whizzed out with a spadeful of sand. Frank Richards gave a shout. "Gold! A nugget!"

same. I shall earn some money instead of spending it, you see. And I've always got my horse, and there's the hills and plains, so I shall be all right for the holiday."

"You're coming with us!" roared Bob Lawless.

"Can't be done!"

"Then we'll stay with you," said Bob. "That's it, isn't it, Franky?" "You bet!" answered Frank Richards promptly. "After all, the Thompson Valley is all right for a holiday. We can get some ripping

"And canoeing!" said Bob. "We'll have a trip into the Rockies

"I guess so!"

"What rot!" said Beauclerc, smiling. "You're jolly well going to Pacific Point, and you're going to all about it when you come back. with you."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!" "There goes the bell, you fellows!" "I guess you've got to come, called out Chunky Todgers. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless

dropped from the fence.

The three chums headed for the him cheerily. They could not help

at harvest, and I'm going to do the | the path to the shack, Bob called after | clerc, and we want the Cherub to

"Mind, you're coming, Cherub!" Beauclerc smiled and shook his head. Bob knitted his brows as he rode on towards the ranch with Frank Richards.

"We've got to work the riffle somehow, Franky."

"We have!" agreed Frank. "But how?"

"I give that up."

"It's a question of cash," said Bob. "I believe cash questions are the most difficult ones to answer," remarked Frank Richards ruefully. "Hum! I guess that is so, sure!"

grunted Bob. And for that night, at least, the difficult question remained without an answer.

The 2nd Chapter. The Gold-Seekers.

There was a merry beat of hoofs on the plain, and Old Man Beauclerc looked up from his hoeing in the bright summer morning.

He smiled a welcome as Frank Richards and Bob Lawless rode up.

Clatter! Clatter!

Beauclerc, looking at his chums. "Gold-seeking," answered Bob. The remittance-man was at work Beauclerc laughed. on his clearing by the creek. "Looking for a gold-mine?" he

asked. "Sure!" "Come on, Cherub!" The chums of Cedar Creek greeted "Is it a joke?" asked Beauclerc.



"If we find enough to pay for a

"I should be more than satisfied,"

said Beauclerc. "But I don't think

the tumbling stream, and Bob Law-

less hooked the pick in the sand where

the water ran shallow. There was

plenty of sand to turn up, but there

"Hallo, we're not the first here

"Somebody's been here before us."

"Because he's left a footprint be-

He pointed to the sandy bank of

the rivulet. In the soft sand was the

Bob Lawless stared at it blankly.

"Billy Cook!" stammered Bob.

mark, but went on with his investiga-

tions. His chums watched him with

smiling faces. Bob seemed very

much in earnest, but Frank Richards

and Beauclere evidently did not take

the gold-seeking very seriously. But

they followed Bob cheerfully as he

picked his way along the rocky bank,

testing the sand with his pick as he

The 3rd Chapter.

The Nugget.

Bob Lawless uttered that exclama-

At a point where the stream

foamed round a jutting spur of rock

there was a bed of soft sand, brought

there and piled against the rock by

The pick rang as it was thrust into

"Well, what have you found?"

"Give me the spade, Franky!"

started digging in the soft sand.

Bob Lawless took the spade, and

His chums watched him with grow-

It was always possible that a golden

nugget might be found in the bed of

a mountain stream in a gold-bearing

country. It seemed rather too much

good luck to come upon it like this,

Bob tossed out spadeful after

"You take a turn, Cherub!" he

Bob waded out, and Vere Beau-

elerc took his place with the spade.

away merrily, tossing out the sand.

Frank Richards gave a shout.

"Gold!" yelled Bob Lawless.

"A nugget!" stuttered

ment now, picked up the nugget.

Richards. "Oh, my hat!

out with a spadeful of sand.

Beauclerc ceased to work.

"Gold!" he repeated.

nugget! Look at it!"

"Great Scott!"

stream, pick in hand.

"Well, my hat!"

but gold.

The remittance-man's son worked

There was a sudden yellow glitter

in the sun, as something hard whizzed

object that lay in the sand-heap on

Frank, his face ablaze with excite-

There was no doubt that it was a

Beauclerc tramped out of the

"A-a-a nugget!" he ejaculated.

nugget of gold-in the rough state,

Frank

It's a

but it was always possible.

tramped into the shallow water, and

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Oh, gum!"

"Perhaps Billy Cook's been this

"Yes; he seemed to be coming

"How do you know, Cherub?"

hind him," answered Beauclerc.

impression of a big riding-boot.

way!" smiled Beauclerc.

from this direction."

went.

"Jerusalem!"

tion suddenly.

the stream.

the bed.

Clink!

Beauclerc.

ing interest.

spadeful of sand.

"Right-ho!"

said at last.

Clink!

"Gold!"

the bank blankly.

asked Frank.

this morning!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"What! What's that?"

morning?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

cheerily.

it's likely."

of gold.

Bob started.

TKE STUNT THAT FAILED!

(Continued from

the previous page.)

"What did I tell you?" grinned Bob. "Haven't we had jolly good luck?"

"It's extraordinary!" said Beauclerc.

"Well, I don't know about that!" remarked Frank Richards. we're going to make fortunes this | "Lots of nuggets have been found in these hills before this. One of the ranch-men found a nugget prospect-

ling here." "Not in a single morning."

summer holiday on the coast, we ought to be satisfied," said Frank "No; he was prospecting for three months, but he found a nugget. My uncle bought it from him, and think it's at the ranch now," said Frank. "I remember uncle saying The chums stopped on the bank of he was going to send it to the bank. Have you seen it, Bob?"

"Yes, I've seen it," said Bob briefly. "Let's have another dig here. You never know what we may

was no trace of the gleaming grains

"I'll take a turn," said Frank. He took the spade, and started digging. Vere Beauclerc stood with a rather thoughtful expression on his

He glanced several times at Bob Lawless, but Bob kept his eyes fixed on Frank, and did not meet his glance.

Frank turned up a huge quantity of sand; but no more nuggets came to view. Evidently the one that had been found was the only one the bed of sand contained.

Frank Richards came up the bank at last.

"No go!" he said. "I fancy that's the lot. Still, we've had jolly good was no cinch! Fancy the Cherub rider. luck. It's a regular ten-strike, to tumbling like that! All through that drop on a nugget like that, isn't it, ass Billy Cook letting himself be Bob Lawless made no further re- | Beau?"

"Extraordinary!" said Beauclerc. "What is it worth, Bob?"

Bob Lawless eyed the nugget. "Six hundred dollars, at least," he answered.

"Phew!" murmured Frank. "And whose it is?" asked Beau-

Bob gave the remittance-man's son

a quick look. "Ours!" he answered. "We share | "Then that nugget--" and share alike, of course. That will work out at two hundred dollars

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Frank joyfully. "Why, that's just what a holiday for three will cost, Bob."

"I—I guess so!" "With a bit over," said Frank. "We sha'n't have to stick Uncle Lawless for the expenses, Bob. And Beau can come. His share of the nugget will see him through."

"Good!" "Let's get back to the horses!" said Beauclerc abruptly.

"Come on! You carry the nug-

get, Cherub!" "I guess there's something in the

"No; you carry it!" "Plenty of rock under it!" said "Oh, all right!"
Reauclere. The three chums clambered out of

the rocky arroyo, and returned to the spot where they had tethered the

Beauclerc was strangely silent. Frank Richards was in a joyous

mood. The lucky discovery of the gold nugget cleared away all the difficulties that had worried the chums of Cedar Creek. By a lucky chance, it well represented the sum that was required for a really ripping holiday on the Pacific coast for three-and the three discoverers were entitled to share alike.

Frank was jubilant.

shade that was gathering on his brow. I dinner!" Bob Lawless noted it, however, and he seemed a little unquiet. Frank observed the preoccupation

of the remittance-man's son, however, as they reached the tethered horses.

"You don't seem so glad as I am, Beau," he said.

"Perhaps not."

"This means that we can have our holiday together after all, old chap." Beauclerc did not answer. He stared at the rough, yellow

Bob Lawless mounted his horse. "Let's get off!" he said.

that nugget safe to the ranch the most. better," assented Frank Richards.

The chums rode homeward. saddle-bags, but they did not stop plained. Bob had persuaded him when he came in. for it now. Beauclerc, on his black into agreeing to the "stunt," which horse, made a good speed on the his judgment had certainly not a smile, and laid down his book. return journey, and his chums had to approved of. ride hard to keep pace with him. "You're a young ass, Bob!" he Conversation was impossible, and they | said. "I'd never have agreed to such

riding through Thompson town.

its value."

at Beauclerc's clouded face.

the trail by Cedar Creek School, and both of them thinking about Beau- going to have your holidays." then turning through the timber. At | clerc. the fork in the trail, Vere Beauclere reined in his horse.

"You're coming on to the ranch?" exclaimed Frank. "No; I'll get home."

"But the nugget--" "Never mind the nugget!" said Beauclerc, his lip curling a little. "It was a very clever stunt, I'll allow that, and might have taken me in if I hadn't seen Billy Cook, or the footprint in the arroyo! I'm much obliged

cannot take charity. Good-bye!" Beauclere shook his reins, and dashed away at a gallop up the trail to his home, leaving Frank Richards sitting in his saddle, petrified with astonishment.

to you and your father, Bob; but I

The 4th Chapter. The Rift in the Lute.

Frank Richards stared blankly at

Beauclerc's words had simply astounded him.

Vere Beauclerc had ridden off in anger; but why, Frank Richards gruffly. could not even guess.

"Bob!" he exclaimed. His cousin gave a rueful grunt.

"What does it mean? What does | thinking of Beauclerc. Beau mean? Blessed if I can make head or tail of it!" exclaimed Frank. "What is he waxy about?"

Bob Lawless grinned faintly. "It was a stunt!" he exclaimed. "I reckoned the Cherub would have the wool pulled over his eyes; but it horse, and the graceful figure of the seen! It's rotten. Now the Cherub's gone off on his ear!"

"What on earth do you mean, Bob?"

"I didn't let on to you, Frankyyou're so sweetly innocent, you'd have given the game away!" explained Bob, grinning. "You see, it was a stunt to stand the Cherub's exes on the holiday run."

"Wha-a-at!" Frank gasped. | thrown over his arm.

exes, if Beau agreed. I talked him | silence. over this morning, and he let me have the nugget—"
"The—the nugget—"

"It's the one you were mentioning to Beau, you duffer-the one the ranchman found, and sold to my holiday, so it came out the same and I'm sorry I spoke as I did." thing. Billy Cook hustled off early this morning and planted it in the arroyo for us to find. Now do you

tumble?" Frank Richards gasped.

"Better not, you see. Your cheery know anything about the nugget enthusiasm over the find ought to stunt, Cherub. I took him in as well have hoodwinked the Cherub. See?" as you; I thought his innocent old "You fathead, Bob!"

"Jaw away!" said Bob meekly. | cess." "It's been a ghastly failure; and the Cherub's got his back up. Jaw me as much as you like."

Frank burst into a laugh.

Punch, especially in money matters. Shall we go after him?" "Better leave it till he's in a better

temper," said Bob; "and I want to again. For some time he did not notice get this nugget back to the ranch. the silence of Vere Beauclerc, or the And you seem to have forgotten

"Oh, bother dinner!" "Bosh! Come on!"

The chums rode on to the ranch. Both of them were in a rather worried mood.

quite a clever scheme, and had come | the holiday. near to success. But it had not come | Vere Beauclerc galloped home in

the nugget to his father. The the better for it. They had brought lunch in their | rancher gave a grunt when Bob ex-

did not speak again till they were | nonsense, only I knew how much you wanted to take your friend with you it into the bank?" asked Frank as well that it's turned out as it has." day."

Richards. "Mr. Hooker will tell us To which neither the rancher's son | "That's all right, father. I shall Bob Lawless cast an uneasy glance | said nothing.

are hurt; but, dash it all, it was a valley." friendly thing to do, and he might | "And earning money?" smiled Mr.

look at it that way!"

"Let's ride over and see him!"

suggested Frank. Bob shook his head.

"I reckon I'm not going," he answered. "You can, if you like, Frank." "I sha'n't go without you. We

don't want any rows in the happy family!" "Well, I'm not going to eat

humble pie," said Bob obstinately. "I did it out of friendship, and if the Cherub likes to take offence at it, he can, and be bothered with him." "Bob!"

relenting. "But I'm not going over | expensive holiday, and we're not to the shack. It's like asking pardon, | wealthy like Mr. Lawless." and I've done nothing to ask pardon ! for. Let him come here if he wants to be friends!"

"I'm afraid he won't do that!" "Then let him rip!" said Bob

The chums walked on in silence. It was not a happy evening, as they strolled in the deepening sunset on "Hardly a cinch, was it?" he said. | the ranchlands. They could not help

> Clatter! Thud! Thud! Frank Richards looked up quickly

as there was a ringing of hoofs on the The stars were coming out now. In

the dim light, he recognised the black

"Beau!" he shouted.

"Cherub!" stammered Bob. Both the chums had been certain that he would not come; but he had come!

The 5th Chapter. All Serene!

Vere Beauclerc coloured as he met the chums on the trail, his rein

For a moment there was a pause. "Popper was willing to stand the It was Beauclero who broke the

"I'm sorry, you chaps!" he said.

"Beau, old man-"

"I left you in a temper," said Beauclerc, his colour deepening. "I -I was offended without cause. It was a generous thought of yours, popper. It's worth about as much as Bob, though I wish you hadn't done father is willing to spend on our | it. But I know you meant it kindly, "Kick me, Franky!" said Bob.

"What for?" asked Beauclerc. "I wouldn't ride over when Franky asked me, and now you've come first. I and you're as proud as Lucifer, and I "Oh, Bob! You never told ain't!" said Bob repentantly. "I ought to be kicked. Franky didn't face would help to make it a suc-

Beauclere laughed. "Well, it's all right now," he said. "I'm really very grateful, Bob. can't accept your kindness, but I'm "I see now," he said. "It was a grateful all the same; and-and I jolly clever stunt; but Beau's had to see you chaps before I turned offended, Bob. He's as proud as in to-night, to-to tell you I was sorry for cutting up rusty. That's all. Good-night!"

And Beauclerc jumped on his horse

"We want you to come to Pacific Point with us, Cherub!" said Bob wistfully.

"I wish I could." And Beauclerc, with a wave of the

hand, rode away. Bob Lawless and Frank walked back to the ranch-house thoughtfully.

Bob Lawless had meant well in his but with lighter hearts. The "stunt" good-natured "stunt" to provide his | had failed; but at least they were on chum with the wherewithal for the good terms with their chum, after summer holiday. And it had been all, and that counted for more than

quite near enough; and Beauclerc, | the starlight, feeling relieved also. whose pride was all the keener be- He had repented of the hasty and cause of his poverty, was wounded. somewhat bitter words he had "Yes, rather! The sooner we get That was what worried the chums uttered, and, though it had cost him an effort to subdue his pride, he had At the ranch, Bob Lawless handed | done the right thing, and he felt all !

A light was burning in the shack

His father glanced up at him with

"You've been riding late, Vere!"

"I've been over to the ranch, dad. I haven't kept you up?"

nor nephew could agree, though they have a ripping holiday! There's plenty to be done on the clearing!"

The concern they were feeling did | "Not so very much," said the re-"Nope! Come on to the ranch," | not prevent the chums from making | mittance-man, with a smile. "Our a late and hearty dinner. After estate is not very large, Vere, and I They rode out of the town, taking dinner, they left the ranch-house, am quite able to handle it. You are

"If I can be spared here, father, "It's too rotten!" muttered Bob I'm thinking of getting some harvest uneasily. "I-I suppose his feelings | work on the ranches down the

Beauclere.

"I should like to, father!"

"Quite right-quite right! But your friends are going on a long excursion, I understand; I think I have heard it mentioned?"

"Yes; they're going to the sea!" "They would like you to go?"

"Oh, yes!" said Beauclerc, smiling. "But I can't go, father, and I'm not thinking of it."

"Why not?" "I-I don't want to go, father."

"Come, my boy!" "Well, I-I should like to go," said Beauclerc, colouring, "but-but "Well, not bothered!" said Bob, | it's out of the question. It's a very

> "We are not wealthy. Vere," assented the remittance-man. "But we are not so poor as we used to be. Our holding pays now-now that work is put into it. This summer we shall clear all our expenses out of our land, and have a little sum left over."

> "That's good, father." "And since I since I gave up the Occidental and the Red Dog, Vere," said the remittance-man, colouring,

> "I have been saving money." "Not much, surely, father?" "Five hundred dollars!" said Mr.

> Beauclerc. The schoolboy opened his eyes. "Why, father, that's a little for-

The remittance-man laughed. "And we shall add to it every year, Vere, now that I have found out the Beauclerc jumped from his horse. | value of work," he said. "I have been putting by very carefully, Vere, chiefly with an eye to your summer holiday. You have had little money to spend so far; and you are going to have a good holiday this year. Will

> two hundred and fifty dollars see you through?" Beauclerc opened his eyes wide. "I shouldn't want half as much, father; but-but I won't spend the

money. We may need it-" "My dear boy, I tell you I have been saving it for you. To-morrow morning I shall go to the bank and draw out what you need. Don't you see that this is a pleasure to me?"

Beauclerc could not answer. His eyes were full of tears.

Truly, the remittance-man of Cedar Camp had changed, and Lascelles Beauclero was a new man. And he had his reward, for he found more happiness in living for his son than in living for himself.

"Hallo, Cherub!"

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were riding towards Thompson, on the following day when Vere Beauclerc joined them on the trail, coming away from the town.

"You're looking jolly bright, Beau!" said Frank Richards, as he noted the happy sparkle in Beauclerc's eyes. "Have you found another nugget-not planted by Billy Cook this time?"

Beauclerc laughed. "Much better than that," he answered.

"Well, what then?"

"Look at this!" Beauclerc felt in his pocket, and held up for inspection two hundred-

dollar bills. "Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Frank Richards, in amazement. "You haven't been robbing a bank, I

suppose?" "Ha, ha! Not quite! But I've just been with my father to the bank, and he has insisted upon giving me

this money for my holiday." "My hat!"

"I shall be able to come along on the holiday to Pacific Point, if you want me to," said Beauclerc brightly. "If!" exclaimed Bob.

"Hurrah!" roared Frank Richards. Frank waved his hat in glee; and Bob Lawless, in the exuberance of his spirits made his pony waltz on the trail.

The problem was solved after all! And a few days later the chums of Cedar Creek started westward on their holiday, which was destined to be an eventful one.

THE END.

(Another grand complete story next "Oh, no! I was thinking about | week dealing with the holiday experiences "Had we better stop here, and take on your holiday. Perhaps it's just you, my boy-and about your holi- of the Chums of Cedar Creek. Order in ladvance.)

TRIAL!

(Continued from page 304.) B ~~~~~~~~~

and the astonished captain of Rookwood were fixed upon him accusingly. "I am waiting, Silver!" thundered Dr. Chisholm.

"I-I'm sorry, sir! But-but I cannot explain further!" muttered the junior miserably.

"Very well, Silver! I have given you-and still intend to give you every opportunity of defending yourself. To this end I will give you until six o'clock to-morrow evening to think over the matter. By that time your companion in yesterday's affair, Muffin, will be discharged from the sanatorium, when I hope to get the Should, however, nothing come to

turned and left the room, and the at the earliest possible moment. door closed behind him.

astounding affair was on every approached him. sentence of expulsion, and the news I now?"

juniors, gravely and volubly.

against the evidence of Bulkeley and | me. Look-" Neville of the Sixth. And even his "I-I say, you know. I shall miss fast!" in his unaccountable silence.

The 6th Chapter. Tubby Explains.

"Tubby-I say, Tubby Muffin!" Jimmy Silver called out eagerly as truth of this astounding business. | the fat figure of the Falstaff of Rookwood slowly descended the sanatorium light in extenuation of your conduct, steps. It had been known to all and or should you still persist in this fool- | sundry that Tubby would be present ish silence," went on the Head in | in class that morning. And Jimmy cold, deliberate tones, "you will be Silver, long before the rest of the expelled from Rookwood! You may | Fourth had finished breakfast, was hovering round the sanny with the In grim silence Jimmy Silver intention of questioning the fat junior

Tubby's face was still pale. And he And that evening all Rookwood | blinked nervously and apprehensively

was discussed by all the excited "I-I-I'm all right now," stam- never dream of such a thing. Cer- appetite, and Tubby was quite ready mered Tubby uneasily. "I-I-I tainly not! In fact, even when Joey for another. And Jimmy Silver found himself | say! I-I-I'm in rather a hurry, | Hook threatened to pitch me into the | "Look-look here, Jimmy!" he under a cloud, and treated to the | you know! I shall miss breakfast | river, I refused stoutly to pay up out | spluttered peevishly. "I want my "marble eye" on all sides. The if-"

own chums of the end study eyed | my breakfast!" gasped the fat junior, him oddly, though they stood by him | in alarm. "Besides, I know nothing loyally, and vainly tried to hide their about Bulkeley's five pounds-absoinward uneasiness as Jimmy persisted | lutely nothing! Never even knew you had the five quid, in fact, Jimmy Silver!"

> "Wha-what?" "Come to that, it's no business of drop the five quid on the Latcham Road-jolly careless of you, I think!" proceeded Tubby, with great dignity.

"And I decline-" "Then you do know something about it?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver eagerly.

"Certainly not, Silver!" said Tubby, in great alarm. "And I decline to discuss the matter! I shall | I-I--" be late—" "But-"

l playing banker with the cash, I'd lillness had by no means impaired his l

of Bulkeley's money. I was jolly breakfast. Let me g-g-go now! accusation of cowardice-perhaps the | "Just a moment, Tubby," ex- | plucky about that, I told | Hang Bulkeley's five quid! I'm jolly most heinous offence in a schoolboy's | claimed Jimmy Silver, laying a hand | him straight the five pounds wasn't | hungry!" eyes-was in itself enough to earn on the fat youth's shoulder. "I'm mine, and-I mean-that is to say, I- | "Just wait a minute. Muffin!" exhim the contempt of his schoolfellows. sorry to worry you just now, but -but I-I know nothing about the cash- claimed Jimmy grimly. "You've For Jimmy Silver's strenuous it's frightfully serious. It's about that absolutely nothing!" stammered practically admitted you had the denials of guilt counted for nothing five pounds you saw Bulkeley give to Tubby hastily. "So now let me g-go! money all the time. And-" I shall jolly well miss my break-

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "D-d-do you actually mean to say, Muffin, that—that you've been playing rotten cards with Bulkeley's five pounds?" he ejaculated; tightening his grip on the fat youth's shoulder.

"Nunno! Certainly not! Not a bit of it, Silver!" gasped Tubby mine, either, Jimmy Silver, if you did indignantly. "Haven't I jolly well be. You can't blame me for that! told you I didn't play with the money? You surely don't doubt my word, Jimmy Silver? I was too jolly sharp for that beast Joey Hook,] can tell you! In fact, I had it in my pocket even when I was pitched intointo-I mean-that is to say-I mean to say when I didn't-I mean I never had the money at all, of course! I-

Tubby floundered helplessly. Even the fat, obtuse mind of Tubby Muffin "Look here, Silver," said Tubby grasped the fact that he had given loftily. "Once and for all, I decline | himself hopelessly away. But that was in a buzz of excitement, and the at Jimmy Silver as that junior to discuss this matter further with fact did not worry Tubby for longyou. If you think I know anything | not nearly so much as the fear of tongue. It was soon known that | "Glad to see you, Tubby!" said about Bulkeley's five pounds, you're missing breakfast. Tubby had already Jimmy Silver was practically under Jimmy sincerely. "Feeling better jolly well mistaken! And, as for had one breakfast in the sanny. But

Tubby jumped "I didn't! I wasn't! I haven't!" he spluttered frantically. "I've never seen it. In fact, I know nothing about it. Besides, it ain't my fault if the blessed envelope fell out of my pocket. Why, it may even now be lying in Bill Adam's old tub. Anyway, it wasn't in my pocket when I came to look in the sanny, so it must

You'll admit that yourself, Jim-" Tubby broke off, and the ex-junior captain of the Fourth almost gasped aloud with relief. There were often golden grains of truth to be found in Tubby Muffin's romances. And Jimmy really felt he had found one

"Here, I say!" gasped Tubby, as Jimmy Silver was turning away with gleaming eyes. "You w-won't tell?" "I'm going up the river to search Bill Adams' motor-boat," said Jimmy

Silver quietly. And in blank amazement the fat Classical watched Jimmy Silver as he strode across the quad and vanished through the gates. Then, suddenly

(Continued on page 311.)



BY E. HENDREN.

(The famous Middlesex Batsman who has recently made so many centuries.)

game on a high-class ground, a match | to do is to play. in a public park upon a real park "suicide" wicket, or even two or three boys in a back street with a lamp-post for stumps, I always stay as long as I can and play the part of a spectator. And for this reason I find it a pleasure to offer a few words of advice to the readers of the Boys' FRIEND just before the close of the cricket season of 1919.

I wonder how many young people really understand that to be proficient in any branch of sport which exercises the muscles, it is absolutely necessary to keep in the best state of bodily fitness? I imagine I can see some youngsters shrug their shoulders and say, "What rot! You get fit while playing cricket." Of course, in a sense this is right. Playing makes you fit, but the ordinary young man doesn't play often enough to keep fit, and then, remember, you have some seven or eight months between your two cricket seasons, during which period you will get very flabby if you do not take exercise.

You read of famous cricketers and their scores, but for weeks previous to the opening of the match season they are practising day after day, and if you will take the trouble to notice you will find that the famous cricketers who are also famous footballers invariably find their form right at the start of the season. Take J. Sharp and H. Makepeace of Lancashire, Ducat of Surrey, and Hardinge of Kent. They walk on to the cricketfield to have their first practice in the very pink of condition. I play both games myself, and know full well that my football during the winter helps me in my cricket because it has kept season comes to an end don't slack until next season arrives, but start to few in winter time.

smoking between-while, your cricket | and enjoyment of the young.

Ever since I can remember any- | don't slack in the winter. There is no thing I seem to have taken a great | bigger football enthusiast than I am." deal of interest in junior cricket. In Yes, he is an enthusiast, but only of fact, no matter whether it is a school | the looker-on species. What you want

E. HENDREN.



The famous Middlesex Batsman, who has written this article especially for "THE BOYS' FRIEND."

In my opinion there is a great bond of relationship between cricket and ball team. Even the plodding, indusfootball, although many people would trious worker, who will never rise to me fit. And so my advice to my have us believe that the two are as the top Form, does not dream of |))) young friends is, when the cricket | wide apart as the opposite Poles. I | allowing his love of play to encroach |)) cannot forget the words of a small on lesson hours. boy who, when questioned as to the play football, putting your whole number of seasons in a year, replied, gree, fit a boy to take his place in the heart into it, and making the most of "Two: the cricket season and the world if he has been taught to keep | " the daylight hours that are all too [football season." These words, spoken | his temper, live cleanly, champion the in all innocence, or ignorance, at cause of fair play in everything, and If you slack all the winter, dividing | least tell us how closely related the | sink his own personality in the general your time between the picture-palace | two games really are, and how | welfare of the community of which he and the music-hall, doing a lot of | closely allied they are to the happiness | forms only one unit?

of next season will surely suffer, and No matter who the man is, or what so will your health. I was advising a position he holds in this world, I youth of my acquaintance as to this | cannot help thinking that a certain only a few days ago, and he brought | proportion of his time should be dea smile to my face by saying, "But I voted to recreation, not only because

he needs exercise in order to keep himself physically fit, but because it is a very effective antidote for the worries of office or business. Under the strain of business it stands to reason that a man's brain will soon become fagged if he does not get into a different mental atmosphere, and I can think of nothing more likely to alter, beneficially, the trend of a man's thoughts than the indulgence in some kind of field game, in which he is, more or less, compelled to forget everything else for the time being.

I am quite sure in my own mind that the nation reaps a huge benefit from the athletic systems now in vogue at our chief public schools, where a boy is given every opportunity of proficiency in games. Indeed, it is entirely his own fault if he | does not become dexterous in some particular form of exercise. Encouragement is held out to him in the form of well-kept grounds and efficient coaching, so that he may develop a thoroughly healthy body as well as a healthy mind, and eventually become a valuable asset to his country.

Games have moreover, I believe, done a great amount of good in teaching the young how to live cleanly. The young man who is devoted to the interests of his side is willing, as a rule, to make sacrifices-if such they can be called—on its behalf. Excess, 1)) whether in eating, drinking, or smoking, is one of the natural |))) enemies to fitness in sport, and when |))) the player has the temptation to overindulge he is pulled up by the knowledge that it must be detrimental to his form, and amounts to something of a crime against his club.

Parents are frequently to be found who complain that their sons are returned to them from public schools and universities without having attained the object for which they were sent there. They are splendid athletes and cheerful companions, it is true, but with no love of learning, | || very little grasp of intellectual subjects, unable to converse fluently in | || any language but their own, and altogether disappointing from an educational point of view. But I am firmly of opinion that such cases are the exception and not the rule, and result not from the use but the abuse of pastime.

It much more often happens that a youth who is good at games, such as football and cricket, is good at work also. The clever head of the school makes the capable captain of his foot-

And does it not really, in some de-



KIT ERROLL, fearless, frank, and free! So true to all his vows, and As 'BOYS' FRIEND' readers will agree, A fellow in a thousand! The way he backed up Mornington Through fair and stormy weather, Has for this dauntless junior won Both praise and fame together!

He stood by Mornington throughout, He backed him up in all things; Nor was this faithful chum put out By mighty things or small things. If Mornington received "the sack," And caused a big commotion, Kit Erroll would be at his back, So great is his devotion.

He also brings off many feats In every sort of pastime; Each cricketing achievement beats The score he put up last time. His style at footer's very neat, He joins in routs and rallies; And, once the ball is at his feet. He very rarely dallies!

Had Erroll lived in bygone days, A knight in shining armour, His chivalrous and manly ways Would win him some fair charmer, "A very perfect, gentle knight" Would be his reputation; And like a lion he would fight For freedom and the nation!

Kit Erroll, you're a splendid sort! The girls and boys of Britain Enjoy your deeds in school and sport, So well and ably written. Long may you strive to play the game, And noble virtues cherish; Then never shall your name and fame Within our memory perish!

-THE ROOKWOOD RHYMESTER.

them of the preparations which were going on on deck. A select few of their number had hidden the young prince in their dormitory cabin, and were now preparing there for the

great feast. It was a regular Lower School feast, messy and sticky. There was a large cake and a quart bottle of rich, juicy bullseyes, which they had purchased in the barber's shop cheap. There were sticky native sweetmeats, which they had purchased from the swarm of boats which had gathered round the ship during the day, and there was a fine show of fruits, many of which were strange to the Kids of the Lower School. To a good feast on these, regardless of cholera, they were looking forward with the greatest

The arrangements of the feast were under the supervision of Hogg minor, a small boy, who was generally known in the Lower School as Piggo.

Piggo was celebrated throughout the Lower School as being able to drink more ink and to chew more slate pencil than any other fag.

It was on his bed that the feast was laid out, the young Prince Chulung-

toon helping eagerly.

The little prince, hidden away in the cabin, had thoroughly enjoyed his stay on board the Bombay Castle, and even now was making up his mind to stow away on this wonderful ship and, in company with these remarkable English boys, to sail away from Bashee for ever. The prince was fed up with Bashec and his perpetual guard over the sultan. He was tired of riding his elephants and being flattered by courtiers. And the fags who had been put into the cabin to keep him company had aroused his keenest interest by their display of their collections of postcards and cigarette-cards, their collections of stamps, beetles, coins, and their model flying-machines.

There was an epidemic of flyingmachine-making amongst the fags. They all built models of Sopwiths and Handley-Pages; and when they had explained these to the prince he was wild to sail away to the wonderful lands where such things flew through the air. The wildest tales of the Court Story-tellers of Bashee had never woven such a web of romance as these simple fags had woven for

The truth was that this little spoiled prince, who had never met any boys of his own age before, was thoroughly happy and at home in this messy crowd of juniors, for boys are much alike all the world over.

He was dabbing round sticky lumps of bullseyes on squares of newspaper by way of plates when Ike Cohen and his prisoner, the Sultan of Bashee, passed the astonished cordon of spies and made for the cabin where the feast was to be given.

There was a guard at the door of this large cabin to keep out eager intruders whilst the feast was being prepared. He was armed with a pillow, and his orders were to slug anyone who might dare to enter the door before he was invited.

So the first thing that happened to the Sultan of Bashee when he entered the dormitory cabin was to receive a heavy thump on the head from the pillow, which knocked his turban off

and nearly felled him to the ground. It was too late for Ikey to stop the blow.

The sultan lifted his handcuffed hands and rubbed his head, and looked around him in a dazed fashion. Never before in his life had he been on a large ship, and he was already scared by the glow of the electric lights, and by the sounds that came up from the engine-room as he passed along the passages.

Moger, the fag on guard who had slugged him with the pillow, fell back astonished and breathless at the sight of the two jewelled, turbanned figures.

"You silly goat!" exclaimed Ikey indignantly. "What do you want to go and swat this gentleman for?" "I'm awfully sorry, sir!" faltered

Moger, picking up the jewelled turban and brushing it with the sleeve of his pyjama-jacket. "I thought it was young Parsons trying to rush in and sneak a paper of bullseyes before the feast starts!"

Prince Chulungtoon, busy with his paper of bullseyes, turned hastily at | be uppish about it. At any rate, my | they were all of a twitter lest Scorcher the blow.

If Moger, standing there horrorstricken in his pyjamas, was surprised at the apparition he had swiped with his pillow, Prince Chulungtoon was overwhelmed at the sight of his uncle,

the sultan. To be caught thus, playing the wag on this British ship, when he was sup- he rose to the occasion gallantly. posed to be standing watch and ward outside the sultan's room, was bad enough. But to be caught handing round bullseyes in paper in prepar-

ation for a fags' feast was terrible. Prince Chulungtoon dropped flat on I brows.

his face before his illustrious uncle. Probably he expected to be executed at once.

Published

Every Monday

But all the old fire and spirit was out of the Sultan of Bashee. After his experiences in the sack and in the potato-store he had no more kick left in him.

He did not even reproach the prince, whose dereliction of duty had led to his kidnapping.

He raised him to his feet and looked round curiously at these English boys he had intended to capture.

They did not look like the sons of princes and merchant-princes such as his minister, Bong Toon, had described. In their pyjamas they were just a gang of rough-and-tumble

"Seat thyself, O king!" said Ikey, politely offering the sultan a vacant

But the sultan solemnly climbed on | state on the bed with his arms folded, to the bed itself and made himself comfortable with the pillow and bolster, sitting cross-legged.

He made a sign to the prince, who seated himself on the floor of the long cabin by the side of the bed, which was the right place for the heirapparent of Bashee.

"Who are these people, O Ikey?" asked the sultan, who had somehow managed to pick up Ikey's Christian name.

"O king," replied Ikey, pointing to the crestfallen Moger, "this is Moger minor, Champion Pillow-fighter of the Lower School."

the sultan.

King Mooji of the Spice Islands! | cake. And who is this youth?"

"He is Piggo, son of King Hogg, in the land of Ham!" replied Ikey, perspiring at the demand on his inventive powers. But, luckily, at this point, the sultan's inquiries were cut short by a sudden rush of fags at the door of the cabin.

Every cabin in Kid's Alley had poured forth its occupants, all eager to eat the cake and to taste of the carefully-prepared liquorice water, which had been shaken in its bottles for the last two days.

They came into the dormitory cabin with a rush.

"Hi, Piggo!" demanded their leader. "Isn't the feast ready?" "You are eating all the cake,

taken a seat on the edge of the bed. at the sight of the sultan seated in so that the sleeves of his robe covered his handcuffed hands.

Piggo!" accused another.

"Crikey, Ike!" exclaimed one youth. "Who's the old joss on the

"He understands English, though he offer of food as a sign of hospitality doesn't look as if he does."

"And what are you doing in all offer him food if they were going to those swell clothes?" demanded the | kill him. tell us it was going to be a fancy- handcuffs on like a convict!" dress supper!"

with a grin. "You've got to behave by the biggest swells in Bashee!"

"Come in, you chaps!" said Ike Cohen hospitably. "There's plenty of cake for everyone. And I've got one or two bottles of real old ginger-pop for those that don't like liquorice water. Corkey minor, give his Majesty a piece of cake!"

The astonished fags hardly knew if they were standing on their heads or their heels.

Corkey minor carved off a chunk of the cake and was about to approach the motionless figure of the sultan.

But Ike stopped him quickly. don't hand out the stuff with your listen to him. fingers. You've got to put it on a

cushion when you serve royalty!" cushion, but he collared a pillow from and basked in the limelight. And he An ordinary person would have Then they came to a sudden stop Ike's bed, and handed the sultan a was swelling with importance and slab of cake perched on the top of

> this queer plate. The sultan took the cake, not because he was hungry, but here, at any rate, was some food which was not poisoned. He could tell this by the way the fags were tucking into "Shut up, you idiot!" replied Ike. | it. Furthermore, he regarded the and of safety. These boys would not

crowd, surveying Ike's garments in "My hat!" whispered Corkey undisguised admiration. "You didn't minor, in awed tones. "He's got

"Hush! You fathead!" replied to the class. "Silver-Muffin, you "I've put them on in honour of the | Ike. "Those aren't handcuffs. They | will follow Bulk -- Bless my soul! This dignity conveyed nothing to | guest of the evening!" answered Ike, | are bracelets, and they are only worn



As the manacled tyrant entered the cabin he was met by a welldelivered blow from a pillow. A cry of amazement escaped the Lower School boys when they saw that their victim was none other than the ruler of Bashee. Prince Chulungtoon prostrated himself before his enraged uncle.

bag?" he asked.

English, "what is your governor?" dormitory, round-eyed with astonish- like the liquorice water which was ing story." grocer. He's got a lot of shops, glittered on the clothing of his strange lemonade bottle after it had gone you know-Moger's Stores. Try our two-and-ninepenny tea, rich and syrupy Moger quality! Why, what are you asking for?"

"Well," replied Ikey severely, "I don't know whether you know what you've been up to, young Moger; but you've slugged the Sultan of Bashee over the napper with that pillow of yours, and he wants to know if you are a prince, or the son of a king."

"Crikey!" exclaimed the horrified Moger. "I didn't mean to hit the old toff over the napper. I thought it was young Parsons coming to pinch our bullseyes! You had better tell him that I am a prince, or he might posed to be such a dead secret, and of the youngsters dived to the door lalarm. governor calls himself the King of Grocers!"

"this youth is a prince and the son | him. of a king called Moger."

"Of what country is Prince Mooji's father the king?" asked the sultan.

"O king," he replied, "he is Sultan | Moger's bed, was the chief. of the Spice Islands, and of the islands where the currants grow, and where tinned pineapples hang on the trees!" The Sultan of Bashee knit his

"Is he a king, or the son of a yourselves, you kids! We've got a | It could not be said the Sultan of | witnessed the whole occurrence from king, this child who smote me with a | guest to supper. This is the Sultan | Bashee exactly enjoyed the midnight | the far side of the river. In fact, of Bashee!"

"Why," replied Moger, "you ment at the sight of Ike Cohen's pressed upon him. He did not like know! My governer is Moger the magnificence and of the jewels that drinking out, of the neck of a guest. Some of them carried pillows | round the circle, even though Corkey in expectation of a raid by the older | minor was very careful to rub the boys upon their cake and bullseyes.

thinking about pillow-fighting or tooth-glass. in a state of defence against the getting on for midnight. threatened attack.

Only the kids of Kid's Alley were | dense fog outside. unaware of the danger that threatened the ship. They were all intent on the feast which was sup-Wilkinson should have heard of this strange visitor on board, and should "O king," translated Ikey rapidly, come raiding the dormitories to find

And little did they dream that Scorcher was busy up on deck at this moment, preparing for an attack of This was a stumper for Ikey. But | real pirates, of whom that solemnlooking old image, squatted on

But the sight of the huge cake and the tempting show of bullseyes and

fruit reassured them. They crowded rather shyly into the

"I say, Moger," asked Ikey in The kids stood at the door of the not like their cake, and he did not neck of the bottle with a face flannel. But the Upper School were not Nor did he enjoy ginger-beer from a

dormitory raids just now. They had It burned his throat and made him been called quietly to the upper deck, | cough. He listened with straining and were all busy at work in a high | ears for the attack of his junks and state of excitement putting the ship | war prahus on the ship. 'It was now

But not a sound came from the

Presently there was a whisper of "Cave!" from the fag who had been put on guard in the passage. Some to get back to their cabins. Others nipped under the standing beds as Mr. Chips, the ship's carpenter, made his appearance at the dormitory door.

Mr. Chips laughed when he saw the feasters.

"It's all right, young gents," said he. "I won't blow the gaff! I'll gest trouble you to clear away from the scuttles whilst I ship the deadlights!"

(Another exciting instalment of this grand adventure serial again next cabin, turning their eyes first on the Monday in the Boys' FRIEND.

JIMMY SILVER'S TRIAL.

(Continued from page 307.) 後令令令令令令令令令令令令令令

remembering breakfast, Tubby hurried indoors.

For the next hour, Tubby was very busy indeed-with his chin. The first half-hour he spent eating, and the next half-hour talking-two chin exercises in which Tubby Muffin excelled. And for once the fat youth "Hi!" he cried excitedly. "You had someone ready and eager to

Indeed, Reginald Muffin was just then the cynosure of all eyes. For Corkey minor had not got a that half-hour Tubby fairly revelled smiling brightly with smug satisfaction as he entered the Fourth Formroom that morning. But, unfortunately for Tubby Muffin, this happy state of affairs did not last long. Barely had the Fourth taken their seats when Bulkeley of the Sixth entered. And there was a curious look on Bulkeley's face as he approached Mr. Bootles.

"Dr. Chisholm wishes to see Silver and Muffin in his study immediately, sir, he exclaimed quietly. Mr. Bootles looked surprised.

"Ah! H'm! Certainly, Bulkeley!" he exclaimed mildly, turning Where is Silver?"

Mr. Bootles blinked around in astonishment on realising that Silver was not present. Tubby Muffin, however, though the summons to visit the Head had alarmed him considerably, did not intend to miss this opportunity of airing his knowledge. "Ple-please, sir, I know where Silver is!" he gasped breathlessly. "He's gone up the river, sir-fancy

"Bless my soul! Up the river-dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Bootles in "Whatever for, astonishment. Muffin, my boy?"

"Why, to look for-for-I mean to sav-to-to-"

Tubby Muffin's excited words tailed off feebly as he realised he had almost said too much in his eagerness to keep on shining in the limelight. Fortunately, however, for Tubby, Mr. Bootles did not press the question.

"Bless my soul! This is most unusual-what-what!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "However, Muffin. you will follow Bulkeley to Dr. Chisholm's study, and I will send Silver immediately on his return, Bulkeley."

And not looking at all happy, Tubby Muffin rose reluctantly from his seat and rolled after Bulkeley to the Head's study.

But he looked simply terrified, and his knees almost knocked together with fright when he entered that sacred apartment a moment later. For Dr. Chisholm was not alone.

Seated on the extreme edge of a chair, and looking exceedingly uncomfortable was old Bill Adams, the boatman.

"Muffin," said the Head gravely, after Bulkeley had explained Jimmy Silver's absence, "I have sent for you in connection with that affair up the river yesterday. This gentleman is Mr. Adams, who claims to have feast of the Lower School. He did | Muffin," went on the Head grimly, "Mr. Adams has told me an astound-

Tubby Muffin's podgy face paled

visibly. "H-ha-has he, s-sir?" he stam-

"Yes, he has, Muffin!" snapped Dr. Chisholm. "And as his story concerns you-or, at least, a boy who answers exactly to your description, I am going to ask you a few questions which I require answering carefully and truthfully. First of all, Muffin, have you seen or have you any knowledge of that?"

Dr. Chisholm, as he spoke, laid the envelope Silver had lost, and he had found-and lost again. In fact, it was the envelope containing Bulkelev's five pounds.

"No-o-no, sir," gasped Tubby in

"You've never seen this before?" exclaimed the Head.

"N-no, sir-never! Certainly not! Not at all, sir!" gasped Tubby hurriedly. "I know nothing about Bulkeley's five pounds. I'm as innocent as a baby, in fact, sir! And if-if Silver tells you I found it on the road outside the 'Jolly Fisherman,' then he's telling wicked untruths, sir Because I didn't! And as for playing cards with Joey Hook-why, I'd never even dream of such a thing! In fact, I wasn't near the 'Jolly Fisherman' yesterday afternoon-not

(Continued on next page.)

would, anyway."

"What?" "That's it!" said the obtuse Tubby, | gaining courage, and quite mistaking the astounded looks on his hearers' went outside the gates yesterday tha-" afternoon at all. I was in my study, to-"

" Muffin!"

Tubby jumped as the Head thundered out his name.

"Y-y-yes, s-sir?"

save you from drowning?" thundered | hood, Muffin, I shall--"

gasped Tubby, utterly losing his arrive at a decision. mean to say I wasn't up the river | truth, and nothing but the truth! wouldn't! In fact, we only played | ceeded with his woeful tale. fun, an- Nunno! I mean-that finished. is, I didn't play cards at all, sir-of

hopelessly. Mr. Adams was eyeing the character of the place. And grim in the extreme.

stupid, foolish boy I have ever dealt | falsehoods!". with. This envelope containing five ! ".Ow!" gasped Tubby. pounds which you disclaim all knowledge of, was found by Mr. Adams your pocket as you lay in the boat yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, s-sir!" gasped Tubby. "Also," went on the Head grimly, condition, happened also to ask about Silver, of your Form, and while doing so dropped several hints which led me to question him, when he was good enough to relate what I firmly believe are facts that will lead to this

within miles of the place. You-you | He states that he saw you, first of study that morning. True enough, turned the bend, and the old boatcan ask Jimmy Silver, sir-he'll tell all, consorting with those two un- Jimmy Silver had been proved inno- man's cottage came in sight. you I wasn't he promised me he speakable scoundrels, and that Silver | cent of the charge of pub-hunting, "Hallo! There's the missus!" apparently only entered the precincts and the five pounds had been found. | ejaculated Bill Adams all of a sudden. of that inn to come to your help. But the accusation of cowardice still "What on earth- Good heavens!" And—"

faces. "The-the fact is, I never What wicked untruths! Fancy make the matter public, it was up to steep bank topping the river-bank.

picking up a cane from the table, cloud at Rookwood.

"unless you at once confess to your And Bulkeley had determined to "Good heavens! It's Silver—in the share in yesterday's happenings, furnish that proof. And to this end he river!" he gasped. Muffin, I shall not only flog you, but | had persuaded Dr. Chisholm to allow | "And my little girl!" muttered Bill "Do you actually mean to suggest | expel you immediately from Rook- | him to accompany Bill Adams up the | Adams tensely. "Get ready when I that you were not up the river at | wood. But I demand the truth. At | river. And a talk he had with | cut off the engine, young sir!" all yesterday—that Bulkeley did not | the slightest suggestion of a false-

the Head angrily. "Mussin, you are The hapless Tubby shivered apprespeaking falsely, you utterly stupid hensively as the Head swished the cane suggestively. And after that it ! "M-m-me, sir? Not at all, s-sir!" did not take Tubby Muffin long to

head. "I-I-the fact is, sir, I was | He decided to confess! And for only-only speaking figuratively. I-I once Tubby Muffin told the whole

but I was-I mean I was up the river | But to Tubby Muffin's great but I wasn't-that is-oh dear! I astonishment and relief, Dr. Chismean I wasn't playing banker with | holm's stern face relaxed somewhat Bulkeley's five pounds, sir-I as the fat Classical tearfully pro-

with bits of paper, and that beast, The Head, in fact, was looking Joey Hook, swore it was only for quite relieved by the time Tubby had

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. course not, sir! I told Joey Hook- | "I really believe, Muffin, you I mean-I-I--" wretched boy, that you did enter that The unfortunate Tubby floundered | disreputable resort in ignorance of the fat junior in wonder; but the lalso think you acted afterwards not Head's and Bulkeley's looks were comprehending the seriousness of what you were doing. Were it other-"Muffin!" said Dr. Chisholm in a | wise, I should certainly expel you at dangerous voice. "You are telling once. And as it is I intend to punish deliberate untruths, and are the most | you severely for your astonishing

"But in consideration of your narrow escape yesterday, and the rein his boat, and he has been kind sulting illness," went on the Head enough to bring it back, with the drily, "I will postpone your punishsuggestion that it had fallen from | ment until a more favourable opportunity. You may go. Muffin!"

And Reginald Muffin went with alacrity, sincerely hoping the favourable opportunity would never present "Mr. Adams, when asking after your | itself. and that the postponement would therefore remain indefinite.

> The Seventh Chapter. Not a Coward.

hung over the junior's head. And Startled, the senior followed his "D-d-does he, really?" stuttered Bulkeley felt that, as he had been glance, and saw a woman rushing Tubby in a shocked voice. "Oh, my! the first to charge the junior, and to about frantically on the edge of the him to find out the truth.

stud-studying Vir-Virgil, you know! Chisholm. "I may add that I place | convinced Bulkeley at last that the shining surface of the river. The Yes, that's it! Old Boot-ahem!-I | every reliance on Mr. Adams' story. Jimmy's story was correct, he knew | boatman was struggling frantically mean Mr. Bootles, will tell you what There are, however, several points that unless proof was forthcoming with his engine to get more speed on a studious chap I am. So it stands | that only you can clear up, Muffin. | that the junior had really injured his | the boat. And then Bulkeley also Now," went on the Head grimly, head, he would still remain under a saw the reason, as the objects out in

> the old boatman on the way con- It was true enough! Jimmy Silver had not funked going Jimmy Silver's face and the head of

young 'un pitched in, and I guessed and he was plainly at his last gasp. what had happened when he crawled "Stick it, Silver!" shouted Bulkepiles-leastways, what's left of them- | figures in the water. are still there. That's why I couldn't | "I-I'm done!" gasped Jimmy No, the young gent hurt his head, Bulkeley!"

so, I'll soon let the fellows know, you | leaped swiftly over the side. may be sure. It's on- Hallo! For directly the child was taken

The boatman had a boathock. But | Then the captain's head appeared, the bank. And, looking down, Bulke- Jimmy Silver's face was white, and timber running the complete length "Help me i" gasped Bulkeley, ing were not surprised—at least, they of the garden-edge. Without a doubt, Jimmy Silver's story was true.

"That settles it!" ejaculated the Silver? I've got something to say to him about this! Unless that fat fool Muffin's spoofed me, he must be up here!"

"Likely up at the cottage yet," said Bill Adams. "It's only round the bend there. We'll run up and look!"

And the boatman, who had been steering directly across towards the Heaven!" ejaculated Bill Adams old ramshackle buildings where he quietly. "More terrified than any-Bulkeley's face wore a determined | housed his boats for hire, altered his | thing else! Take her and get her to astounding affair being cleared up. expression as he left the Head's course, and a moment later the beat | bed, lass!"

Price

Three Halfpence

Then Bulkeley's eyes fell upon a "Silence, Muffin!" thundered Dr. | For, though Bill Adams' story had | splash of black and white far out on

to Tubby Muffin's rescue. | the little girl he was strenuously "Him a coward-no fear!" said fighting to keep above water. Jimmy Bill Adams emphatically. "I saw the | Silver's face was white and drawn,

out and dropped in the grass. There ley, leaning over the side as the use to be an old landing-stage at the engine was shut off and the boat bottom of that there garden; and the | glided silently towards the struggling

get the old tub nearer in yesterday. Silver faintly. "T-take the kiddie,

without a doubt, and a tidy old jar it | With a tremendous effort, Bulkeley were, I bet!" took the child from the junior's grasp, about that five-" "Well, we'll soon know for cer- and handed her into Bill Adams' tain," said Bulkeley. "And if it is ready, strong grip. Then Bulkeley

Yonder's the Jolly Fisherman, now! | from Jimmy Silver's grip, the junior Have you got a boathook?" | had fallen back and sunk like a stone.

as it happened, that article was not followed by his shoulders. And in his necessary, for the boat stopped with a strong grasp he held the limp form dull thud about a couple of yards from | of the junior.

ley could plainly see deep-sunken his eyes were closed. The junior was | wood-or, at any rate, the Fourthpiles, stumps, and long pieces of unconscious.

gripping the side of the boat. "He's | said they were not. unconscious!"

The boatman bent down and lifted senior grimly. "And now where's the junior into the boat, and Bulkeley followed, breathing spasmodically. A moment later the boat touched the bank. Jumping out, Bulkeley laid the limp, sodden form of Jimmy Silver in the grass, while the boatman handed his litle girl into the eager, thankful arms of her mother.

"She-she's all right, thank

straight, out after tea and got the 'Green 'Un' for that week, as I have

done every week since." I have sent the sum of half-a-crown to my chum George H. Nettleton, 46, Claremont Road, Alexandra Park, story.

MUCH ABOUT LITTLE.

I have received more than one letter from a loyal reader who is considerably exercised about the method of proceeding when introduced to a lady. For instance, when he meets Brown, and Brown introduces him to a lady with whom he is walking, should my friend offer to shake hands with the lady? The answer is in the negative, unless the said lady makes the first sign. I think my correspondent is worrying himself over trifles light as air. Circumstances govern all matters of this sort. As with the personage who was asked whether she took sugar in her tea, and whose answer was, "Sometimes I do; sometimes I don't," there is really no certainty in affairs of etiquette. All a man need be is just natural, and with a proper regard for his own dignity. It is not necessary to be frigid, but, on the other the above, has been awarded a cash | hand, there need be no enthusiasm for making friends when there is anything chilly or formal on the other side. There is the man who will persist in shaking hands on every occasion. He was taken off nicely by Mr. Grossmith in a play whose name have forgotten, for the hand-shaker extended a hot paw to a dandified West End person, and the latter screwed his monocle into his eye, and] gazed at the hand held out as if he wondered what it was and why it was. A friendly nod often meets the case, and ordinary common-sense tells a fellow what is fitting on most occasions.

"MR. ROBINSON, I BEL!EVE ?"

lively and exciting scenes follow, and holiday-making, and who also had it I had read it through. I went come across a little book called

Bulkeley knelt by the side of Jimmy Silver anxiously. But just then the junior opened his eyes and sighed

"How-how's the kiddie?" he gasped faintly. "Is she all right?" "Right as rain, young 'un!" said Bulkeley.

"Thanks to you, young sir!" exclaimed the boatman thankfully. "You're a rare plucked 'un-that you are! But you'd best come up to the cottage now, and have something hot to drink."

Bulkeley shook his head.

"Better get back to Rookwood, now-thanks all the same!" he exclaimed quietly. "Come, Silver, if you feel fit."

And at a brisk trot Bulkeley started for Rookwood, with Jimmy Silver, trotting by his side.

But when opposite to the Jolly vinced him more than ever that Bulkeley could now plainly see Fisherman Inn, Bulkeley called a halt. "Yesterday, Silver," exclaimed Bulkeley quietly, "I called you a coward for not going to Muffin's help over there. I was wrong! I know

now that you did not funk-you did

injure your head. And now-" "That's all right, Bulkeley!" gasped Jimmy Silver hastily. "No need to rub it in! All serene! I-I -I say, did old Bootles miss me in class? I came to search for-for something. And while I was talking to Mrs. Adams her little girl strayed. and fell into the river. But-but-but

"I guessed what had happened," said Bulkeley. "And now you've no need to worry about the five pounds. or anything, Silver: The money's been found, and Muffin's confessed; but the Head wants to see you when you get back, an' you'll hear all about it then."

Long before dinner all Rookwood had heard the full story. And Rook-Formers of that famous seat of learn-

But in the end study all was joy and gladness. The dark clouds had rolled away. The hitherto gleomy countenances of Raby Newcome and Arthur Edward Lovell shone with smiles. And Jimmy Silver was his old cheery self again.

"And all," as Lovell remarked, "was merry and bright once more."

THE END.

(Next week's grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "The Giddy Goats!" By Owen Conquest. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance.)

"Etiquette in the Ball-room." It

was not intended to be a funny pub-

lication, but, as a matter of fact, there

was a roar on every page. A lady

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty.

All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half-a-crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

MONDAY. FOR NEXT

An amusing long, complete story of Rookwood is on the programme for next Monday. Adolphus Smythe & Co. hold a little smoking-party, to which Mornington and Jimmy Silver 1 & Co. are invited, and the manner in which the junior captain and his followers deal with the nuts is both amusing and drastic in its consequence

"THE GIDDY GOATS!" By Owen Conquest.

The next long, magnificent yarn of Frank Richards & Co., the chums of. the school in the Backwoods, is crammed full of interesting reading. None of my readers should miss this fine story, entitled

"AWAY WESTWARD!" By Martin Clifford.

I have received shoals of letters in praise of our grand new sporting serial, and I thank my readers for their hearty reception. The latest instalment deals with the fire at the school boathouse, what Raynham did there, and the sporting way in which Salthouse helps St. Clive's out of their difficulties.

"THE SPORT'S OF ST. CLIVE'S!" By Arthur S. Hardy.

The next instalment of our splendid adventure serial will hold my readers spellbound from start to finish. The Bombay Castle is attacked by prahus and junks belong-

how the attack is finally warded off I I been studying the methods of official will leave my chums to discover for | correspondence: themselves when they read:

> "SKULL ISLAND!" By Duncan Storm.

NEW BOXING FEATURE STARTS NEXT WEEK!

The noble art of self-defence, so popular amongst the average Britisher, boasts a wonderful champion in the shape of "Boy" McCormick. I have secured the services of this youthful champion to write especially for the "Green 'Un" a series of articles on the noble art. Tell all your friends who are interested in boxing of this wonderful new feature, and persuade them to place a regular order with their newsagent. The tips from the pen of the "infant prodigy" will be well worth studying, as they have been compiled from his own personal experiences, as one would say, "straight from the horse's mouth!" This splendid series of boxing articles starts in next week's issue of the Boys' FRIEND.

In addition to this full programme, I have another poem by the Rookwood Rhymester, and next week loaf of bread, as the bread she had Mark Carthew, the shady prefect, will form the subject of his verses in ; his "Personalities" series.

A BRIEF FORM FOR FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE.

An old man received this letter from | to do so, but I found myself so en- | I dare say some of my friends have ing to the Sultan of Bashee. Some | his son Tom, who chanced to be | grossed in the tale that before I knew | in the course of their wanderings |

"Dear Father,-

"I hope you are well. mother is ,, sister grandmother ,, you were here. mother was ,, sister ,, ,, Dick ,, ,, grandmother " you would send me some money.

"Your aff. son, Tom." B. Hawkins, 1, Haigh Terrace, Kingstown, co. Dublin, the sender of prize of 5s.

STALE BREAD AND A NEW YARN

"I have been wondering for a long time whether it would interest you to know how I first came to read the good old 'Green 'un.' I was waiting for my tea one evening a good time ago now, when my mother asked me. if I would run and get a made was too new to cut in. Well, I went for it, and what should it be wrapped in but a sheet of the Boys' FRIEND! The page contained the first story in the 'Frank Richards' Schooldays' series. At first I only just glanced at it, or, rather, intended

was counselled not to ask her partner how much money he was making Manchester, who sent in the above every year. There was advice about being merry and bright, but not too merry and bright; and the writer, though doubtless he meant well. seemed to have persuaded himself that he was addressing a crowd of untutored savages, whoreas, on the contrary, the majority of folks understand quite well how to carry on. Standoffishness because of some hazy notion that it is correct to be stiff is simply appalling, while over-much familiarity, too great a readiness to chum up in quarters where such attentions are unwelcome, is just as bad. Do you remember W. S. Gilbert's yarn about Jones and Robinson, who were the sole survivors of a shipwreck, and who found themselves on a desert island? They could not speak to one another, as Jones had been travelling second-class on the ill-fated vessel; and, moreover, had never been introduced to Robinson. Well, the days went by, and they took their walks along the silver sands at different times, so as not to clash, when, as luck would have it, Mr. Jones overheard one night Robinson murmur the name of Smith. Robinson had gone down to the shore to look for a bit of supper among the shellfish. Now, Smith was a mutual friend, and Mr. Jones seized the opportunity. He approached Mr. Robinson, and murmured his name, saying, "I believe you know my old friend Smith?" So the two castaways chummed up at once, and passed the time fairly pleasantly until a ship took them off.