

Further Startling Revelations of a Boy Spy! See Page 449 of This Issue! . .

# The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending October 23rd, 1920.

## The Rookwood Secret Society!



### KICKING OUT THE MODERN PREFECTS!

There was a chorus of hoots and catcalls in the passage, and Knowles & Co. fled. Frampton and Catesby took to their heels and ran for it. Knowles hit out savagely on all sides, and was promptly floored by the enraged Classical juniors.

#### The 1st Chapter.

##### Getting Ready for Carthew!

"What are you fellows up to?" Putty of the Fourth asked that question, in tones of surprise.

Putty had been looking for Jimmy Silver & Co. after lessons; and he had tracked them down at last—into the woodshed.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were busy; and their occupation was rather curious, to say the least of it.

An old pail stood on the stone floor of the woodshed, and Jimmy Silver was stirring in it with a broken stump. The pail was half full of a weird-looking liquid, and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were all adding ingredients as Jimmy stirred.

Putty blinked at them.  
"What the dickens—"  
Lovell waved a hand at him.  
"Buzz off!" he said.  
"But what—"

"We're busy! Run away and play!"

Teddy Grace did not run away and play. He stood looking on, evidently interested in this mysterious process.

"I suppose we can spare this pyro?" Raby remarked.

"Certainly! We can spare anything for dear old Carthew."

"In it goes, then!"

"That's a waste of pyro," said Putty of the Fourth.

"Well, it will give the mixture a tone," said Jimmy Silver. "Can't have it all glue and red ink."

"My hat! Is it for Carthew of the Sixth?"

"Yes—for his napper!"

Putty whistled.

"But, I say—" he murmured.

"To be well shaken before taken," grinned Arthur Edward Lovell. "Mix well, and serve to taste."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear chaps," said Putty seriously, "it will be rather risky swamping that stuff on a prefect's napper."

"Blow the risk!" growled Lovell. "We want Carthew of the Sixth to catch on that it's rather risky to cane us all round for nothing."

"It will come before the Head—"

"We're chancing that."

"I've been looking for you chaps," said Putty. "I've got an idea for making that rotten bully sit up—"

"Your ideas are no good, old fellow," said Jimmy Silver kindly.

"The end study is the shop for ideas."

"But—"

"I think that's pretty well done," said Jimmy Silver. "Now, the question is about putting it on Carthew."

"Which won't be the easiest part of the job," grinned Putty. "Now, if you'll take my advice—"

"Which we won't do," remarked Raby.

"Not likely!" snorted Lovell.

"You run away and play, Putty! You're rather an ass, you know!"

"I've got a wheeze—"

"Rats!"

"A regular gilt-edged stunt!" urged Putty.

"Take it away and bury it!"

Putty sniffed. The Fistical Four were in a vengeful mood; and they were evidently disinclined to listen to fatherly advice from Teddy Grace.

There had always been strained relations between the end study and Carthew of the Sixth. Now those relations had been strained to breaking point.

Lickings and lines had been falling on the end study like leaves in Vallambrosa.

The bully of Rookwood had scored all along the line; and Jimmy Silver

& Co. generally prided themselves on the fact that nobody could score over the end study.

Somehow, Carthew had scored; he had succeeded in getting them into their Form-master's black books; he had played his game so cleverly that the other prefects all supported him, even "old Bulkeley" being down on Jimmy Silver & Co.

The end study's luck was out.

But Jimmy Silver was rather a dangerous customer to drive too hard. He was down, but he was not "out." Vengeance was hanging over Carthew's head—in the shape of the weird mixture in the pail in the woodshed.

"Well, I think you're asses," said Putty. "If you swamp that stuff over Carthew, you'll be spotted, and it will mean a prefect's licking at least; more likely trouble with the Head."

## HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL! By an International.

Specially Written for the BOYS' FRIEND. See Page 448.

"Let it!" said Jimmy Silver briefly.

"You're getting reckless, old top," said Putty chidingly. "Never lose your temper in a tussle; it gives openings to the enemy."

"Rats!"  
Putty's advice was really good, but the Fistical Four were not in a mood to listen to it. They wanted to punish Mark Carthew, and they wanted that very badly.

"Get outside, Putty, old man," said Jimmy Silver. "We're rigging this up over the door."

"Over this door?" ejaculated Putty.

"Exactly!"  
"A booby-trap? But how are you going to get Carthew to walk into it?"

"My dear man, leave that to me," said Jimmy. "There are ways and means, you know. Buzz out!"

Putty stepped outside the woodshed, into the dusk. Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed him, Jimmy Silver remaining last to fix up the booby-trap. The tin pail was lodged on the door, which was left ajar. The juniors chuckled gleefully when that arrangement was made. It was quite certain that the next person who pushed open the woodshed door would receive a sudden and terrific swamping on his head.

"That's all right," said Jimmy Silver. "Now for Carthew! Mum's the word, Putty!"

"Oh, of course! But—"  
"Buzz off!" said Jimmy. "You mustn't be hanging around here when Carthew comes along. He will think you had a hand in it."

"I think—"

"Bow-wow! Run along!"  
The Fistical Four quitted the spot, and Putty strolled away. Jimmy Silver & Co. went into the School House, looking as innocent as they could. All was ready for Carthew now; it only remained to induce the unpopular prefect to walk into the little trap that had been prepared for him.

#### The 2nd Chapter.

##### A Surprise for Mr. Mack!

"Where did you leave the cigarettes, Raby?"

Carthew of the Sixth started. He was coming along the passage to the door, when Jimmy Silver's voice fell upon his ears, on the staircase above.

Carthew glanced up. He could not see the juniors on the staircase, and he concluded that they had not seen him.

He stopped, very quietly.

Among Carthew's pleasant little ways was a habit of moving about stealthily, and listening unscen to talk that was not meant for his ears; a trick that often enabled him to catch the juniors out. It did not occur to him that that well-known trick of his might be taken advantage of by an astute junior.

He listened under the banisters, and heard Raby's voice reply:  
"Blessed if I know! In the woodshed, I suppose!"

"Well, you are an ass!" It was Jimmy Silver's voice again. "Suppose they were found—"

"Oh, they won't be found!"  
"They'd better be got as soon as possible, you fathead; we don't want to be collared for smoking."

Carthew smiled.

Much as he disliked the chums of the end study, he had never suspected them before of "playing the goat" in his own fashion. Carthew was in the habit of smoking in his study; but he was quite prepared to haul up the juniors before the Head for doing anything of the kind. That was his duty, as a prefect; and Carthew, though not keen on duty, as a rule, was always ready to do any duty that would make the end study "sit up."

He stepped back from the staircase, and looked up.

"Silver! Raby!" he called out.

"My hat!"

"Oh dear!"

Two dismayed exclamations came from the dusky stairs above. Carthew grinned.

"You young sweeps!"

"Is—is—is that you, Carthew?"

"Yes, it is. Come down here!"

"I—I say, we're going in to tea."

"Come down here at once!" rapped out Carthew.

"Oh, all right!"

Jimmy Silver and George Raby obediently descended the stairs, Carthew fixed his eyes on them accusingly.

"You've been smoking in the woodshed!" he said.

"Oh, no, Carthew!"

"I heard what you said."

"We—were you listening, Carthew?" asked Jimmy Silver meekly.

"You've been smoking!" said Carthew, without answering that question. "I've had my eye on you for some time. You've left cigarettes in the woodshed, where you've been smoking!"

"We haven't!"

"Nothing of the kind, Carthew!"

"So you are going to try and brazen it out, are you?" grinned Carthew.

"It's rather too late for that, you young rascals. Come along with me at once, and I'll take you and your smokes to Mr. Bootles."

"But—but—"

"Come, I tell you!" snapped Carthew.

"If you order us as a prefect, we're bound to come, of course," said Jimmy Silver, with great meekness. "But—"

"That will do! Follow me at once!"

Carthew strode out of the School House, and the two juniors followed him. They exchanged a blissful grin, unseen by the bully of the Sixth.

The plot was working to perfection.

There were no cigarettes in the woodshed—that Jimmy Silver knew of, at any rate—but there was a booby-trap all ready for the prefect when he arrived in search of the cigarettes.

The two Fourth-Formers followed Carthew quite cheerily.

Carthew was feeling very cheery, too. He had succeeded in getting his old enemies of the Fourth punished for insubordination and unruliness, but he had never been able to accuse them of actual bad conduct before.

Now he was going to take them to their Form-master, with the "smokes" in his hand as proof positive of their delinquency. They would not be able to deny the smokes, when Carthew could lay the actual cigarettes on Mr. Bootles' table as proof.

Carthew strode towards the woodshed, several paces in advance of the juniors.

"Fairly landed now!" murmured Jimmy Silver. And Raby chuckled softly.

But the old proverb tells us that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. And so it proved.

They were within a dozen paces of the woodshed, in the dusk, when a sudden and terrific uproar burst out in advance of them.

"Clang! Crash!"

"Yuuurrngggghhhhhhhhhhh!"

"What the thump!" ejaculated Carthew.

"Groooogggghh! Oh dear! What! Yooooop! Grrrrrrggghh!" It was the voice of old Mack, the porter of Rookwood School, and it was raised in wild wrath and lamentation.

Jimmy Silver and Raby halted, in blank dismay. They looked at one another, with almost a ghastly look.

They understood what had happened—though Carthew didn't, as yet.

"Yurrngggghh! 'Elp! Groooch!"

Carthew ran forward, in amazement.

A weird figure was jazzing in the doorway of the woodshed.

It was Mr. Mack, but he was scarcely recognisable.

Streams of mixed ink and pyro and other liquids poured down his ancient face, and disguised his features.

From the midst of the mixture came his lamenting voice. The celebrated lamentations of Job were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, compared with those of Mr. Mack.

"What on earth—" gasped Carthew.

"Groooch!" spluttered Mr. Mack. "I've been drowned in this 'ere! Look at me! Mouth full of it! It's hink or somethink. Right on a man's 'ead— Groooogh!"

"Oh!" Carthew understood then.

"I—I see!"

"Pail of stuff on the door!" shrieked Mr. Mack. "I goes into the woodshed for a faggot, and gets it fair on the crumplet! I'll go to the 'Ead about this 'ere! Yurrngggghh!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Jimmy Silver hopelessly.

Raby suppressed a groan.

They had not foreseen that Mr. Mack might go into the woodshed for a faggot. Really, they might have foreseen such a very ordinary incident; but they hadn't. They had been thinking only of Mark Carthew. Jimmy Silver's generalship had failed for once.

Carthew turned to the juniors with an unpleasant grin.

"You fixed up that booby-trap?" he said.

No answer.

"You fixed it up for me?"

Silence.

"You jawed about cigarettes in my hearing to bring me here," said Carthew, with really brilliant insight.

Jimmy and Raby remained dumb.

The game was up now, with a vengeance, and there was nothing for them to say. It only remained for the hapless plotters to face the music.

"Yurrnggggh! I'll go to the 'Ead!" shrieked old Mack.

"Smothering a man like this 'ere! Wot 'ave I done to the young rips, I'd like to know! I'll report this 'ere! Look at me!"

"I'll report it, Mack!" said Carthew. "Silver and Raby, you will come with me to the Head at once!"

In dismayed silence the unhappy juniors strode away in the footsteps of the triumphant Carthew. And as they went to their doom the voice of old Mack followed them from the dusk:

"Gr-r-r-r-ggggh! Oooooch! Young rips! Groooogh! Hooooogh!"

#### The 3rd Chapter.

##### Putty's Stunt!

Tea was ready in the end study.

Lovell had made the tea, and Newcome had toasted the muffins. Putty Grace was there. He had asked himself to tea, being curious to know the final result of the woodshed campaign. He made himself useful by opening the bloater-paste.

"Time they were here!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "They must have managed it by now."

"Hallo, here's somebody! Tubby, you fat boulder, clear off!" growled Newcome, as Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth put a grinning face into the end study.

"I say, they're getting it!" was Tubby's cheery information.

"What? Who?"

"Jimmy and Raby," said Tubby Muffin cheerily. "I say, it was too bad, you know, swamping old Mack with ink and glue and things—"

"Old Mack!" yelled Lovell.

"Yes; and Carthew caught them right on the spot, it seems," said Tubby. "What had old Mack done?"

"Old Mack!" repeated Lovell faintly. "D-d-d-d-did old Mack put his silly old head into the booby-trap?"

"He, he, he! You should have seen him," chuckled Tubby. "He was a sight, and no mistake! Smothered! He, he, he!"

"I warned you chaps—" began Putty.

Arthur Edward Lovell gave him a ferocious look.

"Are you going to say 'I told you so'?" he asked. "If you are, I'm going to shove your head into the coal-locker and keep it there. Go on!"

Putty grinned, and held his peace. Evidently it was not a judicious moment for mentioning the fact that he had told them so.

"Carthew's taken Jimmy and Raby in to the Head," remarked Tubby. "I heard the cane swishing."

"Poor old Jimmy!" muttered Lovell. "What awful luck!"

"Poor old Raby!" said Newcome. "It serves Mack right for shoving in his silly head where it wasn't wanted," said Lovell. "But—"

"Here they come!" chortled Tubby Muffin.

Jimmy Silver and George Raby limped up to the study doorway. They were looking quite pale, and clasping their hands in anguish. Tubby's cheery grin seemed to irritate them, somehow. Raby limped into the study, but Jimmy Silver found energy enough to give the fat Classical a kick, which caused Tubby's fat grin to disappear on the spot. Tubby disappeared, too, with a loud howl.

Then Jimmy limped in, and Lovell closed the door.

"Had it bad?" asked Newcome.

Jimmy nodded.

"What awful luck!"

"Ow, ow! Wow!"

"Ready for tea?"

"Ass! Ow, ow, ow!"

Jimmy and Raby did not seem ready for tea. They sat down, and rocked themselves to and fro in anguish. It was clear that the Head had not committed the fault of sparing the rod.

Lovell and Newcome and Putty were sympathetic. But they went on with their tea, while the sufferers mumbled and groaned.

It was a considerable time before the hapless juniors felt able to speak.

"Oh dear!" said Jimmy Silver at last. "Oh crumbs! Ow! I wonder whether life's worth living, after all!"

"Keep smiling!" suggested Lovell.

It was Jimmy Silver's own favourite maxim; but it did not seem to afford him any comfort just then. He snorted.

"It might have been worse, you know," continued Arthur Edward reflectively.

"Eh? How?"

"Well, Newcome and I might have been landed, too."

"Ass!"

"Look here, Jimmy—"

"Fathead!"

"Silly chump!" groaned Raby.

Arthur Edward Lovell held his peace. His consolation did not seem very effective, somehow.

But the anguish wore off, and at length the sufferers felt that they could tackle tea. Putty made fresh tea for them, and Newcome toasted fresh muffins. They felt better soon.

"Your luck is rather out, Jimmy," Putty remarked. "You'd really have done better to take my advice, you know."

"Kill him, somebody!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I told you I had an idea—"

"Rats!"

"Well, your own dashed stunts don't seem to be such a howling success, do they?" asked Putty, rather warmly. "I tell you that my new stunt is the catch of the season. It will make Carthew sit up no end, and Knowles and Frampton, too—"

"Pass the muffins."

"Don't you want to hear my wheeze?" demanded Putty indignantly.

Jimmy grunted.

"Oh, you can run on!" he said. "Your wheezes are generally rotten; but I'd do anything to make Carthew cringe. Pile in, and cut it short."

"It's a regular corker—" began Putty.

"Cut that out, and get to the hosses," suggested Lovell.

"Well, here goes, then, fathead! We're up against the prefects," said Putty, "especially Carthew and Knowles on the Modern side. They're beasts—"

"We know that."

"And bullies—"

"We know that, too."

"But the worst of it is that a prefect always has the pull over a fag," said Putty. "They always come out on top in the long run."

"Not always!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Well, nearly always! Now, Carthew has got to be stopped from bullying and ragging and fagging the juniors—us. My idea is—"

Putty paused, to give due impressiveness to his communication—"a secret society!"

"A what?"

"A which?"

The Fistical Four stared at Putty.

"A secret society," said Putty calmly. "You've read about secret societies in the newspapers. There's the Black Hand, you know, in Italy, and there used to be secret societies in Russia when there was a giddy Tzar to plot against. Well, we're going to form a secret society, and strike in the dark, you know."

"At night?" asked Lovell.

Putty sniffed.

"No, ass! I mean, nobody will know where the blow comes from."

"What blow?"

"Oh, you make me tired, old chap! The secret society wears masks, you know, and black cloaks, and meets in secret, and administers punishment to offenders without giving themselves away."

"I don't see—"

"You wouldn't! Mysterious warnings are sent to offenders, and they're kept in a state of terror, you know, and then the blow falls!" said Putty dramatically.

He looked eagerly at the Fistical Four, evidently expecting an outburst of admiration and enthusiasm. But it did not come. Arthur Edward Lovell looked puzzled, Raby looked tired, and Newcome sniffed. And Jimmy Silver said:

"Have you been to the pictures lately, Putty?"

"The cinema? No. Why?"

"Oh, I thought you had! Your stunt sounds like it," said Jimmy.

"Don't you think it's a jolly good idea?" demanded Putty hotly. "Look here, what do you fellows think of the stunt?"

"Rotten!"

Four voices replied in unison, without the slightest hesitation.

Putty of the Fourth rose to his feet.

"This study is played out!" he said scornfully. "You fellows haven't the brain of bunny rabbits, you know. You haven't the initiative of—of tortoises. You're back numbers!"

Lovell reached for a cushion.

"I think it's a stunning stunt," said Putty. "If you don't join up, I'm going to carry it out on my own. You'll see that I'll make Carthew cringe. Upon the whole, perhaps you fellows had better not help. You're no good. You'd only muck it up. You—"

Putty dodged the cushion, and quitted the end study, closing the door after him with a slam. Jimmy

Silver & Co. grinned. The door opened again, and Putty of the Fourth looked in for a moment. "Played out!" he hooted. "Back numbers! Rats!"  
Then he slammed the door once more and departed.

#### The 4th Chapter.

##### The Wolf and the Lambs.

"What the dickens is this, Carthew?"

Knowles of the Sixth asked the question.

Cecil Knowles had come over from the Modern side, with Frampton and Catesby, to call on Carthew. There was going to be supper in Carthew's study, and after supper—with the back of a chair jammed under the door-handle—a little game of cards.

It was necessary on such festive occasions to keep the door secured.

Carthew had met his three cheery friends at the School House door and come along to his study with them. He was lighting the gas in the study, and as he threw the match into the grate Knowles asked his question.

Cecil Knowles was staring at an object on the table.

"What's that?" asked Carthew, looking round.

"This! Is it a new game?"

Carthew looked and stared.

A thin sheet of cardboard—evidently a strip cut from a common postcard—lay on the table, pinned down. On the card words had been painted in Roman capitals with a brush:

"BEWARE!  
FIRST WARNING, from the  
R.S.S."

Carthew blinked at it.

"My only hat!" was his remark.

"What's the R.S.S.?" asked Frampton.

"Goodness knows!"

"Somebody's giving you a tip to mind your p's and q's," said Catesby, laughing. "Some lark of the juniors, I suppose."

Carthew knitted his brows.

"I can guess where it comes from," he said. "Those young rascals in the end study, of course."

"I'd lick 'em."

"I shall!" said Carthew grimly. "I'm getting the cheery study into order, and they'll soon be quite broken in, I think." The bully of the Sixth picked up a cane. "I'll go and see them about this now. You fellows can come, if you like. They may cut up rusty, and you can lend me a hand."

"Ahem! Bulkeley might object to Modern prefects chipping in on this side," remarked Frampton.

"All the better," sneered Knowles. "No reason why we shouldn't help to keep order on the Classical side if the juniors get out of hand."

"Yes; come on!" said Carthew.

His Modern friends followed him up the staircase, Knowles, at least, quite pleased by the idea that the affair might displease the captain of Rookwood. Their arrival in the Fourth Form passage caused a good deal of remark. Mornington and Erroll, Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn, and some more juniors were in the passage, prep not yet having started. They stared at the three Modern prefects.

"What the holy smoke do those Modern cads want over here?" said Mornington, loud enough for Knowles & Co. to hear.

"Looking for trouble, perhaps," remarked Conroy.

"Is Silver in his study?" called out Carthew, addressing nobody in particular.

There was no answer. But Tubby Muffin scuttled off to be first with the news that trouble impended over that celebrated study. He burst into the study, where Jimmy Silver & Co. were getting out their books for prep.

"They're coming!" gasped Muffin.

"Eh! Who're coming?" grunted Lovell.

"Carthew and a gang of Moderns."

"My hat!"

So they really were not expecting a visit from Carthew of the Sixth just then.

"It's the giddy wolf and the lamb over again," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "The rotter is down on us, anyhow, whether we ruffle his giddy plumage or not!"

"Here they are!" grinned Tubby. "Yarcoop!"

Carthew twisted Tubby's fat ear as he found him in the doorway, and Reginald Muffin howled with indignant emphasis and retreated. Muffin had given no offence; but Carthew had a way of pulling juniors' ears, when he was quite sure that his shins wouldn't be kicked in return. The prefect strode into the study, with his cane in one hand, and the offending card of the R.S.S. in the other; and Knowles & Co. blocked up the doorway, grinning.

"Hallo, Carthew!" said Jimmy Silver quite mildly. "What do you want? Have you come to help us with our prep?"

"I want to know what that means!" said Carthew, throwing the card on the table.

The Fourth-Formers glanced at it, and then stared at it. It was a mystery to them. As a matter of fact, they had forgotten all about Putty's "stunning stunt," propounded in the end study the previous day; and they did not connect the "first warning of the R.S.S." with the humorist of the Classical Fourth.

"Blessed if I know!" said Jimmy, puzzled. "What do you mean? I've never seen the thing before."

"Don't tell lies!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. But he answered quietly. As Lovell had remarked, it was a case of the wolf and the lamb; and he did not want to give the bully of the Sixth an opening if he could help it.

"Well, if you can't take my word, it's not much good talking about it, is it?" he said.

"I found that card on my study table."

"Yes?"

"You put it there."

"I did not!"

"I've warned you not to tell me lies, Silver!"

"Thank you very much!" answered Jimmy.

"Did you put that card on my table?" growled Carthew.

"I've said no."

"Some of you young cads put it there, I know that!"

"If you know it, there's not much object in asking us, is there?"

"Then you admit it?"

"Nothing of the kind!"

"I've had enough cheek from this study," said Carthew, a little at a loss. "I'm going to keep you in order!"

"Thanks!"

"You're going to be brought properly to heel!"

"That's very kind of you, Carthew!"

"Carthew's such a kind chap," remarked Newcome.

"I don't know what Rookwood would be like without Carthew," Arthur Edward Lovell observed, in a reflective way. "Not the same place at all."

"Not a bit!" said Raby.

The Modern seniors, in the doorway, grinned. Carthew frowned.

He knew that he was being "cheeked"; but it was rather difficult to cane juniors for remarks of this mild order. But he had come there to punish them, and he did not change his mind. He believed, in point of fact, that Jimmy Silver & Co. were responsible for the "R.S.S." card; and, anyhow, he was quite ready to punish them on suspicion. It was rather stretching his authority as a prefect; but Carthew was used to that.

He swished his cane ominously in the air.

"You first, Silver!" he said.

"First for what?" asked Jimmy calmly.

"Caning! Hold out your hand!"

"What for?"

"Because I tell you!"

Jimmy Silver put his hands behind him.

"I'm not going to be caned for nothing, Carthew!" he said.

"You're going to be caned for putting that card in my study."

"But I didn't put it there!"

"Don't bandy words with me, Silver! Hold out your hand at once!" exclaimed Carthew, swishing the cane again.

"I'm going to appeal to Bulkeley, as head prefect," said Jimmy Silver, still with his hands behind him.

"Lovell, will you cut down and call Bulkeley?"

"Yes, rather!"

Lovell crossed to the door. The

three Modern seniors blocked the doorway, and he had to stop.

"Let me pass, Knowles!" exclaimed Lovell.

"Stop him!" rapped out Carthew.

"We're stopping him," grinned Knowles.

Lovell's eyes glittered as he backed a step or two. From a Classical prefect, Classical juniors had to take orders; but a Modern prefect had no legal authority whatever on the Classical side. Arthur Edward Lovell was quite well aware of that; and he was prepared to act upon his knowledge.

Knowles grinned as he retreated; but he did not retreat far—only far enough to get a little run.

Then he charged suddenly and recklessly at Knowles, with his head down. His head smote the unprepared prefect fairly on the waistcoat, and Knowles spun into the passage like a skittle.

"Yow-ow!" roared Knowles, as he landed on his back.

Lovell rushed out; but Frampton and Catesby collared him before he could get clear. Lovell struggled fiercely.

"Let go, you Modern cads!" he yelled. "Rescue, you chaps! Back up!"

There was a rush of Classical juniors up the passage. Carthew stepped out quickly.

"Stand back!" he snapped.

"Cut out and call Bulkeley, Morny!" yelled Lovell. "Tell him Modern prefects are bullying us in our study!"

"Stop, Mornington!" exclaimed Carthew.

But Morny was already speeding

away. Knowles staggered to his feet, gasping for breath, and seized Lovell and whirled him back into the end study.

"Give me your cane, Carthew!" he panted.

"I say—Bulkeley—you know—" murmured Frampton uneasily.

"Hang Bulkeley! Give me that cane, will you?"

Knowles snatched the cane from Carthew, and Lovell roared as it rang across his shoulders. In an instant Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome rushed to the rescue. Knowles staggered under a rain of blows, yelling to his comrades for help, and still holding on to Lovell. In a moment more there was something very like pandemonium in the end study, with four Sixth-Formers and four juniors mixed up in a wild and whirling fray. And that was the rather startling scene that greeted Bulkeley of the Sixth when he arrived.

#### The 5th Chapter. Carthew is Sorry.

Bulkeley stared into the study. "Stop that!" he thundered.

The fray was going very hard with the Fourth-Formers. Senior against junior was rather heavy odds in size and weight. Never had Jimmy Silver & Co. been so glad to see Bulkeley of the Sixth.

Bulkeley strode into the study with a knitted brow, and the combat ceased. Jimmy Silver, dishevelled and breathless, retreated into a corner of the study, panting.

"What the dickens does this mean?" exclaimed Bulkeley angrily. "What are you doing here, Knowles?"

"Thrashing that cheeky young cad!" gasped Knowles.

"You've no right to do anything of the kind."

"Rot!"

Knowles was too angry to mince his words. He had had several hefty kicks in the course of the unequal struggle, and he was hurt.

Bulkeley's eyes gleamed.

"Get out of this study at once, you Modern fellows," he said.

"They came here to help me, Bulkeley," said Carthew.

"If you wanted help in dealing with the juniors, you should have asked Classical prefects!" snapped Bulkeley. "Those fellows will clear out this instant!"

"We—" began Frampton.

"You've no right here, and no right to lay a finger on a Classical junior," said Bulkeley. "If you don't clear out this instant I shall call in the Head."

"Look here—"

"Are you going?"

"No!" howled Knowles.

"Very good! Mornington, go at once to the Head's study, and—"

"Hold on!" interposed Frampton hastily. "I don't want a prefect's row. I'm goin'."

He left the study quickly, followed by Catesby. Knowles hesitated a moment, and then, with a furious look, followed. He dared not let the matter come before the Head; he was too flagrantly in the wrong for that. The three Modern prefects strode savagely away down the

passage, and Bulkeley called Mornington back.

There was a chorus of hoots and catcalls in the passage, and Knowles & Co. went. The invasion of their passage by Modern prefects excited the Classical Fourth to great wrath. They howled and yelled at the Moderns, and two or three Latin grammars whizzed through the air. Knowles made a rush at Conroy and seized him, and then there was a rush of the Classical juniors, twenty or more strong. They fairly overwhelmed the Modern seniors.

Frampton and Catesby ran for it, and were hustled downstairs in a breathless state. Knowles struck out savagely on all sides, and he was seized and collared, and bumped on the floor. He progressed towards the stairs in the grasp of a dozen excited juniors, and they bumped him on the floor at nearly every step. By the time Knowles reached the stairs he hardly knew what was happening to him.

"Roll him down!" roared Jones minor.

"Kick him out!"

"Oh!—ah!—oooh!—grooh!—oh!" spluttered Knowles.

A dozen feet rolled Knowles off the landing, and he went clattering down the stairs.

He righted himself on the next landing, and sprang up, and for a moment looked as if he would charge up the staircase. A crowd of yelling Classical stood ready for him, and invited him to come on.

Fortunately for Knowles, he

changed his mind, and strode away after Catesby and Frampton, followed by a derisive yell from the Classical Fourth.

Meanwhile, Bulkeley had closed the door of the end study after the departing Moderns. Carthew would have been glad enough to follow his friends, but his escape was cut off by the stalwart captain of Rookwood. There was a grim look on Bulkeley's face that Carthew did not like at all.

"I'm done with the young cads," said Carthew sulkily. "You can get away from that door, Bulkeley. I'm going."

"You're not going yet," answered the captain of Rookwood quietly. "I want to know what this means, first. You came here to cane Silver, it seems."

"Yes, I did!" growled Carthew.

"You ought not to have brought Modern prefects here. If it happens again I shall report it to Dr. Chisholm, and ask him to deal with you."

Carthew grunted, and did not answer.

"And now, what were you going to cane Silver for?"

"That's my business. I'm a prefect."

"I am head prefect, and I have a right to inquire," said Bulkeley coolly. "You'll answer my question."

"I won't, then!"

Bulkeley glanced at Jimmy Silver.

"What have you done, Silver?"

"Nothing!" answered Jimmy promptly.

"What does Carthew accuse you of?"

"I'm not staying here to listen to

without a shred of evidence that he had done it?" he asked.

"I've a right, as a prefect—"

"You have no right to punish by guesswork, and you seem to have come to this study simply to bully the juniors here, Carthew."

"Take care what you say, Bulkeley," said Carthew, between his teeth.

"I'm taking care. It is for you to take care what you do," said the captain of Rookwood. "You and your Modern friends have been pitching into these kids for nothing at all. You'll tell them you're sorry before you leave this study."

"What?" yelled Carthew.

"You heard me, I think."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. And if you go to the Head—"

"I shall not go to the Head!" said Bulkeley quietly. "I am going to see that you stop this bullying. That's my duty as captain of Rookwood. You are going to tell these juniors you are sorry. That, I think, will act as a warning to you in future. Go ahead!"

"I won't!" roared Carthew furiously.

"Then I shall make you."

Bulkeley made a motion to take off his coat.

Carthew stared at him blankly. Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly gasped. The thought of "old Bulkeley" giving the bully of the Sixth a thrashing in their study, under their eyes, was simply blissful. They would have given a term's pocket-money to see it.

Unfortunately the prospect was not equally blissful to Carthew. It was very far from that.

One look at Bulkeley's grim, determined face was enough to convince him, astonished as he was, that the captain of Rookwood was in deadly earnest. Having realised that, the bully of the Sixth promptly put his pride in his pocket.

"You—you needn't play the hooligan, Bulkeley!" he stuttered. "If—if you think, as—as head prefect, that—that I—"

"I've said so."

Carthew turned to the juniors, white with rage.

"I am sorry!" he gasped.

"Don't let it occur again, that's all!" said Arthur Edward Lovell loftily.

Bulkeley threw open the door. Carthew, who seemed to breathe with difficulty, went out without another word. The Rookwood captain followed him and closed the door.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another breathlessly.

"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy. "Pride goeth before a fall, and no mistake! That was a bitter pill for poor old Carthew to swallow."

"He's sorry!" grinned Raby.

"Well, I dare say he's sorry he came here, if it comes to that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Old Bulkeley's a brick!" said Lovell. "But—but—but I say, won't Carthew take it out of us after this!"

Which was not wholly a pleasant reflection for the end study.

**The 6th Chapter.  
Carthew's Catch!**

Carthew of the Sixth returned to his study in a volcanic frame of mind. He found the study empty. His Modern friends had not stayed to supper after all. After their experiences in the Classical Fourth passage they were not in a mood for conviviality.

Carthew closed the door with a savage slam. The gaslight glimmered on a card lying on the table, and Carthew started as his eyes fell upon it.

"By gad!" he ejaculated.

It was a card similar in appearance to the one he had taken up to the end study in the Fourth. But the wording was slightly different. It ran:

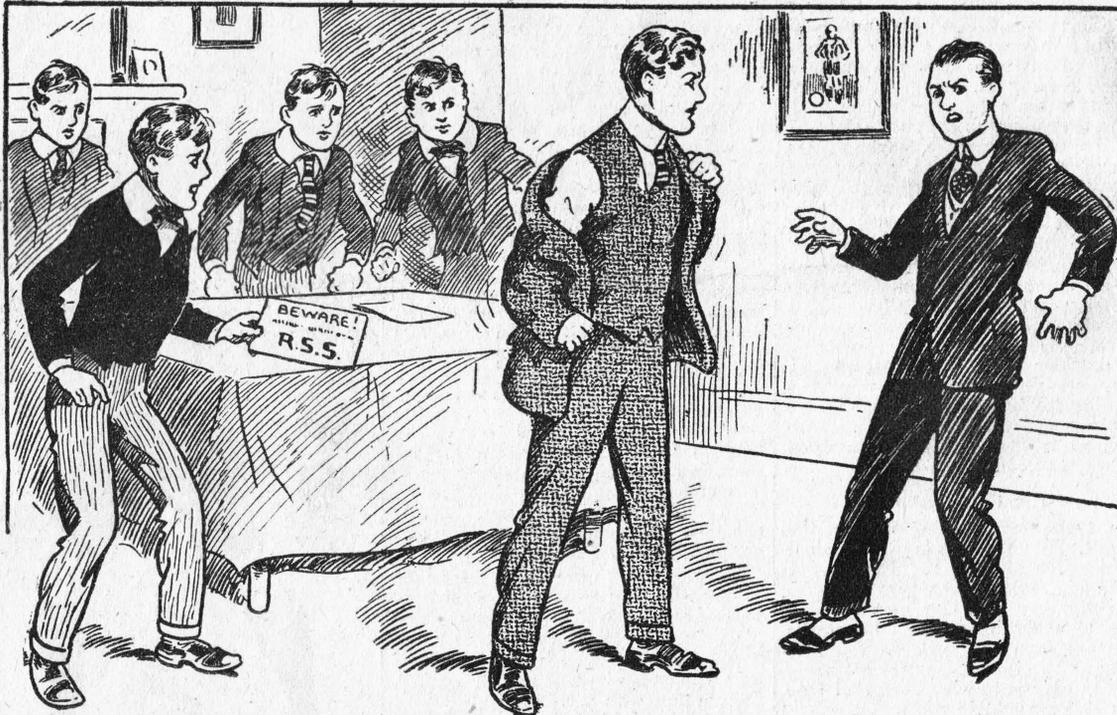
**"BULLY! BEWARE!  
Second Warning from the Rookwood Secret Society!"**

Carthew stared at it.

"The—the Rookwood Secret Society!" he stuttered. "By gad!"

He knew the meaning now of the mysterious initials "R. S. S." But what was the Rookwood Secret Society? Certainly he had never heard of such an institution before. If there was such a society in existence it was undoubtedly very secret indeed.

Carthew felt a qualm of uneasiness. He was well aware that he was far from popular in the Lower School, and he knew that this must have come from the Lower School. But—strangest of all—it was clear that Jimmy Silver & Co. had no hand in it. For the second card had evidently been placed on his table



**A SURPRISE FOR CARTEW!** "You have no right to punish by guesswork, and you know it!" said Bulkeley. "You are going to tell these juniors you are sorry!" "I won't!" roared Carthew. Bulkeley made a motion to take off his coat, and Jimmy Silver and Co. gasped!

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while he was in the end study in the presence of the Fistical Four.

But he had forgotten it by the time he went to bed. Then it was suddenly and startlingly brought back to his mind.

He had been over to the Modern side to visit Knowles & Co., and he came back at about ten o'clock. By that time, of course, all the juniors were in their dormitories. Carthew lighted his gas, and having smoked a last cigarette prepared to turn in. His bed was in an alcove in the study, and as he turned back the curtain which screened it from the room he caught side of a card laid on his pillow.

His eyes glittered as he snatched it up.

**"BULLY! BEWARE!**  
Third warning from the R. S. S."

"I—I—I wish I knew who was doing this!" muttered Carthew, as he twisted the card in his fingers. "I'd—I'd—"

He stared round the study. There was no trace left of the mysterious visitor who had placed that thrilling warning on his pillow.

Carthew turned in at last in a savage mood.

It was some time before he slept, and then he dreamed of secret societies and mysterious warnings in a very uncomfortable manner.

He was awakened suddenly.

Something had awakened him—he did not know what. He sat up in his bed, shivering, and peering through the darkness. There was a sound in the room, faint, but perceptible. The cold draught showed him that the door was open.

"Who—who's there?" gasped Carthew.

"Bully!" said a deep, deep voice.

"Wha-a-t—"

"Beware!"

It was a deep, husky bass voice, pretty evidently assumed by the speaker.

Carthew started from his bed.

He lighted the gas hurriedly, and looked round for his cane. Catching it up he rushed into the passage.

He was assured that his visitor was from one of the junior dormitories, and he hoped to catch the intruder before he could get back to his quarters. He bounded along towards the staircase. There was a sound in advance of him in the darkness, and a shadow loomed up. Carthew's eyes blazed as he lashed out with the cane.

"You young cad! I've got you!" he panted.

"Yaroooop!"

"Take that—and that—and—"

He lashed out savagely and recklessly. The dark passage rang with a yell of pain. Then something smote Carthew, and he rolled over on the floor. It was a clenched fist that had landed on his chin, and certainly that hefty drive could not have been delivered by a junior.

"You mad idiot!" gasped a voice—the voice of Jones major of the Sixth.

"You—you— Who is it? Is it Carthew?"

"Oh! Ow—yow—"

"What the thump—" It was Bulkeley's voice now. Two or three doors had opened in the Classical Sixth corridor, and lights gleamed out, and Sixth-Formers in pyjamas stared into the passage. "What's the row?"

Jones major gasped.

"I think Carthew's gone mad. I heard a fearful crash, and came out to see what was the matter, and he rushed on me in the dark, mopping out with a cane—"

"You silly idiot!" snarled Carthew.

"I—I thought you were a fag. Some fag's been to my room, waking me up, and I came out after him. Ow, ow! You silly idiot!"

Carthew strode back to his room. He knew that there was no chance of catching his mysterious visitor now. The other Sixth-Formers returned to bed, with a very strong impression that Carthew had been dreaming. But Carthew knew that he had not been dreaming, and he locked his door before he turned in again. And then it was a long time before he slept. The Rookwood Secret Society was beginning to get on the Sixth-Form bully's nerves. He half-expected another visit during the hours of darkness.

But it did not come. For in the Fourth-Form dormitory Putty of the Fourth was already asleep, with a happy smile on his face. And—if Carthew had only known it!—while Putty of the Fourth was asleep there were no active measures to be looked for from the Rookwood Secret Society.

THE END.

(Be sure you read "Sir Tubby, of Rookwood," in next Monday's Boys' Friend. A fine yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co., by Owen Conquest.)



## How to Play Football

By  
AN INTERNATIONAL.

### The Wing Forwards.

Turning to the inside wing-forwards—the inside-right and the inside-left—here is plenty of scope for the tricky players of your set. They needn't be very big, they needn't be over-fast, but they must be clever enough, when in possession of the ball, to beat an opponent here and there. Having beaten those opponents, they will have opened up the way either for a shot at goal themselves, or for a pass to the centre-forward, who should, as we saw, be of the type who can make the best use of goal-scoring openings.

In an effort to find an ideal—or, otherwise, a winning team—I should certainly expect pace in the outside wing-men. Primarily it is the duty of the extreme wing-men to carry the war into the enemy's camp, as it were. Along the touchline they meet with less resistance than in any other part of the field, and the quicker your outside men can skip along with the ball and then bang it back into the middle for the inside forwards to score, the greater the number of goals your side is likely to get.

Take any first-class successful side you like to mention, and I think you will find that on the extreme wings they have men who are quick on their feet—that is, quick enough to beat for sheer pace the average defenders with whom they come in contact. Personally, I shouldn't want a player who is too clever to be my outside wing-man in an ideal team. A quick run, and a quick centre, are much more likely to bring those goals by which matches are won than dodging hither and thither, in which the ultra-clever outside man is tempted to indulge. The outside wing-man who dodges about simply enables the opposition to concentrate its defence forces, whereas the outsider who doesn't waste any time, gets his centres across when the opposing full-backs and half-backs are scattered, and thus the inside men are much more likely to have an open pathway to goal.

### The Full-Backs!

To turn from the attack to the defence. What sort of players shall we have for full-backs? The answer is the big, strong lads who are sure kicks—players who can be depended upon to meet balls fair and square from all sorts of angles. Pace is useful in a full-back, but not essential, but the ability to kick hard and true is indeed a valuable asset.

As for the goalkeeper—well, he is in a class by himself, and the boy who likes to keep goal, and who can keep goal, would probably not be much good in any other position. There is no need for me to enlarge on the necessary qualities to be looked for in your custodian—they are so obvious.

### The Ideal Team!

Now let us sum up, and see what we have got in this team which we have tried to build on something like ideal lines. At full-back we have strong players and dead-sure kicks; at half-back three workers, with, preferably, the biggest boy of the lot at centre-half; for forwards we have speed merchants on the extreme wings, clever dribblers in the two inside positions, and a deadly shot at centre-forward. It is quite likely, of course, that you will find that your team doesn't fit the ideal in every direction, but at the same time the ideal is worth striving after, on the principal that if you aim at the stars you may hit the top of the tree.

It takes a genius at the business to build up an ideal team, but I have laid down certain broad principles which may be useful as a working basis. Think over the players of your side—the particular qualities of each, and if the side is not winning matches, try a little shuffle of the eleven.

The eleven men being in their right places, we have gone some considerable distance towards building up a winning team, but we have not yet gone the whole way. There are several other important things to be borne in mind and to be decided.

### The Captain and His Duties.

In the first place, there is the choice of the captain of the team. It is quite possible to make several mistakes in regard to the leader.

Everybody knows that the captain is the man who leads the team out of the dressing-room, and he is also the man who tosses for choice of ends. But there, in the all-too-general opinion, the duties of the football captain end. This should not be so, however. I could tell you of many a first-class side which owes a considerable amount of its success to the organising brain of the captain of the side.

Take a team like Blackburn Rovers, for instance. For years they had as captain, Bob Crompton, one of the very finest players in the country. But he was more than merely a great player; he was a great captain, ever inspiring the men under him to big efforts when big efforts were required of them. And the captain—if he is real—should take a hand in the general tactics of his side. It is up to him, for instance, to spot as quickly as possible any weaknesses in his opponents' eleven, or any particularly strong points in his own side.

Experience, too, is a very valuable asset in a captain. The more he knows about the strength and the weaknesses of his opponents before the game commences, the better will he be able to make plans which will counteract the strength and make the most of the weaknesses. So select as your captain a player with wide experience, who has a good head for the game, and who has the confidence of his colleagues. This latter is important, for it is no good having a captain if the rest of the team are not ready to carry out his instructions.

I do not say that it is essential that the captain of the side shall be the centre-half; but, other things being equal, this is the best position on the field for the captain. In first-class football there are more captains who are centre-half-backs than there are players in any other position as leaders of the team. Why? Because the centre-half, being the real pivot of the side, is in the best position for influencing the play of the whole team, and also for conveying his ideas to both attackers and defenders. He is the connecting-link between the two parts of the eleven.

As we have now seen the type of player who is best fitted to be the captain of the team, it may not be out of place to say one or two words as to how his duties should be carried out.

In the first place, I am all against the captain who yells his instructions at the top of his voice. He should have other means of conveying his ideas to the players he is leading. Obviously, an instruction shouted is an instruction which reaches the ears of foes as well as friends, and, as to be forewarned is to be forearmed, your opponents will probably take steps to nullify the moves advocated by the shouting captain of a team.

Above all, the captain should not get downhearted. A football match is never lost until it is won. Against Scotland last season England were, at one time in the match, two goals to the bad, but they played up so well that they eventually won the match by five goals to four, a wonderful recovery, and a striking case to show the value of the never-say-die spirit.

### Team Tactics!

Another thing which should not be overlooked if your team is to gain the full benefit of skill, is the necessity for a proper understanding as to tactics. Before the game commences, talk over the methods you will adopt, and the methods most likely to suit the particular type of pitch. I do not suggest that a mere decision as to the methods to be employed in any particular match, or against any particular opponent, will necessarily bring victory to the side, but I do say that no team was ever any the worse for having talked over their tactics beforehand.

The same thing applies to a chat at half-time. If things have been going wrong, get together and ask yourselves how and why they have gone wrong—in which direction mistakes have been made. By doing this, you will probably be able to recover in the second half the ground you lost in the first half.

(Another excellent article on "How to Play Football" next Monday.)

## HEALTH & EXERCISE

Conducted by PERCY LONGHURST.

(If you are in need of any advice concerning health and general fitness write to "The Health Editor," The BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. All queries will be personally answered by Mr. Longhurst. Seize this opportunity of securing first-rate information and advice FREE!)

### Exercise With a Chair.

A change now and again in exercise is useful; variety is a necessity if interest is to be maintained. When any form of exercise reaches the stage at which the doing of it becomes mechanical, it's time that particular exercise were dropped for the time being. Mechanical exercise isn't of much use, except for the purpose of accustoming the muscles used to a particular strain.

Work with some kind of apparatus is less likely than free movements to become mechanical; on the other hand, almost all apparatus is expensive. A chair, however, even one without a back, provided that the legs are sound, makes a capital piece of apparatus for exercise.

Set it against the wall—you don't want it to slip away from you—stoop, and grasp it at the front angles of the seat, thumbs uppermost; now extend the feet backwards until the legs are quite straight. The chest is over the chair, weight held up by the hands. Bend the elbows, and lower the chest until it lightly touches the chair. Hold the position a second, then lift body by straightening arms, taking care all the time that the body, from neck to toes, is in a straight line. On no account allow the back to become hollow.

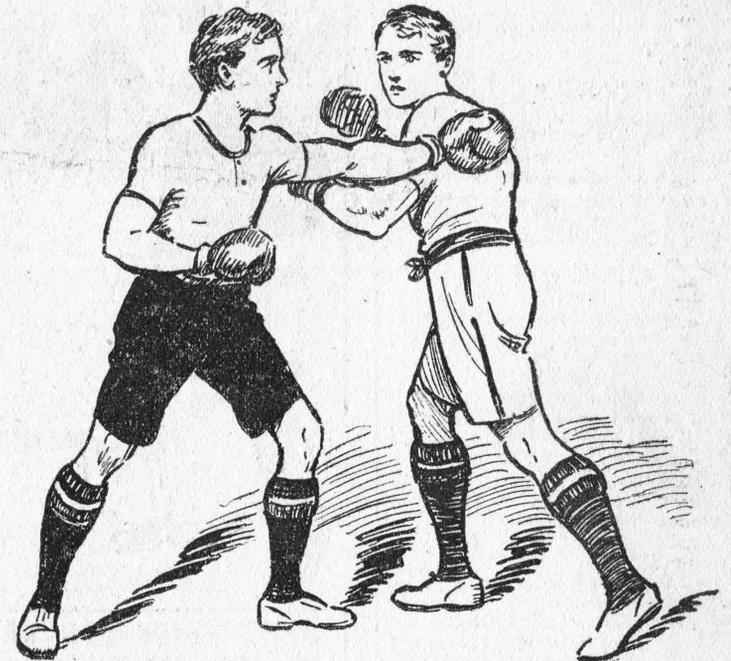
This is an excellent exercise for broadening the chest, as well as for the development of the triceps and other muscles.

Sit well back on chair, hands holding seat at the back angles. Raise the

third way is apt to lead to disaster—unless the two novices are able to pick up assistance and advice elsewhere.

It is chiefly for the third of these classes I'm beginning this short series of advice articles to the lad keen to learn boxing. He is the kind of youth who deserves encouragement and help. And both are desirable, because as soon as a novice begins to have a bout with the gloves, he starts a whole series of mistakes. That's not his fault. He sets to work quite naturally; but boxing isn't a natural exercise. Its principles are quite sound, but the art of the game is purely artificial. Ready-made fighters you'll find anywhere, and some of them can be dangerous—very dangerous if they learn something of boxing—but ready-made boxers you won't find anywhere. Some learn quicker than others because they have a greater aptitude for the game.

To begin with, the natural fighter pins his faith to hitting. He doesn't worry himself a lot about defence; his idea—a jolly sound one—is to hit first, to hit hard, and keep on hitting. That's the natural way to prove to another chap that you are a better man with your hands than he is. But it isn't boxing. Very far from it. Boxing is the art of self-defence, and the first principle of boxing is, not to hit the other chap, but to take every precaution that he doesn't hit you. Of course, in boxing it is assumed that you will hit him sometimes, but the first of the lessons is—"Try not to be hit."



A First-class Position for Right Hand to Head or Body.

feet as high as you can, keeping the legs straight. Now carry the feet as far apart sideways as you can, without allowing heels to drop. Bring feet together, and repeat movement.

This movement thoroughly exercises the muscles on the inside and outside of the thighs—muscles which ordinary exercises hardly touch.

Most of the body-bending movements may well be performed when sitting on a chair, and there is another fine exercise which brings strongly into play all of the haunch muscles that may well be tried.

Sit on a chair, body upright, left hand gripping edge of seat. Now carry the right foot as far sideways and backward as you can without throwing the body too far out of the upright. Raise foot from floor, and carry right foot in a forward circular sweep to the left front. Return and repeat. Then give the left leg a similar exercise. Runners and jumpers will find this very useful.

### Learning Boxing.

There are several ways open to the novice who wishes to learn boxing; he can join a club and have the benefit of the services of a professional instructor; he can put himself under the tuition of a friend who knows something of the art; or, in company with another enthusiast who knows no more than himself, he can get hold of a set of gloves and proceed to bang away with both hands to his heart's content.

The first is no doubt the best, but not always possible or convenient; the success of the second depends upon the knowledge, the temper, and the teaching ability of the friend; the

Now there are two ways of not being hit; one is by not being in the way when the other fellow tries to hit you, the other is to stop his fist before it lands upon you. In next week's article we'll discuss these two ways, and how to make use of them.

### Training for Swimming.

A lad enters for a swimming race, sends in his entry perhaps a week before the race is to be swum, goes down to the bath every night of the week, spending perhaps half an hour in the water each time, and on the evening of the race gets beaten. He feels sure that he hasn't done as well in the race as he has done many a time in practice. Most likely he is right.

There are scores of such lads. Some of them are so dissatisfied with their first attempt, they make up their minds they'll enter for no more races. They have forgotten that some attention to training is necessary.

Now, training doesn't mean giving up all your spare time to practising for a coming event, no matter whether it's swimming, boxing, or anything else. It doesn't mean putting in a terrible amount of physical work to get into condition to reducing weight. Training is just a common-sense preparation for a certain purpose, and, so far as competitive sport goes, if there isn't any training there's likely to be precious little success.

(Another splendid Health and Exercise article in next Monday's Boys' Friend.)

DON'T FAIL TO READ THESE STARTLING REVELATIONS OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE CORPS!



# The DIARY of a BOY SPY

Translated by John Heritage

January 12th, 1914.

I have learned many things this vacation. The first and most important is that Germany is ready and waiting and eager for war. I have learned this from listening to the reports of the new "numbers" who have reported each day to my uncle on their arrival in this country. Germany has listed the whole of her rolling stock, and has even planned out an organisation when, on receipt of a certain word, her legions will move to the nearest station and take their seats in carriages reserved already for them. Zeppelins are being made night and day, and should war come suddenly, I am to keep away from London till I am ordered to proceed there, because that great city is to be bombed flat from the air, from one end to the other. Krupps' works at Essen are being guarded by double lines of sentries all the time, and the great shipbuilding yards have ceased as much work as possible on big battleships, and the men have been set to build large numbers of submarines. The great ocean liners are to be all gathered in their ports at a time to be communicated later, ready for a great invasion—of England, I believe and hope. German nobles who had arranged to take villas on the French coast in the summer, according to their usual custom, have been warned not to do so, and to cancel their contracts wherever possible, even at the cost of having to pay the whole of the usual rent. German staff officers in civilian attire are massing thick on the frontiers and in Paris, London, and Rome, and every "number" is to be on the qui vive for trifles of information that may appear valueless in themselves, but may be links of a great and mighty chain for the binding of England in the end. Every German soldier is drilling in secret, and the annual manoeuvres are to take place a month earlier this year—that is to throw dust in the eyes of the diplomats, and will really be a national mobilisation. For what? Playing at soldiers like the English Territorials and Boy Scouts? In the slang of my hateful adopted country, I don't think, Little Book.

July 1st, 1914.

My "mother" is sick, and wants to see her son. I am not to return until after the August vacation, so I get a double holiday for study. I am to report to the governess and receive a packet she has for me—another very important mission, my uncle says, in his queer cipher code that seems so innocent and covers such a great deal of interesting message.

Later.

But if my uncle is in London and in touch with many more "numbers," why am I to go to London by the first train, seat myself in a certain restaurant in Soho, where the stupid English like to play at being unconventional and Bohemian, and wait there for a certain Bosnian named Henriote? I am to hand him a packet containing money on condition that he goes back to his native country and avenges her. It appears that I am a member of some secret society or other, conveying anarchistic funds to another society so that they may commit murder. I do not understand it at all—yet I obey. It is for the Fatherland, and it is orders.

July 14th, 1914.

Good heavens! The daily papers say that a madman named Henriote has thrown a bomb and killed an Austrian Archduke and his consort. And I, not a fortnight ago, handed him the money to do it with. I look at my hands as if expecting to find them stained with blood. My uncle is in high good humour.

"War!" he says, waving his newspaper. "The excuse Germany has been seeking to manufacture for a

month or two. This means, nephew of mine, that Germany is going to unite with Austria and declare war upon Russia, France, and Serbia. Her fleets are already mobilised, and her transports loaded with army corps ready to sweep down upon the English Channel the moment they receive orders. This is the beginning of the great German Empire. Deutschland uber Alles!"

"But, England, uncle?" I ask. "Is there to be no war with England—the hated enemy of our country?"

"Not yet, nephew," he answers. "But presently, when Le Havre, Calais, Ostend, and Boulogne are in our hands—ah, then, who knows? But England cannot, I think, come into this. But, enough of talk. There is enough time for that. At present I have a little task—small, but maybe dangerous—for you. There is a suit of the English Boy

Street. You will remain there until an agitated man rushes out of the house and seizes you by the arm—he is bound to seek your services, since these stupid English love the scouts, and employ them everywhere—and tells you to find a good and reliable shorthand typist—an Englishman—who is an expert, and to find him quickly. You will then disclose that you are a good shorthand writer, and do all you can without appearing too eager to get the man to use your services. And after that you will use your wits and your memory to gain information which will be more than useful to the Fatherland."

Later—same date.

Uncle would make no explanations, except to say that he had taken steps to make sure the regular shorthand writer, who was expected at the house, would be intercepted. And,

Then, found satisfactory, they gave me a book and a fountain-pen, and a seat at the table, with instructions to call the Ministers by four numbers, and to write down in dialogue fashion every word they said. And what they said—it astounded me, and almost made me betray myself by crying out in astonishment. For this was no less important a meeting than a council to decide whether, if Germany and Austria declared war in Europe, England should go into it, or stay out. Two were in favour of going in—the Ministers for — and the —; two for staying out—the — Minister and the Minister for —. (I will not give here their names, since I can never forget them, and it might not be always safe, Little Book). And I took down all their arguments and assertions, many of which were false, and others which prove conclusively that this perfidious

having left with them my English name and my uncle's address.

July 17th, 1914.

War grows daily nearer, but still England, to my disgust, is left unchallenged. My uncle says that we are to take the ports of Northern France and garrison them, and afterwards we will teach England a little lesson. I would wish England were to be first, since I desire to fight for my own land openly, and not secretly, as now.

July 25th, 1914.

Heavens, my beloved Fatherland is surrounded by traitors on all sides. She cannot even depend on those she considers her friends. They are all in league with England to ruin us. To-night I have been, as my uncle's nephew, to a ball. I was told to watch a certain great lady, very high in the councils of the Italian king, and to hear as much of what she had to say as possible. My uncle introduced me, and she patted me on the head and called me "boy." But I have had my revenge. There came to her during the evening one of the Ministers who had been at the conference, and while I leaned against a near by pillar, pretending to talk to a stupid, insipid English girl, I listened with all my ears. And this is what I heard her say:

"A few months ago Germany pressed Italy very hard for a definite assurance of support in the event of war. Italy gave no satisfactory answer. To-day the Kaiser is anxious as ever, even more anxious than ever, to know what Italy intends to do in the present crisis. In a few words, my friend, I will tell you what the German Emperor would give a province to learn. No matter what he offers her, no matter what he threatens to do to her, Italy in this war will not join the forces of Germany and Austria."

I got it by heart—every word of that comtessa's speech is imprinted on my brain. Italy, who has sworn to be Germany's ally, refuses to keep to her bond! Italy, like England, has no honour! My uncle is raging angry, and has already sent the news to the Wilhelmstrasse for them to digest. It is too much. I trust Italy will be included in the countries which my beloved nation decides to wage war against.

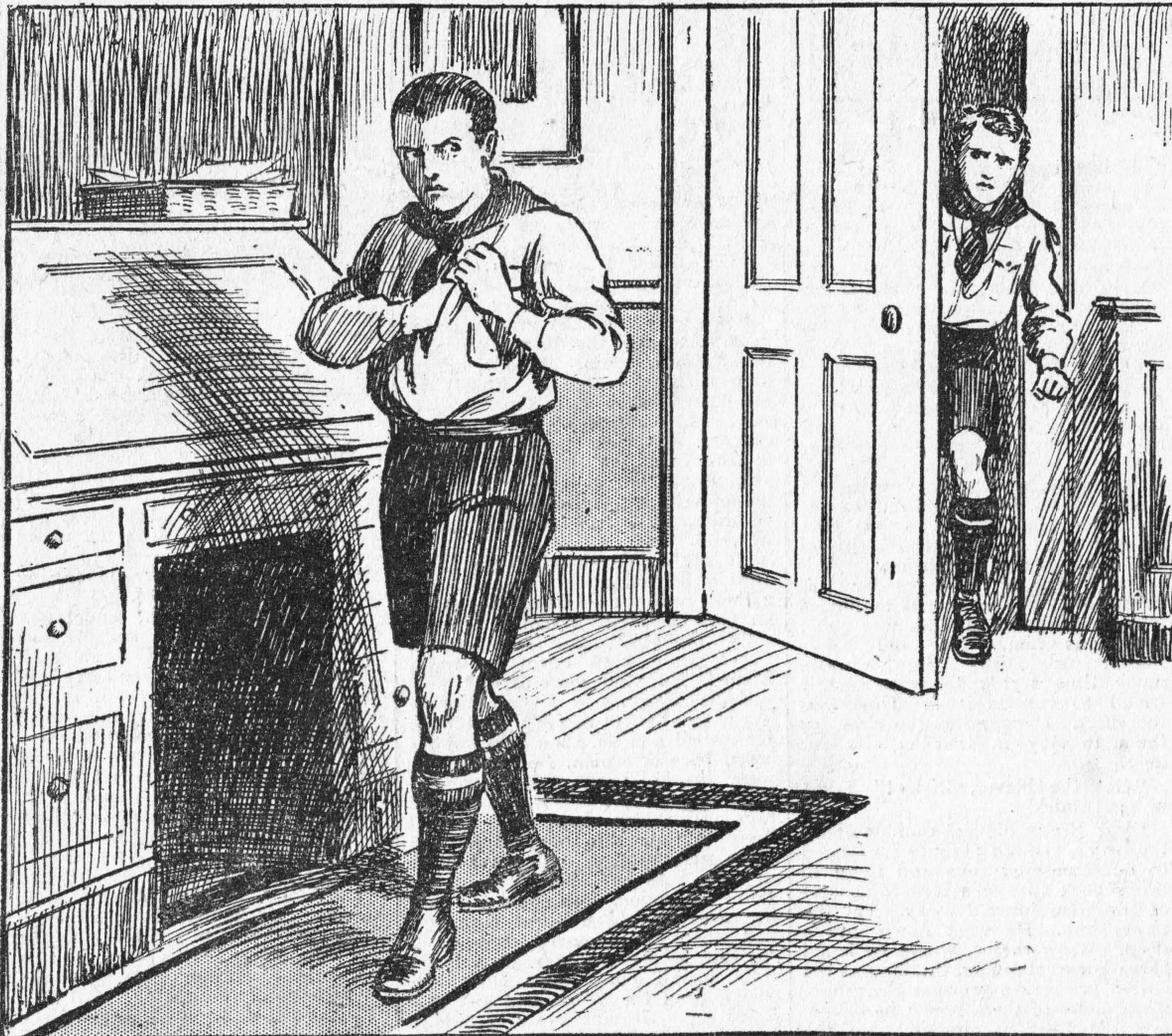
August 5th, 1914.

War! War between Germany and England! And it is England which has actually had the effrontery to declare it! And I have been deceived by Snape, the Irishman. One of our "numbers" says he is running through Ireland like a madman, urging the Nationalist Volunteers to fight for England against Germany, and has raised many battalions of trained men already—men trained with the million pounds which have come out of the German war chest. It is perfidious—everywhere are traitors!

Later.

I am in the train, speeding back to Scotland, to remain in my school—Uncle has telegraphed orders to the Head this morning—during the whole of the holidays. Uncle has been compelled to hide himself in the country, for the perfidious—oh, so treacherous!—English are arresting "numbers" by the score, and telling others quietly to clear out of this lying country. More treachery! How can Germany be expected to win when nobody fights fairly against her? I am not suspected because I am a schoolboy. How stupid to think that I cannot fight for my Fatherland with my brains as well as with a rifle! Perhaps I shall be able to avenge her a little myself some day.

The train is constantly stopping in crowded stations to let pass troop trains and waggons loaded with guns and ammunitons. It seems as though England has more men and



**CAUGHT IN THE ACT!** As I put the flimsy papers into the front of my scout jersey the door of the room suddenly opened, and in walked one of the other scouts—a genuine one. "Ah, my spying friend!" he said. "So I have caught you, have I?"

Scout—always a ridiculous uniform. Put that on, Heinrich, I and the Fatherland have work for you to do to-night."

I think my uncle must have seen the astonishment in my eyes, but he only smiled at my exclamations.

"You are going to do work to-night that no other member of our corps could do, Heinrich," he told me. "You have, I presume, obeyed my orders about thoroughly learning your shorthand?"

I had put in over a year at this peculiarly detestable study, and could now have earned my living by it. I told my uncle so.

"That is good, for to-night you must use it," he said. "You will, at five minutes past eight—not a second before or later—take your stand on the pavement outside No. 15, —

strangely enough, it all fell out as he said. The nervous man who rushed out of the house was without much difficulty persuaded to accept my services. I was taken to a room where four great Ministers of England were seated at a table, and there questioned. I had to repeat the scouts' oath, which, luckily, I have long since learned by heart, and to swear never to divulge what I might hear, or that I had even been in a room with the Ministers. I was tested as to my shorthand, and while I waited to hear the verdict as to whether I was fit to take their notes, I heard one Minister tap with his pencil, in Morse, to a colleague: "Do you think this lad is O.K.?" And I could have laughed aloud as I heard the other reply: "Oh yes; he's a scout, and they're always safe and reliable."

England has even sent spies into Germany to see what they can discover. A traitorous act—indeed, I believe, already an act of war.

But my uncle, he is very pleased with my information, and, on his own responsibility, has promoted me. For, though the Ministers made me sit at a typewriter under the supervision of the man who had summoned me from the street, and make out five copies of my notes, each copy of which they took away from me, so that I should not be able to betray the discussions, if I so desired—they were stupid enough to let me carry away from the meeting the notebook in which I had written all their sayings. They rewarded me with a sovereign, and made me swear another oath of silence, and I am to attend another meeting presently,

guns than she has ever disclosed. More perfidy!

A telegram at Crewe from my uncle. London is safe for me, and I am to go back to Horredge's Hotel, and again work from there. A "number" will bring me money and instructions in a few days' time. I have changed my train, and am now going south, in a compartment where is a naval officer in uniform, and with a woman. She is very distressed, but he tells her that the English fleet was secretly mobilised and put on a war footing ten days ago, and that yesterday it sailed for an unknown destination, heading to the eastward.

Back in London. I have seen the "number." I have two homes—one as a schoolboy on holiday at this hotel; the other in a house in one of the Eastern suburbs of London, where I am a Boy Scout, in uniform, also on holiday. Now I really begin to work for my glorious Fatherland.

August 6th, 1914.

I have volunteered for work at the War Office, where they have accepted me eagerly because I wear the scout

uniform. They have given me a badge and a pass to get in and out of their musty, ugly building. Also, I have to-day received another badge, which is the secret sign of my own corps, and which every German will obey when it is shown to him. It is for my protection and defence when England is presently invaded, and I am to demand to see the badge, and be told the new password by every man or woman who professes to be a "number" before I trust them.

My work at the War Office is, at present, to take visitors to the various rooms and state their business, but perhaps soon I shall obtain an opportunity of getting into the rooms.

August 16th, 1914.

To-day I met, in Whitehall, Evelyn Stern and her brother John, and they have invited me to visit them at Portsmouth on Saturday. I have said that I did not desire to meet their father, but they innocently tell me that he will be away from home all the week-end, having command of one of the ships which are to escort to France—this next whispered as a dead secret—the transports of the First

British Expeditionary Force. We patriots had not known that England would be ready to send troops to Europe so soon—the end of September is the best information we have got up to the present. The Wilhelmstrasse will be pleased with the information, which I shall send by means of marked advertisements in a newspaper to a friend in Denmark.

August 19th, 1914.

Evelyn Stern is a little fool—she insists on accompanying me everywhere. But through her to-day I have been able to get possession of a very important paper. It contains the names and numbers of men of various regiments that comprise the First British Expeditionary Force. It is called, "Return of men to be carried in Admiralty Transports to France," and shows just how many more men, horses, guns, and motor-omnibuses will be pitted against the forces of the Fatherland on the French frontier after to-day. I was compelled this morning to express a very holy horror of the way Germany had spoken of a treaty, calling it "a scrap of paper," and to sympathise with the poor

Belgians, who are being killed on their doorsteps, and Evelyn, John, and myself all united in voting the "Germans" beasts. It is a rich joke—eh, Little Book, for you and me?

August 25th, 1914.

To-day I have fought in the War Office a real Boy Scout, because he said I listened behind doors to things I ought not to hear. He has blooded my nose, but I have blacked his eye. Also, he has not knocked out of my head the information that a certain new gun, called a trench-mortar, is to be constructed, and that in a certain room, in the top of a certain flimsy desk, are the complete plans and specifications of this new weapon. I hate the scouts, and I hate the War Office, but before I leave both I must try to get these plans. They are in a blue envelope, marked "T.M."

September 30th, 1914.

I have to-day cast off, with a sigh of relief, both my connection with the War Office and with the Boy Scouts. I am, to those who are inquisitive, going back to school. Really, I am going to work under one, Schoffer, a

very high "number" indeed, who has use for a brainy and intelligent boy who loves and serves his Fatherland. For I am now nearly fifteen, and it is time I got seriously to work.

But, to-day, remembering the plans of the trench-mortars in the flimsy desk, I made a last attempt to get them. I had brought a visitor for the official who owns the desk, and while this visitor and he were talking in the ante-room, I slipped into the other room and lifted the desk-lid. Carefully yet swiftly I secured the papers, and slid them into the breast of my scout's jersey. Then I sneaked out of the room, and ran straight into the arms of my enemy.

"Hallo!" he said. "I've caught you spying this time, have I? Now, I'm just going to take you straight to the chief, and report that I have several times warned you about sneaking behind curtains and listening in doorways, and that now, to top all, I've just collared you coming out of a room which nobody but high officials are allowed to enter!"

(More revelations of a Boy Spy in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

## OUR GRAND YARN OF ADVENTURE IN WYOMING!



### REDSKINS and RUSTLERS

A SPLENDID YARN  
OF ADVENTURE.

By  
GORDON WALLACE.

#### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

BOB RAYNOR has come out to the Wild West in search of an old school pal, and with him is his devoted young follower, DICKY SMITH. Bobs tells his two pals, ARIZONA JIM and EDDIE MASON of his quest for his friend, FRANK CLARKE, and shows them a photograph. Arizona declares that "Frank Clarke" is a certain "rustler" named Mattawa Frank.

Bob becomes an outlaw through no fault of his own. Eddie Mason tells him that he is really Bob's rescuer of the early days, and not Mattawa Frank. Bob is now anxious to bring the rustler chief to justice: While these two are trying to save Sitting Moose from being burnt at the stake by Mattawa Frank's men, they are themselves captured.

Eddie and Sitting Moose are left tied to the stakes, but Bob is taken off to some retreat of the rustlers, where he is tortured by the Redskins to make him sign a will in favour of Mattawa Frank. This he does. The rustlers then bind him, unconscious, to a raft of logs and launch him into the swiftly-flowing river, the current of which bears him rapidly to the falls and certain death.

(Now read on.)

#### The Heroism of Dicky Smith.

The fact that the rustlers, anxious to miss nothing of the sport they had arranged for themselves, ran down to the foot of the falls so quickly was Bob's salvation. Not that Bob knew this. The lad was in a daze. He did not actually know that he was on his way to a cruel death as, tied to the two drifting logs, he went steadily downstream on the bosom of the river. He was in a semi-stupor now, chilled through, but not even feeling the cold.

But the rustlers by hurrying down to the lower level, were unable to see two figures suddenly rise from behind boulders on the river's edge, where they had been crouching. Two figures—one that of a young man, the other that of a boy of sixteen—whose eyes had been fixed on the scene, arose, and without a word stepped to the water's edge.

"You can swim, Dicky?" the elder said quickly.

"Like a fish, Mr. Mason, sir!" answered the boy.

Then both dived neatly into the flood.

Both struck out strongly towards the crude raft that bore the nigh unconscious form of Bob Raynor. The raft was flowing but sluggishly at this point, as though pausing to rest ere dashing over the edge and into the swirling mass of water and foam that roared and boomed fifty feet below amongst the jagged rocks and smooth-washed boulders of the rapids.

They caught the raft with their hands. They struck out strongly for

the river bank again. It was a bit of a struggle for them, for the logs to which Bob was lashed were heavy and uneasy to handle whilst afloat, while Bob's weight was that of a dead man in the handling. But they fought hard for shore, while the dull booming of the falls filled their ears.

As they swam they pushed the heavy raft before them, foot by foot, until it was close to the bank. Then Eddie Mason, dragging a jack-knife from his pocket, slashed at the thongs that bound Bob down, and, as Bob slipped helplessly away from the logs, he caught the lad in his strong arms, and helped him to dry land, where Dicky Smith, having scrambled up there before him, assisted until the luckless Britisher was safe—for the time being.

Bob's eyes were closed by this time, however, and he was taking no interest whatever in what was going on about him. Nor did Eddie Mason or Dicky Smith waste much time trying to restore their friend to consciousness. Time was too short. Danger was too close for them to stay in that vicinity for long.

"Get the horses, Dicky!" Eddie ordered quickly.

Dicky Smith did not quibble about the order, though perhaps he longed to do something then and there to bring back to Bob's face some sort of life. He hurried away from the river bank. He went down into a deep, narrow ravine, where he found three horses standing, nibbling at the sparse grass that grew at their feet. The bridles of these horses he seized, and led them, scrambling, up the side of the ravine.

Cleopatra, Bob's beautiful chestnut mare, was amongst the three, and that faithful little brute, as soon as she sighted the still form of her beloved master lying there so lifeless, snorted a little, then, lowering her head, sniffed at Bob.

She would have given out a great whinny the next moment, but Eddie Mason quickly reached out and seized her nose in his two strong hands. A whinny at that moment might have attracted the attention of the rustlers waiting at the bottom of the falls for their fun.

"Give us a hand, lad!" said Eddie curtly. "We can't stay round here long."

He was right. The rustlers at the bottom would not wait for ever for the raft and its burden to come hurtling over the edge of the falls. Soon they would get impatient, and would climb up to the higher level again to investigate the cause of its delay.

Dicky helped, and the pair of them

got Bob slung across Cleopatra's withers, and Eddie Mason mounted the same horse. Dicky mounted his, and took Eddie's mount in lead. Thus they set off at a swift pace, heading to the eastward, along a rocky trail that soon ran into dense bushland.

Still they rode on, however, until they were so deeply in the bush that it seemed the sunlight could barely penetrate through. At length, after half an hour or so of steady riding, Eddie called a halt; and Dicky was glad enough to obey the order, for his heart had been nigh to bursting for his master and friend ever since he had first seen him left to drift over the falls by Mattawa Frank's callous crew.

They slid Bob to the ground. They laid him on his back, and Eddie rubbed hard about the region of his heart, while Dicky Smith worked like a little Trojan at Bob's hands and feet. For a long time they worked before they saw the slightest flicker of life in Bob's drawn, white face. At length Bob's eyelids did quiver a little, and then they came open.

"Oh, thank Heaven, Mr. Bob!" Dicky cried. "Oh, Mr. Bob, what have they been doing to you, sir?"

Bob's eyes gradually grew rounder as he recognised that he was amongst friends once again. It took him a long time to realise it. Slowly he recollected what had happened recently—his capture by Redskins and rustlers, and their brutal treatment of him. And he remembered Mattawa Frank had stood by and allowed his underlings to inflict their tortures on him, and had sneered as he watched.

He sat up, his hand to his head, and he looked at his two rescuers without at first associating them with his present safe condition.

"I thought," he said huskily, "that you'd been burnt to death, Eddie! How did you escape?"

Eddie Mason laid an affectionate hand on Dicky Smith's shoulders. He smiled a little, then held out his arms, both of which, Bob could see, were badly burnt. Furthermore, Eddie's clothing was now just charred rags. His hairy chaps were frizzled down to their skin foundation. His boots were broken, with great holes in them. As he lifted them up for Bob's inspection, Bob could see that the soles had been burnt through; and when Eddie moved, Bob could see that he stepped very gingerly.

"I hadn't much hope left when they'd fired the brushwood and galloped away, leaving me and Sitting hounds—red and white!" Bob said. "Even when I heard the shots fired from above I didn't think there was much chance of rescue for us. I saw through the smoke of the fires that they were carrying you off, and I'm afraid I forgot that we'd left Dicky up there looking after the horses and the Redskin we'd captured. But it was Dicky who saved us. It was he who did the firing with my rifle. He fired to kill, too, and some Reds and a white or two went down, to prove that the little chap's got all his nerve there."

"Then, as soon as the Redskins and rustlers galloped away, Dicky dashed down recklessly, jumped right into the fires, and cut the thongs that were holding us. We both tumbled out of the fires, and Dicky worked like a hero to bring us round again, for I, personally, fainted as soon as I was free. Young Dicky's a hero, Bob. I owe him my life, and so does Sitting Moose. Poor old chap, he was in a bad way!"

"And then what happened?" Bob

asked, for he was not at all clear as yet as to how he had come to be saved from the hands of the Redskins and the renegade whites.

"Oh, then, of course, as soon as I could move, I had to get on your trail. Dicky insisted, anyhow. He'd seen you carried off on Mattawa's horse, too."

"I fired several shots after that man, Mr. Bob," Dicky said, his boyish face flushed. "I wish I'd killed him! But I'm afraid I missed the brute."

"So the two of us, bringing your horse along, came after you. The ruffians took a well-defined trail. We got to the camp just in time to overlook the end of that hatchet-throwing torture they put you through. We waited. Then we saw them carry you up to the top of the falls, lash you to those logs, and Dicky and I were about to start up a scrap with them, for your sake, when we discovered that all the fellows meant to go down to the bottom again, to watch you come over the falls. That was our chance. We just dived in and fished you out."

"I'd have liked to fight the beasts, though!" said Dicky hotly. "That Mattawa Frank particularly. If Mr. Mason hadn't stopped me, I'd have shot him dead from behind my rock."

Bob held out both hands silently. His faithful chums took one apiece. Bob's eyes were pricking, tears were in them, for he was weak with hardship and exhaustion. He said nothing. He could not find words to thank them for all they had done. He just had to express his gratitude with his silent handclasp. And those two saviours of his knew what he would have said.

"And where is poor old Sitting Moose?" Bob asked next.

"He's gone back to the rendezvous, where we'd arranged to meet Arizona Jim and the cavalry," Eddie said. "Poor old chap! He wasn't fit to go, but he insisted. After all, it was necessary to have a guide meet Arizona, so that they could be led after the Crowfeet and the rustlers. My only fear, however, is that Sitting Moose never gets to the spot. He was badly hurt. He wouldn't take a horse—he was hurt so that he couldn't have sat one, anyhow. He said he'd walk. I think, old man, we ought to get along, too, to that meeting-spot, because I'm bound that this time there shall be no escape for Mattawa and his gang. This time there's going to be a proper clean-up of the whole cowardly bunch."

"There shall be a clean-up of the hounds—red and white!" he said. "And I want to be in it, Eddie. You nearly suffered a dreadful death at the hands of Mattawa—the scoundrel!—and I have been through tortures such as I never thought human beings could have borne. And, Eddie, whatever else I might have thought about Mattawa Frank in the days when I was just a blind fool, I sha'n't be satisfied till I've caught that hound and brought him to the justice he deserves. Yes, he deserves hanging, and, if I can do anything towards it, he shall hang!"

#### In the Puma's Clutch.

After a rest, Bob climbed into the saddle with difficulty, and took up Cleopatra's reins. Eddie did the same. It was noticeable that Eddie was by no means comfortable in the saddle. The only one of the trio of chums who seemed in any way fit after all they had experienced was Dicky Smith.

Bob could not have found his way back to Three Pine Hill—the rendez-

vous arranged with Arizona Jim—to save his life. He had not the faintest idea where he was now. But Eddie Mason knew. He led them along faint deer-trails, down canyon-beds, across streams, in a bee-line, almost.

The time they had arranged to meet the cavalry had been seven o'clock that evening. They would need to ride hard to get there by that time, though they knew Arizona and the soldiers would wait for them—unless Sitting Moose got there before them. But, as Eddie had said, poor old Sitting Moose had gone through so much himself, there were strong doubts that he would ever reach that spot. The Indian chief had an iron will; but the strongest will must sometimes give way to an over-wrought body.

Bob did not know the time. His watch had been taken from him by his captors when he had been in the hands of Mattawa Frank's band, and the watches of Eddie and Dick had stopped by reason of their immersion in the river, from which they had saved Bob. But the sun in the heavens told them that the hour of seven o'clock must be approaching.

"There's the hill," said Eddie, suddenly pointing, as they came out into an open space, and Bob could see, in the distance, some three miles off, as yet, a higher contour, surmounted by three pine-trees. "If old Sitting Moose got there—Hallo!"

Suddenly, clearly, distinctly, and seeming to come from below them, three shots sounded out on the early evening air. Eddie at once whipped a revolver from his belt. Bob, who had no weapon, leaned over Cleopatra's neck, and looked downwards.

They were again on the top of a wide ravine—the country about here was all either mountains or ravines. But this ravine, differing from the majority, was covered at its bottom with dense woodland. The sides of it sloped very steeply downwards, and from where they stood they looked down on the tops of the trees, the floor of the ravine being invisible to them.

Three shots sounded out. Following them came a loud, weird cry. Eddie dismounted painfully. Bob looked at his cowboy chum.

"Now, what's wrong?" he asked. "Are rustlers down there?"

Eddie shook his head. "I don't think so," he said. "In fact, I think there's only one man down there, and he's an Indian. That yell was in Sitting Moose's tribe's tongue. It was a cry for help."

There was no more firing but, suddenly to them came a fearful-snarling screeching cry—uttered by no human throat.

Once more the Indian yell for help came up to them.

"I'm going down there," said Eddie. "I shouldn't wonder if that were old Sitting Moose in trouble. I believe, anyhow, there's a puma attacking a man. Yes, I'm right!"

Again came that snarling screech. Bob and Dicky also hastily dismounted. Led by Eddie, who gripped his revolver tightly, they scrambled down the side of that ravine, which was too steep to allow any horses to get down into it. Soon they were in amongst the trees at the bottom. As they got lower they could hear further sounds—snarls, growls, hisses. Sounds guided the Britishers excellently well. When at the bottom of the valley they turned sharply left, and dashed amongst the trees and undergrowth.

At one point the undergrowth seemed to be moving. It crackled as though being crushed by moving

bodies. But not until Eddie stumbled over a black shape did they know they had reached the scene of this latest disturbance.

Indeed, it was Bob who first saw the danger. He saw a pair of hideous yellow eyes, a set of snarling jaws, a mean black head, raised for a moment above the short scrub.

It was an immense puma, and, even as Eddie stumbled over it, the beast gave another growl, and whipped out a massive, claw-armed paw, catching Eddie on the right arm with it as he fell. The blow knocked the revolver out of the cow-puncher's hand, and the gun was lost in the undergrowth.

Bob paused, and stared straight into the evil yellow eyes of this mountain beast. The thing was squatting now upon another shape, something that writhed and twisted. A knife flashed in the sunlight. The beast took its eyes from Bob, and, growling terribly, devoted its attention again to its hapless victim.

Again the Indian cry sounded out, but much more faintly this time. There was some weak struggling. Eddie Mason came to his feet and began to grope for his gun, while the blood streamed from his gashed forearm. But he could not find the weapon, and as he stooped for it, Bob saw the sheath-knife that hung from the back of Eddie's belt.

Just for a moment Bob had seen the face of the man the puma was holding down. He had recognised it. It was the face of poor old Sitting Moose, without a doubt, and Sitting Moose was now clutching convulsively at the wild beast's throat. But it was apparent that the old chief's strength was gone.

Bob snatched the knife from Eddie's belt, even as Eddie stooped. Bob was conscious of a fierce rage towards this black beast. He had no fear, no thought for himself. He only seemed to remember that Sitting Moose had already suffered as much as any old man ought to suffer—and far more than that. He gritted his teeth together, rushed heedlessly forward, and aimed a savage stab at the black, heaving flank of the puma. The keen blade of the hunting-knife buried itself into the animal's side to the hilt. Bob withdrew it quickly, reddened now, and stabbed again.

The puma wheeled round, a very fury now, and, crouching, snarled at his attacker. Then he sprang, with the speed of light. But Bob was equally quick. Now, with grim danger before him, he had all his wits alert. He dropped to his face in the grass. The puma mistimed its spring, and jumped clean over the boy's body.

But another victim was in its way. Dicky Smith, seeing his beloved master fall, had rushed forward a step or two. He had got right in the springing beast's path. The puma's forepaws landed heavily on the youngster's shoulders, and, snarling, growling, worrying, the brute bore Dicky down in amongst the underbrush.

Eddie Mason gave up his attempt just then to find his gun, and, with a loud shout, rushed forward, and planted a heavy kick with his boot fairly on the side of the puma's head. At the same moment Bob came to his feet, thrust again with his knife, and this time, by great good fortune, found the brute's throat. There was a gurgling roar. The puma sprang almost straight into the air, then he fell, a writhing, choking mass, on his side, at Bob's very feet.

"Are you hurt, Dicky lad?" Bob panted, and stooped to assist Dicky to his feet.

But Dicky was not hurt. He was even grinning a little foolishly as he regained the upright. He looked down at the dead puma and kicked it.

"I'm all right, Mr. Bob," he said.

"But what about that Injun?" Eddie and Bob walked over to where Sitting Moose was lying, now propped up on his elbow. The Red-skin was gripping his knife, all blood-reddened, convulsively. Blood was streaming down the old man's shirt, down his face. He had been severely mauled.

Eddie sought to examine his wounds. He began to cut away at the old man's shirt. But Sitting Moose gently thrust his hand away. The faintest shadow of a smile came to his dark, wrinkled old face.

"It is of no avail, white friend," he said. "The hours of Sitting Moose have nigh spent themselves. Sitting Moose has no fear to die. The puma jumped upon me from yonder tree, even as I was making my way to Three Pine Hill. I had no more powder and shot after I had emptied the revolver you lent me. Six times I fired."

"Yes," said Eddie huskily, "I heard you. But you're not going to die, my old friend. And there is

another who says you must not die—the great white Indian agent, Arizona Jim. For his sake you must live, old friend."

The Indian chief struggled upwards until he was sitting with his back against the trunk of a tree.

"I have other things to do ere I go to my happy hunting-ground," he said quietly. "I must meet my great white friend again, and I must avenge the insult Mattawa put upon my daughter when he seized her and bound her, and would have bartered her liberty for my soul."

His hand was pressed to his shoulder as he spoke. Through his fingers the blood trickled. His face was working with the pain he was suffering, but in his eyes was burning an unquenchable gleam of hate.

"And the white dog, Mattawa, would have burned at the stake not only me, Sitting Moose, but my young friend and the brother of Arizona Jim," he said. "For these things will Mattawa Frank die himself the death of a dog! I have spoken!"

He staggered to his feet, leaning heavily against a tree. Bob Raynor leaped towards him, threw his arm about the old man.

"You've got to rest here, chief, and you must let us do something for you! You're ill!" he cried.

But the old man waved him aside gently. He drew himself very erect, folding his arms over his chest, but

might give way, and he might roll from his seat, spent.

But Sitting Moose clung to him grimly, and the hill surmounted by the three pine-trees came gradually nearer. The sun by now was getting low, and Eddie guessed the time must be a long way past seven o'clock, the appointed hour to meet Arizona Jim and the cavalry.

"Hasten!" Sitting Moose said faintly, once or twice. "I would do my last service to my friend, the great white Indian agent."

So, though Bob was fearful as he did so, they allowed their animals to canter the rest of the way.

They had not to climb the last hill. At the foot of it their horses hobbled, the men lounging about, were the cavalry, under the leadership of Lieutenant Jackson; and Arizona Jim was with them.

The Indian agent walked forward and helped Sitting Moose to the ground when the Britishers and their Redskin friend drew rein amongst the cavalymen.

Arizona Jim had no questions to ask his white friends. His first thought was for the old Indian. With an amazing gentleness, he forced the old man down amongst soft bracken; with the fingers of a woman, it seemed, he examined Sitting Moose's wounds, which were dreadful enough.

Whilst every white man there looked on, Sitting Moose suddenly

something about this same attack," he said quickly. "He said he didn't want the Indians to get too excited over the burning, as they would be needed to attack the ranch. I—I'm afraid I forgot it all afterwards."

Arizona raised his eyebrows inquiringly at mention of a burning. Then he noticed the charred appearance of Eddie's and of Sitting Moose's clothing.

"We can tell you about all that later, Arizona," said Eddie. "We'll have to hustle if we're to get to the Grant Ranch in time. But I can't think why Sitting Moose didn't tell me all this before we parted to-day—I to go after Bob, he to come here after you."

Sitting Moose heard that. He opened his eyes again, and the faintest shadow of a smile crossed his wrinkled old face.

"My brother loves the white maiden at the Grant Ranch," he said. "And he would have hesitated about rescuing his friend from the outlaws. He would have been eager to come to meet Arizona himself had he known the life of his beloved were in danger."

Eddie flushed.

"There's perhaps something in that," he said, with a short laugh. "I'd have had some temptations. However, we know now."

"Yes," said Arizona Jim, "we know now, and I think I have a plan

Sitting Moose's end was near, and great had always been his love for the old Redskin.

"You'll come with us to help round that gang up, Raynor?" he said. "You look played out, lad, but I think you ought to come."

"I mean to," said Bob. "But why do you think I ought, Arizona?"

Arizona smiled again. "No doubt you've been so occupied with adventures since I saw you last that you've overlooked the fact that you are an outlaw," he said. "But there are others who haven't done that, I'll wager. But when there's a fight on—and I expect there'll be a big fight to-night—I know you're a good man to have around. You'll perhaps have the chance to distinguish yourself; and when the country knows that you've worked hard to round up the rustlers, I fancy they'll overlook their little grudge they have against you."

Bob held out his hand simply. "I see," he said. "Thanks, Arizona! I'm a bit sick of being an outlaw, I confess. It will be good to be able to move about amongst my fellow-men again."

#### The Rustlers' Last Raid.

The troop of cavalry, with Arizona and Eddie, Bob and Dicky riding at their head, rode hard for nearly three hours, despite the fact that Sitting Moose—who refused to be left behind—rode with them on a spare cavalry horse. The endurance of that dying old man was a thing marvellous to Bob Raynor, who expected to see him slip to the ground, dead, any moment. Even Arizona, who knew more about Redskins than any man in that big party, was amazed at the old man's strength.

At the end of three hours, when it wanted but a few minutes of midnight, the whole party thundered into the great compound of the Grant Ranch, which looked ghostlike in the moonlight, its great outbuildings towering skywards, and throwing deep shadows everywhere. The house itself stood at the south-west corner of the compound; a long, low, bungalow-like building, which was in utter darkness. In the near distance could be heard the snorts and stampings of many horses, penned in the great corral. Some of them whinnied on hearing the approach of the cavalry party's horses.

Arizona called a halt, and, while the soldiers remained seated on their horses, the civilians and the Redskin came to the ground.

Arizona gave out a loud hail. At once lights appeared in the great bunkhouse opposite. Men, cowboys, half-dressed, came out into the compound.

"Fetch Grant, and arouse all the womenfolk!" Arizona curtly ordered the foreman of the place. "Hustle, man; and tell your boys to get their guns ready."

He, Bob, and Eddie followed the foreman into the ranch-house; Jackson also went in. In a minute, Grant, the rancher, came out of his room, and the heads of women could be seen peeping round the edges of doors. Excitement broke out in the ranch at once; but Arizona quietened that with a few swift words.

"Women should get downstairs into the cellars," he ordered; nor did Grant, or any woman, demur.

One girl—Kate Grant, she whom Bob had not seen since that thrilling fight with the Redskins who had attacked the Medicine Axe stage—certainly did come out into the great hall of the house, and, seeing Eddie, ran straight up to him. The young British cow-puncher patted her arm gently.

"Is there going to be a fight?" she asked, and her eyes gleamed.

"Yes," said Eddie quietly. "But I think it's going to be the last bust-up with Mattawa and his gang. Now, old girl, do as Arizona wants, and get down into the cellars, out of the way of flying bullets. I don't want you to get hurt, you know. I've got too much to say to you when we've got time."

She blushed a little, but she obeyed him. She turned a quick glance on Bob Raynor, recognised him despite his dirty and dishevelled appearance, and smiled at him. It was the first time Bob had seen a white girl since he had been outlawed. He felt he would fight the better for that smile.

"Now," said Arizona to Jackson, "the scheme's this. We'll let 'em come right into the place. You have your men posted all around, and we and the cowboys will lie out around the corrals. As soon as they're properly in here—I fancy they'll come into the compound—we'll open fire on them. They'll be surprised. We'll have all the easier a job."

(Continued on page 454, col. 3.)



#### A FIERCE ATTACK!

The puma, furious at being once foiled, swung round and made a spring at Bob. The latter, however, ducked as the wild animal went clean over him. But another victim was in its way—Dicky Smith!

still keeping one hand clenched tight over the wound in his shoulder made by the puma.

"I will ask my brothers to give me a ride to Three Pine Hill," he said, with such pathetic dignity that Bob felt his eyes prickling with sympathy for this grand old man. "I have news for Arizona—he must get it. Haste, my white brothers."

Eddie nodded gravely towards Bob. Then he shook his head, murmuring something.

"We'll have to let him have his own way. I've seen death in men's faces before now, Bob," he whispered, "and it's written in Sitting Moose's now. But he must be humoured. Take him up behind Cleopatra, and we'll carry him to Arizona Jim."

"And hasten," said the Indian faintly. "The time is short."

Bob supported him by one arm; Eddie took the other. Dicky walked last, and the party got up the steep incline to the level where they had left their horses. As carefully as they might, they got old Sitting Moose astride Cleopatra, behind Bob Raynor, and the beautiful little mare seemed to know that she was expected to carry on in her best manner, and accordingly she stepped out very neatly and prettily, while the old Indian kept his arms tightly about Bob's waist. But many a time Bob had qualms of anxiety, fearful that at any moment the Redskin's iron will

held out his dusky hands and seized the well-kept hands of the Indian agent. He raised himself from the ground, and began to talk hurriedly in his native tongue.

Eddie Mason, who understood the language, listened, as did Arizona Jim. Suddenly the latter lifted his head and whistled. Eddie gave out an exclamation. Bob, who could not understand what was being said, waited patiently. He knew he would be informed of the gist of Sitting Moose's remarks in good time.

At length the Indian sank back again and closed his eyes. Arizona Jim and Eddie exchanged glances. Eddie's face, it seemed, had gone suddenly hard.

"That rather simplifies matters, I think," said Arizona Jim. Then he turned to the cavalry officer. "Sitting Moose tells me," he went on, "that Mattawa and his gang are going to attack the Grant Ranch at midnight to-night."

He looked at his watch as he spoke. The hands of it pointed to nearly nine o'clock.

Bob Raynor started. Dimly to his memory came back words he had overheard the one-eyed blackguard in Mattawa's gang speak, the while he had laid in the rustlers' hands, watching them and the Indians preparing a fiery death for Eddie Mason and this wounded old Indian. And a burning flush came to Bob's cheeks.

"I remember hearing One-Eye say

whereby we can make a clean sweep of the whole dirty bunch of them. We can get to the Grant Ranch, if we ride hard, before midnight. Jackson, I'll talk the plan of campaign over with you."

Arizona nodded, and gave the word to his men to unhobble the horses and cinch up their saddles.

"Funny idea, though, Sitting Moose not telling us about what he knew, after we'd rescued him," said Bob thoughtfully.

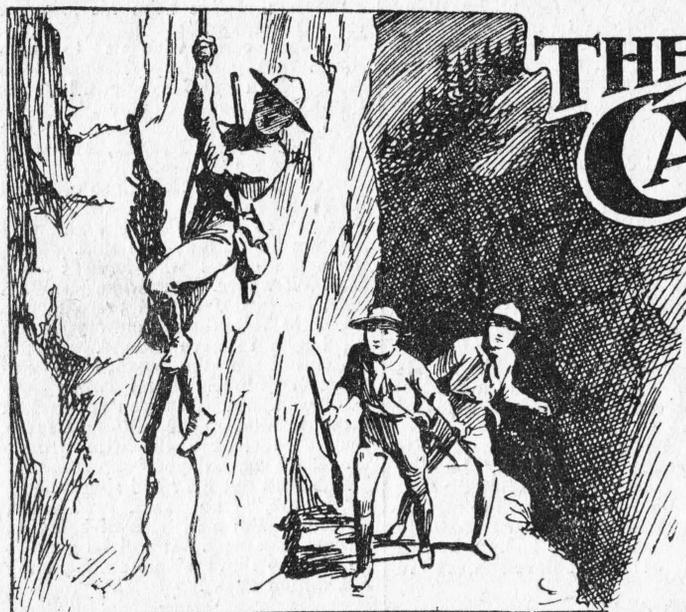
Eddie turned on him, and his eyes were shining.

"Old man," he said, "we never can follow the workings of an Indian's mind. But I suppose you have recollected what the saving of the poor old fellow meant? His message would have died with him. We'd never have known there was going to be an attack on the Grant Ranch, had the poor old chap been killed. And it was you who killed that puma!"

Bob smiled a little sadly. "Anyhow, I'm afraid I wasn't in time to save Sitting Moose's life," he said. "But now we know about the attack, I'm inclined to agree with Arizona Jim that it's going to help in the capture of Mattawa and his crew. And, old man, I'll be glad to see the last one of them caught. And I'm going to take a hand in their capture, too!"

Arizona stepped over to the Britisher's side. He was smiling, albeit a little sadly, for he knew that

## A THRILLING TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS &amp; Co.



# THE CAVERN OF DEATH

A FINE TALE OF THE  
CHUMS OF CEDAR CREEK.

By  
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## The 1st Chapter.

### A Tight Corner!

"They're coming!" Bob Lawless breathed the words. Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc bent their heads to listen, their hearts beating fast.

Darkness enshrouded the Wapiti hills.

The great canyon below the ledge upon which the chums of Cedar Creek were standing was like a black gulf at their feet. Hardly a star glimmered in the sky overhead. The shape of the great cliff above them, back of the rocky ledge, was a dim shadow.

A dozen feet from the spot where the schoolboys stood, the rocky ledge jutted round the corner of the cliff, and there, for long hours, Handsome Alf's gang of rustlers had watched and waited.

In the darkness, Frank Richards & Co. had wondered whether the cattle-lifters would attempt a rush.

There was a sound of scraping boots on the rocks, of whispered voices, a rustling and brushing in the gloom.

The raiders were coming! "Keep your eyes skinned!" whispered Bob Lawless. "It's touch and go, now. Shoot as soon as you see them."

"You bet!" muttered Frank. They waited breathlessly.

The three schoolboys were kneeling on the rocky ledge, rifle in hand, their eyes fixed upon the point at which the enemy must appear.

But they could see nothing. The darkness was intense. They could only depend on their hearing to know when the foe was coming, and clearly enough they could hear sounds beyond the cliff corner. But it was borne in upon their minds that the gang of rustlers were intentionally making those sounds to conceal the advance of two or three who were creeping silently round the bluff turn of the cliff to take the Cedar Creek party by surprise.

It was nerve-racking work to watch and wait, finger on trigger; but the chums of Cedar Creek were steady. Their lives depended on their shooting now. For they had tracked the gang of ranch raiders almost to their lair, and if they escaped with the news of what they had discovered, the game was up for Handsome Alf in the Thompson Valley.

Close at hand there came a faint brushing on the rock. A foe was nearer than they had deemed. A dim, creeping form, the glimmer of a drawn knife, and Bob Lawless pulled the trigger just in time. Crack!

The shot was answered by a loud shriek, and something half seen rolled over on the ledge.

Crack! Crack! Frank Richards and Beauclerc fired together at random, but their bullets swept the narrow ledge. There was a sound of hurried scrambling. The creeping foe had turned back, save the man who had been struck down by Bob Lawless' bullet.

He rolled on the ledge, yelling, only a few feet from the crouching schoolboys.

They waited. They knew what must happen, and it came suddenly. The outlaw slipped from the narrow ledge, and a last fearful cry rang back from the blackness of space below.

A pine-tree crashed far beneath the ledge, as the falling body tore through its branches.

Then silence.

There came a loud and furious yell

from the raiders, and the chums of Cedar Creek were ready for a rush; but the rush did not come. The darkness and the terrible danger of the narrow ledge held the raiders in check. But from above, high up the cliff, a boulder came rolling, and it crashed on the ledge with splintering force. Frank Richards & Co. were crouching close back to the cliff, and only the splinters touched them. Another and another rock came hurtling down from the unseen enemy on the top of the soaring cliff.

Then silence again. Frank Richards clenched his teeth. "Bob, old man, we've got to get out of this!" he muttered. "Let's try the trail ropes before they make another rush."

"I guess I was just thinking so. They're stopped for a time, anyhow," said Bob. "I guess they'll try again before morning, but they're stopped for a bit."

The trail ropes were already prepared for a desperate attempt to escape from the death-trap in which the chums of Cedar Creek were caught.

Four long ropes had been securely tied together, and the end was secured to a jutting point of rock.

Bob Lawless lowered the rope over the edge into the deep canyon, with cautious care. If the raiders had guessed the intention of the schoolboys, there would have been a rush round the bend as soon as they were on the rope. And a knife drawn across the rope would have sent them hurtling down to death on the rocky floor of the canyon far below. And ever moment there was danger of a boulder being hurled from the top of the cliff that, fifty or sixty feet higher, overhung the ledge.

The rope slipped down quietly, and hung its full length from the ledge.

"Ready?" whispered Bob.

"Yes."

"Come on, Cherub!" Beauclerc hesitated, his hand caressing the glossy mane of his black horse.

The other horses had gone to their deaths from the ledge, but Beauclerc's black steed was still safe, crouching against the cliff, partly sheltered by bulging rock above him. It went to the schoolboy's heart to desert the faithful animal.

"It can't be helped, Cherub," whispered Bob, guessing his chum's thoughts. "They won't hurt Demon. He's too valuable a critter to be hurt. We'll get him back from the scallywags later—if we live."

"I'm ready!" muttered Beauclerc.

"The rope mayn't bear all three of us," whispered Bob. "I'll go first and get a landing. I'll shake the rope as a signal when I'm footing it. Heaven help us all now!"

"Go it, old chap!" muttered Frank. "Keep your guns handy, in case—"

"Yes, yes."

Bob Lawless slung his rifle on his back, and caught the rope with both hands.

Silently, softly, he lowered himself over the rugged edge of rock, and disappeared into the darkness below.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### In the Outlaw's Retreat!

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc waited, their hearts thumping.

Bob Lawless was out of their sight, but a faint stirring of the rope showed that he was steadily descending.

Their hearts were beating almost to suffocation.

A rush of the raiders, a whirling

rock from the cliff top, might intervene, and baffle that desperate attempt to escape. They did not even know if the rope was long enough to reach a safe place for footing; they had to take the chance.

It was but minutes they waited, but those long, terrible minutes seemed like hours.

At last there came a shake of the rope.

It was the signal. "He's landed somewhere, Beau," muttered Frank tensely. "You or I next!"

"You, old chap."

"Right!"

Frank Richards swung himself silently on the rope.

It swung against the cliff, but it was held from below now, and it was steadier for him than it had been for his Canadian cousin.

Hand below hand, with his feet or knees against the rocky cliff, Frank Richards worked his way downwards, into pitchy dark.

It was slow work, and the strain on his arms was terrible. Once the rope slipped through his fingers, but he held on again, with thumping heart.

He felt a touch below.

"Bob!" he panted.

"Here I am, old chap."

Frank slipped from the rope, scraping through a thicket of sassafras and larch.

Bob Lawless was standing on a slope in the thicket, and Frank joined him; but it was clear that they were not at the bottom of the canyon yet. The rest had to be done by climbing.

Bob gave the rope a shake. A minute more, and it was quivering under the weight of Vere Beauclerc, as he came down hand below hand.

In a few minutes he had joined them in the sassafras.

The chums of Cedar Creek remained without motion there for some minutes, resting, to recover their strength.

So far there had been no alarm from the raiders. Evidently Handsome Alf and his gang did not guess that the cornered schoolboys were escaping from the fatal ledge.

"And now—" said Frank at last. "We've got to leave the rope," said Bob. "It would be useful, but there's no way of getting it. But I reckon it ain't a hard climb down from here to the bottom of the canyon."

He led the way, treading cautiously through the thicket, and feeling with his hands.

The rocky ground sloped under their feet, and sometimes they stumbled. The slope grew more abrupt, and they had to climb down with hands as well as feet. But they came out on what looked like a level at last.

"I guess we've done it," said Bob Lawless. "But it won't be easy to get our bearings here. Hark!"

Two or three rifle-shots rang out from the darkness of the cliff above, and flashes lit up the night.

Bob smiled grimly. "They've found we're gone," he said.

Crack, crack!

The bullets whizzed down from the cliff at random and cut through the thickets.

Evidently the ranch-raiders had discovered that the schoolboys were gone from the ledge.

"I guess one of the scallywags tried the creeping game on again," said Bob. "Too late for them, hang them! Even if they follow down the rope they'll never strike our track in the dark; and I guess they won't risk it, either."

Frank Richards breathed hard.

The escape had been a narrow one, and the danger was not yet over. A voice was shouting in the dark distance, and they thought they recognised the tones of Handsome Alf, but they could not catch the words.

"Come on!" muttered Bob. "But—"

"I guess I've got our bearings now!" chuckled Bob. "Seeing the flashes of their rifles is a guide. This is the way down the canyon towards the plain."

He led on through the gloom.

Frank and Beauclerc followed him without question.

They threaded their way tirelessly through bush and boulder, with the sound of distant shouting still in their ears.

But Bob Lawless halted suddenly. "Cut off!" he muttered.

Ahead of the schoolboys was a sound of horses in the darkness and muttering voices.

A party of the ranch-raiders evidently occupied the canyon in advance of them, and stopped their only way of escape to the plains that stretched towards the Thompson river.

Bob compressed his lips bitterly. "I guess Handsome Alf isn't taking chances with us," he muttered.

"He's set a gang of the scallywags to watch the way down the canyon. Hallo, they've spotted us!"

"Halt!" came a shout ahead.

The three schoolboys darted back among the rocks.

"Who goes?"

The challenge was followed by the reports of five or six rifles, and the bullets whizzed within a few yards of the panting schoolboys.

"Back!" whispered Bob. With beating hearts they hurried back the way they had come. The rifles still rang behind them.

"I guess we're still in the trap!" said Bob, when they stopped at last. "We can't get through the canyon, and we can't stop here. They'll be coming along."

"What then?" muttered Frank. "We've got to go farther up the canyon."

"Into the hills!" muttered Beauclerc.

"Unless we want them to rope us in," said Bob. "We can't climb out. I guess it's too steep. But they won't find it easy to run us down in the dark."

Footsteps and voices echoed in the distance, approaching.

The schoolboys moved on again, though now with little hope in their hearts.

The canyon was narrow, shut in by inaccessible walls of rock, here and there broken by a wild ravine. Escape from it was impossible, and the way down to the plain was blocked. There was nothing for it but to push on up the canyon into the heart of the hills, and trust to finding safety in the wilderness of rocks.

The stars were coming out into a velvety sky now, and a dim light fell around them.

It showed up the high cliffs that shut in the canyon, and the great boulders that were scattered round, here and there screened by paths of sassafras or stunted pines and firs.

Once or twice, as they pressed on, they found traces of horses, showing that horsemen had passed that way, and the conviction was born in upon their minds that they were approaching the secret lair of the ranch-raiders. Behind them the rustlers were following on, though still at a distance. The thought that there might be foes in advance as well as behind was chilling.

Farther on the canyon narrowed to a mere gorge. The walls of rugged rock approached so close to one another that a lasso could have stretched across.

"They're not in a hurry to close in on us," muttered Frank Richards, glancing back into the shadows.

Bob gritted his teeth. "They know they're driving us into a trap, I guess," he answered. "We're being rounded up like cattle. But we've got to chance it. Come on!"

With beating hearts the three schoolboys hurried on into the narrow gorge ahead of them.

In the close gorge the starlight was lost, and darkness enwrapped them once more.

Bob Lawless stopped suddenly. Across the gorge lay a stack of huge boulders, evidently placed there to block the passage. The boulders had been piled high to form a barricade. The barrier stopped their advance.

"I guess this is their show," whispered Bob. "You can see that this isn't natural; it's a barricade. Those rustlers have their camp on the other side of it, I reckon."

"Then there must be a way through—"

"I guess so. Quiet! It's pretty certain to be guarded."

A rifle rang out behind, the flash only a score of yards distant. A bullet flattened on the rock barrier.

The chums groped along the barricade, and at one side of it there was a narrow passage between the piled rocks and the rugged side of the gorge. It was easy enough to guess that this was the entrance into the hidden retreat of the ranch-raiders—whither they drove the cattle lifted from the ranches, to lie hidden in that remote recess until they could be disposed of.

To go on was to penetrate the outlaw's retreat, but there was no help for it with the enemy close behind. It was either that or to stand at bay against overwhelming odds. And the pursuers were very close at hand now. The swiftness of the pursuit showed that this was well-known ground to Handsome Alf and his gang.

That the passage through the rock barricade was guarded was almost a certainty, and they trusted to the darkness as they hurried on.

"Halt!"

The shout came from black darkness. They could not see who shouted, and evidently the outlaw could not see them. They hurried on in silence. They guessed that the man would not be in a hurry to fire, in case he should be firing on his own comrades.

"Halt!" came the shout again. "Give the word!"

Bob Lawless threw up his rifle and fired in the direction of the voice. That was his reply.

The bullet splattered on hard rock, and there was a startled yell, and a hasty shot in return.

The three chums ran on, stumbling over the rough rock, and another shot rang out and missed.

They were past the sentry now. "Come on!" breathed Bob.

They stumbled on fast in the darkness. There was a buzz of voices behind them, and they distinguished the voice of Handsome Alf, swearing fluently.

The starlight fell upon them again as they emerged from the gorge into a deep, wide valley surrounded by cliffs.

From the shadows came the sound of the lowing of cattle.

"I guess we're home now!" said Bob Lawless grimly.

They were in a "locked" valley—a valley shut in by hills on every side, save where the narrow gorge led out into the canyon. Handsome Alf had chosen his retreat well. It was little likely that the sheriff of Thompson would have tracked the raiders to that remote recess.

More by chance than design, the chums of Cedar Creek had stumbled upon it in their search for the horses missing from the ranch. They realised now that they had been less than a mile from the outlaw's retreat when they had their first encounter with the rustlers.

"We're in for it!" said Frank Richards resolutely. "But they've not got us yet."

"Forward!" said Beauclerc.

It was impossible to think of escape. The gorge behind them was crowded with the outlaws.

The only hope was to push on, and at least postpone their capture as long as they could.

Dimly in the starlight they made out the forms of log-cabins and pine fences ahead of them in the valley. It was the camp of the rustlers. A stream glimmered in the starlight, with thick grass waving by it, and in the grass they dimly discerned the forms of cattle. They were looking upon the plunder raided by Handsome Alf and his gang from the farms and ranches of the Thompson Valley.

Among the cabins they sighted shadowy, moving figures, evidently a part of the rustler gang still in their quarters.

Loud shouts rang across the valley. Swerving to keep clear of the group of huts and shacks, the Cedar Creek chums pressed on, with despair in their hearts now. They had been driven by the pursuit fairly into the outlaws' retreat, and the end seemed near at last.

They struck the bank of the stream that flowed through the valley. It was wide and rapid. They had to turn to follow the bank, and it led them directly towards the steep hillside that closed in the valley.

They stopped at last by the water's edge, with a frowning cliff rising before them. The water flowed under the cliff, evidently flowing out of the locked valley by a subterranean outlet.

Bob Lawless clenched his hands.

"Cornered at last!" he muttered. He looked back. The rustlers were following the stream now, and Handsome Alf's voice could be heard. The Californian had left a guard in the gorge, in case the fugitives should attempt to double back, and was following on with most of his gang.

Bob gripped his rifle. "We're up against it now!" he said between his teeth. "We'll make them pay for it before they get us under!"

He threw up his rifle, and fired. There was a yell, and a spattering volley from the rustlers. The bullets crashed on the steep cliff that rose on the valley's edge.

"Bob!" called out Beauclerc. "Shoot!" yelled Bob.

"Hold on! This way!" panted Beauclerc.

And he caught Bob Lawless by the arm and dragged him knee-deep into the water.

"What?" "Look!"

Crack, crack, crack! rang behind. Bob gave a gasp of relief. Where the stream flowed under the cliff on its way by subterranean channels to the plains there was an opening in the rock—a black cave as wide as the stream—and the rocky arch was six or seven feet over the level of the water.

The stream filled it from side to side.

"Good man!" panted Bob. "We can hold them off here, at any rate."

"Frank!" "I'm after you!" called Frank.

He paused a second to fire back at the rustlers, and then plunged into the stream after his chums.

Even close to the bank the water rose to their belts. But they plunged on desperately under the rocky arch above.

Black darkness was before them and the murmur of the waters.

Bob reached up with his rifle, but could not touch the top of the cave when they were fairly inside.

Evidently it was higher within than at the opening.

They stopped a dozen yards from the mouth of the cave, with the stream flowing round them, chilly cold.

"Are they following?" gasped Frank.

The chums looked back. The arched opening of the cave was a half-circle of starlight against the blackness that surrounded them.

The stars glimmered on the water as it flowed in ere it plunged into black gloom.

But the starlight did not show their enemies. Handsome Alf and his gang had stopped, evidently in no hurry to follow the fugitives into the gloomy recesses of the river cave.

### The 3rd Chapter. In the Cavern!

A loud curse rang from outside the cave. It was the voice of Handsome Alf. But the chief of the rustlers did not show himself. The chums of Cedar Creek waited breathlessly. But it was clear that the ranch raiders hesitated to follow into the blackness of the cavern. Their rifles were ready, but the rifles were not needed yet.

"I guess it's cold here!" muttered Bob Lawless. "They're not following. Let's see if we can find a footing somewhere."

They plunged to the side of the cave through the water, holding their rifles carefully above the stream.

Outstretched hands met a solid wall of rock rising sheer from the water.

"No footing there!" said Frank. "Try across. Mind you don't get out of your depth, though," whispered Bob.

They splashed back across the stream, treading carefully. The bottom of the stream was of rock, worn smooth by the running waters.

The current was swift, but they kept a footing easily enough. Towards the middle of the stream the water deepened.

"Hold my rifle, Frank. I'll go and—"

"But—"

"I can swim if it's over my depth." Frank groped for his cousin's rifle, and took it, and Bob waded on. The water was up to his neck in the middle of the stream, but he kept his footing, and waded across. He groped over the cavern wall. As on the other side, it rose sheer from the water.

"Any luck, Bob?"

"Nope." Bob splashed back to his chums. Crack, crack, crack!

The rustlers were firing into the cave now.

From where they stood they could not shoot direct into the opening, and

they did not care to show themselves. The bullets struck on the side of the cavern and glanced off, and two or three of them came unpleasantly close.

"Get along farther," said Bob. "We'll soon be outside that."

The chums of Cedar Creek waded down the stream farther into the gloomy depths of the cavern.

The ricocheting bullets dropped into the water behind them as they receded farther and farther from the cavern's mouth.

They felt every step with the utmost care as they advanced, fearful of a pitfall in the river bed, or of a sudden fall of the waters into some unknown depth. From the deep of the dismal cavern ahead there came a low, echoing roar as from a far distance, and, so far as they could judge, it could only be caused by falling water.

But the rocky bed of the stream was firm under them as they advanced, though the current seemed to be growing more rapid.

Bob's hand struck on hard rock in front of him.

"Hold on!" he said.

He groped over the rock. It was a gigantic boulder in the centre of the stream, jutting a foot above the level of the water. It formed an island, rough and rugged. The sides had been worn smooth, but the top as Bob groped over it was jagged.

"I guess this will hold us," said Bob.

He laid his rifle on the boulder

the best they could hope for was to sell their lives dearly.

They squeezed the water out of their clothes, as well as they could, and moved about on the rock to keep themselves warm by motion. A few more shots rang into the cavern, and then the firing ceased.

Whether the rustlers were watching without, or whether they had gone, the school-boys could not tell. But it was pretty certain that Handsome Alf had left a guard at the cavern's mouth, to shoot down the adventurers if they attempted to emerge into the open again.

"I wish they'd come!" muttered Bob. "If that villain of a Californian would only put his head inside yonder—"

"We could pick them off as fast as they came in," said Frank. "They won't come after us, Bob."

"I guess not."

"We can stall them off here, at any rate," said Beauclerc, as hopefully as he could. "We've got grub enough in our wallets for days, with care." While there's life there's hope.

"Right for you, Cherub!" said Bob Lawless. "Who knows but what the sheriff may trail the scallywags down to this valley? I know it's not likely, but there's a chance."

Frank threw himself on the rock to rest at last. Cold as it was, sleep was sealing his eyelids.

"Not much need to keep watch," said Bob. "But we ain't leaving

cold beef and corn-cake from their wallets, Bob Lawless listened to the dull, moaning roar that seemed to come from the heart of the mountain.

"There's a fall somewhere beyond," he said. "I—I wonder whether it falls into the open."

"There's no glimmer of light," said Frank Richards, straining his eyes to penetrate the gloom.

"Nope! But there might be farther on. The water must have an outlet somewhere," argued Bob.

"This is a tidy body of water—too much to trickle away into hollows of the mountain. I guess the rustlers have never explored this cavern. It doesn't look inviting from the outside, and they haven't been many weeks in this section. But—I wonder if there's a chance for us ahead?"

Frank shivered a little.

The chance of escape, where they were, was faint enough; but it seemed to him better than the desperate thought of following the subterranean stream into the heart of the mountain.

The chums finished their breakfast in silence, but their thoughts were busy. They wondered what would be the next move of the outlaws. It was not till the sun was high in the heavens that they heard a sound from the enemy. The far-off opening of the cave gave them a tiny glimpse of the locked valley, or green grass and shining water. It contrasted strangely with the blackness close at hand.

jeered. "I guess you have cornered yourselves in that black hole. We're not coming in. There's an easier way. I'm going to fling a dynamite cartridge into the cavern, and blow the rock in."

"Oh!" muttered Bob. "Look your last on the daylight! Make the most of it—while it lasts!"

"You villain!" The Californian laughed again.

"You can wade out, if you choose, leaving your rifles behind, and putting your hands up," he said.

"You've got half an hour to do it in. After that, the cavern will be blocked."

Bob Lawless did not reply. In the darkness his bronzed face had grown pale.

Handsome Alf did not speak again. Two or three shots were fired into the cave, but the ricocheting bullets came nowhere near the rocky island on which the fugitives had taken refuge.

"Good heavens!" whispered Beauclerc. "But we're not going to surrender. It would be no use."

"That's only his treachery!" growled Bob. "If we stepped out of the cavern, we should be shot down the minute we showed up. I guess Handsome Alf don't mean to let us live, if he can help it, to take the news to the sheriff at Thompson where to look for the lifted cattle."

"He means our death, in any case," said Frank.

"Sure!"

The chums were silent. They knew that the Californian intended to carry out his terrible threat. There was no doubt in their minds on that subject.

They could only wait. They watched the patch of daylight at the opening of the cave, in the distance, with a fascinated gaze.

Was that their last glimpse of the sunlight?

It was soon to be blotted out. They knew what the effect of an exploding dynamite cartridge in the narrow rocky cavern must be. There would be an instant displacement of rock within the radius of the explosion's force—Hundreds of tons of rock would come crashing down at the cavern's mouth, to blot out the sun and close up the opening—for ever. They would be buried alive!

Buried alive! Frank Richards shuddered as the fearful words passed through his mind.

Bob Lawless stirred at last. "We can't stop him," he said huskily. "He means business. He can toss in the dynamite cartridge without showing himself. I reckon we shouldn't feel it from here, but we're not waiting. Come on!"

The chums of Cedar Creek slipped from the rock into the water again. The little, rocky island was between them and the cavern's mouth now. They groped their way on.

Was there an outlet? The darkness was impenetrable.

Round them the water was rushing faster and faster, and it was not easy to keep their feet. They kept close together as they waded on, fearful of separating in the crushing darkness.

From the distance behind came an echoing sound. It was the Californian shouting; but they were too far off now to distinguish the words, which were lost in booming echoes.

"Now for it!" muttered Bob. "I reckon we're outside the limit of the explosion, a good way."

Suddenly—with a suddenness that made them pant—came a rending, deafening roar.

They felt the wind of the explosion rush past them. For a moment it seemed to them that the whole mountain was quaking.

The cavern was filled with deafening sound.

Crash on crash rang and echoed and boomed, almost stunning them with the din.

The roar died down.

Frank Richards passed his hand across his eyes, and stared back dizzily in the direction whence they had come. Till the moment of the explosion a spot of daylight had marked the mouth of the cavern when they looked back. It was gone now. Blackness—blackness as of the tomb—shut them in. Before and behind, blackness impenetrable. Between them and the locked valley lay crashed rocks where the cavern's mouth had been—hundreds of tons piled on hundreds of tons.

And silence—terrible silence—save for the whisper of the water round them.

The chums of Cedar Creek were buried alive!

THE END.

(Another grand tale of Frank Richards & Co. in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)



**SURRENDER OR** —! The form of Handsome Alf, the rustler chief, appeared silhouetted against the mouth of the cave. "You hear me?" he shouted to the boys. "Yep," replied Bob Lawless. "Waal, I give you half an hour to surrender—otherwise I have a dynamite cartridge ready!"

before him, and pulled himself out of the water.

In a few minutes, black as the darkness was, the sense of touch told him that the rock was six feet across, and nearly as wide from side to side.

"Come on!" he said.

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc joined him on the rock. They were glad to get out of the bitter chill of the water.

Frank looked back towards the opening of the cavern.

It was distant now, a mere glimmer of faint, starlight in the distance. Bullets from the rustlers' rifles were still ricocheting across the stream near the mouth of the cave.

"I guess we could hold this for a hundred years," said Bob Lawless. "They won't try to rush us here if they know what's healthy for them."

Frank did not reply.

The immediate danger was past, but there was little hope left. They were cornered hopelessly in the cavern, and there was no hope of help. They had left the Lawless Ranch to hunt for stampeded horses, and Mr. Lawless did not even know that they had entered the Wapiti hills.

They would be searched for, of course, but the search was not likely to extend into that remote recess of the mountains.

The chums of Cedar Creek were quiet and cool. They did not feel fear. But they were well aware that

anything to chance. I'll watch first, if you galoots can sleep."

"I can," said Frank. "I think I could sleep if I were on an iceberg."

"Snooze away, then, old chap!" Frank and Beauclerc were soon fast asleep, while Bob Lawless continued to keep in motion, partly for warmth, partly to keep off slumber. But there was, as he had said, little need to watch. The outlaws were not likely to venture into such a death-trap; and, in fact, there was no sound or sign of them through the long hours of darkness.

It was past midnight when Bob woke Frank Richards to take his turn at watching. Frank awoke chill and stiff, but a few quick exercises restored the circulation. Vere Beauclerc took the third turn, and did not call his chums till the grey light of dawn was glimmering in at the mouth of the cavern.

Dawn flushed up on the hills and valleys of British Columbia, but in the river cavern, by the rocky island, the darkness remained unbroken. Only in the distance the pale starlight was replaced by the golden light of day in a patch at the cavern's mouth.

From above came no gleam. The rock was solid over their heads. They were under the hill that closed in the locked valley. Some convulsion of Nature, uncounted ages ago, had reft the cavern in the rocky hill, and the stream had found an outlet there. As they sat on the boulder, a foot above the rushing waters, and ate

"Hallo!"

It was a shout from the cavern's mouth, echoed faintly along the distance.

"That's Handsome Alf," said Bob. He gripped his rifle. "If only he'd follow us in! Hallo!" he shouted back.

### The 4th Chapter. A Living Tomb.

Handsome Alf was evidently close to the mouth of the cavern. But he did not show himself round the rock.

"You can hear me?" came his voice.

It was faint from the distance, but the narrow cavern conducted sound like a speaking-tube, and the chums of Cedar Creek heard him distinctly enough.

"Yep."

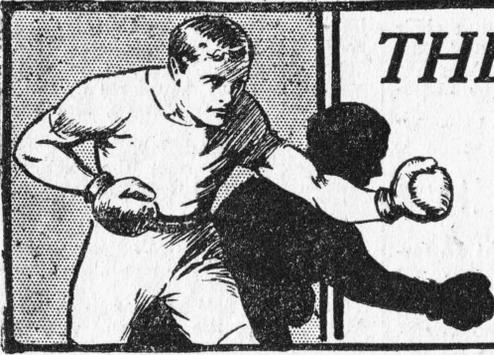
"Will you come out and surrender?"

Bob laughed. "You won't?"

"Not to-day," answered Bob Lawless sarcastically. "Call round next week, my pippin, and sing it over again!"

"I guess there will be no next week for you, you meddling young scallywag! I give you half an hour to come out and surrender, if you choose. That's as long as it will take me to get the dynamite cartridge ready."

"The what?" Handsome Alf laughed. "You did not think of that?" he



## THE BOYHOOD OF A FAMOUS BOXER.

DAN MENDOZA—Champion of England.

By PERCY LONGHURST.

It is an odd fact that, of the men who have made a big name for themselves in the Ring, even those who won and held the championship for many years, there should be so very few of whom we have any knowledge what they were like, and what they did as boys—whether before they became old enough for their skill or courage to find backing for a regular match, they displayed those qualities of strength, endurance, and science by which they made their reputation of manhood.

Actually, there is but one of the old-time fighters of whose youth we possess any authentic details. He is Daniel Mendoza, the first Hebrew who adopted pugilism as a profession; who created nothing short of a revolution in the science of the game, and whose battles with "Gentleman" Dick Humphries are classic events in the history of the Ring.

Of Mendoza as a boy, we should know little enough, but it happens that he wrote (or got someone to write for him) a history of his own life. Very few persons have seen a copy of this book—or even know that it ever existed; and, naturally, to-day it is not only extremely scarce, but of very great value. From its pages one is able to gather a very fair idea of his early existence, and the hard school in which he acquired the skill and science which were to make him one of the most formidable fighters in all England.

Like most boys of his race, he was sent to school, and, within six months he had fought and won so many battles, mostly against opponents older and bigger than himself, that he was soon acknowledged cock of the school, and none of the other youngsters cared about tackling him.

His first really serious battle, however, occurred when he was sent into the shop of a glasscutter, his father's idea being to apprentice him to that occupation. But Mendoza's father must have made few inquiries as to the kind of man who was to teach his boy the trade, for the glasscutter was one of that class which leaves his business to take care of itself while he enjoys himself.

But Dan's master had a son, a big fellow of some sixteen years of age, to whom was left the task of looking after the shop, and at the same time teaching Dan. Needless to say, the young fellow knew plenty of other ways of amusing himself besides teaching a novice all about glass-cutting. Not that he overlooked Dan. By no means. It was Dan who for some time furnished him with his amusement. He was a bit of a bully; Dan was much smaller than himself, being only thirteen years of age, and for a long time he made the young Jew's life a misery to him.

The Hebrew is proverbially patient, but one day the worm turned. The bully tauntingly called him a Jew, adding a few unpleasant additions, and Dan's temper, so long held under control, gave way. Raising his clenched fist, he dealt his tormentor a blow severe enough to send him staggering.

"You dirty Jew, I'll break your neck for that!" roared the bully, recovering himself. And he rushed in with a round-arm swinging blow that would have felled the small boy. But it didn't. Dan, instead of running away from the blow, actually stepped in to meet the aggressor, jabbing out his right fist so forcibly that the bully's nose, coming into collision with it, began to run blood.

Then a regular set-to began, in which the bigger lad was getting very much the worse of matters, when, luckily for him, his father entered. Angry at seeing how severely his boy had been handled, the glass-cutter interfered, took Dan by the scruff of his neck, and roaring terrible threats of what would happen did he again set foot inside the shop, bundled him outside the door.

Dan went home, not a little pleased with himself for having made so successful a showing against a lad three years older than himself; but he dis-

covered (as many another lad in similar circumstances) that his father was not quite so pleased as himself. In effect, Mendoza senior was angry indeed.

"But he called me a dirty Jew!" protested Dan.

"And did that hurt you?" demanded his irate parent. "Do hard words break your bones, or cut your skin? And now you have lost the chance of earning a most beautiful living, for no one will take you into his shop now that it is known you are a fighter. You will go to the bad and starve in the gutter. 'Dirty Jew!' Just for that you throw away the chance of making much money. I am ashamed of you."

But Daniel was by no means ashamed of himself, and he had made up his mind that he wasn't going to allow anybody to call him with impunity "a dirty Jew!" or any other disagreeable name. His victory had heartened him. And during the three following years, during which he worked as errand-boy to half a dozen different employers, he found a sufficiency of opportunities of carrying his decision into effect. He was not a very big lad—when as a man he fought in the ring he on no occasion weighed more than eleven stone; in height he was about five-feet-seven—and in the neighbourhood where he worked, Aldgate, there was not in those days so many of the Jewish faith can be found to-day; but then,

thrust of left or right—three of which may be sent in while one of the ponderous variety is being delivered—do hurt! It is they that make the painful cuts and bruises.

Mendoza having learned, as no pugilist before him had learned, that a stopped blow does little or no damage, gradually perfected the art of his defence, and seldom suffered seriously in these casual street encounters.

It was not until he was sixteen, however, that much public notice was taken of the new style of fighting (such as it really was), this Jewish youth had evolved. It happened then when Dan was in the employ of a tea-dealer.

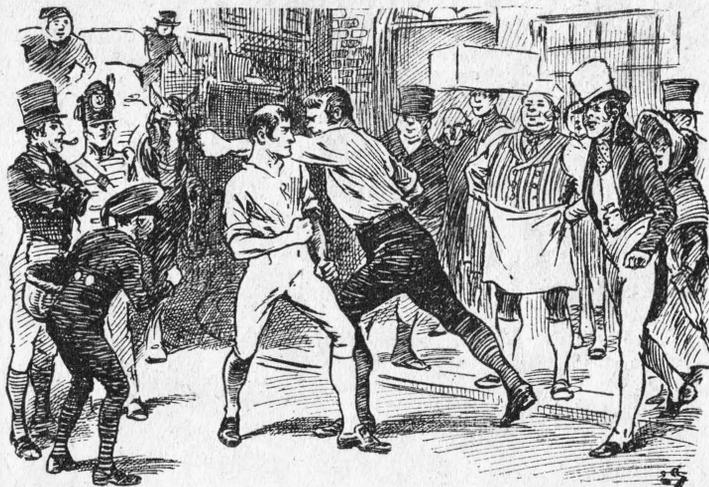
A load of tea having arrived at the shop, one of the assistants handed Mendoza a few coppers to give to the porter who had brought the cases. This the young Jew did, but the gratuity was not received in the spirit in which it had been offered.

"What's this for?" demanded the porter in an impudent manner, staring at the pence.

"For you, to get yourself a pint of porter," explained Dan.

"What tuppence!" cried the fellow. "Think I'm goin' to take tuppence?"

"Don't know, and don't care! You're not entitled to be given anything at all; but my master thought he'd like to make you a present of a drink, so here's the money for it."



Soon the young Jew and the burly porter were at it hammer and tongs.

as now, it was a rough neighbourhood, and appeals to fisticuffs were of frequent occurrence.

To the number of these, Dan Mendoza added materially. No lad who insulted him (and "dirty Jew" was something he heard shouted after him plenty of times), unless he ran away very quickly, but was due to receive a sharp and severe intimation that it is not always safe to be impudent or abusive even to the small and slight. His black eyes flashing with rage, Dan would stand up to any sized opponent, proving his bottom, or pluck, by sticking to the business, no matter how badly he was treated, until, overcome by the quickness and severity of his hitting, his opponent asked for quarter, or fled.

Not that Dan did suffer greatly from his opponents' blows. He was the first of the fighting men to discover the value of "stopping," and this essential part of the art of self-defence he acquired and developed while still a lad. He was not—never was—a tremendously hard hitter, but he hit very sharply and at the right time. And, as is well known, in all fighting with the bare hands, it is not the ponderous and weighty blow which wins battles, as is the case in glove scrapping. The blows that really count, that do the damage, are the sharp, quick thrusts and jabs. The heavy blow into which the striker puts all his weight and strength is all right and convincing enough—if it falls on a weak spot. The heaviest of blows, if they take a man on the arms or shoulders, or squarely upon the chest, don't hurt him to any extent. If they be evaded or guarded, they do no hurt at all. But the quick

"Tuppence!" sneered the porter, looking at Dan as though he were responsible. "Wot's th' good o' that? Make it fourpence—price of a quart, you dirty Jew, you!"

Dan's eyes flashed, his fists clenched; but just at that moment, the tea-dealer himself came into the shop. He had heard the porter's last words, and took the fellow up sharply.

"What's this, my man?" he asked. "Twopence not enough for you? I should have thought you'd be glad to get anything at all. It isn't usual."

"Oh, ain't it?" jeered the porter. "No, I s'pose it ain't with a stingy old hunk like you. Why, for less'n that"—and here he snatched the coins from Mendoza's fingers and chucked them contemptuously on the floor—"I'd take an give you th' finest whoppin' you've had in all yer life. 'Ere, I'll fight yer for tuppence!"

He was a biggish fellow, tall and strong, as a man of his trade needed to be, but with an: "Here, that's enough of it! Outside!" Mendoza took the porter by the arm, and thrust him into the street, following himself.

"If you're ready to fight, my fine fellow, I'll oblige you myself!" Mendoza offered eagerly. He had not forgotten the man's insulting reference to himself.

"Fight! You—a boy!" laughed the porter.

"Yes, if you're not afraid! And give you a good hiding to make you remember what you called me!" replied Mendoza hotly.

"Oh, yes; I'll fight you all right, Master Sheeny!" the man retorted. "Ere, take that!"

And he swung his fist into Dan's

face. But it did not land. Up went Dan's right arm, blocking the blow, and at the same instant out shot his left. The knuckles caught the porter on the cheekbone, and he stumbled back, almost falling upon a gentleman who was passing by.

Shouting what he meant doing to the "dirty Jew," the porter lost no time in throwing off his coat and waistcoat; he rolled up his sleeves and Dan did the same. Within ten seconds, the loiterers at hand and the passers-by who had halted, their interest at once caught by the promise of a stand-up fight, unequal though it might appear, had formed a ring in the centre of the roadway; the little traffic pulled up, and soon Jew and porter were hard at it, hammer and tongs.

Within two minutes the porter was made aware he had found a great deal more than he had bargained for; in fact, he had caught a regular Tartar. He could get few blows home, whereas he had received more than one ugly drive in the face. Winded, he dropped on the knee of his second, as one of the onlookers had quickly constituted himself.

Dan stood a moment; then a well-dressed gentleman came up to him, touching him on the arm.

"I'll be your second, my lad!" he said kindly. "You've done well!"

"Thanky, sir!" And down went Dan on his second's knee, until someone called "Time!" and he and the porter got to work again.

Often as Dan hit the porter, the latter didn't appear to be greatly hurt, but began the second round in a slapdash manner as if intending to finish it off-hand. But Mendoza had something to say to that. He stopped and guarded with a precision that drew shouts of delight from the crowd, and high praise between rounds from his second, who also gave him bits of advice.

Strong as the porter was, most of his blows were wasted; not so with Mendoza. If he didn't hit hard, he hit often, and before six rounds had been fought, the porter's face was looking much the worse for wear.

Once he had been fairly knocked off his legs. But he was of the good old bulldog type of Englishman. He was being beaten badly, but did not know it, and refused to give in, until the battle had lasted a full three-quarters of an hour. And then he was in such a state that he could barely stand.

"Yer a better man than me. I give in!" he said. And the two shook hands.

"You've done well, my lad!" said Dan's second, as the lad drew on his clothes. "I've never seen one your age fight better. Where have you learned to spar?"

"Taught myself how I could, sir," replied Dan modestly.

"Then you've taught yourself well," said the gentleman. "You must come and see me one of these days."

He walked off, leaving Mendoza the object of the admiring remnants of the crowd. Presently one of the loafers came up to Dan.

"Know who was yer second, sonny?" he asked.

"Never saw him before!"

"That's Richard Humphries, 'Gentleman Dick' they calls 'im. Best sparrer an' judge of a fightin' man in all London!"

And that was the beginning of Dan Mendoza's career as a pugilist, and his introduction to the man with whom, later, he was to fight three battles in the ring.

(Don't fail to read "The Undeclared Champion" in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

REDSKINS AND RUSTLERS.  
(Continued from page 451.)

Jackson was in sole command of the cavalry, but he made no demur. He knew Arizona was a far more experienced fighter than he was himself. He nodded, went out, and gave orders to his men. In a moment the compound had a deserted appearance, the cavalymen having ridden out and surrounded the ranch in the way Arizona desired.

Then the rest, including Grant and the cowboys of the ranch, took up their posts close against the rails of the great corral. The shadows cast by the moon entirely hid them. And so they waited for half an hour or more. Bob and Dicky lay flat on the ground side by side, close to Eddie Mason. Arizona was the only one who remained on his feet, and he leaned on the top rail of the corral, looking hard into the western sky, ears alert for the slightest sign of the coming raiders.

"I suppose they are coming, Mr. Bob?" Dicky asked, hugging the rifle that, like the rifle Bob now held, had been loaned to him by Grant, the rancher. "I say, it'll be a disappointment if they don't!"

"I think they'll come," said Bob quietly, though his pulses were throbbing so that he had quite forgotten his soreness and weakness. "Arizona seems to think they will."

"And that old Indian, sir, ain't he a marvel?" Dicky added, nodding his head towards where Sitting Moose sat crouched against the corral rails. "He seems determined he won't die till he's ready to."

"They're coming!" Arizona whispered suddenly. "Listen!"

Faintly to their ears came a drumming sound—unmistakable out there on the prairies. It was the sound of many horses' hoofs beating on the sun-baked ground. And, once they had heard it, it quickly grew louder.

They waited eagerly for some minutes. Then the drumming stopped, Arizona, shading his eyes from the moon's rays, peered hard.

Bob, below the level of the top rail of the great corral, could not see anything. But Arizona Jim's keen eyes could now make out many mounted shapes, which had halted not two hundred yards from the ranch.

"Wait till I give you the word!" Arizona whispered to those near him. "Let 'em all get in here first."

They waited for several more tense moments. Then suddenly through the opening into the compound came a single mounted man. He rode boldly, it seemed. He rode right into the middle of the great enclosure. He halted his horse and looked about him. He sat immobile for a full half-minute. Not a sound came from anyone—not a light showed anywhere in the whole establishment.

Bob fixed his eyes on the man, who had evidently come in alone to reconnoitre the ground he was going to raid. He was sure he heard a little chuckle. Obviously, the fellow was satisfied with the result of his inspection of the compound. He took off his hat. The moonlight fell full upon his head, showing up with startling distinctness a patch of white hair in amongst the dark. Then he turned his face so that the moonlight fell full upon it.

Bob Raynor muttered something. The lone rider was Mattawa Frank. The Britisher's finger twitched on the trigger of his rifle.

But a strong, firm hand squeezed his arm. He looked upwards, to find Arizona Jim holding him. Arizona was himself now crouched well down in amongst the shadows. He, too, was looking at the bold, handsome, evil face of the rustler chief.

"Remember, wait till I give the word to fire," the Indian agent whispered. "I know it's a temptation, and— Ah!"

He released Bob's arm suddenly, and shot his hand out at a dim shape that was crawling on the ground towards the unsuspecting rustler. He seized the shape just in time, before it came out of the shadows into the moonlight. Softly he drew it back, and Bob, looking, caught for a moment the face of Sitting Moose, whose teeth—such as he had—were bared—whose eyes, in the moonlight, glittered. And the Redskin clutched in his bony hand a tomahawk.

Arizona whispered something into the old Indian's ear. Sitting Moose evidently heeded what was said, for he returned to his old position against the corral rails, hugging his axe, and waiting.

(The concluding chapters of this thrilling tale will be published in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

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## READ THIS FIRST.

The famous school-ship, the Bombay Castle, with Dr. Crabhunter as his headmaster, and a crowd of schoolboys on board, amongst whom we find our old friends, Dick Dorrington & Co., not forgetting Captain Bones, sets a course for the Arctic regions on an educational cruise.

The boys chum up with an Eskimo named Ulf and his pet seal, George. They also find a friend in a native whom they christen Fishhook. They embark a pack of Eskimo dogs for an expedition, and the ship weighs anchor. Bully Goadger is booked for a flogging for bullying. This punishment is interrupted by the dogs, which chase the unlucky ship's goat into the class-room during the solemn proceedings.

(Now read on.)

## The Fight with the Dogs.

Biff!

It is not exaggerating to record that Lal flew through the air full eighteen feet as Horace butted himself a passage into the room.

He described what Mr. Wilkinson would have called a "parabola," and he parabolized with a thump on Dr. Crabhunter's desk, which sent that august structure flying, toppling the learned doctor over with it, amidst a shower of ink-bottles, paper, and pens.

It was under the overturned desk that Horace sought his refuge. He bolted under it as it turned over on him and the doctor, and the next moment the pack burst in, snapping, snarling, and barking like a gang of wolves.

Never was there such a scene in a school-room. The dogs, wagging their bushy tails violently, poured over the desks and the pupils in a flood, barking and yelping in full cry, eager to rend Horace to pieces.

The fags yelled, and Scorchers Wilkinson, standing waist deep in dogs, licked out right and left with his cane, using that weapon as he had never used it before.

But an Eskimo dog, full of excitement, cares no more for a cane than for a feather. Scorchers might just as well have swished a roll of rugs for all the bite that his cane took on those thick, bushy coats, which were grown to keep out Arctic blasts far more keen and searching than any cane.

The dogs for a moment were baffled. They poured over the class-room, leaping over desks and fags, panting, snarling, and coughing, but never offering to bite a human being. They were puzzled.

They could scent Horace, who filled the class-room with a pervading aroma of goat; but they could not find him. He was safe under the overturned desk with Dr. Crabhunter.

But soon an old, grey-muzzled leader of the pack lifted his nose and gave a howl. It was the Eskimo dogs' cry for "I smell seal!"

And sure enough they had scented George, the seal, who had been hidden behind the great map of the Arctic regions by the fags.

With a roar and a rush, the dogs made for George's hiding-place, and flew wildly at the huge map, which was mounted on linen.

Poor George would have stood a very poor chance of escaping from that ruthless mob, had not Dick given a cry for help.

"On the ball, School!" he cried. "They are going for George! They'll tear him to ribbons!"

In answer to the cry, the fags gave a shrill yell, and rushed on the dogs, who were leaping up at the great map, tearing it from its linen sheet, and ripping the Arctic regions away from the rollers in long ribbons.

And the rest of the school dashed in to protect George, who was barking and gasping and grunting and flopping behind the shelter of the map.

For a moment or two it was a fight between boys and dogs.

Arty seized the leader of the pack about the neck, and hurled him over his shoulder clean across the class-

room. He had the felicity of seeing the astonished dog hit Goadger in the back, flooring him to the ground.

The boys punched and pushed and kicked against the mob of dogs which was trying to fight through them to get a mouthful of the frightened seal.

Chu, who was naturally greatly attached to George, got hold of a good heavy round ebony ruler, and hit dog after dog over the nose, holding them at bay. And it speaks well for the temper of the Eskimo dog towards his human masters that not a single boy was bitten in this wild fight.

The dogs' instinct told them only to bite seal, and not to bite fags, and soon Koku and Fishhook, who had run to get their long dog-whips, without which the husky dog is quite unmanageable, made their appearance on the scene, and sent the long fourteen foot lashes cracking amongst the struggling mob.

It was simply wonderful to see those Eskimos use their whips in that struggling mass of boys and dogs. They always hit a dog, and they never hit a boy.

Tufts of hair flew out of the excited dogs as the whip lashes cracked like squibs amongst them, and only once did Koku make a mistake. This was when he caught Goadger in the back curl of his whip lash, which wound round the bully's legs, and stung him till he howled with pain.

But Koku might have done this on purpose. He did not like Goadger. He had noticed Goadger, and called him "Ki-tuk-a-nak tu-suk," or "Big man who hits little boys."

The dogs, who could not understand the round ruler, or the struggles of the fags, soon understood those cracking, searching whips. They turned tail, and bolted out of the class-room one by one, making their way back to their quarters in the fore well-deck, grinning, panting, and barking, as much as to say that they had had the lark of their lives.

Then the overturned desk was heaved up, and Dr. Crabhunter was found sitting with his arms round Horace's neck in his endeavours to prevent that animal from butting him in the excitement of the rumpus.

The fags respectfully helped the doctor to his feet, brushing him down, and picking the long, moulting hairs of Horace's coat off his cap and gown. But they could not help laughing, for somehow in the struggle which had taken place under the overturned desk the doctor's mortarboard had been transferred from the doctor's head to Horace's head, whilst in the process its corners had become sadly dog's-eared.

But the doctor was so greatly relieved to find that no fatal results had come of the fight, and that none of the boys were bitten or mauled by the excited pack, that he merely inquired what George, the seal, was doing in the class-room.

Skeleton was ready for this.

He volubly explained that the whole of the Lower School were yearning to hear from the doctor a lecture on the natural history of the seal, and that they had coaxed George into the class-room so that he might serve as an object lesson or specimen.

This appealed at once to Dr. Crabhunter's pet hobby. He was far more of a scientist than a schoolmaster, and he readily agreed to give the boys the desired lecture, forgetting all about the punishment that was still to be awarded to the bullies.

But the boys were quite satisfied. Bully Goadger had received his whack, and that was all they cared about.

As Porkis wisely remarked: "When you've caught the big fish, the little fish don't matter."

So George was taken by fifty willing hands, and hoisted on to the long table, where he was flopped down like a great pudding. He lay there very contentedly blinking at the boys with his great mild eyes as though he were

grateful to them for having saved him from the dogs.

And Dr. Crabhunter, thoroughly carried away by his subject, prodded George, measured him, explained his breathing apparatus to the boys, and told them more about George and his history and his manners and customs and ways of thinking than George knew about himself.

The boys sat entranced. There was no doubt that Dr. Crabhunter was a very learned man in all things that pertained to marine life, and he talked so learnedly about George, and with so much understanding, that everybody agreed that he must have been a seal himself in some previous life.

And everyone agreed, too, that George was ever so much more interesting than Euclid or algebra; and George apparently thought so as well, for he sat there like patience on a

But before they had finished this scientific experiment, the blare of the dinner bugle called them all to their own meal in the saloon, and off they rushed in answer to the welcome summons.

## Ashore at Last!

Before the meal was over, the fickle Arctic weather had changed. They left blue skies behind them on the coast of Greenland, and as they punched their way across the seas to Lancaster Sound the sea grew rough, and the Bombay Castle was wrapped in snowsquall after snowsquall, which laid her deck under white sheets, buried the boats under mounds of snow, and kept the crew and the boys busy shovelling huge loads of snow off the boat-deck.

Never had they seen such snow in their lives. Blizzard after blizzard of rough, piled, ugly clouds swept over the ship, and Captain Handyman said that, if they allowed it to pile up on her, the great vessel would grow top-heavy with the weight of the snow on her superstructure and would turn turtle.

Perhaps this was just one of Captain Handyman's jokes; but the boys shovelled hard for three days, the snow piling up at nights on the boat-deck in great drifts.

Mr. Lal Tata, who felt the cold severely, was nearly frozen, as were also many of the Asiatics in the crew.

Time and again the lascars on the look-out were frozen at their posts, so that they had to be carried down below and rolled in hot blankets to thaw them out.

But the boys delighted in this cold snap. To keep the ship free of snow, they were excused school, and, under

were to lead them to the hidden treasures buried by the buccaneers at a dozen hidden treasure-chambers in the Spanish Main.

Little wonder the excitement brought the boys out of bed on the first break of day. They were getting fed up with this cold, boreal region, with its eternal snowsqualls and eternal snow-shovelling. Skeleton was already anticipating their journey to the warm, jewelled seas of the Spanish Main and feasts of fruits.

Skeleton had discovered that the supply of fruit on the ship was running low, and gloomily suggested that if they did not get some fruit soon they would all get scurvy.

In order to avoid this deadly disease, he drank lime-juice all day long—hot lime-juice, cold lime-juice, lime-juice with sugar, and lime-juice sour. He even attempted to administer lime-juice to George, the seal; but George bit him. George would drink cod-liver-oil, tea, cocoa, and brass-polish. But he drew the line at lime-juice.

"Ha, you boys!" exclaimed Mr. Lal Tata, putting his head out at the porthole of his cabin, his black face ready lathered for shaving. "Which of you did so cadsome trick as to put snowball in my bed last night? You may think it a jolly funsome thing to put snowballs in the bed of your preceptor. But I call it a most ungentlesome joke!"

The answer to Mr. Lal Tata's protest was a snowball, which thumped on the steel wall of the cabin.

Mr. Lal Tata tried to withdraw his head from the porthole. But the porthole was a small one, and a heavy glass scuttle had closed on his neck. Squash came a second snowball,



**MR. LAL TATA AT BAY!** "Ha, you boys!" exclaimed Lal, putting his head out of his porthole. "Which of you put a snowball in my bed last night?" The answer was swift—and sure. A snowball smashed on the wall of the cabin. Mr. Lal Tata had got caught up. Swish! came a second shot, and it hit the unfortunate master full in his black face.

monument till the bell went for the men's dinner at noon.

Then, with a sudden bark, George rose on his flippers and flopped off the table, half a ton weight, with a thump that made the class-room shake as though an earthquake was passing under the deck. Then off he slithered to see what business was doing, for the men always gave him lumps of meat from their dinners.

And this abrupt end to his lecture put Dr. Crabhunter in such a good temper that he agreed that George was a very wise fellow to know when dinner was ready by the bell, and pointed out to the boys that even a seal was capable of a certain amount of education. And, having worked himself into high good humour, the worthy doctor decreed that in celebration of George's happy escape from the dogs, and the gallant defence that the fags had put up on his behalf, he would grant the school a half-holiday.

This announcement was greeted by a call from the Lower School for three cheers for Dr. Crabhunter. Then, when he had departed from the class-room they gave three times three for George.

After which they rushed off to the fore well-deck, where the dogs were once more secured, to see how much walrus meat an Eskimo dog can really eat if he tries.

these circumstances, they would have gladly shovelled snow night and day.

But presently the sea calmed down and the weather cleared, and they woke to a fine morning, with rocky, snow-covered coasts in sight on either hand, the Bombay Castle leisurely pushing her way through a field of slushy slob-ice.

The ship was buzzing with excitement and anticipation, for that rocky, snow-sheeted coast was the coast of North Somerset, the deposit of the secret treasure of that old buccaneer, Nicolas Crafer, who had lost his ship, Maid Rose, and his life in one of the earliest endeavours to discover the much-discussed North-West Passage to the mysterious country of Cathay.

Captain Bones had been up before daylight, sandpapering and polishing a new wooden leg which he intended to wear on the journey across the snow, and, by some freak of the ice conditions, the Bombay Castle had managed to worm her way up eighty miles nearer their destination than Ulf, the ice-master, had thought possible.

But the unexpected always happens in the Arctic, and here they were with but one day's journey between them and the red cross that was marked on Captain Bones' chart as the deposit of Crafer's maps, which

bursting on his forehead. Mr. Lal Tata's fat black head sticking out of that port was far too tempting a mark to be resisted.

Mr. Lal Tata was plastered before he could withdraw his head into safety. And he did not dare show himself till breakfast-time, for the boys were quite out of hand.

Then the ship was brought to anchor in deep water close by a savage, rocky, snow-covered shore, and the boats were going backwards and forwards all through breakfast-time transporting sledges and dogs and camp equipment to the shore.

Koku and Fishhook were in their element. The sound of their whips cracked and echoed amongst the black, rugged cliffs as they brought their teams into order, for the dogs were wild with excitement at finding themselves ashore again. They rolled in the snow. They fought one another and tangled up their harness till it seemed impossible that they could ever be untangled again.

But at eleven o'clock all was ready. The sledges were loaded, and the quieted dog-teams lay ready in the snow, waiting for the start.

(The concluding chapters of this grand serial will be published in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

