

# THE IDEAL WHITSUN HOLIDAY COMPANION

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

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## A Stolen Name!

By Owen Conquest



### A VISITOR FOR JIMMY SILVER!

#### The 1st Chapter.

#### An Amazing Visitor!

"Jimmy, you ass—"  
 "Hallo!"  
 "Jimmy, you chump—"  
 "What the dickens—"  
 "You—your fathead!"  
 Arthur Edward Lovell spoke with considerable emphasis. Jimmy Silver was in the end study, with Raby and Newcome, when Arthur Edward loomed up in the doorway, and addressed him.  
 "You silly ass!" continued Lovell.  
 "What do you mean by it?"  
 "By what?" demanded Jimmy Silver. "If you're not off your chump, old man, tell me what you're talking about?"  
 "Lucky I was at the gates," said Lovell. "Suppose he'd spoken to the porter?"  
 "He! Who?"  
 "Suppose the Head had seen him?"  
 "Whom?" roared Jimmy Silver.  
 "Him, of course! But don't stay here talking! You'd better go and see him at once. He says he's coming in if you don't go as you promised."  
 Jimmy Silver blinked at his chum.  
 "Has somebody called to see me?" he asked.  
 "Yes, you awful ass!"  
 "Then why doesn't he come in?" Lovell gave a snort.  
 "Pretty row there'd be, if he did! I wonder what Bootles would say if he saw that merchant coming in? You utter ass, how on earth did you

get to know such a disreputable, frowsy bouncer?"  
 "My dear chap, I don't know any frowsy bouncer—present company excepted, of course!"  
 "Oh, don't be a funny ass!" growled Lovell. "I tell you you'd better go and see him, and keep him off somehow. He said he'd come in if you didn't go out, and he looked as if he meant it. It would mean a terrific row."  
 "But who is it?" shrieked Jimmy Silver. "If you're not wandering in your mind, tell me what you mean!"  
 "He says his name is Larry Tigg."  
 "Never heard of it."  
 "Well, he knows your name well enough," said Lovell sarcastically, "and you know him by sight, anyhow. I've seen him about Coombe before. He's a stableman at the Bird-in-Hand pub."  
 "A—stableman at the Bird-in-Hand pub!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "And you say he's called to see me?"  
 "He's waiting at the gates for you now."  
 "My only hat!"  
 "What on earth does he want with you, Jimmy?" asked Raby, in great astonishment.  
 "Blessed if I know. It must be some mistake. I've never even heard of the man."  
 "Then how did you come to promise to see him to-day?" asked Lovell.  
 "I didn't!"  
 "He says you did, and that he waited at the stile for half an hour before coming on to the school."

"Wha-a-at?"  
 "And he's jolly waxy at being kept waiting," continued Lovell. "He says he'll wait outside the gates five minutes for you now, and if you don't come, he's coming in."  
 "Phew!" murmured Newcome.  
 "Jimmy, you ass—"  
 "Jimmy, you duffer—" said Raby.  
 Jimmy Silver rose to his feet.  
 "I tell you I don't know the man, and haven't the faintest idea why he's come here," he said. "I suppose there's a mistake of some sort. I'll go and see him, and you fellows can come. If he makes out that I know him, he's going to get my boot."  
 And Jimmy Silver, with a knitted brow, left the end study, and strode away down the passage, his chums following him.  
 Tubby Muffin was coming up the stairs, and he stopped Jimmy on the first landing, catching at his sleeve.  
 "I say, Jimmy—"  
 "Rats! Don't bother now—"  
 "I say, there's an awful bouncer lounging outside the gates," said Tubby, in great excitement.  
 "Mack's been out to him, and told him to go, and he won't go. He says he wants you."  
 "I know! Let go!"  
 "I say, Jimmy, it's awfully reckless of you to have acquaintances of that sort coming up to the school," said Muffin sagely. "I'd meet them somewhere else if I were you."  
 "Ass!"  
 To Tubby Muffin's surprise and indignation, Jimmy Silver took him by

his fat shoulders, and sat him down on the landing. That was his gratitude for Reginald Muffin's friendly advice.  
 "Ow!" gasped Tubby. "Why, you cheeky rotter! Yow! I hope the Head will see you with him now! Ow!"  
 Jimmy Silver hurried down the stairs, unheeding.  
 Peele and Lattrey and Gower were lounging at the foot of the staircase, and they grinned still more when Jimmy Silver appeared. Evidently they knew of the extraordinary visitor who was waiting at the gates for the captain of the Fourth. But Cyril Peele was looking rather serious, and he came quickly towards Jimmy.  
 "Silver, there's a man—"  
 "I know—"  
 "For goodness' sake keep him out of gates!" said Peele, in a low voice. "It may mean the sack for you if Mr. Bootles sees him."  
 Jimmy gave him a fierce look.  
 "Do you think I know anything about the man?" he demanded.  
 "Well, I suppose you do, as Muffin says he's asking for you, and won't go away."  
 "Well, I don't! I suppose the fellow has been drinking."  
 "Well, it's your own bizney," said Peele, shrugging his shoulders. "I'd keep him off the grass, though, if I were you."  
 And Peele walked away. Jimmy Silver had clenched his hand for a moment; but he uttered an impatient exclamation, and strode on to the big

doorway on the quad. Peele was heading for the Common-room, and Lattrey called to him.  
 "Let's go out and see the fun, Peele."  
 "We can see it from the window," answered Peele.  
 "Why not be on the scene?" asked Gower. "A lot of the fellows are going out—"  
 "Better keep indoors," said Peele. "We don't want to get mixed up in a row."  
 "Why not?"  
 "Well, I don't! You can suit yourselves."  
 And Cyril Peele went into the junior Common-room, one of the windows of which commanded a view of the gates.  
 "What rot!" said Lattrey.  
 Lattrey and Gower joined the fellows who were heading for the gates. The news that there was a peculiar character there, demanding to see Jimmy Silver, and refusing to go away, naturally caused some excitement among the juniors.  
 Jimmy Silver hurried down to the gates, unheeding the curious glances that were cast on him from all sides. He did not even look to see whether his chums were following. But they were close behind. Jimmy's brows were knitted, and his lips set. His usually serene temper was considerably ruffled by this time.  
 "There he is!" breathed Lovell. "Rowing with old Mack! Oh, you are an ass, Jimmy!"  
 "Fathead!" growled Jimmy Silver. And he hurried on.

### BULKELEY HOLDS HIS OWN!



## A STOLEN NAME

(Continued from the previous page.)

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### The Order of the Boot!

##### Huntside!

Mr. Mack spoke emphatically. His crusty countenance was almost crimson with indignant wrath. Fifteen or sixteen fellows already had gathered about the old gateway, looking on at the scene.

"I ain't going!"

"I tell you—"

"And I tell you—"

"Chuck him out, Mack!" called out Mornington of the Fourth encouragingly. "We'll lend you a hand if you like!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Petty Grace.

The gentleman at the gates stood his ground. He looked a very unusual sort of visitor for a school like Rookwood. He was a short, squat man, in dirty clothes and gaiters, a red muffer in the place of a collar, and a dented bowler hat on the side of his head. The flush in his stubble face hinted that he had refreshed himself at the bar of the Bird-in-Hand before paying this extraordinary visit to Rookwood School. He had a straw in the corner of his mouth, and a short, thick stick under his arm.

"I ain't going!" he repeated stubbornly, with a scowl at the grinning crowd of schoolboys. "I've called to see young Silver—"

"You ain't no business with no young gentleman at this 'ere school!" said old Mack indignantly. "You've been drinkin', that's what's the matter with you! You clear off afore something 'appens to you!"

"Not without seein' young Silver."

"Chuck him out, Mack!"

Old Mack hesitated.

The ruffian was rather a hefty-looking fellow, and it was doubtful whether the school porter was equal to the task of hauling him. Moreover, the man was just outside the gates, on the public road, where anyone had a right to be if he chose. Old Mack barred his way in.

"Hallo! Here's Jimmy Silver!"

"Gentleman to see you, Silver!" called out Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth, and there was a laugh.

"Silver don't look pleased!" murmured Mornington.

"Some old pal of yours, Jimmy!" grinned Townsend.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver pushed his way through the crowd, unheeding, his brow growing darker. He did not seem to find the scene so entertaining as the other fellows did.

Old Mack turned to him.

"This 'ere man says he wants to see you, Master Silver," he said. "Course, you don't know 'im?"

"Of 'course I don't!" snapped Jimmy.

"That's what I've told him. But he won't go!"

Jimmy Silver fixed his eyes on the horse-looking man.

"Well, I'm Silver," he said. "Now, what do you want with me?"

Larry Tigg stared at him.

"You're the young cove, are you?" he said.

"I'm Silver, if that's what you mean. What the dickens do you mean by comin' here and asking for me?" exclaimed Jimmy angrily.

"You never come along to the stile, as arranged," answered Mr. Tigg sullenly. "That's why I come 'ere."

"Are you off your chump?" exclaimed Jimmy. "I've never arranged to see you anywhere! I don't even know you!"

"That be blowed for a tale!" answered Mr. Tigg. "I let you off last night on your promising word of honour, to see me at the stile at 'arf-past five to-day. It's past six now!"

Jimmy Silver blinked at him.

The man was speaking quite seriously, and he seemed to be under the impression that he was stating the facts. There was evidently a mistake somewhere, though where and how Jimmy could not guess. The juniors in the gateway exchanged curious glances.

"Better go down the road a bit, Jimmy!" whispered Lovell.

"What for, you ass?"

"Suppose the Head or Bootles should see—"

"Ass!"

"Or a prefect. Bulkeley's in the quad; I saw him—"

"Do you think I care?" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "I don't know this man from Adam, and I've nothing to say to him that the Head couldn't hear. I suppose he's intoxicated!"

"Here comes Bulkeley!" murmured Mornington.

"Look out, Jimmy—"

Bulkeley of the Sixth strode on the scene.

"What's the row?" he demanded.

Mr. Tigg backed away a pace or two. The big, athletic captain of Rookwood was a more dangerous customer to deal with than old Mack. Bulkeley could have handled Mr. Tigg with the greatest of ease, and the horsey gentleman was quite aware of it.

"This 'ere tramp—" began old Mack.

"No offence, sir," said Mr. Tigg more civilly. "I've called to see Master Silver—"

"Do you know this man, Silver?"

"Certainly not!"

"I should hope not!" said Bulkeley grinning. "I think I've seen you before, my man, hanging about a public-house in the village. You'd better get back there!"

"I ain't going!"

"Your mistake; you are!" interrupted Bulkeley decisively. "You've no business here! Clear off!"

"I ain't—"

Bulkeley advanced, and Mr. Tigg had to retreat, or come into collision with him. Apparently he did not want to come into collision. He backed away into the road.

"Look 'ere, young man," he exclaimed, "I've called to see that young rip! He owes me money!"

"Do you owe him money, Silver?"

"Of course not!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "How the thump could I owe him money when I don't even know the blackguard!"

"Quite so! I only asked, kid. The man's been drinking, I suppose. Now, kindly travel off at once, my man!"

"I ain't— Leggo!" yelled Mr. Tigg, as Bulkeley took him by the shoulders. "And off, I tell yer!"

Bulkeley tightened his grip, and Tigg struggled in vain. He was no match for the big Sixth-Former.

Bulkeley spun him round and marched him a few paces along the road, Mr. Tigg wriggling furiously in his grasp.

"I don't want to hurt you," said Bulkeley quietly. "But you can't kick up a shindy at the school gates, and you ought to know it. Are you going? Or do you want my boot?"

"I won't go!" roared Mr. Tigg. "I'll go to the 'ead—I'll—"

"For the last time!" exclaimed Bulkeley impatiently.

"No, I won't! I— Yoooop!"

Thump!

Bulkeley's boot came into contact with Mr. Tigg's person, and the ruffian staggered forward two or three paces.

"Hurrah!" chortled Mornington. "Well hit! Right on the wicket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tigg recovered himself, and spun round. He made a spring at Bulkeley, with his stick whirling in the air.

"Look out, Bulkeley!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

But Bulkeley did not need the warning.

He was looking out.

With a quick side-step he eluded the slash of the stick, and hit out. Mr. Tigg caught a set of iron knuckles with his ear, and spun over into the dust.

Crash!

Mr. Tigg measured his length in the road, the stick clattering down. Bulkeley picked it up and tossed it over the trees.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" mumbled Larry Tigg, as he sat up in the dust and gasped.

"I'm sorry to have to hit you," said Bulkeley quietly. "You asked for it. Now, will you go without further trouble?"

"Ow! Wow!"

Mr. Tigg staggered to his feet, backing carefully away from Bulkeley as he did so. He had one hand to his damaged ear, and he shook the other, clenched, at Rookwood generally. Then he took himself off.

### The 3rd Chapter.

#### Very Suspicious Circumstances!

Bulkeley turned back into the gates as soon as Larry Tigg had disappeared, with a frowning brow.

"All right now, Mack," he said shortly. "I don't think the man will come back."

"Thank you kindly, sir!" said Old Mack. "I couldn't 'ave 'andled him like that! That's jest what he wanted!"

And old Mack ambled off to his lodge, grinning.

"Come with me, Silver!" added Bulkeley.

"Yes, Bulkeley."

Jimmy Silver followed the captain of Rookwood into the quad. The crowd at the gate broke in lively discussion of the extraordinary episode.

Bulkeley did not speak till he was out of hearing of the juniors. Then he stopped, and fixed his eyes on Jimmy.

"What does this mean, Silver?" he asked abruptly.

Jimmy coloured.

"I don't know, Bulkeley," he answered.

"You don't know that man?"

"No."

"Ever seen him before?"

"I've seen him hanging about the village," said Jimmy. "I've never spoken to him, and never knew his name till to-day."

"Then, why did he come here?"

"I don't know."

"It's extraordinary that a man you don't know should come here and insist on seeing you, and say that you owe him money!"

"I know it is."

"Of course, I take your word, Silver. Otherwise, I should have taken that rogue in to see the Head," said Bulkeley. "If I thought you had acquaintance with such a character, I should have to believe you; but you can see yourself that it's jolly queer!"

"I suppose he was tipsy," said Jimmy.

"That doesn't account for it. He wanted money, and he seemed to think he could get it from you. If it was just an attempt to extort money, it's queer that he should come up to the school. He ought to have known it was no good."

"I can't understand it," confessed Jimmy Silver. "It beats me!"

"If you give me your word that you know nothing whatever about the man, Silver—" said the Rookwood captain, after a pause.

"My word of honour, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver, flushing.

Bulkeley nodded.

"That settles it, then."

And the captain of Rookwood walked away, satisfied so far as Jimmy Silver was concerned, but evidently very much perplexed.

Jimmy shared his perplexity, for that matter. That Mr. Tigg had been drinking was doubtless true, but that alone did not account for his conduct. Lovell and Raby and Newcome joined him when Bulkeley was gone.

"Well?" said the three juniors together.

Jimmy Silver looked at them rather dourly.

"Well?" he answered.

"You awful ass, Jimmy—"

"Look here, Lovell, I—"

"If you wanted to see that ruffian, why didn't you keep the appointment?" demanded Arthur Edward.

"You silly chump!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "I never had any appointment with him. I don't know the man."

"Then, why did he come here?"

"How should I know?"

Lovell & Co. exchanged glances.

"If you fellows can't take my word," said Jimmy, his voice trembling a little, "you can do the other thing. But in that case, you needn't take the trouble to speak to me again."

"Don't be an ass!" said Raby, uncomfortably. "Of course, we take your word. But it's jolly queer!"

"Awfully queer!" said Newcome, shaking his head. "If you give us your word, Jimmy, that settles it, of course; but I own up I don't understand it. And—the other fellows as—"

"They won't swallow it," said Lovell. "I suppose we're bound to swallow it, but the other fellows won't."

"Let them go and eat coke, then!" growled Jimmy Silver.

And he strode into the School House with a very ruffled brow. He was perplexed and puzzled himself, and extremely annoyed by the peculiar incident.

"Now Jimmy's got his back up!" murmured Raby.

"Well, he shouldn't do these things!" said Lovell dogmatically.

"But he says—"

"That's all very well—"

"Dash it all, Jimmy don't tell whoppers!" said Newcome. "It's jolly queer; but it's just as Jimmy says."

"That's all right," assented Lovell. "If he says he don't know the man, he don't know him. But—"

"But—" murmured Raby.

"Let's go in and have tea," suggested Newcome.

The chums of the Fourth went in. They found Jimmy Silver in the end study, still looking very ruffled. Tea in the end study was not so cheery and chatty as usual that day.

### The 4th Chapter.

#### Tubby Muffin is Shocked!

"All alone—eh?"

Valentine Mornington strolled into the end study after tea, with his hands in his pockets.

Jimmy Silver was alone there.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome had gone down immediately after tea; the atmosphere of the end study was rather chilly just then.

Jimmy remained in the study. He knew that the fellows downstairs were discussing the visit of Mr. Larry Tigg, and he did not want to hear anything of it. He was in a rather worried mood, too, trying to think out what the incident meant, and he was wondering uneasily whether the last had been seen of Mr. Larry Tigg.

He was not specially pleased to see Morny just then, but he nodded.

Mornington regarded him with a curious look, and Jimmy did not quite like it.

"I suppose you've been hearin' a lot about that bouncer comin' along to Rookwood," Mornington remarked.

"More than I want to hear!" answered Jimmy.

"Perhaps I could help you out."

"I don't quite see—"

Mornington smiled.

"You see, I've been there," he explained. "Before Erroll came to Rookwood the Bird-in-Hand was not exactly unknown to me. I can't say I ever had anythin' to do with the stable contingent; but I used to know the place. Erroll's kept me on the strait and narrow path since. I daren't have shocked him!"

"All the better for you!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Agreed! Now, I'm speakin' to you as a brand snatched from the burnin'," said Mornington. "Like the gentleman on the tub at the street corner, I used to be everythin' that was bad, and now I'm a perfect model. As an example to youth, I consider myself second to none!"

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"I'd like to help you out, old top, that's all."

"I don't need any help that I know of," said Jimmy Silver, staring at him.

"I mean, about that frowsy waster who came here to-day—"

"You surely don't know anything about that!"

"Nothin' at all; and don't want to. But, havin' been there myself, I can make allowance for misguided youth!" explained Mornington. "You've always been supposed to be a solemn old judge; but even judges kick over the traces at times, I believe. And you're inexperienced—you get yourself landed. You were an awful ass to get mixed up with a brute like Larry Tigg. You see, a waster like that has nothin' to lose—no appearances of any sort to keep up."

"But, you ass—"

"The best thing you can do is to get clear as soon as possible, and keep clear. That's where I can help you. If it's money, I'm in funds just now, and I can lend you some."

"Ass!"

"If it's not money," said Morny unperturbed, "all the better. Whatever you owe the man, you'd better pay, and I'm willin', if you like, to take the matter in hand for you. After this, you'll have to be jolly careful, of course! I'll see the man, if you like, and settle with him."

Jimmy Silver stared blankly at the dandy of the Fourth.

It dawned upon him that Morny intended to be kind, that he supposed the captain of the Fourth to be mixed up in some shady transaction, like his own escapades of old, and was offering to help him out.

"You—you—silly ass!" ejaculated Jimmy, at last.

Mornington nodded.

"Quite so. I agree. Anybody's an ass who bothers his head about anybody else's troubles. Quite!"

"I don't mean that."

"I do. But, asinine as it is, I'd like to help you through. You're really not made for these little games, and I'm an old sinner, and know the ropes. See?"

Jimmy Silver burst into a laugh.

"I suppose you think I've been getting mixed up with that gang of rogues at the Bird-in-Hand, and backing horses, or something of the sort," he said.

"No bizney of mine. I haven't formed any theories at all. I'm only advisin' you to get clear, and keep clear."

"I suppose you're not meaning to insult me?" said Jimmy. "I dare say I ought to thank you for your offer."

"Not necessary at all. Just let me take the matter in hand, and see this Tigg merchant, and choke him off for you. Is it a go?"

"I'm very much obliged," said Jimmy Silver, with a touch of sarcasm. "But I really haven't been playing the goat. I haven't spoken to the Tigg merchant till to-day. I don't owe him any money, and I haven't the faintest idea why he came to Rookwood."

"So that's it?" smiled Mornington.

"That's it."

"I wouldn't hint, of course, that your statements are not equal in veracity and value to those of the late lamented George Washington. But, seriously, Silver, do you think that chicken will fight?"

"If that means that you don't believe me—"

"My dear old bean, I'm prepared to believe anythin'," said Mornington, with a yawn. "You don't want my help, and you want me to mind my own bizney. Done, then! Ta-ta!"

And Valentine Mornington lounged out of the end study.

Jimmy's brows contracted darkly.

It was only too clear that Mornington did not believe a word of his denial, and only supposed that he wished to keep his own secrets.

Jimmy half-rose, but sat down again, with a grunt of impatience. He could hardly pick a quarrel with Morny, when the latter had only come there to oblige him—as he supposed. And—looking at the matter from an outside point of view—Jimmy could see that the circumstances were curious enough to cause doubt.

"By Jove! If that boozey bouncer Tigg should come here again!" muttered Jimmy, between his teeth.

"I say!"

## Funny People From Funland

### Farm!



These are only two of the many jolly characters appearing every Tuesday in "Little Sparks" which is full of COLOURED pictures and picture stories now and is like an entirely NEW paper! Take a copy home to the little ones TO-DAY.

## LITTLE SPARKS 1½

The ALL-PICTURE Paper for Children.

Tubby Muffin rolled in. The fat Classical did not come in very far. He remained strategically near the doorway, prepared to retreat at a moment's notice. There was an expression of owl-like seriousness on his fat face, and it was plain that he had not come, like Mornny, to sympathise and oblige, Jimmy Silver gave him an impatient look.

"Well?" he snapped.

"I'm going to speak quite plainly to you, Jimmy Silver!" said the fat junior sternly. "I feel bound to!"

"What do you mean, you fat idiot?"

"I'm shocked at you!"

"What?"

"Shocked!"

"You—you babbling jabberwock—you!"

"You needn't try to get out of it by calling a fellow names," said Tubby Muffin, with dignity. "I'm shocked at you, James Silver. I've said so, and I mean it. Haven't you jawed me, and even ragged me, because I've smoked a cigarette now and then, and had a game of banker in Peele's study? And now you go on like this!"

"Like what?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"This! Bad acquaintances! Low pubs!" said Tubby Muffin. "I'm surprised at you—surprised and shocked—I may say disgusted!"

Tubby Muffin raised a very fat and not over-clean forefinger, and pointed it accusingly at the enraged captain of the Fourth.

"I'm shocked!" he repeated firmly. "I may have been a bit of a dog at times myself. But this is the limit! You're captain of the Form, and you've lectured fellows—fellows like me! And all the while you've been a whited what-do-you-call-it?"

"A—a—a what?"

"A whited thingummy," said Tubby Muffin, with great severity, probably meaning a whited sepulchre. "A blessed humbug! That's what you are, Jimmy Silver! And I'm shocked at you!"

Jimmy Silver's temper had been sorely tried that afternoon. Now it failed him.

He jumped up, and made a bound for Tubby Muffin.

Reginald Muffin scooted out of the doorway at a wonderful speed, considering the weight he had to carry along with him.

"Yah! Keep off!" he yelled, as he fled.

But Jimmy Silver did not keep off; he was wrathful. He rushed into the passage after the fleeing Muffin.

Biff!

Tubby Muffin had, as he stated, been shocked; and now he received another shock, still more painful, in the shape of a boot landing upon him from behind.

"Yaroooh!"

"There, you fat dummy!" panted Jimmy Silver. "And now, if there's any more of your rot—"

"Yah! Oh! Oooooop!"

Tubby Muffin went down the Fourth Form passage as if he were on the cinder-path. He did not stop till he reached the stairs; then he paused, and blinked back, and ascertained that he was not being pursued. Jimmy Silver was glaring at him along the passage, that was all. Tubby panted for breath.

"You hear me, Silver?" he howled, from his safe distance. "I'm shocked at you! Hear that? Shocked!"

"I'll—"

Jimmy started along the passage.

"Shocked!" yelled Tubby Muffin defiantly; and he fled down the stairs two at a time and vanished.

many agreed with him that there wasn't.

Unless Tigg was a lunatic, he must have had some motive; and if he was a lunatic, even, why had he picked on Jimmy Silver?

And Topham remarked that there was no smoke without fire. Smythe of the Shell averred, with great wisdom, that you never knew a fellow until you found him out. And Tubby Muffin observed, many times, and with increasing emphasis, that Jimmy Silver was nothing more or less than a whited what-d'ye-call-it.

Lovell and Ruby and Newcome accepted Jimmy's assurance on the matter, as they were bound to do; but they did not feel easy in their minds about it. Larry Tigg was undoubtedly a malicious rascal, but even a malicious rascal would not be expected to act in a perfectly purposeless manner. Supposing that the fellow had lied, why should he lie about Jimmy Silver, whom he did not know, and could be supposed to have no grudge against? Lovell & Co. tried hard to put implicit faith in Jimmy's denial, but they were sorely troubled.

Jimmy was sorely troubled, too. He realised how the matter looked to others, and could hardly blame the fellows for the view they took. More exasperating than anything else was a show of sympathy and understanding from the black sheep. Lattrey and Gower. Cyril Peele kept his distance, but Gower and Lattrey favoured

woke up and saw your bed empty. Where were you then?"

"It was such a fine night, I thought I'd have a stroll," said Peele blandly. "I walked about a bit admiring the beauties of Nature."

"Draw it mild!"

"What about asking Silver in here for a little game?" asked Lattrey, after a pause. "Now he's found out, I suppose he needn't go on keeping up that blessed humbug."

Peele shook his head hastily.

"Nothin' of the sort!" he exclaimed. "You'll get a dot on the nose if you ask him anythin' of the kind."

"I don't see why he should be ratty. He's found out!"

"Drop the idea, you ass!"

"Stuff!" said Lattrey obstinately. "I'm goin' to ask him! If he can back horses with a frowsy blighter like Larry Tigg, he can play nap in this study, I should think. I'm goin' to be friendly with him."

"I said a civil word to him in the Common-room, and he scowled at me like a demon in a panto," said Gower.

"That was before the fellows; I'm goin' to tip him the wink quietly." And Lattrey strolled out of the study. Peele shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know anythin' about this man Tigg, Cyril?" asked Gower curiously.

"Nothin' at all!"

"You've been about the place more than I have, you know."

"Tigg's never seen me there. He

amicably. "Don't scowl at your old pals, you know!"

"Tain't our fault, old top," murmured Raby.

"I'm getting fed up with this," said Jimmy Silver savagely. "Half the fellows think I've been playing the griddy goat like that cad Lattrey or Peele."

"More than half, I'm afraid," murmured Newcome.

"You shouldn't—" began Lovell, and stopped.

"Shouldn't what?" demanded Jimmy Silver fiercely.

"N-nothing! Don't get waxy!"

"You fellows don't half believe me yourselves," said Jimmy bitterly.

"Oh, yes, we—we do, you know. We—we only think it's jolly queer, that's all," stammered Lovell.

"My only hat! There's that fellow again!" ejaculated Raby.

He pointed to the gate.

Jimmy Silver spun round, with an exclamation. The school gates were still locked, at that early hour; but outside, through the bronze bars, could be seen the untidy figure of Mr. Larry Tigg. He was holding two of the bars in his dirty hands, and peering in.

He made a movement as Jimmy turned, and he saw him.

"Hi!" he shouted.

"Take no notice," whispered Lovell hurriedly.

"I'll speak to him," said Jimmy, between his set lips.

**The 6th Chapter. Rough Justice.**

"Look here, Jimmy—" Lovell burst out, as the captain of the Fourth turned away from the gate.

"Well?" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Are you going to meet that fellow?"

"Yes."

"And, you say you don't know him and—"

"I've told you so."

"What does this mean, then?" demanded Lovell hotly.

"If you weren't the silliest ass in Rookwood, you'd guess," answered Jimmy Silver. "I want you fellows to come with me this afternoon. I'm going to take a cricket-stump."

"What on earth for?"

"To give that rascal a good hiding," said Jimmy. "I don't know who he is, or why he thinks he has any hold over me; but I know he's trying to get money out of me by threats, and that's enough. If you fellows will come and help, I'll give him a lesson that will make him tired of blackmailing Rookwood chaps!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

"Got that into your brain at last?" inquired Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"Then—then you're not afraid of his seeing the Head?"

"Why should I be afraid, you silly ass?"

"Oh! All right!"

"Yah!" That sudden ejaculation came from Reginald Muffin, who was hovering in the offing. "I saw you, Jimmy Silver! Yah! I'm shocked at you! Yah!"

Jimmy made an angry stride toward the fat Classical, and Tubby did not stay to tell him that he was a whited thingummy; he fled.

During morning lessons that day Jimmy Silver wore a thoughtful look—perhaps thinking as much of his coming meeting with Mr. Tigg as of his lessons. He was glad when lessons were over. After dinner most of the juniors were thinking of cricket; but for once Jimmy Silver had no time for cricket. He came out into the quadrangle with his chums, and with a stump under his arm, at a quarter to three. It was time to start to keep his curious appointment.

Lovell & Co. were looking very cheerful. Jimmy's drastic intentions with regard to Mr. Tigg could not fail to convince them that the rascal had no real hold over Uncle James, of Rookwood.

The Fistical Four left the school and walked down the road towards Coombe. Half-way to the village there was a stile in a lane off the road; and on that stile a frowsy figure in gaiters was leaning, smoking a short, black pipe.

"There he is!" said Lovell, in a low voice.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Come on!" he said.

The juniors turned into the lane and stopped at the stile. Larry Tigg touched his battered bowler with an air of mock respect.

"You've come!" he said.

"Yes, we've come," said Jimmy Silver. "I've brought my friends, and I've brought this stump. See?"

Mr. Tigg started a little.

"And what's the stump for?" he demanded.

"To thrash you, you rascal!"

"Wh-a-at?"

"If I were big enough to handle you, I'd give you a licking, as Bulkeley did yesterday," said Jimmy Silver. "As the matter stands, I'm going to thrash you with this stump. See? Ready?"

"And wot about what I'll do afterwards?" sneered Mr. Tigg. "Like me to walk up to the school and interview your 'eadmaster, eh?"

"You can if you like."

"You don't mind?"

"Not in the least. Dr. Chisholm won't be very much down on me for thrashing a blackmailing rascal, I fancy!"

"I don't mean that. What about your little game on Monday night?" said Mr. Tigg jeeringly.

Jimmy looked at him attentively.

"On Monday night I was fast asleep in my dormitory at Rookwood," he said. "What are you driving at?"

Larry Tigg winked.

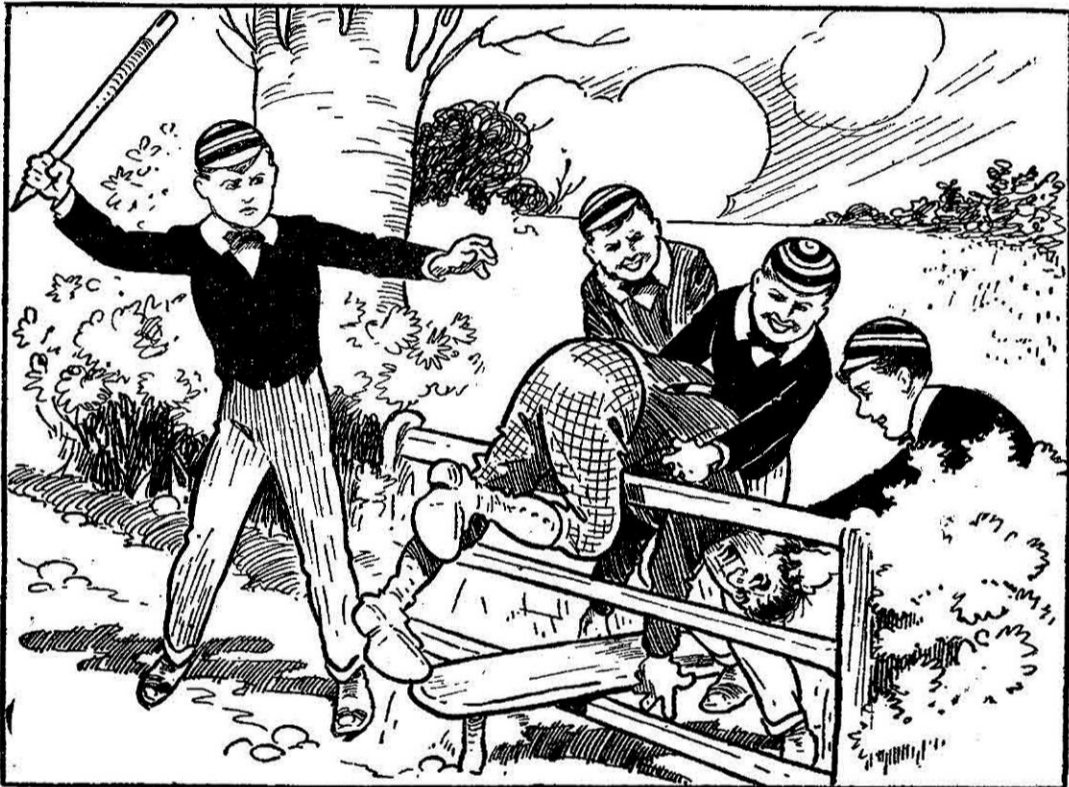
"You can tell that to the Marines," he said. "I know where you was on Monday night—near midnight, too, you young rip!"

"Phew!" murmured Lovell.

"Well, where was I?" asked Jimmy contemptuously.

"You was climbing the school wall to get in, and you knows it!" said Larry Tigg savagely. "You knows well enough that I came along the road and found you doing it, and caught you by the ankle and stopped you getting over!"

"My only hat!"



**REWARDING A ROGUE!** "Put him over the stile, face down!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "Yes, rather!" gasped Lovell. "Leggo! 'Eip! Parlice!" howled Mr. Tigg. But there was no help for Larry Tigg—there was only stern justice. He was collared and flung over the stile, with Lovell, Raby, and Newcome grasping him forcibly. Then Jimmy Silver commenced operations with the stump. Whack! whack! whack! "Yoop-yow-ow!" yelled the unfortunate Mr. Tigg.

Jimmy with smiles and nods, evidently in the belief that he had turned out to be a bird of the same feather. They were prepared to welcome him into their own shady fold, in fact, and to make much of him as a recruit. Jimmy replied to their overtures with savage frowns, which did not disconcert them very much, however.

"Now he's found out, he may as well own up," Lattrey remarked, in the study shared by the precious trio.

"No good his trying to keep up appearances after a show-up like that!"

"No good at all," agreed Gower.

"What do you think, Peele?"

Peele laughed.

"The high-and-mighty and spotless youth is bowled out at last, it seems," he said. "Funny, isn't it?"

"He's kept it awfully dark," said Lattrey musingly. "We've been about the Bird-in-Hand a good bit, ourselves, and we've never seen anythin' of him there. Joey Hook's never mentioned him to me, either."

"He seems to have chummed up in the stables," grinned Gower. "Of course, that fellow Tigg was a gob-between. I dare say he managed Silver's business with Hook. He's been backing horses, of course. That's the only way Silver could be owing the man money!"

"Looks like it!" grinned Peele.

"You ought to know more about it than we do, Peele; you were at the place last night," said Gower.

"You're mistaken; I wasn't."

"Don't spin that to me, old chap; I

sleeps over the stables, and I never go anywhere near the stables," said Peele. "He's no idea that I've ever been near the place. I'm too jolly careful for that!"

"Pity for Silver that he wasn't as careful," said Gower, laughing.

Peele laughed, too.

"Hallo, what's the row?" exclaimed Gower a few minutes later, as the study door opened to admit Mark Lattrey.

Lattrey came in, holding his handkerchief to his nose. There were stains of crimson on the handkerchief.

"Given Silver your invitation?" grinned Peele.

"Groooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gower.

Evidently Lattrey had delivered his invitation to the captain of the Fourth with disastrous results to his nose. Whether Jimmy Silver had been "found out" or not, he had made it clear that he did not seek admission to the honourable circle of the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood.

In the Fourth Form dormitory that night, there were many curious glances at Jimmy Silver; which Jimmy affected not to notice.

His face was clouded when he turned in.

When the rising-bell clanged in the morning, Jimmy Silver turned out, and left the dormitory first, without a word to the other fellows. But Lovell and Raby and Newcome were very soon after him, and they found him in the quadrangle.

"Cheero, old fellow!" said Lovell

He hurried down to the gate, his chums following him. Larry Tigg grinned as they arrived. Jimmy Silver fixed his eyes on the ruffian, through the bars of the gate.

"Have you come here for me?" he asked quietly.

"Wot!"

"And what do you want?"

"My money—two quids it is," said Mr. Tigg. "A quid was what I said on Monday night, but I'm goin' to 'ave two now, arter wot I went through 'ere yesterday. Got it about you?"

"No," said Jimmy quietly. "I haven't two pounds about me!"

"You'd better raise it somewhere, then," said Mr. Tigg, in a bullying tone. "I come 'ere this morning to leave a message for you with the old bloke in the lodge. If you don't want trouble, you'll 'and me that little sum to-day. I can get off my job this afternoon, if that soot? Say the word. Three o'clock will soot you, at the stile?"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"Make it three, at the stile," said Mr. Tigg. "only don't play me up again, young feller. If you ain't there, I'm coming on to the school agin, and scuin' the 'eadmaster."

"I'll come to the stile at three o'clock this afternoon," said Jimmy.

"I can do it, as it's a half-holiday."

Mr. Tigg gave a nod of satisfaction.

"I'll be there!" he said.

And with an impudent wink, the rascal shuffled off down the road.

Jimmy Silver was not in a genial mood that evening.

"Keep smiling" was Jimmy's favourite maxim, and he generally succeeded in living up to it; but on this particular evening his smiles were conspicuous by their absence.

The affair of Mr. Tigg would have worried and perplexed him, in any case; and the way the other fellows took it made it much more annoying and exasperating.

Some of them, like Mornny, were sorry to see Jimmy "landed" like this—some of them were surprised and shocked, as Tubby Muffin declared that he was. But, apart from his own chums, there were few who credited the statement that Jimmy was wholly ignorant of Mr. Tigg and his motives in coming to Rookwood.

It was, as Townsend remarked in the Common-room, all rot. Why should a man Silver didn't know come and ask for a fellow he didn't know, and say that fellow owed him money? There wasn't reason in that view, said Towny sapiently; and

"Oh, that makes you change your tune, does it?" sneered Mr. Tigg. "Well, if you don't and over the money you promised me to keep it dark your 'eadmaster will know all about it. I promise you that!"

"You're making a mistake——"

"Oh, come off!"

"You say it was nearly midnight on Monday?"

"Jest about," said Mr. Tigg. "The Bird-in-And was closed, and I'd been up the road to Woolcot with some pals. I was coming back when I see you."

"And what was I doing?"

"Climbing over the school wall, as you knows very well. It give me a start, at first, and I thinks it's a burglar; but then I sees it's only a kid. Then I knowed what it was—a young rip getting in, arter being out of bounds at night," said Larry Tigg. "I thinks to myself that this is worth something to me, I thinks, so I catches you by the ankle and 'olds you. And you give a 'owl!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at Mr. Tigg, and then at their chum. They understood now why the rascal supposed that he had a hold over the captain of the Rookwood Fourth.

"You—you weren't out of bounds

that night, Jimmy?" exclaimed Arthur Edward, breathlessly.

Jimmy shook his head.

"It was pretty dark on Monday night, Mr. Tigg," he said. "There wasn't a moon. How do you know who it was climbing over the wall? You couldn't have seen him very clearly."

"So that's the yarn, is it?" sneered Mr. Tigg. "I know it was you, 'cause your name's Jimmy Silver."

"Did the fellow have his name on a label?" asked Jimmy sarcastically.

"Oh, don't give me any back-chat!" growled Larry Tigg. "I 'ad 'old of your ankle, and you was a-trembling like a leaf. I says as I'd 'old you and ring the porter's bell, and you offered me a quid to let you go and keep it dark. 'Done,' I says. 'You come along to-morrow with the quid and I'll be at the stile.' I says 'What's your name?' 'Jimmy Silver,' says you. 'I'm Silver of the Fourth Form.' I knowed that name; I've 'eard speak of you, and seen the name in the local paper."

"Well, Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Form," I says, 'you come along to-morrow and 'and over the quid, and you're all right,' I says, 'but if you don't turn up,' I says, 'you can

expect to see me at Rookwood,' I says. And then I lets you go, and you 'ops it."

Jimmy Silver listened quietly, with a contemptuous smile on his face.

"I dare say it happened as you say," he remarked. "You haven't brains enough to make up a yarn like that. But I suppose it didn't occur to you that a fellow in a fix like that wouldn't be likely to give you his own name?"

"Watcher mean?" growled Mr. Tigg. "You give me your own name—I know your name's Jimmy Silver."

"Quite so; but I wasn't the fellow on the wall on Monday night. It was someone else, and he gave you my name instead of his own."

"Chuck it!" said Mr. Tigg. "You don't believe that?"

"Course I don't! The fellow give me the name of Jimmy Silver, and it was you, right enough. Feller just about your size, too, and in the same clothes."

"We're all dressed much alike in the Fourth, and more or less the same size."

"That chicken won't fight!" said Mr. Tigg. "'And over the cash, young feller-me-lad, or I'm going to your 'eadmaster—and I've 'ad enough jaw on the subject, too!"

"Same here!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, it wasn't I you caught on Monday night, Mr. Tigg. I can guess who it very likely was—but that's neither here nor there. You caught a fellow in a scrape, and you've tried to bully money out of him—only you've got hold of the wrong man. You can go to my headmaster, if you like, and as soon as you like. You're a blackmailing rascal, Mr. Tigg; and when you go to my headmaster with your yarn you can also tell him that you had a first rate thrashing for your dishonesty. Collar him, you fellows!"

"Look 'ere——"

"Pile in!" grinned Lovell.

"'Ands off!" roared Mr. Tigg. "I'll— Oh crumbs! Leggo!"

Mr. Tigg hit out furiously as the juniors collared him.

Lovell gave a howl and dropped on the road, but Jimmy and Raby and Newcome grasped the ruffian, and pinned him against the stile. Arthur Edward jumped up and rushed in. In four pairs of hands Mr. Tigg found that he hadn't much chance.

"Put him over the stile, face down!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Yes, rather!" gasped Lovell.

"Leggo! 'Elp! Perlice!" howled Mr. Tigg.

But there was no help for Larry Tigg; there was only stern justice. The stile was excellently placed to "hoist" him; Larry Tigg hung over it, face down, with his boots on the step on one side, his hands on the step on the other. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, grasping him forcibly, kept him securely in that position, while Jimmy Silver commenced operations with the stump.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

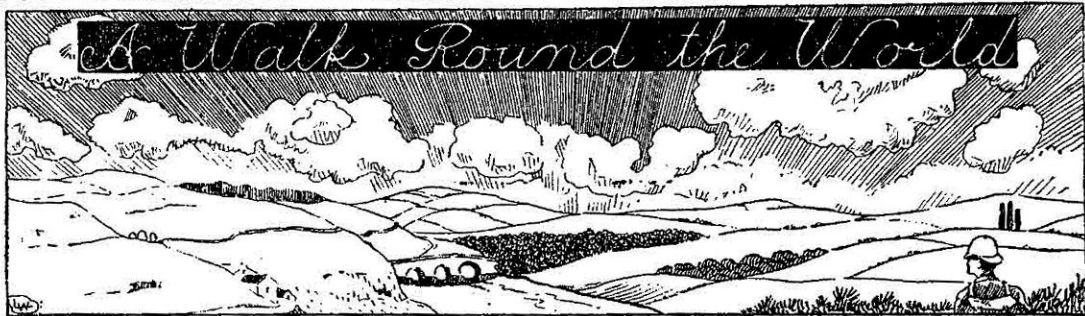
The dust rose from Mr. Tigg's frowsy garments in clouds; and from Mr. Tigg himself there rose a series of yells. But Jimmy Silver did not run any risk of spoiling Mr. Tigg by sparing the rod. He laid on a dozen of the best, and he was a little breathless when he had finished.

"That will do!" he said. "Now he can come up to Rookwood if he likes."

Mr. Tigg went rolling over the stile, to land in a bed of nettles on the other side. And his frantic howls followed the Fisticaf Four for a good distance as they walked home to Rookwood.

THE END.

(Next Monday's long complete story of Rookwood School is entitled "Saving a Scamp!" By Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)



By LESLIE WILSON.

(A Splendid Series of Articles dealing with the Author's Experiences in Different Parts of the World.)

I have told in previous articles of a number of my adventures, and I have yet more to tell; but as you read them I want you to remember that these experiences extended over a period of five years and seven months, walking alone nearly the whole of that time in strange places, and among strange peoples. So that it is not so very wonderful all these things happened to me, is it?

Now, this week I shall commence by going back for a time into Cape Colony, and tell you of a little adventure I had in that beautiful strip of country that lies south of the Drakenberg-Range.

Writing from memory, I cannot tell of the exact spot of this episode in my tour, but remember it was somewhere near Humansdorp, on the way from Knysna to Port Elizabeth.

I was on a long stretch that day—a forty-odd-mile walk—and I had not set out until close on eleven o'clock in the morning, owing to very heavy rainstorms overnight.

The afternoon turned out beautiful, though hot, and towards 4 p.m. I found that I had made excellent progress, though the walk was somewhat tiring, owing, not so much on account of the heat, as to the great number of flooded spruits I had to cross.

About the hour mentioned I came to a cross-road that I had been told overnight marked the entrance to a piece of land that by crossing would save me four or five miles walking at the day's end.

I could not mistake the place, because I had to get through a fence of cactus and stones.

I found that crossing this land was not so easy as I was led to believe it would be, as it was rather a trouble keeping the right direction, owing to the small bushes and irregular nature of the ground. But, with the aid of the sun and signs, helped out now and again by a glance at my pocket compass, I got along fairly well, and had travelled about two miles across the short cut when I noticed, about twenty-five yards off and walking toward me, a male ostrich.

I had already been all through the famous Oudtshoorn district, and had walked among thousands of these birds during the past few weeks, but I had never seen before such a tremendous bird as the one now advancing toward me.

About fifteen yards off he came from round a small bush into an open space, and I saw then that there was an iron collar riveted round his left leg just below the knee-joint.

I stood still to better admire the bird and marvel at his size. I did not know then that this particular bird was insane; had I known I would

not have stood within a few feet of him calmly admiring his build nor anything else about him.

Within about twenty feet of me he stopped, and then, for the first time, I suspected that he was not a normal bird, for I read murder in his eyes—and I read a right. He paused for a second or two, then, after a preliminary beating up the dust around with his wings, he suddenly streaked for me like a flash of lightning. Although his eyes had telegraphed to me something of his intentions, I was not expecting such a sudden attack, and, consequently, was somewhat unprepared.

Within a few feet of me he stopped so suddenly that his feet threw up a cloud of dust, and then he lashed out



A pause in the march.

a murderous kick with one of his dreadful feet.

Some of you boys who have only seen these huge birds in a zoo may think that a kick from an ostrich would not be very dangerous; but when I tell you that with one kick they can disembowel a horse or bullock, and that many men have been kicked to death by these birds, you may alter your opinion.

An ostrich can only kick forwards and downwards.

Fortunately, instinct stood me in good stead on this occasion, and before the deadly foot could land I had jumped slightly to the left just out of danger, at the same time, bringing up my walking-stick. I aimed a blow at the most vulnerable part of the bird—his neck. But I was too short, and the blow missed; but, swiftly recovering, I tried a second,

and this time caught him a stinging blow about half-way up the neck, and before he could move I got in another successful swing, though this one was lighter than the first. Before I could strike again he had turned and run off about twenty feet, and stood with his mouth open, panting for breath, all the time eyeing me evilly.

It was no use my running off, for the brute would overtake me in a few strides, and there was no shelter within many miles, while the bushes and boulders in this part were inadequate to form protection.

I knew that in such a case as this I could lie down flat on the ground, for in that position these birds cannot kick one; but, instead, they come and sit on the top of one, or even on occasion jump on one. And as a full-grown ostrich weighs anything between eight hundred and nine hundred pounds I did not fancy this method.

I stood watching for his next move, and I had not long to wait, for after about two minutes' rest he turned, took two or three slow steps toward me, and then as swiftly as before he came for me again. This time I was ready for him, and as he came up to kicking distance I sprang to one side and slightly forward and got in two more blows with my stick, this time very violent blows with the full strength and weight of my arm, and I caught him higher up the neck.

These two blows would have killed an ordinary ostrich; but this chap was a real hard case, for, as before, he ran off to about twenty feet, and stood gasping for breath.

The first real dread came to me then. I thought that he meant to attack me a third time. I felt that, should he come for me again, I would not be so fortunate as before, and the insane ostrich would have his revenge.

As he stood there recovering his breath I noticed some fair-sized flints on the ground, and, collecting them as quickly as possible, I began throwing them at the huge bird.

Evidently the bombardment came as a surprise to him, for, instead of attacking, he began to walk slowly away, every few feet pausing for a few moments to turn and watch me, as if debating whether to rush me again. But, luckily for me, he was satisfied.

I would not trust him, and did not move until I could just see him in the far distance; then I moved—and moved quickly—to get away from that quarter, and I never felt really safe until I arrived at my destination that same night.

It was in Khama's country that I had my first real introduction to a

South African tiger, a species of leopard.

It was before I met the chief. I was walking alone at the time, well to the east, and on one scorching hot day I had been resting near a poor water-hole in the doubtful shade of a Boabab-tree until the afternoon sun robbed me of that small shelter. So I took to the trail again, feeling very hot and uncomfortable.

I had only walked some few hundred yards when I came out upon a clearing, which I crossed; but found on the further side a circular shaped bush that I had to circuit, as it was too dense for me to push my way through.

Underfoot was heavy sand, and my footfalls made little or no noise. Also, having done such a lot of walking through bush and wild country, I had acquired the art of walking surely and silently. I was now walking slowly round the bush, when suddenly I came face to face with a tiger, which had been walking round the bush toward me.

On sighting one another we stopped, with less than ten feet separating us.

I don't know how the leopard felt, but he looked rather surprised; as for myself, to say that I was surprised is putting it very mildly, for I was so astonished I don't remember having any feelings one way or another. All I could do was to stand and look at the animal in front of me.

We must have stood in that position looking at one another for about thirty seconds, when the leopard suddenly turned aside and walked into the bush. Fortunately for me, I had



Crossing a spruit.

been too surprised to use my revolver, as any movement on my part may have raised the ire of the animal, with perhaps disastrous results to myself.

After he had disappeared I moved on my way, giving that particular bush as wide a berth as possible, expecting every moment that I would be attacked.

The worst of it was, I had to camp out that night, and had to make the camp before sundown. As the bush was rather dense in this district I made little headway in the afternoon, and, as a consequence, I had to make my resting-place for the night within a comparatively short distance of the afternoon's adventure. I collected enough wood for the night, and got a small fire going; but as the night was very dark and the fire but a small one, I did not feel too comfortable. And it was terribly lonely for

me in the heart of that bush, knowing that a tiger was somewhere in the vicinity, and most probably watching me all the time.

I was in very good fettle about this time, my health was perfect, and my nerves in good order, so, although I did not like the thoughts of Mr. Tiger watching for a favourable opportunity of attacking me, I determined that I was not going to let that thought rob me of my sleep. I was extremely tired, so late in the night I concluded to take my chance, and so, after making up a huge fire, I lay down with my revolver to hand, and almost at once I fell asleep. In the early morning I suddenly awoke; it was very still and dark, and my fire had got very low.

Resting on one elbow, I kept as still as I possibly could, at the same time searching the darkness with my eyes, and listening intently.

In times of danger, such as anyone coming into my bed-room at night or an animal prowling close to my camp in the bush, or anything at all threatening me during sleep, I possess an instinct, or intuition, that warns me, wakes me, and puts me on the alert. The instant I awake I possess all my faculties, and am ready for action, with all my wits about me.

I knew that my instinct had not failed me on this occasion, and so that is why I kept very still and moved only my eyes. I never saw this particular danger, but I knew that it was in the bush and close to me. I knew it was there as certain as if I could actually see it. I never had a doubt about it. And so, while I felt the danger was near, I kept still, but on the alert. After a few minutes I felt that the danger, whatever it was, had moved off. And then I got up, kicked the fire into a blaze, piled on a heap of fresh wood, and lay down again, and slept until the sun had begun to show his jolly face above the tree-tops.

I have told you about this incident of my tour, first, because this was my introduction to the carnivorous wild animal life in Africa, and, secondly, because I want you to remember in reading about wild animals that they do not always attack a man on sight. Nine times out of ten, if a man does not interfere with carnivorous animals, they will not interfere with him. I have travelled many countries, and was seventeen months doing Africa, and I consider that I know something of wild animal life.

During my trip in Africa I came upon lions on many occasions and many other so-called dangerous animals, but, with the exception of one occasion they never attacked me, the reason being that, keeping my wits about me, I never interfered with them in the first place. It is only natural that when a lion or any other carnivorous animal is hunted and harried, and especially when wounded, that it will often attack and try to do injury to whoever interferes with him.

I am not implying that all these wild animals are not dangerous, because an old man lion or lone lion is always dangerous; and all the cat tribe, such as the leopards and tigers of India, are more or less dangerous, because they are of a treacherous breed.

I have been chased on sight by wild-pigs and a rhinoceros. These animals are herbivorous and not carnivorous, and they possess about the highest order of courage among all the animal kingdom.

A Delightful Complete Story of the Chums of Cedar Creek School.



# IN CHASE OF A CHUM!

A Long, Complete Story of  
**FRANK RICHARDS & Co.,**  
the Chums of the School in the  
Backwoods.  
By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

## The 1st Chapter. Nothing Doing!

"It's Bob!"  
"Good!"  
Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc were riding at a gallop through the long grass, their faces to the south. It was late afternoon, and at Cedar Creek School Miss Meadows was dismissing her pupils.  
Three of Miss Meadows' pupils had been absent from the school in the backwoods that afternoon, and there had been much comment at the lumber school on the absence of Frank Richards & Co. But certainly nobody at Cedar Creek was likely to guess the real reason why Bob Lawless was absent, and why his chums had ridden in pursuit of him.  
Frank Richards shaded his eyes with his hand, looking steadily across the expanse of high grass, glimmering in the westerling sun. Far ahead was the figure of a rider trotting, and Frank was certain that he recognised his missing chum.  
"It's Bob right enough," he said. "We're only a couple of miles off Silver Creek now. We shall catch him before he gets there."  
"All the better," said Beauclerc. "We'll make him come back with us, too."  
"We'll try," said Frank rather doubtfully.  
And the chums rode on faster, urging their horses to their greatest speed.  
Bob Lawless became plainer to the view as they gained on him. His horse had dropped into a walk as he drew nearer to his destination. Far away, where the creek glistened in the sun, the first cabins of Silver Creek could be seen.  
Bob did not look back. He did not seem to think of pursuit.  
His brow was wrinkled, and his eyes downcast with thought as he rode on through the grass.  
It was not till the sound of horses close behind him startled him that he looked quickly round.  
Then he started violently at the sight of Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc coming on at a gallop.  
He gripped his reins harder as if about to ride off at a gallop, but changed his mind and wheeled round to meet his old chums. His look was anything but welcoming.  
"You here!" he exclaimed.  
"Yes!" panted Frank, as he came up breathlessly, and pulled in his horse. "And thank goodness we've found you!"  
Bob gave him a gloomy look.  
"What do you want?" he asked.  
"You, old chap."  
"You got the note I left you at the school, I suppose?"  
"Yes; that's why we're after you."  
"Then you've cut school this afternoon."  
"We had to," said Beauclerc. "But it's all right if you ride back with us now, Bob."  
Bob Lawless' face set hard.  
"I'm not coming back," he answered. "You shouldn't have followed me. I'm keeping on. Good-bye!"  
"Hold on!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "Bob, you're playing the goat. You know you can't bolt like this."  
"Your father—" began Beauclerc.  
"I've thought it all out," interrupted Bob Lawless. "I guess I've made up my mind. I didn't know you fellows knew where to look for me."  
Frank Richards smiled slightly.  
"We know that the Grand European Opera Company had started for Silver Creek when they turned

out of Thompson," he said. "We knew they're stopping at Silver for the night, and they're giving a performance there to-day. So we know where to find you, you ass!"  
Bob frowned.  
"Does Miss Clarissa de Vere know that you are following her?" Frank demanded.  
"Of course not!" muttered Bob, flushing deeply.  
"What will she think of you, you awful duffer, when she knows?" said Frank, hardly knowing whether to be angry or amused with his chum.  
Bob Lawless' infatuation for the operatic singer was serious enough in his own eyes, but, naturally, it seemed anything but serious to his chums. It was so unlike Bob to "play the

Good-bye! Don't follow me. I don't want to quarrel with you chaps, but we shall quarrel if you follow me any farther."  
With that, Bob Lawless rode on towards the camp.  
"My only but!" muttered Frank Richards.  
Beauclerc shrugged his shoulders in an exasperated way.  
"What are we going to do now?" he asked. "I suppose it's no good having a row with the silly ass!"  
"No fear!"  
"But we can't go back without him!"  
"No. I'm going to see Miss de Vere, and tell her how the matter stands," said Frank determinedly. "She will make him act sensibly, I

The little wizened Frenchman grinned at him amiably. Bob Lawless had made the acquaintance of the touring company in Thompson, where he had rendered them a service which Monsieur Mungo had not forgotten. Bob jumped off his horse.  
The Grand European Opera Company was camped on a vacant plot in the single street of Silver Creek, next to the log hotel. There was a big tent and several smaller ones, and stacked wagons. From the big tent proceeded the sounds of music.  
A performance was being given, and the big tent was well filled. Monsieur Mungo was standing at the entrance, apparently being door-keeper as well as impresario.  
"You come to see vunce again, isn't it!" said Monsieur Mungo. "Zat you entree. You sell not payer—oh, no! You goes in."  
"Is Miss de Vere singing?" asked Bob.  
"Mais oui! C'est la derniere acte de 'Carmen' maintenant. Vat you say, last of acts?" said Monsieur Mungo. "Tie up your cheval ici, and you go in wizout pay, yes."  
Bob Lawless thanked the kind little gentleman, and tethered his horse to one of the posts outside the tent. Monsieur Mungo waved him in, but Bob paused in the entrance.  
"I—I'd like to go in, sir," he muttered; "but—there's something else. I asked you in Thompson if you'd give me a job in the company—looking after the horses, or anything—"  
Monsieur Mungo smiled.  
"C'est vrai," he assented. "I tell you to ask permission of fazzer, isn't it? Now you have come for zat job?"  
"Yes," said Bob.  
"Bon! Zen you remain, if you saff like," said Monsieur Mungo. "Now you may go in."  
"Thank you, sir!"

and-readier than even in Thompson. But in the midst of it all Clarissa looked beautiful, sweet, a bright, particular star. Bob Lawless watched her with his heart in his eyes.  
The last bars of music died away, and the scene was over. Bob turned with the buzzing crowd that came tramping out of the tent.  
He skirted round the big tent, in the hope of seeing Miss de Vere leave. He guessed that the leading lady would be putting up at the hotel, not camping out with the smaller fry of the company. From an exit at the back of the tent several members of the company emerged, in the dusk, and Bob started and trembled, as a graceful figure emerged, in company with a man, chatting and laughing as they crossed the vacant lot towards the log hotel, half a dozen yards away. It was Miss Clarissa who spotted the schoolboy, and she started as she saw him, and smiled. Bob Lawless raised his hat nervously.  
"Hallo, that kid!" said Charley de Vere, with a stare, as his sister stopped to speak to Bob.  
"Wait a minute, Charley—"  
"Oh, you come on!" said Charley, and, with a very brief nod to Bob, he walked on to the hotel. The performance had made Mr. de Vere thirsty, and he had pressing business in the bar of the Silver Creek Hotel.  
"My dear boy, what are you doing here?" exclaimed Clarissa, as she shook hands with Bob Lawless, her bright eyes resting upon his face with a rather amused gaze. Possibly the beautiful Clarissa was not wholly unaware of the fact that the rancher's son worshipped the ground she walked on with her dainty feet.  
"I—I came—" stammered Bob.  
"To see the show once more!" smiled Clarissa. "You must have taken a long ride. I fear you will be late home."  
"I—I'm not going home."  
Clarissa raised her eyebrows a little.  
"Mr. Mungo's given me a job in the company," explained Bob Lawless, flushing. "I—I—I'm going to help with the horses."  
"Come, come!" said Clarissa. "It is so, really—"  
"But you are not poor," said Clarissa. "I understood you were a schoolboy. You belong to a ranch. You are not in need for a horse-boy's job. What does this mean, then?"  
"I—I wanted to come. You—you don't mind my coming?" stammered Bob.  
Clarissa laughed.  
"No; why should I? But it is very strange. You will not find the life easy or pleasant."  
"I don't mind that."  
"I think you will soon change your mind," said Clarissa, smiling, and, with a nod, she went on to the log hotel.  
Bob Lawless watched her till she disappeared, and then turned away, with a dreamy look in his eyes. Clarissa's voice still sounded in his ears like music. How beautiful she was; how kind!  
"Mon petit! Boy! Garçon!"  
It was Monsieur Mungo's voice.  
Since Bob had entered his employ, there was work to be done, and Bob's dreamy meditations were interrupted. He was called upon to help with the tent, which had to be struck and packed. Bob piled in vigorously, and made himself very useful, so much so that he earned a word of commendation from Monsieur Mungo. But all the while he worked two bright eyes and a sweet smile danced before his vision.  
Two riders came along the rugged street, as Bob was labouring with the canvas and tent-poles, and they spotted him, and rode on. Bob Lawless did not see Frank Richards and Beauclerc. But they had seen him, and they realised that there was no time to be lost. The Grand European Opera Company was taking the road in the morning, and their new horse-boy would be going with them, unless his chums could prevent it. While Bob was labouring with the tents and waggon, his chums stopped at the log hotel, tethered their horses, and entered.



**A MESSAGE FROM CLARISSA!** Charley de Vere found Bob Lawless helping to stack a waggon with operatic props. He tapped the schoolboy on the shoulder. "Miss de Vere wants to see you," he said gravely. "No. 7 room in the hotel yonder. Mosey along!" "Thanks!" gasped Bob. He cut off at once, and Charley took his place and helped to stack the waggon, chuckling the while.

goat" in this way, that his chums could not really understand it. But they understood that Bob was making a fool of himself, and that they were going to save him from his folly—if they could!  
"I—I'm joining the company, to—to help with the horses, that's all," said Bob. "Old Mungo is willing to give me a job. Clarissa—I mean, Miss de Vere—don't know, but—"  
"There's still time to come home, old chap," said Beauclerc persuasively. "If we ride back now, your father need not know anything about it—"  
"I tell you I'm not coming back!"  
"But what are you going to do, then?"  
"I'm going with the players."  
"But you can't—you know—"  
"I'm going to!"  
There was a short silence. Frank Richards and Beauclerc exchanged a hopeless glance. Bob wheeled his horse towards Silver Creek again.  
"Good-bye!" he said.  
"Bob!"  
"You can tell father I'll write.

should think. Anyway, there's a chance."  
"Bob will be awfully wild."  
"Let him!" said Frank. "It's for his own sake. There'll be no end of trouble if he doesn't come home."  
"That's true enough; but—"  
"We'll get into Silver Creek later, and find out where the singer is putting up, and call," said Frank. "No need to see Bob again—till afterwards."  
"Right-ho! I suppose it's the best thing to be done."  
And the chums rode on slowly. Bob Lawless had long been out of sight when they came into Silver Creek in the falling dusk.

"Pas du tout."  
Bob Lawless entered the tent, his heart beating.  
The die was cast now!  
Monsieur Mungo apparently took it for granted that he had his father's permission, since he had followed the company to Silver Creek. Naturally, monsieur did not suspect the schoolboy of being in love with his leading lady.  
Bob found the tent crowded, and he had to stand at the back, amid a crowd of the Silver Creek "galoots."  
The last act of "Carmen" was drawing to its close, and Miss Clarissa de Vere was on the stage.  
Bob's eyes were fixed upon her at once.  
How beautiful she looked in the light of the naphtha lamps, which served as footlights.  
The stage and all its appurtenances were very rough-and-ready. The Grand European Opera Company roughed it very considerably in its tour in the Canadian West. At Silver Creek everything was much rough-

## The 3rd Chapter. Frank's Appeal!

"It will be all right, Frank!"  
"I hope so."  
The chums were waiting.  
Frank Richards had soon ascertained, from a Chinese servant of the hotel, that Miss Clarissa de Vere was there, and a tip of a dollar had easily induced the Chinese to carry a note to the prima donna. The chums were waiting for the answer now.  
Frank had quite determined upon his course, which seemed the only one to be taken. There was only one



## In Chase of a Chum.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Not at all! I am glad you came."

And with that, the leading lady of the Grand European Opera Company dismissed Frank Richards.

As Frank went down the passage, Charley de Vere came along with a cigar in his mouth and entered the sitting-room.

Frank rejoined Beauclerc.

"Well?" asked the latter.

"It's all right, I think," said Frank. "Miss de Vere is a real brick. She's going to speak to Bob, and tell him to come home."

"Good!"

"We'd better hang about for a bit and see. Better not let Bob see us again yet, I think. Let's go and get some grub."

"That's a good idea," said Beauclerc, smiling.

And the chums adjourned to the dining-room.

Meanwhile, Charley de Vere had entered the prima donna's sitting-room, with the big cigar still glowing in his mouth.

"Hallo! You're wasting time, old girl!" was his first remark. "You ought to be packing! We start early to-morrow."

"I've something to see to first, Charley. I want you to find that nice little boy—"

"Oh? What boy?"

"Lawless—you remember—"

"Oh, yes! What about him?"

"Bring him here!"

"What on earth for?" demanded Charley. He extended a cigarette-case to Miss de Vere, who accepted a cigarette, and lighted it, with a thoughtful air. "What do you want the kid for?"

"To speak to him."

"Old Mungo's taken him on to look after the horses. What the thunder do you want to speak to a horse-boy for?"

Clarissa laughed.

"He has to be sent home. You see, he did not come after us, it seems, to look after the horses—"

"What for, then?"

"Me!"

Charley stared at Miss de Vere for a moment blankly, and then burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is very amusing," confessed Miss de Vere. "But he is a nice boy, and you must not say anything to him. Leave him to me."

"Ha, ha! The little idiot!" gurgled Charley. "How old does the young ass think you are? About twenty-five, I suppose."

"I don't think I look more than twenty-five."

"No more you do, old girl," said Charley loyally. "But the little ass— Ha, ha! Never mind, go easy with him. He was really plucky, the way he chipped in when that boozey ass at Thompson was handling his revolver. I'll send him along. Shove that cigarette away before he comes—ha, ha!—and don't let the Chinese bring in your whisky-and-soda while he's here. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Charley walked out, still chortling.

He looked out for Bob, and found him helping to stack a waggon with operative props. He tapped the school-boy on the shoulder.

"Miss de Vere wants to see you," he said gravely. "No. 7 room in the hotel yonder. Mosey along."

"Thanks!" gasped Bob.

He cut off at once.

Charles de Vere took his place, and helped to stack the waggon, chuckling the while.

### The 4th Chapter. Poor Bob!

"Come in!"

It was Clarissa's sweet voice, as Bob Lawless tapped timidly at the pine door.

Bob's heart thumped as he entered. "Carmen" looked very beautiful, with the lace shawl over her head, the candle-light in the room being very merciful to the grease-paint; moreover, Miss de Vere was turned a little from the light.

"Shut the door!" said Clarissa. Bob obeyed.

"Now sit down!" Bob sat down.

Miss de Vere shook an admonitory finger at him.

"You are a bad boy!" she began.

"Oh, miss!" gasped Bob.

"I believe you have run away from school, and from home," said Miss de Vere. "Isn't that the case?"

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

He wondered how Miss de Vere had guessed, having no suspicion that Frank Richards had been seated on that same chair only half an hour ago.

"You are a very foolish boy," continued Clarissa, smiling. "Now, tell me why you have done this?"

Bob's face was scarlet. He tried to speak, but he could not.

"I am waiting."

"I—I—"

"Yes?"

"I—I—I—"

"Was it because you wanted to see me again?"

"Yes!" gasped Bob.

"And why?"

"I—I—I—"

"Come, you must tell me," said Clarissa. "Speak to me just as if I were your—your old aunt, you know."

Bob jumped.

"Oh, I couldn't! You—you're not old enough to be my aunt!" he stammered.

"How old do you think I am?"

"About—about twenty, I suppose," stammered Bob.

Miss de Vere gave him a very sweet smile.

"Older than that," she said—"much older! I am afraid you are a very foolish boy, Bob."

Bob Lawless smiled. He did not mind Miss de Vere calling him a foolish boy so long as she called him "Bob."

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Sixteen next birthday!" said Bob.

"That birthday was a long way off, but Bob had a strong desire to be as old as possible just then.

"And why did you wish to see me again?"

"I—I—I—"

"You must tell me."

"Because I—I—I—Bob's throat felt dry, and he gasped—"I—I—I— Oh, Miss Clarissa, can't you guess?"

Then he trembled, almost scared by his own temerity.

"Yes, I think I can guess," said Clarissa, laughing. "For that reason I have sent for you to tell you you must go home at once."

Bob's face fell.

"Go home!" he repeated.

"Yes, at once."

"I—I can't!"

"You must, my dear boy," said Miss de Vere gently. "And you must put this folly out of your thoughts."

Bob Lawless shook his head.

"I can't!" he said. "I—I suppose you think I'm a fool, Miss de Vere. But—but you don't know you don't know what I think of you. I know it's a cheek, but—but—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Because I have to pack it, you know," said Miss de Vere cheerfully. "I never travel in my stage hair, of course. It is too expensive for that."

Bob could only blink.

It had never even occurred to him that his charmer's lovely locks were simply appurtenances of the stage.

Miss de Vere removed the beautiful locks, Bob sitting dumb.

She threw the shawl over her head again, with a rather tremulous smile.

Bob did not move or speak.

In her own hair Miss de Vere was still a very charming lady. But Bob no longer thought that she was not old enough to be his aunt!

She turned to him again.

"Will you call to the Chinaman?" she asked.

"Sure!" gasped Bob.

"Tell him I am waiting for my whisky."

"Your—your what?"

"Whisky!"

"Oh!"

Bob Lawless staggered to the door.

He found the Chinese at the end of the passage, and gave him the message. Then he came back.

Miss de Vere greeted him with a charming smile. She smiled through the haze of a cigarette.

"You do not smoke?" she asked.

"Nunno!"

"That is good; it is bad for you. I never smoked till I was thirty," said Miss de Vere. "I am used to it now, of course."

Bob sat dumb. If Miss de Vere had never smoked till she was thirty, and was used to it now—

Bob's fairy visions were crumbling.

The Chinaman came in with the whisky on a tray. Bob watched the prima donna of the Grand European Opera Company as if fascinated, while she poured out a good "three fingers," and added very little water.

It was a dose that Buster Bill, of Thompson, would not have disdained, and Miss de Vere swallowed it with evident satisfaction.

"Now I shall have to send you away," she said, with a charming smile. "I must pack."

"Oh!" gasped Bob.

He staggered to his feet.

"You will go home?" said Clarissa, her eyes resting upon the boy's face rather wistfully. It had been painful for her as well as for poor Bob to let the scales fall from his eyes. "My dear boy, you see now how foolish you have been. How old do you think I am now?"

"I—I don't know."

"I shall be forty in two years!" whispered Clarissa.

"Oh!"

Bob stood rooted to the floor.

He understood dimly that the kind-hearted woman had undeceived him for his own sake, and that it must have cost her much to do so. His folly was past; commonsense had come to the rescue now. But his feeling towards Miss Clarissa was grateful, tender, and admiring still.

She held out her hand.

Bob's face was still a little pale, and his brow troubled. But there was a change in his look, that his chums noted at once.

"Yes. We've just had supper," said Frank cheerily. "You'd better come and do the same!"

"I don't want any supper; I'd rather get off."

"Where?"

"Home!"

"Oh, all right! Come on!"

Bob's chums did not ask any questions.

They left the Silver Creek Hotel with him, and took their horses. Bob's horse was among the animals belonging to Monsieur Mungo's company, and he had to fetch it, and make some explanation of his sudden departure to the little Frenchman. That was not a difficult matter; Monsieur Mungo was quite indifferent whether his new recruit stayed or went.

A little later three schoolboys rode out of Silver Creek on the dusky trail under the stars.

It was a long, silent ride.

Hardly a word was exchanged among the three as they galloped back under the stars towards Thompson.

Frank Richards and Beauclerc were only too glad that Bob had come to his senses, and they were deeply grateful to Miss de Vere. As for the particulars, they did not care to know them.

Near the Beauclercs' cabin Vere called "Good-night!" to his comrades, and rode off in the gloom. Frank and Bob trotted on towards the Lawless Ranch.

It was close by the ranch-house that Bob spoke at last.

"I've played the fool, Frank!"

"Yes, old fellow," murmured Frank.

"But she is a splendid, good sort, Frank! I—I was right to admire her. Of course, it's all over now, as far as playing the fool is concerned. I—I— You see—"

Bob broke off. "I—I suppose there'll be a row about cutting school. That don't matter much."

"We can stand it," said Frank.

"I wonder—I mean, you needn't say anything at home. We're rather late, but—"

"Not a word, of course!"

"We've been late before. Come on, Frank, let's get in."

"You young rogues! I was getting anxious about you," said Mr. Lawless, as his son and nephew came in.

"Never mind, your supper's ready. I suppose you're ready for it—eh?"

"Oh, yes, uncle!" said Frank.

Bob, rather unexpectedly, did full justice to the supper. That night, before Frank went to sleep, Bob made one more remark:

"She's a jolly good sort, Frank!"

"I'm sure she is!" said Frank.

And that was all.

The next day Bob looked very much like his old self when he rode to Cedar Creek School with his chums. The brief romance was over, and Bob Lawless was a cheery school-boy again, for which his devoted chums were duly thankful.

THE END.

## GOOD STORIES!

### ONE FOR HER!

"As my wife, at the window, one day stood watching a man with a monkey,

A cart came by with a broth of a boy, Who was driving a stout little donkey.

To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,

"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."

To which she replied, as the donkey she espied,

"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage!"

### CRIPPLED

Tramp (sitting on step): "Please help a poor cripple!"

Gentleman: "Certainly! Here you are! But how are you crippled?"

Tramp (as he pockets the coin): "Financially, sir."

The Sire: "You seem proud of your disgraceful conduct at college. You ought to be too ashamed to be proud of it."

The Son: "On the contrary, I'm ashamed of my conduct, and I'm proud to be ashamed of it."

### The 5th Chapter.

#### All Serene!

"Hallo, Frank!"

Bob Lawless stumbled out of the passage and almost ran into Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc.

"You here?" he said.

"You do not mind—" she murmured.

"What?" asked Bob.

"If I remove my wig—"