

DO YOU WANT TO BE PHYSICALLY PERFECT?
(See Our Grand Article Inside.)

The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 12th, 1920.]

“French Leave!”



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 Mornington.
“Oh, don’t be an ass!” exclaimed

Jimmy Silver sharply. “You’re detained. Has Bootles let you off?”
“Not at all!”
“Then you ought to be in the Form-room.”
“Morny, old chap—” began Kit Froll.
“Bosh!” interrupted Mornington. “Bootles has gone to his study, and he won’t think of looking for me in the Form-room. Most likely he’s forgotten by this time that I’m detained at all. You know what an ass he is. Anyhow, I’ve chanced it, and here I am.”
“Suppose Bootles should see you, and yank you back to the Form-room?” demanded Arthur Edward Lovell.
“Oh, he won’t! Bother Bootles!” said Mornington. “I’m quite fed up with Bootles! Give Bootles a rest!”
Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.
Disrespect to a Form-master was not considered “the thing” at Rookwood, 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 jolly well deserved to be detained, and you know it; you were pulling Bootles’ leg in class this afternoon, and you couldn’t expect him to stand

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 cricketer, and a valuable member of the Junior Eleven. But he often found the dandy of the Fourth very exasperating.
“Look here, Morny,” he said quietly. “This won’t do. You’re supposed to be detained, and you can’t be here playing cricket in sight of all Rookwood. You’re making me a party to your cheeking Bootles, and I’m not having it. I tell you, you’d better clear.”
“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 did not bowl.
“Not to you, unless Jimmy says so,” he answered. “Jimmy Silver is skipper, Morny; a fact you seem to have forgotten.”

There was a sudden howl from 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 Mornington had supposed. There was a dark frown upon his face as he hurried towards the cricket-ground.
“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, and remained standing at the wicket. Morny was oftener in a scrape than any other junior at Rookwood; but he had plenty of nerve to “face the music” when the hour of trouble came. His lofty pride would not allow him to scuttle off and dodge the Form-master; he remained where he was, waiting for Mr. Bootles to arrive, with an air of cool unconcern

—which he was probably very far from feeling. Mr. Bootles was a mild little gentleman; but he was, after all, a Form-master; and Form-masters had to be given their head, so to speak.
Mr. Bootles arrived on the cricket-ground, 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 portentously.
“Mornington! You are insolent!”
“Oh, sir!”
“You are detained,” pursued Mr. Bootles. “You have left the Form-room without permission, and left your detention task undone. How dare you act in this manner, Mornington? Have you no respect for authority?”
It was on Mornington’s lips to reply “None at all, sir!” but fortunately he checked himself, and remained silent.



Continued from the previous page.

FRENCH LEAVE!

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

I know a chap there—a chap named Bunter—"That isn't exactly a reason for putting you in the eleven, is it?" "They always stand you a good tea at Greyfriars."

Dodd. "Keep to matters you understand." "You cheeky Modern ass!" roared Lovell, jumping up. "I'll jolly well—" "Order!" rapped out Jimmy Silver. "Sit down, Lovell. Doddy, old man, the vacant place is between Raby and Newcome. They're the best on offer."

If Morny had been crooked 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.

it was easy to see that he had made up his mind. "I'm goin'!" he said, as he turned away. "Swank!" remarked Peele of the Fourth. "You won't have the nerve, Morny!"

The 2nd Chapter. The Eleventh Man.

The 3rd Chapter. To Go or Not To Go!

The 4th Chapter. Off to Greyfriars!



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



The Famous School Story Paper

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

hedge. The Sixth-Former was nearer.

Mornington dashed on recklessly. He turned from the lane into another, and then another, keeping up the fight 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 come up.

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 field.

He shook an angry fist at him, and panted in pursuit.

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 spot.

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. He 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 the lane.

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 bicycle 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 back to Rookwood without delay.

THE END.

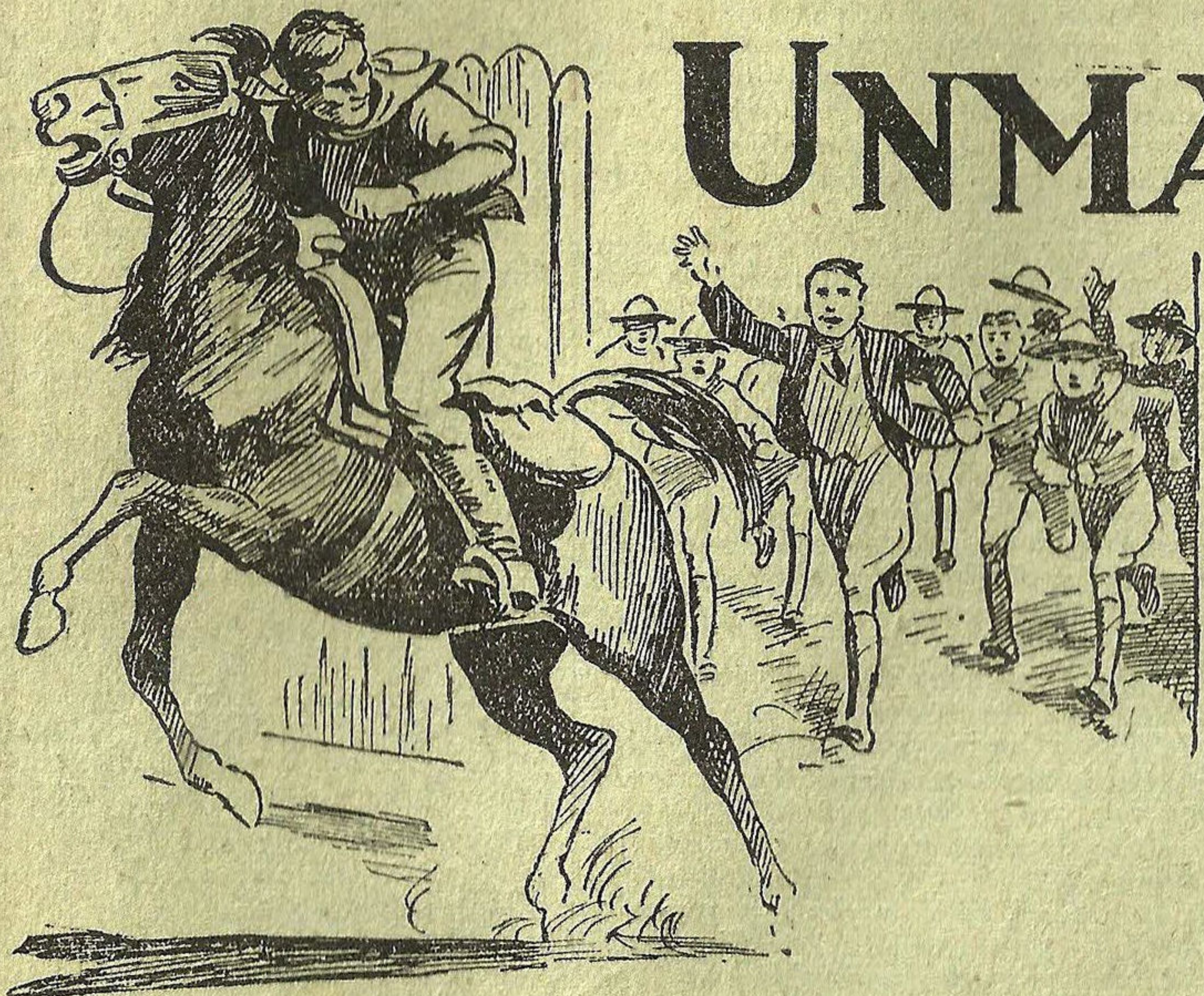
(Next Monday's long, complete story of Rookwood is entitled "Last Man In!" by Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)

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

UNMASKED!

A LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & Co. AT CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



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. As a matter of fact, they had been before Chunky Todgers on this occasion in getting the news—a long 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 anything."

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

"What's up?" inquired Vere Beauclerc. "Tell us, Chunky, like a good fellow. You'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 comrades.

"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 outlaw—the man who held up this section last year, and was roped in by old man Beauclerc at the Occidental Hotel in Thompson."

"Oh, I remember! What about him?"

"Guess!" said Chunky mysteriously.

"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. "Five-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 back?"

"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 him."

"Kind of him!" hooted Chunky. "I tell you, the galoots in Thompson are talking about nothing else. The sheriff has been out with his men all 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

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 can tell you, we're going to have lively times in the Thompson Valley with that 'Frisco bulldozer cavorting around," said Chunky Todgers impressively. "Fancy you fellows not knowing! You never hear anything at the ranch!"

"Fancy you fellows not knowing! You never hear anything at the ranch!"

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"Fancy you fellows not knowing! You never hear anything at the ranch!"



THE TEST! 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 Beauclerc.

impressively. "Stopped Hank Hoskins on the trail, and robbed the post—five thousand dollars consigned to the bank in Thompson. What do you think of that?"

Frank and Bob grinned. As they had been in the post-waggon when it 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 calaboose the next morning, and I guess he had a head on him like a pumpkin. It's true, every

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Chunky Todgers warmly.

"Nothing to cackle at that I can see."

"You see," explained Frank Richards, "Bob and I were the two kids in the post-waggon—"

"Eh?"

"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. Slimmy and Mr. Shepherd, the masters, shared in the 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, Chunky Todgers being asked by Miss Meadows to name the first Prime Minister of Canada, 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 Richards & Co. were thinking of another matter.

"Let's drop in and see how Black Sam is getting on?" Frank Richards suggested, and his chums assenting, they crossed the playground to Samuel Wellington Washington's cabin.

Outside the little cabin by the stable an old-looking, grey-bearded man was seated on a log, engaged in

setting a saw. It was Jake Hooker, the new man who had taken Black Sam's place while the negro was incapacitated for duty.

Hooker glanced up and touched his hat to the schoolboys.

"Mornin'!" he said cheerfully.

"Good-morning!" said Frank Richards, with a rather curious look at the grey-bearded pilgrim. "Is 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 his woolly head in bandages. He grinned a greeting to the chums. Samuel Wellington Washington had had a severe blow on the head, but his skull was of African stoutness, and he was recovering from the damage.

"Feeling better, Sammy?" asked Bob Lawless.

"Me getting on orlright, Mass' Bob," answered Sam. "Nebber go on a bender agin. Soon as I'se well, I'se going to de Mission to swear off."

"Time you did, my black tulip," said Bob. "If you'd been sober the other night, you wouldn't have got knocked on the head Sam. Do you know who it was rapped you on the cabeza?"

Black Sam shook his bandaged head. "Nebber see him," he answered.

"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 of?" asked Frank.

"Three dollar!" said Sam. "All poor ole nigger had left. Dunno who did it, and sheriff dunno!"

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, perhaps!" grinned Bob. "You know that 'Frisco bulldozer is up here again."

Sam chuckled.

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones neber 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 for?"

"Mass' Hooker always keep his door locked," said Sam sourly.

"Praps 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 his injury.

The schoolboys left the cabin a few minutes later. Jake Hooker was still setting the saw outside. He glanced 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 when Sam is well?"

