

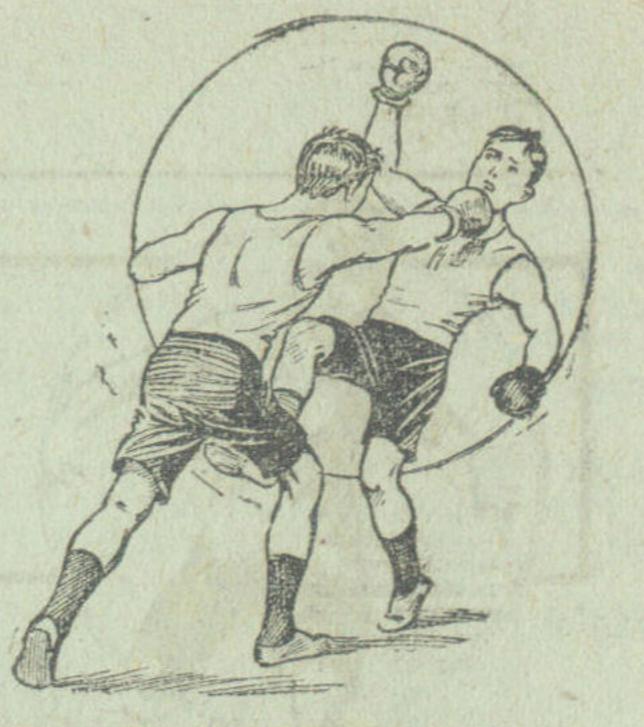
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SPECIAL FOOTBALL ARTICLE! SPECIAL BOXING ARTICLE!

By HAROLD HALSE.

The Famous Chelsea Forward. | Fly-weight Champion of Essex.

By STANLEY HOOPER.



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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending January 3rd, 1920.





COMPANY FOR CARTHEW!

The prefect was doing the thing in style, and quite a handsome spread was waiting in his study for the distinguished guests. He kept Jimmy Silver busy putting the

finishing touches to the study, and the junior found an opportunity to mix pepper with the jam. The guests were almost due to arrive—but they were not quite the kind of guests Mark Carthew was expecting!

The 1st Chapter. Fag Wanted!

"Fag!"

Carthew of the Sixth was lounging at the corner of the passage, with his hands in his pockets.

He called "Fag!" as Jimmy Silver & Co. came down the staircase. A dozen of the Third and the Fourth had passed Carthew, and he had not called to them. Evidently he had been waiting for the Fistical

The four juniors looked at one another; but they did not look at Carthew. They went on.

"Fag!" called the Sixth-Former again. "You'll do, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips. The chums of the Fourth were going down to football practice, and Jimmy Silver, as junior captain of Reckwood, was wanted on the scene. It was particularly exasperating to be called upon to fag just then; and pered Raby.

Jimmy knew, just as well as if the bully of the Sixth had told him, that Carthew was calling on his services just because it was particularly exasperating.

"I think you hear me, Silver!" said Carthew, coming forward with an agreeable smile upon his face. "Bother you!" was Jimmy's reply.

"What!"

"Look here, I'm just going down to the footer!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You can get another fag, Carthew."

Carthew shook his head.

"A prefect must be just!" he said. "I can't allow you to shirk and put it on somebody else, Silver." Jimmy's eyes gleamed.

"Look here," broke out Arthur Edward Lovell, "vou can go and cat coke, Carthew! Jimmy's wanted on Little Side."

"Cut for it, and chance it!" whis-

"Come on!" said Newcome.

Mark Carthew planted himself in away. the way of the juniors. He did not mean to let his victims escape.

"Silver-" he began. "I'm not fagging this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver determinedly. "I'm wanted at the footer, Carthew."

"Follow me at once!"

"Cut!" whispered Jimmy. The Fistical Four made a rush for

the doorway.

Carthew was shoved aside, and the juniors fled. But the Sixth-Former was rushing after them in a moment, and his grasp closed on Jimmy Silver's collar. Lovell and Raby and Newcome dodged out into the quadrangle; but the captain of the Fourth was a prisoner.

"Leggo!" roared Jimmy.

"Come with me, you cheeky young rotter-ah!"

Carthew was between him and the doorway now, and Jimmy dodged up | that on the occasion of a match, a the passage.

"Stop!" roared Carthew.

Jimmy stopped-not because Carthew shouted, but because Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, suddenly loomed up before him in the corridor.

Mr. Bootles blinked at him over his glasses.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bootles. "What-what-what is the matter?" "I have just asked Silver to fag for

me, sir," said Carthew smoothly.

"He was bolting instead." Mr. Bootles frowned at the junior. "That is a highly improper pro-

ceeding on your part, Silver!" he said, with severity. Jimmy breathed hard.

"I'm wanted at the footer, sir," ho answered.

Jimmy Silver jerked his collar, "Oh, if it is for a football match, Carthew will excuse you!" said Mr. Bootles. "It is understood, Carthew, player cannot be called away for fagging duties."

"It's not a match, sir!" said Carthew.

"But Silver says-"

"It's football practice, sir," explained Jimmy.

"Oh, in that case, there is no reason why you should not do as a prefect requires you, Silver! You will obey Carthew."

"But, sir-"

"You hear me, Silver!" said Mr. Bootles, and he rustled on.

Jimmy Silver clenched his hands. It was rather a risky proceeding to disobey a prefect of the Sixth; but it was quite impossible to disobey a Form-master.

"Are you coming?" asked Car-

thew, with a grin.

shortly.

a sombre brow.

the junior.

"You are!"

stand that?"

"What!"

you're a cad!"

fect?" he asked.

his eyes.

manner.

reluctantly.

Swish!

Swish!

want you to do."

Carthew.



"Get a move on, then!"

Carthew strode away to his study,

Even football practice could have

and Jimmy Silver followed him, with

been put off cheerfully to fag for a

popular senior like Bulkeley or

Neville; but with Carthew it was

quite different. Jimmy more than

suspected that Carthew had lain in

wait for him, not because he wanted

him specially, but on account of the

old grudge between them. A prefect

had many ways of making his dislike

felt by a junior—and this was one of

But there was no help for it, and

Carthew, at least, found it easy to

Jimmy followed him into his study.

"What do you want?" inquired

Carthew's hand was on a cane, and

"What I want in a fag," pursued

"Rats!" said Jimmy recklessly.

"You don't even want a fag this

afternoon-you're only trying to

muck up my half-holiday, because

"Is that the way to talk to a pre-

Jimmy Silver put his hands behind

Carthew came closer to him, with

"Will you hold out your hand,

Again there was a struggle in

a grip on the cane, and a glitter in

Silver, or shall I march you in to

Jimmy Silver's mind. But he had

put himself in the wrong in his

exasperation. He knew what the

Head would think of a junior who

called a prefect a cad for fagging

him; and the Head assuredly would

never even suspect that so great a

person as a Sixth Form prefect was

capable of owing grudges to a junior

and wreaking them in an underhand

"Now the other hand!"

Jimmy's hand came out at last

"That's better!" said Carthew.

"You're the cheekiest fag in the

Lower School at Rookwood, Silver;

but we'll break you in in the long

Jimmy Silver had a great deal

"Nothing more?" smiled Carthew.

And the hapless Fourth-Former

"Good! Now I'll tell you what I

more to say, most of it personal and

run. Got anything more to say?"

emphatic. But he did not say it.

Carthew picked up the cane.

"Yes-your sort of prefect!"

"Hold out your hand!"

the Head?" he asked.

it was pretty clear that he only

Carthew, "is obedience! Under-

"Oh, rats!" broke out Jimmy.

smile. He was feeling very satisfied.

Jimmy did his best to live up to his

own maxim, and "keep smiling."

"Don't scowl at me!"

Jimmy suppressed a retort.

wanted an excuse to use it.

"I'm not scowling!"

"I want six of those done," said Carthew. "You'll take that paper to Mr. Mooney's study, and give him

account. Understand?"

TEA-PARTY!

"Yes." "Type six of those invites, and put in the names. Here's a list of the names."

my compliments, and ask him to allow

you to use his typewriter on my

Jimmy Silver took the list. It contained the names of Knowles, Frampton, Catesby, of the Sixth, and Lumsden, Hansom, and Talboys, of the Fifth.

Evidently Carthew was giving a spread in his study upon a grand

Jimmy grinned a little. It was usual enough for masters, on occasion of asking a number of fellows to tea, to borrow Mr. Mooney's typewriter, and type out the invitations, to save time. It was extremely unusual for anybody but a master to do anything of the kind.

Carthew was "putting on side," so to speak, in adopting that little custom.

He was standing an unusual spread, and he was going to do it in unusual

Moreover, his little scheme would keep Jimmy Silver busy for some time, and spoil his half-holiday, in repayment for many instances of "cheek" to lofty members of the Sixth Form.

It was really very deep of Carthew. "Anything else?" asked Jimmy Silver, suppressing his feelings.

"Lots!" answered Carthew cheerfully. "When you've typed out the invitations, put them in these envelopes, and take them round to the chaps named. Mind you deliver them all. And mind you type them well, without any mistakes. I happen to know that you can use the typer. You've done your footer reports and things on it, by Mr. Mooney's permission. That's why I've selected you to do this, of course."

"Eh?"

"I-I mean, is there anything else?"

Jimmy's palms were smarting, and he did not want any more. He knew why Carthew had selected him for duty. But it was useless to argue; he was in for it.

"Plenty more," said Carthew coolly. "After you've delivered the notes, come back here."

"What for?"

"To fag!" answered Carthew agreeably. "I'm having a little party, and the study's got to be got

"Look here-" began Jimmy

"Are you going to argue again?" asked Carthew, picking up his cane. Jimmy suppressed his feelings once

more. "I shall miss all the footer this afternoon, at this rate," he said.

"Awfully sorry-quite grieved in fact," said Carthew, smiling. "I'm afraid it can't be helped, though. Off with you!"

Jimmy Silver left the Sixth-Former's study with feelings that were almost too deep for words.

He came down the passage with a black brow.

Lovell & Co. met him at the corner. and Mornington and Erroll and several other juniors were with them. "Finished already?" asked Lovell.

"Only just beginning," he answered. "What's on, then?" asked Raby.

Jimmy shook his head.

Jimmy showed the papers he carried. "The silly ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "What does he want his silly invites

typed for, like Bootles or Mooney?" "By gad!" said Mornington. "It looks to me like a trick to muck up Jimmy's afternoon!"

"That's what it is," said Jimmy Silver.

"Why not hook it?" said Lovell. Jimmy made a wry face.

"I've been caned once," he said. "I don't want another dose from the Head or Mr. Bootles. Can't be helped."

"It's rotten!" said Erroll. "All in the day's work," said Jimmy Silver, as philosophically as he could. "You chaps had better get off to the footer. You don't want to lose the light."

"Any other fellow could do that for Carthew, if he really wants it done!" exclaimed Lovell. "It's just mean!"

"Caddish!" growled Newcome. "It would serve him right-" began Mornington.

"Anything would serve him right!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "But what are you thinking of, Morny?"

"You've got to type the names of the invited chaps, and take the invitations to them?"

"That's it." "Well. I know what I'd do in your place," said Mornington.

"Well, what?" "I'd put in the wrong names, and deliver them to the wrong persons,"

grinned Mornington. "It would be rather a lark on Carthew." Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"My hat! What a wheeze!" he exclaimed.

"It would mean a licking afterwards," remarked Erroll.

Jimmy set his lips. "It would mean that anyway, most likely," he said. "I've been licked once, and Carthew will find an excuse to give me some more. Besides, as he's always down on me, it's not much good trying to keep the peace. I'm

gests!" "Carthew may find out in time

blessed if I don't do as Morny sug-

--- " began Erroll. "No fear! He's going to garnish the study ready for the merry tea-

party, and I've got to help him," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not to be let off till the guests begin to come." "Safe as houses!" chuckled Lovell. "It's only the thundering licking

afterwards--" "Never mind that," answered Jimmy Silver. "You fellows cut

along to the footer." "We'll be around when the teaparty begins to arrive, though," grinned Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver-feeling much more cheerful now-made his way to Mr. Mooney's study, while his grinning chums started for the football-ground.

of the Shell-master's room. "Come in!" called Mr. Mooney.

The captain of the Fourth entered. Mr. Mooney was seated by his study fire, reading, and he glanced up as the junior presented himself. "Well, Silver?"

"Carthew sends his compliments, sir, and would you allow me to type some notes for him?" said Jimmy Silver primly.

"Certainly."

"Thank you, sir!"

volume, and Jimmy stepped to the desk where the typewriter stood.

down to the machine.

the machine. He began to type, and | fied with that selection. paused to reflect.

Jimmy Silver had no intention of he came near interrupting Mr. using that list. His mind was quite | Mooney's peaceful perusal with a made up on that point.

Carthew's tea-party in return. Jimmy Silver believed in reprisals.

As for the row which was certain to follow, that really did not matter very much, for he was unlikely to get in any case.

Jimmy grinned as he thought of a name for the first invitation.

with interest, heard the click of the | Carthew's study.

typewriter without heeding it. The master of the Shell would have been very much astonished if he had known that Jimmy was typing an invitation from Carthew of the Sixth to Mack the school porter. Fortunately, he did not know.

The 3rd Chapter. The Invitations.

"M. CARTHEW will be glad of the company of J. Mack to tea in his study at 4.15 o'clock."

So ran the first invitation card. Jimmy Silver surveyed it when he took it from the machine, and suppressed a chortle. There was no doubt that old Mack, crusty as he was, would be pleased and honoured by an invitation to tea from a prefect in the Sixth Form. It would be quite an honour for old Mack, and he was sure to put on a clean collar and brush his coat, and adopt his sweetest smile for the occasion. Whether he would get any tea in Carthew's study was another matter. If he did, it would be all right, and if he didn't, it would be a reward to him for reporting juniors of the Fourth not wisely but too well.

"Now for the sergeant!" mur-

mured Jimmy Silver.

And the next card was typed in the name of Sergeant Kettle, the tough old soldier who kept the tuckshop at Rookwood.

Whatever happened to Mack, it would serve him right; and whatever happened to the sergeant, that tough old gentleman could take care of himself. It was all right so far. But Jimmy had to consider about the next victim.

He decided upon Adophus Smythe

of the Shell.

That dandified youth had many tastes in common with Carthew, and had had tea with him, and would not be surprised at receiving an invitation. He would be able to talk "geegees" with Carthew, if he found the latter in a polite mood. Probably he wouldn't, but that was Adolphus' Jimmy tapped discreetly at the door own look-out.

Fourth on the list came Cyril Peele, the cad of the Fourth. Jimmy Silver did not like Peele, so it was really kind of him to include that shady youth in the list of invitations to a tea-party in the Sixth-Form passage.

The fifth on the list was Jobson of the Fifth Form. Tobias Jobson was the poorest fellow at Rookwood, and much looked down upon by snobbish fellows like Smythe, and Peele, and Carthew. He was always shabby, and generally short of school books, which Mr. Mooney returned to his he sold when he was especially hard up. Jobson was not a clever fellow, but he had one saving quality—he was He removed the cover, and sat a hard hitter with his bony fists. If there was trouble in Carthew's study, Carthew had given him a number | it was Carthew who would get the of little cards to type the invitations | butt-end of it, in dealing with Jobson upon, and Jimmy slid the first into of the Fifth. Jimmy was quite satis-

He considered a good deal before he Knowles was the first name on the typed out the last card. Finally he list Carthew had given him; but | decided upon Mr. Bootles, and again chortle. But he suppressed it in time.

Carthew was spoiling his half-holi- Mr. Bootles had given him the job | geant. day, and it was only justice to spoil of fagging for Carthew that afternoon, so it was only fair that Mr. Bootles should have some of the benefit of his fagging. That was how Jimmy Silver looked at it.

In each of the invitations, Jimmy through the afternoon without trouble | had specified a different hour. He did not want all the invited guests to arrive together—certainly they would have become suspicious if they had a bob-" Mr. Mooney, reading his volume | met in the passage on the way to

The first invitation was for fourfifteen, and Jimmy timed them at fifteen-minute intervals, so that Mr. Bootles, the last on the list, would arrive at half-past five.

Satisfied with his work, Jimmy Silver rose from the typewriter at last, and covered the machine. He slipped the cards into the envelopes, and left the study quietly.

It remained to deliver the invita-

Jimmy Silver found Smythe of the Shell first, with Peele. The two nuts were chatting in the passage with Howard and Tracy and some more of the merry society of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood.

Adolphus Smythe put his eyeglass into his eye, and bestowed his usual supercilious glance upon Jimmy Silver as the latter came up to the nutty group.

"Here you are!" grunted Jimmy. "Begad! What on earth's that?"

yawned Adolphus. "Invitation to tea."

"My dear little kid, I don't come to tea with fags of the lower forms," said Adolphus loftily, and his nutty friends chuckled.

"It's from Carthew, fathead. I've got the job of delivering them,"

growled Jimmy Silver. "Oh, hand it over!"

Adolphus Smythe took his invitation, and Cyril Peele took the next. Jimmy Silver walked on to deliver the rest.

"Carthew's doin' it rather in style. what?" remarked Adolphus... "Bit of a silly ass, you know-who ever heard of typing invitations to tea? I'm goin', all the same. It pays to be civil to the Sixth."

"Jolly good spread, most likely," remarked Peele.

"Might have asked the rest of us, while he was about it," grunted

"Well, he can't ask everybody." said Adolphus. "Quarter to five will suit me all right, I suppose."

"Mine says five o'clock," remarked

"That's rather odd." "Look at it!"

"I dare say Carthew would like a bit of a chat with me before tea." remarked Adolphus thoughtfully. "That's it, I suppose. I'm rather friendly with Carthew." "Swank!" said Townsend.

"Well, he's asked me earlier, anyhow," said Adolphus, with dignity. "Comin' out to watch the kids at footer? Ought to encourage the young beggars a bit, you know."

And Adolphus & Co. sauntered away to encourage the junior footballers with their lordly presence. Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver arrived

at the porter's lodge, where he found old Mack in his usual crusty temper, with a surly eye.

But old Mack looked a little less surly when he opened the envelope and found Carthew's gracious invitation within.

"My heye!" said Mr. Mack. "Any answer?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "I've got another note to deliver to the ser-

"Say I'll come, and werry pleased," said Mr. Mack. "Ta-ta!"

Jimmy Silver walked on to the school shop. Tubby Muffin was flattening his fat little nose on the window-panes, hungrily eyeing the forbidden fruit within. "I say, Jimmy, can you lend me

Jimmy walked in. Sergeant Kettle came out of his

little parlour, and Jimmy handed him the note across the counter. The sergeant seemed a little puzzled

as he read it.

"This 'ere is rather queer," he said. "I ain't never been asked to tea with one of the young gentlemen before. I s'pose it's all right. Say I'll come and werry glad, Master Silver."

"Any old thing," said Jimmy cheerfully, and he strolled out of the

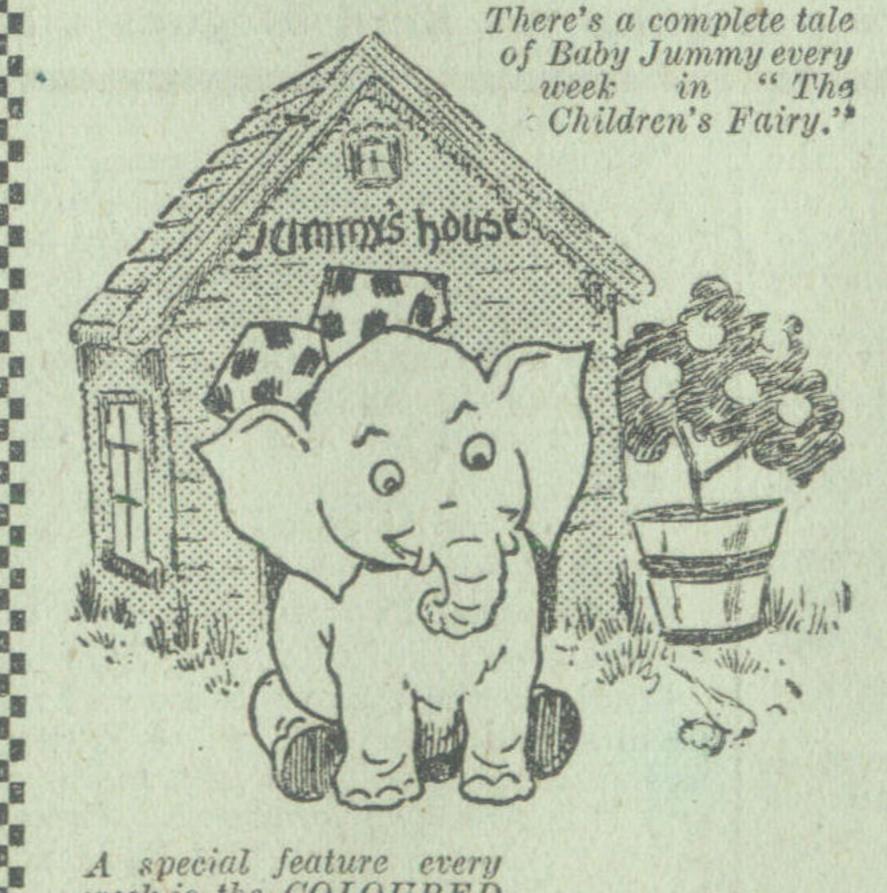
"I say, Jimmy, if you've got a tanner-"

Jimmy dodged Tubby Muffin, and hurried on. He had still two invitations to deliver.

He found Jobson of the Fifth in his study.

Jobson had a study to himself; nobody of the Fifth cared much for his company, besides, Jobson could never by any chance have stood his "whack" in a study tea. He generally had his tea in Hall, excepting when some good-natured fellow asked him to a feed. Jobson seldom or never refused invitations of that kind.

But Jobson was very touchy about his poverty, and he had been known to cuff fags on the bare suspicion that they were looking at his old clothes.



week is the COLOURED toy model, which can be cut out, pasted up and worked by eventhe youngest child. This week it's the Bunnyland Cinema you get—a most interesting and amusing little toy.

ticular, will get hours of joy and fun out of the dozens of splendid COLOURED pictures and school, adventure, and fairy stories which appear every Thursday CHILDREN'S YOU should

buy it regularly. Ask for

Every boy and girl, and

the little ones in par-

waited to hear what his lord and master wanted him to do. The 2nd Chapter. Fagging for Carthew.

Carthew of the Sixth picked up a sheet of paper from the table and glanced over it, then he handed it to Jimmy Silver. "Read that."

Jimmy read it. It was evidently an invitation to tea for somebody. It ran:

study at five o'clock." The blank was left for the name of the guest to be filled in.

"M. CARTHEW will be glad of

the company of --- to tea in his

not care twopence whether Jobson's | brushed old Mack. clothes were old or new, and he had been looking at the pigeons on the occasion when Jobson supposed he was looking critically at Jobson's old trousers. Naturally, these manners and custom on the part of the shabby Jobson did not make him popular.

"What the thump do you want?" inquired Jobson politely, as the Fourth-Former entered his study.

Jimmy threw the envelope on the table.

"Waiting for an answer," he said. The shabby Fifth-Former opened the envelope, and his frowning face cleared as he saw the contents.

"Tell Carthew I'll come with pleasure," he said. "Well, you young idiot, what are you staring at? Do you think I want a fire in the study?" Jimmy did think so, as a matter of | Carthew.

fact; but it was no business of his, and he dodged out without arguing the point with the touchy Fifth-Former. Last on the list, he arrived at Mr. Bootles' study.

The master of the Fourth raised his eyebrows a little as he glanced over the typed invitation.

"What? What? Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles. "I am afraid—ahem! however, I will come. You may tell Carthew that I shall come, Silver." "Yes, sir!"

And Jimmy retired.

He was strongly tempted to join his chums on the fcotball-ground now that his round of deliveries was over; but he turned his footsteps towards Carthew's study. The bully of the Sixth eyed him when he came in.

"Well?" he snapped. "I've done it!" said Jimmy Silver. "You've delivered all the notes?" "Yes, and they're coming."

"Good! What did you go into the tuckshop for?"

Jimmy started.

"I saw you from my window," said Carthew. "You've been wasting time, grubbing, Silver; and I told you to be quick!"

"I haven't been grubbing!" "Then what were you doing in the tuckshop?"

"Speaking to the sergeant." "You can tell that to the marines!"

said Carthew, with a grin. "It won't do for me. Hold out your hand!" Swish!

"I think I shall get you into order, in the long run," said Carthew, as Jimmy rubbed his hand and breathed hard. "Now pile in and get the study tidy. I'll keep an eye on you, and touch you up if you require it. Don't try to scamp through. You're not going till the guests arrive "

Jimmy Silver set to work without a word, But his mind was made up on one point-to dodge out of the study as soon as the first guest arrived. After the arrival of the guests, it was probable that Carthew of the Sixth would be dangerous at close quarters.

The 4th Chapter. A Surprise for Carthew.

"H'm!"

Mr. Mack's cough could be heard in the Sixth Form passage, before the arrival of Mr. Mack at Carthew's door.

"H'm!"

Footsteps stopped outside the study. Tap!

"H'm!"

Jimmy Silver was giving the finishing touches to the study under Carthew's malevolent eye. Quite a handsome spread was there. Carthew was in funds, and he was doing the thing in style.

Carthew kept an eye on the good things, and Jimmy could not carry out the little schemes that occurred to him with reference to them. He would have been very pleased-in the circumstances-to put ashes in the butter, and ink in the teapot, and salt in the candied fruits. But all he found an opportunity to do was to mix pepper in the jam. However, he put in the pepper with a liberal hand, unseen and unsuspected. It was little, | out!" Jimmy considered; but he consoled himself with the reflection that it was little but good.

"H'm!" Jimmy had done all, and more than | "You don't want me to tea, Master | all, that a fag could possibly be re- | Carthew?" quired to do, before old Mack's cough was heard at the door. But Carthew was still keeping him busy. It was his amiable desire to keep Jimmy busy until it was too dark for football.

"Come in!" rapped out Carthew, as the school porter tapped rather timidly at the door.

"I'll open the door," said Jimmy Silver, rather hurriedly.

"You needn't!"

But Jimmy did. He wanted to be near the door when explanations began.

Jimmy Silver had been one of the Jimmy Silver threw the door hoshappy recipients of a thump from | pitably wide, and old Mack was dis-Jobson on that suspicion. Jimmy did | closed to view; a very prim and

He was wearing his Sunday coat, his collar was clean, and his tie was almost neatly tied. He wore gloves, and his face was shining from recent soap and water.

Old Mack was quite a new Mack, and Jimmy gazed at him with admiration in his gaze. He had never supposed that an invitation to tea would rejuvenate old Mack in this way.

Carthew stared at his visitor. He concluded that Mack had come with some message from the Head, and he was irritated. He did not want to be bothered with the Head just then. He was not expecting his tea-party till five, but he was going to keep his hapless fag polishing and shocked at Carthew's want of hosgarnishing till that hour.

Old Mack blinked.

"Which I've come, Master Carthew," he replied.

"I can see you've come! Silver! Come back, Silver!" roared Carthew, as Jimmy dodged out of the study.

The junior considered it judicious to be deaf to that summons.

"Silver!" yelled Carthew. Jimmy vanished round the nearest corner.

the door; but he paused as old Mack | came in at lock-up. coughed again. If there was a mes- | He returned to his chair by the | thew.

"If them's the manners of a gentleman, Master Carthew, I thank my stars I was born in a 'umble spear!" he said. "I don't need telling twice, sir! I come 'ere perlite and civil, not because I wanted your tea, Master Carthew. Don't you think it! You're a low feller, Master Carthew!" "What?" yelled Carthew.

"And I'd say the same before the 'Ead himself!" said old Mack, warming up. "I called you a low feller, Master Carthew, and I repeat them words-low feller! You're no gentleman, sir, to hact like this 'ere!"

And old Mack walked out of the study, leaving Carthew of the Sixth rcoted to the floor with astonishment

and rage. With great dignity, Mr. Mack retired to his own quarters, greatly pitality towards an invited guest.

dashed servant to tea? Drunk, I sup-

Carthew looked into the passage, and shouted for Jimmy Silver. That cheery young gentleman was already on the football-ground.

The prefect debated in his mind whether to hunt for him or not; but he had a premonition that Jimmy Silver would prove elusive, and he decided to The prefect started angrily towards postpone vengeance till the juniors

sage from the Head, that message had fire, and sat down to smoke a cigar-

snapped Carthew irritably.

want anything."

"You don't want anything? What

"I came because I was asked, and I'm sorry I came," said Mr. Kettle. "If this is your idea of a joke, Master | by way of graceful greeting." Carthew, I'd like to have you in the old barrack-square for half an hour, and I'd teach you something funnier. You're no gentleman, Master Car-

And the indignant sergeant rightwheeled to the door.

"You thundering cheeky old fool!" shouted Carthew. "How dare you speak to me like that?"

Sergeant Kettle left-wheeled. "You're a young gentleman in this "Well, what is it?" snapped "My hat!" muttered Carthew at school, Master Carthew," he said, babbled Adolphus. last. "Is the man mad? What on | "and I'm school sergeant. But I earth made him think I'd have a don't take the rough edge of any man's tongue, or boy's either! I've had your sort on the parade-ground, and I've tamed them, sir, till they'd feed out of my 'and! You'll Carthew. apologise!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Apologise!" thundered the old warrior, towering over the shrinking | stay to tea?" burbled Adolphus. Carthew. "And at once, before I lay you over my knee, Master Carthew, and spank you!"

"S-s-s-spank me!" stuttered Car-

"That's the word, and sharp!"

"Well, why don't you answer?" that he had been threatened and humiliated, and that he had, to save "If you come to that, sir," said the his skin, apologised to one whom he sergeant tartly, "I don't know that I | elegantly described as a dashed servant.

That was more than enough to make the thump have you come here for, | Carthew savage and ratty; and he was in no mood to return Adolphus

Smythe's agreeable smiles. "Good-afternoon!" said Adolphus,

Carthew gave a grunt.

"You needn't come in." "Eh?"

"I'm expecting some fellows to tea soon," said Carthew. "You can buzz off. Shut the door after you."

Adolphus blinked so widely that his eyeglass dropped to the end of its cord. He was as surprised by Carthew, as Carthew had been by old Mack and the sergeant.

"But-but I've come to tea!"

"You cheeky young cub!"

"I'm having some of the Fifth and Sixth to tea. Do you think I want silly fags along with them?" snapped

"I-I-I've come--".

"Get out!"

"You-you-you don't want me to

"I think I've said so. Are you getting out, or shall I shy this cushion at

"Oh gad!"

Adolphus stood hesitating at the doorway. He felt that there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

"You-you've forgotten-" he began.

Whiz! Crash! "Yoooop!"

The cushion smote Adolphus under the chin, and he disappeared into the passage. There was a loud bump as he landed there.

"Chuck that cushion in and clear!" snapped the Sixth-Former.

Adolphus scrambled up, with wild wrath in his eye. Adolphus was not a warlike youth. But even the worm will turn. A reception like that, after an invitation to tea, was too much even for Adolphus.

Carthew had asked him to "chuck" the cushion in; and Adolphus chucked it-not quite as Carthew meant.

His wrathful and indignant face gleamed in at the door, his hand whirled up with the cushion, and it flew. Crash! It landed fairly upon Carthew's nose, flattening him back in his chair. And the moment the cushion flew, Adolphus flew, even faster than the cushion.

"Gr-r-r-r!" spluttered Carthew. He leaped to his feet, and leaped to the door; but Adolphus Smythe was vanishing round a corner like a racehorse.

"Come back!" raved Carthew.

Adolphus Smythe was not blessed with much sense, but he had too much sense to obey that command. He vanished.

"I-I-I-I'll-" gasped Carthew.

He turned back into the study and grasped a cane, and rushed out into the passage. But there he paused. His guests were almost due; and it was no time to chase the fleeing Adolphus. With muttered remarks of an emphatic nature, Carthew reentered the study in a frame of mind that would have done credit to a Prussian Hun.

He calmed himself a little as five o'clock approached. His guests were due at that hour-if Jimmy Silver had typed the invitations and delivered them as commanded. And Carthew did not dream, as yet, that he hadn't.

Prompt at five o'clock came a sound of footsteps in the passage. Carthew rose to his feet and worked up an agreeable smile to greet his guests, and as a tap came at the door, he called out very cheerily:

"Come in, old chap."

He started as the door opened and revealed Cyril Peele, of the Fourth. Peele had been in his study for the last half-hour, garnishing himself, and he certainly looked very niceworthy to join any tea-party in any study. He smiled almost affectionately at Carthew, very pleased to be addressed as "old chap" by his host.

Carthew did not smile affection-

"You!" he grunted. "Yes, old chap," said Peele, thinking that he might use that friendly expression as Carthew had set the

example. "What! You impertinent little mongrel!" exclaimed Carthew.

"What do you mean?" "Oh! I-I--"



NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT! "Chuck that cushion in, and clear!" snapped the Sixth-Former. Adolphus Smythe, with wild wrath in his eye, chucked it-not quite as Carthew meant! Crash! The cushion landed fairly upon Carthew's nose, flattening him back in his chair!

to be attended to before Jimmy | ette and look over a racing paper-a Silver. "What is it, Mack?" he demanded.

"A message?"

"I've come to tea, sir." "What?"

"Tea!" said Mr. Mack, in surprise. "Are you potty?" asked Carthew blankly.

"I 'ope not, sir!" said Mr. Mack, with dignity. "I've come 'ere to tea, and I cert'nly 'ope there's nothin' potty in comin' to tea."

"You silly old ass-"

"Hay?" "Do you think I have school-porters to tea in my study?" shouted ·Carthew, amazed and enraged. "Get

Mr. Mack jumped. "Get out?" he repeated.

"Yes, you cheeky old donkey!"

"My heye!" said Mr. Mack.

"Are you drunk?" was Carthew's "What do you want?" counter-question.

"Which I ain't touched a drop!" exclaimed Mr. Mack indignantly. "If | been asked to tea, that the sergeant | Smythe of the Shell was wearing | Carthew-"

like this. Anyhow, get out! I'll re- Mr. Mack was, his dignity, compared But Carthew did not smile as he port this to the Head if you don't go | with that of the sergeant, was as | looked at him. at once!"

Sixth with scornful reproval.

favourite amusement of the estimable Carthew. After all, he did not need Jimmy any more; he had only been | inventing tasks for him.

He thrust the cigarette hastily into the fire, and slipped the racing paper under a cushion, as a knock came at | the door.

"Come in!" he grunted. It was Sergeant Kettle who entered. It was half-past four.

Like Mr. Mack, the sergeant was in his best bib and tucker, so to speak. He had been surprised by an invitation to tea in a Sixth Form study, and he had done honour to the occasion. Very neat and prim the sergeant looked in his carefully-brushed black coat, with his creased trousers, and shiny boots. Seldom had Mr. Kettle been seen to look such a dandy on week-days.

"Well?" said Carthew. "Well, sir?" said Mr. Kettle.

be addressed to a gentleman who had to five, and opened it. "You must have, to play the idiot | stiff old gentleman; and dignified as | smile. moonlight unto sunlight, as water | The bully of the Sixth was in a Mr. Mack was a dignified old gentle- unto wine. Mr. Kettle had lorded it puzzled and irritable temper. He "I'll old chap you, you shiny little it. He stiffened irritably.

Carthew jumped back as the irate sergeant towered nearer.

"I-I apologise!" he spluttered. It was only in time. Amazing as it was, the sergeant evidently meant to suit the action to the word. Snort!

That was Mr. Kettle's acknowledgment of the apology. Then he rightwheeled once more, and tramped out of the study.

Carthew sank into his chair in utter amazement. Outside, a group of smiling juniors

watched Sergeant Kettle tramp back to the school shop with a purple face. Jimmy Silver closed one eye at his comrades.

"The merry visitors are coming!" he remarked. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The 5th Chapter. Guests Galore!

Adolphus Smythe tapped at the ately. He glared. This was so surprising a question to | door of Carthew's study at a quarter |

you think I've been drinking, Master | raised his eyebrows, and stared at the | his best and brightest waistcoat, his | Sixth-Former. Mr. Kettle was a eyeglass, and his best and brightest

man in his way. He drew himself in his day, over squads of "bally could not understand the cause of the beast!" said Carthew. up, and looked at Carthew of the recruits," and he had not forgotten | mysterious conduct of Old Mack and | "I-I- Oh!" stammered Peele Sergeant Kettle; but he understood | "I-I say, isn't Smythe here yet?"



CARTHEW'S TEA-PARTY!

(Continued from previous page.)

He glanced round the study for Adolphus.

"Smythe's been here," said Car- then!" thew. "Did you expect to see him | "I was asked!" shouted Jobson.

"Yes, of course. I--"

"Is my study a place for you to make appointments with your faggy friends, you little sweep?" exclaimed Carthew, in angry amazement. "By Jove! I don't know what the fags in this school are coming to! Still, as you're here, you can fag at cooking -that young cub Silver has bolted. I want a fag to dish up the eggs. You can get on with it; my guests will be here any minute now."

Peele blinked at him. "My hat! Did you ask me here to fag, then?" he exclaimed indignantly. "I didn't ask you at all; but now you're here, you can fag!"

"Look here, I've come to tea-Yaroooop! Leggo my ear, you beast!" wailed Peele dolorously.

"You've come to tea, have you?" said Carthew grimly. "Blessed if I ever heard of such cheek! Look after those eggs!"

"B-b-but I- Yaroooh!" "Do you want me to begin on your other ear?"

"Yow-ow! No!"

"Then shut up, and pile in!" And Cyril Peele, with a face like a demon, began to fag for Carthew. And he was still fagging away, with a demoniac expression, when fresh footsteps sounded in the passage. And Carthew rose once more to greet his guests as Jobson of the Fifth walked in.

The 6th Chapter. Peppery!

Jobson of the Fifth nodded genially to Carthew. Carthew stared at Jobson of the Fifth.

"Not late, old scout?" asked Jobson genially.

"Late for what?" snapped Carthew. "Tea, of course!"

"Tea?"

Jobson, rather puzzled that his host | tenderest spot, and Jobson had him by did not ask him to sit down. "All the neck before he could get further.

serene!" ing at!" said Carthew tartly. "I've | chancery, and a bony set of knuckles asked some Fifth Form chaps to beat a tattoo on his nose.

"Then I'm the first arrival?" "Yes; and the sooner you clear the

quicker!" "What?"

Published

Every Monday

"When I want a scarecrow to tea, I'll get one out of a field!" said Car-

thew. "There's the door!" Jobson looked at him. "I came here to tea," he said,

"but---" "You should wait till you're asked,

"Not by me." "By you!"

"Rats!"

"You cheeky cad!" exclaimed Jobson, his face crimson. "You asked me to tea, and I've come! Don't try to come the prefect over me, Carthew! You can't scare a Fifth Form chap-not me, at any rate! I'd wipe up the floor with you as soon as look at you! You asked me to tea!"

"I didn't!" roared Carthew.

"You did! I've got your note here!"

"My-my note!"

Jobson threw the invitation-card on the table. Carthew glanced at it, and then the expression on his face became extraordinary.

He began to understand. "S-s-s-Silver brought you this?" he

stuttered. "Yes, he did."

"The-the young villain! I-I catch on now! That's why the fellows haven't come! That young villain's taken the invites to the wrong people!" gasped Carthew. "I-I-I'll skin him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Peele. Carthew made a jump at the Fourth-Former, whose ill-timed merriment was not agreeable, and Peele made a jump for the door and dignity. "But, really- Ahem! escaped. Jobson stepped in Carthew's way as the bully of the Sixth was pursuing.

"Hold on!" he said. "Never mind Peele now! You asked me to tea, Carthew, and now you treat me in an insulting way-"

"I never asked you to tea!" raved Cartbew. "It was Silver's doing! I don't want shabby outsiders at my table, I can tell you! You'd better get some new clothes before you come

here-- Yarooooooh!" Carthew did not have time to continue his hospitable remarks. He had "I see you haven't started," said | touched Jobson of the Fifth upon the

"Leggo! Help! Yoop!" howled "I'd like to know what you're driv- | Carthew, as his head went into

"Shabby bounder-hay?" said Job-1

son, thumping away as if he mistook It was clear to Carthew now that | @@@@@@ Carthew's hapless features for a none of his expected guests had punchball. "New clothes - hay? received invitations, and that he need | 63 Yah, you snob! Take that—and that | not expect Knowles & Co. That did | @3 -and that-and that!"

Oh! Leggo!"

Thump, thump, thump! wildly round the study in a deadly grip, Carthew's head still in chancery, and Jobson's bony knuckles beating drum-taps on his nose.

Carthew's foot went into the dish of eggs on the fender, and there was a crash. There was another crash as Jobson kicked over a piled plate of toast.

"Yow-ow-ow! Woop! Leggo!"

"Take that-and that!"

"Yurrrggghh!" "Bless my soul!" exclaimed a jam!" said Mr. Bootles. voice of Mr. Bootles.

The last guest had arrived! "Bless my soul! What-whatwhat---" stuttered Mr. Bootles.

Jobson of the Fifth hastily released his victim. It was possible that Carthew had had enough punishment for his reference to the Fifth-Former's old clothes. He looked like it, at all events.

"Oh! Ah! Sorry, sir! Only a game!" gasped Jobson.

And he melted out of the study. Carthew stood mopping his nose. Mr. Bootles blinked at him.

"Really, Carthew--" "Ow, ow! Groogh! Hooooh! Ow! Wow!"

"You should not play these rough games in the study, Carthew!" said ow-jam! Yurrrrrg!" Mr. Bootles mildly. "A certain amount of horseplay is permissible among the juniors, but in a senior's study—a prefect's study——"

"Grooogh!" "This is not the way to receive a guest, Carthew!"

Carthew jumped.

He realised that it was another Sixth Form! Oooooch!" guest.

"You-you-" he stammered. "I have come to tea, Carthew, as you desired!" said Mr. Bootles, with

An exclamation trembled on Carthew's lips, but he restrained it. He hadn't asked Mr. Bootles; but to tell him now, now that he had come, would place the Form-master in too ridiculous a position. Any other uninvited guest could have been dealt with, but not a Form-master. Carthew could prove that he was not to blame for the misunderstanding, but that would scarcely disarm Mr. Bootles' resentment for being made to

look ridiculous. "Oh! Ah! Yes, yes, sir!" gasped Carthew, trying to suppress his feelings. "Oh. certainly, sir! Veryvery kind of you, sir, I'm sure!"

"My intention was to be kind, Carthew," said Mr. Bootles graciously "Oh! Ah! Yes, yes, sir! P-p-pray sit down, sir!"

Mr. Bootles sat down.

not matter so much, now that he was "Yoop! Yawp! Help! Yah! landed with Mr. Bootles. It was always Carthew's policy to make himself agreeable to the masters, and he The two seniors went trampling proceeded to do his best in that line with Mr. Bootles.

It was not easy to preside at a hospitable board with grace and ease, and at the same time to make surreptitious dabs at his nose with his handkerchief. But Carthew did his best.

"I-I'm afraid the eggs are done for, sir," he stammered, "and—and the toast! Will you try the shrimps, you'd care to try the jam, sir?"

"Thank you, Carthew! I will take

helped himself to jam, blissfully ignorant of what Jimmy Silver had done to that jam.

But he soon made the discovery. There was a sudden explosion at Carthew's tea-table. Little Mr. Bootles leaped to his feet, spluttering and coughing and sneezing with amazing vim.

"Groogh! Oooooch! Atchoochoo-schooh! Grooooch!"

"Wha-a-at-" stuttered Carthew. "Grooogh! Ooooch! Yurrggh!" spluttered Mr. Bootles. "Wretched boy! Rascal! Oooooch! You-you dare-you have dared-oooooch-to that it is best to wait until they do ask me to-oooch-to ask me to tea and place pepper-groooch-in the-"I-I didn't-I haven't-I-"

"Gr-r-r-r! Give me that cane, Carthew!" shouted Mr. Bootles, utterly outraged and wrathful. " have never-ooooch-heard of such a - grooh - insolent - ow - dastardly trick-grooh-unworthy of a small boy-ow-and you a prefect in the

Whack, whack, whack! "Yarooh! I didn't-I never-I wasn't- Yarooch!"

Whack, whack, whack! "There!" panted Mr. Bootles. "You will not-oooch-play such a trick upon a Form-master again! Atchoo - atchoo - choo! Wretched boy! Atchoo!"

And Mr. Bootles swept out of the

Carthew of the Sixth remained alone, groaning.

Afterwards there was trouble. Jimmy Silver had expected that, and he was not disappointed.

But the Fourth-Formers agreed that it was worth it; only Jimmy Silver seemed to have any doubts upon that point. The Rookwood Fourth chortled loud and long over the story of Carthew's Tea-Party.

THE END.

(Another long complete school story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next Monday, entitled "Backing Up Bulkeley!") AND THE PART OF TH

Mabel Normand's latest success is called "When Doctors Disagree." Mabel seems to have abandoned light comedy for broad farce. The story is of a gawky, unkempt girl who is the torment of the village and the despair of her father. After spoiling the dramatic effect of the May Day revels, she obtains possession of a dollar, which she invests in face-cream and powders to fit her for a day's sir, or the sardines? Or-or perhaps | outing with her father. This is where the fun begins. A plug of tobacco, taken as a medicine, necessitates a visit to the hospital, where her village shocked voice at the door. It was the i The little Form-master smiled swain has been compelled by circumgenially over the festive board as he stances to pose as a doctor. Complications with a missing baby are cleared up by the arrival of father and the real doctor.

Have you seen any parts of "Granger's Marvels of the Universe"? If you have you will agree with me in saying that these are quite the best of educational and interest we have ever had.

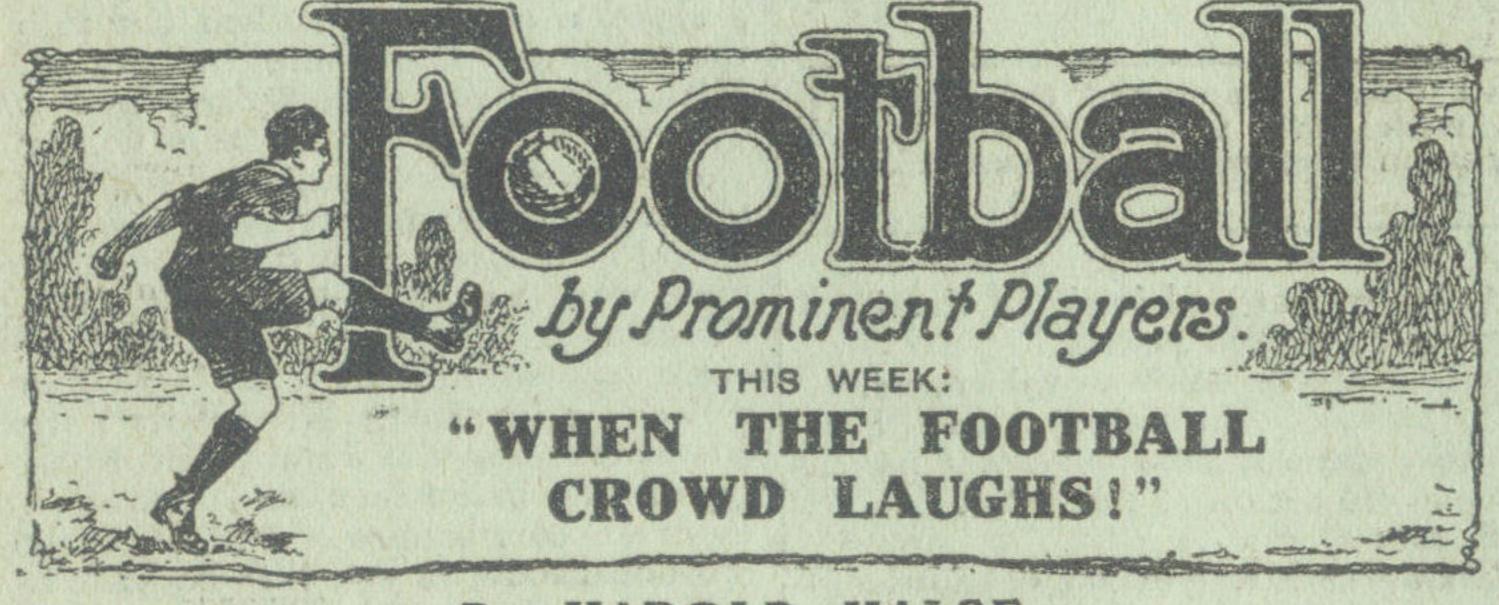
The news that Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are coming on a visit to this country is hailed with delight by everyone. However, we have heard so many rumours regarding the movements of these famous people come. If the rumour is correct, they should arrive in this country about the time you read these lines.

Here are a few confessions of popular Violet Hopson. Her favourite book is the Broadwest cheque-book. Her greatest ambition is to play in slapstick comedies, with "plenty of custard-pies." Her favourite Christian name is anything but her own, and her favourite hobby is endorsing nice fat cheques.

It may interest Stewart Rome's admirers to know that he was originally intended for an electrical engineer. His chief hobbies are riding, golfing, and boxing. When he was fourteen years of age he was captain of the school footer team.

Some time ago I told you Pearl White had joined Fox. Well, her first production for that company will be "Tiger Rose," a film version of the great play now running in London. It is by Willard Mack, husband of the famous Pauline Frederick. Fox tells me that "peerless Pearl" will not appear in any serials, but super five-reelers.

Films which are released, include "Don't Change Your Husband," showing Gloria Swanson in a film of great merit; "False Faces," featuring Henry B. Walthall in the role of a drug fiend; "Hell Morgan's Girl," with Dorothy Philips, who made such a success in "The Talk of the Town "; "Hard Boiled," featuring Dorothy Dalton; and another Wallace Reid production, "The Dub."



By HAROLD HALSE.

(The Popular Chelsea and English International Forward.)

Not so long ago I was talking to a | important as that, the fight for league man who had just been to see his first | points is always a matter of grim | big football match. I asked him what was his chief impression of the game, and this was his reply:

"It was all very serious-that was what surprised me. From both spectators and players I seemed to get the impression that the result of the game was a matter of life and death."

I suppose that impression of the man who had just seen his first match | pleasure from the seriousness of the | myself, and head over heels I went, was in no way a surprising one. We matches, and has it not been said of taking one of the Press photographers do take our big football seriously- our people in general that we take and his camera with me in my imboth from the spectators' and the our pleasures sadly?

players' point of view. So far as the players are concerned, I can assure you that it is very often a serious business. Suppose you are playing—as I have played—in a match on which practically the fate of the club depends—a game when the result | may determine whether your team will win a championship or not.

Under such circumstances, is it to be wondered at that the players treat on guard there. it all with grim seriousness? And although every match is not quite so I Stamford Bridge will recall, that there I International match between England I

earnestness. A victory or a win at the present moment, for instance, pictures, and jolly good ones they might mean for this or that team a big rise or a big drop in the league | trouble. table, for the clubs are pretty well Not so long ago, for instance, I huddled together, with very few was making a desperate effort to points separating those near the top | reach a ball which was going over the from those near the bottom. How- goal-line. Having worked up to my ever, I suppose the spectator gets his | top speed. I simply could not stop

But while all this about the seriousness of our big game is undoubtedly true, both players and spectators do occasionally hit on what might be called comic relief.

onlookers getting at least one big seriousness of the encounter.

As any reader who has been at story of a policeman on guard at an | find ye guilty, too!"

actual playing pitch and the spectators, and when the ball is kicked out of play, it is often redeemed by one of the policemen on duty. And to see big, overdressed "Bobby" waddling after the ball and then trying to kick it back into the playing pitch, seems to strike the onlookers as very funny indeed. And funny it is, too, especially when, as happened the other Saturday, "Robert," in making the kick, missed the ball entirely, and then found his other leg shoot from under him so that he fell full length on the running track.

The Press photographers, too, sometimes provide comic relief. In their anxiety to get a good snap of the play, they take up their positions only a few inches beyond the goalline. Sometimes they get the are; but sometimes they get into

petuous rush.

I am afraid I gave him rather a nasty kick in the ribs as I went over him, but the crowd did not see the serious side of the situation, and they laughed loud and long over it.

my club, Chelsea, for instance, there | sometimes a flash of humour too good |

laugh out of the policemen who are My mention of the policemen at Stamford Bridge reminds me of the

Park, Glasgow. Bob Crompton, one of the Orient full-backs scored a England's full-back, was a great | goal with a shot from about the halfstopper of Scotland's forwards, and way line, the ball going into the net with those broad shoulders of his he over the body of the goalkeeper, who repeatedly charged the Scottish for- slipped just as he was in the act of wards off the ball-quite legitimately,



who contributes this interesting article dealing with the lighter side of the great game.

of course. But when Bob had done this several times, the policeman on patrol just over the touch-line could At Stamford Bridge, the home of | Even for the players, too, there is | stand it no longer. He went as near as he could to the field of play, glared is rarely a match played without the to be resisted even among all the at Crompton, and said, in a voice loud enough for the people to hear: "Look here, Crompton, if ye don't stop that charging, I'll charge ye, and

At the match between Clapton !

is rather a wide space between the and Scotland, played at Hampden | Orient and Bury the other Saturday, saving. I am told the crowd shrieked with delight over the incident, because it won the Orient the match.

I don't know what the Bury goalkeeper said about the incident, but it reminded me of a very clever retort by a goalkeeper on a similar occasion. Somehow or other this gcalkeeper failed to stop a very long shot which was travelling quite slowly by the time it reached the goal, and, in fact, had only just sufficient speed behind it to reach the net.

After the goalkeeper had picked the ball out of the net, one of his full-

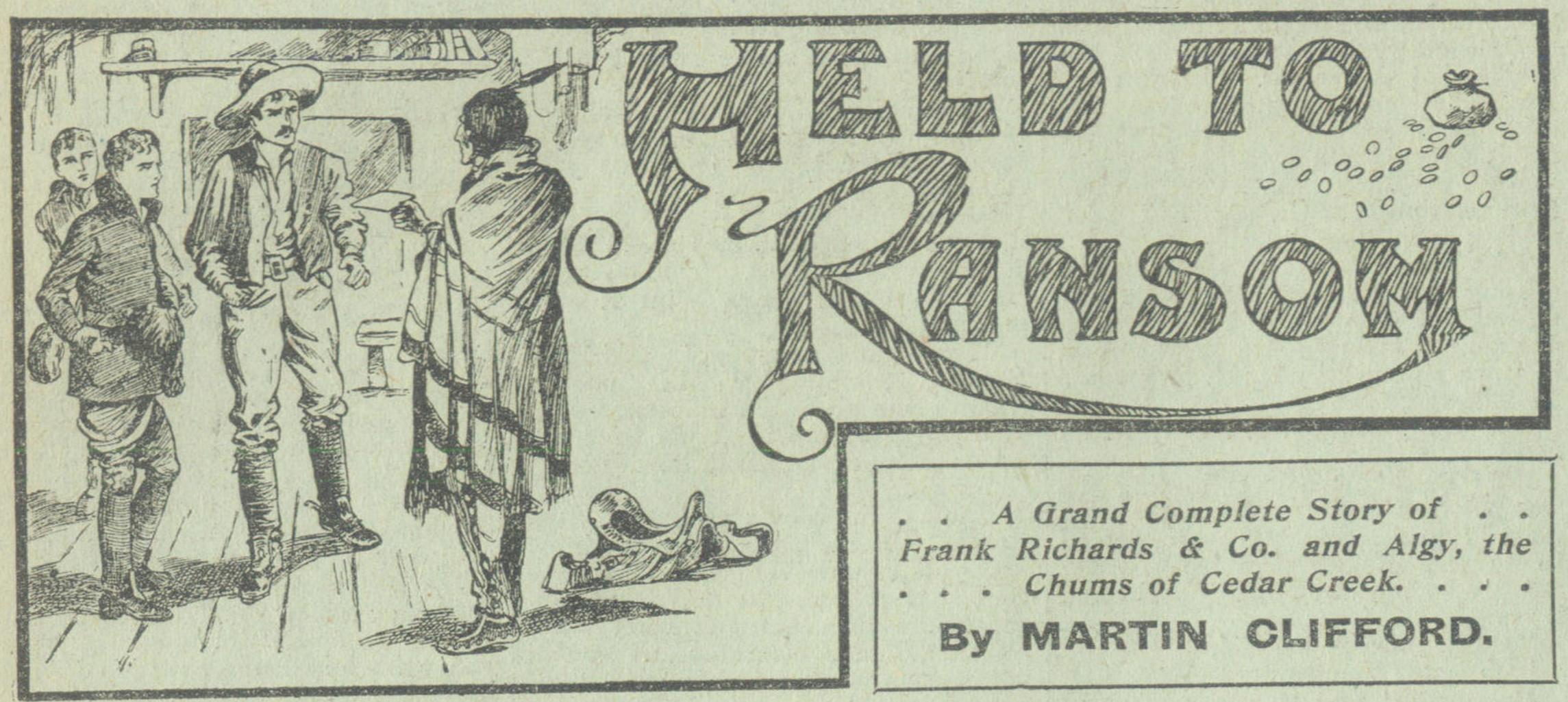
backs turned to him. "How did you manage to let that one go?" he asked.

Quickly the reply came from the goalkeeper.

"It was like this," he said. "That shot had passed ten of you fellows before it reached me. so I hadn't the heart to stop the ball then!"

Football players who appear before big crowds have to be possessed of thick skins, for the onlookers have a habit of becoming personal. Any peculiarity of figure, hair, or legs is quickly seized upon by the spectators. However, these little things are always taken in good part by the players, for has it not been said with a good deal of truth, that the man who never had a nickname was never really popular?

Hotalse



Published

Every Monday

The 1st Chapter Rough Justice!

"That's the chap!" Algernon Beauclerc pulled in his horse suddenly on the trail, and

pointed with his riding-whip. It was a fine, frosty morning, and Frank Richards & Co. were riding on the timber-trail to Cedar Creek

School. As the four schoolboys trotted up the trail, a figure came in sight ahead, tramping through the powdering snow. It was Dry Billy Bowers, of Thompson Town, and he was coming

towards the chums of Cedar Creek. Dry Billy grinned at the Co., and touched his ragged Stetson hat. And then Algernon uttered his surprised exclamation.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "Do you know that galoot, Algy?" "I know that thumpin' rascal!"

answered Algernon. Dry Billy blinked at the dandy of Cedar Creek with an expression of alarm coming over his rum-tinted visage. It was pretty evident that

he recognised Algernon. "Good mornin', young gents!" said Mr. Bowers, with feeble geniality, as the four riders stopped. Mr. Bowers had to stop, too, as the horses blocked the trail before him.

"What do you mean, Algy?" asked Vere Beauclerc. "You've had nothing to do with that boozy fellow, surely?"

"Not of my own choice, dear boy," answered Algy. "But that's the fellow who tried to rob me on the prairie the day I came up here."

"Oh!" ejaculated Frank Richards. "You remember? You fellows came up, and he bolted," said Alger-

non. "He was robbing me!" "So that's the rotter, is it?" said Frank.

Mr. William Bowers backed away! m alarm.

"The young gent's mistooken," he said. "I guess it's a case of mistooken identity, gents. Never seed

the young gent afore." "I know you!" answered Alger-

"I calculate you're on the wrong tack, sir!" said Mr. Bowers earnestly. "You've mistook me for somebody else."

Algernon shook his head. "I know your voice, too, and your way of speakin'," he said, "and you smelt of rum then, same as you do

"That ain't nothing, sir," urged Mr. Bowers. "Lots of galoots in the Thompson Valley smell of rum, sir!" "You're the man!" answered Algernon.

easting glances to right and left. The | school at this rate!" four riders followed him up as he moved.

had no end of a struggle with the let him run the gauntlet-what?" brute, and rumpled my clobber no "Like that, Bowers?"

"You're sure he's the man?" asked | "Not at all, sir!" Bob Lawless slowly. "It was dark, you know-"

"What night?" asked Bob. "How | whistle in the air.

"I-I mean- I-I guess-"

boys followed him up. There was no lose. Savvy? Start!"

escape for Dry Billy. "He's the man right enough," said | "Here's a lick to begin with."

Frank Richards decidedly. "He's as good as given himself away."

"Yaas, begad!" assented Algy. "We ought to take him to the sheriff and charge him with attempted robbery," said Vere Beau-

"Or give him a thunderin' good hidin', at least!" said Algernon. "Gents," pleaded Mr. Bowers, "I

guess I'm ready to swear--" "Own up, you rotter!" said Alger-

"Gents, it was the tanglefoot," said Mr. Bowers, after another hopeless glance round in search of an avenue of escape. "I guess I was full of fire-water, gents, or I'd never have spoken uncivil to sich a nice young gent as this hyer."

Mr. Bowers jumped back to escape the "lick."

There was no help for the loafer of Thompson. He was in the toils, and he realised it. "Running the gauntlet" up the trail to Cedar Creek was better than being handed over to the sheriff, and Dry Billy dismally made up his mind to it.

He turned his back on the four horsemen, and started at a run.

Whack, whack! Algernon's riding-whip got home first on Dry Billy's shoulders, and the loafer uttered a loud howl. Then he put on speed.

"Ha, ha! Go it!" roared Bob Lawless. "Put it on, Billy!"

"After him!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

with the brute?" asked Frank! their worst, Dry Billy would have had who had come out to Canada.

The dusty and dismal figure of Dry Billy Bowers vanished up the Thompson trail. And arrived in the town, Dry Billy forgot all about his going to White Pine, and headed direct for the Red Dog Saloon, to seek liquid consolation for his woes.

The 2nd Chapter. In the Hands of the Philistines.

"Don't get into trouble!"

"Really, dear boys-"

"Well, you know what you are," remarked Bob Lawless.

"Rats, old top!"

Morning lessons were over at Cedar Creek, and Frank Richards & Co., having found the ice strong on the creek, were going out to skate. Algernon Beauclerc preferred a ride, and he led out his horse.

He shook out his reins, and started

When the time came for Algernon "Well, what are you going to do | If Frank Richards & Co. had done | quite different from the lisping youth

skates. It was a clear, frosty day, and a ride was very enjoyable on the trail that ran under the big, leafless branches. Algernon cantered along in a cheery The "tenderfoot" from the Old Country had grown to like his new home, and to be satisfied with his rough quarters at his uncle's cabin on the creek. Dainty as he still was in his ways, Cousin Algernon had learned a great deal since his arrival in the "wild and woolly West." The rough-and-ready life had brought out the good qualities that he really posto return home, it was certain that

up the trail, leaving his comrades to go down to the creek with their Bowers. stopped the rider. "By gad! You again!" he ejacu-Bowers. "I guess not!" the returning Algernon would be



With a loud howl, Dry Billy Bowers put on speed up the trail, with four trampling horses and lashing whips close behind him. "After him!" roared Bob Lawless. "Ha, ha, ha!" Frank Richards and Co. were careful to miss the flying figure of the loafer with their whips; but there was no doubt that Dry Billy was very scared indeed.

Mr. Bowers backed further away, Richards. "We shall be late for | an extremely uncomfortable run as far | Algy was thinking of the Old

non, after some thought. "Can't be | close behind him, and the ruffian | the loafer of Thompson whom he had "He ought to be taken up, and bothered with takin' him to the panted and gasped as he ran and encountered that morning. But, as put in prison," said Algernon. "I sheriff. Start him up the trail, and dodged. But, as a matter of fact, a matter of fact, Mr. William Bowers

"Oh! Nope!" gasped Mr. Bowers.

the sheriff?" "Quite sure." . "Ow! Nope! Nix!"

identity," said Mr. Bowers, with that was bad enough; but for rumpalmost tearful earnestness. "I wasn't ling my clobber and muckin' up my chase coming up the trail."

there that night. I was with a little necktie! Start!"

party at the Red Dog."

Algernon made his riding-whip "Put it on!"

to, if you weren't there?" | White Pine, gents--" pleaded Mr. | laughter. Frank Richards & Co. | chief and leader of the "Red Dog Bowers.

The loafer of Thompson backed towards Cedar Creek!" said Bob son went Dry Billy, almost tottering of the line, I'd have winged him for away further, but the four horses Lawless. "We're on our way to with his unaccustomed exertions. his eyeglass; but a galoot has to be were round him now, and the school- school, and we've got no time to

"But I guess-"

as Cedar Creek. Four trampling | Country as he rode up the trail under "Give him a hidin'," said Alger- horses and slashing riding-whips were the trees-thinking of anything but the riding-whips missed him all the was not far away. time, or gave him only light "licks." Dry Billy was a good deal more had been aware that ahead of him on frightened than hurt, but there was the trail three pairs of eyes were "Would you rather be run off to no doubt that he was very scared watching him from a thicket. indeed.

"Gents, it's a case of mistooken | so much for tryin' to rob me, though | fellows outside the gates, and they | That's the ornery galoot, pards!" burst into a roar at the sight of the | "I've seed 'im afore," remarked

Algy would have been startled if he

"That's the guy!" Mr. William He was panting stertorously as Bowers was saying. "That's the "What have you got to say, "Then you can take the hidin'," Cedar Creek School came in sight. dude what chased me up the trail and Bowers?" demanded Frank Richards. | said Algernon determinedly. "Not | There was a group of Cedar Creek | licked me with a pesky whip behind!

Euchre Dick, of the Red Dog, "moseying round Thompson with that young Richards and his friends."

Dry Billy plunged and panted on, | "I guess so!" asented the third of do you know which night Algy refers | "I-I guess I was goin' down to and passed the gates amid shouts of the party, Four Kings, the great halted at the gates, chuckling. Up | crowd." "I've seed the dude! Eyestammered Mr. Bowers. "Your mistake; you're going back | the trail towards the town of Thomp- | glass, and all, by hokey! Why, south | "By gad!" remarked Algernon. | mighty careful in Canada afore he | His chums were a little perplexed.

or two," said Mr. Bowers, possibly not interested in Four Kings' reminiscences of happenings in Montana.

"Aire we going to rope him in?" "We aire!" said Euchre Dick

emphatically. "I guess he looks as if he was wellheeled," remarked Four Kings. "Rolling in durocks, I guess!" said

Mr. Bowers. "But Old Man Beauclerc ain't!" said Four Kings. "'Tain't so very long since he was a remittance-man, hangin' around the saloons-he's got no money to pay for his nevvy, Billy Bowers!"

"I tell you this hyer is a rich relation from the Old Country," said Mr. Bowers. "He's well-heeled, and he's got rich folks. I tell you that pesky dude is worth a thousand dollars to

"I guess we'll rope him in and chance it!"

"Now's the time!" said Mr. Dry Billy made a sudden jump from

the thicket as Algernon came cantering by. He caught the bridle and

Algy's eyeglass gleamed down at

"Me agin!" grinned Dry Billy

"Let go my bridle!"

"By gad, I'll use my whip if you don't!" exclaimed Algy angrily, and his riding-whip circled over Mr. Bowers' coppery face.

At the same moment, there was a rush of footsteps behind him, and hands grasped him on both sides.

Mr. Bowers' dodge had been to hold his attention, while Four Kings and Euchre Dick seized him; and he had succeeded perfectly.

Almost before he knew what was happening, Algernon Beauclerc was dragged out of the saddle, and bumped into the powdery snow of the

"Ow!" he gasped. "I guess that puts the cinch on him," chuckled Billy Bowers.

"Leggo!" roared Algy furiously. "You horrid ruffians, you're makin' my clothes dirty with your dirty paws! Let go!" "Haw, haw, haw!" roared Mr.

Bowers. "Lend me a hand, instead of gurgling, you silly idjit!" gasped Four

Kings. Algy was giving the two ruffians some trouble. Dry Billy came to their help, and the dandy of Cedar Creek

was secured, breathless and torn. "Oh, you rotters!" gasped Algy. "Get hold of the hoss!" exclaimed Four Kings. "That's a vallyble animal! You idjit, Billy Bowers! Why didn't you get hold of the hoss?"

Algy's horse, scared by the struggle, had started back along the trail at a gallon.

Mr. Bowers cast a regretful glance after it. He was a born horse-thief, and he had let an opportunity slip!

"I guess they'll know what's happened at the school, when that critter gits there!" said Euchre Dick. "Let 'em know-they'll know soon

enough, anyhow," said Four Kings. "Gol-darn the hoss! And gol-darn you, Billy Bowers, you boozy idjit! Let's git this dude off the trail afore some pilgrim comes moseying along." "You bet!"

"Let me go!" roared Algy. "Help!"

Four Kings thrust a huge, knuckly fist under Algy's nose, as his comrades held the dandy of Cedar Creck by the arms.

"Do you want that on your jaw?"

asked the ruffian. "Oh, gad! No thanks!" "You'll git it next time you

Algy took the hint; and he did not "yaup" again, as the three kidnap-

pers hurried him away into the timber.

The 3rd Chapter. Missing!

"Algy's late!" Vere Beauclerc made the remark. as the chums of Cedar Creek came into the dining-room at the lumber school. Algy was accustomed to have his midday meal at the backwoods school, like most of the fellows whose homes were at a distance. But he was not to be seen among the Cedar Creek fellows who were coming in.

Bob Lawless gave a grunt. "Gone wandering, perhaps," he remarked. "I dare say he'll turn up too late for dinner!"

Algy had not turned up by the time dinner was over.

"That rotter will think twice before | wings a tenderfoot. Now, down in | as they came out after dinner; Algy he plays the goat once, next time, Montana—"
what?" was too good a rider for them to sup"He'll be along yer in a minute pose that any accident had happened

to him, but he could hardly have missed his dinner of his own accord.

Frank Richards. "There'll be a row if he doesn't come back in time for lessons!" There was a shout from Chunky

Todgers, who was looking out of the school gates. "Cherub!"

"Hallo, Chunky!" called back Beauclerc. "Is Algy coming?" "I guess not, but his horse is!" "What!"

The three chums ran down to the gates.

Chunky Todgers pointed out into the trail with a fat forefinger. A handsome steed was ambling towards the school. The chums recognised Algy's very distinctive and expensive mount at once.

"Algy's horse!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "What-what has happened

to my cousin, then?"

"Goodness knows!" muttered lead them to Algy. Frank. "He is too good a rider to Bob's surmise on that point was be thrown! He could ride any soon proved correct. A quarter of a thing!"

him in. that he had been galloping, though he had dropped to a walk before reaching the school.

lows gathered round, in curiosity and | edge, and looked about him. some alarm, as Beauclere led in the

There was a buzz of voices in the likely," said Frank Richards. playground.

School House. Vere Beauclere led as they've taken Algy with them. the horse towards the schoolmistress, followed by the crowd. His handsome face was pale and troubled now. His cousin was, in a way, in his charge at the backwoods school; and though Algy was quite satisfied that he could look after himself, Vere felt that it was his duty to look after him. "What has happened, Beauclerc?"

asked Miss Meadows quietly. without him, Miss Meadows. There must have been an accident," said | have they collared Algy for?" Beauclere. "I must go and look for him. Will you excuse me if I am

late for lessons this afternoon?" "Certainly, my boy!" said the Canadian schoolmistress kindly. friends, "You may take your Richards and Lawless, with you!"

"Thank you, ma'am!" Algy's horse was taken to the corral, and then Frank Richards & Co.led out their own steeds.

Some of the other fellows followed as the chums started up the trail. in the direction Algy Beauclerc had taken.

They had to return for classes, however, and the three chums were left alone on the trail, to pursue their search.

It was easy enough to track Algy's horse in the powdery snow, and by the time classes were recommencing at Cedar Creek, Bob Lawless halted at the spot where the dandy of the school had met the kidnappers.

"This is where the gee turned back," said Bob. regarding the trampled snow with a keen eye. "You can see how far he came, and where the back track begins. There have been a good many galoots round this spot."

The rancher's son examined the traces with searching eyes. chums watched him in silence.

"Algy wasn't thrown from his horse, I guess." said Bob, looking up at last. "He wasn't such a jay, for one thing. He could ride. But there's proof-these tracks show plainly enough that he was pulled off his horse by two or three galoots. And there's marks in the snow in the thicket where three men waited, keeping in cover. Three different tracks of boots there, and big boots at that! I reckoned at first it might be a lark of the Hillcrest School chaps; but it's not that! It was three big bulldozers who handled poor old Algy!"

Vere Beauclere compressed his lips. "I think I can make a guess," he

"Go ahead!" said Frank Richards. "I think it's very likely that Billy Bowers got some of his friends in Thompson to help him to get square for the chase we gave him this morning," said the Cherub.

Bob Lawless nodded. "I thought of that!" he said. "Like enough that Bowers would come back with some of his pals, and hang about the school for a chance

of lambasting poor old Algy. But "But what?"

"They might lick him with a cowhide to get square," said Bob, "but they wouldn't go further than that, if it was for malice. But that's not what they've done, whoever they are. They've taken Algy away. If they'd only licked him, he would have come home by this."

"Then what--"

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"Where the thump is he?" said the critter was scared, and galloped off," said Bob. "That's how I figure it out. And then the three bulldozers led Algy away into the timber."

"And he's still there?" said Frank.

"I guess so." "But why-"

"That's what we've got to find out, I reckon. Come on!"

Leaving the three horses tethered in the trail, under the trees, the chums of Cedar Creek entered the thick

It was easy enough to follow the traces where a way had been pushed through the thickets. Snow had been shaken from branches and twigs, leaving them bare, where the kidnappers had brushed by. But Bob Lawless' sunburnt face was not very hopeful as he led. The track was a little too plain-it was not likely to

mile from the open trail, the murmur Beauclerc caught the horse and led of waters fell upon their ears. They came out of the thickets upon the There were signs about the animal | bank of a forest stream. Ice was chinging to the banks, but the stream itself was not frozen; it ran in a series of cascades down a rugged hillside. A crowd of the Cedar Creek fel- | Bob Lawless stopped by the water's

"They came this far!" he said. "And crossed the stream most

"Not direct, I guess. Of course. Miss Meadows stepped out of the they knew they would be followed. said Bob. "I guess they waded some, before they took to the bank again. They might have landed at any spot for two or three miles along the stream."

"Phew!"

"That means a big search!" said Beauclerc.

"I guess so."

"But what can the game be?" ex-"My cousin's horse has come back | claimed Frank Richards, in perplexity. "Who are they, and what

Bob shook his head. "I don't know, at present. But there's only one reason that I can think of. Algy's become pretty well known in Thompson, and up and down the valley as a rich fellow-the galoots know that he's the son of a lord in England. I guess there's only one reason why he's been roped in. and that's to get money for letting him come back!"

"Holding him to ransom!" said

"That's it! It happens often enough in the States, though it's rather a new stunt in Canada. Algy was really asking for trouble, you know, with his diamond studs and gold watch, and wad of notes, that everybody could see. Some of the rustlers in the valley have got on to it, and they reckon they're going to make a good thing out of poor old Algy!"

"In that case, he's safe, Bob." "Safe enough. They wouldn't hurt him, I guess." said Bob Lawless. "But he's a prisoner, and I guess he'll

have to rough it." "And we don't know who they | said Four Kings. are," said Beauclerc.

"Some of the Red Deg crowd, I them. I guess this is a job for the Billy. sheriff."

"I must let my father know," said Beauclerc. "But let's try, at least, to follow the trail a bit further, Bob."

"Come on, then!"

The chums waded across the stream, and trampled through frozen rushes and chips of ice to the further bank. Thick underwoods met them there, frosty trunks and leafless branches, densely. Until the light began to pockets quietly. fail, the chums of Cedar Creek searched the bank for traces of the kidnappers; but there were no traces | ticker-" to be found. The rascals had evidently waded along the shallow stream search was required of every foot of | in the valley! Let it alone! Now, the bank, possibly for a mile or more. As the dusk deepened over the timber the schoolboys gave it up at last. In a grim mood, they returned to their horses, and rode away for the remittance-man's cabin.

The 4th Chapter. In the Heart of the Forest.

"Grooch! It's cold!"

"Shet up!" "But it's cold, by gad!" said Algy mildly.

Four Kings scowled, and Billy at the dandy of Cedar Creek.

The three ruffians had expected the "dude" to be scared to death by the situation he found himself in, but there was no sign of scare about Algy Beauclerc.

With a muscular grasp on either | with me a bit, Mister Dude?" "They yanked him off his gee, and arm, Algy was wading in the stream, and his chief concern seemed to be the coldness of the water. Cold it undoubtedly was; it was only the turbid cascades in its course that kept the forest stream from freezing.

For a great distance the ruffians had been "wading, and Algy had been |

wading with them.

That search would be made for the missing schoolboy as soon as he was missed, Billy Bowers & Co. knew well | ing, and I'll git!" enough, and they were very careful to leave no track by which they could be followed.

But the journey was nearly at an end now.

Billy Bowers, who was leading the way, stopped at a point where the mass of thickets on the bank seemed to present an unbroken front. He stooped by the water's-edge and lifted a branch.

"Duck under!" he said. "Oh gad!" murmured Algy.

He guessed that it was a place of concealment that had been reached, and he cast a longing glance up and down the stream.

But the grip on his arms was too strong for him; there was no possibility of escape.

Four Kings and Euchre Dick ducked their heads, and Algy ducked with them, and they passed under the loose branch.

Billy Bowers let it fall back after they had passed.

"You go ahead!" said Mr. Bowers. Algy was drawn on through the thicket, which scratched and tore his clothes as a way was forced through.

Mr. Bowers brought up the rear, grinning. The trees were so thick that a dim twilight reigned on the earth among the trunks. A dozen yards from the stream Billy Bowers called a halt.

"Hyer we are!" he said. A dilapidated hut was dimly visible in the thicket. The kidnappers

entered it with their prisoner. Algy looked round him curiously. logs and branches, and was evidently very old, and was in a state of disrepair. There was a frozen buffalorobe on the floor, and a rusty oil-stove

in one corner. "So this is the shebang!" said Four Kings, with a very disparaging glance

"I guess so!" said Mr. Bowers. "They won't find this show in a harry, pards!"

"Gol-darned if I know how you found it!" said Euchre Dick. Mr. Bowers chuckled.

"I guess this is where Poker Pete lay low the time the sheriff of Thompson was arter him," he said. galoot in Thompson used to bring him grub hver. I guess I know the galoot. I remembered this hyer shebang when I figures out this leetle stunt."

"What a show!" murmured Algy. "Are you fellows thinkin' of keepin' me here?"

"I guess so."

"What for?" "Till you've paid for your visit!" grinned Mr. Bowers.

"We ain't been through him yet,"

"That ain't necessary." I guess Mister Dude will hand over his sponreckon; but we can't tell till we find | dulies if we ask him nice!" said Dry "I won't!" said Algy.

"What's the good of chinwag?" growled Four Kings. "Look hyer, I'm freezing in this show already! I want to vamoose. Hand over your dollars, Mister Dude, afore something happens to you!"

Four Kings clenched a brawny fist. Algy hesitated a moment. But resistance was evidently out of the blackened larches growing question, and he turned out his

> "Thirty dollars!" said Euchre Dick. "I knew he was well heeled! And a

"Let the ticker alone," said Mr. Bowers sagely. "We don't want to for a distance before landing, and a be roped in by selling a gold ticker who's goin' to stay hyer with the dude?"

> "I'm going back to Thompson!" said Four Kings at once. "It's your stunt, Dry Billy, and you can stay!" "Correct!" agreed Euchre Dick.

"I guess--" began Dry Billy. "You're stayin'!" said Four Kings decidedly. "You give us the bit of writing for Old Man Beauclerc, and we'll git!"

"Waal, I guess I couldn't trust you galoots to see that the dude didn't vamoose the ranch," remarked Mr. Bowers. "I'll hang on, I guess. But Bowers grinned. Euchre Dick stared | you've got to bring me what I want | -blankets, and a tin of kerosene for the stove, and grub, and whisky. ride over to Thompson and see the Don't you forget the whisky! Mister | sheriff at once. What do you want, Dude will pay for the lot. You've got Injun Dick?" added the remittancethe cash in advance." Dry Billy chuckled. "You object to stayin' hyer

Algy made a grimace. He understood how much choice he had in the matter.

"Not at all," he answered politely. "Quite a pleasure! In fact, I'm lookin' forward to enjoyin' your "Haw, haw, haw!" company!"

"Not so much chinwag!" said Four Kings, with a grunt. "Look hyer, Billy Bowers, gimme the bit of writ-

"I've got it ready," said Mr. Bowers, fumbling in his pocket. "Don't you go to the remittance-man yourself, you galoot! Injun Dick will take the paper, and hold his tongue."

"And, mind, don't go back by the stream! Strike off north from here, and you'll come into the Thompson trail four miles right on," said Mr. Bowers. "See that you don't leave Bowers. "See that you don't leave eagerly as he did so."
tracks! That's dangerous, if you've A grim look came over his face as got sense enough to understand that, Four Kings!"

"Stow your chinwag! Let's git!"

"Tie him up first!"

Dry Billy Bowers produced a cord, which he tied to Algy's ankle while the other ruffians held him. The other end of the cord was fastened to a root close at hand.

"If you try to undo that, my pippin, you get a clout with this stick!" explained Mr. Bowers. "Understand?"

"Oh, quite!" drawled Algy.

"You're a game 'un, you are!" said Dry Billy. "I don't bear you any malice for that leetle joke on the trail this morning. I'm only going to make you pay for it, I guess! You've got a lot of sand for a dude. I guess vou won't be here more'n a few days, if your folks stump up the five thousand!"

"The what?" ejaculated Algy. "Five thousand dollars!" said Mr. Bowers, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "That's the figure, I guess."

"My dear man," said Algy, "my The hut was built of roughly-cut | uncle Beauclere probably hasn't a | "I guess that's so. Five thousand tenth part of that sum! And if he dollars! They're not making the mishad, he wouldn't think me worth it. Make it ten dollars, and get your money!"

"I guess we're making it five thousand," answered Mr. Bowers. "I know Old Man Beauclerc hasn't the rocks. But your folks in the Old Country have. Old Man Beauclere can raise it hyer, and stick your folks for it arter. If you have to wait for the money to come from home, you'll be likely to catch cold afore you see your school ag'in! You galoots goin'? Mind you don't forget the whisky!"

Four Kings and Euchre Dick left the hut, threading their way through the dusky forest to the north.

Algy Beauclerc was left alone with Mr. William Bowers, as the dusk deepened over the forest.

The 5th Chapter. Ransom Required.

Frank Richards & Co. came riding up the trail to the remittance-man's cabin on the creek, tired and somewhat gloomy. They had no immediate deeply concerned for the dandy of Cedar Creek, hidden somewhere in the depths of the frozen forest.

A dim figure, draped in a tattered blanket, was striding towards the cabin from another direction.

"Injun Dick!" exclaimed Bob. The Indian looked round, after knocking at the cabin door, as the horsemen clattered up. He ducked his head in salute to the chums of Cedar Creek.

Mr. Beauclerc opened the door. He seemed rather surprised by the number of his callers.

"Come in!" he said. The three schoolboys entered, and Injun Dick followed them in.

"Father," exclaimed Vere Beauclerc, "there's bad news. Algy-" "Algernon is not with you?" exclaimed the remittance-man. "He has been kidnapped."

"What?"

"Algy-kidnapped!" he exclaimed. Vere Beauclere explained hurriedly. The remittance-man listened, with a grim expression growing upon his bronzed face.

concluded Beauclerc. "Then we thought we'd better come and tell you, father." The remittance-man nodded.

"Quite right, Vere! You could find the place again, as far as you followed Algernon?"

"Oh, yes, easily!" "Get my horse out, my boy. I will man, turning to the old Apache.

The Redskin had waited like a

bronze statue till he was addressed. Now he groped under his ragged

blanket, and produced a letter. "Injun bring letter!" he explained. "You give Injun dollar! Wah!" Mr. Beauclere took the letter, with

a puzzled expression. "Who sent me this?" he asked.

"No say." "You know who gave you the

letter, Injun Dick?" "Injun no savvy!" answered the red man calmly. "White man put letter in Injun's hand in the dark. give Injun dollar, and say, You take this to Old Man Beauclerc, and he give you 'nother dollar.' I have

spoken." And the Apache draped his tattered blanket round him, and waited, evidently for the dollar.

Mr. Beauclere opened the letter, the chums of Cedar, Creek watching him

he read the missive.

Without a word, he handed it to his son, and the three schoolboys read it together.

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards.

The letter ran:

"Deer Sir,-Yore nevvy is staying with us in the hills. If you want him to come home it will cost you five thousand dollars, spot cash. Put the money in a bag on the dead oak by the creek. When it's fetched away your nevvy will come home, not afore.

mean business.—Yores, "MEXICAN JIM."

"Who the thump is Mexican Jim?" murmured Frank Richards. "Mexican Jim!" repeated Bob Lawless. "I guess I've never heard

the name." Mr. Beauclerc smiled slightly. "It is a false name, of course," he said. "From that signature I am pretty certain that the writer is not a Mexican, and that his name is not

"You bet!" said Bob, with a nod. take of asking too little, by gum!"

"They know he's got rich relations in England," said Frank Richards. "The money could be found, I suppose, but it jolly well won't be! Algy won't stay in their hands long." "I shall take this letter to the

sheriff at once!" said Mr. Beauclerc quietly. Vere Beauclere left the cabin to take out his father's horse. There was no time to be lost. The remittance-

man fixed a searching glance upon the impassive features of Injun Dick. "You do not know who gave you

this letter?" he asked. The Apache shook his head. "Are you to take an answer?" Another shake of the head.

"Listen to me!" said Mr. Beauclerc. "It will be worth a hundred dollars to you, Injun Dick, if you can take me to the man who gave you that letter!"

"Hundred dollar!" repeated the old Apache.

"Can you find the man? Take me to him, and I will give you a fears of Algy's safety, but they were | hundred dollars at once!" said the remittance-man.

> Injun Dick shook his head slowly and sorrowfully. "If Injun know Injun scoop in hundred dollar, you bet!" he

> answered. "Injun no see." Mr. Beauclerc compressed his lips. His first thought had been that the old Apache was a confederate of the kidnappers; but that was evidently not the case. Injun Dick would certainly have told all he knew for a hundred dollars, a sum that would have given him a free run of the

whisky at the Red Dog for a week. "Very well," he said. "You had better come with me to the sheriff's, Injun Dick. My nephew has been kidnapped, and you must tell the sheriff

what you can." "Injun come."

The remittance-man left the cabin, the Apache following him. In a few minutes he was riding away on the trail to Thompson.

The next day the dandy of Cedar Creek was not seen at the school.

Frank Richards & Co. arrived there "We searched for him till dark," in the morning, but not to stay. They came to ask leave from school, to join in the search for the missing Algy. Miss Meadows gave the required permission at once, and the chums rode away, leaving Gedar Creek School in a buzz.

> It was the only topic at Cedar Creek, and Miss Meadows found the attention of her pupils wandering that day. And while Cedar Creek was at lessons, the search was going on, far and wide, for the dandy of the school who was kidnapped and held to ransom. THE END.