MAGNIFICENT NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL STARTS TO-DAY!

By Sidney Drew.

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THREE HALFPENCE.

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SURPRISE MEETING!

Dick and Jack Darby slid from their camels and ran forward. In the glow of the flames, well clear of the wrecked machine, stood two men. A third figure lay prone on the sand at their feet. The next moment, in the glow of the tossing flames and amid a stench of burning canvas and petrol, two people were staring in openmouthed astonishment at each other. For there, in the heart of the desert, Richard Archgray and his cousin, Bennet Garvery, stood face to face, both equally astounded at this undreamed-of meeting!

The 1st Chapter,

John Garvery's Strange Will.

Old John Garvery was dead. Certain people in the City were not the slim, shabby gentleman with the thin, white beard. He was as dingy as his offices, and for a month or two he had been looking very frail. To the outside world, and even to many in the inside world, that portion of London known as the "City" is a place of mystery. And when it behind him, there were some wise kindness." ones who pretended to be surprised that he had not left more, and others equally wise and just as astonished that he had left anything at all.

The will had been proved by the firm of Darkwell, Brayburn & Ressit. solicitors, of Chancery Lane. The

there, and even the dusty windows of | legacies. Then he swung round in | advantage in age. I pointed this fact | the solicitors' office could not keep out his chair. some of it.

Mr. Ressit, though their names were "that I have thought it my duty to man of business." He was a great hands were not too steady as he broke surprised at that. They remembered | engraved on the brass doorplate. Mr. | ask for the highest expert advice. I Brayburn was the last representative am told on the greatest authority time he would be in Japan, buying a stranger to him. But his hands of the firm. He sat at his desk, a | that the will is quite in order and perwithered little man with spectacles. feetly legal. After paying out the Without turning round, he began to read John Garvery's will in a quiet, dry voice.

"To my faithful housekeeper, and considered that to hire a taxi- income-tax, with an annuity of five | were sitting with their backs to the left something like a couple of millions | goodness, honesty, and unfailing | He was dark, lean, and pale, but

woman, in a choked voice.

was an annuity for his gardener, with at stake. Government, of course, had taken a Loftus; this weekly payment to cease Archgray?"

charges on the estate I have read to you, and the charges for death duties, left to the testator's nephew."

Mr. Brayburn paused. much stronger than he looked. Archgray was three years younger, a clean-"Oh, the dear, kind master!" said a limbed, fair-haired boy. Bennet | clenched his hands nervously, as well Mr. Brayburn read on. There he might with such tremendous things

but for once the sun was shining he had come to the end of the smaller | quite fair, as you, Bennet, have an | ever dealt with."

out to the two eminent counsel I con- Bennet Garvery, and the other to "The rest of Mr. John Garvery's sulted. Your uncle was an eccen- Richard Archgray. Dick Archgray There was no Mr. Darkwell and no | will is so extraordinary," he said, | tric person, though a most capable | was not a nervous youngster, but his traveller, as you may know. At one the seal. His uncle had been almost silks, at another in the heart of were steadier than his cousin's as he Siberia, buying furs. His fortune is pulled out the single strip of paper to go to the nephew who proves him- the envelope contained, and read: self to be the most resourceful and etc., the remainder of the money is capable. He has set you a task, and who grudged a shilling for his lunch, sufficient to provide her, free of Garvery and Richard Archgray. They you will each receive only the sum of | 6.6.6.-J. G." five thousand pounds, and the rest of cab was a wicked waste of money, had | pounds per week, as a reward for her | window. Bennet was nearly eighteen. | your uncle's great fortune will go to various charities."

> Mr. Brayburn took a couple of scaled envelopes from a drawer.

on. "I can only wish you luck in this I rigmarole mean?" very curious adventure. I have to the keep of the testator's fox-terrier, | shaky voice. "Is it for me or for you can come to no arrangement | Brayburn?" about dividing the money. It is exhuge slice out of the fortune, at the death of the dog. The "That has yet to be decided," said traordinary, as I have said before; very difficult, my boy," said the Chancery Lane can be a gloomy place, solicitor's voice droned on further, till the lawyer. "To me, it does not seem the strangest and oddest will I have lawyer. "Evidently your uncle

He handed one of the envelopes to

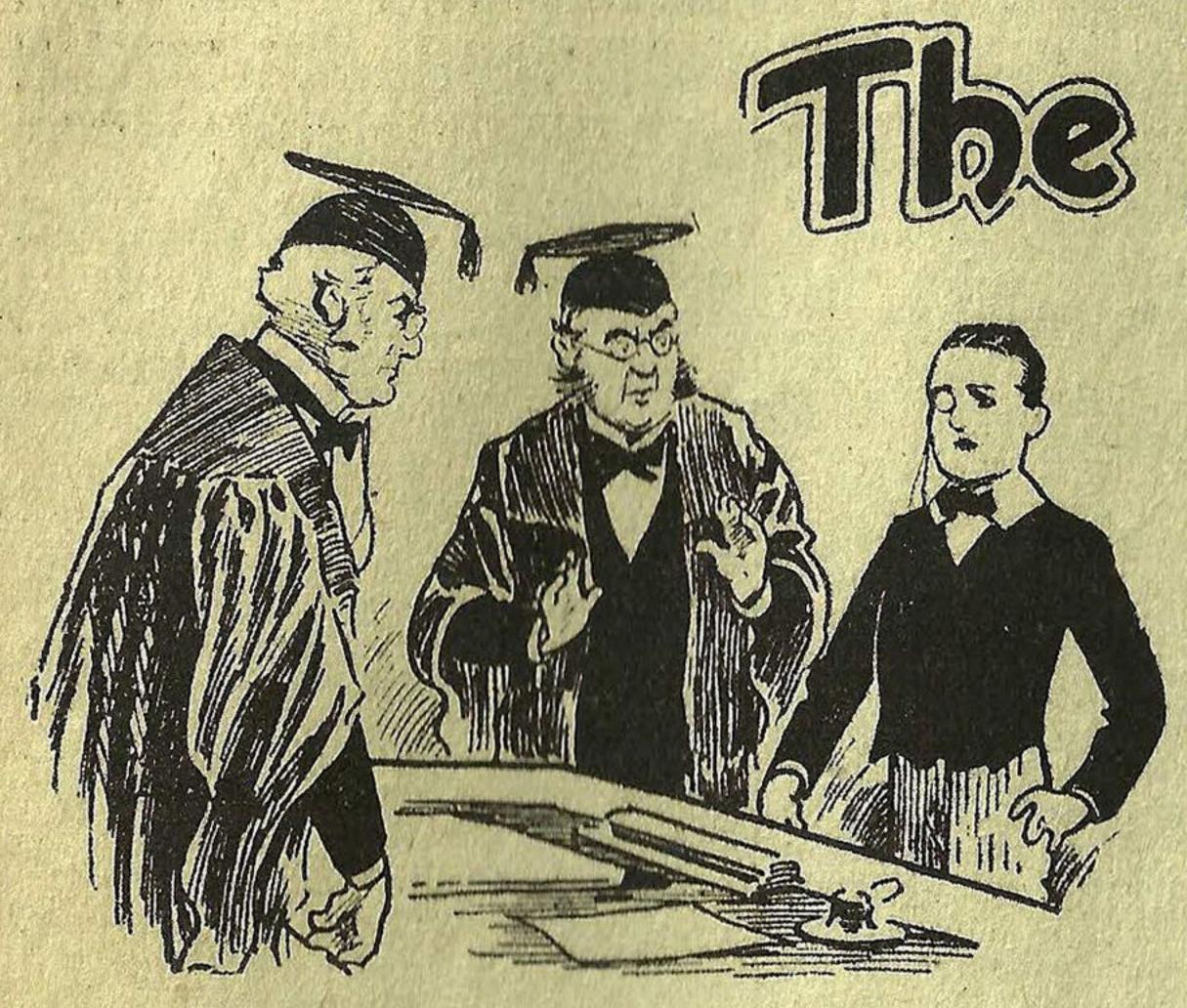
"First clue. Siwah. Peter the the spoils will belong to the victor. Dervish. The Well of a Thousand John The task must be completed within Perils and the broken pillar. Where became known that John Garvery, Jane Mullins, I bequeath a sum Garvery had two nephews-Bennet eight months. Should you both fail, the eighth shadow falls at lark-rise.

> That was all. The two papers were identical. Bennet Carvery fixed his frowning, puzzled eyes on Dick.

"Why, he must have been raving "I have to give you these," he went | mad!" he said. "What does this

"You had better ask me another," warn you both that there must be no I said Dick. "It's worse than Sanscrit an extra sovereign a week added for "Which nephew?" he asked, in a collusion. By the terms of the will to me. What does it mean, Mr.

> "I'm afraid it means something I wished his fortune to go to the



A LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF SILVER AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL. By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Brought Before the Beak!

"Morny, old man!" Mornington of the Fourth was waiting in the passage outside the Head's study at Rookwood, when Jimmy Silver came up quickly.

Morny glanced round, and nodded coolly.

"You haven't seen the Head yet?" asked Jimmy.

"Not yet. I'm waitin' to be called in for execution," said Mornington, with a grin. "Dear old Bootles has brought me here, and he's gone in to talk to the beak. He told me to wait. So, like a good an' dutiful youth, I'm waitin'."

"It's a serious matter, Morny," said Jimmy Silver, in a low voice.

The murmur of voices could be heard from the Head's study. Mr. ing to Dr. Chisholm that Valentine Mornington had returned after his reckless escapade. There were few fellows, in Morny's position, who would not have been feeling uneasy; but Mornington looked as cool and nonchalant as ever. Apparently he had no dread of the coming interview with his headmaster.

"Serious!" repeated Mornington. "I know it, dear boy. Can't you see how serious I'm lookin' and feelin'."

'Morny, this isn't a time for playing the goat," said Jimmy earnestly. "You've done a silly thing, and the Head's bound to be waxy. Don't try any rot with him. If you cheek him it will be all the worse for you."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders. Jimmy was about to speak again, when the study door opened, and Mr. Bootles looked out.

"Mornington!" he said curtly. "Yes, sir?" answered Morny, with

undiminished cheerfulness. "Dr. Chisholm will see you now.

You may enter." "Thank you, sir!"

Jimmy Silver gave the dandy of the Fourth almost an imploring look. In Morny's present mood, Jimmy was alarmed as to what might happen in the Head's study. Morny gave him a wink in return, and followed Mr. Bootles into the room.

Jimmy turned away as the door closed on him, with a clouded brow. He went quietly down the passage, to where Lovell and Raby and Newcome were waiting for him at the corner. The Fistical Four were all concerned for Morny now, though, as a rule, they did not care much

about that rather lofty youth. "He's gone in?" asked Lovell. "Yes, I'm afraid he's looking for trouble," said Jimmy. "If he's silly ass enough to cheek the Head as he

did Bootles--" "It will be the sack instead of a flogging, if he does," said Raby. fag.

"I'm sorry, after the game he put up at Greyfriars to-day." Kit Erroll came up and joined the

Fistical Four. Erroll's face was deeply troubled.

"Is he with the Head, Jimmy?" he asked.

"I-I hope he'll have sense There was probably no other presaid Erroll. "He was awfully would have answered "Rats!" But brought him in. It may be some- ceeded in inspiring the juniors with thing worse than a flogging, if he's respect. not careful."

Jimmy. "He can't be long with the round the Fistical Four, with the Head."

easy mood.

There never was any telling what Valentine Mornington might do or say when he was in a reckless he snapped, at last. "I shall cane temper, and the Head of Rookwood | you!" was not a man to be trifled with.

l fag of the Second Form came along | Carthew had given him that order to

the corridor.

very distressed. Evidently the news of Morning. appear from the Head's study. ton's trouble had reached the ears of his cousin in the Second Form.

"Where's Morny?" asked the fag.

"With the Head." "Is it a row?"

"I'm afraid so, kid," answered Jimmy Silver. "Morny bolted without leave to-day, to play cricket at Greyfriars."

"I saw him go," said 'Erbert. "I was lookin' out of the winder of the Second Form-room, and I saw him streaking across the quad. I've been waitin' for him to come back.

s'pose he's going to be flogged."
"I suppose so," said Jimmy. 'Erbert peered along the passage Bootles was there, doubtless explain towards the Head's door. The juniors were too far away to hear the sound of voices, and they wondered uneasily what was going on.

More and more fellows came along, to join the little crowd at the corner. Before long nearly half the Classical Fourth had gathered there, all discussing the fate of Mornington, in by this weighty exordium. low voices.

"What the thump are you fags hangin' about here for?"

It was the harsh voice of Carthew of the Sixth.

"Waiting for Mornington, Carthew," answered Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Oh, Mornington!" said the prefect, knitting his brows. "Do you know that young cad wrecked my him to-day?"

"He told us so at Greyfriars." "You won't see much more of Mornington here," said Carthew. "Unless I'm greatly mistaken the Head will kick him out of Rookwood. He ought to have been kicked out long ago, in my opinion."

"Well, your opinion ain't worth much," grunted Mornington II. Carthew stared at him.

It was the first time that Carthew of the Sixth had been addressed in that manner by a fag of the Second Form.

"You cheeky little cub!" said Carthew. "Is that the way to speak to a prefect?

"You let Morny alone, then," retorted 'Erbert undauntedly. "You! ain't fit to clean Morny's shoes, you

Some of the juniors grinned. Little 'Erbert's devoted attachment to his superb cousin was well known at Rookwood, and he was always ready to "fire up" in defence of Valentine Mornington.

Carthew made a stride towards the

Jimmy Silver signed to his chums, and the Fistical Four closed round Erbert.

"You can let the kid alone, Carthew," said Jimmy Silver coolly.

"Stand aside, Silver!" "Rats!"

Carthew clenched his hands.

enough to keep his tongue in check," | feet at Rookwood to whom Jimmy | cheeky to Mr. Bootles, when Bulkeley | the bully of the Sixth had never suc-

Erroll and Conroy and Grace, and "We'll wait for him here," said two or three more juniors, gathered evident intention of backing up The juniors waited, in a very un- Jimmy Silver if Carthew proceeded to] hostilities.

> Carthew paused. "Follow me to my study, Silver!"

And Carthew strode away, followed "Hallo! Here's 'Erbert!" mur- by a jeering chortle from the juniors. mured Arthur Edward Lovell, as a Jimmy Silver did not follow him.

cover his retreat, as it were, and he Mornington secundus joined the did not expect it to be obeyed. Fourth-Formers, his chubby little face Jimmy Silver remained where he was, waiting for Mornington to re-

The 2nd Chapter. The Head's Sentence.

Dr. Chisholm looked at Mornington with a stern brow, as Mr. Bootles At a glance it could be seen that negative. the Head of Rookwood was very

angry. The Head was a stickler for discipline, and certainly Valentine Mornington had thrown all discipline to the winds that day.

His dark frown, however, had no perceptible effect on Mornington. The junior stood before him with his head well up, his eyes meeting Dr. Chisholm's with rather exasperating glory in what you have done."

"Mornington," said the Head sternly, "you have this day been guilty of a breach of discipline which is absolutely unparalleled."

"Indeed, sir, said Mornington, apparently not very much impressed

"Mr. Bootles informs me that you quitted the Form-room without permission, during lessons." "Yes, sir."

"You left Rookwood, and proceeded to Greyfriars School, where a cricket match was being played by a Junior eleven."

"Yes, sir." "A prefect, Carthew of the Sixth Form, was sent to stop you at bike when Mr. Bootles sent me after | Latcham Station, and by a trick you damaged his bicycle, and he was forced to walk back."

"I hope Carthew wasn't very tired, sir," said Mornington. Bulkeley of the Sixth Form was

sent to Greyfriars School to bring you back, and instead of coming with him, you eluded him."

"I dodged him, sir!" "You eluded him," said the Head, who was apparently unacquainted

return alone to Rookwood." enjoy my company on the way home, sir," said Mornington meekly. "What?"

"Mornington-" murmured Mr. Bootles.

"Boy!" ejaculated the Head. "Do | Silver. you think you will improve your position by studied impertinence to your headmaster?"

a fact."

"Have you any excuse to offer for Mornington?" said the Head, eyeing the junior very curiously.

Morny was rather a puzzle to the Head.

"Certainly, sir!"

"I am willing to hear you." "I was wanted in the cricket team at Greyfriars," Mornington explained. "As a member of the eleven, I felt bound to play if I could. Jimmy Silver will tell you that the team would have been licked if I hadn't ! turned up."

you may set law and order in the the thump do you mean by saying you school at defiance for the sake of a | don't know?" cricket match?"

to us, sir."

"Then you are not sorry for your conduct?"

with me, sir," answered Mornington, with much humility. "I felt bound to act as I did."

"You felt bound to leave Rookwood against the strict orders of your Form-master, and to elude the prefects sent to bring you back-sent by me personally?" ejaculated Dr. Chis-

Mornington did not reply to that. Even his cool impertinence was not | equal to answering in the affirmative; brought the delinquent into his study. | and he would not answer in the

The Head's brow was like a thunder-cloud.

"Since I have been headmaster of Rookwood School I have never known such an instance of impertinence and disrespect," he said. "Yet you are not ashamed to look me in the face, Mornington."

" No, sir!" "Even in my presence you seem to

"Not at all, sir; I only remarked that I felt bound to act as I did."

Mr. Bootles was blinking at Mornington over his spectacles with an expression of horror that was almost comic in its intensity. When a junior spoke to his headmaster in this strain it was time for the skies to fall, in Mr. Bootles' opinion.

Dr. Chisholm breathed hard for a nioment.

Very well, Mornington," he said. I will speak to you no further. It is only my consideration for your uncle and guardian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, that prevents me from sending you away from Rookwood at once. shall try the effect of a flogging."

Morny's lips closed hard. "To-morrow morning," said the Head impressively, "you will be flogged in hall before the assembled fully. school, and I trust that this punishment will have a proper effect upon your hardened insolence. You may

Mornington left the study without

The two masters remained in discussion on the subject of Mornington with the verb "to dodge." "You | -Mr. Bootles in a state of dismay, eluded him, and Bulkeley had to and the Head in great wrath.

Mornington walked down the "I really didn't think he would passage, and smiled as he reached the corner and found half the Classical Fourth there.

"Hallo, old scouts," he said lightly. "Why this merry meetin'?"

"What's happened?" asked Jimmy "Nothin'."

"You're not--?" began Erroll.

"We should have heard him howl

"Oh, no, sir! I was simply statin' if the Head had flogged him," chuckled Tubby Muffin.

Mornington gave the fat Classical your extraordinary conduct to-day, a glance. Tubby drew quickly behind Jimmy Silver. He did not like the look in Morny's eyes.

"But you're not let off, surely?" exclaimed Lovell.

" No."

"Then what's going to happen?" exclaimed 'Erbert breathlessly. "I don't know."

"Didn't the Head tell you?" asked Jimmy Silver. "He told me I was to have a public

floggin' in the mornin'." "Well, that's what's going to "Do you infer, Mornington, that | happen, then," said Lovell. "What

"I don't know," answered Morny "It was rather an important match | coolly. "I'm not sure whether I shall take the floggin'."

"I don't see how you can help it." "I'm sorry if you are displeased grunted Jimmy Silver "The Head won't let you off. You've asked for it, and you'll get it."

Morny's eyes gleamed. "That isn't at all certain," he answered.

"Are you goin' to ask the Head to have the gloves on with you?" asked Peele, with a grin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mornington walked away without replying. Erroll followed him, and

the crowd of juniors broke up. Jimmy Silver & Co. were relieved to hear that Morny was not to be "sacked," at all events. As for the flogging, it was the least he could have expected for his defiance of authority. As for Morny's statement that it was not at all certain that he would take the flogging, Jimmy Silver paid no heed to that. When Morny was hoisted on the sergeant's broad back, and the Head "started in" with his birch, Morny would have no choice about the matter. Beyond that point even Valentine Mornington could not carry his defiance. But even yet Jimmy did not quite realise of what the reckless junior was

The 3rd Chapter. Morny's Resolve.

Tubby Muffin looked into Study No. 4 a little later. Mornington and Erroll were there-Erroll working at the table, and Mornington stretched in the armchair with a clouded and thoughtful brow. He scowled as the fat and grinning face of Reginald Muffin appeared in the doorway.

"All serene, old scout," said Tubby. "I've come to give you a

"What do you mean, you fat fool?" growled Mornington, ungrate-"You needn't call a chap names,

when he's come to do you a favour," said Muffin warmly. "Oh, clear off!"

"You're going to be flogged tomorrow morning---" "Will you get out?" muttered

Mornington angrily. "I'm not rubbing it in, old scoutonly mentioning the fact. I can put you up to a dodge," said Muffin. "I've got some old exercise-books

"What?" "Half a dozen," said Tubby. "I've been keeping them in case they might be needed; flogging might happen to any chap, you know. Now, my idea

is that you should put them in your bags to-morrow-"Fathead!" "I'll lend them to you, and lielp you fix them up," said Tubby. "Half dozen exercise-books, properly arranged, will take the edge off a flogging, you know. I'll lend them to you, and help you fix them up, for

nothing. I'm not asking to be paid for them." "Idiot!" "But you can lend me a bob, if you like," continued Tubby. "One good turn deserves another, Morny. You

see that?" "Cut off, Tubby," said Erroll. "Morny doesn't want your exercise-

books." "That's all rot," said Tubby. "1 know Morny says he isn't going to be flogged, but that's only his gas. He will be tame enough when the Head tackles him in the morning."

Mornington's eyes glittered. A taunt, even from so unimportant a person as Tubby Muffin, was sufficient to rouse his angry pride. ."I'm not goin' to be flogged!" he said savagely.

Tubby winked. "My dear chap," he said, "you've got to be flogged. You can't help it. Peele's saying you said you wouldn't be flogged, and they're chortling over it no end in his study. Peele has offered ten to one that you'll be as quiet as a lamb when



the Head starts in, but Lattrey and Gower won't take his bet. Now, gassing apart, Morny, you'd better have those exercise-books. I'm willing to-"

Tubby Muffin broke off suddenly as Mornington sprang from the chair and made a stride towards him.

The fat Classical dodged out of the study very quickly.

Morny slammed the door. He returned savagely to his chair; but a couple of minutes later the door was cautiously opened a few inches, and Reginald Muffin peered in.
"I say. Morny-"

"Will you clear off, you fat fool?"

hissed Mornington.

"About those exercise-books---" Mornington's grasp closed on a cushion.

"I'll let you have them for nine- as the door opened, and his fists It was known all over the Lower Jir pence," said Tubby Muffin clenched. But it was only 'Erbert of School, now, that Mornington had generously. "I know you're hard the Second who came in." up. Morny. Make it ninepence-"

The cushion flew with a good aim, and it smote Reginald Muffin full upon his fat little nose.

There was a heavy bump as Muffin

sat down in the passage. "Yow-ow!" roared Tubby.

"Now clear off, or I'll come out | to you with a cricket-stump!" said Mornington, in a tone of concentrated rage.

Tubby Muffin scrambled to his feet. He put a fat and furious face in at the doorway for a moment.

"Yah! I won't lend them to you! now, you beast! I hope the Head will give you a jolly stiff flogging! shall laugh when I hear you howling! Yah!"

With that Parthian shot, Tubby Muffin fled; and only just in time, for Morny was springing to the door

with fury in his face. Mornington kicked the door shut

savagely. "Don't mind him, old chap," said Erroll soothingly. "What does it matter what an idiot like Muffin

says?" Morny's only answer was a surly growl.

"Aren't you going to do your prep, Morny?"

"Well, it doesn't matter. Bootles will let you off in the morning, considering."

Mornington sneered.

"Considerin' that I'm goin' to be flogged?" he asked. "Well, I'm not goin' to be flogged, Erroli! Peele would have lost his bet if the other cads had taken him on."

"Morny, old chap, don't think of playing the goat to-morrow," said Erroll in alarm. "You've done enough to be sacked from the school already."

"I'm not goin' to be flogged!" said Mornington doggedly. "I'm not goin' to be made a show of before the whole school."

"It can't be helped, old chap."

"You'll see." Erroll laid down his pen.

He was worried and alarmed by this mood of his chum. Morny, in his present savage and unreasonable temper, was likely to commit himself to a line of conduct which was impossible to pursue without disaster, and which his lofty pride would not allow him to abandon afterwards. Erroll saw very serious trouble ahead for the scapegrace of Rookwood.

Morny moved about the study restlessly, his hands driven deep into his pockets. Erroll did not speak, and Morny looked at him at last.

"You think I sha'n't have the nerve to refuse to be flogged?" he snapped out.

"No; I think you've got rather too much nerve than too little, l Morny. But I hope you'll do the sensible thing."

"I'm not goin' to be flogged!" "But, old fellow, the Head---"

"Bother the Head!"

"It's that or the sack," said Erroll. "Let it be the sack then," growled Mornington. "I don't care two pins whether I'm turned out of Rookwood or not! I'm fed up, anyhow! The world's wide enough for a fellow! who knows how to look after himself. My uncle's fed up with me; all my Stacpoole cousins would be glad to | hear that he'd got me off his hands. | right," he replied. "We 'ad a up. | turned out in a less cheery mood than | garded on all sides. I'm sick of bein' dependent on a relation who doesn't like the sight | prep.' of me. I was the richest fellow at Rookwood before my money went. Now I'm the poorest—as poor as Tubby Muffin. I can tell you I'm fed. I'd just as soon walk out of Rookwood to-morrow as not."

"I don't want you to go, Morny." "Oh, you wouldn't miss me for more than a day or two," said Mornington bitterly. "You're the only friend I've got in the school, and all the fellows think you're a fool to put up with me. They say so."

"I don't mind what they say." "I'm not goin' to be flogged! I

did right in going over to Greyfriars. The match would have been lost without me, as Silver himself says. Bootles ought not to have detained me. The Head ought to let the matter drop."

"He couldn't. If you were allowed to do as you choose, the other fellows would claim the same right, suppose.

"Bother the other fellows!" "There must be subordination in a school, old chap."

" Rot !" Erroll was silent. It was not of much use attempting to make Morny see reason; in his present mood at least. Erroll turned to his work; again, while Mornington roamed round the study restlessly and that night Mornington was the object savagely. He turned with a scowl of many glances and some smiles.

"Hallo, kid!" said Mornington, as flogging from the Head. graciously as he could. "What are you lookin' woeful about? All the declaration as "swank," and expected troubles in the universe dropped on your shoulders all of a sudden?"

Erbert was indeed looking woebegone. "I'm worritin' about you, Morny,"

he said. "You're what?"

Instruction at Rookwood had not But the fellows who knew Morny best quite cured the one-time waif of his were anxious about what was to haprather weird modes of speech.

anyhow?"

Erbert's lip quivered.

kept his eyes on his books,

Erroll?" "I heard."

"What do you think of it then?" | "I don't suppose he felt much like think it necessary to stick to it, and him." it will mean bad trouble."

"Let it!" said Mornington indifferently. And he strolled out of the study.

The 4th Chapter. Left in the Lurch!

In the Classical Fourth dormitory

declared that he would not take a

Most of the fellows looked upon the

to see Morny "climb down" quickly enough when the hour of trial came. Possibly, Mornington, when he had

had time to grow cool, realised that he had spoken rashly. It was easy, in a moment of heat, to declare that he would defy the Head; it was not "Worritin'," said poor 'Erbert, so easy to do it when the time came. pen in the morning. For good or ill, "If you mean worrying, say what Morny was a fellow of his word, and you mean," grunted Mornington. | the last fellow in the world to face "And what are you worrying about, the mockery of his schoolfellows by failing to live up to his high words. More than one fellow had been heard | Bilver," he answered. "Knocked me "Couldn't nothin' be done, to say that he "wouldn't stand" this up, he did, afore I had the shop

a defiant expression. But Kit Erroll Jimmy Silver glanced towards Mornington's bed, as he turned out, "You heard what I told him, and found that it was empty. "Hallo, Morny's down already!"

he remarked.

"I think you're an ass, Morny! sleeping, in the circs," said Lovell. Now you've told 'Erbert that, you'll "Poor old Morny! I'm sorry for

"Serve him right!" said Tubby Muffin. "He pitched into me yesterday when I offered him my exercisebooks to put in his bags. And he says he's not going to be flogged! He, he, he!"

"Rather a come-down for Morny, when he has to eat his words, with all of us lookin' on!" grinned Peele. "We'll chip him about it after-

wards," chuckled Gower. "You can let him alone," growled Jimmy Silver. "If Morny does the sensible thing, all the better. He's' got to take his medicine. If I catch you chipping him, I'll bang your heads together!"

"Rats!" retorted Gower. "He shouldn't blow off steam if he doesn't want to be chipped."

Jimmy Silver &. Co. looked for Mornington when they came down. But Morny was not to be seen.

They did not find him in the quadrangle, or about the passages. The Fistical Four went into the school shop, which Sergeant Kettle had just opened.

"Seen Mornington, sergeant?" asked Jimmy.

Mr. Kettle nodded.

"Yes; he's been here. Master

Morny?" he asked. "If you was to or that; but fellows always would, open."

THE REBEL'S RETURN! Erroll gave a start as he heard the sound of the door opening softly in the darkness. "Who's there?" he called out. "Shush!" came a cool whisper, and Erroll recognised the voice. "Morny!" he ejaculated blankly. "Himself, old top! Are you surprised?" "Yes, yes! I'm glad you've come back, Morny!" exclaimed Erroll. Half the Fourth had awakened, and the fellows were sitting up in bed peering through the darkness. Mornington could not be seen very distinctly, but his voice was well known.

ington, and served to confirm him in

That was the angry and bitter

Erroll had not sought any further

to reason with his unreasonable chum.

He hoped that, after sleeping upon

it. Morny would come to a more

sensible frame of mind: but his hope

was slight. He was alarmed by the

outbreak of restlessness on Morny's

part, which had led in the first place

to his escapade. Morny was a fellow

of changing moods, which were not

always easy to understand.

go to the 'Ead and say 'you was could, and did stand whatever the | "That's rather queer." said Jimmy,

"If I was to go to the 'Ead," mimicked Mornington, "I should tell | Valentine Mornington would suit the | him to go and eat coke."

"Oh, Morny!" "But don't you bother, kid," said Morny more kindly. "It's all right. had a very irritating effect on Morn-I'm not going to be flogged."

Erbert's face brightened, but he his rash intentions. They did not looked at his cousin very doubtfully. | believe him now, but they should see. "You know 'ow to get off?" he asked.

"Yes." "Sure?" asked Erbert, more cheerfully.

"I'm jolly glad to 'ear it, Morny," said the fag brightly. "I was worritin' about you, old chap. I'd ten times rather the 'Ead give it to me.' "What's the matter with your eve?" asked Mornington. There was a dark "mouse" under Erbert's left eye.

The fag grinned. "Young Snooks said it served you and-a-downer in the Form-room arter

"I thought you were great chums | with Snooks of the Second."

"So I am, but he ain't going to ! say anything agin you," said the a painful one. If Morny had defied fag sturdily. "You should see his nose now! Worser nor my eye."

Mornington laughed. all right: there isn't goin' to be any | French leave. That was a great point floggin'."

left the study with a very cheerful weigh with the Head. There was tace.

punishment was just, and, not too severe for his offence; still, it was I severe, and the scene was likely to be I

thought in his mind.

boast.

the powers for any other reason, he would have had little sympathy; but "Well, don't fight any more fags | had won the cricket-match at Greyin his favour, from the juniors' point "Good!" said 'Erbert. And he of view, though naturally it did not ! consequently plenty of sympathy for Mornington glanced at Erroll with Morny-if that was any use to him.

Head imposed, all the same. It in surprise. "Did Morny want a remained to be seen whether feed before brekker?"

"I should say so, from the amount action to the word, and live up to his | he's been buying." said the sergeant, with a grin. "He laid out two The smiles of some of the juniors | pounds with me this morning, Master Silver."

"My hat!"

The Fistical Four walked away, very much puzzled.

Why Mornington should have visited the tuckshop at an early hour, to lay in that extensive supply of tuck, was a mystery to them. Howsoever Morny might have been occupied, that was the last thing they would have expected to hear.

They did not see Mornington till breakfast-time, when he came in a few minutes late and sat down at the table with the rest. All eyes were turned upon him immediately.

Morny ate his breakfast with a good When the rising-bell rang out in appetite, seemingly unconscious of the morning, Jimmy Silver & Co. the interest with which he was re-

usual. Nobody-with the exception | After breakfast, when Mr. Bootles of Mornington-could deny that his I rose, he addressed the dandy of the Fourth.

"You will come to my study at nine o'clock, Mornington." he said. "The rest will go into Hall."

Morny did not answer. "You hear me, Mornington?" said it was the fact that the Rookwooders | Mr. Bootles, raising his voice a little. "I hear you, sir. Why am I to on my account, kid," he said. "It's friars owing to Morny's taking come to your study?" asked Mornington calmly.

> "I am to take you in to Hall, by the Head's instructions." "To be flogged?" "Yes, Mornington. I am sorry,

> my boy," added Mr. Bootles kindly.

Mr. Bootles flushed. said curtly.

"But you must recognise that you

anythin' of the sort," answered Morn-

ing, with cool impertinence. "If the

same thing happened over again, I

should do just as I did yesterday."

"Not at all, sir; I don't recognise

have brought it upon yourself."

"That will do, Mornington," he

"Perhaps I ought to mention to you, sir, that I'm not going to be flogged."

"Wha-a-at?" "I'm not going to be flogged, sir!"

repeated Mornington, in the midst of a breathless hush.

Mr. Bootles blinked at the junior over his glasses. It was some moments before he found his voice to

"Do not bandy words with me. Mornington," he said, at last. "I should cane you for what you have said, but I am unwilling to add to your punishment. But you must not try my patience too far. Kindly

Mornington went, with a shrug of the shoulders that very nearly caused Mr. Bootles to stride after him and box his ears. But the Form-master refrained, and affected to notice nothing. Morny's punishment was close at hand now, and that was enough.

The juniors gathered round Mornington as he sauntered out into the quadrangle with his hands in his pockets.

"Still keepin' it up, Morny?" said Peele, with a grin.

"Yes, still keeping it up," answered Mornington lightly.

"Are you going to kick when the sergeant hoists you, Morny?" asked Tubby Muffin breathlessly. "I say, that will be fun! But the Head will take it out of you, you know."

Mornington did not answer Muffin: he walked away, only Erroll going with him. The two chums walked under the trees till the clock in the tower indicated a few minutes to nine. Then the Rookwood fellows began to stream towards Big Hall, where the word had gone forth for the whole school to assemble, from the Sixth to the Second. Jimmy Silver called to Erroll.

"Time. Erroll!" "I'm coming!" called back Erroll. And as the Fistical Four started for the School House, he turned to his chum again. "It's time for you to go to Mr. Bootles, Morny."

"Cut off, and don't mind me," answered Mornington. "What are you going to do?" asked

Erroll uneasily. "Better for you not to know. You

may be asked. "If you're thinking of clearing off, old chap, it's no good," said Erroll. "The gates are locked."

"I know that." "It would only mean more trouble, Morny-"

"Cut off, old scout; you're the last fellow out! You'll get wigged if you're late."

Erroll reluctantly quitted his chum, and went into the School House after the rest. He took his place in Hall, in the ranks of the Fourth. The whole school was assembled now, Classical and Modern, with the exceptions of the Head, Mr. Bootles, and Mornington. There was a slight buzz as the Head entered by the upper door. It died away at once into silence.

Dr. Chisholm glanced round, apparently expecting to find the culprit present. Mr. Bootles, looking rather flustered, came in by the big doors. He blinked across over his spectacles. "Is Mornington present?" he called

"No. sir," answered Bulkeley of the Sixth.

"Bless my soul!" "Mr. Bootles, will you have the kindness to bring Mornington here at once?" said the Head, with some

asperity. .Mr. Bootles gave a gasp. "The boy did not come to my study, as I commanded him, sir. I-I concluded that he would be here,

A thunderous expression came over the Head's brow.

"Bulkeley, will you kindly look for Mornington, and bring him here at once?"

Bulkeley of the Sixth quitted the Hall. The Rookwood fellows exchanged

glances wonderingly. "What the thump is this game?" muttered Jimmy Silver. "Is Morny stayin' out till he's fetched? What's

the good of that?" "Keeping it up till the last minute. you know," said Lovell. "Poor old Morny, he don't like caving in! Bulkeley will be back in a minute or

two, with his pig by the ear." But Bulkeley was not back in a



THE ROOKWOOD REBEL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

only one conclusion to be drawn—that Mornington's career at Rookwood was at its close.

The 5th Chapter. After Lights Out.

During the morning there was a restive spirit among the Rookwood fellows. The juniors were thinking more of Valentine Mornington than of

Mr. Bootles wore a worried look in the Fourth Form-room. Several times he quitted the Form-

room during lessons, evidently to in-quire whether Mornington had been

man when he returned was enough to tell the Fourth that the jumior was still missing.

Occasionally a voice floated in at the open windows of the Form-room—the voice of one or another of the prefects, still hunting high and low for the culprit.

Apparently the Sixth-Form prefects spent most of the morning deprived of the valued instructions of the Head.

Probably they were not sorry to be out of class just then; the Head's temper that morning was a little trying.

"You cannot find him?" repeated the Head.
"No, sir."
"Surely the boy has not the audacity to be hiding away? Kindly look for him again, and take the other prefects to assist you."

The excitement in Big Hall was growing breathless, as the whole body of Sixth-Form prefects marched out to look for Mornington.

Morny's nerve fairly took away the breath of his Form-fellows.
Would even Morny have the nerve to go into concealment, and leave the Head waiting for him in vain, and thus turn the whole impressive proceedings into ridicule?

The juniors could hardly believe it. But minute followed minute, and there was no sign of Mornington.
The stillness was growing impressive.

Not a fellow dared to whisper: no-

when Mr. Bootles dismissed his class the juniors came trooping out, eager for news.

Jimmy Silver observed Bulkeley and Knowles talking together in the big doorway, and he bore down on them.

them.
"Morny found, Bulkeley?" he asked.

"My hat! Has he bolted?" asked

The stillness was growing impressive.

Not a fellow dared to whisper; nobody present wanted to run the risk of catching the Head's eye just then. The big hand on the clock crawled round; minute followed minute. A faint flush was creeping into the Head's impassive face. He was perfectly conscious of the humiliation he was subjected to—waiting in the presence of the assembled school for a junior who did not choose to appear. The situation was growing ridiculous, and the Head realised it.

Bulkeley came in at last.

"We cannot find him, sir," he said.

"Bulkeley came in at last.

"We cannot find him, sir," he said.

"Bulkeley came in at last.

"We cannot find him, sir," he said.

"Bulkeley came the audacious boy has gone out of gates—"

"I've asked the porter, sir. He hasn't seen him. The gates are locked."

"You will continue to look for kim Bulkeley" said Dr. Chisholm. "My hat! Has he boited: Lovell.
"It looks like it," answered Bulkeley shortly.
"Phew!"
The precincts of Rookwood had been searched far and wide, up and down, and round about, without revealing the lost junior.
The general conclusion was that

The general conclusion was that Mornington had "bolted," and the juniors had learned that Mr. Greely had gone to the station to make inquiries there. When Mr. Greely, the quiries there. When Mr. Greely, the Fifth Form-master, came back, he was eyed almost hungrily by fellows anxious for news. He went into the Head's study to report.

Five minutes later there was news—through the medium of Reginald Muffin. Tubby had apparently applied to the keyhole for information; at all events, he informed the Rookwooders that nothing had been seen or heard of Mornington at the village station.

or heard of Mornington at the village station.

"He would cut across country to Latcham," Arthur Edward Lovell remarked. "That's the junction."

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"Wouldn't he have taken his bike?" asked Raby.

"His bike's at Latcham; he left it there yesterday when he came after us," said Erroll.

"He could have borrowed another fellow's if he was going all that way," said Jimmy Silver.

"Perhaps he has," suggested Tubby Muffin; and Tubby rolled away to the bike-shed to ascertain.

"The gates were looked," remarked

AAAAAAAAAA

8888

Newcome. "How could he have got a bike out, Jimmy?"

"Might have got out at the back te, or lifted it over."
"He hasn't!" announced Muffin, ning back breathlessly. "There coming back breatme

"He would have taken one if he'd been going to Latcham Junction," said Jimmy Silver.

said Jimmy Silver.

"But he must have gone there! He didn't go to Coombe," said Lovell.

"I suppose he's going home, as he's run away from school."

Jimmy shook his head.

"What would happen when he got home?" he asked.

"I suppose old Stacpoole would send him back here to be licked," answered Lovell, after some reflection.

"Just so. I shouldn't think he'd go home."

"Then where the dickens would he

Then where the dickens would be

go?"
"I wonder!" said Jimmy.

"I wonder.!" said Jimmy.

"I say, perhaps he's run away to sea!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin brightly. "Morny's just the chap to run away and become a pirate—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I think it's jolly likely!" said Tubby, rather exasperated by the burst of merriment with which his suggestion was received. "I shouldn't wonder, when we hear of Morny again, he will be the—the Red Rover or—"

"Or the Pink Pirate!" chuckled

"Or the Pink Pirate!" chuckled

"Or the Pink Pirate!" chuckled Lovell.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Tubby Muffin's suggestion was not taken seriously; but the Rookwood fellows wondered, and discussed, what had become of Mornington. It was a topic of undying interest.
After dinner Erroll was sent for to the Head's study. He was surrounded by questioners when he came out with a grave face.

a grave face.
"Any news?" asked a dozen voices

eagerly.
Erroll shook his head.
"What did the Head want, then?"
"Only to ask me if I knew anything of Morny's intentions, as his study mate. He telephoned to Latcham, but Morny hasn't been noticed there. And he's telephoned to Sir Rupert Staepoole, but Morny's not home—yet, at any rate. Sir Rupert is coming down here about it. Poor old Morny! He's landed himself in trouble this time."
"He won't go home," said Jimmy Silver.

it. Poor old Morny! He's landed himself in trouble this time."

"He wen't go home," said Jimmy Silver.

"I think not—he would only be sent back to Rockwood. And he would never submit to that."

"He will have to, if a prefect gets him by the ear," remarked Peele, with a grin.

Nothing had been heard of Mornington by the time the Rockwooders went into the Form-rooms again.

After lessons were over for the day a good many fellows occupied themselves in runmaging about odd corners and nooks of the old school, looking for the missing junior. The Abbey ruins were ransacked, but there was no trace of Mornington there. The fellows who believed that Morny was hiding somewhere about the school gave up the idea at last, with the exception of Jimmy Silver.

Erroll came to tea in the end study with the Fistical Four. Erroll was in a worried and dismayed frame of mind on his chum's account, which was the considerate reason why Jimmy asked him to tea. He was not very good company; he hardly spoke, his thoughts being all with his absent chum. Jimmy Silver & Co. did their best to cheer him up, but without much effect.

"I suppose we shall hear if Morny squealing they set off in the star-

turns up at home," Arthur Edward Lovell remarked presently.

"He won't do that," said Erroll,
"Where will he go, then?"
"I don't know. I'm afraid he may have some idea of going out into the world on his own. Goodness knows what will happen to him!"

"Had he much tin?" asked Raby.
"Only a few pounds, at the most."
"Can't have much of that left, after what he spent in the tuck-shop this morning," remarked Newcome.
"In the tuck-shop?" repeated Erroll.

"In the tuck-shop?" repeated Erroll.
"Morny laid in a supply of grub this morning at the sergeant's," Jimny Silver explained. "That's what I've been thinking about. I don't believe he's left Rookwood at all"

all."
"Then where is he?" demanded Lovell. "The place has been searched high and low for him."
"Every nook and cranny," said

Lovell, "The place has been searched high and low for him."

"Every nook and cranny," said Newcome.

"He didn't lay in two quid's worth of grub for nothing," answered Jimmy. "He's made up his mind to hide somewhere, and of course he can't live without food. That's the idea. I think very likely he nipped out over the school wall this morning to keep out of reach while he was being searched for. He could stay out all day—in the wood, perhaps. But I think he hasn't gone for good. He wouldn't buy a stack of grub to go with him."

Erroll nodded thoughtfully.

"I think that's very likely," he assented. "If he's out of gates now he may get in after dark and take up his quarters in some nook, I shouldn't wonder. But he's only making matters worse for himself: he can't expect this to blow over. If he's not found before night the Head will be in an awful wax."

"Better not mention it outside this study," said Jimmy. "We don't want to be the cause of his being found if he's lurking about Rookwood somewhere. It's not our bizney to find him."

During that evening there was hardly any topic discussed at Rookwood—among the jumiors, at least—but the disappearance of Valentine Mornington. Early in the evening Sir Rupert Stacpoole arrived, and he was shut up with the Head in his study for some time. The juniors, who watched the baronet on his arrival and departure, announced that he was looking "no end waxy." Mornington had given his guardian a good deal of trouble in his time, and it was no wonder if the old gentleman was growing "fed" with his scapegrace nephew.

his scapegrace nephew.

his scapegrace nephew.

What steps the Head and Sir Rupert were taking in the matter

his scapegrace nighten.
his scapegrace nephew.
What steps the Head and Sir
Rupert were taking in the matter
the juniors, of course, did not know;
but they were aware that some search
for the missing junior was still going

for the missing junior was still going on.

At half-past nine that night the Fourth Formers were very reluctant to go to their dormitory; indeed, Tubby Muffin went so far as to inquire of Mr. Bootles whether they might stay up till there was news of Marnington. Mr. Bootles' reply was a most decided negative, and Bulkeley, of the Sixth, shepherded the Fourth off to the dormitory, as usual. After lights out there was an incessant buzz of talk in the dormitory till past ten o'clock.

Then even the various surmises concerning Mornington's fate failed to keep the juniors awake, and they dropped off to sleep one by one.

Erroll did not sleep, however. His distress on his chum's account banished slumber from his eyes, and he lay awake in the silent dormitory staring at the dark ceiling and think-

of the hapless, headstrong junior whose restless temper had brought him to such dieaster.

He gave a start as he heard the sound of the door opening softly in

the darkness.

There was a soft footfall, and the door closed again. The soft footfalls came towards the beds.

Erroll, his heart beating, sat up

his heart beating, sat up

quickly.

"Who's there?" he called out, peering through the gloom.

"Shush!"

"Shush!"

It was a cool whisper in response, and Erroll recognised the voice.

"Morny!" he ejaculated blankly.

"Himself, old top! Are you surprised!"

prised?"
"Yes, yes! I'm so glad you've come back, Morny!" exclaimed Erroll, in great relief.
"What's that? Morny?" It was Jimmy Silver's voice, and the captain of the Fourth sat up in bed. "Is that Morny?"

of the Fourth sat up in bed. Is the Morny?"
"Yes, old top!"
"Half the Fourth had awakened, and the fellows were sitting up in bed, peering through the darkness. Mornington could not be seen very distinctly, but his voice was well known.

"So you've come back?" exclaimed

"Pro tem., old top!"
"What do you mean by pro tem.,

"What do you mean by pro tem., you ass?"

Mornington laughed softly.

"I haven't come back to stay, you see. I don't see why I should campout when there's a bed made for me here. I'm turning in for to-night. I'm going again before rising-bell."

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, my hat?"

"Morny, you ass—"

"Sorry to inflict my company upon you if you don't appreciate it."
drawled Mornington. "May I beg of you, as a favour, to kick up a little less row? I don't want a prefect to come hopping in and find me here."

"But you're going to show up in the morning?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Not at all."

the morning?" exclaimed bland, Silver.
"Not at all."
"You mean to clear off before you're seen?"
"Exactly!"
"Then you oughtn't to have come back," said Jimmy Silver gruffly, "You're putting us all in a rotten position by this. Mr. Bootles will rag us for not letting him know you're here." here."
"You can go and sneak, if you

here."

"You can go and sneak, if you like!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

Mornington turned in quite coolly, and was heard settling down in his bed. There was a buzz from the other beds; the Fourth were wide awake now. Mornington's coolness in turning up in the dormitory while the search was going on for him outside Rookwood astounded the juniors. Yet he was safe enough there; the search for the missing junior was not likely to extend to the Fourth Form dormitory after lights out.

Jimmy Silver tried to imagine what the Head would say, and think, when he learned on the morrow that the missing junior had passed the night in the Fourth-Form dormitory. But he couldn't; it was past imagining. Jimmy was still wondering when he fell asleep—long after slumber had sealed the eyes of the scapegrace of Rookwood.

THE END.

(There will be another long com-plete story dealing with Valentine Mornington next Monday, entitled "In Hiding!" By Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)

THE GOLDEN TRAIL! By SIDNEY DREW.

(Continued from page 3.)

"Get a sleep in if you can, for we shall be on the move all night," advised Jack Darby. "Get-ting used to it, aren't you?"

"You will continue to look for bim. Bulkeley," said Dr. Chisholm. "When he is found bring him to my study. For the present the school is dismissed,"

The Head disappeared by the uppe

The Head disappeared by the upper door, moving a little more quickly than usual. He was anxious to get out of the sight of so many eyes in the peculiar circumstances. Mornington had made the august Head of Rockwood look foolish, a sin that was not likely to be forgiven him. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath as he walked out of Hall with the Fourth.

"It's all up with Morny now," he said. "The Head will never look over that. It's the finish here for him."

over that.
him."
And Jimmy's opinion was general.
After what had happened there was

"I'm trying to, Jack, but I feel a bit like a herring on a grill," answered Dick. "It's wonderful how you stand this furnace. You and Horridge must be made of asbestos, or something fireproof. Phew! Oh, for the photograph of an iceberg, or any stuff that's cool like that!"

Deprived of his share of the umbrella, Tim Horridge made a backrest of one of the camels, and filled his pipe. High against the glaring, cloudless blue of the sky hung a solitary dark speck, a vulture watch-

ing the desert in hopes of a meal. Dick fanned himself, but even the little energy it took to do that made him feel hotter. And so the hours passed, with the flaming sun moving slowly westward, till it hovered at last on the edge of a distant line of sandhills like a huge golden globe. Then came a breeze, and the camp awoke. The sun vanished, and the darkening sky blazed with stars. "Load up, boys!" cried Jack Darby. "We've a long way to go, so set about it!"

Horridge and Noakes were accustomed to the wily ways of camels. Dick was also growing used to the peculiar rolling gait of the animal he rode. After a good deal-of grunting and.

squealing they set off in the star-light.
"We'll have the moon in an hour, Dick," said Jack Darby. "I like the desert by moonlight."
The moon came up, and turned the wastes of sand into silver. It was much cooler. Darby unslung his field-glasses, and looked ahead at a second ridge of sandhills. Jack had not thought it necessary to employ a guide.

The moon came up, and turned the wastes of sand into silver. It was much cooler. Darby unslung his field-glasses, and looked ahead at a second ridge of sandhills. Jack had not thought it necessary to employ a guide.

"We're on the proper route," he said. "I can see the gap in the hills. Once through we'll be on the old caravan trail, and that will take us straight to Siwah. Before this time to-morrow, Dick, we ought to know something. Even if it's a hoax you'll have had a decent sort of holiday. Great Scott! I say, Horridge, what's that?" he asked abrupity.

The lean man pricked up his big ears. They checked their camels, and listened. There was a faint droning note in the air.

"That's a 'plane, sir," said the exbatman. "Ht's a big bumble-bee abuzzing, but I can't see her."

Dick was the first to make out the

aeroplane. The machine was flying high and at great speed, and travelling towards them.

"I wonder where the beggar is making for?" said Dick. "This is a funny sort of place to meet an aeroplane."

figure lay prone on the sand at their feet. Dick and Jack Darby slid from their camels and ran forward.

from their camels and ran forward.

The next moment, in the glow of the tossing flames and amid a stench of burning canvas and petrol, two people were staring at each other in open-mouthed amazement. For there, in the heart of the desert, Richard Archgnay and his cousin. Bennet Garvery, stood face to face, both equally astounded at this undreamed of meeting.

DON'T MISS Next Monday's

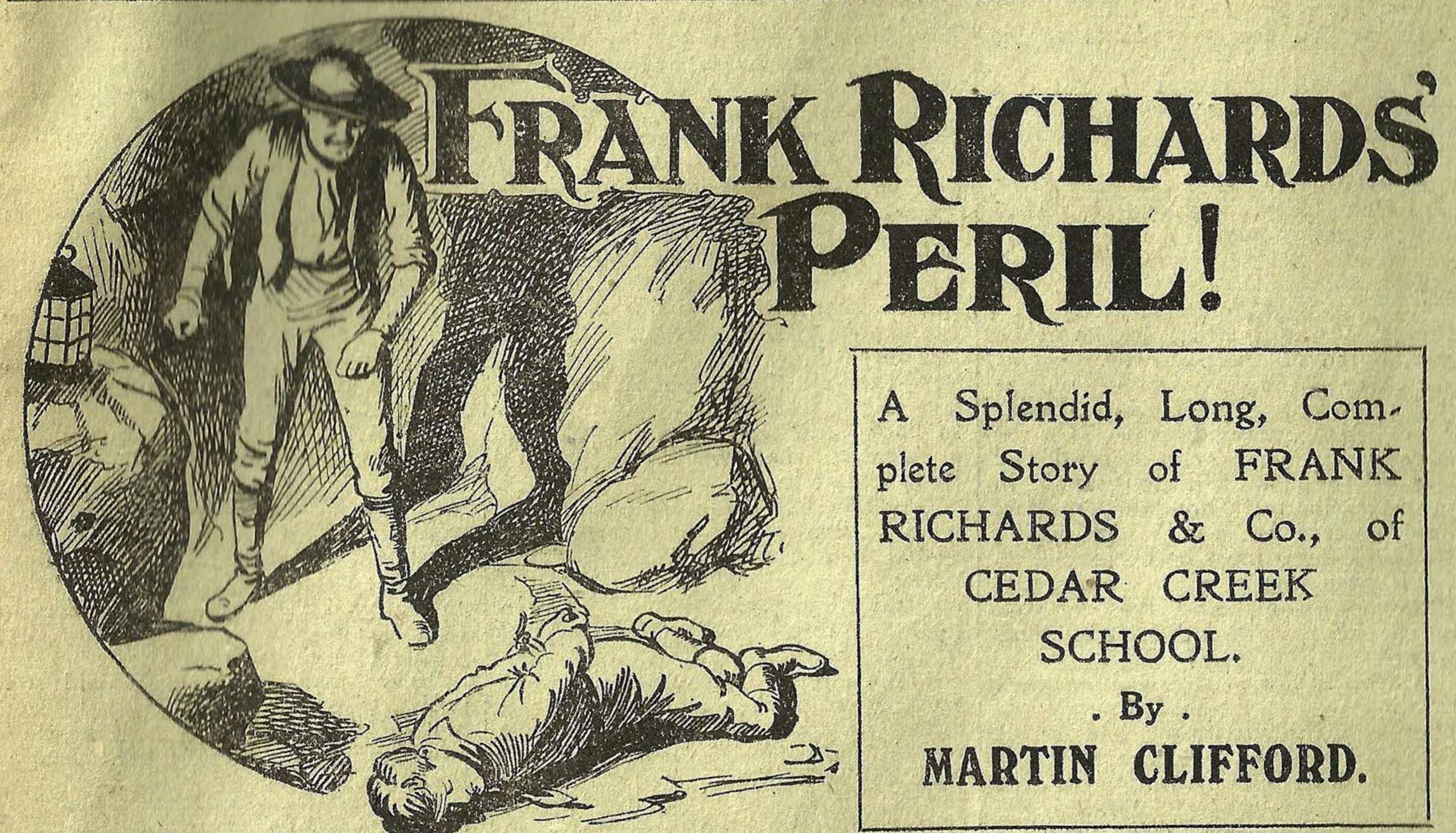
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The 1st Chapter. Copy Required.

"Frank!"

There was a thump on the door of Frank Richards' room at the Lawless Ranch, and Mr. Lawless' deep voice was heard outside.

Frank Richards raised his head from the pillow, and yawned.

"Yes, uncle!" "Turn out, my boy; there's a

message for you." "Right-ho!"

Frank Richards yawned again, and Bob grinned as he read it. turned out of bed. In the other bed on the opposite side of the room, his cousin. Bob Lawless, sat up and rubbed his eyes.

It was long past the hour at which Frank and Bob usually turned out; but it was Sunday morning, and for once they were taking it easy. The previous day they had ridden many a long mile, and they had come home late and fatigued. And they did not need to start for the mission, for the Sunday morning service, till

"Blow!" remarked Frank, as the rancher's heavy footsteps went down the pinewood stairs. "Who the thump has been sending me a message? I wanted an extra snooze this morning. Tired, Bob?"

"Just a few!" yawned Bob Lawless "But I'll turn out if you do. Perhaps it's a message from the sheriff about Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones."

"They can't have caught him

already." "I shouldn't wonder."

Frank Richards was soon downstairs, and he found the messenger waiting for him, in the shade of the ranch-house porch. Outside, the sun of the hot Canadian summer was streaming down on the wide grasslands that surrounded the house. The messenger was Injun Dick. The old Apache sat on a bench in the porch, with his tattered blanket draped round him. He rose to his feet as Frank Richards came out.

"Letter for little white chief," he "From the sheriff?" asked Frank.

Injun Dick shook his head. "Letter from old newspaper galoot," he said gravely, as he sorted out an envelope from among his

"Oh, Mr. Penrose!" said Frank, recognising the editor and proprietor of the "Thompson Press," by that

description. "You bet," said Injun Dick.

Frank Richards took the letter, not very good-humouredly. He was tired from his hard riding of the day before, and he wanted another hour in bed; and he did not see why Mr. Penrose wanted to communicate with him specially on Sunday morning. Frank was still doing his weekly contributions to Mr. Penrose's paper; but Sunday was not a day for business. Moreover, Frank's "copy" had been duly delivered at the office in Thompson.

But Mr. Penrose's letter, as he soon saw, did not refer to Frank's weekly story. It dealt with quite another matter.

"Dear Richards,-I heard last night about your stunt in going after Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the matter was put before him. The 'Frisco outlaw. The galoots were | Canadian rancher was rather amused talking about it in the bar-room at by his nephew's early career as an the Occidental. I hear that you author, and he always read "St. Kit's actually cornered Jones, and ex- Fellows" in the pages of the changed shots with him. If that's l."Thompson Press."

the case, I want a description for a special edition of the 'Press.' Come over at once; don't stop for your breakfast. I'll have some ready for you. Hustle!-Yours,

"Oh, rats!" was Frank Richards' | ungrateful comment upon that im-

"J. PENROSE."

portant communication. "What's the row, Frank?" asked ranch-house.

Frank handed him the letter, and and Frank went in to breakfast.

"I guess you'd better go, Frank," he said. "You can't refuse to oblige Mr. Penrose: I don't like your missing service on Sunday; but you can come to the evening service with me in the buggy, later on. Bob can go without you this morning, as you've arranged to meet young Beauclere on the trail. Get your breakfast down, and go, Frank."

"Right!" said Frank. Bob Lawless, coming out of the And Injun Dick was despatched look. with Frank's answer to Mr. Penrose,

"Penrose is real frozen business, mounted his horse to ride to —if they go far enough. If they ain't he?" he remarked. "I sup- Thompson. It was left to Bob to don't go far enough, they have to be

and frowned.

"You're late!" he grunted. "I came at once after brekker, a "punch" in every other line. Mr. Penrose," answered Frank, with a smile.

"Didn't I tell you to miss that?" grunted Mr. Penrose. "I had some breakfast ready for you."

He jerked his thumb towards an up-ended box, on which lay a chunk of corn-cake, a slice of tinned beef, and a jug of cold coffee, tastefully arranged on a spread newspaper. Frank felt glad that he had stayed for breakfast at the ranch.

"Well, here I am," he said amicably. "Now, what's game?"

"I heard the talk about you at the Occidental last night. Now, you jest tell me what really happened yesterday. Sharp's the word."

"Nothing much," said Frank. "The three of us got after Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones at the stockman's cabin up at White Pine. He got away."

"But what happened?" "The outlaw was wounded slightly, I think, and his horse was

killed. He got away on foot." "I guess I've heard that, and more," said Mr. Penrose, with a grunt. "That isn't enough for a special edition of my paper. You'll

have to put in some trimmings." "But I can only put in the facts, I suppose?" said Frank, with a stare. Mr. Penrose gave him a pitying

"You don't know newspaper business!" he snapped. "I've no objec-Half an hour later, Frank Richards | tion to facts-no newspaper man has

The door of the shanty office stood | the keys click under his fingers with wide open, and within, Mr. Penrose their usual facility. In doing his was busy. The irregular click of a | weekly story he drew largely on his typewriter that was not in first-class | imagination, which never failed him; working order, sounded from the but in describing an actual event for bench. Mr. Penrose looked up over the information of the public he did the machine as Frank stepped in, not feel entitled to draw upon his imagination, in spite of Mr. Penrose's demand for "trimmings" and

> The episode at White Pine had been exciting enough while it lasted, and Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the 'Frisco outlaw, had had the worst of the encounter, which was an interesting item of news; but Frank did not intend to enlarge upon it.

He got going at last, but rather slowly. Sticking to the actual facts was rather a handicap in composition, which is probably the explanation of the peculiar manners and customs of the journalistic fraternity.

Frank Richards had finished bis article half-way down the page, when Mr. Penrose drifted into the office once more, with a very rich complexion and a slightly glazed eye. "I guess you've had plenty of time," he remarked. "I've got to get it set to-day, to pull it off in the

morning. Let's look at it." Frank Richards handed over his article, and Mr. Penrose looked at it,

and gave a snort. "Call this an article?" he in-

quired. "It's a description of what happened at White Pine yesterday," answered Frank Richards meekly.

"It's only a quarter-length, you young jay, and there isn't a punch in the whole business. Put in another sheet, and I'll help you. The beginning will do, and then jest hyer: 'Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones fell on his knees---' "

"But he didn't." "Never mind whether he did or not. You jest type as I tell you," said Mr. Penrose. "' He fell on his knees.' Got that?" "But--"

"There isn't any time in this office for chewing the rag, young Richards. This is a place of business, not a conversazione. 'Five - Hundred - Dollar Jones fell on his knees as he looked into the muzzle of the rifle. 'Spare me!" he cried.' Got that?" "Oh, my hat!"

"' For the sake of my aged father, who knows nothing of the evil ways into which his once innocent son has fallen—' Five - Hundred - Dollar Jones says that—see?"

"But he didn't say a word!" yelled Frank.

"What does that matter?"

"Weil, I should think it mattered" a little!" exclaimed Frank, rising from the typewriter. "There's the facts, Mr. Penrose, and you can put in the trimmings and the punches yourself, if you want them. You can give Mr. Jones an aged father, and an aged grandfather, too, if you like, if that's the way you learned newspaper business in Chicago. I'm

"Look hver---"

Frank Richards went out to his horse. Mr. Penrose gave a loud and emphatic snort, and took the seat at the typing bench. As Frank Richards mounted his horse he heard the click of the machine. Mr. Penrose was already putting in the trimmings and the punches. Frank laughed as he rode away down the sunny street.

He was glad to get out of the shanty office, which was stuffy with the odours of dust and paper and printer's ink. He looked at his little silver watch as he cantered down the street.

"Time to meet Bob and Beauclerc coming back from the Mission," he said to himself, and he broke into a gallop on the trail outside Thomp-

Clatter, clatter!

Half a mile from the town a horseman came in sight on the trail, riding towards Frank at almost breakneck speed. Frank glanced at him as he came nearer, and recognised Chu Ching, a Chinese laundryman, of Thompson. The Chinaman's Frank took his place, putting a fresh | face was pale and set, his almond eyes wide open with terror, and he was driving on his galloping horse with incessant lashes.

Frank drew to the side of the trail as he came thundering by, wondering what was the cause of Chu Ching's

frantic haste. Clatter, clatter!

The Chinaman came thundering up, and Frank called to him: "What's the matter, Chu Ching?

Anything wrong on the trail?" The Chinaman glanced at him with

shouted in his own language, and if



Whiz! Frank Richards was on his guard, but he was not prepared for the sudden coil that ROPED IN came whizzing from the cover of the trees. He knew the whiz of a lasso, and pulled on his reins, but at the same moment the loop of the lasso settled over his shoulders. There was a sharp tug, and he was plucked from his saddle like a flower from a stalk. He bumped down heavily into the grass, and his horse, startled and frightened, dashed on through the timber!

pose you'll have to go, Frank? This, meet Vere Beauclerc on the Mission, helped out-see? Do you think is what comes of being a pesky trail. author."

"I'm not going without my breakfast!" said Frank warmly. Bob chuckled.

"I guess I wouldn't; but I'll have your geegee brought round ready for you. You can stick Penrose for ten dollars for an article on the outlaw,

"I was going to the mission with you and Beauclerc," said Frank. "Look here, Penrose can wait till to-morrow."

"To-morrow's school," said Bob. "If Penrose is getting out a special edition, you'll be too late. Ask popper what he thinks." "Yes, that's a good idea."

Mr. Lawless smiled when the

In the sunny, fresh morning, Frank rode across the plain in cheery spirits, having quite recovered from his momentary ill-humour. He felt that it was up to him to oblige Mr. Penrose. Newspaper business in a place like the Thompson Valley had | sheet of paper in the machine. its ups and downs, and Mr. Penrose | "I want some really good descripwas not making a fortune. If he | tive stuff," said Mr. Penrose imprescould score a success with a special | sively. "You get busy, while I run edition of the "Thompson Press," down to the Occidental. I've got to Frank felt that he was bound to see a man." render him any assistance he could. | And Mr. Penrose walked out of the It was, after all, owing to Mr. Pen- office, leaving the schoolboy author rose that he had been able to "com- to "get busy." mence author."

He rode into the sunny Main Street of Thompson, much quieter | that morning than on week-days. of Mr. Penrose's office, and hitched I time. I his reins to the post outside.

newspapers sell on facts? Sit down at this machine, and give me two thousand words, with a punch in every other line." "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Penrose vacated his seat, and

The 2nd Chapter. Roped In!

Many of the citizens were not yet | Frank Richards smiled and set to a terrified eye, and shouted someout of bed, but Frank caught sight | work. The "man" Mr. Penrose had | thing as he passed; but he was gone of Buster Bill plodding to the Red to see was undoubtedly the bar- like the wind, and Frank did not Dog saloon for his early morning keeper at the Occidental, and the catch the words. "nip." He dismounted at the door editor was likely to be away some In his excitement, Chu Ching had

But Frank Richards did not find | Frank had distinguished the words,

would have told him nothing.

In many towards Thompself the thunder of hoots.

My only hat!" ejaculated Frank, atomshment.

It rose in the stirrups, and swept plan before him with his eyes.

In a he could see, there was not account for the laundry-laim.

It for him the plain stretched, the Thompson River glistening the thing to could be could

And he set his horse in motion

Its had calculated where to strike
the Mission trail, to be sure of meetthe schums on their return from
the service at Mr. Smiley's, and his
way lay across the plain, through the
the service at Mr. Smiley's, and his
way lay across the plain, through the
the service at Mr. Smiley's, and his
way lay across the plain, through the
three that was a good five miles
that a good five miles
the same out of the hot sun into a
timber, and slowed down a
timber to the sun into a
timber, and slowed down a
timber to the three,
there was no marked trail through
the three but Frank knew his
timber a paise.

It had not forgotten the sight of
the territed Chinaman, and he kept
the second little chance of
the territed Chinaman, and he kept
the second little chance of

Hichards was on his guard, was not prepared for the sai that came whizzing from a of the trees. He knew the a lasse, and pulled on his sai at the same moment the time flying rope settled over bless.

is sharp tug, and Frank as plucked from the flower from a stalk, ed down heavily in the his horse, startled and dashed on through the

rolled ever to the green

trank robat over in the grass, strings one with the traffiched noose that had fastened round him.

It had been based from the trees but he had not yet seen who handed the rope. Even then it seemed to him that it was a joke of some tipey cattleman, and he did not realise that he was in the grip of a smally enemy.

He stringfed with the rope, and set up in the grass, staring round him dazedly. His horse had vanished in the timber.

"Who what —" gasped Frank.

A man came running from the trees, looping up the lasse as he came, and keeping the rope taut, so that Frank could not loosen the neose.

At the sight of him Frank's heart

thumped.

He did not need a second glance.
He knew the hard features and ratike eyes of Five-Hundred-Dollar
Jones, the outlaw.

This co outlaw who had

Jones, the outlaw.

It was the 'Frisco outlaw who had roped him in!

Frank scrambled up, tearing furiously at the tightened noose. But a sharp jerk on the rope sent him rolling again, and he was sprawling belplessly in the grass, when Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones came up.

The 3rd Chanter Held by the Enemy.

outlaw's rat-like eyes. It was to Frank Richards more than to anyone else that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones owed his present plight, and the schoolhoy of Cedar Creek did not expect mercy from him.

"You know me, I reckon?" grinned Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

"Yes," gasped Frank,

"Glad to see me again, eh?"
Frank Richards did not answer.

"Get up!"
Frank scrambled to his feet.
To his surprise and intense relief, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones did not touch the bowie-knife in his belt.

He drew the schoolboy into the timber, and gruffly ordered him to stand back against a sapling. Frank obeyed quietly; he knew what to expect if he refused.

Then the outlaw drew his knife, but it was only to cut a length from the rope. He knotted it to one of Frank's wrists, passed it round the sapling, and knotted it to the other.

"I guess you'll wait there for me," he said.

Then he hurried away into the timber.

Published Every Monday

Then he hurried away into the

Then he hurried away into the timber.

Frank Richards was left alone. He heard the trampling footsteps of the outlaw among the trees dying away in the distance.

Five Hundred-Dollar Jones was evidently in search of Frank's horse. A horse was the ruffian's greatest need, and Frank could guess that he had been lying in wait in the timber in the hope of securing a mount from some passer-by. Frank understood now the terrified flight of Chu Ching, the laundryman. Evidently the Chinaman had narrowly escaped the outlaw's lasso, and fled for his life.

Frank Richards stirred as soon as the outlaw's footsteps had died away. He struggled with the rope that bound his wrists.

What Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' intention towards him might be, he could not guess; he had expected instant death, but the ruffian had held his hand so far. It was no feeling of the could not guess; he had expected instant death, but the ruffian had held his hand so far. It was no feeling of the could not guess; hat had expected instant death, but the ruffian had held his hand so far. It was no feeling of the could not guess; hat had expected instant death, but the ruffian had held his hand so far. It was no feeling of the know how bitter was the outlaw's hatred and revenge. Frank struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and aching—but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and sching but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and sching but he struggled with the rope till his wrists were sorted and sching but he struggled his

He desisted at last, fatigued, breath Hundred Dolar Jones came back at last with a savage scowl on his stubbly face. He came alone, and that was proof that he had not captured the horse. His eyes glittered at the bound schoolboy.

Frank met his glance as boldly as he could. His heart was beating painfully, but he would not show a sign of fear under the outlaw's ratty eyes.

"Gol-darn the hoss!" muttered the outlaw. "That's the second time, and I reckoned I had a mount this time, goldarn it! And that durned Chinaman will be in Thompson by this time. I reckon."

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones spat out a savage oath.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones spat out a sivage oath.

"I guess there'll be more galoots along the trul later, but I reckon I can't wait for them, with that goldarned Chink telling the tale in Thompson. I guess I've got to travel. You weren't looking for me hyer this morning, I reckon, young Richards?"

"No."

"No."
"What are you byyer for?"
"I was coming from Thompson, and going over to the Mission trail to meet my friends."
"They'll be looking for you, I reckon?"

"I suppose so."
"I guess they won't find you.
You're going to do a leetle paseo with
me," said the outlaw, with a savage

Held by the Enemy.

"I guess you're my mutton!"
Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones stood looking down at his victim, with a savage gleam in his deep-set eyes.

The outlaw was a good deal changed in appearance. He was far from looking the clean-shaven, dapper "sport" who had once been known as "Poker Smith" at the Occidental, in Thompson.

His hunted life in the woods and the sierra had told upon him.

His clothing was torn and dusty, his Stetson hat a rag. There was a dirty, blood-stained bandage round one of his wrists, and a ragged cut in his sallow cheek, and his chin was covered by a stubby growth of hair. His only weapon was a bowie-knife in his belt; in the encounter with Frank Richards & Co. at White Pine the previous day, the outlaw had lost his horse and his rifle.

Frank Richards sat in the grass breathlessly, and stared at him. His heart almost died in his breast as he caught the grim, cruel glance of the

you. Waal, I guess you're going to rough it in the woods with me, and I reckon I shell make use of you. And if you lift a tinger—look out!" He tapped the bowie knife in his

if you lift a finger—look out!"
He tapped the bowie knife in his belt.
Frank Richards was alent; his heart was sick within him. He was in the power of the rulian, and there was no belp.
Five-Hundred Dollar Jones released him from the capling, and bound his wrists together behind his back. Then he led him away through the timber.
The alarm had been given, undoubtedly, by Chu Ching, by that time, and the outlaw, reckless as he was, dared not linger. Keeping in the cover of the timber belt, as far as it extended, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones led his prisoner away. On the edge of the timber he stopped and scanned the plain. In the distance, in the direction of Thompson, moving figures could be seen, which Frank Richards knew must be horsemen.
"I guess they're after me already. But they won't find me—or you, either, Mister Frank Richards. This way!"
A deep hollow, with a shallow creek.

either, Mister Frank Richards. This way!"

A deep hollow, with a shallow creek running at the bottom, led across the plain, and the outlaw plunged into it with his prisoner. Frank Richards had no choice but to go. They waded in the shallow water, following the course of the creek, keeping their leads low in order not to be observed from the plain. Frank Richards heart sank as they tramped, splashing, onward. The water left no trace of their passage, and the searchers, when they arrived in the timber-belt, would be left at a loss. More than once Frank's feet slipped in the water, and he fell, and the outlaw's rough hand dragged him up again. He was wet through and aching with fatigue when Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones came to a halt at last.

In Merciless Hands.

Thud, thud, thud!
Frank. Richards heard the beating of hoofs on the plain a dozen feet above the level of the ravine, at the bottom of which the creck flowed.

His heart beat faster.

It was certain that some of the shoriff a men would turn out as soon as the charm in the hoof of the shoriff a men would turn out as soon as the charm in the hoof of the outlaw. They had been beaten there, and Frank guessed that they would seem the plain for him before giving up the search.

The hollow beat of the boofs rang quite close at hand, clearer and clearer, and it was evident that two or three horsemen were approaching the ravine, within a short distance of where Frank Richards and his captor crouched knee-deep in water.

The outlaw's teeth came together hard, and his eyes glittered at his prisoner. He easily read the new hope flushing in the schoolboy's face.

"I guess not, sonny!" he muttered. "If they find us, I reckon you'll be dead meat for them to find! Just make a sound—only one—and it will be the last yaup you'll ever give!"

He half-drew the knife from his belt, and then slid it back to his sheath. Frank was silent.

"I guess they've seen this hyer ravine, and they re goin' to look into it," said Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. "If only I had my rifle!" He gritted his teeth. "But I hain't, and I guess I'll make, you quiet enough!"

He plunged onwards towards a clamp of thicket that grew out of the muddy bank, half in the water. Stooping low. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones pushed into the bushes, drawing his prisoner after him. To keep in cover they had to kneel in the shallow water, leaving only their heads above the surface; their heads screened by the bush. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones kept his left hand on Frank Richards' shoulder, and in his right be held the drawn knife. One cry from Frank Richards would have betrayed his hiding-place; but that cry would have been the schoolboy's last.

The hoof-beats drew closer. From where he crouched. Frank could catch glimpses through the leafy screen over his head of the crumbling r

water.
Not a sound or movement came from the little clump of bush that hid the cattlew and his prisoner.
With the knife almost at his throat, Frank Richards was silent, scarcely daring to breathe.

Rescue was at hand, if it could have reached him; but long ere the riders could have answered a cry for help, the knife of the outlaw would have silenced his tongue for ever.

Frank's heart was beating almost to sufferation

have sileuced his tongue for ever.

Frank's heart was beating almost to suffocation.

He could hear a murmur of voices as the horseman sat their steeds and gazed up and down the ravine. They did not ride down the slope to the water, however. The bank was soft and crumbling: in the winter the whole of the hollow was filled with water to the surface of the plain, and the summer heats had not yet dried the banks hard. Frank Richards wondered how long the horsemen would remain there; but at last there was a jingling of bridles. a clatter of hoofs, and they rode off—without a suspicion that the 'Frisco outlaw was close at hand.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones drew a hard, almost solbing breath. The ordeal had told even on his iron nerve.

"If I'd had my rifle!" he muttered

"If I'd had my rifle!" he muttered again. "Don't stir, gold-darn you! We ain't moving yet."

Frank's teeth were chattering now from the cold contact of the water in which he was immersed. But the outlaw did not stir until the last echo of the hoof-beats had died away in the direction of Cedar Camp. Then, still with alert, watchful eyes, he emerged from the bush, and they rose out of the water, which still flowed round their knees.

But Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones seemed at a loss how to proceed. The creek, if followed far enough, would have led him to the banks of the Thompson river, and there he dared not venture. And to leave the ravine was to expose himself to the view of any rider on the plain; and it was quite possible that the hunt would be kept up till sundown. It was in a desperate attempt to possess himself of a horse that the Californian outlaw had ventured, so near the settlement, and, instead of succeeding, he had awakened a hornets'-nest about his cars.

"I guess we got to lie low for a spell," he muttered at last. "This hyer water is giving me shivers."

He scanned the sloping side of the tavine keenly and tramped ashere. He stopped in a hollow of the balk, partly screened by a bunch of stunted larther. There he stretched himself on the dusty mud to rea, and Frank Richards was glad to fall by his side. The hot sun of the atternoon streuned down on them as they lay. "I guess this will dry us, pard," said Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. "We're hanging on hyer till sundown, I guess, and then you're coming on your leetle paseo with me. Don't you wish you was home at the ranch, eating your Sunday dinner, or listening to the chin-wag galoot at the mission? Don't you?" He chuckled. "I guess there'll be a lot of things happen afore you see the ranch agin, Mister Richards, if you ever do. I should smile!"

Frank Richards made no reply to the jeers of the ruffian.

He was glad to lie and rest in the sun, which speedily dried his clothes, and, in spite of his position, he found himself at last uodding off into slee accord. Would had happened?

accord. Would his friends guess what had happened?

At all events they would know that some mischance had befallen him, and they would search for him far and wide. But where would he be while they were searching? And even if they came upon him, could they save him from the vengence of the desperate ruffian into whose hands he had fallen? The spark of hope had almost died out in his breast.

Shadows lengthened in the raying where the hunted outlaw had him hidden with his prisoner so many weary hours. But it was not till the darkness had fallen that him feet.

"I guess we're going on our leetle paseo now, pard," he said mockingly. "Ain't you sorry now that you ever thought of getting on my trail and looking for my scanp, eh?"

Frank compressed his lips.

"No," he answered quietly. "I only wish Bob's builtet had gone through your head yesterday at White Pine."

The outlaw grinned.

"Come on hyer!" he said, and he started up the bank for the plain.

Frank Richards tramped on with him in silence. Once he lingered behind with the desperate thought of attempting flight in the dusk, even with his hands bound as they were. The outlaw turned on him with a snarl.

The outlaw turned on him with a snarl.

"Come, I tell you!"

Frank jumped back and began to run. He knew the attempt was hopeless, but he was desperate. In half a dozen strides the outlaw was upon him, and a savage blow sent him rolling on the earth.

"Git up!" snapped Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

Frank staggered to his feet.

Frank staggered to his feet.

"Try that game agin," said the outlaw savagely, "and I guess I'll use my'knife next time! I ain't wasting trouble on you, Mister Frank Richards."

In beauty "

Richards."
In heavy silence the schoolboy tramped on with his captor, his head dizzy and ringing from the blow he had received.
He had only the vagnest idea of the direction taken by the outlaw, but Five Hundred-Dollar Jones seemed at no less

direction taken by the outlaw, but five Hundred-Dollar Jones seemed at no loss.

At last, the ground rising under his feet, and the greater fatigue of the march, showed him that they were entering the foet-hills.

The Frisco outlaw seemed insensible to fatigue; he trainped on without a pause, and Frank stumbled and scrambled after him in an almost dazed state of mind.

The stars came out in the daily velvety sky one by one, and a glimmering light fell upon law and his prisoner. Frank the dark rock was now surrounded pines and firs finges of the starth had trainped to the starth had tr

behind the ruffian at his side was ready with a curse or a blow, and Frank forced himself to keep pace with the man from 'Frisco.

"I guess we're home now," came Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' mocking voice in the gloom. "Halt!"

Frank Richards, overcome with weariness, sank down on a boulder. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones disappeared for a moment or two, and then a light gleamed out in the darkness. It came from a lantern, lighted in a narrow cave that opened among the rocks. That, apparently, was the outlaw's lurking-place; a secure retreat, for the rocky ground over which they had tramped was too hard and stony to retain traces of footprints.

"Come in, pard!" said the outlaw, in the same jeering tone. And Frank dragged himself to his feet and tottered into the cave.

The outlaw set the lantern on a ledge of rock. There was a haversack in a corner, probably containing a store of food, but nothing also was to be seen save a couple of reged old buffalo-robes on the ground.

"We've had our leetle pace, grinned Five-Hundred-Dollar lees." We're at home now Mister lank Richards, How do you like the cave, and almost here we had speaking, he plunged into them to be speaking, he plunged into them to be speaking, he plunged into them to get.

The 5th Chapter

The 5th Chapter.

Mr. Penrose is Satisfied.

"Where can Frank be."
Bob Lawless asked that question dozen times, with a pale face.
As Frank did not return at the ranch Bob had ridden asked that question as frank had guestion as frank had guestion as frank had guestion to inquire at Mr. Penrose the formation to give him.

"He walked his back had guestion in Mr. Penrose crossis.

"He walked his to Mr. Venrose crossly to do his article, at chalks, and I don't went, and don't carried count! I've a mind to cot out his 'Pross'; and so 'Pross'; and so that to cot out his 'Pross'; and so that to cot out his beautiful to the way all the from Mr. Panross

THE SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS!

(Continued from previous page.) A

beast was only shamming all the showed on the horizon with a blink of time!"

bag, and Skeleton was hurried off to and Captain Handyman was steaming his bed in the Glory Hole, where he lalong it at a distance of about fifteen was packed away under a huge load i miles from the shore, looking for the of blankets.

wards the coast of Greenland, the guides and hunters and dogs. boys all slept soundly, and only an Here and there a puff of vapour doing their good work.

morning, for Scorcher Wilkinson had | chance of whaling. the excitements of the previous day.

And when they woke the sunshine he wanted to try it. was pouring in bright at the portholes of the Glory Hole.

Skeleton was thoroughly restored, | quite so easy to catch as walruses. and did not feel a bit the worse for as lively as ever.

found their way to the saloon for a the air. late breakfast. And the breakfast (Another grand instalment of this

hausting adventures would have made an Eskimo sit up and take notice.

When they went up on deck they found the Bombay Castle steaming fast through a smooth, blue sea, which might have been the Mediterranean itself had it not been for a couple of icebergs that were floating past like white sailing ships, and a indignant Skeleton. "I knew the I tough-looking, iron-bound coast which snow and ice showing over its cliffs.

Gus was strapped up in his cricket- This was the coast of Greenland, entrance of Nuvik Fiord, where he And as the Bombay Castle steamed | was to find the settlement of Eskimos away across a wide ice-free sea to- who would supply the ship with

occasional flop from Gus' cricket-bag | going up from the calm surface of the | any news for him. showed that the water-bottles were sea, like the spray of a shot, showed I that there were whales about, and at the Lawless Ranch. The boys slept late on the following | Skeleton hoped that they would get a

himself given orders that they should Skeleton had heard that whales' not be disturbed after the toils and | skin was very good to eat, something like a good cut of calve's head. And

> But, of course, first he would have to eatch a whale-and whales are not

As they drew nearer in to the coast his ducking of the previous night. | they could see that the Greenland And as for Gus, when they opened the | coast was not quite so savage or so cricket-bag to see how he was getting | sterile as it had seemed at first sight. on, they found that he had eaten both | There were patches of green grass on the rubber hot-water bottles, and was the cliffs, and, though streaks of unmelted snow lay in the hollows of the It was past ten o'clock when they | hills, there was a feeling of summer in

that Skeleton put away after his ex- | splendid script next Monday.)

FRANK RICHARDS PERIL!

(Continued from page 250.)

gentleman had found it a trying task to put the "trimmings" and the "punches" into Frank Richards' articles, and he was cross in consoquence.

Bob Lawless galloped home, in the hope that Frank had turned up there during his absence; but there was no news of him. Then he rode across to the Beauclercs' cabin; but neither Vere Beauclere nor his father had

That night there was deep auxiety

deepened it further. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones had been seen near Thompson. Chu Ching, the laundryman, had seen him, and narrowly escaped, and had seen Frank Richards near the spot where the outlaw had lurked in the timber. The search for the outlaw had been in vain. As soon as the news from Chu Ching was known the cattlemen of the Lawless | Ranch searched the timber and the surrounding plain, and later that day Frank Richards' horse was found, him away. Goodness knows why! | Another of this splendid series without the rider.

Needless to say, Bob was not at look-" Bob broke off again miser-Cedar Creek School that day. With ably. Beauclerc, he was taking part in the search for his missing chum. Every l

MARKET TO THE TOTAL TOTA

recess of the timber-belt was ransacked, with the terrible fear of finding a dead body hidden somewhere in its depths. The next day the search went on, but there was no discovery.

Frank Richards had vanished as if I the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

By Wednesday in the fateful week Mr. Penrose was sharing in the general anxiety. Frank Richards' "copy" for his paper was due, and it was not forthcoming, which was more than enough to make an enterprising publisher anxious. On Wednesday evening Mr. Penrose went to the trouble of borrowing a horse and riding over to the Lawless Ranch on a mission of inquiry.

He found Bob Lawless there, with a clouded face, resting after a long and hopeless ride on the plains. Bob On Monday came news that started up eagerly as he came in.

"You've heard of Frank-" "Nope," answered Mr. Penrose. "I guess I've come to you for news, young Lawless. Where is he?"

Bob made a gesture of despair. "Goodness knows! He's disappeared! He must have fallen in | bug. Is Frank Richards ALIVE OR with the outlaw, but we can't find DEAD? SEE NEXT NUMBER OF any—any—" Bob's voice faltered. "If that villain had killed him, we should have found it out by this time.' The rascal must have taken Oh, if a chap only knew where to

Mr. Penrose frowned. "That's all very well," he said. 1 O der Your Copy Early.)

"But what about my copy? I sha'n't be able to put the story in this week, at any rate."

"Hung the story, and you, too!" said Bob savagely.

"That's all very well; but---" Mr. Penrose appeared to reflect. Never mind! I guess I can turn it to account. This will be as good as the story, or better! 'Our schoolboy author roped in by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the fire-bug from 'Frisco!' " Mr. Penrose rubbed his hands. "I guess that tops the stack! I guess the 'Press' will go this week! Yes, sir."

"You-you-" gasped Bob. Mr. Penrose did not heed. He fairly ran back to his horse. That night he was busy setting type. On the following day the 'Press' appeared as usual. Frank Richards' weekly story was absent, but in its place was startling news for the town of Thompson.

"ST. KIT'S FELLOWS," by Frank Richards, unavoidably held over this week. Our favourite Author has been ROPED IN by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the 'Frisco Fire-THE 'PRESS'!"

THE END.

of Backwoods Stories in next Monday's issue of the "Bo s' DON'T MISS IT. Friend."

IN OUR EDITORS DENES Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4." Readers of the Boys' FRIEND are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half-a-crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders

"THE GOLDEN TRAIL!"

new cinema serial is included in the premises, and is stirred with a

of all paragraphs published.

list of good things for next Monday, | bamboo stick. When ready for sale, By the time you glance through in which Joo Fosdyke, Phil Fernic, it is placed on dirty pieces of cloth, this Chat, I take it that you will have | and the rest of the party set out on | presenting a distasteful appearance, read the opening instalment of the the quest for the lost pyramid that is and a great contrast to our English above-named new adventure sorial, supposed to be the hiding-place of a dainties which are so temptingly which, take it from me, is going to be | vast board of treasure. With, his | arrayed. The wares consist of cubes

there is nothing so interesting or so I "Yes." or "No." A loyal reader illuminating as the real letter—the says that the old times were bad and missive which holds the best thought stupid with their stiff and narrow of the writer. A crowd of people say | ways, their side-whiskers, and all that there are no letter-writers now- that. It is merely a matter of taste. adays. How do they know that? It But very few individuals would care cannot be true. If you look back you | to go back. They very wisely see away. Then somebody discovered the I sense to the age which is passing now. bundle of old letters in a desk corner. and gave them to the world.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Now, were they good? There are myrinds of questions which cannot be deals with properly with a plain

find that the talented letter-writers of | that the best of the spirit of the the past were never heard of, as a bygone is offered now and again as a rule, until ages after they had gone | kind of inspiration and a rallying

