

# JIMMY SILVER'S LATEST WHEEZEI

NEW SENSATION FOR ROOKWOOD!



# TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending January 10th, 1920.



# THE SCHOOLBOY BOOKSELLERS!

and wide, and Jimmy Silver was kept busy at the cap which did duty for a till.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had opened their shop at last—a shop that consisted of some trestles and planks. "Buy, you merry kippers!" yelled Newcome, flourishing a copy of "Chuckles." "All about Harry Wharton & Co.!" bawled Raby. The Fistical Four were doing a roaring trade. Juniors were coming from far "Walk up and buy!" he shouted. "It's all for a good cause!"

The 1st Chapter

Bad News.

"Absolutely rotten!"

"Poor old Bulkeley!"

Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood School were very downhearted.

"I call it a shame!" said Raby would not be said Raby by ou tell us all about the matter, young Jimmy?"

"All I know is that old Bulkeley's pater has been and gone and lost all the family cash," he explained. "Silver, at any other time, would more than probably have taken exception to being referred to as "Blessed if I know what's happened" "young Jimmy."

"I call it a shame!" said Raby would not be school again.

"All I know is that old Bulkeley's pater has been and gone and lost all the family cash," he explained. "Silver, at any other time, would more than probably have taken exception to being referred to as likely to get hold of such a decent stop until the next var."



Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Can't see that coming off," he

remarked sazely. "A chap can't

stick at a school like Rookwood, and

not have any pocket-money. Even a

captain like Bulkeley likes the little

things that please the inner man, you

"Yes, just so," assented Arthur

Edward Lovell. "But all the same, I

think we ought to explain to Bulkeley

that it's up to him to see the term

"He might not look at it in quite

the light we do," he said. "I've

known chaps get wild because we in-

terfered in their affairs. All the

"So have I." he murmured

reminiscently. "Still, I'm rather in-

clined to agree with Lovell, you

it is to be done?" he asked sweetly.

There was silence for a few minutes,

The remainder of the Co. glared.

"Chump!" ejaculated Newcome.

Jimmy Silver snorted disdainfully.

he said witheringly-"that a chap

to pass the hat round for his benefit?

would take part in such a silly,

And the chums of the Classical Side

It was Jimmy Silver who broke the

"Look here, you chaps," he said,

"I mean let's open up a bookstall,"

"Yes, on large sales," interposed

explained Jimmy. "You know,

there's a decent profit to be had--"

Raby. "Then we should have to find

"M'yes!" said Jimmy doubtfully.

citedly, "let's write to the editors

and ask for some papers to sell-then

"We'll write to the editor of the

'Gem,' and the 'Magnet,' and the

other papers that everybody reads."

if we explained in strict confidence

what old Bulkeley's trouble was, I'm

Jimmy, in a businesslike manner.

Jimmy sat down to write the epistle.

was about to dip the pen in the ink.

"And it was my idea--"

Jimmy hesitated a moment.

Lovell. "I say ' Dear sir---' "

writing to an editor, fathead!"

and call him a fathead-"

"Better let me do it," he said.

"M'yes! S'pose you'd better do l

And he got up to let Lovell take his

"How shall we start?" asked

"Rot!" said Raby. "You always

say 'Dear Editor' when you are

"If you think I'm going to write

"Bully for you, Lovell," said

"Better still," said Lovell ex-

"how about having a paper shop?"

were silent once more, whilst they

rotten, idiotic, piffling idea?"

wracked their brains for ideas.

The others looked at him.

"Eh?" said Lovell.

the cash to start one."

it will be all profit."

sure he'd back us up."

"Ass! If--"

it," he said at last.

Lovell glared.

place.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

Raby subsided with a grunt.

"Ass!" snapped Jimmy Silver.

then Raby looked up excitedly.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

same---'

Raby chuckled.

Lovell bowed.

do something now?"

pass the hat round."

Raby turned red.

idea?"

silence.

"Idiot!" said Lovell.

## BACKING UP BULKELEY!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Oh, take him away, somebody!" groaned Jimmy.

"Let's get to bizz!" said Newcome. "You silly chumps will waste months on a little job like this!"

"Who's wasting time now?" asked Lovell bitingly.

"You-you-"

"'Dear Editor-- ' " said Lovell. And Newcome did not finish whatever he was going to say.

It took some time to get that letter finished; but when it was eventually ready for the post it read thus:

"Dear Editor,-The captain of Rookwood, Bulkeley, has fallen on bad times. We don't mean that he's visiting pubs, or anything of that beastly sort, you know, but the family cash has gone west. We are afraid he will be leaving the school, so consider it's up to us to give him a helping hand, if he doesn't give us the helping boot. We are going to open a bookstall, so could you let us have some 'Gems,' and 'Magnets,' and 'Chuckles,' and any others of your papers so we can raise cash to send to Bulkeley's pater? Perhaps if that is carefully invested or speculated with. old Bulkeley won't have to go. All the best.

"ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL. "P.S.-Of course, Jimmy Silver & Co. are in this stunt."

"That's the material to give "Thanks; but can you suggest how them," said Lovell.

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy Silver. "I thought of the wheeze-at least, I | "I guess old Bulkeley will be all right germed it, so to speak! S'pose you now!"

"Yes, if the editor doesn't write and ask us if we think he is president of a philanthropic society," said

"I know!" he exclaimed. "Let's Raby doubtfully. The juniors looked dubious for a moment, but the smiles soon returned.

"That's to be seen," said Newcome. "I think it will be all right." "How about letting the Torning "Look here, you fatheads," he crowd from over the way into the wheeze?" asked Lovell, as he licked said, "what's wrong with that for an the flap of the envelope. The Co. looked at one another for a moment

"Do you think-if you can think," in silence. "No!" said Jimmy at last. "We'll like Bulkeley is going to allow juniors do it on our own."

And Lovell went down to post the And do you think that any of the Co. | letter.

## The 2nd Chapter. The Reply.

"Letter for you, Lovell!" Tubby Muffin came along the passage with a letter in his hand, and called out as he saw Arthur Edward

"Who's it from?" asked Lovell. "How do I know, fathead?" demanded Tubby.

"Thought you might recognise the handwriting," said Lovell, taking the

"Well, I don't!" snapped Tubby. "If that's all you've got to say to a chap who brings you a letter-well, next time-"

"Sorry, old top!" laughed Lovell. "Many thanks!"

Tubby grunted, and went his way. Lovell turned the envelope over in his hand. His eyes gleamed as he noticed a printed address on the back, "That's the giddy idea," he said.

and, thrusting the letter into his good old Companion Papers—the | pocket, he hurried to his study. "It's come!" he exclaimed excitedly.

Jimmy Silver and Newcome and Raby. "He's a decent old top, and | Raby stared. "What's come, fathead?" asked

> Jimmy. "Why, the letter, of course,"

answered Lovell. "Then let's get the letter off," said | "Lovell's in love!" said Newcome solemnly. "Arthur Edward, Pen and paper were produced, and

take the advice of your old pal-" "Don't play the giddy ox, New-Lovell caught hold of his hand as he come!" growled Lovell. "If you don't want to hear what the editor's "I'm a better writer than you are,

got to say, say so, and I'll take it to Tommy Dodd & Co." Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Why couldn't you say who the letter was from in the first place, idiot?" he said. "You'd have saved

yourself a lot of trouble." Lovell growled something unintelligible, and tore open the envelope. A thin piece of paper fell out to the floor, and Lovell and Silver both stooped to pick it up.

Their heads met with a resounding crack, and they went sprawling in different directions.

"Ow! My head's bust! You-you --- yelled Silver.

"Yooop! Ow! My head, you dummy!" gasped Lovell. They glared at each other as they

picked themselves up. "What did you do that for?" de-

manded Jimmy wrathfully. "Why, it was your fault!" said Lovell. "And I'll jolly well--"

"Peace, mes enfants!" interrupted Raby soothingly. "And let's have a look at the letter."

Lovell picked up the letter, and opened it out. The juniors crowded round to see what was written.

It was neatly typewritten, and ran

"My dear Lovell, - Many thanks for your letter. I quite appreciate the kindness intended in your proposed scheme to start a bookstall at Rookwood, and assure you that I am perfeetly willing to help you in any way I can. I am, therefore, sending you by passenger train a good supply of the papers you mentioned, and hope you will succeed in selling them all.

"I must point out that this is a special favour I am doing you, and cannot undertake to send any more. It is as much as I can do to get enough printed for my readers as it is! Please give my sympathy to Bulkeley, and I wish him better luck! "Yours sincerely,

"THE EDITOR."

"That's what I call a top-hole letter!" said Jimmy Silver enthustastically.

"Hear, hear!" chorused the remainder of the Co.

"And the next thing to do is to get hold of the goods," said Jimmy. At that moment the door opened

to admit Tommy Dodd & Co. of the

Modern side. "Hallo, you young duffers!" said Tommy Dodd. "What's all this about

goods?" Jimmy Silver coughed.

"Nothing exactly," he said lamely. "Just a few things coming, you

Tommy Cook nodded.

"I see. Want any help?" he said. Jimmy looked hastily at his chums. They shook their heads.

"No, thanks, old chap!" he said. "I-I-I think we can manage to get the stuff here ourselves, thank you!" Tommy Dodd glanced sharply at

Cook and Doyle. "Then there's nothing more to be said," he said. "Ta-ta!"

"What did you come over for, anyway?" demanded Lovell.

"Oh, nothing much!" answered Dodd. "It doesn't matter now." Jimmy Silver looked at him suspiciously.

"Look here, young Dodd!" he said wrathfully. "If you think you can come over here to our study just when you like, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"Hear, hear!" said his chums heartily. Tommy Dodd grinned cheerfully. "I think we shall come just when

we like." he said sweetly. "Yes; but you won't go when you like!" snorted Raby. "Go for the stiff.

cheeky bounders!" And the Classical juniors sprang at

their rivals. In a moment there reigned the

uttermost confusion. Chairs went flying in one direction, and the table in another.

Backwards and forwards they swayed, but Jimmy Silver & Co., being four to three, gained the upper hand.

Silver on his chest. They struggled | upon his head like the bristles on a on the floor for a moment, then, with I porcupine's back.

Jimmy's knee under his chin, Tommy at last ceased to struggle.

"Ow! Lemme get up, you fathead!" he panted.

"In a minute," answered Jimmy cheerfully, as he looked round to see how the rest of the Co. were getting

Lovell was standing up, ready to lend assistance where it was necessary. He was grinning in keen enjoy-

Raby had Cook on his back, although he was experiencing some difficulty in keeping him there. Doyle was still manfully putting up a struggle, but Newcome gradually obtained the mastery, and in a very few minutes the rival Co. were all at the mercy of the Classical juniors. Jimmy turned to Lovell.

this bounder's wrists!" he said rivals to their feet. laconically.

three!" stuttered the infuriated | come here and try to go away with-Modernite. "Leggo-"

chuckled Silver. "Little boys of the Modern side shouldn't go out without their nurses. They're bound to meet trouble!"

after a desperate struggle, and with his leader's help, tied Tommy Dodd's hands behind his back.

Dodd lay writhing in an effort to break the string, but it was too strong.

"You dummies!" he gasped. "I'll give you socks for this!"

"How kind of you!" said Jimmy sweetly. "I can do with some myself. Mine are more holy than righteous!"

"Ass!" "Now the other two, Lovel!" said Jimmy.

In the hands of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, and Raby, Cook had not the ghost of a chance. He was tied up in a moment.

And Doyle, stuttering with rage, was served in the same manner. Jimmy Silver & Co. stood up and

surveyed the helpless Modernites critically. The latter merely glared. "I don't like the way they do their

hair," said Jimmy smoothly. think a little gum--" "You-you-"

"And perhaps just a tiny bit of

"My hat, Silver! I'll--" "And a little bit of string to keep the ends together."

"You-you-you-" Tommy Dodd simply couldn't get

the words out. His feelings were too deep for mere words. "Get the gum, Newcome!" said

Jimmy solemnly. Newcome smilingly obeyed.

Jimmy Silver knelt across Tommy Dodd's chest, and, running his fingers through his fallen rival's hair, drew it together until it literally stood on

He took the gum-brush from Newcome, and liberally pasted the Modernite's hair until it was nearly

Tommy Dodd wriggled furiously, but only succeeded in nearly upsetting the gum-pot over his face. "Ow! You beast!" he gasped.

"I shall put the brush in your mouth if you open it again!" said Jimmy gravely. "Shut up!" And Tommy Dodd shut up.

Silver tied the tops of the hairs together with a piece of string, then stood up to survey his handiwork.

Down went Tommy Dodd, with Tommy Dodd's hair was standing



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The Co. roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "My stars!" howled Raby. "A little bit of ribbon would look much better than string, Jimmy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" And after a search sufficient ribbon

was found to do as Raby suggested. When they had finished with Tommy Dodd, Cook and Doyle were served in a like manner.

Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly shricked with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You dummies!" roared Dodd. "Just you wait, and we'll-"

But what they would do was not said, for the simple reason that Jimmy held up the gum-brush in such a threatening manner that Tommy Dodd wisely decided to subside.

"A little bit of string to go round | Jimmy Silver & Co. jerked their

"Now go home!" said Jimmy "Look here, you asses, four to severely. "Let this teach you that to out explaining your cheek is not wise "Not just yet, sweetheart!" but extremely silly. Open the door, Newcome!"

Newcome opened the door.

"Now, march!" said Jimmy. And with the laughter of their rivals Lovell found a ball of string, and | ringing in their ears, Tommy Dodd & Co. marched out of the study and fairly fled to their own side.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy. "Talk about guys!" "Come on, you chaps; we'd better get down to Coombe," chuckled Lovell. "We don't want to leave the

stuff lying about." And, taking up their caps, the juniors left the study.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Tommy Dodd & Co. on the Warpath.

"Ow!"

"My hair's coming out!"

"Grooogh!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. were not

They were endeavouring to remove the gum from their hair, and the task was not a pleasant one. Hot water was being used, very hot water. And it scalded their scalps, which explained their remarks.

"Tommy Dodd. you ass, why didn't you say what we went over for?" growled Cook. "Look at my hair!"

"Ow! This water's hot!" "Hang the water! What about my

"What about mine?"

For many minutes the chums carried on their arduous task, Cook and Doyle pausing now and again to hurl some remark at Tommy Dodd's

But at last they managed to get most of the gum out, and though their hair obstinately refused to lie down on their heads, they looked and felt better when they had finished.

"I vote we bump our noble captain!" said Cook witheringly. "Bump him! I should say we will!" said Doyle.

"Look here, you fatheads! Ow!" Bump! And Tommy Dodd was bumped by

his exasperated chums. "You chumps!" he howled. "And while you're wasting time those Classic rotters are getting that feed

home!"

Cook and Doyle started. "Oh, I say, you know!" said Cook apologetically. "I'd forgotten all about those goods they were talking about as we entered their study."

"So had I," averred Doyle. "Of course you had!" snapped Tommy Dodd angrily. "But I haven't let it out of mind. Do you mean to say we are going to let them have that feed after all they've done to us?"

Cook and Doyle shook their heads very emphatically. "Not much!" said Cook.

"What-ho!" said Doyle. "But half a minute. How do you know it's a feed?"

"They'd have told us if it was any. thing else, fathead!" Tommy Dodd was still angry. He

had suffered a lot that day, one way and another. "Come on, you duffers!" he said,

taking his cap. "We'll see if the stuff is at the station." And the Modernites made their way out of the house and down the lane

which led to the station. They had proceeded some distance down the road, when Tommy Dodd clutched his chums by their arms. "Look!" he ejaculated.

Coming round a bend in the road were Jimmy Silver & Co., their caps set jauntily on their heads, and armin-arm, as if they had not a care in the world.

"Into the hedge!" snapped Dodd.

hedge which ran alongside the road. along, whistling in unison the latest | "However, let's get back."

Modernites. "Wonder how the three Tommies are getting on?" said Newcome, chuckling.

"My hat!" laughed Jimmy Silver. "Guess we can chalk about ten up for that little lot! Ha, ha, ha!"

Tommy Dodd & Co. listened with burning ears to the laughter of the Classical juniors, and when they had disappeared, Tommy Dodd jumped out into the road, and shook his fist in the direction they had taken.

"Cheeky asses!" he said furiously. "We'll chalk hundreds up when that was thrown upon them. we've collared your feed!"

feed hasn't arrived!"

"Why not?" "'Cos it's evident they've been | "Lemme get down!" down to the station, and if it had been there they would have brought

it back with them." "Ass! Haven't you ever heard of the carrier's cart?"

Doyle chuckled. "If you fatheads would come along instead of standing there gassing like a couple of horse marines," he said, "we might solve all the questions by interviewing the station-master."

Tommy Dodd snorted. But Tommy Doyle's suggestion was sound, and they walked down the road towards the station.

They found the station-master in his office, and he shook his head when Tommy Dodd asked if Jimmy Silver & Co. had received some goods a few minutes before.

"No, Master Dodd, they didn't, more's the pity," said the stationmaster.

"Why the pity biz?" Doyle wanted to know.

"Well, Master Lovell, he comes along for some parcels which he said was comin' by passenger train," said the official, "and I said they hadn't come. But when they'd gone I found they had arrived. Perhaps you'll tell them when you go back. Master Dodd?"

Tommy Dodd nodded his head, "Sure thing!" he said. "In fact, we don't mind taking them along with us."

The station-master hesitated. "I den't know about that, Master Dodd," he said slowly. "They're mighty heavy parcels."

Tommy Dodd & Co. exchanged glances.

"That's all right," said Cook hastily. "We'll manage between The station-master hesitated again.

"I was thinkin' of the carrier," he began. "We'll take 'em!" said Doyle.

"Show us the way to the goods!" The station-master took the pen from his ear and laid it down on his desk. He seemed dubious about letting the parcels go out of his hands to

addressed. "Come on, old son!" said Dodd enthusiastically. "I like a bit of exercise now and again!"

other than the person to whom it was

The station-master led the way out of his office to the luggage-room, where the juniors saw four huge bundles. Dodd tried to move one, but he could only just manage to shift it a couple of inches.

"M-m-m-my giddy aunt!" he stammered. "This is some feed!" "P'r'aps his sister has made a cake?" suggested Doyle humorously. "First time, you know."

Dodd grunted. "That's no feed!" he said emphatically. "There's something in the

wind!" He glanced at the label.

"Addressed to Lovell London," he said. "I don't think | Silver & Co. were not to be seen. Lovell has got any people there."

station-master. "are you goin' to take that stuff or are you going to leave

" us a barrow!" said Dodd.

the luggage-room to where a large bundles entailed. barrow stood.

"You can have that one," he said. get to their study. "But send it back as soon as you can."

"Right-ho!"

It took the juniors nearly ten minutes to get those four bundles on finished, Tommy Dodd wiped his forehead.

"Phew!" he panted. "It's jolly | heavy stuff, whatever it is!" "I'm getting rather interested in There came no response.

Classical asses."

Published

Every Monday

ragtime song. They broke off as Tommy Dodd got between the politely.

they came abreast the hidden shafts of the barrow, and his two chums went to the back. "Ready?" asked Dodd.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Cook. "We're at the helm-I mean the back. One, two, three-shove!"

And he pushed. Unfortunately, Dodd had just managed to lift the handles of the barrow off the ground, and when Cook pushed lustily behind, Tommy Dodd lost his balance.

His end of the barrow shot up into the air, and as the bundles shifted to the back, Tommy Cook and Doyle let go their hold under the great weight

Dodd, still sticking manfully to the "When, when, when!" chirruped shafts, found himself kicking empty Cook morosely. "If you ask me, that air, while the other juniors were sprawling on the ground.

"You fatheads!" roared Dodd.

"Let us get up, you mean!" growled Cook. "What did you do that for?"

"I didn't do it, you ass!" yelled Dodd. "You shoved too soon!" "Rot! I--"

Dodd dropped to the ground, while his chums picked themselves up, groaning.

The united efforts of the three juniors was just sufficient to get the barrow in its right position again, and, leaving Cook to take the shafts, Dodd and Doyle went behind.

And the juniors darted into the tumbled on a great wheeze of those rangle there came four figures which rapidly proved themselves to be not Jimmy Silver & Co. came striding "My idea, too," assented Cook. | Modernites, but Jimmy Silver & Co. "Can we help you?" asked Jimmy

> Tommy Dodd & Co. jumped. "Nun-n-no, thanks!" stammered

Cook. "Not at all," said Dodd.

Jimmy Silver caught sight of the bundles. "Hallo! A feed-eh?"

"Not this time, Silver! Keep off, young Lovel!!"

a desire to read the label on the copy?" nearest bundle.

He was too late. "My parcels!" yelled Lovell. "You cheeky bounders!"

less to bluff things out now.

He grinned ruefully. "Our luck's right out to-day," he along." said sheepishly. "Every blessed your rotten parcels!"

The Classical Co. laughed. "Thanks! I think we should have them even if you objected," said | will allow that!" snapped Raby. "I Jimmy Silver. "But, look here, since | suggest the tuckshop." you were so decent as to fetch this ! stuff up from the station-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" hand over with this stuff, then joining | playing-fields." us in a little light refreshment?"

Tommy Dodd & Co. grinned. "Now you're talking sense!" said Dodd cheerfully. "We're on!"

And seven pairs of hands made In a few minutes they were carcer- light work getting the bundles to the l

Jimmy Silver pushed the hair back over his head.

"Then where on earth are we going to sell them?" he demanded. "We can't-"

There was the sound of footsteps in the corridor, and Mornington opened

the study door. "Hallo, dear boys!" he said.

"Opening a shop?" Jimmy Silver nodded.

Mornington looked curiously at the bundles.

"Gem,' Magnet,'" he read And Tommy Dodd made a rush to aloud. "Say, Jimmy Silver, what stop Lovell, who had suddenly evinced about letting me have an advance

The Fistical Four shook their heads with one accord.

"Advance copies tabooed, old chap," said Jimmy emphatically. Tommy Dodd stopped. It was use- | "You must take your chance when the crush starts. Buzz along!" Mornington laughed and "buzzed

"Now perhaps we can settle the thing's gone wrong! You can have question of where we are going to sell the stuff," said Jimmy Silver. "I

suggest the Common-room myself." "Fathead! Just as if old Bootles

"More permission necessary," said Lovell. "I suggest we open up that old shed from which the ices used to "What do you say to giving us a | be sold during the hot weather on the

Jimmy Silver slapped him enthusiastically on the shoulders.

"That's the ticket!" he said. Lovell wriggled.

"Stoppit, you ass!" "Sorry, old top!" chuckled Jimmy.

www.mun

"Ready?" asked Tommy Dodd. "Ay, ay, TOMMY DODD BETWEEN THE SHAFTS! sir!" said Cook. "Shove!" The two juniors behind, "shoved" and Tommy Dodd suddenly found himself swept off the ground with his feet dancing in the air. The bundles rocked dangerously, then crashed upon Cook and Doyle behind, who sprawled on the ground beneath their weight. "Lemme get down!" roared Dodd. "Let us get up, you fathead!" gasped Cook.

the school.

about," said Dodd, as they ran. "Hear, hear!" said Doyle. they are—well, they are!"

"The luck's been with us so far," said Dodd. "P'r'aps it will stick." It did. They reached Rookwood from without further mishap, and Jimmy

They paused as they reached the "Well, Master Dodd," said the doors of the Modern House. Here a new difficulty made itself apparent.

They had managed to get the the "Magnet" were to be seen bundles from the luggage office to scattered about the study, leaving "Oh, we'll take it, if you can lend | the barrow all right, but then there | very little room for anything else. had been no stairs to make matters | If the sale of the papers began then The station-master pointed out of harder than the actual weight of the and there, it was not unlikely that dismay.

Tommy Dodd looked round in the popular papers. swiftly gathering gloom of the quadrangle.

"Nobody about at all," he said. "Risk a yell," said Cook. "Blessed | inkpots?" to the barrow. When they had if we can get these beastly bundles up by ourselves."

"High-o! Modernites!" Tommy Dodd sent that cry ringing up the stairs in the Modern building.

it," said Doyle. "Seems to me we've | But out of the shadows of the quad- 'room," said Raby satirically.

ing merrily down the road towards | Classical juniors' study, and five | "But you've hit the right nail on the minutes later the rival Co's. were sit- head. The shed it is." "Hope Jimmy Silver & Co. are not | ting down to a feed in perfect harmony.

## The 4th Chapter. The Rookwood Bookstall.

"My hat! Lots of stuff here!" said Jimmy Silver.

The bundles that Tommy Dodd & Co. had fetched from the station the previous evening were open. Hundreds of copies of the "Gem" and

the study would be overwhelmed by But there were stairs to go up to juniors and seniors alike in their endeavours to get a copy of the

"Where do you think we are going | to put a crowd of chaps?" demanded

Jimmy Silver grunted. "Not at all," answered Jimmy. Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook.

Lovell. "Yes; I can see old Bootles letting here-" said Newcome.

This point agreed on, the chums

took their caps and left the House.

the shutter over the counter, and the sunlight burst into the darkened shed. "M-m-my hat!"

"Goodness me!" "Ye gods and little fishes!"

These remarks burst simultaneously from the juniors when they saw the state of the interior of the shed.

and floor, and huge webs hung from | thought of such a calamity. the ceiling.

"My giddy grand-aunt!" chuckled Formers. Jimmy Silver. "You chaps have got | Lights sprang up in the windows some work to do before we can open of the school, and Jimmy could see our shop!"
The "chaps" stared.

down eating jam-tarts?"

"I suppose we'd better take them | "Though that's not a bad idea, Raby. | "What is it, Jimmy?" said Dodd all down to the class-room," said I'll go and get the papers over-" "No, I'll go and get the papers

my job."

"Doesn't want four of us to get the papers down," said Raby. "You

"Good enoughsky!" said Jimmy Silver. "Come on, chaps!"

Raby jumped. "Here! Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Why, as you are going to clean up here, we'll go and get the papers," said Jimmy. "Wasn't that what you were suggesting?"

Raby glared. "You know jolly well it wasn't, fathead!" he growled. "I meant you chaps to clean up, and I'll get the stuff down, chump!"

"Oh, I see now!" said Jimmy innocently. "You are not very lucid in your remarks. However, to save argument, we'll all have a whack at the cleaning, and then all go and fetch the papers. Let's start before it gets dark!"

And, securing water and rags from the cricket pavilion, the juniors set to work to clean up.

The work was not very arduous, but it took the juniors a considerable time

to get the shed ship-shape. But it was finished at last, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went back to their study to get the papers they were to sell for Bulkeley's sake.

Lovell wiped the perspiration from his forehead, as he dumped the first load down on the floor of the little something like work!"

"My hat!" he said. "This is something like work!"

Jimmy Silver grinned. "All for the good cause!" he said cheerfully. "Mustn't start grumbling when you are on a job like this, you

know." Lovell glared. "Who's grumbling, fathead?" he demanded.

"Why, weren't you?" asked Jimmy innocently. "Of course not, you silly chump!" said Lovell angrily. "Let's get on

with it!" And the chums got on with it.

### The 5th Chapter. The Alarm in the Night!

"Wharrer marrer?"

Jimmy Silver opened his eyes sleepily, as he felt someone shaking him by the shoulder. It was still very dark in the Fourth-

Form dormitory, it being only two o'clock in the morning. "What's the matter?" he repeated. "It's Lovell," said that junior

hastily. "Get up quickly, Jimmy, while I wake the others!" Jimmy stared through the darkness, and sat up in his hed as Lovell ran quickly to Newcome and Raby.

"What's up, fathead?" demanded Jimmy wrathfully. "Is it a raid, or what?" "There's a blessed fire somewhere, I believe!" said Lovell. "I've been watching a dancing, red shadow on

the window for some time, and I don't like it!" The chums leaped out of bed, and

ran to the window. The sky was reddening from the direction of the playing-fields, and now and then a red light shot up into the air, illuminating the trees and hedges, to die away the next moment.

Jimmy gave a yell. "Hi! Fire! Up you get, you

beggars!" The juniors stirred at the lusty cry. "Get up!" shouted Newcome excitedly. "Do you want to be roasted

in your beds?" The juniors with one accord leaped from their beds.

"Where is it?"

"Where's the fire?" A babble of voices demanded these and other questions. But Jimmy was They found the little shed was open | not waiting to answer them. He when they arrived. Jimmy let down | slipped on his trousers, and, calling to his chums as they struggled into

theirs, ran from the dormitory. Raby caught him up as he dashed

across the quadrangle. "Hope it's not our shop!" he

"My hat! Don't say that all our trouble has been for nothing!" ejacu-Dust and cobwebs covered the walls | lated Jimmy, horrified at the mere

Together they rushed to the field. They looked at one another in closely followed by Newcome and Lovell, and a swarm of Fourth-

that the Moderns were astir, too.

He nearly ran into somebody who "While you are doing-what?" | came from a different direction, and, Newcome wrathfully. "In the blessed said Raby witheringly. "Sitting as the flames shot up, he dimly recognised Tommy Dodd, and, behind him.

> breathlessly. "Dunno for certain!" panted

Jimmy. "B'lieve it's our shop!" you strew papers over the class- "Not at all," said Lovell. "That's "Your shop?" queried Tommy

Dodd.

"Yes-paper shop! Tell you about it later!"

And the breathless juniors rushed

They reached the field, and a gasp of dismay broke from between Jimmy's teeth. "It is!" he gasped.

He turned round and shouted over his shoulders.

"Hi, Newcome! Raby! Hustle for goodness' sake!"

Right up to the shed he dashed, Tommy Dodd and Raby close behind. Without thought of the danger, Jimmy Silver kicked open the door, and glanced hastily inside.

"Not touched yet!" he cried. "Get 'em out!"

And, without waiting to see if his words were heard, Jimmy dashed into the shed, and reappeared a moment later with an armful of papers, which he flung outside the radius of the

"Here, Jimmy!" shouted Raby. But Jimmy, if he heard, took no notice. He disappeared again into the shed, and returned with another huge pile of the papers.

Tommy Dodd. "Let's get the stuff

Rivals though the Moderns and the Classical juniors were, in time of stress there was a truce whereby all could lend a hand to eliminate the trouble.

Tommy Dodd & Co. worked as hard as anybody that night.

Several of the juniors, under the command of a few seniors, ran to the cricket pavilion for the fire hose.

The shed was now burning furiously, fanned by the slight breeze. Jimmy's face was noticably whiter as he came out the fourth time.

caught him roughly by the arm, and door of the shed.

"My turn!" he snapped. "Get at the end of the chain!"

And Jimmy, half suffocated with the smoke and heat, staggered down to the end of the chain of juniors.

Tommy Dodd worked hard and fast. Armful after armful of the papers were fetched out and handed to the juniors, who passed them down one to another until they were out of reach of the flames.

Raby, seeing that Tommy Dodd was nearly done up, served him much as the Modernite had served Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd staggered back, and I took his place in the chain behind Jimmy Silver.

For ten minutes the work went on, until, with a cry of warning, Tommy Doyle sprang into the shed, and, with one arm full of books and the other round George Raby, reappeared, and | ness: flung himself and his rival to the ground.

the air, the roof collapsed.

"Gangway for the hose!" shouted a voice.

And the next instant there was a spluttering and a hissing as a heavy stream of water was ejected from the nozzle of the hose on to what remained of the burning shed.

In five minutes all that was left was a blackened and steaming mass of charred timber.

Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd looked at one another.

"Tommy," said Jimmy, "you're a brick!"

"Jimmy," cried Tommy, "you're a fathead!"

And the two juniors laughed. "I think most of the stuff was got away safely," said Lovell, coming up hastily. "How the dickens did it switched off the lights.

happen?" "Ask me another!" replied Jimmy. "Somebody must have done it deliberately," said Lovell.

Jimmy shook his head.

"No, I don't think that," he said "Come on! Form a chain!" said slowly, "because nobody knew what we were doing."

"Well, it's a blessed mystery to

A tall figure loomed out of the darkness.

"Is that you, Silver?"

It was the voice of Dr. Chisholm, the Head of Rookwood.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, jumping to his feet.

"What is all this about?" demanded the Head sternly.

"Can't say, sir," answered Jimmy quietly. "We-that is to say, a few of my chums and myself, sir, had put Tommy Dodd, without a word, some books there after we had cleaned out the place this evening, literally threw him away from the sir. Then we saw the place alight, and that's all we know about it, sir."

The Head waved his hand.

your having taken the shed without ! asking permission to-morrow!" he said sternly. "You had better return to your beds now!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimniy. But he hadn't forgotten the books. "All Fourth-Formers take some !

of the books, please!" he shouted. And the juniors who heard passed on the message, and all the books ! were gathered in willing hands, and taken back to the dormitory as the juniors were shepherded back to the school.

The Moderns left the Classical juniors with a cheery "good-night!" Jimmy Silver & Co. shouted their

thanks to the rival trio. To which there came from the dark-

"Rats!"

and sparkle that went many feet into | a bumping in the good old-fashioned manner.

> The juniors, having reached the dormitory, sat on their beds discussing the exciting incident through which they had just passed.

had helped to save from the burned lected them up one by one, until they | till. were piled under their respective beds.

Jimmy yawned sleepily. "Well, I'm off to bed," he said.

"And--" "Bed, kids!"

Bulkeley of the Sixth poked his head into the dormitory, and gave that order in his cheery tones.

"Nighty-night!" sang out Jimmy cheerfully. "'Night!" answered Bulkeley, and

#### The 6th Chapter. Like Hot Cakes!

"Come on! Walk up and buy! It's all for a good cause!"

Jimmy Silver shouted those words as if his life depended on the noise he made.

"Buy, you merry kippers!" yelled Newcome.

"The best and the best only!" shricked Lovell.

The chums of the Fourth had opened their shop at last.

Only in this instance the "shop" consisted of some trestles and planks set up on the green turf. The disastrous fire of the previous night had deprived the chums of the little shed they had so laboriously cleaned.

Search of the debris had revealed a broken and blackened clay pipe, from which it was deduced that a tramp had wandered into the shed during the night for cover, and had left or emptied the ashes from his pipe against the wooden walls or the floor.

So Jimmy Silver & Co. had set up "You will hear more concerning a stall in the quad, and were doing a roaring trade.

Their "trade calls" were not exactly those which might have attracted any customer other than their own kind.

"Come on, you kids!" said Silver to a group of Third-Formers. "Buy or buzz!"

And the kids bought, and then "buzzed."

"All about Harry Wharton & Co.!" shouted Raby.

The crowd of juniors round the books looked eagerly over the covers, and some even tried to stand up and read a chapter while they waited.

But Jimmy was not going to allow "Here, pay up for that book, or

leave it for someone else!" The book was paid for. And a But Jimmy Silver only laughed. | junior who had been one of the first | He was not a moment too soon. That appellation at any other time to buy, burst out laughing as he read With a crackling and a burst of flame I would have had only one answer- | a few yards from the "bookstall."

"Good?" asked Mornington.

. "What-ho!" answered the junior. each of the papers displayed for sale. Soon the crowd were buying eagerly. Many opened up the books they be enough to go round.

Jimmy Silver chuckled as he shook shed, but Jimmy Silver & Co. col- | the cap which was being used as a | but Dodd caught him by the shoulder.

> "Some profit!" he said. "I guess | he asked. we must send a letter to the Editorchappie, and tell him what we've Doyle. "Never read them!"

"Hear, hear!" said Lovell. "Hallo! What's that crowd?"

Jimmy Silver turned in the direction of Lovell's outstretched finger. A crowd of juniors, with three wellfront, were approaching the stall.

"Tommy Dodd & Co.!" said up their takings. Jimmy. "Looks like trouble!"

Dodd called a halt.

By this time many of the Classical juniors had secured their copies, and had walked away reading them. There was only half a dozen within call, but the Moderns were fully thirty strong.

"Want to buy?" asked Jimmy. Tommy Dodd chuckled.

"Don't see what the need is to buy, when we can take," he said. "Can you give me any just cause or reason why these books should not be taken?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Yes-in fact, four reasons," he said quietly.

"Better spin then out, then," said

Tommy Cook. "Reason No. 1, James Silver; No.

2, my friend Newcome-" "Ass! Do you think you could stop the whole crowd of us?" said Tommy Dodd witheringly.

Jimmy Silver laughed. "Don't suppose we could, Tommy."

"That's the point," said Dodd. "Why should we pay?"

"Because this little lot is not a feed to be raided. We are out to | the door. It opened to his touch, and sell these Boys' FRIENDS, 'Magnets,' and 'Gems,' and 'Chuckles,' and 'Penny Pops," for what we can get. | gaze. Bulkeley, since the trouble had The total sum is going—going to a | come to his family, had been going worthy object. So---

Newcome roared. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter with you, fathead?" demanded Jimmy.

Newcome whispered in his ear. "Bulkeley wouldn't thank you for alluding to him as a worthy object!"

Jimmy Silver laughed. "What's the giddy joke?" asked | he stopped. Tommy. "Is that all straight goods

you're giving me, Jimmy?" Silver looked at him for a moment, and Dodd flushed.

"Sorry! Didn't mean to say I doubted your word, of course," he said hastily.

He turned to his fellow Moderns. "You duffers have got to dip your And Mornington bought a copy of hands deep," he said curtly, as though he were a general issuing orders to his troops. "This concern until it looked as if there would not is not for a feed after all-it's charity! So buy-buy-buy!"

Tommy Doyle slipped to one side, "Where are you going, Tommy?"

"I don't want one, Doddy!" said

Tommy Dodd snorted. "Then this is where you begin, my

son!" he said emphatically. And Tommy Doyle obediently.

bought a copy of each of the papers. At last, there were no more copies known figures walking arm-in-arm in | left to sell, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went jubilantly to their study to count

They amounted to well over five The crowd of Moderns marched pounds, a sum which, Jimmy Silver up to the Classicals, and Tommy warmly declared, reflected great credit on all concerned.

But Lovell was looking very dubious. "What's the matter with you,

dummy?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Blessed if I think Bulkeley's pater is going to do much good with five pounds," he said.

Raby nodded sagely.

"One never knows," he said. "Millions have been made out of a five-pound note before to-day!"

"Don't know anything about money matters," said Newcome. "Let's take it to old Bulkeley, and

see what he says." Jimmy Silver looked somewhat anxiously at his chums.

"I-I-I say, you chaps, do you think he will be wild?" he said uneasily.

"Better leave it in his room, and run!" said Raby. "He won't know who it's from, then, and there will be no harm done."

And the chums went up to Bulkehe said. "But whatever you take ley's study, and Silver knocked must be paid for." timidly on the door.

There was no reply. "Take it in!" whispered Newcome.

Jimmy Silver turned the handle of the juniors peeped in. An extraordinary sight met their

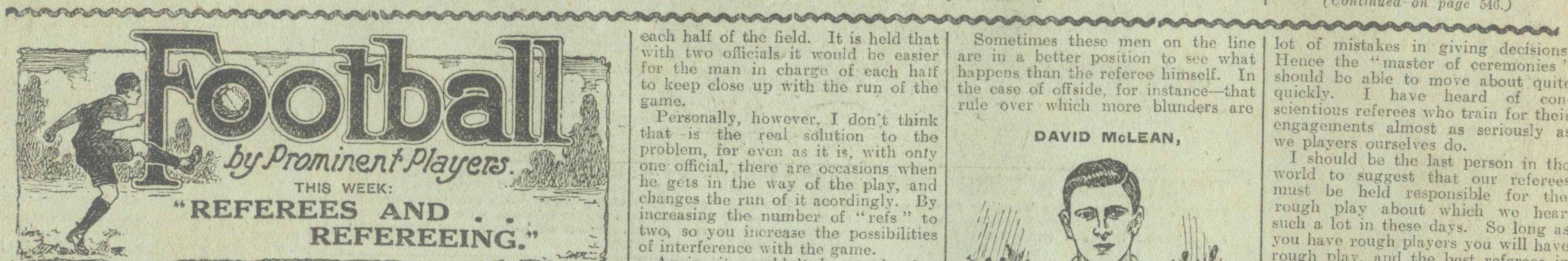
about the school with a grave and preoccupied manner, taking little or no heed of anybody.

But now, as they peeped into the privacy of the captain's study, they beheld him dancing round the room, with a letter in his hand!

He happened to swing round as Jimmy Silver opened the door, and "Hallo, youngster!" he sang out

cheerily. "What do you want?" Jimmy Silver flushed.

"Er-nothing much!" he said. "Come to raid my study-eh!" said Bulkeley cheerily. "Come inside!" (Continued on page 546.)



## By DAVID McLEAN, The well-known Centre-Forward, of Bradford and Scottish

International fame. There is much talk just now about with amazing rapidity. It seems to much less two. by the enthusiasm with which people much to hope for, anyway, to get a regard to incidents just near goal is

It isn't, though. referee have come in for endless | sideration. abuse. I am afraid that in my foot- The only chance which a referee disallowed, and in others when goals ball days as a small boy I used to possesses is to go steadily on, giving which were never properly scored think that the only reason why we his decisions conscientiously, and have been allowed to count. had lost certain matches was because then, even if he is wrong sometimes, Here again, however, there are of inefficient refereeing. And it is not much harm will be done, for it difficulties so far as junior clubs are people go to a big match, see the | made by the presiding officials will | business of referees and refereeing all home team lose to superior oppo- balance themselves during the course | round, and especially bearing in mind nents and yet come away quite of a season. the requirements of junior teams, I

referees and refereeing. Judged me well nigh beyond hope-or too Goal-judges to help the referee in are tackling the subject, one might referee who can go through the another suggestion to reduce the imagine that it was something new. average game without making mis- possibility of wrong decisions in retakes. It is a job in which the man | gard to those vital points of the For as long as I remember any- who takes it on gets lots of kicks game. I don't think this is at all a thing about football, the people who | inevitably, and I can assure you that | bad idea so far as big football is conhave undertaken the duties of a I wouldn't be a referee for any con- cerned, and I have certainly played in

real cause of the home side's defeat. | drawbacks to the job, we can now go | put forward leads to the ideal solu-Now I want to say right here, that | ahead to consider the subject in | tion.

big games are concerned, there is the | which would tend to reduce the | the first place, it does not seem to | to decide. crowd, too, also intensely excited. | number of mistakes. One idea is | me that, taking the average game, game, the situations of which change referee there should be two-one for linesmen as he might do.

each half of the field. It is held that | Sometimes these men on the line | lot of mistakes in giving decisions. game.

Personally, however, I don't think that is the real solution to the problem, for even as it is, with only one official, there are occasions when he gets in the way of the play, and changes the run of it acordingly. By increasing the number of "refs" to two, so you increase the possibilities

of interference with the game. Again, it wouldn't be much of a solution to the referee problem so far as boys' football is concerned, for in regard to junior matches, it is often a difficult task to find one person who will take on the rotten job of referee,

matches when good goals have been

convinced that the referee was the | Having pointed out some of the am afraid none of the suggestions

rule over which more blunders are

# DAVID MICLEAN,



still the same to-day. Lots of is more than likely that the mistakes | concerned. So that, viewing this | The famous Bradford and Scottish International Player, who contributes this Article specially to the BOYS' FRIEND.

the referee has a thankless task. He general.

There are, however, certain points field at one glance, can often tell they irritate them, and players out of which referees in general might whether a player is in an offside temper become rough players. Thus who are able to look right across the a bad effect on the players, too; whom are worked up to a high pitch come forward with suggestions for watch, and which would tend to position or not when it is extremely do some referees store up trouble for of excitement. Then, so far as the alteration in the control of matches greater satisfaction all round. In difficult for the presiding official so themselves.

It stands to reason, too, that the Moreover, football is a speedy that instead of having only one the referee makes as much use of the referee who does not keep up with the game is likely to make quite a

with two officials it would be easier | are in a better position to see what | Hence the "master of ceremonies" for the man in charge of each half happens than the referee himself. In | should be able to move about quite to keep close up with the run of the | the case of offside, for instance—that | quickly. I have heard of conscientious referees who train for their engagements almost as seriously as we players ourselves do.

I should be the last person in the world to suggest that our referees must be held responsible for the rough play about which we hear such a lot in these days. So long as you have rough players you will have rough play, and the best referees in the world won't stop fouls if the men are determined to accompany their game by doubtful tactics. While that is true enough, it is none the less true that the referee can do quite a lot to keep down rough play.

No football match ever developed into a rough-and-tumble all in a minute. You can generally "feel it coming," as it were, and if, at the time it is coming, the referee calls the players together, gives them a little lecture, and warns them of the consequences if they persist in roughness, it would often have the desired effect.

Perhaps, of all other things, the biggest mistake made by referees is that of blowing the whistle too often. . Some officials sound the shrill blast on every conceivable occasion. Quite fair charges are penalised, accidental "hands" are "blown for," and you get the impression that the referee imagines he is on the field to treat the onlookers to a solo on his made than any other-the linesmen, whistle. Unnecessary stoppages have

David Mchean

was directly beneath his own son. Gray, if she were there. Then he vanished into the cave. the situation.

"We sha'n't have time to get back to Sheriff Dawson and the other boys," he said, "before it is dark. And I'm sure the boys would never cross that gap in the dark, even if they would by daylight. We'll have to rescue my father ourselves-or, at least," he added, "I'm going to have a shot."

"I'm with you!" said Billy. "Might be better to wait till it is dark, though. Can't yet see any chance of doin' much, unless--"

He paused, for Basnett came out of the cavern again, followed by the rustlers. A shout rang out, all the that pulled him off his feet. other men came to their feet, and a general movement was made over towards where the horses were picketed. They began to saddle their animals.

They're going off after some devilment or supplies, or somethin'," said

Fifteen minutes later the rustlers | was quickly dragged upwards. rocky path that passed so close to and felt the legs of the sentry. He Steve and his companions. But they, gripped them, hung on. The howls of realising that this path would be the lassoed man evidently gave the used, had taken care to find some | blind rancher some inkling of what secure hiding for themselves and was happening, for he did not relax boulders, while the rustlers, laughing | caused the three men above to exert and joking coarsely, passed within a extra strength, with the result that few fect of them. Something of what | Basnett, too, was drawn upwards fully they were saying gave the watchers | his own height. At that point, howsome idea of their mission.

breakin' stunt," Billy said. "Goin' to get Pascales out of gaol at Big Horn."

It seemed that way. But Simon Basnett was not with the party. That to the edge of the canyon again, was ground. "Got ye fair, mister!" talking to the sentry, who still Their prisoner broke out into a the prospector's prison.

shore in Easy Street, Steve!"

Basnett won't be much of a trouble to | at the brown fist, and became silent.

and carefully measured the depth of on the ground.

the canyon with his eye. unslung Steve's lariat and his ownwhich he had hung there after leaping the gap—and brought them back | to Steve's side. He carefully knotted the two together. He made a wide noose, and again leaned far over, noose in hand, and gazed down on the sentry.

mined that day to perform all the moving-picture stunts that he could. | lamp it if ye twist yer head." cessful in this plan, there would be little, then became sulky. At the and tugged, but without avail. Even lissue of the Boys' FRIEND.)

prospector's neck, and he was again | considerably less risk in making the marched across the gorge, until he rescue of John Emberton and Aguila

Published

Every Monday

Just at the critical moment, how-Steve heaved a deep sigh of relief, | ever, the sentry looked upwards, and and laid his rifle down beside him. | caught the grinning face of Billy look-He turned on his elbow, and discussed | ing down upon him. The fellowneither Steve nor Billy had ever seen him before-gave a loud yell, and clapped his rifle to his shoulder. A bullet slapped the rock not six inches below Billy, filling his eyes with stone dust. But before the man could fire again, Billy had sent the lariat swirling down in a wide loop.

The man tried to dodge, but the the worse for you. Cheero!" loop was too wide. It fell fairly about his waist. Billy gave it a violent upward jerk that tightened it. The man's arms were pinioned to his sides. He dropped his rifle, attempted to release himself, yelling the while, but Billy gave him another violent jerk

Simon Basnett turned his sightless | guarded. eyes upwards. His hands felt out gropingly. They touched the rope. gave the word to Steve and Hop show itself, than Hop Wing gave out Wing, who both put all their strength | a weird, roaring squeal, broke into a Billy Steele, watching. "Their goin'll | into the task of hauling. Like a sack | run, and hurled himself with simplify matters for us. Good job of flour, twisting about giddily at the they don't suspect anybody's so near." | end of the hundred-foot rope, the man

Diabolo, and they lay safe behind his grip. The extra heavy weight ever, the sentry, kicking and squeal-"They're goin' to try another gaol- | ing, planted a heavy boot-heel on his chief's face. Basnett dropped to the ground with a loud thud, and the lassoed man seemed to race upwards to the top.

"There!" Billy Steele grunted,

mounted guard over the cave that was I torrent of invective, but Billy silenced him with a brawny fist, "Seems to me," remarked Billy, which he rammed suggestively under "as Basnett and the guard's the only | the fellow's nose. He was a young two left at home now. Why, we're man, reckless-looking, a typical desperado of the West; but he "We'll creep down and overpower | evidently had some wisdom, for he the sentry," said Steve. "Old man I took Billy's hint, after squinting down

Billy skilfully pinioned his hands "Why bother to creep down to do | and feet, reduced him to the state of a it?" Billy queried. He leaned over | trussed turkey, then laid him roughly

"First of all," Billy said, "tell us, Then he walked over to Diabolo, is there any more o' you down there, besides Basnett?"

"Find out!" snarled the man, looking up at his captors balefully.

"Guess that's what we mean to do." said Billy, with a look in his eyes that resembled his surname. "Ye was plannin' to hang the dad of my pard here. Waal, stranger, we got handy little tree over there. Ye can rancher.

same time Billy's hint must have had | when Billy came to his assistance, its effect.

"There's nobody else there," he said grudgingly, and Steve and Billy had no reason for disbelieving him. The news was highly satisfactory. Billy nodded, and smiled at Steve. Both looked at Hop Wing, and were struck by the blandness of the Chinaman's smile, the while he cracked the knuckles of his dreadful hands.

"Waal, then, down we goes. Guess ye'll be comfortable enough thar, pard, till yer own friends releases ye. If they never think to look, so much

They picked up their rifles, and, in single file, proceeded down the steep, rocky path that led to the canyon's bottom. Diabolo whinneyed as he saw them, but did not follow. Soon they were at the bottom level, and, turning sharply to the right, they marched to the cave the sentry had

Just as they reached it, Simon Basnett appeared. He had gone in-But before the blind man could side, probably to taunt his old enemy. imagine what had happened, Billy | No sooner did the blind man's figure amazing swiftness straight at the rancher. His dreadful yellow fingers found the villain's throat, and the pair rode out of the canyon, using the Simon Basnett again groped up, came to earth in a struggling, snarling heap at the mouth of John Emberton's prison.

### The Capture of Basnett.

Simon Basnett gave out a loud, strangled shriek as he fell. The Chinaman gave utterance to growlings like those of a rabid dog. Although Steve and Billy had halfexpected an assault on the blind man by their Chinese companion, should the meeting take place, the ferocity of it, now it had come, almost took the chums' breath away. They stared at each other.

"Guess we can't let the Chink do the sheriff's job," Billy remarked, at blind man. Steve saw, when he went | when the man was dragged on to firm | length. "'Sides, Basnett's too useful a man to us to let him be killed."

"Fact," Steve replied; and ran to the assistance of the man they had come to arrest.

Not any too soon were they, either, for the blind villain's sightless eyes were protruding from their sockets by now; his tongue was folling grotesquely from his mouth, and his face was on the verge of blackness.

seizing the Chinaman by the shoulders. "You blame fool! Let him go!"

from his yellow fangs of teeth. His inside, his arms bound to his sides were the worst sight; they were entrance. cruel, relentless, remorseless, and the "Steve!" he gasped. fingers of them buried themselves in

Steve's strong hands seized the [Another splendid instalment of this] But, nevertheless, if Billy were suc- The man swore again, struggled a man's yellow wrists, and he tugged grand serial will appear in next Monday's

when they tugged at a wrist each, they did not serve to slacken Hop Wing's stranglehold one jot. And, as they worked, the luckless rancher's struggles began to weaken, while his staring, sightless eyes began to glaze.

"Right-ho, then!" Billy grunted; and ceased to pull at the Chinaman's

wrist suddenly.

Even then Hop Wing noticed nothing. Plainly, this was some revenge of the Celestial's-something for which he had waited a long time. But now was not the time for Basnett to die, richly though he probably deserved to do so. Billy realised this. His duty was to save his, and Steve's enemy's life. And, as this was a day when Billy's always vivid imagination seemed to be working its best, he applied a method of his own.

Hop Wing's pigtail was hanging over his left shoulder as he crouched over his helpless enemy. Billy seized it, gave it a couple of turns, and it was tightly around its owner's neck. He gave a sharp tug; then he bore back with most of his weight. Steve, seeing his purpose, gave a hand. Together they pulled, and, in sheer selfdefence, the Chinaman, with a terrible wail as of disappointment, relaxed his hold, and began to claw at his own throat. Billy gave another haul, and literally pulled the yellow man away from Basnett, after which he loosened the human lariat. But he pulled out a revolver, and pointed it suggestively at Hop Wing, who, feeling his throat, swallowing hard, blinked angrily at the lads who had saved him from committing murder.

"Just had to do it, Hop!" Billy said, grinning. "Guess ye've got somethin' right up against Simon Basnett. But ye cain't murder him just now, Hop. He's wanted for some other purpose."

"You boyees never find him; but me showee you the way," he complained. "Him muldel my son, long, long time ago!"

He slid towards the rancher, who also was sitting up now, gagging painfully, fondling his throat, on which already the bruise marks of the Chinaman's fingers were showing. Billy was too quick for him, however. He took a pace after him, and shoved the muzzle of his Colt into Hop Wing's ear.

"I guess I'm real serious. Hop," he said quetly. "Quit yer monkeyshines with Basnett-savvy?"

Hop Wing turned his head, and "Drop it, Hop!" Billy shoated, squinted closely at the revolver. Then he looked at Basnett, shook his head, and, at length, resigned himself to the inevitable.

But Hop Wing did not appear to Billy Steele bent over Basnett, who hear. His face was not a pleasant asked querulous questions. Steve sight to look upon just at this walked past the rancher, and on Hop's moment. His lips were drawn back | heels entered the cave. Sitting just eyes were narrow slits, yet through | was his father. John Emberton the slits the burning fire that was in looked up and blinked as he saw his them could be seen. But his hands strapping son standing in the

"Yes, dad," Steve answered Steve chuckled. Billy seemed deter- a lariat or two, too, an' there's a fairly the fast-blackening throat of the quietly, as he stooped to loosen his father's bonds

consorman and and and BACKING UP BULKELEY! (Continued from page 544.) Samounamenon

" But --- "

"Come inside!" The chums of the Fourth reluc-

tantly obeyed. They could not understand what had happened to make the Sixth-Former so wonderfully cheerful in the

face of his troubles. "Now tell me what you wanted." he said sternly. "The truth, mind!" Jimmy Silver looked hopelessly at his chums and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's like this, Bulkeley," he said nervously. "We-we thought that, as-as you're a decent old stick for a Sixth-Former-nunno, I mean, we thought we'd like to back you up, you know."

Bulkeley stared.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, we-that is, us-you know. we thought we'd back you up, and get some papers-books-magazines

"Periodicals, you idiot!" whispered Newcome, as Silver stammered confusedly.

"Periodicals, you idiot!" said Jimmy. "So--"

"What's that?" gasped Bulkeley. "Did I hear you call me an idiot?" "Nunno-not at all!" said Jimmy

hastily, and pulled himself together. And he managed to tell the Sixth-Former what really had been their object in opening up their bookstall.

"We only meant to back you up, you know," Silver finished up lamely. Bulkeley's eyes blinked suspiciously for a moment, and when he spoke, his voice was not very steady.

"Thank you, youngsters!" he said. "But-but, I'm glad to say everything has come out all right after all. Still, many thanks!"

Jimmy Silver & Co.'s eyes shone. "All right, really?" said Jimmy quickly. "You won't have to leave

next term?" Bulkeley laughed.

"No; nor the one after, I hope!" he said cheerily. "I shall continue to lick you kids when you deserve it." "Good!" said the Co. heartily.

"And you're not offended?" asked

"Not me!" replied Bulkeley heartily. "I'm just a little bit proud that—that I can rely on somebody to back me up when I'm in trouble. Give me your fists!"

And Bulkeley shook hands warmly

with the juniors in turn.

They left the study jubilantly, armin-arm, leaving the captain of the school to rub his hand over his eyes to remove the watery mist that blurred his sight.

"They're top-hole, those kids!" he

murmured. The five pounds resultant upon the sale was forwarded to a charity in the name of the school, and by the same mail there went a letter to an editor in London, informing him of the happy ending to Backing up Bulke-THE END.

(Another long, complete school story of Jimmy Silver & Co. next Monday, entitled, "The Nameless Stranger!" by Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)

By CLIVE FENN.

It is funny to hear some haughty folks talk about the suburbs. You might fancy the said suburbs were not really fit places to live in at all, but something as bad as a disease which grows on a city and cannot be shaken off by any old means. wonder why there exists this despisery for the "under cities," so to speak, for the suburbs do right excellent work. Folks, and quite good folks, live in them, and travel to the City proper every morning, and back | charge of an empty house) that again at night. These are the season - ticket - holders, of course. Others live in the same old suburbs, and do not go to town. Instead, I quite unworthy of belief. A carethey take the dog out for a pleasant | taker is a man who lives a airing, and then go home to lunch, after which they have a restful nap, | turned, and that window-fasteners are would have done for their country if | part, and is seldom seen. He knows most things, including the | theory which is as bad at holding foreign policy of the late Queen Anne, | water as a colander. Things do occur and why Vortigern took to a safety | in these places, and I must tell you of | razor in the remote past. The one tragic happening which has left | things, and cast them skilfully in the season-ticket-holder reads the news- its mark-on the wallpapers of the paper. Yes, he does that! I have dining-room, leave alone other ves- that nothing of moment ever hapseen him do it, so I know, and | tiges which we may deal with later | though on some lines he has no time on. You know what the old song to be anything else except a season- | said of the London villaticket-holder, still he may be relied on to put his best into that business.

You see, it takes endurance to travel!

after sunset.

only London which is afflicted in this away that Sunday morning, when the style. Birmingham has suburbs, and | nice little reservoir burst, and emptied so have Manchester, and Leeds, and itself down the neighbouring streets. Paris, and Brussels, and Liverpool, It may seem funny to look back upon and lots more worthy and interesting; it now, but it was not in the very centres of human thought and least humorous at the time. It was as activity. They can't help it. And | tragic as that domestic trouble when why not? If a man does not live in | William the Conqueror landed at a suburb. where shall he live? In the | Hastings and cut the telephone wires, city! No chance of that. That is | and wanted to enter London in great where the caretakers live, and they style, and then found that Matilda, are a race apart. Caretakers take his better-half, had mislaid his collarcare, and they do the thing hand- | stud. The reservoir trickled out, and, somely, but I will have nothing to do anyway, helped, but some folks said with the mean, old story that a care- | that part of the reason why all the taker takes care (when he is in garden walls in our road were washed nobody comes and takes the domicile and does him out of his cosy home. This is a shameless and shabby report useful life, seeing that keys are

Its walls so thin are dinner-

to town of a morning and back home | and that is part of the reason why the , had been trying to sell. Only that | heroine? Like a wise chap, he takes flood-call it a deluge, and let it go | same week the local paper had con-But about those suburbs. It is not at that, if you choose-swept us all flat as pancakes lay in the fact that an enterprising builder had been thoughtlessly altering the drains. Anyhow, the walls went down one after another. You stood at the window and heard them pop-one pop to every garden wall—and the brown torrent (no relation to the torrent of famous serial) went gaily cavorting it had been really worth while. The But to say that nothing ever hap- on, leaving the yellow tiger lilies in season-ticket-holder is worth studying. pens in the suburbs is to advance a our garden standing out of the murky element, looking pretty mournful, as well they might.

It is as well to remember these faces of the careless parties who say pened in a suburb, and that such a place is flat and dreary. Our suburb was on a hill, which circumstance gave the water its chance. All the the small of your back, when the gal- suburb-and often does. That you can sniff your neighbour's | basements were flooded. Mr. Brown, | lant hero at the play goes through |

tained the following advertisement:-

Grand piano for sale by gentleman with elegantly-carved legs.-Apply,

Well, there you are! Personally, 1 never saw Mr. Brown out bathing, so can't say anything about the matter. Still, the piano had not been sold, and it was washed out of its snug basement, with Mrs. Brown lief the heroism of the boy. He did seated on it, for the flood was dangerous. It was the first time Mrs. | ing deck-and it was the same match-Brown had accompanied her husband on the piano (Brown was clinging to the floatable dresser, and, anyway, he could not sing for nuts, so it does not signify), and people squeezed at the windows and did not miss a single detail of the interesting sight. Our Sunday dinner was on the table when the flood bumped in, and the roast beef of Oldtown never looked the same again. It was salvaged later on, a melancholy wreck, and very and dream of the mighty things they all right. He lives alone for the most the same name in Mr. Sidney Drew's sodden. It was retailed afterwards to the purveyor of feline viands (I dis- | tated rooms were uninhabitable for like the cats'-meat phrase), and this | many weeks, as may be imagined, for brings me to the question of our cat. | all the wallpapers had peeled off, and She was, usually, a most likable quad- | the door panels took to bulging ruped, soft-spoken, and fit to figure | badly, while at Number Five the next in any nursery rhyme, but she had | resident complained that he had to not been brought up on water, and hoe his dining-room every week to when everybody had escaped she was | keep the weeds down. Still, he did heard swearing on the cellar stairs, keep a canary. It is a pleasure to relate brave deeds.

lat Number Seven, owned a piano he | fire and water to rescue the peerless |

the fire first, as the plunge into water after puts out the devouring element. Again, who has not thrilled at the recital of the deed laid to the credit of Casabianca? He stood on the burning deck when Saltputty had fled. You remember that? Little as it is to the credit of Saltputty, yet. perhaps, it is as well to accept his cowardice and say nothing, for his action throws up into such vivid renot sit down. He stood on the burnless courage which was exhibited in the rescue of the cat, threatened with a watery end. The animal was grabbed and brought into safety.

Well, Oldtown had the time of its life. All the basements were swimming, and plates and dishes seemed eager after fortune, for they took the flood. The road looked a littery waste after the Fire Brigade had pumped off the liquid. There was a lot of picnicking later. The devas-

But I merely ventured to lay the You know that pleasant, rather ex- | plain facts before you, just to prove hilarating, jumpy feeling all down I that a whole heap can happen in a

THE END.

Published

Every Monday

#### The 1st Chapter. News of Algy.

"Any news?" Frank Richards and Bob Lawless rode up to the Beaucleres' cabin on the creek. They called out the question together, as Vere Beauclerc

appeared in the doorway. "Yes," was Beauclere's answer. "News of Algy?" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he jumped from his horse.

"Yes; come in!" Frank and Bob followed their chum

eagerly into the cabin. It was two days since Algernon Beauelerc had been missed from his place at Cedar Creek School; and during those two days the search for him had been incessant-but fruitless.

Nothing had been heard of him since the letter had arrived from the kidnappers, demanding a ransom for his release. "Old Man Beauclerc" had taken that letter to the sheriff of Thompson; and the sheriff's men had been searching, as well as the ranchmen from the Lawless Ranch and the chums of Cedar Creek. But the kidnapped schoolboy remained hidden from search in the sombre, frosty depths of the forest.

What would happen to Algy if the kidnappers' demands were not met was a question that troubled his friends deemly.

Further demands, coupled with threats, were what they expected.

In the cabin, Mr. Beauclere stood with a letter in his hand, and a deep frown upon his face.

"Another letter?" asked Frank. The remittance-man nodded.

"From the kidnappers?" "From Algy!" said Vere Beau-

"Oh, is that all the news?" asked Frank, disappointed.

"That's all." "I suppose they've made him

write." remarked Bob Lawless. "That's it!" said Mr. Beauclerc. "Read the letter."

Frank and Bob looked at the letter together. It was written in pencil upon a rough sheet of paper; but Algy's delicate caligraphy was easily recognised.

But the letter was written rather oddly, for Algy. Usually, Algernon wrote in the neatest possible way; but in this letter the lines were very irregular, and in some places the words were sprawled out, as if to fill up space, and in other places they were compressed, as if to get more into the line.

Why Algy should have written thus carclessly was perplexing to anyone who knew his orderly manners and But for the moment the chums of Cedar Creek hardly observed it, being chiefly interested in the contents of the letter. It ran:

"Dear Uncle,-Will you pay the money and let me get out of this? I am awfully cold here and not at all happy in this place. Be assured that all money paid on my account now will be repaid to you, every cent, by my father. I am really anxious to get home, so don't lose any time. "ALGERNON."

"Rotten!" muttered Bob Lawless. Frank Richards frowned a little.

The chums of Cedar Creek had expected demands from the kidnappers, and threats of what would happen to the prisoner if the ransom was not paid. But they had certainly not expected that Algernoon himself would write and ask for the ransom to be handed over. Algernon was a dandy of the first water, but he had proved more than once that he had plenty of pluck; and it was a surprise to his friends that he should play into I him, and the search must go on."

the hands of the kidnappers in this

way. Beauclerc flushed a little as he read the thoughts of his chums in their

"They've been threatening the poor kid, of course," he said. "I-I guess so!" assented Bob.

"They may even have been illusing him," said Mr. Beauclerc quietly. "Algernon is not the kind of lad to do anything weak or cowardly. He must have had a strong reason for writing in this strain."

"I suppose so." Frank Richards slowly. "It's rather a gueer letter for Algy, too." "It's genuine enough-I know his

"Yes; but it seems queer somehow.

"Let me see it again," said Frank. He took the letter and scanned it. Then he shook his head.

and Algy, the Chums of Cedar Creek. . .

"There's nothing in it to give a clue," he said. "I hoped-but there's nothing. Of course, they'd read the letter, and see that he didn't give away his hiding-place in any way." "Of course!"

"I wonder-" muttered Frank. "Well, what do you wonder?" asked Bob Lawless, looking at his English cousin curiously.

"It's jolly queer that Algy should write such a letter as that," said Frank. "I can't catch on. They have threatened him, of course; but-but Algy's as brave as a lion, though he's rather an ass in some things. I simply can't understand his knuckling under

The 2nd Chapter. The Prisoner. "Oh gad!"

napped schoolboy.

Algernon Beauclerc yawned as he sat up. Dawn was struggling faintly

through the frosty, leafless treetops in the heart of the forest.

Algy of Cedar Creek sat up shivering, in a blanket, on the earthen floor of the hut in the forest, where he had been a prisoner for what seemed to him years, at least, though the time could have been counted by hours.

For the first day he had been in company with Dry Billy Bowers, while Dry Billy's confederates were gone to Thompson town for supplies.

Now Mr. William Bowers was gone, and the ruffian Four Kings was taking his turn at watching the prisoner.

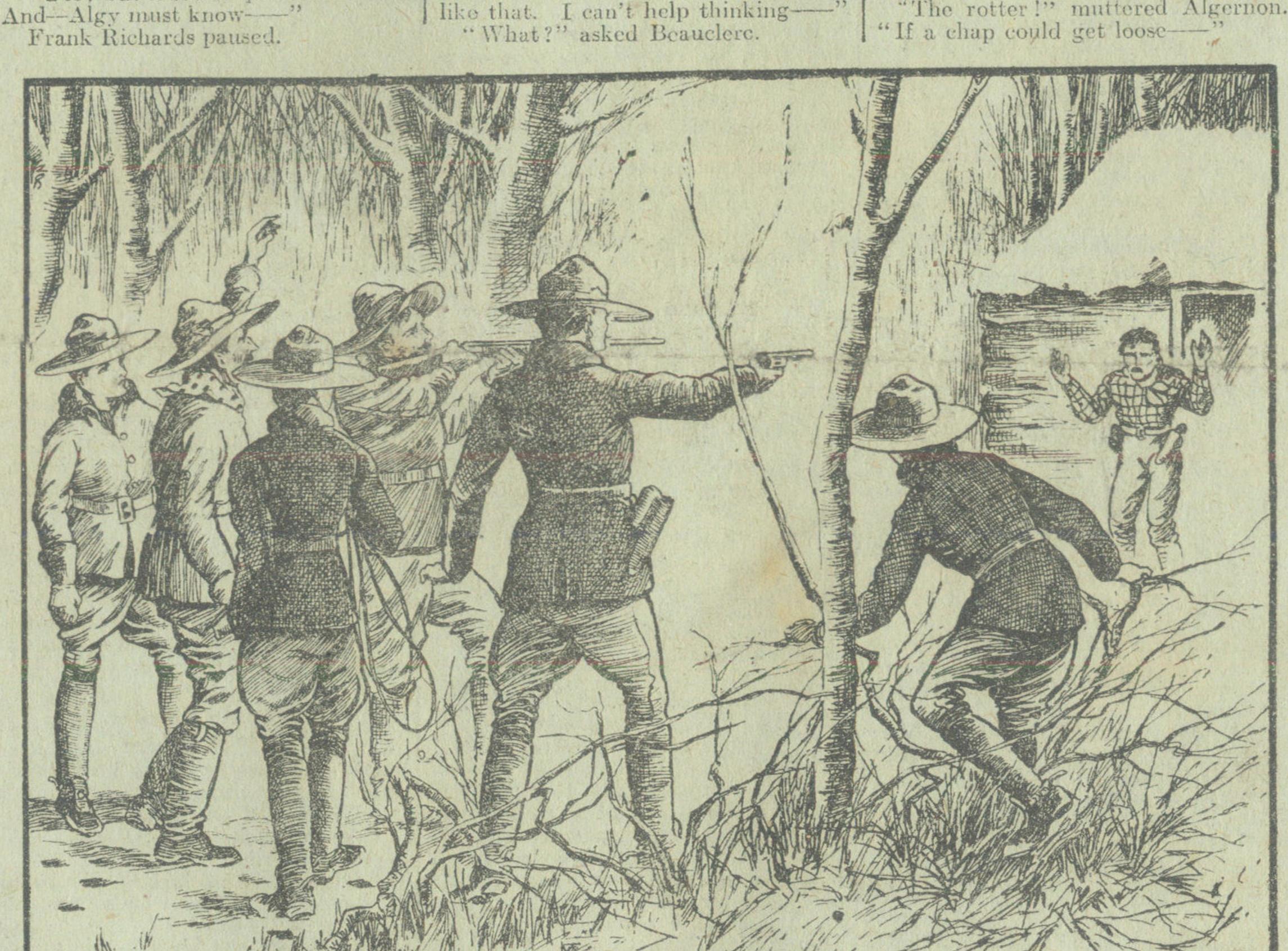
The ruined hut in the forest was a very imperfect shelter from the keen Canadian winter. In one corner was a pile of snow that had dropped through an opening of the dilapidated roof. Bitter winds came through the interstices in the bark walls.

A rusty iron stove burned smokily, and tainted the air with the smell of oil and soot.

Algernon glanced at his companion in the hut.

Four Kings, still sleeping, was rolled in a thick bearskin, and his deep snore sounded through the silence.

"The rotter!" muttered Algernon.



Euchre Dick appeared in the doorway in answer to Dry Billy's call. "Hands up!" SURPRISED! rapped out the sheriff sharply. Euchre Dick's hand flew to his belt, but Mr. Henderson's revolver and Mr. Beauclerc's rifle were covering him. "Wall, carry me hum to die!" muttered the ruffian. And his hands went slowly above his head.

"He must know that the rascals are demanding five thousand dollars, and that I could not possibly raise such a sum of money," said Mr. Beauclerc quietly. "He certainly must know that. It could be obtained from his father in England, if there were no other resource; but that would take a great deal of time. It is possible, however, that Algernon has written this letter under threats, simply to save himself from brutality, knowing that it cannot be acted

Bob Lawless. "How did the letter get here, sir?"

"It was thrown into the window last night by someone who disappeared too quickly to be seen."

"And what's going to be done?" asked Frank.

Mr. Beanclere knitted his brows. "The money cannot be paid. The sheriff would not allow that, now that the matter has been placed in his

hands. I must take this letter to

Frank glanced at the letter again. "I can't help thinking that Algy him. must have had some reason for writing this letter," he said quietly. "There may be something in itif we could only see it-some sort of a dodge for communicating with us

Mr. Beauclere gave a start, and took the letter from Frank. "That deserves thinking out," he

"Good old Franky!" said Bob Lawless admiringly. "I don't quite "Yes, I guess that's possible," said reckon Algy would have brains enough for a dodge like that-but it's barely possible. But how could anything be wrapped up in that letter that we can't see at a glance, and that the kidnappers couldn't see?"

Frank shook his head. "I don't know-but it just occurred to me. It's not the kind of letter Algy would write-not like him. The kidnappers wouldn't know that-but we know it. And it's possible -- "

table, the letter before him.

He looked at the rope that held

It was a thick trail-rope, and the middle of it was knotted round his ankle. Both ends were tied to a stake driven into the earth.

And across the rope Four Kings lay sleeping.

It was impossible for Algy to get at the tied ends of the rope without disturbing the slumbering ruffian.

To loosen the knots about his ankle was a long and difficult task, and every movement was likely to disturb Four Kings. Algy had tried it once, and the ruffian had started up and stretched him on his blanket with a furious blow. Algy's head was still singing from that blow.

"No go!" he murmured disconso outside.

Outside in the forest, the snow was | the gang, stepped in. Four Kings falling lightly. And the kidnapped schoolboy was aware that the new snowfall covered up any possible Mr. Beauclere sat down at the traces the kidnappers had left behind Dick. them.

"We will go into this," he said | Algy's second day had been worse !

quietly. "It is quite possible that than the first. Dry Billy Bowers was Frank has hit on the truth. Let us a rascal, but he was a genial rascal, examine it thoroughly, at all events." | and Algy had been sorry to change And four heads were bent thoughthis company for that of the surly,

547

fully over the letter from the kid- savage ruffian now guarding him. His eyes remained fixed on the

sleeping ruffian. The man was asleep, but any movement of the rope would awaken him.

But Algy shivered a little at another thought!

A heavy wooden stool was withinreach of his hand.

Half-unconsciously he reached out and grasped it by the leg.

Then he paused again. One heavy blow upon the sleeping ruffian's head-one sure blow, and then--

If Four Kings was stunned at the first blow, all was easy. He had simply to take the ruffian's knife and cut himself loose and run for it.

But-He could not do it.

It would be justified-his freedom was at stake-perhaps even his life in the end, if the kidnappers were disappointed of their plunder; but he could not strike the sleeping man. His grasp upon the stool relaxed.

But the thought remained in his mind, haunting him, and he was almost glad when the ruffian's eyes opened at last.

Four Kings grunted, shook off the bearskin, and rose to his feet.

He greeted Algy's glance with a

"Good-mornin'!" politely.

"Shet up!" was his guardian's response.

"You'll be a deal colder soon, if them dollars don't come along," said

"Cold this mornin', old top."

Four Kings significantly. "I guess I ain't keeping up this hyer stunt much longer. This hyer ain't good enough."

"I'm ready to go if you are!" smiled Algy. "Oh, shet up your yaup-trap!"

growled Four Kings.

"Certainly, old top, if my conversation bores you," answered Algernon, who had evidently not lost his polish during his sojourn in the forest.

The ruffian grunted, and moved to the stove. He crammed it with pine-chips, and

there was soon a ruddy fire roaring, filling the dilapidated but with grateful warmth "Thet's better!" growled Four

Kings. "Much!" assented Algy. "Any brekker goin'?"

"I guess you're goin' to get breakfast," said the ruffian. "You'll find the stuff in that there bag. There's a pan hyer, and all you want. If you ain't got a good breakfast in ten minutes, look out for the trail-rope."

And Four Kings moved towards the doorway.

Algernon looked at him.

To cook for his kidnapper was rather a humiliating task, and Algy's pride rose against the idea.

But the trail-rope was an unanswerable argument.

The ruffian was quite capable of carrying out his threat, and worse; and the dandy of Cedar Creek decided to do as he was told.

"Anythin' to oblige, old scout!" he said.

"Shet up, and get to work." answered Four Kings, who seemed somehow far from appreciating Algy's politeness at its true value.

He tramped out of the hut and stood looking through the leafless trees, evidently in expectation of an arrival.

Algy set to work, He was hungry himself, and the

fact that he was to share the meal he prepared was an incentive to work, as well as the threatened trail-rope. In ten minutes the breakfast was

ready. Four Kings gave a grunt of satisfaction as he came in and found an

ample meal prepared. He ate it in silence, Algy venturing a few remarks while he ate, his remarks being received with surly

grunts. Evidently Four Kings liked his imprisonment in the forest hut no more than Algernon did. And one at least of the kidnappers was bound to be almost as much of a prisoner as the

kidnapped schoolboy himself. After breakfast, Four Kings filled his black pipe, and smoked, gradually thickening the atmosphere of the hut.

There was a step at last in the snow

Euchre Dick, the third member of rose surlily to his feet.

"So you've arrove!" he growled. "I guess I'm here!" said Euchre

"You gave in the letter?"

"Dry Billy did-throwed it in at

the winder of the Beauclercs' shebang," answered Euchre Dick.

"They ain't paid up?" Dick, rather dismally. "I looked at likely enough to have had a hand in the place where the dust was to be the kidnapping. So are a dozen other put, 'cording to our first letter, and bulldozers in the town. But there's there was nix. I guess they ain't | no mention of Bowers in this letter.' paying yet. I guess Old Man Beauclerc ain't got the rocks."

Four Kings uttered an oath.

"The kid's asked him to pay up," he said. "He can get the money back from the kid's popper in the Old Country. Ain't that so?" demanded Four Kings, with a glare at Algernon. Algy smiled.

"If the money was paid, my father would see that my uncle didn't lose by it, certainly," he said.

"And you've asked your pesky uncle to pay?"

"You read the letter I wrote," said

Algy, still smiling. "Correct!"

"If they've got as much sense as I hope they have, I sha'n't stay here long after they get my letter," said Algernon. "I've done all I can." "Waal, that's so," said Four

Kings grudgingly. "You couldn't do more'n ask 'em to square up, allow. All the same, if you ain't paid for soon, you won't never get out of this hyer timber alive."

Euchre Dick nodded. "That's so," he said. "If the money's paid, we shall have to quit | the missive. this section; but if it ain't paid, we're not quitting for nothing. You'd better hope that your uncle will have some hoss-sense, Mister Dude."

"I do hope so," said Algy meekly. "Waal, I'm going!" grunted Four Kings. "Your turn to watch to-day, Euchre Dick. To-morrow Dry Billy takes it on agin, if it lasts over tomorrow. But I tell you, if they don't pay up soon, I guess I shall send them one of his ears in the next note, as a reminder."

"Not if we can help it, pard," said Euchre Dick.

on much longer, anyhow," growled Four Kings; and he tramped out of the hut.

And Algy was left to face another day, this time with Euchre Dick as his watchman.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Aigy's Message!

"Eureka!"

Frank Richards uttered that exclamation suddenly.

His handsome face was blazing with excitement, as he started up from the table in the remittance-man's cabin.

"Hallo! What's biting you now, Franky?" asked Bob Lawless, in astonishment. "T've got it!"

"What have you got-the jim-

"Got it!" repeated Vere Beauclerc. The remittance-man looked at Frank questioningly.

For a good half-hour the four of them had been conning over the letter written by the kidnapped schoolboy.

Three of them, at least, had come to the conclusion that Frank's surmise regarding it was unfounded; that the wish was father to the thought, so to speak.

It seemed impossible that that letter, written under the eyes of the kidnappers, read by them before it was delivered, could contain any secret message to the kidnapped boy's

friends. But the belief grew in Frank's mind

as he puzzled over it. play into the hands of the kidnappers; never have found that out." and he had rather too much reckless "I'm afraid I should have missed courage than too little. The letter it." said Mr. Beauclerc. "I was not | was quite unlike what might have thinking of anything of the kind, till been expected from Algy, though un- | Frank mentioned it." doubtedly to his kidnappers it seemed natural enough.

And Frank's attention was concentrated, at last, upon the peculi- ing. Frank." he said. arities of the letter-upon the odd Frank coloured a little. circumstance that the lines contained different numbers of words-here ex- said. "Of course, he reckoned that tended, there compressed, for no even if we didn't spot the message, apparent reason.

mind that Algy had had some motive | we want." for writing the letter thus: and that | "Good old Algy! I guess I'll never | ruffian uneasily.

flash.

That's the man!"

son, do you mean?" asked Mr. Beau- be easy."

"You remember?" exclaimed Frank | us where Algy is kept prisoner."

We met him in the timber the other

day, and gave him a licking for it." "We remember all that well "Nary a pay-up," answered Euchre enough," said Bob. "Bowers is

"There is!" grinned Frank. "What?"

"' Watch Bowers.' That's Algy's message."

"What!" yelled Bob. "Under our eyes all the time!"

gasped Frank Richards. His chums stared at him. For a moment they wondered whether Frank Richards had become a little lightheaded through poring over the perplexing problem so long.

Mr. Beauclerc looked at the letter

again.

"Where do you find that message, Frank?" he asked quietly.

"It's an acrostic," said Frank. "An acrostic!" repeated Bob Lawless blankly.

"Yes, yes! That's why the lines are of different lengths. He had to word it so as to get a certain number of letters in succession downwardsthe first letter of every line." "Wha-at?"

"Read the first letter of every line, downwards, and see what it makes," said Frank.

Three pairs of eyes ran eagerly over

"Dear Uncle,-Will you pay the money and let me get out of this? I am awfully cold here and not at all happy in this place. Be assured that all money paid on my account now will be repaid to you. every cent, by my father. I am really anxious to get home, so don't lose any time. "ALGERNON."

"I guess this hyer game ain't going | "The first letters downwards!" said Bob. "W-a-t-c-h B-o-w-e-r-s. Great jumping gophers! Watch Bowers! Watch Bowers! Hurrah!"

Bob Lawless jumped up, and exea war-dance round the cuted

remittance-man's cabin. "Hurrah! Bravo, Algy!" "Oh, good!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

The remittance-man did not speak for a moment. He scanned the letter carefully, and then nodded.

"You are right, Frank," he said, in his grave way. "That is it, undoubtedly. It is an acrostic. That is why Algy has sprawled some words out to fill a line, and squeezed in a larger number in other lines. It was not easy to word a letter so that the initials would form an acrostic. And Bowers is the man who tried to rob him! That settles it."

"I guess I'd thought of Bowers already," remarked Bob Lawless, calming down. "But without any

evidence-" "Evidence enough now," said Vere Beauclerc brightly. "Dry Billy Bowers is one of the kidnappers."

"I guess so." "And if he's watched, we shall find out where Algy is kept a prisoner,' said Frank Richards. "That's what Algy means."

"Sure!" "The clever lad!" exclaimed Mr. Beauclerc, rising to his feet and taking up the letter. "Thank goodness we | have found the message-or, rather, that Frank has found it!"

"Good old Franky!" chirruped Algy was not the sort of fellow to | with anybody, but I own up I should |

Vere Beauclerc slapped Frank Richards on the shoulder.

"Lucky you came along this morn-

"It was jolly clever of Algy," he

the letter would do no harm. And And so the thought came into his | if we did spot it, it gives us the clue |

upon this oddity there hung the call him a tenderfoot again," said Bob "We shall see. Bowers, you're But the iron grasp on his arm, and Lawless kidnappers were wanted. You're going to take us the trail-rope ready behind kept taking their trial shortly afterwards

day, lounging about the Red Dog as a prisoner." Algy must be kept under watch all about any boy," he answered. "Bowers!" repeated Bob Lawless. | the time. I will take this to the | "Never even heard the name afore, "Dry Billy, the loafer of Thomp- | sheriff at once, and the rest should | sheriff."

"Yes, yes!"

"Better still—arrested," said Mr. Bowers, and Beaudlerc. "He can be made to show you for it." "He will be watched-"

excitedly. "Billy Bowers tried to rob | "Oh, good! We'll all come, then, | Algy the day he came up the valley, if you don't mind."

"Come, by all means!" Five minutes later the chums of Cedar Creek were riding with the

BOYS' FRIEND

#### The 4th Chapter. Mr. Bowers Obliges!

remittance-man to Thompson.

Dry Billy Bowers sipped his third glass of whisky, lighted his second cigar, and proceeded to deal from a greasy pack of cards.

It was morning in the Red Dog Saloon at Thompson.

Dry Billy was not accustomed to be treated with much respect at the Red Dog. He generally haunted that salubrious establishment on the lookout for stray drinks. More than once the heavy boot of Boss-Eye, the saloon-keeper, had helped Mr. Bowers to a hurried departure.

But Dry Billy was a person of some distinction now.

The notes taken from Algernon Beauclerc had not been quite expended; and when Dry Billy was in funds he was accustomed to making the fur fly. And over his whisky Dry Billy had been talking vaguely, but largely of a "bonanza" he was expecting; though even in his tipsiest moments he was careful not to mention that the "bonanza" was to take the form of a ransom for a kidnapped schoolboy.

Dry Billy was playing poker now with Boss-Eye himself, and was in a satisfied and hilarious mood.

Four Kings had come in, and was comforting himself with whisky at the bar. In the lonely hut in the forest, Euchre Dick was taking his turn at guarding the prisoner.

There was a trampling of feet in the doorway of the saloon, and a little crowd entered.

Dry Billy glanced round carelessly, and then he started, and the satisfied grin died off his ruddy face.

The burly figure of Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, was rope." the first to enter.

After him came Mr. Beauclerc, the one-time remittance man. Then two of the Sheriff's men. And then Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc, of Cedar Creek School.

"Oh Jerusalem!" murmured Mr. Bowers.

He scented trouble.

And his scent was right; for the sheriff and his party came directly towards the little table where Billy Bowers was sitting with Boss-Eye.

The saloon-keeper rose to his feet uneasily. " Nothing wrong, sheriff?" he

asked. "Not for you," answered M: Henderson briefly.

And Boss-Eye, much relieved, went back to his bar. "Mornin' sheriff!" murmured Dry

Billy effusively. "Get up!" "Cert'nly, old sport!" said Mr.

Bowers. "What'll you take?" "I guess I'm going to take you." "Don't be hard on a galoot, sheriff," murmured Mr. Bowers. "If I did make a bit of a shindy last night, where's the harm? Nobody hurt. Jest a case of a leetle too

much tanglefoot. Don't say it's the calaboose for that, sheriff." "I guess I'm arresting you, Billy Bowers, for something a bit more serious than a shindy in the street.

Where is Algernon Beauclere?" Dry Billy jumped.

"Eh?" he ejaculated. Four Kings, with a startled face. Bob. "Now, I could follow a trail | detached himself from the bar, and | made for the door. The sheriff's men blocked the way.

"Nobody to go out till the sheriff gives the word!"

"I guess I'm going out---" "Stand back!"

Four Kings dropped his hand to his the coiled trail-rope. belt, and the sheriff's men pushed the muzzles of their rifles forward. The Mr. Bowers. ruffian decided not to draw a weapon.

He stood sullen and scowling. Mr. Henderson glanced round. "So you're in it too, Four Kings?" he said drily.

"I guess I don't know what you're

"That's a lie!" said Bob Lawless. "You tried to rob Algy once, Mr. Bowers, and the other day we hided

Mr. Bowers blinked at him. "It was all a mistake, young Lawless-"

"Disarm that man, and put him in the calaboose!" said the sheriff, jerking his thumb towards Four Kings. "We'll see about him later. You come with me, Bowers."

"I-I guess, sheriff---"

"Lively, now!" Mr. Henderson's muscular hand gripped Dry Billy's shoulder, and the loafer, with a groan, submitted to his fate.

While Four Kings was marched off to the calaboose, to be detained there on suspicion, Dry Billy was walked into the street, with the sheriff's grip on his shoulder, and Mr. Beauclerc and the chums of Cedar Creek following.

Dry Billy seemed like a man in

a dream. All his air-castles had suddenly tumbled to pieces at his feet.

self rolling in dollars and basking in | "Oh, thunder! What--" unlimited prosperity, whisky, rum, and poker.

It was evident that that enticing vision was at an end.

How his secret had become known, he could not even guess; but it was clear enough that he was known as the kidnapper.

"Which way?" asked the sheriff "Sheriff, I guess I don't know

nothing--" "Listen to me, Bowers," said Mr. Henderson grimly. "You've got that schoolboy hid somewhere in the forest. He's not going to stay there while you're charged and tried. You're going to take us to the

"That there ain't law!" protested

Mr. Bowers feebly. "It's Thompson Valley law," said the sheriff. "We don't stand on ceremony with your sort in Canada. Are you going to lead the way?"

"S'pose I don't?" said Mr. Bowers, with a flush of defiance. "Then I begin on you with a trail-

"Wha-at?" "You've brought that trail-rope, young Lawless?"

"Here you are, sheriff!" grinned

"Give him a dozen to begin with!" "You bet!" "Hold on!" roared Mr. Bowers. in great alarm. "I ain't asking for that, sheriff. Ain't I standing hyer waiting to guide you as soon as you

care to get a move on? Give a galoot a chance." "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "Come, then!" said the sheriff, still grasping Mr. Bowers. "If he lags,

give a touch up, Lawless." "Sure!" But Mr. Bowers did not lag. He

had resigned himself to his fate. With the hapless Mr. Bowers in the lead, the party turned out of Thompson into a trail that led into the timber.

## The 5th Chapter. Rescue at Last!

"I guess we're on it now!" said Bob Lawless jubilantly. "What-ho!" said Frank.

"And all your doing, Frank," said | hut with his chums. Vere Beauclerc. "Oh, rot! Just luck," said Frank

Richards. "Hallo, where are we going now?" The sheriff and his prisoner turned

off the trail into the rough timber. The rest of the party followed, Mr. Beauclere giving a glance to the rifle he carried under his arm.

Dry Billy paused at last in the "Well?" snapped the sheriff.

"I guess I don't rightly remember the way," gasped Dry Billy. reckon I ain't at all sure-" "Lawless!"

"Ready!" said Bob, swinging back

"Hold on! I remember!" gasped "Ha. ha. ha!"

Dry Billy led the way again, with a dolorous visage, evidently plunged into the depths of woe.

Instead of five thousand dollars ransom, the kidnapping was only to bring him a term of imprisonment, talking about, sheriff," answered the | and the changed prospect was quite dispiriting.

wanted. You're going to take us the trail-rope ready behind, kept taking their trial shortly afterwards Then came illumination like a | "I saw Bowers in the town yester- | straight to where the boy is kept | Dry Billy industriously pursuing | in the sheriff's court at Thompson; " his way.

jubilantly. "Bowers-Billy Bowers! has associates in this rascality, for | "I guess I don't know nothing last. "Euchre Dick may cut up their attempt to "get rich quick." rusty, and he's handy with his gun." | Algy was quite a hero at Cedar "Euchre Dick?" repeated the Creek for some days afterwards, and

> "Sure!" if he knows what is good for his serious complaint to make-that he health," said Mr. Henderson, taking | had not been able to wash during out a revolver with his free hand. | his imprisonment. But that was "Keep on! Are we near the show | Algy's way. now?"

"Better call out to Euchre-Dick when you get near enough. It may save him from a bullet through the head."

"Yep!" groaned Mr. Bowers.

The rescuers plunged through a thicket of frost-blackened larches, and a blur of smoke against the snow on the trees met their eyes.

They were close on the ruined hut

"Call out!" said the sheriff, as the hut came in sight, after a struggle through the thickets.

Dry Billy lifted a delorous voice.

"Euchre Dick!" "Hallo!" came an answering call from within the hut. That you,

"I guess so."

"What are you--" Euchre Dick In his mind's eye, he had seen him- appeared in the doorway of the hut.

> "Pass, pardner," said Mr. Bowers dispiritedly. "The game's up! They've. got the guns!"

> Euchre Dick's hand was at his belt. But the sheriff had raised his revolver, and behind him the rifle of the remittance-man rose to a level. "Hands up!" rapped out Mr.

Henderson sharply. "Wall, carry me home to die!" muttered Euchre Dick. And his

hands went slowly up. "Secure him!" Frank Richards & Co. advanced, while the ruffian was kept under

cover, and disarmed him, and knotted a rope about his wrists. Then they ran into the hut.

"Algy!" "Where are you, old chap?"

"Algy!" "Good-mornin'!" drawled a cool

In the dim light of the hut, Algernon of Cedar Creek smiled cheerily at his schoolfellows. "Here you are!" exclaimed Frank

Richards, shaking his hand. "Jolly

glad to see you again, you ass!" "Same to you, old top, and many of them!"

"Had a hard time?" asked Bob Lawless. "Awful!" said Algy, pathetically, "I haven't washed since you last saw me! Think of that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Safe again, Algy!" said Mr. Beauclerc, looking into the hut with a smile, while Frank Richards & Co. were hacking at the rope which confined Algy's ankle to the stake.

"Safe as houses, sir, but sadly in need of washin'!" said Algernon. "Jolly glad to see you, uncle! Did you understand my letter? I suppose you did, from your bein' here!"

Mr. Beauclere laughed. "We understood, Algernon; Frank found out the message in it."

"Good!" said Algernon. "I wondered whether anybody would tumble -but it seemed worth tryin' on !" "And now the sooner we get out of this the better." said Bob Lawless,

on, Algy!" "Like a bird, old top!"

as he cut through the rope. "Come

The dandy of Cedar Creek left the Euchre Dick and Mr. Bowers, with their wrists tied together, were ready to be marched back to Thompson by the sheriff, to take their trial with Four Kings for the kidnapping. Euchre Dick was sullers and silent,

but Dry Billy gave the chums of

Cedar Creek a mournful glance. "This hyer is hard lines, gents," said Mr. Bowers. "I guess you'll put in a word for me, Mister Algy. I treated you well, now didn't I?"

"By gad!" said Algernon. "You want me to put in a word for you, do you?"

"Right-ho!" said Algy. "If they sentence you to chokey, I'll put in a word, if I'm allowed-" "Thank you, young gentleman!"

said Mr. Bowers humbly. "And ask them to hang you instead," concluded Algy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" And the chums of Cedar Creek walked cheerily on, leaving Mr. Wilham Bowers with an extraordinary expression on his face.

and their punishment was sufficient "I've got it!" repeated Frank | usual," remarked Mr. Beauclerc. "He | Mr. Bowers' eyes rolled helplessly. | "Better look out," he mumbled at | to make them repent sincerely of

> sheriff. "Is he alone with the boy?" | he did not seem any the worse for his enforced sojourn in the wintry "He had better not cut up rusty, forest. He seemed to have only one

THE END.