OUR SPLENDID, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.



Peele Meets His Male

A Long, Grand, Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., at Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter, Lovell's Appeal.

"Jimmy___" said Jimmy Silver tersely.
Look here-

Jimmy Silver held up his hand, in-

terrupting Arthur Edward Lovell.
"I've said N. G., old chap, and I mean N. G.!" he said. "Reknow what you're going to say. And it's no good." no good."
"But, I say-"

"But. I say—"
"Brop the subject, old top," suggested Jimmy Silver. "It's growing a bore. Besides, you're neglecting your kipper."
There were kippers for tea in the end study, and Raby and Newcome were devoting most of their attention to that succulent fish. But Lovell was not thinking of his tea.
"Blow the kipper!" he said crossly.
"No need to blow it—it's nearly cold already," answered Jimmy Silver amicably.

cold already," Silver amicably.

silver amicably.

"I was going to say—"

"I know—I know!" sighed Jimmy Silver. "You were going to say that you want me to put your new pal, Peele of the Fourth, into the Rookwood junior eleven to play Greyfriars. You've said it before, and you want to say it again. As the chin-wagging johnnics in the House of Commons say, the answer is in the giddy negative."

"But——"

"In this case, old top, there aren't any buts. It can't be done! I don't know that I would do it if I could; but I can't, anyhow. Why you want me to play Peele is a mystery to me."

"I—I want——"

"The fellow can play a fair game of

but I can't, anyhow. Why you wan, me to play Peele is a mystery to me."

"I—I want—"

"The fellow can play a fair game of footer when he likes," said Jimmy. "I admit he's been bucking up lately. But he's not up to cleven form. And he's a smoky cad and a rank outsider, anyhow. Unless you're off your dot, I don't know what you mean."

"Ho wants to keep goal—"

"Let him want!"

"I've promised him to put it before you as skipper—"

"You've kept your word," sighed Jimmy. "You've put it before me, goodness knows, often enough. From early morning till dewy eve, old chap! Isn't it time you gave it a rest?"

Lovell did not reply, but his look was very dark.

Jimmy Silver turned his attention to his kipper. He was hungry after football practice.

to his kipper. I football practice.

to his kipper. He was hungry after football practice.

He was doing his best to keep his temper with Lovell; but he found his old chum was very exasperating just now. Lovell's new friendship with Cyril Peele puzzled and annoyed his chums, and his urging of Peele's claims to a "show" in the junior eleven, in season and out of season, added to their exasperation. Jimmy would not even put Newcome into the team; and if he left out his own chum for a better man, he was not likely to leave out a better man to make room for a fellow like Peele.

"Coffee, old top?" said Jimmy Silver, as Lovell remained gloomily silent.

"Hang the coffee!"

"Ahen!"

Jimmy Silver went quietly on with his tea, leaving Lovell to come out of the sulks when it should please him to

was rather a silent meal in the

the was rather a silent meal in the end study.

Lovell broke the silence again at last. His face was deeply troubled, and a little pale.

"Tve asked you several times about Peele, Jimmy," he said, in a low voice.

"And I've said 'No' every time," unswered the captain of the Fourth. "I almost mean 'No'!"
"You might guess that I wouldn't ask you without a reason."

"I don't see the reason. Not that I it would make any difference."

"I've got a reason."
"Well, I'll take your word for that, you say so. I can't play Peele Well, I'll take your word for that, if you say so. I can't play Pécle against Greyfriars, all the same. It's simply ridiculous to ask me. I suppose you know a football captain has same duties to do?" said Jimmy, a little irritably. "I can't give away places in the team with a pound of tea."

"I've got a good reason for

"I've gov asking."

"Rubbish, old chap!"

"Yes, awful rot!" said Raby. "I must say that, Lovell!"

"I—I'll explain the reason, if you like," said Lovell, the colour creeping into his cheeks.

like," said Lovell, the colour creeping into his cheeks.

"I don't see that it matters," said Jimmy. "It can't make any difference, as I've said."

"My young brother Teddy——"

"What on earth about Teddy?"

"It's all about him!" muttered Lovell. "That cad Pecie——"

"Oh. your new pal's a cad. is he?" said Newcome, with a touch of sarcasm.

casm.

"He's not my pal, only I'm under his thumb!" groaned Lovell. "If you fellows had had any sense, you'd have seen that!"

"Phew!"

"Under his thumb!" repeated times Silver blankly. "How the

"Phew!"
"Under his thumb!" repeated
Jimmy Silver blankly. "How the
thump can you be under Peele's
thumb! You've done nothing—"
"Teddy has."
"Oh!"
"Now you know!" muttered Lovell,
with a crinison face. "Poor old
Teddy has been a bit reckless. He
never meant any harm, I'm sure of
that. He's a good kid, really. I'm
sure that it was Peele himself who got
him to go to the Bird-in-Hand—"
"Teddy has been there!" cjaculated Newcome. "That awful pub!"
"I'm sure it was Peele who led him

"I'm sure it was Peele who led him to it!"

lated Newcome. "That awful pub!"
"I'm sure it was Peele who led him into it!"
"Well, what about it?" asked Jimmy Silver. "I suppose Peele hasn't threatened to sueak about him to the Head, has he?"
"Worse than that! He photographed Teddy there, shaking hands at the gate with that boozy blighter, Joey Hook.—"
"My hat!"
"He's got the negative and a photograph in an envelope, addressed to the Head," said Lovell. "I can't touch him. He's given the envelope to one of his pals, to post if I quarrel with him. That's why I've been friendly to the beast. I daren't quarrel with him, for Teddy's sake. You know, poor old Teddy has been rather near the line before. This would mean the sack for him. He—he would be kicked out of Rookwood. And—and my people—"
Lovell's voice trembled

my people——"

Lovell's voice trembled.

Jimmy Silver's face was very grave

Jimmy Silver's face was very grave now.

Much as Lovell's curious friendship with Pecle had astonished him, he had never dreamt of anything like this.

"Peele's set on playing in the Greyfriars match," went on Lovell, after a pause. "I don't know why. But he's keen on it. That's his price for giving me the negative. If he doesn't play in the match, he's going to post it to the Head the day after we play Greyfriars. He thinks you might play him for my sake, Jimmy."

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

"The blackmailing cad!" he muttered.

tered.

"I know what he is—but I'm under his thumb. I—I'd do anything to get hold of that photograph, and see Teddy clear. He won't play the fool like that again. I've talked to him, and he's fairly scared," said Lovell. "But—but if Peele doesn't play Greyfriars, it's going to the Head, and that's the sack for Teddy. Jimmy.

old chap, if you could do it for me, "It can't be done, old fellow," said

Lovell rose to his feet.

"If that's your last word, Jimmy Silver—" He turned towards the door, his face working.

"Hold on!"

"Hold on!"
Lovell turned back silently.
"I--I'll see what can be done," said
Jimmy Silver at last. "The awful
cad! There may be some way of
beating him. I'll see what can be
done, at any rate."
"It's to save Teddy!" muttered
Lovell huskily. "And—and, after all,
even if we lost the match—it's to save
Teddy."

Jimmy Silver made no reply to

Teddy."

Jimmy Silver made no reply to that.

"What am I to say to Peele?" asked Lovell. "He's waiting to know."

"Tell him you've told me, and that I'm thinking it over. I don't know what to do, but I can't leave a pal in the lurch," said Jimmy Silver. "Tell Peele I'll let him know, anyhow."

"Right!"

Lovell's face was greatly relieved as he quitted the study.

If no other resource turned up, he felt that Jimmy Silver would come to the rescue, by yielding to Peele's demand; though how he was to reconcile that with his duty as football captain was rather a problem. But poor Lovell was too concerned for his minor, to bestow much thought upon that detail. His face was hopeful as he headed for Peele's study.

he 2nd Chapter

Peels is Satisfied.
"Arthur!"
A diminutive figure emerged from A diminutive figure emerged from a shadowy corner in the passage, as Lovell came along by the Fourth Form studies, and a hand was laid on

Form studies, and a hand was laid on his arm.

Lovell stopped, and looked down grimly at the fag's face, as it was turned up to him. Teddy had been waiting for him in the passage.

"Oh! You?" muttered Lovell.

"I—I wanted to speak to you. Arthur. What's going to happen?" mumbled Teddy Lovell. "I—I've been thinking about it ever since you told me what Peele said. I can't get it out of my mind."

"I suppose not. I can't get it out of mine, I know that!" suid Lovell gruffly. "A pretty scrape you've landed both of us in, with your silly rot!"

Teddy Lovell's sensitive lip

Teddy Lovell's sensitive lip quivered.
"I'm sorry. Arthur," he muttered.
"I'—I never thought of anything like this. How could I? Peele——"
"Hadn't I warned you often enough against that cad?" said Lovell bitterly. "Haven't I told you a dozen times he's a bad hat, and warned you to keep clear of him? You promised you would, too."
"I'—I thought there are "

You promised you would, too."

"I—I—I thought there wasn't any harm in going for a walk with him. We—we only just called in at the Bird-in-Hand for a ginger-beer," said Teddy. "I swear it was nothing more than that. He made me speak to Hook in the garden, and left me talking to him. How was I to guess he was snapshotting me with his camera? I couldn't." I couldn't.

You ought to have kept clear of him.

him."

"I—I know: but I couldn't know that he was such an awful rascal!"
groaned Teddy. "I've been scared to death ever since you told me about the photograph. It means the sack for me if the Head sees it: he let me off once, but he won't again. I—I say, think of father—"

"Do you think I haven't thought of him?" growled Lovell, wincing.
"I'm doing all I can for you. Haven't

I let that unspeakable cad chum with me, to shut him up?"

"But—but what he asks—it's not much! Why shouldn't he keep goal for Rookwood if he wants to? It's nothing. He can keep goal all right; I've seen him at practice. Besides, what's a football match compared with my getting expelled?"

"It's a good deal, you young idiot! Why should Jimmy Silver nuck up his footer team on your account?"

"Well, he's your pal—"

"Well, he's your pal—"

"I'm doing all I can; I think Jimmy will come round," said Lovell.
"I hope he will. That's all I can say. Now cut off, and don't go yound moping with a face like an owl."

Teddy opened his lips, but closed than area.

Teddy opened his lips, but closed them again, and moved away silently down the passage. He passed a junior who was lounging in the doorway of the first study. It was Cyril Peele, of the Classical Fourth, and he gave Teddy an ironical grin as he passed. The fag answered it with a look of hatred, and went slowly down the staircase.

passed. The fag answered it with a look of batred, and went slowly down the staircase.

Peele laughed softly. He did not care for Teddy Lovell's bitterness; Teddy was only a pawn in the game, to the astute young rascal. To him, Teddy was only a means of influencing Arthur Edward Lovell; who in turn was to secure him a place in the Rookwood Eleven for the Greyfriars match. Peele was not a great believer in friendship, on his own account; but he knew the deep loyalty that united the Fistical Four of Rookwood, and he counted with perfect confidence on Jimmy Silver coming to Lovel's rescue. If he did not, Lovell minor should suffer; the cad of the Fourth was determined upon that.

He was still smilling when Arthur the stairs of the fourth was determined upon that.

of the Fourth was determined upon that.

He was still smiling when Arthur Edward Lovell joined him at the study doorway; but he looked wary, too. It was always possible that Lovell's temper might fail under the strain that was being put upon it; and if Arthur Edward should hit out rocklessly, it would be exceedingly painful for Peele of the Fourth.

"Well?" said Peele interrogatively, as Lovell stopped.

"I've spoken to Jimmy again," muttered Lovell. "I've told him the whole bizney—it was no good without. He wouldn't listen to me till he knew my reason for asking."

Peele shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't mind his knowing," he auswered.

"You don't mind his knowing," he answered.

"You don't mind if a chap despises you more than a Hun," said Lovell bitterly.

"Hard words break no bones, old scout. I only want to know the result."

scout. I only want to know the result."

"Jimmy says he will think it over."

"Which means yes, I suppose?" smiled Peele.

"I.—I hope so."

"You mean you think so?"

"Well. yes. Jimmy will put you in goal for the Greyfriars match. I believe, rather than leave me to face what would happen."

Cyril Peele nodded.

"I was sure of it." he remarked.

"I'll keep my side of the bargain; as soon as the match is over, if I've played in it. I'll hand you the photograph and the negative."

"Look here, Peele..."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Couldn't you ask something else?" muttered Lovell. "You don't really care about footer. I suppose it's only swank, your wanting to figure in the Greyfriars match. I—I'd give you anything you asked. I—I'm not rich, but I'd buy that photograph of you jolly dear."

"I don't want your money."
"It's only football you're thinking about, then," said Lovell, puzzled,
"That's all!" answered Peele, with a peculiar glimmering in his eyes.
"You know I'm keen on it."
"You never were till the last week."

week."

"I've turned over a new leaffollowing the noble lead of the end
study, you know," said Peele lightly.

"It's never too late to mend. Now,
the Greyfriats match comes off next
Wednesday. Lovell. When is Jimmy
Silver gom' to give me his final
answer?"

"I_I.

answer?"
"I-I don't know,"
"That will hardly do. I want his
decision at once, so that I can make
my arrangements."
"What arrangements!" asked

"What arrangements!"

Lovell suspiciously.

"I mean, I want to know, so that I can tell my friends I'm playing for Rookwood on Wednesday. I want them to see me play."

"Plenty of time for that."

"I want Jimmy Silver's answer this evening," replied Peele. "You can tell him that he's got till bed-time to think it out. I'll ask him in the dorm if I'm to play on Wednesday. If he says 'Yes,' well and good. If

he says 'No,' that letter to the Head drops into the letter-box to-morrow."

he says 'No,' that letter to the Head drops into the letter-box to-morrow."

Lovell clenched his hands hard, and Peele backed away a pace. But the hapless junior unclenched his hands again. It was difficult to keep them off Peele; but the consequences of giving the young rascal the thrashing he 'deserved would have been too terrible—to Teddy.

"I—I'll speak to Jimmy!" muttered Lovell.

"Right-ho!".

Lovell walked away with a down-cast face, and Peele lounged into his study smiling. He was sprawling in the armchair, smoking a cigarette, when his study-mates. Gower and Lattrey, came in.

study smiling. He was sprawling in the armchair, smoking a cigarette, when his study-mates. Gower and Lattrey, came in.

"Hallo! How is it going about the Greyfriars match?" asked Gower, with a laugh.

"All screne. I think—"
"Silver's goin' to play you?" exclaimed Lattrey.

"I believe so."

"I'll believe it when I see it," grinned Gower.

"Why shouldn't he?" said Peelo calmly. "I can keep goal. You've seen me at practice."

"Unless Jimmy Silver's a burbling ass, he'll guess that it's not footer you're after," said Gower contemptuously. "If you keep goal for Rookwood, it means that you've got bets against the side, and you mean to let the ball through."

"Don't say that outside this study. Gower," said Peele quietly, but with a glitter in his eyes.

"I don't mean to. But that's the fact, all the same; and if Silver plays you he's a bigger fool than I think him."

Peele made no reply to that, con-

him."

Peale made no reply to that, contenting himself with shrugging his slim shoulders. He finished his eigarctte, and strolled away to Adolphus Smythe's study in the Shell for a game of nap with the Giddy Goats of Rookwood. Cyril Peele scemed in a very cheery mood that evening. All was going well—from his particular point of view.

The 3rd Chapter. Jimmy Silver Thinks it Out.

Jinmy Silver did not share Peele's checriness that evening—far from it. Uncle James of Rookwood was worried.

Uncle James of Troots worried.

Lovel's explanation had cleared up the irritating mystery of his sudden and unaccountable friendship with the cad of the Fourth. But it had given Jimmy plenty of food for thought and

worry.
On Lovell minor's account he would On Lovell minor's account he would probably not have worried much. The wilful little scamp of the Third had given trouble enough, and so far as Jumy himself was concerned, he would not have mourned over the fag's departure from Rookwood. But fag's departure from Rookwood. But on Lovell major's account he worried very much indeed. Lovell was his oldest and best chum at Rookwood, and there was little that Jimmy would not have done for his sake. And he knew only too well what a terrible blow it would be to Arthur Edward if his reckless minor was expelled from the school.

blow it would be to Arthur Edward if his reckless minor was expelled from the school.

He knew, too, that Lovell's father cared more for his younger son than for the elder, and that he would visit bitter blame on Lovell's head if such a disaster happened to Teddy. Poor Lovell was supposed to be his brother's keeper, and his father did not realise how difficult and, indeed, impossible the task was for the Fourth-Former.

Had anything else been asked of

Had anything else been asked of him Jimmy would have assented at once for Lovell's sake. But a place in the junior eleven was not his to give, nuless to a player who could do credit to the Rookwood colours. To put a "dud" in goal was impossible; he had his duty as football captain, his duty to his followers, to think of. True, Peele was not a dud, and he had kept hard at practice lately, and shown up fairly well, as if to inspire Jimmy with confidence. But he was not up to Rawson's form in goal, or anything like it. And Jimmy did not trust him.

with confidence. But he was not up to Rawson's form in goal, or anything like it. And Jimmy did not trust him.

Jimmy Silver was a good deal keener than his hapless chum. He did not quite believe in the slacker's sudden ambition to shine as a footballer.

Such an ambition was natural success and was seworth, so far as

Such an ambition was natural enough, and praiseworthy, so far as that went; and if it meant that Peeln was reforming, his reform was welcome. But reform did not go hand in hand with Peele's present line of action. A fellow who would take a base advantage, as Peele was doing, was certainly not on the path of reformation. formation.

What, then, was Peele's object?
What treachery was in his mind?
That was a scarching question.

Jimmy Silver felt that he simply could not, consistently with his duty to his club, play Peele in the match. But if he refused—

while it was in his power to prevent it.

The captain of the Fourth was in a dilemma from which there seemed to be no escape, and it was no wonder that his brow was gloomy that evening as he turned the problem over and over in his mind.

Lovell glauced at him anxiously several times, but he did not speak.

the had said all he could, and the decision had to be left to Jimmy Silver. But when the Classical Fourth went up to their dormitory that night there was a deep wrinkle in Lovell's brow.

Peele was last in the dormitory, and Peele was last in the dormitory, and he brought a fingering scent of cigarcite-smoke with him. He nodded cheerily to the Fistical Four, heedless of the scornful looks with which his nod was received.

"Hallo, Silver!" he said, joining Jimmy, as the latter sat on his bed to take off his boots. "Have you made up your mind?"

Jimmy Silver regarded him steadily.

steadily.

"Will you tell me why you're so keen to play in the Greyfriars match on Wednesday?" he asked.

"I'm taking up footer in earnest,

you know."
"You haven't laid any bets on the

matel

match?"
"Ob, no!"
"I know your boozy pal Joey Hook lays bets on Rookwood matches sometimes when there's nothing better doing."
"Does he?"
"You know he does. He basn't

"You know he does. He hasn't booked any bets with you about the match on Wednesday?"

"Of course not. I haven't seen him for a week—in fact, I never intend to see him again."

"That's a good thing, if you keep to it."

"That's a good thing, if you keep to it."
"Oh, I mean it, I assure you!" said Peele airily. "I'm fed up with playin' the goat. I'm turnin' over a new leaf, like Morny, you know, and I'm stick-m' to it like glue. Am I playin' on Wednesday?"
"I suppose you know that you're

"I suppose you know that you're acting like a blackmailing cad?"
Peele yawned.
"I asked you for an answer, not for a sermon," he 'remarked. "Am I playiu' or not? It's for you to decide."
"If there's no other way, it will have to be yes."

decide."

"If there's no other way, it will have to be yes," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "Unless you give Lovell the photograph and the negative between now and Wednesday I'll play you in the Greyfriars match."

"In goal;"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"Good!" said Peele, with a smile.
"That settles it, as I certainly sha'n't give Lovell the photograph or the negative until after the match."
"That's all." said Jimmy. "Now. get away from me—you make me feel rather sick, Peele!"
Cyril Peele laughed and walked away to his own bed. He was quite satisfied now. If his exclusion from the Rookwood junior team depended upon his handing over the photograph to Lovell he was safe enough for the Greyfriars match, for certainly he did not intend to hand it over. He turned in very contentedly.

Greytriars match, for certainly he did not intend to hand it over. He turned in very contentedly.

Jimmy Silver's eyes glittered as he glanced after Peele.

He had made a conditional promise, and Jimmy Silver's word was his bond. If the photograph was not handed over he was bound now to let Peele keep goal on Wednesday.

But there were thoughts in Jimmy Silver's mind that Peele, keen as he was, did not guess.

Peele assuredly would not hand over the negative of his own accord; but it was in Jimmy's mind that that negative might be handed over, all the same. In playing sharp practice on Uncle James of Rookwood Peele was dealing with a dangerous customer.

Jimmy turned in, but he kept one eye on Peele, and he noted that the ead of the Fourth did not fully undress before turning into bed. He noted that; he had more than half expected it. Peele had his reasons for, insisting upon a definite answer that night—four or five days before the Greyfriars march. He, had his arrangements to make. And if Jimmy Silvor's suspicions were well founded, his arrangements were to be made with Joey Hook, of the Bird-in-Hand, at Coombe.

Peele had sometimes ventured to

had sometimes ventured to that delectable resort in the day-time on a half-holiday; but his visits were generally paid after lights out, by breaking dormitory bounds. And

Jimmy was strongly of opinion that he was going to see Joey Hook that very night. That was why he had wanted his definite answer, if Jimmy was not deceiving himself.

The matter would soon be put to the test, at all events.

Bulkeley of the Sixth saw lights out for the Classical Fourth; and after the usual chatter from hed to bed the juniors settled down to sleep.

But there was one, at least, who did not sleep.

Published Every Monday

did not sleen

Jimmy Silver's eyes remained wide pen, staring unrestingly into the

The hour of ter sounded from the

The hour of ter sounded from the clock-tower; it was followed by the chime of half-past. Then there was a faint sound in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth of Rookwood.

Jimmy drew a quick, silent breath.

He did not move, but his eyes were fixed in the direction of Cyril Pecke's bed. In the dimness of the starlight that glimucred in at the high windows he caught faint glimpses of a

leads from the box-room window, dropping to the ground from the leads, scuttling away to climb the school wall, dropping into the road, on route for the Bird-in-Hand public-bones.

bouse.

Peele, at half-past (en. was out of bounds. He would return, probably, at half-past eleven or twelve. When he returned, he would find Uncle James, of Rookwood, ready for him.

The 4th Chapter. Jimmy's Way.

"Oh!"

Arthur Edward Lovell uttered that ejaculation suddenly, as he came out of slumber with a start. He opened his eyes and blinked up. He was being shaken gently by the shoulder. "Oh! Ah! What—"
"Shurrun ass!"

"Shurrup, ass!"
"Jimmy!"

tell all Rookwood!" said "Don't



CAUCHT! "Let me go!" howled Peele. "Not just yet, my pippin! Tie the cord on, Raby," said Jimmy Silver. Peele struggled savagely to release his hands but in spite of his struggles his wrists were bound with a cord, while he stood on the leads and panted with rage.

cautiously moving figure. A junior was dressing himself silently in the gloom.

Jimuy did not stir.

A few moments later there was a soft sound of stealthy footsteps; the dormitory door opened silently, and decad wards.

closed again.

The breaker of bounds was gone.

The breaker of hounds was gone.

Then Jimmy Silver slipped noise-lessly from his bed, felt for a matchbox, and stepped towards Peele's bed.

Scratch!

The match glimmered out in the darkness of the dermitory.

Jimmy gave a start. For a moment he thought he saw the ligure of a sleeper in the Bed. Was it, after all, someone else? But the next moment he inderstood, and turned back the coverlet. Botster and pillow were arranged in the bed to give the appearance of a sleeper, it case of a surprise visit to the dormitory on the part of masters or prefects.

surprise visit to the dorinitory on the part of masters or prefects.
Jimmy's eyes flashed as the match went out.
Cyril Peele was gone. Jimmy did not need telling where he had gone. By that time, he was dropping on the

sleeper, and he did not awaken quickly. He seemed still half in the land of dreams.

The dormitory was dark and silent, save for the nurmur of voices by Lovell's hed. Nobody else seemed to be awake in the long, lofty room.

"Don't make a row!" murmured Jinuny Silver. "Are you awake yet? Shall I squeeze a wet sponge down your neck?"

"Ow! No, you ass! I'm awake! What's the game?" demanded Lovell drowsily. "Wharrer you waking me up for? 'Tain't rising-bell. "Tain't light yet."

Jimmy chuckled softly.

"It won't be light for a good many hours yet, fathead! le's still to-day, not to-morrow. Quarier to eleven, in fact. There's the chime going."

"Well, what are you waking me up for at a quarter to eleven?" grunted Lovell. "School on fire, you chemp?"

"Get up!"

"What for?"

"Get up!"
"What for?"
"Peele's gon

"Peele's goine out?" whispered Jimmy Silver. "That pub-liaunting oad?" growled Loyelt. "I dare say he has! I believe

1

he breaks bounds at night once a week, at least. I don't see that it matters to me."

"You wouldn't!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "The things you don't see, old top, would fill big volumes!"

"Look here—"

"Turn out!" said Jimmy. "I can't jaw here without waking the fellows. I tell you there's something on. Get up!"

jaw here without waking the fellows. I tell you there's something on. Get up!"

"Are we raiding the Modern chaps?" mumbled Lovell.

"You ass! Blow the Moderns! We're going to catch Peele on the hop, and bottle him up! Savvy now?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

He did not understand fully, but that was enough for him. He turned quickly out of bed, and began to dress in the darkness.

Jimny Silver moved quietly to waken Raby and Newcome. They were rather more easily aroused than Lovell, and they turned out without asking questions. They could guess that Uncle James would not arouse them in the middle of the night without good cause.

In a few minutes the Fistical Four were dressed. The rest of the Classical Fourth were still fast asleep, and a sound of steady breathing surrounded them, and over it resounded the unmusical snore of Tubby Muffin.

In their socks the chums of the Fourth tred quietly to the door.

the unnusical snore of Tubby Muffin.

In their socks the chums of the Fourth trod quietly to the door. Jimmy Silver opened it softly, and there was a loud grunt from Lovell as he bumped on it in the dark.

"Ooooogh!"

"Shurrup, you ass:" whispered Jimmy Silver ferociously.

"Ow! I've knocked my head—"

"Bother your silly head!"

"Look here—"

"Ilailo! What's that row?" came a sleepy voice from Mornington's bed.

"Who's that burbling at this time of night?"

The Fistical Four were very silent. Lovel! rubbed his injured head, and

night?"
The Fistical Four were very silent.
Lovell rubbed his injured head, and suppressed his mumbles. But Mornington was awake now, and he sat up in bed, and peered towards the door through the shadows.
"By gad! It's somebody—
What——"

What

What—"
"Shut up, Morny!" said Jimmy
Silver. "Only little us!"
"Oh! What the thump—"
"It's all right! Don't wake the
dorm, for goodness' sake!"
"Oh, all screne!" yawued Mornington. "If it's a lark on the Modern
blighters I'll come with you, if you
like"

blighters I'll come with you, it you like."
"It isn't, old scout. Go to sleep!"
"Right-ho!"
Valentine Mornington laid bis head on the pillow again. Jimmy listened anxiously, but Morny's voice had not awakened the others. The Fistical Four stepped into the corridor, and Jimmy drew the door softly shut after them.

"Ow!" murmured Lovell, still rubbing his head.
"What's the matter?"

"Ow!" murmured Lovell, still rubbing his head.

"What's the matter?"

"My napper—"

"If there was any sense in your napper, you'd dry up!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Do you want to be caught out of dorm by Bulkeley or Neville? I dare say they're still up."

"Quiet!" murmured Raby.

"Cut off the gas, you know!" added Newcome.
Lovell gave a grunt.

"It seems to me that you fellows are making more row than I am," he retorted. "My napper's hurt, too."

"Bless your napper! This way!"
Jimmy Silver trod away softly, and his chums followed him with equal caution, though quite unaware of their leader's object or intentions. But the Co. were accustomed to following faithfully the lead of Uncle James, of Rookwood, and they did not think of demurring.

The captain of the Fourth led the way into the lower box-room, to the surprise of his comrades. They groped their way into the dark room, and Jimmy closed the door.

"Well?" began Lovell.

"Shush!"

Bump! Lovell collided with a trunk, and uttered an exclamation.

Bump! Lovell collided with a trunk, and uttered an exclamation. "At it again!" remarked Jimmy

Silver.
"How the thump can I help bump-"How the thump can I help bumping into a dashed box in this dashed darkness?" said Lovell, in suppressed tones. "I'm not a dashed cat to see in the dashed dark, you dashed idiot! Ow! My shin—"

"Never mind your shin; it's your chin you've got to take care of."

"My chin?"

"Yes; it's too active!"

There was a chuckle from Raby and Newcome, and a sulphurous snort from Arthur Edward Lovell.

"What the dickens have we come here for, Jimmy Silver? If we're going to grope around here among

these thundering boxes and things. I'd better light the gas."

"Oh, do!" said Jimny. "It will shine from the window, and warn half the county that we're out of bed. Do, by all means!"

"Well, what are we going to do here in the dark, anyway?" grumbled Lovell. "I don't see the game at all."

"You wouldn't!"

Jimmy crossed to the box-room

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"You wouldn't!"
Jimmy crossed to the box-room window, that looked out over the level leads of an outhouse. The window was partly closed, but the lower sash was left au inch up. Evidently that was the way Cyril Peele had left the house.
"I thought so," murmured Jimmy. "You thought what?" growled Lovell. "Blessed if I see any sense in this at all!"
"Are you speaking of your napper now?" Lovell breathed hard.

now?"
Lovell breathed hard.
"No, I'm not! I'm speaking of
this silly stunt of getting up in the
middle of the night and barging
round a silly box-room. What on
earth do you mean by it, I'd like to
know?"

now?"
"The window's unfastened."
"Blow the window!"
"This is the way Peele got out."
"Hang Peele!"
"And this is the way he will come

back."

"Let him, and be blowed to him."

"My dear ass, that's what we're here for! We're going to meet Peele when he comes in."

"What on earth for?"

"To talk nicely to him."

"Why, he mayn't be back for an hour!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Possibly."

hour!" exclaimed Lovell.
"Possibly."
"My feet are jolly cold!"
murmured Raby.
"Can't be helped. When duty
calls, you know!" said Jimmy. "H's
up to us to meet Peele, and talk to
him."

up to us to meet Peele, and the him."
"What have you got there, Jimmy?" asked Newcome, peering at the captain of the Fourth in the

gloom.
"A cord."
"What's it for?"
"Peele."
"Oh!" murmured Lovell. "It's a .
jape on that rotten cad, is it?"
"Tumbled at last?" asked Jimmy
Silver sarcastically

"Tumbled at last?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"Well, that's all very well," said Lovell. "I'm up against the cad, as you know. But I'm not going to jape him now. He's too jolly dangerous! I'm not going to put his back up, and perhaps make him post that letter to the Head—"

"That's what we're going to stop.

to the Head—"
"That's what we're going to stop, ass!" said Jimmy Silver impatiently.
"Listen to me, and don't jaw so much! Peele's got my answer this evening. Ho's playing in the Greyfriars match, in goal, unless he hands over the negative and photograph to you before the match."
"He won't!"
"We're here to persuade him, you see."

"We're here to persuade him, you see."
"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.
"He's gone out, and you can guess where he's gone. He's certain now of keeping goal for Rookwood on Wednesday. He's gone to book his bets against Rookwood, if I'm not mistaken. Hook lays money on our matches sometimes, and Peele is out to make a big coup. Of course, Hook doesn't know he's in the Rookwood team. He never does play for the school, and the man couldn't guess his scheme. Unless I'm on the wrong tack—and I don't think I am—Peele is going to let the ball through every time in the Greyfriars match, and win a tenner or so on the game."

Lovell gasped.
"He couldn't be such a cad—even Peele—"

Lovell gasped.

"He couldn't be such a cad—even Peele—"

"That's his game, I tell you."

"By Jovo! It does look like it," muttored Raby. "Fancy an old hand like Joey Hook being fleeced by Peele!"

"Peele's got more cunning than a dozen Joey Hooks. He will make a first-class criminal when he grows up," answered Jimmy Silver. "But he has come up against Uncle James, and I think he is going to be floored! He is going to hand over that photograph and negative to you. Lovell, before the match. That lets me out. He won't play for Rookwood."

"But he won't—"

Jimmy Silver laughed softly.

"He will, unless he wants to be found in the morning on the leads, with his hands tied up to the borroom window!"

"Oh, my hat! Oh, Jimmy!" gasped Lovell.

"Understand now?"

Lovell did not reply, but he pressed Jimny Silver's arm. And the Fistical Four waited quietly in the darkness for-Cyril Peele's return.

The 5th Chanter When Greek Meets Greek

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When Greek Meets Greek.

Cyril Peele smiled in the darkness as he trod softly towards the outhouse. It was half-part cleven, and all lights were out in the great building of Rookwood. Peele was returning from his excursion, and he was returning in a very satisfied mood.

His visit to the Bird-in-Hand had been a great success. Joey Hook had

His visit to the Bird-in-Hand had been a great success. Joey Hook had been quite glad to see him. The sporting gentleman of Coombe was quite prepared to do business. All was grist that came to Mr. Hook's mill, and he was as ready to lay money on a football match as on a race. Peele had offered the odds against Rookwood for Wednesday's match, and Mr. Hook had willingly closed with him. Ho knew that Jimmy Silver's eleven was a strong one, and that their chances of a win were at least equal. He would not bave laid even money, but he was quite prepared to accept. Peele's offer of two-to-one against Rookwood. Peele's wager he looked upon as the outcome of the young rascal's enmity towards Jimmy Silver. The wish was father to the thought, he considered, in Peele's case. The bookmaker was not likely to guess by what tortuous treachery Peele had succeeded in obtaining a place for himself in the Rookwood eleven a place that allowed him to make a Greyfriars victory practically a certainty.

Hook was not likely to know even that Peele had played for Greyfriars. He knew that Peele was no footballer, and that he was at daggers drawn with the captain of the jmnior eleven. Even if he learned later how Peele had "played" him, it would not after the matter. Peele was no footballer, and that he captain of the jmnior eleven. Even if he learned later how Peele had "played" him, it would not after the matter. Peele would have won and pocketed his bet. The rascal of Rookwood stood to win ten pounds if the home team lost the match, and he was quite certain that it would lose. He intended to take care of that—in goal.

Jimmy Silver had promised to play him, unless he handed over the negative and the photograph before the match. As he had uo intention of doing so, he was quite sure of his place in the team. He would do the decent thing before the Greyfriars match came off. Peele grinned at the thought. If Jimmy Silver was depending on that, he was leaning upon a very rotten reed.

Peele climbed the outhouse, and tred softly across the

beech. He found the window-sill easily enough, however, and pushed up the lower sush of the window.

Then he put his hands in, to hold on and climb into the window. The next moment a startled cry broke from his lips as his wrists were seized from within.

He made a frantic effort to drag them away, but they were held in a grasp of iron. Peele panted.

Peele panted.

"Who—who—what?"

Terrified visions of a watchful prefect floated before his mind, and in thought he already saw himself marched before the Head on a charge that could only end in a flogging and expulsion from the school.

"Don't wriggle, old top!" came a cheery whisper from within. "You can't get away! Better not yell, either, if you don't want to be bagged by a profect."

"Jimmy Silver!" gasped Peele.

by a prefect."

"Jimmy Silver!" gasped Peele.

"Himself, old scout!"

Peele's first feeling was one of intense relief. He had dreaded that it was Bulkeley of the Sixth waiting inside the box-room window.

"You!" he stammered. "Let go my hands, you fool! This isn't a time for your janes!"

for your japes!"
"Think not?" smiled Jimmy Silver.
"Let me go!"

"Let me go."

"Not just yet, my pippin! Tie that cord on, Raby."

"You bet!" chuckled Raby.
Peole struggled savagely to release his hands. But they were held as if in a vice, and he was forced to submit while a cord was passed round his wrists and knotted there. His wrists were bound securely together, while he stood on the leads, his wrists still rage.

rage.

"Now close the sash down tight on the cord," said Jimmy. "That will keep him safe till morning."

Peele gave a suppressed cry.
"Silver, you mad idiot! You're not going to shut me out all night?"

"Why not?"

"Dow't close the window!" hissed.

"Why not?"
"Don't close the window!" hissed cele, as he heard the sash moving. You mad idot! If I'm found here the morning, I—I—I shall be acked from the school. The Head will know.

will know—"
"Exactly. You can trot out of Rookwood in company with Lovell minor, you know," remarked Jinmy Silver.

Peele understood then, and he gave

a howl.

"Oh, you rotter! You've done this on Lovell's account."

"Tit for tat, you know," smiled Jimmy Silver. "You've got the whiphand of Lovell minor. We've got the whip-hand of you. If the chopper comes down on Lovell's brother, you get it in the neck at the same time. See? What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

Poele gritted his teeth in helpless rage.

"Let me in—"
"Rats! Close the window, Loyell."
"Hold on! What do you want?"
hissed Peele. "I know you want something! What is it?"
"Well, if you want us to let you off—" remarked Jinumy Silver reflectively."

flectively

"You know I do. What do you

"A photograph and a negative."
"What?"

What?"
"That's the price, old top. Take it leave it."

or leave it."

There was no immediate answer from Cyril Peele. He was shaking with passionate rage and chagrin, as he stood on the leads, his wrist still held in the cord in Jimmy Silver's

held in the cord in Jimmy Silver's grasp.

The defeat of his rascally schemes loomed darkly before him. He found his voice at last.

"Will you play me on Wednesday if I hand them over?"

"No fear!"

"You promised, if——"

"If you didn't hand them over to Lovell before the match," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "But you're going to—unless you want to be found here in the morning, and taken to the Head the morning, and taken to the Head for the sack."

for the sack."

"Yes. rather, you cur!" said Lovell, between his teeth.

"I won't!" hissed Peele. "I won't! I—I can't now! I must play on Wednesday! I——"

"Because you've laid your bets against Rookwood, to swindle Joey Hook," chuckled Jimmy Silver. "Well, you'll lose your money, Peele!"

"Well, you'll lose you.
Peole!"
"I—I—I—— Oh, you rotter, you planned this!" grouned Peole.
"Correct!" assented Jimmy Silver.
"You played a dirty, cowardly trick on Lovell and his brother, and I've played you like a fish, and landed you. Now you can take your choice—let Lovell minor alone, or he sacked from Rookwood along with him. Are you giving in?"

hissed Peele. "Never! "Close the window!" said Jimmy
Silver grinned.
The sash came down.
"Stop!"

The cry came from Peele at the last noment.

The 6th Chapter. Beaten to the Wide.

Jimmy Silver pushed up the sash again. His face looked grimly down on the trembling junior outside.

"We've wasted enough time, Pecle," he said coldly. "You've got to make up your mind. If I close the window again, I sha'n't open it. Are you going to do as I ask?"

"Yes!" panted Peele. "Let me in!"

'Not till Lovell has the negative."
'I've not got it about me, you

"I've not got it about fool!"
"The rotter said it was in an envelope, addressed to the Head," said Lovell. "He said he'd put it in a pal's hands, to post."
"Then his pal can hand it over. Where is it, Peele?"
Peele groaned.
"Hang you! It's in the envelope

Hang you! It's in the envelope ht enough! It's hidden in my

study! Let me in, and I'll get it for

"Don't be funny, old bean! You're staying here till we've got it. We can find it if you tell us where."
Peele breatbed hard. There was no help for him; he was in a cleft stick, as it were. He knew Jimmy Silver too well to doubt that he was

"Look here, Silver," he muttered,
"I--I'll hand it over, I swear! But
-but I must play on Wednesday!"
"Rats!"

"Rats!"

"I-I'll hand you half!" gasped Peele desperately. "I'll go halves with you, Silver! I-I've had to leave my gold watch in Mr. Tutt's hands—he's holding the stakes—for the bet, you know. Joey Hook wouldn't bet on the nod. I-I've had to lay twenty pounds to bag a tenner on the match. Hook had to be given the odds. Look here, I'll stand you five—Yarooth!"

Peele howled as a finger and thumb closed on his nose from above.

"Any more offers to make?" asked Jimmy Silver, closing finger and thumb like a vice.

"Groooogh!"

"Yes or no?"

"Groocegh!"
"Yes or no?"
"Ooocech! No! Leggo!"
"Good!" Jimmy released Cyril
Pecle's nose. "Now, where's the
letter to the Head, with the plunder
in it? Sharp's the word!"
"Ow! Occh! Under a loose
board in the corner of my study,
behind the bookcase!" groaned Pecle.
"You fellows stay here while I go,"
said Jimmy. "Shut the window and
keep him out till I come back."
"You bet!"

said Jimmy. "Shut the window and keep him out till I come back."
"You bet!"
Jimmy Silver glided away in the darkness. The sash was closed down; and Peele stood outside, shivering in the cold night wind. It seemed a century to him that he waited; but it was not more than ten minutes.
The window reopened at last.

was not more than ten minutes.

The window reopened at last.

"I've got it," said Jimmy Silver, holding up an envelope. "It seems that even you can tell the truth, when you've got to, old scout."

"Hang you!" hissed Peele. "I—I say, Silver, I dare not let that fellow keep my watch! I can't call the bet off. Hook would be suspicious at once if I hinted at it, and he would refuse. Look here, my offer—Groooce!"

The repetition of Peele's offer earned him a severe tweak of the nose. He spluttered into silence. "Sure it's the right thing, Jimmy?" asked Lovell anxiously. "Peele would spoof us if he could——"

"Do you think I don't know that,

"Do you think I don't know that, duffer? I've examined it in the study. It's the photograph of Teddy at the Bird-in-Haud, and the negative. Strike a match and look at them, and burn them in the grate when you're satisfied."

"Good old Jimmy!" said Lovell gratefully.

There was a flare of matches in the grate of the box-room. In a few minutes Lovell came back to the window; breathing freely.

"It's all right," he said. "That cad's teeth are drawn now. Let him in."

Jimmy Silver untied the cord, and

cad's teeth are drawn now. Let him in."

Jimmy Silver untied the cord, and Peele was allowed to climb in at the window. He stood panting with fury; but his rage was nothing to the Fistical Four of Rookwood. As Lovell had said, his teeth were drawn, and the cad of the Fourth was harmless now.

"Better get back to bed!" yawned Jimmy Silver. "We shall be sleepy in class to-morrow morning, and we can't explain to Mr. Bootles."

"Ha, ha! No!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to the Fourth Form downitory, leaving Peele to follow at his leisure.

For the remainder of that eventful night the Fistical Four slept the sleep of the just. But there was one fellow in the dormitory who did not sleep. Cyril Peele's eyes remained restlessly open till dawn was creeping in at the high windows. His plot had failed—his air-castles had crumbled in ruiu round him. His bet hung now on the chance of the football match—and, if luck was with Rookwood, his gold watch, left as security for the stakes was gone for ever. How ho was to explain its disappearance to his people was a problem for Peele.

The next day Arthur Edward Lord!

was to explain its disappearance to his people was a problem for Peele.

The next day Arthur Edward Lovell might have been seen putting in some vigorous practice at the punch-ball. Now that Peele's teeth were drawn, and he was no longer under the thumb of the cad of the Foneth, Arthur Edward was thinking of reprisals. Peele had no chance of cluding the combat; and he had the pleasure—or otherwise—of standing up to the indignant Arthur Edward, till he was able to stand up no longer. Peele's tortuous ways had earned him lickings before; but he had never received so terrific a thrashing as he received on this occasion.

But even that terrific thrashing was almost forgotten in his anxiety for the result of the Greyfriars match, when Wednesday came round. Rawson was in goal; and Rawson kept goal like a tower of strength. Peele was on Little Side, watching the game with an almost haggard face.

It was a hard game, and neither side scored in the first half. In the second half, Mornington kicked a goal for Rookwood—the only goal taken in the match. Peele drove his hands deep into his pockets, and tramped off the field with a white face. Once more it had been proved that the way of the transgressor is hard:

THE END.

(Another splendid, tong, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood next Monday, entitled: "The Missing Manuscript." By Owen Conquest. Order next week's copy of the Boys' Friend to-day!)

OUR SPECIAL FOOTBALL ARTICLE.



By J. W. BACHE (Who was Captain of Aston Villa in 1913 when they won the Cup. Has played for England seven times).

I have spent hearly twenty years I have spent nearly twenty years in first-class footballers. And very happy years they have been, too, I can assure you, for the professional footballer, taking him all round, is a jolly good yport, always ready to give and take in the way of jokes and fun.

My experience in football has certainly brought me to the conclusion that in one respect, at any rate, professional footballers are just like ordinary people—they are often actions of superstitions and strange rancies.

neres.
Especially are there quite a lot of perstitions connected with the Cup. superstitions connected with the Cup. Only the other day, for instance, this fact was brought home by the news that the Presten North End players had been the recipients of a black cat, and that from the moment they had it in their possession the luck of the side seemed to turn.

At the time of writing these notes they are still in the Cup. and, moreover, have done much better in their League matches than they were previously doing. Of course, I don't superstitions

believe that the black cat had anything to do with it. Neither do you believe it, but there you are! I recken that there would be quite a feeling of sadness among these Preston North End players if anything should happen so that they lost their lucky mascot.

In the old days, before the war, it was quite the fashion for every side to have some mascot or other. Personally, I believe the very best mascot any club can possess is a team of real triers, in which every man is out to do the best he can for his side. What isn't on the field can't very well help you to win football matches, can it? And yet—well, the superstitions remain.

Quite clearly do I remember an instance when I was with the remains.

At the end of the journey, however, one of our players happened to be chatting with the guard of the train, who knew who we were.

"I am very sorry," said the guard, "but I am afroid you won't have any juck to-day, as there is a corpse on the train by which you have been travelling."

Now, the particular player was quite a prey to superstition, and I believe he was firmly convinced that our luck would be out. As it happened, our luck was out. We lost the match; and I don't suppose that even to this day the player thinks other than that the corpse on the train had something to do with our defeat.

Most players, in fact, have a dread of meeting a funeral on the way to a match, and quite frequently when this has happened I have heard some member of a team say: "That's done it! No luck to-day, boys!"

In the same way, footballers share

this has happened I have heard some member of a team say: "That's done it! No luck to-day, boys!"

In the same way, footballers share the superstition about the spilling of salt, and in this connection I recall an incident which turned out all right, but which for a moment threatened to result in something serious happening.

but which for a moment threatened to result in something serious happening.

We were lunching in a big hotel at moon on the day of a Cup match, when one of our players spilled some salt. In order to counteract the effect of this bad omen, he immediately took up a spoonful of salt and flung it over his shoulder.

Unfortunately, it went right into the face of an old and rather quick-tempered gentleman sitting immediately behind the thrower. Up he jumped in a fearful rage, and demanded to know the why and the wherefore of the input.

One of our fellows had to hold him back while we explained that no insult had been intended, and that the salt had been thrown in order that

.

we shouldn't lose our Cuptie. He quietened down at this explanation, and eventually so far overcame his wrath as to wish us good luck.

I think superstition must, to a cer-tain extent, be held responsible for the fact that some teams invariably do badly on certain grounds. No matter how well they have been play-

J. W. BACHE.



Who has written the accompanying article specially for the BOYS FRIEND.

ing, they go all to pieces when called upon to play on a particular pitch. Perhaps it is, however, that they go on the field lacking confidence, in view of the team's bad record there, just in the same way as some sides always do well against certain other teams. They think they will do well, and they do, because they have confidence

Speaking of grounds reminds me

that there is a curious Cup superstition attaching to the Sheffield
United enclosure at Bramall Lane.

As my readers may be aware, this
is a fine big ground, and for that
reason has been popular as a venue
for Cup semi-finals, and other games
when it has been necessary to play on
a neutral enclosure.

Now, the story goes that the dressing-room labelled "visitors" at
Bramall Lane has never been used by
a losing team when the ground has
been neutral territory for a Cup semifinal.

A few years back Burnley and

a losing team when the ground has been neutral territory for a Cup semi-final.

A few years back Burnley and Sunderland played a semi-final on that ground, and, of course, they both wanted to use the lucky dressing-room. Neither would consent to the other having it, and as the referee would not give his opinion, either, there was nothing else for it but that the captains should toss for the privilege. This they did, and the Burnley captain won. As his team also got through to the final tie for the Cup, I suppose the old superstition about the dressing-room will remain, and that every side will want to use it in a big Cup match if they can possibly do so.

In a way, there would almost seem to be reason behind some of the superstitions of footballers. In the dressing-rooms of the Manchester City club, for instance, there is a certain peg which players invariably fight shy of using. Several men who have used this particular peg have afterwards met with serious injury on the field, and it is said that at least four players have been put out of the game for a long time after having used this per.

Do Bache

Published Every Monday OUR GRAND COMPLETE STORY OF COLONIAL SCHOOL-LIFE.



: ALGY'S : FAREWELL!

A Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., and Algy, the Chums of The School in the Backwoods.

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. Called Back.

"Oh gad!"
Algernon Beauclere uttered that exclamation in dismal tones.
He was leaning against the corral fence at Cedar Creek School, with a letter in his hand and a glum expression upon his face.
Frank Richards & Co. came along from the Jumber schoolhouse, and they stopped at the sight of Algy's dismal countenance.
"Anything up?" inquired Bob Bawless.

Anythog

**Eawless.

"Yes!" grunted Algy.

"Letter from home?"

"Yes."

"Nobody ill, 1 hope?" asked Vore

"Yes."
"Nobody ill, I hope?" asked Vore Beauelere.
His cousin Algernon responded with a shake of the head.
"No. Worse than that."
"Get it off your chest!" suggested Frank Richards. "Wo're all ready to sympathise."
"It's rotten!" said Algernon.
"Beastly, in fact! This is a letter from the pater. I'm to go home!"
"Oh!" exclaimed Frank Richards and Bob Lawless together. And they hooked quite concerned.
The Honourable Algernon had been rather a queer customer when he first arrived at the school in the backwoods. His clegant aftire, his beantiful collars and bis silk hats, had been a standing joke at Cedar Creek. But all the fellows had come to like Algy in the long run; and there was no doubt that Algy had grown to like Cedar Creek, and to enjoy the free open life of the breezy Canadian West.
Certainly, Algy had taken some time to shake down. But he had

Cedar Creek, and to enjoy the free copen life of the breezy Canadian West.

Certainly, Algy had taken some time to shake down. But he had shaken down at last, and undoubtedly backwoods life had done the superb young gentleman a great deal of good.

"Father mentioned that this morning," said Vere Boanclere, "He has had a letter from Lord St. Austells. Don't you want to go back to the old country, Algy?"

Algernon shook his head again.

"You have to rough it here, you know," remarked Bob.

"Do you know, I don't mind roughin' it," said Algernon. "In fact, I like it! I didn't at first—"

"You wanted to bolt when you first came out!" grinned Bob.

"I did! But I don't want to bolt now. I'd like to stick to Cedar Creek," said Algernon. "And the pater's awf'ly cheeky!"

"Wha-at?"

"Cheeky!" said Algernon. "It seems that be sent me out here for my own good. He says I had lackadistical ways—"

"So you had when you came!" said Frank Richards, laughing. "The backwoods have cured you."

"That's what the pater says. He says uncle has given him a jolly good account of me. And now I've had some experience, which has done me good, he says I'm to go home, and go to a public school in England."

"Doe old chap!" said Bob.

Algy grinned.

"The pater thinks I've been through some severe lessons here," he explained. "He doesn't know I've enjoyed it. Of course, a fellow has to rough it. I've roughed it fearfully. I never heard of a fellow blackin' his own boots before I came out here."

"There must be some fellows in England who have to black their

out here."
"There must be some follows in England who have to black their own boots," observed Boo Lawless

own boots," observed Bob Lawless gravely.
"Of course there must!" agreed Algy. "Lots, I dare say. Only I never happened to meet them. And then, ridin' three miles to school in the mornin'! I shouldn't have thought that possible. once. But somehow I've found it agrees with me. Now the pater thinks I've had

"Clothes, you know." said Algernon. "I can rough it no end, but there's a limit. I couldn't wear clothes made by a Thompson Valley tailor, if you follows don't mind my mentionin' it."

"Why, you first-class ass," exclaimed Bob Lawless warmly, "what's the matter with our clothes?"

"Your what?" inquired Alge in

Your what?" inquired Algy in his turn.

enough, and I'm to go home. I've been thinking—"
"You have!" ejaculated Bob Lawless.
"Yes, you ass!"
"Is that another thing you've learned since you came to Canada?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Rats!" said Algernon. "I've been thinkin' I'd rather stay out here for a bit. Of course, I should have to go home sooner or later. My clobber won't last for ever."
"Your what?"
"Clothes, you know." said Algernon. "I've still got three big trunks full of clobber," resumed Algernon, apparently not observing the peculiar expressions on the faces of his chums. "That was my foresight, you know—bringin' plenty of clobber with me. You fellows cackled when you saw it first, stacked up on the railway at Kamloops. You see now that I was right. I always was a very foresoein' chap."
"Why, you first-class ass," exclaimed Bob Lawless warmly,

"Oh!" said Bob Lawless.
"So you're prepared to rough it in the wild and woolly west, so long as you can wear clothes made in Bond Street!" grinned Frank
"Correct!"
The cousins mounted their horses for their ride to the Beaucleres' cabin on Cedar Creek

of Cedar Creek started for the school-house. Algernon sauntered along, quite at his case; but his comrades were feeling rather perplexed. They liked Algy, in spite of his many original ways, and they were sorry he was going. But if Lord St. Austells had recalled his hopeful younger son to England, there seemed no doubt that he had to go. But the Hon. Algernon seemed to have his own ideas about that.

The 2nd Chapter. Where is Algy?

"What about seeing Algy off?"
Frank Richards asked that question
on Saturday morning.
Saturday was a free day for the
schoolboys of Cedar Creek, so far as
school was concerned, though most
of them found plenty to do on the
homosteads

bromesteads.

Frank Richards came out of the awless ranch-house after breakfast Lawless ranch-house after breakfast with his Canadian cousin as he asked the question. Bob nodded assent at

which has considered assent at once.

"I guess I was thinking of it," he said. "I thought Algy would come over yesterday to say good-bye to popper and mopper, but he didn't. Not quite in keeping with his beautiful manners, I guess."

Frank looked thoughtful.

"Looks as if he doesn't mean to go," he remarked.

"But he's got to go," said Bob.

"The Cherub says the post-waggon is stopping on the trail this morning to take Algy on board with his truck. Mr. Beauclere is going as far as Quebec with him on the Canadian Pacific to see him on the steamer for England."

"Well, we'll see him off here, at any rate."

"Correct!"



LEFT BEHIND! The baggage was stacked on to the post-waggon. There was still no sign of Algernon, but Frank Richards & Co. had given up expecting to see him now. "No passengers?" asked the driver. "Not this journey," answered Mr. Beauclerc. "Land the baggage at Kamloops Station." "Sure!" And the post-waggon drove off. LEFT BEHIND!

"Clothes, you jay!"
The dandy of Cedar Creek sorted out his eyeglass, fixed it in his eye, and surveyed the indignant Bob.
"My dear chap," he said, "do you call those things clothes?"
"Why, you—you—you—" stuttered Bob.
"Nothin' personal, you know," said Algernon gracefully, "but there really is a limit! When my clothes peg out I shall have to go; the stock can't be renewed in the Thompson Valley, or in Canada at all, I fear. That will be serious. But as the matter stands, I've got plenty of clobber to see me through, and I don't want to go back. Besides, I'm doing good here."
"Oh, you're doing good?" asked Frank Richards.
"Lots! One really well-dressed chap does a lot of good in a school—it's an example for the other fellows."
"Oh, my hat!"
"Without bein' conceited," continued Algernon calmly, "I must say I think it does good to the place—sort of model for the fellows, you

Algernon nodded.

"Exactly!" he assented. "There's no reason why I should go home for months yet, that I can see! And I want to stay. The question is, how is the pater to be bottled up?"

"I suppose you must go home if your father says so."

"That's where your supposer is out out of gear, then!" answered Algernon. "For the present I'm satisfied here, and here I stop!"

"My dear old chap," said Beauclere quiefly, "we shall be awfully sorry to lose you, but you must go. I think father is arranging for you to go in the post-waggon on Saturday down to the railway."

"I know. He's told me."

"Well, then—"

"But I'm not goin!" said Algernon. "Uncle can send a letter instead. The post-waggon can take the letter instead of takin' me. Quite simple, isn't it?"

"But—" said Beauclere, looking

1

simple, isn't it?";
"But—" said Beauclerc, looking perplexed.
"Halle, there goes the bell!"
The school-bell rang, and the chums

Just before sighting the cabin they came on the post-waggon, halted on the trail.

the trail.

The driver was sitting in his high seat, smoking, and he called to the two chums as they rode up.

"Hallo, young Lawless!"

"Hallo, Jake!" replied Bob.

"I guess I was told to pick up a couple of passengers hyer," said the post-waggon man. "I reckon I've waited hyer five minutes, and I reckon I'll be late in at Silver Creek if I hang around much longer. You galoots goin' to Old Man Beauclere's shebang?"

"Sure!"

shebang?"

"Sure!"

"Then you tell them to hump
themselves, or there won't be any
post-waggon to give them a lift!"
said the driver.

"Right-ho!"

"When I'm through this hyer pipe I start. You tell Old Man Beauclere that."
"Certainly!" said Frank Richards.

with a smile Leaving the post waggon on the

trail, the chams of Cedar Creek rode on at a gallop.

In a few minutes more they arrived in sight of the cabin on the

Vere Beauclere was outside the cabin, but there was nothing to to seen of the Honourable Algerness. He came towards his chums as they rode up.

"Seen Algy?" he called out.

"Eh? No. tsn't he here?" exclaimed Frank Richards.

Beauclere shook his head.

"He went out on his horse just after breakfust. Father thinks he's gone over to the ranch to say good-bye to your people."

"He hasn't shown up at the ranch," said Bob.

Beauclere knitted his brows.

"Then where the dickens can he be?"

"Saying good-bye somewhere else, I guess," said Bob. "Good-morning, Mr. Beauclere!" Vere Beauclere's father came out of the cabin dressed for travel, and nodded to the schoolboys. "I say, the postwaggon's waiting on the trail, and the driver's in a hurry to get on to Silver Creek."

"My nephew appears to have taken himself off," said Mr. Beauclere." It is rather thoughtless of him. You have not seen him?"

"No, sir."

The chums of Cedar Creek dismounted. Outside the cabin were three large trunks, several smaller ones, a couple of hat-boxes, a portmanteau, and a collection of strapped rugs, umbrellas, and sticks. All the Honourable Algernon's belongings were packed ready for departure, but there was no Algernon.

Mr. Beauclere seemed very restive, and he watched the prairie auxiously for the reappearance of his nephew.

But Algernon did not reappear.

"Will you go and speak to the driver, Vere?" said the remittanceman at last. "Ask him to wait as long as possible."

"Yes, father."

Vere Beauclere hurried down to the trail through the timber.

"It is really most disconcerting!" said Mr. Beauclere. "If the waggon is missed we shall have to wait two days for the next. Where can my nephew possibly be?"

Frank and Bob exchanged a glance.

The same thought was in both their minds—that Algernon's absence at the hour fixed for departure was not accidental.

Apparently, the independent Algernon was having his own way, and was taking the simplest means of avoiding departure.

Beauclere came back from the waggon.

avoiding departure.
Beauclere came back from the waggon.
"The driver says he will give us another five minutes, father."
Mr. Beauclere frowned.
"Where can Algy be?"
"Goodness knows!"
"Shall we get the truck aboard the waggon, sir?" asked Bob. "It's got to go on."
Mr. Beanclere shook his head.
"No. If Algernon misses the waggon it is no use his baggage going down to Kamloops," he said. "But surely he will return?"
But Algernon did not return.
There was a crack like that of a pistol-shot beyond the trees. It was the whip of the post-driver.
"The waggon's starting!" said Beauclere.
"Really, this is very annoying!" said Mr. Beauclere, and he went back into the cabin.
Algy's departure was postponed for that day at least.
The post-waggon rumbled away on the route to Silver Creek minus the Hononrable Algernon and his belongings.
Frank Richards and Bob Lawless

rings.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless remained chatting with their chum. rather curious to see Algernon when he returned.

But the dandy of Cedar Creek was

But the dandy of Cedar Creek was in no hurry.

It was close on noon when there was a clatter of hoofs on the trail and Algy rode up to the cabin, with a cheery, smiling face.

"Where have you been, you jay?" called out Bob Lawless.

"Hallo, you chaps! Ripping mornin', isn't it?"

"Oh, topping!" said Frank Bicharls. "Do you know the post-

mornic, isn't it?"

"Oh. topping!" said Frank Richards. "Do you know the postwaggon has been gone for hours?"

"By gad? Has it?"

"Of course it has!"

"Then I've lost it!" said Algernon placidly. "Hallo, uncle! It's too bad, my losing the waggon, isn't it?"

Mr. Beauclere looked out of the cabin.

Mr. Deathson Cabin.

"It is really too bad, Algernon!"
he said.

"I'm awf'ly sorry, uncle!"

e said.
"I'm awf'ly sorry, uncle!"
"Well, it cannot be helped now,"

said Mr. Beauclere. "The waggon goes again on Tuesday."
Algernon closed one eye at Frank and Bob, unseen by his uncle.
"I'll tell you what, sir," he exclaimed. "Suppose you write that letter I suggested to you, and send it by the waggon on Tuesday. You can tell my pater that I'm staying—"

"Impossible, my boy!" said the remittance-man, kindly enough. "Your father's instructions must be carried

out."
"But I don't want to go," explained Algy.
Mr. Beauclere made no reply to that. Apparently, he regarded Lord St. Ausfells' wishes as possessing

St. Ausfells' wishes as possessing more weight than those of his son.

"Well, I shall see you fellows again," said Algernon. "As I'm held up so unfortunately till Tuesday, I shall be at school on Monday."

Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin were smiling as they rode back to the ranch.

"I wonder relations

to the ranch.

"I wonder what will happen on Thesday?" Frank remarked.

Bob chuckled.

"I guess Old Man Beauclere is a bit suspicious. I fancy that when Algy wants to go for a ride early on Thesday morning he will find his uncle wide awake."

"I shouldn't wonder," assented Frank, with a laugh. "Poor old Algy will be bottled, as he calls it, on Tuesday morning!"

But they did not quite know their Algernon yet.

The 3rd Chapter Chunky Todgers is Pleased.

The 3rd Chapter.

Chunky Todgers is Ploased.

"Todgers, old fellow!"

Chunky Todgers beamed and admost purred as the Honourable Algernon tapped lum on his fat shoulder and addressed lum in that affectionate way.

It was Monday, at Cedar Creek; the Honourable Algernon's last day at the backwoods school, as it was supposed, at least.

Algernon had been very thoughtful during lessons that day. After lessons, be joined Chunky Todgers as the Cedar Creek fellows came out. Frank Richards & Co. had gone for their horses; but the Honourable Algernon seemed to find Chunky Todgers company attractive.

Which was rather unusual.

Chunky certainly had the friendliest feelings towards the younger son of Lord St. Austells. Most of the Cedar Creek fellows cared little enough for Algy's title, or his noble pater's; but Chunky Todgers was not like the other fellows. Chunky was fed on novels from Gunten's Circulating Library in Thompson; and Chunky's fondest secret dream was that he—Joe Todgers—might some day turn out to be the son of a missing marquis. So Chunky was naturally attracted by a schoolfellow who actually was the son of a belted earl. When the Honourable Algernon addressed him as "old fellow," Chunky could have purred like a fat tabby cat.

Algernon had never shown before any special predilection for the society of the worshipper of dukes and marquises. In fact, he seemed to be satis-

Algernon had never shown before any special predilection for the society of the worshipper of dukes and marquises. In fact, he scemed to be satisfied with a very small allowance of Chunky's fascinating company. Now all was changed. He smiled on the beaming Todgers in the most cordial way in the world.

"Hallo, old scont," said Chunky, "I'm awfully sorry you're going to-morrow!"

"Same here!" assented Algy.

"I jolly well wish I was coming with you!" said Chunky Todgers wistfully. "I'm wasted here, you know. My aristocratic tastes—"

"Exactly!" assented Algernon.

"Pve not seen so much of you as I should have liked, Todgers."

"Whose fault is that?" said Chunky reproachfully.

"Mino!" said Algy. "But the feet."

should have liked, Todgers."

"Whose fault is that?" said Chunky reproachfully.

"Mine!" said Algy. "But the fact is, Todgers, I'd like to see more of you! You're an awfully interestin' chap! You asked me the other week to come home with you, and put up a night. Would your people mind?"

"They'd be jolly glad!" said Chunky promptly. "I've told my folk all about you, Beauclere—"

"Call me Algy!"

"Algy, I mean," said Chunky Todgers. "They'd be jolly glad to see you. I wish you could come!"

"Look here, suppose I ride home with you this evenin'?"

"Good!"

"You can put me up?"

"You can put me up?"
"Sure!"

"Sure!"
"Then it's a go!" said Algy.
"Mind, not a word to the other chaps. Just let us two get off together, like—like old pals, you know."

Chunky Todgers beamed like a full moon.

To be called the old pal of a belted earl's son was the seventh heaven of delight to Chunky.

"Jolly good idea!" he gasped.
"Come on, then! I say, though, won't you be late for the post-waggon in the morning?"

Algy smiled.
"That's all right!" he said. "I can get along in time if I try! Let's start, Todgers."

can get along in time a start, Todgers."

"What about your horse?"

"Oh!" Algernon paused.

"was in the corral with the "What about your horse?"
"Oh!" Algernon paused. His horse was in the corral with the rest. Chunky Todgers' little fat pony was there also. Algernon had the best of reasons for not wishing his chums to know that he was going home with Chunky.
"I'll bring it out along with mine," said Todgers.

Chunky.

"I'll bring it out along with mine," said Todgers.

"They might smell a rat!" said Algernon thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what, Todgers—I mean Joc. You don't mind me calling you Joe?"

"Not at all, old scout!" beamed Chunky.

"Let's walk, Joe, old chap!"

"Walk!" ejaculated Chunky. "I—I say, it's a jolly long walk—the other side of Thompson, you know."

"Never mind! I shall enjoy a chat with you, old chap. I've been lookin' forward to a really long talk with you. You don't know what an interestin' fellow you are!"

"My dear old fellow, I'll walk with pleasure."

"Come on, then!"

Chunky Todgers came on cheerily crough. The long walk was a little dismaying to the fat Chunky; but it was more than compensated for by the company of a helted earl's son, and his flattering remarks. The two schoolboys disappeared out of gates together, and Algernon set a good and his nattering remarks. The two schoolboys disappeared out of gates together, and Algernon set a good pace until they were out of sight of Cedar Creek School. Chunky Todgers was panting by

that time.

"I—I say, lets walk a bit slower!"
he gasped. "I—I'm a bit out of
breath, you know!"
Algernon glanced back along the

edar Creek was out of sight now,

Cedar Creek was out of sight now, and he consented to slacken the pace. "Right-ho!" he said.
"I say, won't the Cherub be rather surprised at your not going home with him?" asked Chunky Todgers. "I shouldn't wonder."
"Won't your uncle be expecting you at home, if you don't send any message?"

essage?"
"Quite likely!"
"Well, I suppose

"Quite likely!"
"Well, I suppose you know best," said Chunky, rather perplexed.
Algernon nodded.
"Exactly!" he assented.
"After all, you can catch the post-waggen easily enough in the morning, if you start early," said Todgers.
"My father will lend you a horse."
"Easily—if I start early!" assented Algy.

"My father will lend you a secundary "Easily—if I start early!" assented Algy.

And he walked on cheerily with Chunky. The latter was considerably fatigued by the time they reached the Todgers' homestead; but he was feeling otherwise very happy and satisfied. The keenness the Honourable Algernon showed for his society, on his last evening in the Thompson valley, was very flattering to Chunky. It was a proof that the refined superiority, which Chunky had always recognised in himself, was appreciated by a scion of the genuine aristocracy of the old country.

So they arrived quite cheerfully at the Todgers' homestead, where the Honourable Algernon had a hospitable—if somewhat surprised—reception.

The 4th Chapter. Baggage in Advance!

Baggage in Advance I

"Where's that ass?"

"Where's that jay?"

"Where on earth is Algy?"

Frank Richards & Co. were asking those questions, as they waited, holding their horses, at the gate of Cedar Creek.

They had led out their own steeds, and Algy's; and they were waiting at the gate for the dandy of the backwoods school to join them.

But he did not join them.

The other fellows were all gone by this time, and Black Sam had come along to close the gates.

Frank Richards & Co. were puzzled, and considerably exasperated.

"The silly ass has done one of his vanishing tricks again!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

"It's jolly queer!" said Frank.
"He can't have gone home without his horse!"

"Lawrence saw him with Todgers

his horse! Lawrence saw him with Todgers and—"
"Chunky's pony is still in the

"Chunky's possions of together somewhere, I suppose," said Beauclere, very much perplexed. "It's too bad to keep us waiting like this!"

The three chums led the horses out The three chums led the horses out on the trail. It was certain that Algernon was no longer within the walls of Cedar Creek; and Black Sam was closing the gates.

"Well. I suppose it's no good waiting any longer," exclaimed Bob Lawless at last. "Algy must have gone home!"

"He couldn't have walled..."

timber.

home!"

"He couldn't have walked—"

"Where is he, then?"

"I—I suppose we'd better go home," said Beauclerc. "It's jolly odd! We can see if Algy is there, at any rate!"

And the three schoolboys mounted and rode down the trail through the timber.

and rode down the trail through the timber.

They were feeling very perplexed. It was impossible that anything could have happened to Algy; evidently he had walked out of Cedar Creek of his own accord, and apparently in company with Chunky Todgets. If he had gone home on foot, without waiting for his friends, his conduct needed explaining.

At the fork in the trail Frank Richards and Bob did not part with their chum as usual. They rode on to the Beaucleres' cabin with him, curious to know whether Algernon had arrived there.

They found Mr. Beauclere at the cabin, but no Algernon.

"Hasn't Algy come home, father?" asked Vere Beauclere, as he glanced into the cabin.

Mr. Beauclere rose to his feet.

Mr. Beauclere rose to his feet "Isn't Algernon with you, V

"No."

"What has happened, then?"
Beauclerc explained, and his father listened with a frowning brow.

"It is very oxtraordinary," he said.

"Algernou is aware that the post-waggon stops here at eight in the morning. I suppose he has gone home with one of his schoolfellows?"

"I—I suppose so," said Beauclerc.
Frank, Richards suppressed a grin.
He was beginning to "rumble" now. This was one more of Algernou's extraordinary devices for missing the post-waggon to Kamloops. The astute Algernon had foreseen that his uncle intended to keep an eye on him the manning and see that he did.

assure Algernon had foreseen that his uncle intended to keep an eye on him in the morning, and see that he did not start on an early ride.

Frank wondered whether the remittance-man guessed the truth. If so, Mr. Beauclere's face did not betray it.

Mr. Beauclere's face and no.

"It is really too bad," said Mr.
Beauclere. "All Algernon's things
are packed again, and if he misses the
waggon—" He paused. "Well, I
suppose it cannot be helped."

"The awful jay!" Bob Lawless remarked to Frank, as the chums rode
homeward to the ranch. "He's playing his tricks again. Is he going to

homeward to the ranch. "He's pling his tricks again. Is he going miss the post-waggon twice a we regularly?"

regularly?"
Frank Richards laughed.
"It looks like it," he said. "I suppose he's gone home with Todgers.
Lawrence saw them together. And I

Lawrence saw them together. And I suppose it's pretty certain that he won't turn up in time for the postwaggon in the morning."

"Ha, ha! I guess that's sure enough!" chuckled Isob. "Old Man Beauclerc will begin to get mad sooner or later. It's rather rotten, though, that poor old Algy can't stay here if he wants to."

"So long as his clobber holds out, at least," said Frank, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next morning Frank Richards & Co. were up unusually early. They intended to call at the Beaucleres' cabin before school, and learn the latest movements of the clusive Algernon.

Algernon.

Algernon.

They trotted away from the ranch in the dawn, and at eight o'clock they reached the trail that ran within a short distance of the cabin. The post-waggon was halted there, as they had found it the previous Saturday.

"Waiting for a passenger, Jake?" called out Bob Lawless, with a laugh. The driver nodded.

"I guess so," he answered. "And I kinder guess that I hain't waiting more than ten minutes. You tell Old Man Boauclere that I ain't letting my hosses catch cold hyer."

"I'll tell him!" chuckled Bob.

The chums galloped on to the cabin. Outside, Algernon's baggage was stacked as before, all ready to be conveyed to the post-waggon. Mr. Beauclere and the Cherub were with it; but, as Frank and Bob had expected, there was no sign of the Honourable Algernon.

"Not turned up?" asked Bob.

Algernon.

"Not turned up?" asked Bob.
"No," answered Vere Beauclerc.
"I—I suppose Algy doesn't mean to
turn up till the waggon's gone."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I am afraid my lephew is doing
this intentionally," said Mr. Beauclerc, who seemed divided between

3.00

frowning and smiling. "It is really very absurd of him." "He doesn't want to go!" grinned

Bob.
"I am afraid there is no choice
"I am afraid there is no choice
shout the matter. At all events, his baggage is going to-day, and Alger-non must follow."
"Oh!" said Frank

on must follow."
"Oh!" said Frank.
"Lend me a hand with this, Verc."
"Yes, father."
Frank and Bob dismounted to help,
"The Hopographic Algernon's

too. The Honourable Algernon's baggage was not a light matter to

baggage was not a ngut master negotiate.

The remittance-man had borrowed a hand-cart from Cedar Camp for the conveyance of Algernon's extensive "truck." Trunks and boxes and bags were stacked on the hand-cart till it was heavily laden.

The cargo was wheeled away, bumping over the rough ground, to where the post-waggon stood waiting.

"Jest in time, you galoots!" said the driver.

the driver.

The baggage was stacked into the waggon. There was still no sign of Algernon; but his friends had given up expecting to see him now. Algy's property made quite a pile in the postwaggon, when it was all stacked in.

"No passengers?" asked the driver.

"Not by this journey," answered Mr. Beauclere. "You will see the baggage landed at Kamloops Station?"

"Sure."

The post-waggon drove off.

"Sure."
The post-waggon drove off.
Frank Richards & Co. rode away to Cedar Creek School-where they fully expected to see Algy again—taking Algy's horse with them. And they were not disappointed. They arrived at school just in time for lessons, and as they came into the big school-room they found Algernon sitting in his place. He nodded to them with a cheerful smile.
"Waggon gone?" he murmured, as

"Waggon gone?" he murmured, as Vere Beauclerc sat down beside him.

"Yes."

"Oh, good!" said Algernon. "I hope uncle isn't ratty?"

"No; but—"

"I dare say he will write that letter to the pater now," remarked Algy thoughtfully. "If he doesn't, I'm afraid I shall keep on missin' that dashed post-waggon—what?"

"Silence in class!" said Miss Meadows.

Meadows

And the Honourable Algernon smiled, and gave his usual nonchalant attention to his lessons.

The 5th Chanter

The 5th Chapter.
Algy's Farowell.
Chunky Todgers bestowed a beaming smile upon Algernon as the Cedar Creek fellows came out after morning lessons. But, to his surprise, his noble friend did not seem to observe it. Possibly the Honourable Algernon had had enough of Chunky's fascinating society. At all events, he omitted to see the fat arm Chunky would have put through his, and sauntered away into the playground with Frank Richards & Co. Algy seemed to be in high good-humour that morning.

"Awfully good of your pater not

that morning.

"Awfully good of your pater not to be waxy, Vere," he remarked. "I suppose he is findin' me rather tryin'. It's really too bad. I'm not goin' home yet, and that settles it."

"Your truck's gone," said Bob Lawless.

"Your truck's gone," said Bob Lawless.
"My what?"
"Truck—baggage, I mean."
Algernon gave a jump.
"Wha-a-at! You don't mean to say that my baggage has been sent on?" he ejaculated.
"Sure."

"Sure."

"M-m-mum-my baggage gone!"

exclaimed Algernon, in dismay.

"Labelled for England," said

Frank Richards, laughing. "It will

be put on the railway to-morrow

morning."

"Oh and!"

morning."

"Oh gad!"

The cheery brightness faded out of Algy's face. He seemed quite unnerved by the news.

"I say, that's too thick!" he ejaculated. "Has everything gone, Vere?"

"Everything!" said Beauclerc, smiling. "The trunks, the boxes, the

smiling. "The trunks, the boxes, the hat-boxes, the portmanteau, the bags, the rugs, the umbrellas, the guncases, the—"."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
But the Honourable Algernon did not laugh. He was serious enough

now.

"Oh gad!" he said dismally.

"Why, I sha'n't even have a shirt to change into!"

"You can buy a shirt in Thompson, at Gunten's Store," suggested Bob Lawless, with a grin.

Algernon seemed to find no comfort in the suggestion.

"A shirt—at Gunten's store!" he

said dismally. "My dear fellow, do you think I could wear the shirts they sell at Gunton's store?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I—I say, Vere, have my collars gone?"

gone?"
"Every one."
"Then—then—then I sha'n't even
be able to change my collar!" ejaculated Algernon, in almost awestruck

tones.
"You can get collars at Gunten's store, too," suggested Frank

store, too," suggested Frank Richards.
"Oh, don't be funny, old chap, at a time like this!" said Algy, with a groan. "I couldn't wear Gunten's store collars. I'm prepared to rough it, but there's a dashed limit. I—I—

it, but there's a dashed limit. I.-I. I say, you're sure the baggage has really gone?"

"We helped to put it in the waggon!" grinned Bob Lawless.

The three chums watched Algy's thoughtful face with smiling looks. It was evident that the dandy of Cedar Creek was quite knocked out by this information. Roughing it was one thing, but wearing such shirts, collars, and clothes as were sold at Gunten's store, was quite another.

was one thing, but wearing such shirts, collars, and clothes as were sold at Gunten's store, was quite another. As Algy said, there was a limit.

"I—I'm afraid the game's up!" murmured Algernon. "I'm beaten! If my baggage is gone—"

"And it is."

"Then—then I suppose I shall have to go!" said Algernon dolorously.

"Oh gad, what a blow!"
Algernon walked off to the corral. His friends followed him.

"Where are you off to now?" asked Frank Richards.

"We brought your horse along, if that's what you want!" said Vere.

"That's what I want. Nothin' to linger around here for now," said Algy. "I'm awfully sorry to be leavin you fellows; but a fellow can't live in one shirt and one suit of clobber. A fellow can't exist in one collar. I can't stay in bed for a day while this shirt is washed at the Chinese laundry at Thompson!"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"The game's up! I've got to go! I suppose I'd better cut in and say

while this shirt is washed at the Chinese laundry at Thompson!"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"The game's up! I've got to go! I suppose I'd better cut in and say good-bye to Miss Meadows."

"Cut in," said Frank. "We'll get out your horse, and we'll ride as far as the cabin. Mr. Beauclere will stand as some dinner."

"I suppose I can overtake my baggage at Kamloops, if there's no time lost," said Algernon thoughtfully. "That's all I can do now. I must have a change for the journey cast. Goodness knows what I shall do if the baggage has gene on by rail before I get to Kamloops. That would be a crushin' blow!"

Algernon bade good bye to the schoolmistress of Cedar Creek and to his schoolfellows. A crowd gathered at the gates to see him off as he rode away with the chums.

Algy was very silent during the gallop to the Beauclere's cabin. He was evidently troubled by the awful possibility that his baggage might have gone on before he could arrive at the railway-town to recover it.

Mr. Beauclere seemed surprised when the boys dashed un to the cabin. "Awfully sorry I missed your waggen this mornin', uncle," said Algernon. "I stayed last night with a chap, you know. I say, I suppose you're not thinkin' of waitin' for the next goes on Saturday," said Mr. Beauclere."

you're not thinkin' of waitin' for the next post-waggon, are you?".

"The next goes on Saturday," said Mr. Beauclere.

"Can't we ride to Kamloops?"

"Certainly, if you wish!"

"Naturally I wish. I suppose I can't travel to England in the clothes I stand up in!" said Algernon in surprise. "I've got to nail my clobber at Kamloops. When can you start, uncle—if you're ridin' with me?"

Mr. Beauclere smiled.

"This afternoon, after lunch—"

Mr. Beauclere smiled.

"This afternoon, after lunch——"

"Make it as early as you can!"
said Algernon anxiously.
Frank Richards & Co. stayed to the mid-day meal at the cabin. They tried to cheer Algernon, but he remained very thoughtful.

"Good-bye, old chap!" said Frank Richards, as Algy mounted his horse at last. "We'll see you again in the old country some day. Good-bye!"
There was a last handshake all round and the Honourable Algernon and his uncle started at a gallop on the southern trail. Frank Richards & Co. waved their hats and rode back to Cedar Creek. to Cedar Creek.

It was a week later that a letter came from Algy, written from Quebec. It was a very cheery letter. It appeared that the baggage had been found at Kamloops, and Algy had not been reduced to the awful extremity of travelling in a soiled collar. That good fortune seemed quite to console him for the parting.

THE END.