WANT TO BE PHYSICALLY PERFECT?

(See Our Grand Article Inside.)

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THREE HALFPENCE. [Week Ending June 12th, 1920.



MORNINGTON'S RECKLESS ESCAPADE!

Whilst Mr. Bootles talked with the Head outside the Form-room, Valentine Mornington clambered over the window-sill and dropped to the ground below. A few moments later he was speeding out of the gates on his bicycle, with old Mack staring after him in blank amazement!

The 1st Chapter. Called to Order.

"Morny!"

Jimmy Silver uttered the name in

tones of surprise.

School was over at Rookwood, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had gone down to Little Side for cricket practice. They had hardly started when Valentine Mornington, of the Classical Fourth, came along with his

bat under his arm. Jimmy was surprised to see him. Mornington had had one of his periodical fits of slackness that afternoon, and had considerably exasperated Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth. For which reason Mr. Bootles had detained him for an hour after lessons, and at the present moment Morny was supposed to be

grinding Latin in the Form-room. Morny nodded coolly to the captain of the Fourth.

"Here I am," he remarked. "You oughtn't to be here," said Jimmy Silver, with a frown.

"Why not? As I'm in the eleven for Wednesday, I suppose you expect me to turn up at practice. I was really expecting to meet with your gracious approval," drawled Morn-

ington.

Jimmy Silver shatles let you off?" detained. Has Boo ply! "You're A

('Not at Ill!" Then you sught to be in the rprm-room.

'Morny, old chap-" began Kit

Bosh !" interrupted Mornington. Boot es has gone to his study, and h w on't think of looking for me in Form-room. Most likely he's forgitten by this time that I'm detained at all. You know what an ass he is. Anyhow, I've chanced it, and here I

"Suppose Bootles should see you, and yank you back to the Formroom?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell.

with Bootles! Give Bootles a rest!"

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows. not considered "the thing" at Rook- | better clear." wood, and Jimmy Silver was very far from approving of it.

"Look here, Morny—" he began. "Do you want me to go back?" asked Morny sarcastically.

"Yes; I think you ought. You | did not bowl. jolly well deserved to be detained, and you know it; you were pulling | so," he answered. "Jimmy Silver is Bootles' leg in class this afternoon, skipper, Morny; a fact you seem to "Oh, don't be an ass!" exclaimed and you couldn't expect him to stand have forgotten."

it. Any other master would have licked you. You'd better clear off from here."

"Well, I'm not goin' to," said Mornington coolly. "I've come here to do some battin', and I'm goin' to do, it. Who's goin' to bowl?"

And Valentine Mornington walked to the wicket.

"Cheeky ass!" growled Lovell. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. He was on fairly friendly terms with Mornington, who was a good ington had supposed. There was a cricketer, and a valuable member of dark frown upon his face as he the Junior Eleven. But he often hurried towards the cricket-ground. found the dandy of the Fourth very

exasperating. "Look here, Morny," he said quietly. "This won't do. You're "Oh, he won't! Bother Bootles!" supposed to be detained, and you said Mornington. "I'm quite fed up | can't be here playing cricket in sight | of all Rookwood. You're making me a party to your cheeking Bootles, and Disrespect to a Form-master was I'm not having it. I tell you, you'd

"Who's bowlin'?" repeated Mornington, unheeding. "You can save your breath, Jimmy Silver; I'm not goin' in! You bowlin', Raby?"

George Raby had the ball; but he

Tubby Muffin. "Look out, Morny! Here comes Bootles!"

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Mornington. For a moment Morny looked dismayed.

All the cricketers glanced round in

the direction of the School House, from which Mr. Bootles had emerged. Evidently the master of the Fourth was not quite so forgetful as Morn-! "You ass, Morny!" exclaimed Newcome. "You've done it now! Bootles must have seen you from his

study window." "I say, he looks awfully ratty," grinned Tubby Muffin. "Look out for squalls, Morny! He, he, he!"

"You'd better cut," said Lovell. Mornington had made a movement as if to retreat; but he checked it, any other junior at Rockwood; but | your detention task undone. How he had plenty of nerve to "face the | dare you act in this manner, Morningcame. His lofty pride would not authority?" arrive, with an air of cool unconcern remained silent.

There was a sudden howl from -which he was probably very far from feeling. Mr. Bootles was a mild little gentleman; but he was, after all, a Ferm-master; and Formmasters had to be given their head, so to speak.

Mr. Bootles arrived on the cricketground, puffing and blowing a little

with his hurry. "Mornington!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir!" answered Morny. "What are you doing here?"

"Just goin' to play cricket, sir," answered Mornington. "Like to see me bat, sir? Very kind of you to give us a look in."

Some of the Fourth-Formers grinned. Morny's cool impertinence was entertaining to them; though not, apparently, to Mr. Bootles. That gentleman frowned portentiously.

"Mornington! You are insolent!" "Oh, sir!"

"You are detained," pursued Mr. and remained standing at the wicket. | Bootles. "You have left the Form-Morny was oftener in a scrape than room without permission, and left music? when the hour of trouble ton? Have you no respect for

"Not to you, unless Jimmy says, allow him to scuttle off and dodge the It was on Mornington's lips to Form-master; he remained where he | reply "None at all, sir!" but fortuwas, waiting for Mr. Bootles to nately he checked himself, and

his mind.

Morny!"

it was easy to see that he had made up

"I'm goin'!" he said, as he turned

"Swank!" remarked Peele of the

Fourth. "You won't have the nerve,

Mornington did not answer that

remark, though his eyes glittered.

It was all that he needed to confirm

him in his reckless determination.

Kit Erroll wore a worried look that

evening. He was a far more thought-

ful fellow than his chun, and he

could not help thinking of the pro-

bable results of Morny's intended

escapade. He knew that it was use-

less to reason with Mornington; but

another idea ocurred to his mind, and

shortly before bed-time, he tapped at



Published

Mr. Bootles raised his hand. "Return to the Form-room at once, Mornington! You will be detained for your next half-holiday, as punishment for this disobedience. Do

you hear me, sir? Go at once!" Mr. Bootles spoke very sharply; but Mornington made no movement to go. His chum Kit Erroll caught him by the sleeve.

"Morny, get along!" he whispered anxiously. "Come on, old fellow." He fairly dragged Mornington away

from the wicket. Morny shook off his grasp, with a black brow. It was a bitter blow to his pride to be ordered back to the Form-room, and it was evident that a refusal trembled on his lips. But he thought better of it, and walked away

towards the School House with a set Mr. Bootles followed him, still frowning.

"Silly ass!" commented Lovell. on Wednesday, and we wanted him to Lovell could hurl the cushion. play Greyfriars."

Jimmy Silver; but Jimmy wore a jolly easy to fill Morny's place, but wood Junior Eleven; and a first-class | Modern, but---" bat like Morny could not be easily spared. "Let's get on," added Jimmy. "Bother Morny!"

And the juniors settled down to cricket; what time Valentine Mornington was grinding Latin in the Fourth Form room, 1 ith a black I brow and a bitter heart.

The 2nd Chapter. The Elwenth Man

Tubby Muffin looked in at the end study, in the Fourth, when Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea. Jimmy was thinking more about cricket than tea, as a matter of fact; he was of that name. annoyed and worried by the exclusion of Mornington from his team. He had the list of the eleven on the table and Newcome were sympathetic, but "Yah!" they gave their attention mainly to the kippers.

"Jimmy, old son-" began Reginald Muffin, as he blinked in. Don't bother now, Tubby," an again, that's all!" he breathed. swered the captain of the Fourth, without looking up.

advice, Jimmy Silver," answered the | it on the boko!" fat Classical, with dignity.

"Take it away and bury it!" suggested Lovell.

have to find a new man, Jimmy."

"That's what I'm thinking out, ass, and you're interrupting me!"

"Well, I want to help you out, Jimmy, old chap. Of course, you're going to play a Classical. You've got four Moderns in the team now-Dodd and Cook and Doyle and Towle ask me." "I don't ask you, Tubby."

"Well, about a man in Morny's place," continued Tubby Muffin. "What you want is a good all-round man-good batsman, good bowler, and handy in the field. I've not got anything special on for Wednesday.'

"I'm willing to play."

Jimmy Silver looked up at that, | speak to you, Jimmy Silver!" with a grin.

man, Tubby," he admitted. Declined with thanks."

"I mean, so far as circumference is concerned," explained Jimmy Silver. "You're an all-round chap, and it's a good walk round, too. But I don't play chaps on their circumference. Declined with thanks."

"Look here, Jimmy, I haven't had a chance in a good match yet," want to go over to Greyfriars, too. leave cricket alone!" growled Tommy

"That isn't exactly a reason for putting you in the elever, is it?" "They always stand you a good

tea at Greyfriars." "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "That settles it, Jimmy. You'll have to put Tubby in if he can get a free tea at Greyfriars. What does anything else matter?"

"Well, that's important, isn't it?" said Tubby Muffin. "Can I take it as settled, Jimmy?"

"Certainly." "Settled that I'm to play,

"Oh, no; settled that you're not." "Look here, you silly ass--" began Tubby Muffin warmly.

"There's a cushion near you, Lovell. Would you mind chucking it at Muffin?" "Like a shot, old chap!" answered

Lovell.

He reached for the cushion, and Reginald Muffin executed a strategic movement into the passage. He peered round the door to yell "Yah!" into the study in crushing "Now Morny will be out of the team | tones, and disappeared again before

"Now, about that other man," "His place will be filled," said | said Jimmy Silver. "It won't be so corried look. Greyfrians was one of it's got to be done. Tommy Dodd the important fixtures for the Rook- will want me to put in another

> "Rot!" said Lovell. "Utter rot!" said Arthur Newcome. "What about little me?"

"We had a good team," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Four Moderns

"I agree with Muffin there-that's four too many!" remarked Lovell. "Rats! Four Moderns and seven lafter delivering that Parthian shot. Classicals—self. Lovell, Conroy, Van Ryn, Erroll, Rawson, and Mornington. Now Morny's dropped out, Study No. 3 will want me to put in

"And the end study will want you] to put in Newcome!" said the owner

"Or Raby!" suggested George

"Yah!" came a howl from the pasbeside his plate, and was conning it | sage, as Tubby Muffin's face appeared over thoughtfully. Lovell and Raby for a moment round the door.

"You silly ass, clear off!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Lovell clutched the cushion. "Let him put his silly nose in sight "My hat! He's coming back!"

murmured Raby, as footsteps ap-"I've come to offer you some proached the door. "Let him have "You bet!"

The cushion flew as the footsteps reached the open doorway, and the "Morny's left out for Wednes- junior who appeared in sight received day!" bursued Tubby. "You'll it-with his nose. There was a howl of astonishment and wrath.

"Oh," ejaculated Lovell, "it's Doddy! Sorry, Dodd! I thought it was Muffin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You silly ass!" howled Tommy Dodd, kicking the cushion into the passage and rubbing his nose. "What -- and that's four too many, if you do you mean by bunging a cushion at a fellow's boko?"

"I thought---" "Thought!" hooted the Modern junior. "Don't talk out of the back of your neck! You can't think!"

"Look here--" "You silly owl!" said Tommy Dodd, still rubbing his nose. "I've a jolly good mind to mop up the study with you! I came here to

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy, laugh-"Well, you're a good all round ing. "Is it about the cricket?"

"Yes. I hear that Mornington's "I'm glad you can see it," said detained on Wednesday, and won't be able to come over to Greyfriars with the team."

"That's so." "You'll want a new man. I suggest Loring, of ours. He's a good

"Too many Moderns already!"

said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Don't you begin, Lovell! Talk urged Tubby Muffin. "I specially about marbles, if you must talk, and

Dodd. "Keep to matters you under-

stand.' "You checky Modern ass!" roared Lovell, jumping up. "I'll jolly well---"

Jimmy rapped out Silver. "Sit down, Lovell. Doddy, old man, the vacant place is between Raby and Newcome, They're the best. on offer."

"Now, that's utter rot!" said Tommy Dodd. "I could pick out five or six Moderns better than the two of them put together!"

"Bow-wow!" "The team's already weakened by too many Classicals "

"Rats!" "You don't want Raby or New- think I should take a team come," argued Tommy Dodd. "If men over to play Greyfrians." we were going out collecting ducks' eggs, of course --- But I understood that we were going over to Greyfriars to play cricket."

'Newcome. I think," said Jimmy Silver, with an air of deep reflection. "You're putting Newcome in?"

"Then you're a silly ass!"

"Thanks!" "And a frabjous chump!"

"Good!" "And a burbling jabberweck!"

howled Tommy Dodd. "Hear, hear!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Go it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Dodd gave an emphatic snort, and turned to stride out of the study, leaving the Fistical Four grin-

"You might chuck in that cushion as you go!" grinned Lovell. Dodd. "Anything to oblige!"

He stooped in the passage and picked up the cushion.

Whiz! Crash!

The cushion swept across the teatable with disastrous results to the crockery, and landed upon the countenance of Arthur Edward Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tommy

Dodd, as he vanished from sight. "Oh! Ow! Yow! Groogh! Oh! Ah!" spluttered Lovell. "I-I-I-I'll Ow! Ow! Oh!"

"Only tit for tat, old son!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Keep smiling!"

But Arthur Edward Lovell was very far from smiling. He made a jump for his cricket-bat, and another jump for the passage. But Tommy Dodd was gone: He was too prudent to linger in the enemy's quarters

3rd Chapter. To Gu or Not To Go!

Jimmy Silver & Co. came into the junior Common-room after prep, and found Mornington there, with his far. chain Erroll. Jimmy had settled the important matter of the eleven at last, though not entirely to his own satisfaction.

The team as it originally stood was the best that Rookwood juniors could turn out, and they needed their best men to play Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars School.

Jimmy had to acknowledge that Mornington. there was no man quite able to fill Morny's place. Raby and Newcome were both good, and so were Putty Grace and Pons and Oswald and Loring of the Modern Fourth.

were his own special chums, Jimmy was quite aware that neither was a patch on Valentine Mornington at the wicket.

He was annoyed at having to leave Mornington out, all the more because it was Morny's own fault.

The Famous

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If Morny had been crocked it would have been different. But he was at the top of his form. It was his own wilfulness that had caused all the trouble. Jimmy could not help giving him a rather grim look as he saw him in the Common-room.

Mornington came over to the Fistical Four, in spite of Erroll, who pretty evidently would have detained

"About Wednesday," said Morn-

"Of course. I suppose you don't think I should take a team of ten

"Who's the happy man?"

"Newcome," "Not much good against men like Wharton, and Cherry, and Vernon-Smith of Greyfriars."

Arthur Newcome coloured. "I don't make out to be up to your form, Morny," he said tartly. "But at least I sha'n't play the goat and get detained on the day of the match. That's something."

"Quite," smiled Mornington. "I am aware that you will be a good little boy-they're all good little boys in the end study. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouths—if there was

any butter." "That's enough." said Jimmy Silver curtly. "You acted like a cheeky ass towards Bootles, Morny, and you've left the team in the lurch.

The less you talk about it the better." "But I haven't left the team in the "Oh, certainly!" said Tommy lurch," said Mornington coolly. "That's what I'm mentionin' the matter to you for. I'm playin' on

Wednesday!" "You can't! You'll be here at Rookwood, while we're at Grey-

"I'm comin', I tell you!" "What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver irritably. "Bootles won't let you off. know he won't!"

"I'm comin' to Greyfriars on Wednesday, anyhow!" "Breaking detention again, do you

"I mean that I'm comin'!"

"Well, if Bootles lets you off, we'll be glad for you to come," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "But if you break detention, Morny, you can go where you like-to Greyfriars or to the dickens-but you won't play in the Greyfriars' mutcu. A pretty set of fools we should look if Bootles followed you and ordered you off before a crowd of Greyirians' fellows!"

"Bootles wouldn't follow. It's too

"He might. Anyhow, we're not going to be drawn into a campaign against Bootles, simply because you don't choose to behave yourself," said Jimmy Silver angrily.

"It needn't worry you. I shall get a floggin' when we come back, but I can stand it. I sha'n't ask you to take it on your shoulders," sneered

Jimmy Silver made an angry gesture.

"You won't come with the team without Mr. Bootles' permission, and that's flat!" he said. "If you hadn't But though Raby and Newcome hand him this wouldn't have rappened. If you break bounds. ou'll da l'our own-you won't come with he team

And Timms Si ned his back to put an end al Mornington s He was in a more

"T've settled that," answered Jimmy Silver shortly.
"You're thinkin' of playin' a new

> the door of Mr. Bootles' study. "Come in, Erroll," said Mr. Bootles kindly. "What is it, my

"I-I wanted to speak to you about -about Mornington, sir," said Erroll,

colouring. Mr. Bootles' look became less

"Well?" he said. "We're going over to play Greyfriars at cricket on Wednesday, sir, and Mornington is needed in the eleven. As he's detained-"

'As he is detained, he will not be able to go, Erroll." "It will be bad for us, if he's left out of the eleven, sir. I-I was think-

ing that that perhaps you would be kind enough to let him off, sir." Mr. Bootles shook his head. "I am afraid that is impossible." "He-I'm sure he's sorry for

having gone out without leave to-day, "Did he ask you to tell me so?"

"N-n-no." "If he desires to be excused detention for the sake of a cricket-match, why does he not come to me him-

Erroll did not answer.

It was not much use explaining to Mr. Bootles that Morny was too haughty to demean himself by asking a favour.

The Fourth-Form master frowned as Erroll did not speak. He made a gesture of dismissal.

"Mornington is detained for Wede nesday, and he cannot be excused. he said. "Kindly do not refer to the subject again. You may go, Erroll The junior left the study with heavy heart. He found Valentille Mornington waiting for him in

"I saw you cut in there," growle Mornington. "Have you been tryin to beg me off, you ass?'

"Yes," answered Erroll quietly. "I never asked you to. I'm not askin' favours of Bootles."

"Well, he has refused," answered Erroll. "It was a chance to prevent you from making a fool of yourself, Morny."

'Thanks," said Mornington, with a grin. "But I'm goin' to make a fool of myself, as you call it, all the

'I hope you'll think better of it by Wednesday." "You'll see."

"Morny, old chap--" Mornington walked away whis-

The 4th Chapter. Off to Greyfriars!

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not turn in for lessons as usual on Wednesday morning. Greyfriars was a good distance from Rookwood, and the memshoulders. bers of the eleven were allowed a mood and whole holiday, instead of the usual half, for the match. While the other fellows were preparing for class, the more lucky ones were getting ready for the journey. A dozen juniors all told had leave for the day; and it was a very cheerful dozen that turned out in the sunny morning. There was, perhaps, one exception. Kit Erroll. was not looking very cheery. He was worried about his chum. Mornington. had said hardly a word on the subject since Monday, but Erroll knew that, he had not changed his mind.

The ten o'clock from Latcham." remarked Lovell. "Rather nice for us with the other fellows grindin' in Form-room, or mugging chemistry with Manders. Hallo,

here's Morny! It was time for lessons, and the Classical Fourth were going into their Form-room, when Mornington came to speak to the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver eyed him rather grimly. "Time you were in, Morny," he

remarked. "I'm not goin' in to lessons today," answered Mornington coolly.

"I'm playing cricket at Greyfriars."

"You're not!" answered Jimmy

"Not, with a capital N," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "And you'd

Bunter -the Farmer A Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars By FRANK RICHARDS Billy Bunter at his best! A rollicking school story without a dull line-the funniest ever written. Do not fail to read it in to-day's issue of

better cut off before Bootles comes to take you by the ear." Mornington did not heed Lovell. "You're takin' Newcome?" 1

asked. "Yes, he's in the eleven."

"And Raby---" "Raby's allowed to come as extra

man. "How nice!" sneered Mornington. "The whole family goin', I see. You manage to keep in Bootles' good books somehow."

"Perhaps because we don't slack at lessons, or cheek Bootles for nothing!" retorted Jimmy Silver. "Bootles is a good sort, and you know it quite well. No Form-master would stand your impudence."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. "The long and the short of it is, that you don't want me in the Greyfriars' match," he said.

"Not under the circumstances. If Bootles let you off, I'd be glad to have you. You can ask him, if you

Mornington was silent for a moment. Jimmy Silver devoted his attention to his cricket-bag. It was high time for Mornington to be in the Form-room, and Jimmy wanted him to go. But he did not go.

"Suppose I cleared off," said Mornington, "do you mean to say that you wouldn't play me at Grey friars?"

"Certainly I do." "I should be takin' all the risk."

"That isn't the point. We couldn't be a party to your defying Bootles. And there'd be risk of a scene at Greyfriars if Bootles followed you." "He couldn't, you ass. How could he leave his class?"

"He might come over in the afternoon, as it's a half-holiday."

"He wouldn't know I was at Greyfriars.'

"He would guess, unless he's an

"Well, he is an ass!" said Morning-

"Oh, rats! If you like to ask him to let you off, there's a sportin' chance that he may do it; and, if so, you can come. Newcome would stand out then-for the sake of the team." Newcome made rather a wry face.

"I suppose I would." he said. "And you won't play me unless my dearly-beloved and highly-respected Form-master gives me leave to go?" asked Mornington sarcastically.

"No, I won't, and that's flat!" "Then perhaps I'd better try my luck with Bootles," said Mornington, after a pause. "I don't like eatin' humble-pie; but I don't want you fellows to chuck away the Greyfriars

match---" "You're not the only pebble on the beach, Morny, when it comes to cricket," said Newcome. "There are some other fellows in the eleven who can play just a trifle, you know."

"You're not one of them, though, old bean."

"You cheeky ass-" began Newcome hotly. "I say, Morny!" Tubby Muffin

came up panting. "Bootles has sent me to find you. You're to come into the Form-room." "You're late already," said Jimmy

Silver. "Tell Bootles to go and eat coke, I

Muffin!" snapped Mornington. "He, he, he! Not half!" chuckled [Tubby Muffin. "I say, Morny, you'd better come. Bootles is waxy!"

"Oh, cut off!" Tubby Muffin rolled away.

"Why the thump don't you go, Morny?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. "If you're going to ask Bootles a favour, this isn't the way to get him into a good temper."

"Well, I'm goin'. I'll put it to Bootles, and if he lets me off, I'll follow you to the station," said Mornington.

now. I hope Bootles will play up," said Jimmy Silver, a little more by Morny's cool impertinence. cordially. Certainly Jimmy was "I was goin' to ask you, sir, if be managed. "Only none of your larks, Morny-you've got to ask playing cricket-" Bootles."

"I've said I will!" said Mornington haughtily.

"Right-ho! Go and do it!" Morny turned, and then glanced

back. bein' late, I'll put it off a bit, and if I | at that reply. miss you at the station, I'll come on by the next train," he said.

time at Greyfriars. In that case if we cumstances whatever. You will be bat first, I dare say you'll be in time for last man in."

"Done, then." Mornington went away to the you!"

Form-room.

Jimmy Silver & Co. collected their belongings, and started for Coombe, said. to-take the train there for Latcham !

into the express.

of the carriage window, as the local

"Oh, I was pretty sure Bootles

"If he gets leave, he may cut across

to Latcham on his bike, and catch us

up there, in time for the express," re-

"Let's hope so," said Jimmy Silver.

There was a wait of ten minutes at

Latcham Junction, and during that

time, Kit Erroll looked out anxiously

But Valentine Mornington did not

The cricketers boarded the express

at last, and whirled away for Grey-

friars. Mornington had been left

behind, and they did not expect to see

him again till they returned to Rook-

wood. But their expectation, in that

The 5th Chapter.

French Leave!

as the junior came into the Form-

room, a good ten minutes late for

Mr. Bootles frowned at Mornington

"You are late, Mornington!" he

"Sorry, sir!" answered Mornington

respect, was not to be fulfilled.

wouldn't let him off!" said Lovell.

"No Morny!" he remarked.

'Couldn't be expected to."

train started.

marked Erroll.

for his friend.

appear.

lessons.

snapped.

flippantly.

a hundred lines!"

glided out of Coombe.

Junction, where they had to change | lence until you are punished, | made up his mind to rush for the Mornington!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, The dozen juniors walked to taking his cane from his desk. "Come Combe and caught their train easily out here at once!" enough; but there was no sign of

"You've done it now, old top!" Mornington following them when the murmured Tubby Muffin. "Fairly asked for it!" grinned

Jimmy Silver cast a last glance out Peele. "Go and take your medicine, Morny."

"Silence in the class! Come here, Mornington."

Mornington hesitated a few moments, but he came out before the class. He cast a glance towards the door, and only one consideration restrained him from "bolting" there and then. It was not fear of the consequences; he was reckless on that point. But there was no doubt that if he "bolted" now, a prefect would be sent after him to step him at Coombe Station; and Jimmy Silver would therefore know that he had taken French leave. Morny was quite determined to take French leave, but it was necessary for Jimmy Silver not to know it. He did not want to arrive at Greyfriars and be refused a place in the Rookwood eleven.

For that reason he decided not to act until Jimmy Silver & Co. were fairly in the Latcham express. Mr. Bootles, happily oblivious of what was passing in the junior's mind, commanded him to hold out his hand.

Swish!

"The other hand, Mornington!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

Mornington quietly held out the other hand. Swish!

place," said Mr. Bootles, replacing the "Go to your place at once, and take | cane on his desk. "I trust that this will be a lesson to you!"

door under Mr. Bootles' very eyes when his opportunity came.

Mr. Bootles was called out of the Form-room for a few minutes to speak to the Head. It was Morny's chance, and he rose to his feet.

Pons called out to him in an under-

"Morny, don't play the goat! The Head's in the passage!"

Mornington did not heed the Canadian junior. He left his place quickly.

"You thumping ass!" breathed Putty Grace. "Come back, Morny!" Mornington did not head for the

The door was ajar, and Mr. Bootles was only a few feet from it, outside, talking to Dr. Chisholm. The murmur of their voices could be heard in the Form-room. There was no escape

Mornington clambered up to the nearest window, which was open in the warm, summer morning.

Every head in the class was turned to watch him, the juniors gazing at him in spellbound amazement.

"The awful ass!" breathed Peele. "He's hookin' it!"

"What will Bootles say?"

"And the Head?" "The Head's there!"

"Morny, you ass!"

Mornington clambered through the window, and dropped lightly into the quadrangle outside, without even a look at his Form-fellows.

His escape had not been seen by "Now you may go back to your the masters in the passage. Mr. Bootles would not discover it till he returned into the Form-room. How long that would be Morny did not Mornington went to his place. But "Very trustful old bird, isn't he?" I know; but it was not likely to be

For the moment Mr. Bootles did not note that one member of his class was absent.

The Fourth sat in frozen silence, wondering what on earth would happen as soon as Mr. Bootles dis-

covered the truth. It was the unusual aspect of his horrified class that first made Mr. Bootles aware that something unusual

had occurred. He glanced inquiringly over the class, and then made the discovery that Valentine Mornington was not

in his place. "Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Bootles, quite perplexed.

As he had been outside the Formroom door during his absence from the room, he knew, of course, that Mornington could not have left that way, and he was quite puzzled. He looked round the room as if expecting to see the missing junior in some

"Where is Mornington?" he exclaimed at last. "Mornington is not here! Where is he?"

There was no answer. The juniors looked at Mr. Bootles and at one another, but they did not speak. Mr. Bootles stepped to the window, as it dawned upon his mind what must have happened. His brow was like a thunder-cloud.

"Has Mornington left this room by the window?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "Answer me at once-you, Oswald!"

"I-I-" stammered Oswald. "Did you see Mornington leave this room?" thundered the Formmaster.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" "By the window?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"That will do. Keep order here, please, while I am gone." Mr. Bootles whisked to the door. "Bless my soul! Unheard of! Unparalleled! Bless my soul! Upon my word!"

Mr. Bootles whisked out of the Form-room and vanished. "Gone to the Head?" yawned

Peele. "Two to one they send a prefect after Morny. He'll never get to Greyfriars!" 'The awful ass!" said Oswald.

"Let's hope Bootles will go after him!" said Gower. "That will mean a whole holiday instead of half!" "No such buck!" said Peele.

Cyril Peele was right. Peele ventured to leave his place and look from the window. He caught sight of Carthew of the Sixth wheeling his bike across to the gates. "Carthew's after him!" announced

Peele, with a grin.

"Peele, what are you doing at the

window?" It was Mr. Bootles' voice. He had come back to the Form-room. "Peele, go to your place at once, and take fifty lines!" Peele went to his place very

quietly. For the remainder of that morning the Fourth were on their very best behaviour. For once Mr. Bootles was in a mood that was not to be trifled with.

The 6th Chapter. Desperate Measures.

Jimmy Silver & Co., whirling away in the express through a smiling landscape, little dreamed of what was passing at Rookwood behind them.

The cricketers would have been

surprised if they could have seen Valentine Mornington driving away furiously at his pedals, skimming along the white road to Latcham. Mornington had whizzed through Coombe, and was scorching away as

if for his life, in a cloud of dust. Whether he would be pursued or not the reckless junior did not know, and hardly cared. He knew that he did not mean to return.

He had ample time for the train at Latcham, and if it landed him at his destination in time to play in the Greyfriars match, he meant to play.

If Jimmy Silver asked him whether he had been given leave- But Morny left that difficulty till it should arrive. He hoped that Jimmy Silver would not be suspicious, and would not ask.

He glanced back several times, but the road was clear. That Mr. Bootles would guess where he was gone was certain enough. Mack would report that he had left the school on his

bicycle, and Mr. Bootles would easily guess the rest. Possibly the Form-master or a prefect would go down to Coombe

Station, but he was already a mile past Coombe.

He slackened speed a little now. He had ample time for his train, and there was no need to pump himself out. He had had no time to get his cap, but he intended to buy one in Latcham as he passed through. He had money in his pockets.

And he could borrow Newcome's I flannels and bat at Greyfriars if he

he did not sit down. He had told | Peele whispered to Gower, and the | many minutes. He had not a second Jimmy Silver that he would ask Mr. | latter chuckled. Bootles for leave that day, and he intended to do so; but for the life of out a word. him he could not infuse respect into his manner. Asking a favour at any time was a bitter pill for the lordly Morny to swallow; and in his present mood, to ask it gracefully was simply

impossible for him. "If you please, sir-" he began. "You may sit down, Mornington."

"May I speak, sir?" "No; sit down," answered Mr. "Right ho! We've got to start | Bootles, with a harshness very unusual

to him. His temper was rather tried pleased at the idea of having his good | you'd be kind enough to let me off for

batsman back in the team, if it could | to-day," said Mornington, unheeding. "I ought to be over at Creyfriars,

"I told you not to speak, Morning-

"Quite so, sir; but this is rather important." Mr. Bootles breathed hard.

"If Bootles is waxy with me for have been excused for feeling angry

"All serene, so long as you arrive in give you leave to-day, under any cir-

Mornington's face set obstinately. "I'm wanted at Greyfriars, sir," he

distance, as he came panting across the field, gave a horrified yell. "Mornington! Let that bike alone!"

The junior did not heed. The knife slashed away savagely, reducing the hapless tyres to rags.

He sat quietly through the first | headed for the bike-shed. lesson, Mr. Bootles taking no especial | With frantic haste he dragged out

notice of him. His "construe" was remarkably flying down the gravel path to the bad, but the Form-master passed it gates. over tolerantly. He did not want to could help it.

Mornington was thinking of anything but P. Virgilius Maro. The adventures of the "pius Aeneas" | were lockedwere even more distasteful than usual ing how he should escape from the Latcham Junction, and was aware were not locked. that there was an express at 11.15. This would land him at Greyfriars an hour and a quarter later than Jimmy | Silver & Co.; but that was no reason The mildest-tempered master might | why he should not be in time to take | part in the match. At all events, he would have his own obstinate way, and rushed his bicycle out. Old Mack as he had said he would do.

When the hand of the Form-room | again in a twinkling. He drove at | to act now or never.

"I see that you will persist in inso- was thinking hard, and he had almost I Form-room.

to waste. Mornington went to his place with- His heart was beating fast as he

With a merciless hand, Mornington ripped the tyres, utterly reckless

of the damage he was doing. Carthew, who saw his action from the

dropped into the quad and ran. He his machine and mounted it, fairly

The quadrangle was deserted. punish the sullen junior again if he | There was no one to observe him. But at the gates he had to jump off. The gates were closed, and for a moment Morny's heart sank. If they

His evasion would be discovered to him that morning. He was think- | before he could get the key from old Mack's lodge, and if he had to Form-room, for he was determined escape without his bike, it was goodnot to remain till morning lessons | bye to his chances of catching the were over. He had already ascer- express at Latcham. But the next tained the time of the trains from | moment he breathed again; the gates

> "Hi, there!" It was old Mack's surprised voice from his lodge as Mornington dragged the gate open. "What the-" Clang!

Mornington flung the gate wide,

"Well, I will answer you, Morning- and prove to Cyril Peele, and the rest, came scudding after him, breathless. ton," said Mr. Bootles. "I will not | that he had the necessary nerve to do | "Master Mornington! What---" Mornington was on his machine

detained for the afternoon, and you clock indicated ten, Mornington the pedals, and the bike whizzed will now attend to your lessons. And knew that Jimmy Silver & Co. were away down the long, white road, old if you speak another word, I will cane | in the Latcham express. It was time | Mack standing in the gateway and staring after it blankly. Latcham was a good distance from It was at the same moment that

Rookwood, and even by short cuts Mr. Bootles, his talk with the Head on a bike it was a long ride. Morny finished, came back into the Fourth

played in the cricket match. Newcome would have to stand out for him, and probably Jimmy Silver would be too relieved at regaining his best batsman to ask many questions.

Morny began to feel quite easy and satisfied as the dusty road glided under his whirling wheels. His satisfaction was suddenly dashed, however, as he glanced back once more.

A cyclist was coming along the road at a good speed far behind, and there was something familiar in his aspect even at that distance. Mornington looked at him harder, and recognised Carthew, of the Rookwood Sixth.

His teeth came together hard. Carthew recognised him at the same time, and waved his hand to him, a signal to stop. Mornington drove at his pedals again, and his bike shot forward.

. The prefect had no doubt inquired at Coombe, and found that the junior had not taken a train there-perhaps there was no train. And now: evidently, he was coming on to Latcham to catch the runaway at the junction. Mornington knitted his brows as he raced on. When he looked back again he saw Carthew more clearly; the big Sixth-Former was gaining on him, as was only to be expected. Carthew waved his hand again, unheeded: Mornington turned into a narrow lane, a short cut on the way to Latcham, and Carthew disappeared from his view.

His thoughts were bitter as he dashed on. It was possible that by winding through the lanes he might dodge his pursuer, and throw him off the track. But it would be futile; for if the prefect lost him, he was quite certain to head direct for Latcham, and wait for him there. In his mind's eye, Mornington could see himself collared and marched back to Rookwood in ignominy, to face the punishment of his escapade, without having even carried out his purpose. That mental picture made him desperate.

Behind him, once more, he caught sight of the prefect's head over a low | panted in pursuit.

The Sixth-Former was hedge. nearer.

Mornington dashed on recklessly. He turned from the lane into another, and then another, keeping up the flight while he tried to think out the problem. If he was to escape, he had to stop Carthew's pursuit somehow; and to tackle Carthew was not feasible. He was reckless enough; but he was no match for the Sixth-Former. And the bully of the Sixth was not likely to deal gently with him after that hot chase in the sunshine. His last look at Carthew had shown him a savagely angry face.

He slowed down at last, after several turnings had taken him quite out of sight of the pursuer. He dragged his bicycle into a thicket beside the lane, where it was concealed from sight, and ran back to the last corner, some twenty yards back. There he sighted Carthew again, coming on at full pelt, grinding at his pedals. Mornington sat on a fence beside the lane, and waited for him to

Carthew jammed on the brake as he caught sight of him, and slowed down.

He jumped off his machine, and leaned it against a tree by the roadside, breathing hard.

Mornington, sitting on the fence at the top of a high, grassy bank beside the lane, watched him coolly.

"Come down from there, you young cad!" shouted Carthew.

"Go and eat coke!" "Where's your bicycle?"
"Find out!"

"Will you come down?" exclaimed Carthew savagely. "No!"

"Then I'll come for you, and I'll make you sorry for yourself, you young sweep!"

Carthew came scrambling up the bank furiously, and Mornington dropped behind the fence. As the prefect reached the fence, he beheld the junior in full flight across the

He shook an angry fist at him, and

Mornington crossed the field at top speed, and crossed another back to the lane, with the angry prefect panting behind.

Carthew was a good distance in the rear when the junior came dashing back into the road, straight to the spot where Carthew had left his bicycle.

He stopped at the bicycle, his pocket-knife in his hand.

Carthew had fairly fallen into the trap: Morny's object had been to get at the machine, and he had succeeded perfectly.

With a merciless hand he ripped the tyres, utterly reckless of the damage he was doing.

The prefect, who saw his action from the distance, as he came panting across the field, gave a horrified yell.

"Mornington! Let that bike alone!'

The junior did not heed. The knife slashed away savagely, reducing the hapless tyres to rags.

Carthew tore on towards him with a furious face; and Morny, his work done, made a spring to escape. He cleared the fence again, as the breathless prefect arrived on the

The bike, an utter wreck so far as the tyres were concerned, lay in the road, and Carthew stopped as he reached it, and stared at it, with feelings almost too deep for words. It was quite certain that that machine would never run again until it was provided with new tyres.

"The-the-the young villain! gasped Carthew helplessly. "I-I-I'll smash him! I'll-I'll-"

He made a rush for the fence over which Mornington had leaped. But the junior was not losing a second. Me knew what to expect if he fell into Mark Carthew's clutches, after what he had done. He was tearing away for the place where he had left his own machine in the thicket.

His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he flew. He reached his machine and dragged it out into

Carthew was not more than six yards behind as he put his leg over the bar.

"Stop!" panted Carthew.

Mornington's foot came on the pedal and drove it down. The bicycle leaped forward as Carthew almost reached him. The prefect made a frantic clutch as the bike and its rider shot out of his reach, and, losing his balance, toppled forward and fell on his knees.

"Oh! Ow!"

Mornington drove breathlessly at the pedals, hardly knowing whether he had escaped or not. But he was not touched; and, as he felt himself free, he glanced back over his shoulder.

Carthew was staggering to his feet, dusty and furious. He brandished a frantic fist at the junior.

Mornington let go one handle, to wave his hand back mockingly, and then he whirled round a corner and disappeared from Carthew's sight.

The prefect ran after him a dozen paces or so, and then stopped, as he realised the uselessness of pursuit on foot. He tramped back to his wrecked machine and picked it up. The bike rested on its rims; and though it could have been driven by a determined rider, Carthew had no fancy for riding five miles on his rims -especially as he could not possibly have arrived at Latcham, by such a method of progression, in time to catch Mornington.

There was nothing for it but to return, wheeling his machine; and even wheeling it was a painful and laborious task. Carthew was feeling like a Hun of the most Hunnish variety as he started out to wheel his machine home.

Valentine Mornington pedalled on cheerfully, putting on speed to recover lost time. He looked back several times, but there was no sign of pursuit; the prefect was evidently disposed of for good.

Latcham at last! Mornington jumped off his bieycle at the station with ten minutes to wait for the train. He put up his machine in the station, took his ticket for Courtfield, and strolled out to buy a cap.

A few minutes later he was seated in the express, and whirling away through the sunny countryside. In the same cheery humour he reached Courtfield, and, outside the station, was lucky enough to find a taxi.

"Greyfriars School-quick as you can go!" he said, as he jumped in, and the taxi bore him away.

Rookwood had finished morning lessons when Carthew of the Sixth came in. For the last couple of miles Carthew had succeeded in getting a lift for himself and his hapless bike in a country cart. He was landed at the gates of Rookwood, and he wheeled in his wretched jigger. and was immediately surrounded by a curious crowd. Carthew's dusty, tired, and furious look, and the extraordinary aspect of his bicycle, caused smiles on all sides.

Mr. Bootles came quickly out of the School House to meet him.

"Where is Mornington?" he exclaimed.

"Gone, sir!" gasped Carthew. "He -he-he got at my bike-look at it !-- and got away---

Mr. Bootles stared at the machine. "Bless my soul! Is it possible? This is—is—is unheard-of! Then—

then where is Mornington now?" "In the train for Greyfriars, I suppose. He went on towards Latcham." And Carthew savagely

wheeled his wreck away.

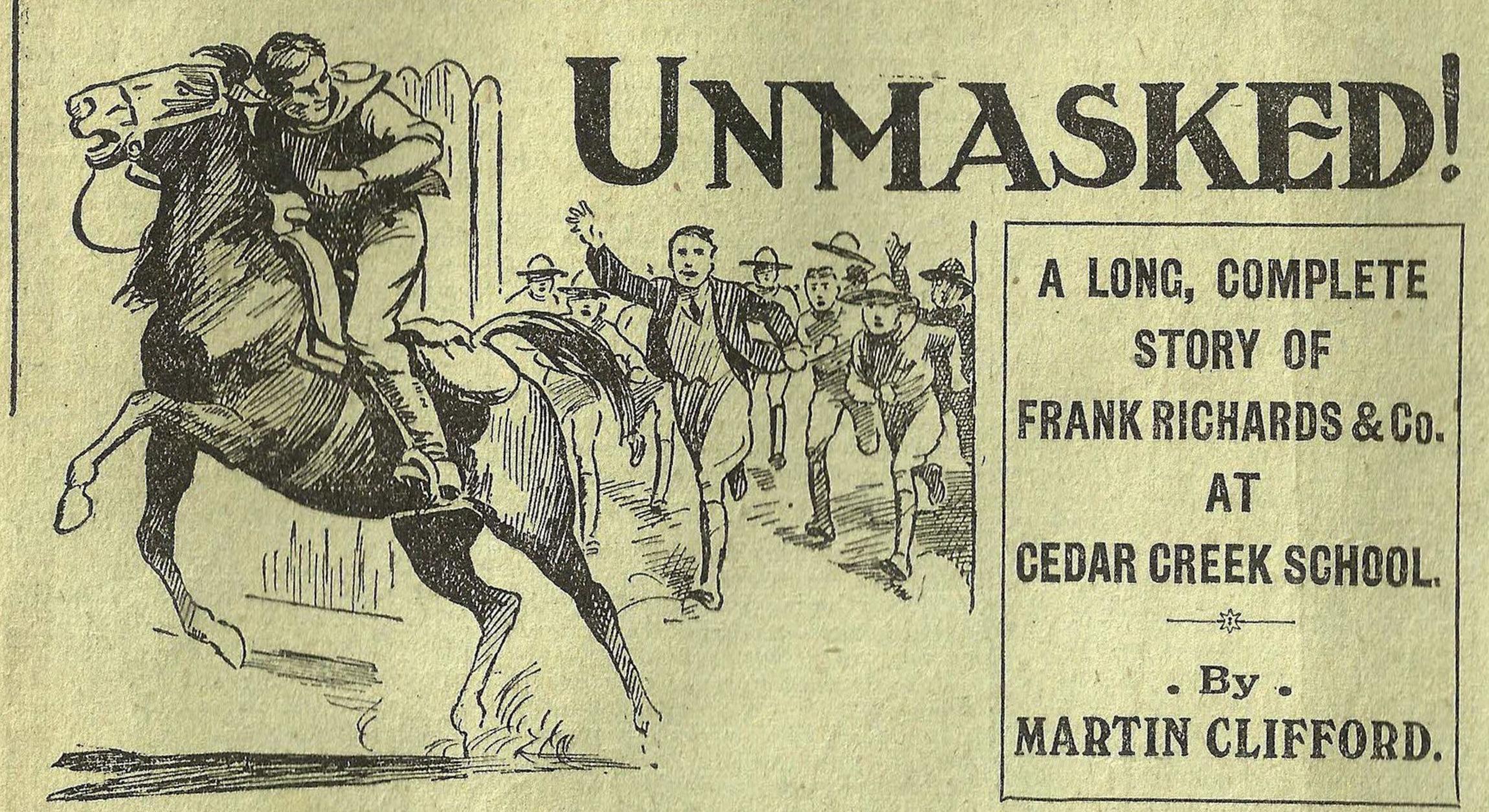
Mr. Bootles stood for some moments in agitated thought, then he rustled away to the Head's study. Ten minutes later Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, was on his way to Latcham, en route for Greyfriars School, with orders to recapture the fugitive and bring him

THE END.

back to Rookwood without delay.

(Next Monday's long, complete story of Rookwood is entitled "Last Man In!" bu Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)

A SPLENDID STORY OF THE BACKWOODS—INTRODUCING FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR JONES!



A LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF

. Ву.

The 1st Chapter.

A Disappointment for Chunky,

"You fellows heard?" yelled Chunky Todgers.

Chunky was simply bursting with news when Frank Richards & Co. arrived at Cedar Creek School on Monday morning.

He came along the trail to meet them in order to be the first to impart the startling information.

The three chums chuckled.

way before. But Frank Richards made a sign to his chums, as he pulled in his horse, and answered Todgers gravely.

"Heard what?" he asked. "The news-it's no end exciting!" gasped Chunky. "I thought you hadn't heard-you fellows never hear unything !"

"But what is it?" asked Bob Lawless, taking his cue from Frank.

"What's up?" inquired Vere Beauclerci "Tell us, Chunky, like a good fellow. Ybu're always in the know." Chunky Todgers grinned complacently. He rather prided himself upon being always in the know.

And now that he had excited the interest of his auditors, he was inclined to keep them in suspense a little.

"I guess I always get in on the ground floor," he said. "Precious little goes on in the Thompson Valley without me knowing."

"Well, what's happened now?" grinned Frank Richards. "Is Black Sam better now he's had the doctor?"

"Oh, he's much the same." "Has the new odd-job man been on a bender?" inquired Bob Lawless. Chunky sniffed.

"Bothen the new man! I'm not talking about Jake Hooker," he said. "It's something more interesting than that."

"Miss Meadows-" "'Tain't about Miss Meadows."

"My hat!" said Frank. "Have they elected you to the State Legislature? Is that it, Chunky?"

"They might do worse," retorted Chunky. "But, look here, you fellows-what about Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones-"

· "Who's that?" asked Frank innocently. Chunky Todgers gave a snort.

"Don't you remember Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones?" he hooted. Frank Richards winked at his com-

rades. "I seem to remember the name," he remarked thoughtfully. "Who is he, Chunky? Not a new fellow in the school, is he?"

"You silly jay!" gasped Chunky Todgers. "I'm talking about Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the Frisco had been in the post-waggon when it Richards, "Bob and I were the two first Prime Minister of Canada, outlaw—the man who held up this section last year, and was roped in by old man Beauclere at the Occidental

Hotel in Thompson." "Oh, I remember! What about

"Guess!" said Chunkymysteriously. "You'd better tell us," said Frank,

shaking his head. "Well," said Todgers, speaking very slowly in order to linger out the suspense and add to the thrill of his startling communication. Hundred-Dollar Jones-"

" Well ?" "He's come back!"

"Come back!" repeated Frank Richards. "Yep!"

"I thought he went to prison after he was captured that time-"

"So he did-life sentence." "Then how can he have come

"He's got away, of course." "Oh, I see, he's got away!" remarked Bob Lawless. "And he's come back to the Thompson Valley to give us a look in. That's kind of

"Kind of him!" hooted Chunky. "I tell you, the galoots in Thompson As a matter of fact, they had been | are talking about nothing else. The before Chunky Todgers on this sheriff has been out with his men all lively times in the Thompson Valley found. occasion in getting the news-a long day Sunday looking for him. He held up the post-waggon from Kamloops on Saturday afternoon."

"Did he?" ejaculated Beauclerc. "He did," said Chunky Todgers | thing at the ranch!"

word. The post-waggon was stopped at the timber-belt between Silver Creek and Thompson-only a few miles from your cabin, Beauclerc-"

"Not really?" said Beauclerc. "Yep, really! Hank Hoskins had two passengers on board-I don't know whom, but I remember there were two passengers-two kids, I believe. They were held up by the rustler, and the waggon was robbed, and Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones sent a cheeky message to the sheriff. I not knowing! You never hear any- as yet, at least.

civilisation was the post-waggon that ran down to Kamloops, on the Canadian Pacific Line, twice a week. But it was, an orderly and lawabiding place, as a rule. "Rustlers" and "bulldozers," common enough

valley to great excitement, and it had and he was recovering from the been a never-to-be-forgotten occasion | damage. "rounded up" in the poker-room at | Bob Lawless.

settlements of British Columbia. It

the Occidental.

river.

And now he had come back! For ten years or more the name on a bender agin. Soon as I'se well, of Mr. Jones had been notorious in I'se going to de Mission to swear the Western States, in association off." with hold-ups and train robberies. "Time you did, my black tulip," He seemed to have made his native | said Bob. "If you'd been sober the land too hot to hold him, and had other night, you wouldn't have got crossed into Canada; but there his knocked on the head Sam. Do you career had been short. Nobody in know who it was rapped you on the the Thompson Valley had expected to | cabeza?" hear of him again.

anything else.

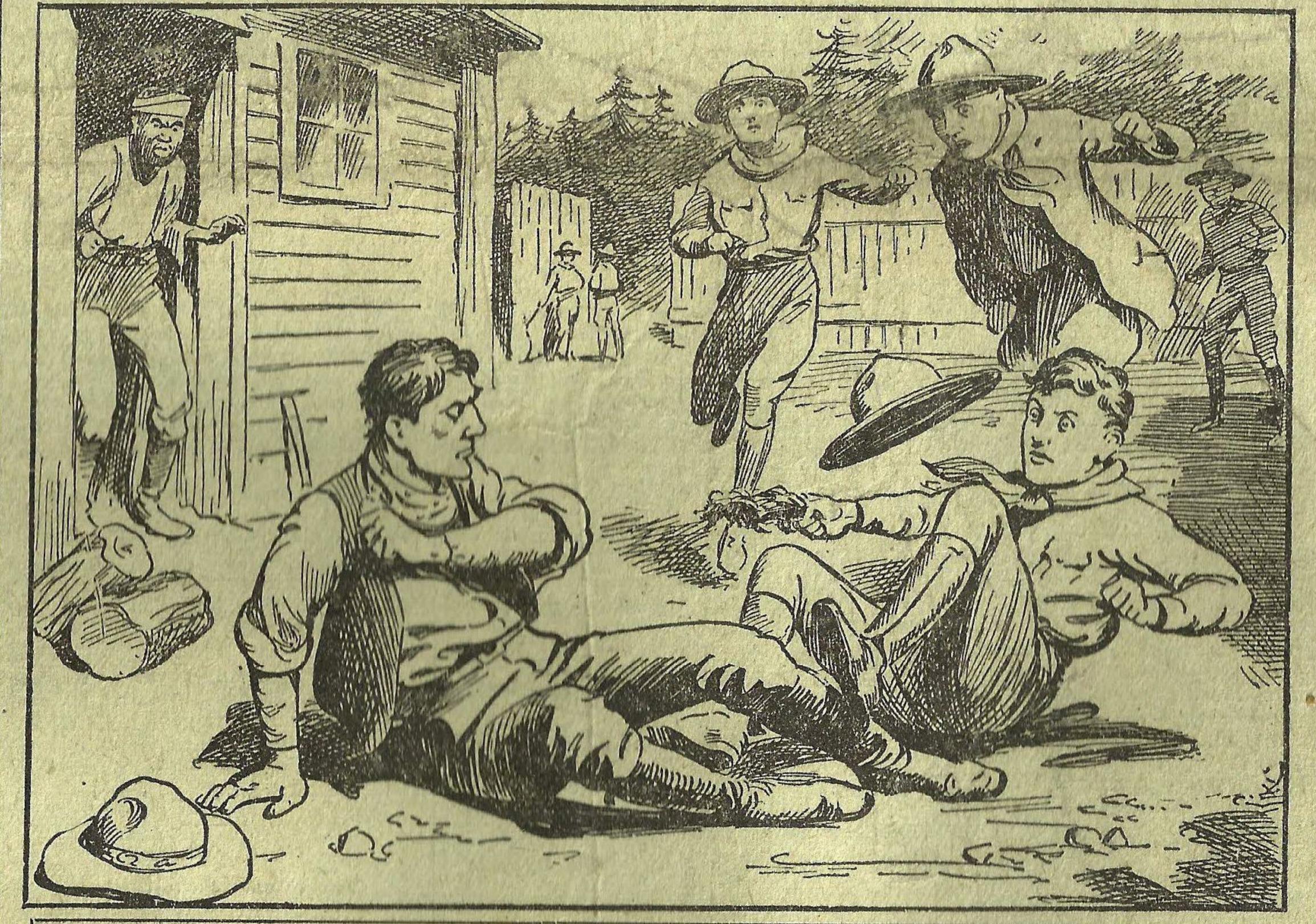
Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was a

name upon every lip.

Sheriff Henderson and his men were searching for him far and wide -in the woods, and up in the Thompson hills, and in the lonely, unsettled of?" asked Frank. wastes beyond White Pine.

with that 'Frisco bulldozer cavorting | After the robbery of the post- | "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones,

During morning lessons that day



There was an angry yell from Jake Hooker as Frank Richards crashed into him. He landed in a sitting position on the ground, gasping, and the schoolboy sprawled over him, catching at him and at his grey beard. " Great Scott!" yelled Bob Lawless. The beard came off in Frank's grasp so suddenly that he fell back with it in his hand. "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" gasped Beaucierc.

impressively. "Stopped Hank Hoskins on the trail, and robbed the post the bank in Thompson. What do you think of that?"

Frank and Bob grinned. As they was held up by the 'Frisco outlaw, they naturally knew all about it before Joe Todgers did. But Master Todgers was not yet aware of that.

"You can grin!" said Chunky warmly. "But it's true. Don't you believe me, you jays?" "Well, it's rather surprising, isn't

it?" said Bob Lawless. "Sure you've

got it right, Chunky?" "Yep!" Hank Hoskins was telling the tale in every saloon in Thompson on Saturday night," said Todgers. "The galoots all wanted to know about it, and Hank went on a whisky crawl telling the news. He woke up in the calabooze the next morning, and I guess he had a head on him | Shepherd, the masters, shared in the like a pumpkin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" -five thousand dollars consigned to | demanded Chunky Todgers warmly. | "Nothing to cackle at that I can

kids in the post-waggon-"

"And we met Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones," grinned Bob Lawless. "You're late this time, Chunky!" "Oh!"

The three chums trotted on to the gate of Cedar Creek chuckling, leaving Chunky Todgers standing in the trail staring after them.

> The 2nd Chapter. The New Man!

Cedar Creek School was in a state of excitement that morning.

Even Miss Meadows, the headmistress, and Mr. Slimmey and Mr. It's true, every excitement to some extent.

the Cedar Creek boys and girls were thinking quite as much of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones as of the lessons. Indeed, Chucky Todgers being

"You see," explained Frank asked by Miss Meadows to name the answered: "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" without stopping to think; whereat there was a chortle in the class.

After lessons the Cedar Creek came out of the lumber schoolhouse, Mr. Jones was the one topic of discussion in the playground. But Frank his injury. Richards & Co. were thinking of another matter.

suggested, and his chums assenting, they crossed the playground to Samuel Wellington Washington's

Outside the little cabin by the stable an old-looking, grey-bearded I man was seated on a log, engaged in | when Sam is well?"

The reappearance of Five-Hundredsetting a saw. It was Jake Hooker, Dollar Jones in the valley had caused the new man who had taken Black excitement everywhere, and little else | Sam's place while the negro was inwas talked of on the ranches and the capacitated for duty. fruit-farms, and at the claims up the

Hooker glanced up and touched his hat to the schoolboys. Thompson was one of the outlying

"Mornin'!" he said cheerfully. "Good-morning!" said Frank was many a long mile from the rail- Richards, with a rather curious look way, the telegraph, and the tele- at the grey-bearded pilgrim. "Is phone. Its chief communication with Sam about yet?"

"You'll find him inside," said Hooker.

"Thanks!" The chums of Cedar Creek passed

into the cabin. Black Sam was seated there with south of the border, were rare in the his woolly head in bandages. He Canadian West. The previous advent grinned a greeting to the chums. of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones-so- Samuel Wellington Washington had called from the reward set on his head | had a severe blow on the head, but in his native States-had stirred the his skull was of African stoutness,

when the famous outlaw was "Feeling better, Sammy?" asked

"Me getting on orlright, Mass' Bob," answered Sam. "Nebber go

Black Sam shook his bandaged head. But they were hearing of him now "Nebber see him," he answered. -in fact, they were hearing of hardly | "He come behind poor ole nigger." "I guess you couldn't have seen him if he'd come in front, after mopping up the tanglefoot at the Red Dog," said Bob severely.

> Sam grinned. "How much did he clear you out

"Three dollar!" said Sam. "All can tell you, we're going to have But no trace of him had been poor ole nigger had left. Dunno who | did it, and sheriff dunno!"

around," said Chunky Todgers | waggon he had vanished on his | perhaps!" grinned Bob. "You know impressively. "Fancy you fellows | horse, and no sign of him was found- | that 'Frisco bulldozer is up here

Sam chuckled.

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones nebber trouble about poor old nigger with three dollars," he said.

"Well, you're getting a rest now," said Frank. "How do you get on with the new man Hooker?" Sam's black face became graver.

His expression showed that he did not care very much for the new man who had relieved him of his job. "Berry good of him to carry me home when he found me in de timber," he said, "Ole nigger much obliged to him."

"There's room for both of you in this cabin," remarked Bob. "Oh, yes, sah. But I'se glad when I'se well, and Hooker go after 'nother job!" said Sam. "Me no like guns in de cabin—"

"Guns!" repeated Bob in surprise. "Mass' Hooker keep guns in his room," said Sam. "Me no like dat. What does Mass' Hooker want gun for? No let Black Sam come into his room--swear awful when I'se looking in. Much obliged to Mass' Hooker, but I'se glad when Mass' Hooker go, you bet!"

"Which is Hooker's room?" asked Frank. The negro pointed to a door at the back. There were only three rooms in the log cabin, all on the

ground floor. "No go in," he said. "Door locked!"

"What on earth is the door locked "Mass' Hooker always keep his

door locked," said Sam sourly. "P'r'aps he tink ole nigger steal! Young massa know ole Sam honest!"

The schoolboys glanced towards the door of the back room, but did not approach it. Jake Hooker's room was no affair of theirs; but they could not help feeling surprised at Black Sam's statement. A locked door in a log cabin was surprising enough. Jake Hooker had been tramping in search of work when he secured a temporary job at Cedar Creek School, and he could not be supposed to possess anything of great value. And Samuel Wellington Washington was as honest as the day. It was evident that Hooker had

succeeded in giving deep offence to the negro, in spite of Sam's gratitude to him for the service he had rendered in carrying him home after

The schoolb vs left the cabin a few minutes later. Jake Hooker was still "Let's drop in and see how Black | setting the saw outside. He glanced Sam is getting on?" Frank Richards | up at them with a pair of keen, almost rat-like eyes. Frank Richards paused to speak to him.

"Getting on all right at Cedar Creek, Hooker?" he asked. "Sure!" answered Jake.

"I suppose you'll be travelling

Hooker nodded. "Yep. I'm looking for a job now," he answered. "Miss Meadows is kind enough to give me leave to go after any chance that turns up. I hope to get a job in Thompson soon."

"Oh!" said Frank. "I suppose you'd been after a job when we met you on the trail Saturday evening."

"That's so. Tramped over to Cedar Camp," said Hooker. "Nothing doing there?"

"Nope!"

"Come on, Franky!" said Beauclerc. Jakes file was making a horrid scraping on the teeth of the saw, and it was setting the nerves of the Cherub on edge.

But Frank did not heed his chum's

admonition.

"I should think there would be jobs going in Cedar Camp, Hooker," he said, with an air of interest. "The lumbermen there are pretty busy now."

Hooker shook his head.

"I asked up and down round the camp" he said. "They don't seem to want anybody there."

The file scraped horribly, and Beauclerc caught Frank by the arm and fairly dragged him away.

The 3rd Chapter. Frank's Suspicion.

"This way!" said Frank. He headed for the corral, and his chums followed him in some surprise.

"Going for a ride?" asked Bob. "Yes; if you fellows will come." "Oh, all right! We can't go far if we're getting back for dinner in

the schoolhouse." "All serene!" The three scholars led their horses out on the trail and mounted.

Frank Richards led the way. "Not going home, Frank?" asked Bob in surprise.

"No. Let's ride over to Cedar like that-on Saturday." Camp." "We sha'n't get back for dinner,

then." "We can get some grub there."

"Look here, Frank, what's the stunt?" demanded Bob.

"I'll tell you as we go," answered Frank.

The schoolboys rode off at a good pace under the leafy branches that shaded the trail.

Frank Richards' brows were knitted in deep thought, and his chums glanced at him several times in great surprise. Frank seemed in no hurry to speak, however, and the trio turned into the trail that ran past the Beauclerc's cabin, on the edge of the timber, and rode on towards Cedar Camp across the plain.

"You haven't told us what we're going to Cedar for yet, Frank," said Vere Beauclerc at last, as the lumber camp came in sight.

"We're going to make inquiries," answered Frank, at last.

"About what?" "Jake Hooker."

"My only hat! Why?" "He said he was looking for work in Cedar Camp on Saturday afternoon," answered Frank.

"What does it matter to us?"

"Lots, very likely." "Blessed if I can see what you're driving at," said Bob Lawless. "You seemed to have a down on Hooker when he came to Cedar Creek last week. I don't see any harm in him. I suppose that if he said he was looking for work at the camp, he was looking for it."

"That's what I want to know."

"Why?"

Frank Richards paused.

"I won't tell you yet," he said at length. "Wait till we know a little more. Here we are!"

The chums rode into Cedar Camp, and stopped at the Continental Hotel. The landlord of that far from palatial building-in spite of its high-sounding title—was sitting on a bench outside, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a short black pipe. He nodded to the schoolboys as they dismounted.

Frank Richards & Co. joined him on the bench. From inside came the musical clink of glasses, washed in the bar by the Chinese bar-keeper. After mind. He was quite assured that if a up and down Cedar Camp on Saturday afternoon, the landlord of the School-" Continental would know about it.

But the landlord did not know. "Never heard of the galoot," he

said. "Who is he?"

perary job at our school now, but he says he's anxious to get something for the summer. You've not seen him?"

galoot was cavorting up and down this 'ere camp looking for a job, I reckon I'd know. Why, he'd come to the Continental fust thing, I reckon. Besides, there's plenty of work to be had here now, with the lumber coming on. They'd take on any man with two hands at Simpson's yard. If he can work, and he's willing to work, there's no need for him to ask twice in Cedar Camp at this time of the year. guess he's been chewing the rag, and

he don't want work." That was all Frank Richards wanted

to know.

He had suspected it already, and now he was sure.

The chums went into the log hotel to lunch, as they had missed their dinner at Cedar Creek.

It was not till they were riding out the camp again that Frank Richards referred to the subject uppermost in all their minds.

"I thought it would turn out like that," he said. "It seems that I was right, you chaps."

"But I don't savvy," said Bob, mystified. "The galoot ain't bound to get a job if he don't want to. Why should he make out he was looking for a job, if he isn't?"

"That's what he's done."

"Sure. But why?" Frank Richards paused.

"I think I'm going to surprise you," he said. "You remember I thought, when that man came to Cedar Creek, that I'd seen him before somewhere."

"I remember you said so." "I didn't know his face, but I thought I knew his eyes," said Frank. "He's got rather uncommon sharp eyes—a good bit like a rat's."

"Well, he can't help that," said Bob.

"I'd seen a man before with eyes like that," said Frank.

"I dare say." "And I saw a man again with eyes

Bob gave a start. "Saturday!" he said.

"When the post-waggon stopped on the prairie trail," Frank Richards quietly. "Frank!"

"Do you guess what I mean now?" "You're speaking of-of-"

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" said. Frank Richards quietly.

The 4th Chapter. Put to the Test.

Bob Lawless pulled in his horse. "Frank!" he gasped.

The rancher's son stared at his chum in blank astonishment. Vere Beauclerc halted too.

"You're dreaming, Frank!" he

Frank shook his head.

"That's what we've got to find out," he said. "Let's stop under these trees, and talk it over."

The chums pulled into the shade of a group of cedars near the creek. It was pretty evident that both Beauelerc and Bob Lawless considered that their chum had allowed his imagination to run away with him.

"Well, go ahead, Franky," said Bob, with a faint grin. "Don't pile it on too thick. You're not making up one of your yarns for Penrose's paper now, you know."

"I may be mistaken-" began

"I guess you are; but run on!" "Well, look at it," said Frank. "Black Sam was knocked on the head on his way home from Thompson last week. Hooker found him on the trail and carried him home. Perhaps it was a good turn; perhaps he knocked poor old Sam on the head himself, just to get that chance. After what he'd done, as Sam wasn't able to do his work, he could count on being taken on as a temporary man, as he was looking for work."

"Yes; but why should he

"That's what I'm coming to. You Five - Hundred - Dollar remember Jones' stunt when he was here before -he lived in Thompson under another name, and swanked about at the Occidental Hotel while the sheriff was hunting for him in the mountains. a few remarks on the weather, and on Just the trick he would play again if the lumber business, Frank Richards | he could. It's the safest way. But he came to the subject that was in his | couldn't play exactly the same game again. Suppose he got himself up as man seeking work had asked for a job | a man out of work, and found a job in | a grin. some quiet spot like Cedar Creek

"That would explain the whole bizney about Sam. And as he's supposed to be looking for a job, when "Old-looking man, with a grey | Sam gets well, he's got a ready excuse beard," said Frank. "He's in a tem- for being away from the school whenever he chooses."

"Oh!"

"But--"

him on the trail—on foot. We were surprised to find him on foot so far from here; he's explained to-day that he'd been over to Cedar Camp, looking for work. We've found out that he hadn't."

"That's so," agreed Bob thought-

"Why should he tell lies like that if he's got nothing to hide?"

"Blessed if I know."

"Of course, he doesn't know I suspect him, and never dreamed that I should ride over to Cedar Camp to inquire. It was a good enough yarn for you fellows."

Bob grinned.

"Quite so, old scout. Fire away." "Well, what was he doing on Saturday afternoon, that he was bound to tell a pack of lies about? I believe that he was holding us up on the prairie trail—at least, I suspect it. You heard what Black Sam said. He keeps a revolver in his room—Sam's seen it. He keeps his door locked all the time. Why? What is there in his room that anybody mustn't see?" "Hum! What do you think,

then?" "A good many things, if he is Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones-among them, the five thousand dollars he robbed from the post-waggon on Saturday."

"Phew!" "But the outlaw was mounted when he stopped the post-waggon," said Beauclerc. "Hooker was on foot when you met him going back to the

"He couldn't take his horse there. Having a horse wouldn't agree with his yarn of tramping looking for work. Besides, he wouldn't want it seen-it might be recognised. Of course, he keeps his horse hidden somewhere in

the timber." Bob Lawless whistled.

"I suppose it's possible," he said. "But-but it sounds awfully steep, Franky."

"I know it does. But to come down to facts, we know that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is somewhere in the valley, and can't be found; and it's just such a trick as he played last time he was here. Only it's safer this time—less in the public view."

"He would have to vamoose when Sam gets well."

"That won't be for a few weeks, and, besides, Sam may get another knock on the head by that time."

"Oh, Frank!"

"If he is the 'Frisco outlaw, he wouldn't hesitate at that-or at pitching the poor old nigger into the creek, for that matter," said Frank. Bob Lawless whistled.

"I guess it's steep," he said. "But -but I suppose it's possible. I know he's got eyes like the Jones man; but -but Jones is clean-shaved, and this galoot is as hairy as a gorilla."

"Exactly. I'm going to see whether his hairiness is genuine, and that will settle it," said Frank Richards. "If he's really got a big beard, he's not the man-Jones can't have grown a long beard since we saw him on the trail on Saturday."

"Ha, ha! No!" "But if it comes off " said

"But-but you can't walk up to a man and yank at his beard!" exclaimed Bow Lawless, aghast. "Dash it all, Frank---"

"I sha'n't do that. But it can be managed somehow-it's got to be," said Frank Richards. "Now we'd better be getting back, or we shall be late for lessons."

"Right-ho!" The three chums rode back to Cedar Creek School in a very thoughtful

Astounded as Bob and Beauclerc had been by Frank Richards' startling suspicion, it grew more probable to their minds as they thought over it. At all events, it could not be denied that Jake Hooker was a more or less suspicious character, and it was evidently advisable to look into the matter.

The schoolbell was ringing for afternoon lessons when the three chums arrived at the school.

"Just in time, you jays!" called towards the schoolhouse. "Where shaggy grey eyebrows remained. have you been?"

"Looking for Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones," answered Bob Lawless, with

Todgers chuckled.

"Draw it mild!" he answered. "Fact!" said Bob. "And we're going to stard you a chunk of maple sugar out of the five hundred dollars, when we get it."

"When!" grinned Chunky scepti-

Frank Richards & Co. went into the school-room with the rest. Frank

Frank was thinking out his problem during lessons. He had made up his mind to put the truth of his suspicion to the test, but it was not an easy matter. Miss Meadows spoke to him rather sharply once or twice that afternoon. Frank's thoughts were elsewhere, and the Canadian schoolmistress little guessed where they were.

Price

Three Halfpence

It was a great relief to Frank when lessons were over, and he came out with his chums. Bob Lawless looked at him rather quizzically.

"Well, what's the game now?" he asked. "Are we going home?"

"Not yet," answered Frank. "Lead on, then, and we'll follow!" said Bob. "Are you going to borrow the Gentle Shepherd's rifle, and hold the Cherub and I tug at his whiskers?"

"Ass!" said Frank, while Beauclere chuckled.

"There he is now," said Bob, with a nod in the direction of Black Sam's Jake Hooker was standing outside

the cabin, talking to Mr. Slimmey, who had strolled across to speak a friendly word with him. The greybearded pilgrim was stroking his long beard as he talked to the young master. Frank looked at the man keenly and suspiciously. If he was in disguise, Frank had to admit that he was playing his part remarkably

"We'll hang around till Slimmey's gone," said Frank, in a low voice. "Then you fellows chase me, and I'll run into him by accident--"

"Into Slimmey?"

"No, ass; into Hooker!" "Oh, all right!" said Bob, with a grin. "But look out! Black Sam says he swears, and if you crash him over he may shock you."

"Fathead!"

Mr. Slimmey walked away after a few minutes, and Jake Hooker remained, filling a pipe. Frank gave his chums a significant look.

There was a sudden whoop from Bob Lawless, and he rushed at Frank, who took to his heels, and dashed across the playground. Vere Beauclere joined in the pursuit, shout-

Hooker glanced at them carelessly, as they came tearing and whooping in his direction.

Frank was dashing towards him at top speed, as if to escape from his pursuers, and there was nothing to indicate that the sudden outbreak was

not a schoolboy game. Frank looked as if he would pass a dozen feet from Jake Hooker, and the man did not shift his position.

But, close at hand, Frank swerved, and headed straight for the greybearded pilgrim, as if running blindly without seeing the man standing in his path.

"Hyer, look out!" ejaculated Hooker.

But Frank Richards did not look In another second, almost in the same moment that the words left the greybeard pilgrim's lips, crashed into him.

Crash!

There was an angry yell from Jake Hooker, as he went sprawling under the impact. He landed in a sitting position on the ground, gasping, and Frank sprawled over him, catching at him, and at his grey beard!

The 5th Chapter. The Flight of the Outlaw.

"Great Scott!" yelled Bob Lawless. Frank's hand closed on the grey beard as he sprawled over Jake Hooker.

If the beard held, certainly Jake was likely to be hurt, and in that case there would have been ample apologies forthcoming.

But the beard did not hold. It came off in Frank's grasp so suddenly that he fell back with it in his hand, and sat on the ground.

With the beard off came the moustache and the shaggy whiskers, and out Chunky Todgers, as they hurried of the rascal's disguise only the

But the eyebrows did not disguise the dark, clean-shaven face. Recognition was easy now.

gasped Beauclerc. "Oh!" gasped Frank.

He had proved the truth of his suspicions so suddenly and completely that he was astounded. Suspicious as he had been, he had not been certain, and he was taken quite aback by the result. "Jones!" panted Beauclerc.

The ruffian, almost winded by the "He was away on Saturday after- | glanced towards Black Sam's cabin as | shock, sat on the ground, dazed for "I reckon he's been giving you noon, as we knew, at the time the he went, and caught sight of Jake | the moment, and perhaps not realischinwag," said the landlord. "If a | post-waggon was held up. We met | Hooker, industriously splitting logs. I ing at once that he was known. For I

a moment or two the schoolboys and the outlaw stared at one another, equally dazed.

But the rascal was quick to recover. He sprang to his feet, his teeth clenched, and his rat-like eyes glitter-

"Help here!" roared Bob Lawless. "It's Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!

Help! Help!" Frank Richards scrambled up. The three schoolboys closed in on the ruffian, but they stopped as a re-

volver glistened in his hand. "Back!" he rapped out, between his teeth.

"Bless my soul!" It was Mr. Slimmey's voice. "What-what-" Crack!

Frank Richards sprang away as up Jake at the muzzle of it, while | Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones levelled the revolver at him, and fired.

The bullet missed him by less than

"Cover!" panted Bob. The schoolboys leaped into the cover of the wood-pile close at hand. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones did not pursue them. He had no time then

to think of useless vengeance. He rushed to Black Sam's cabin, and thrust at the door; but the door was already barred against him. He beat on it furiously with the butt of

his revolver. The ruffian almost foamed with rage at the barred door. His plunder, evidently, was in the room in the cabin, and he had hoped to seize upon it ere he fled. But the barred door settled that matter for him. He

had no time to deal with it. "Oh, if I only had a gun!" groaned Bob Lawless. "If-if I'd only believed you were right, Franky, I'd have had a shooter handy--"

"Here comes Shepherd!" Mr. Shepherd came running out of his cabin, rifle in hand. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, with a furious curse, turned from the barred door, and ran. He had given up the thought of his booty. He was seeking now only to save his skin. Mr. Shepherd threw the rifle to his shoulder.

"Stop!" he shouted. The outlaw, with a snarl, turned upon him, and his revolver rang out. Mr. Shepherd pulled the trigger at

the same moment. Crack, crack!

The young master staggered, but recovered himself at once. The outlaw gave a howl, and the red was seen streaking down his dark cheek. The rifle-shot had grazed his face. Mr. Shepherd's hat flew off from his head with a bullet-hole through it.

Frank Richards sprang to his feet, grasping a billet from the wood-pile. The outlaw was about to pull the trigger a second time, when the billet crashed on his shoulder. He staggered, and the shot from his revolver glanced on the ground.

The next moment he was running Mr. Shepherd was reloading his rifle. As the outlaw ran, there was a whooping behind him, a dozen Cedar Creek fellows rushed in excited

dashed into the corral, and dragged out the nearest horse, which happened to be Chunky Todgers' fat pony. He threw himself on the animal's back, and drove it with savage blows into a gallop. Clatter, clatter, clatter!

pursuit. He did not heed them. He

"My pony!" yelled Chunky Todgers, from the shelter of the schoolhouse porch. Clatter, clatter! Mr. Shepherd's rifle was at his

as the outlaw dashed through the gateway. But the pony, galloping frantically under the outlaw's savage blows, cleared the gateway in time, and Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was

shoulder again. It rang out sharply

Cedar Creek School dispersed that afternoon in a state of the wildest excitement. Bob Lawless rode at breakneck speed to Thompson with the news, and the sheriff and his men were soon in hot pursuit of the outlaw. Chunky Todgers' pony was found loose a few miles from the school, a pretty plain indication that the outlaw had another steed concealed in the timber, and had taken "Five - Hundred - Dollar Jones!"

to it. In Black Sam's cabin, when it was searched, were found the five thousand dollars taken from the postwaggon the previous Saturday, as well as other plunder. That night and the following day armed men were seeking by every trail for the outlaw, but they did not find him. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, driven from his cunning hiding-place, was at

had not yet done with him. THE END.

large, and the chums of Cedar Creek