

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d} 1²

TWELVE PAGES!

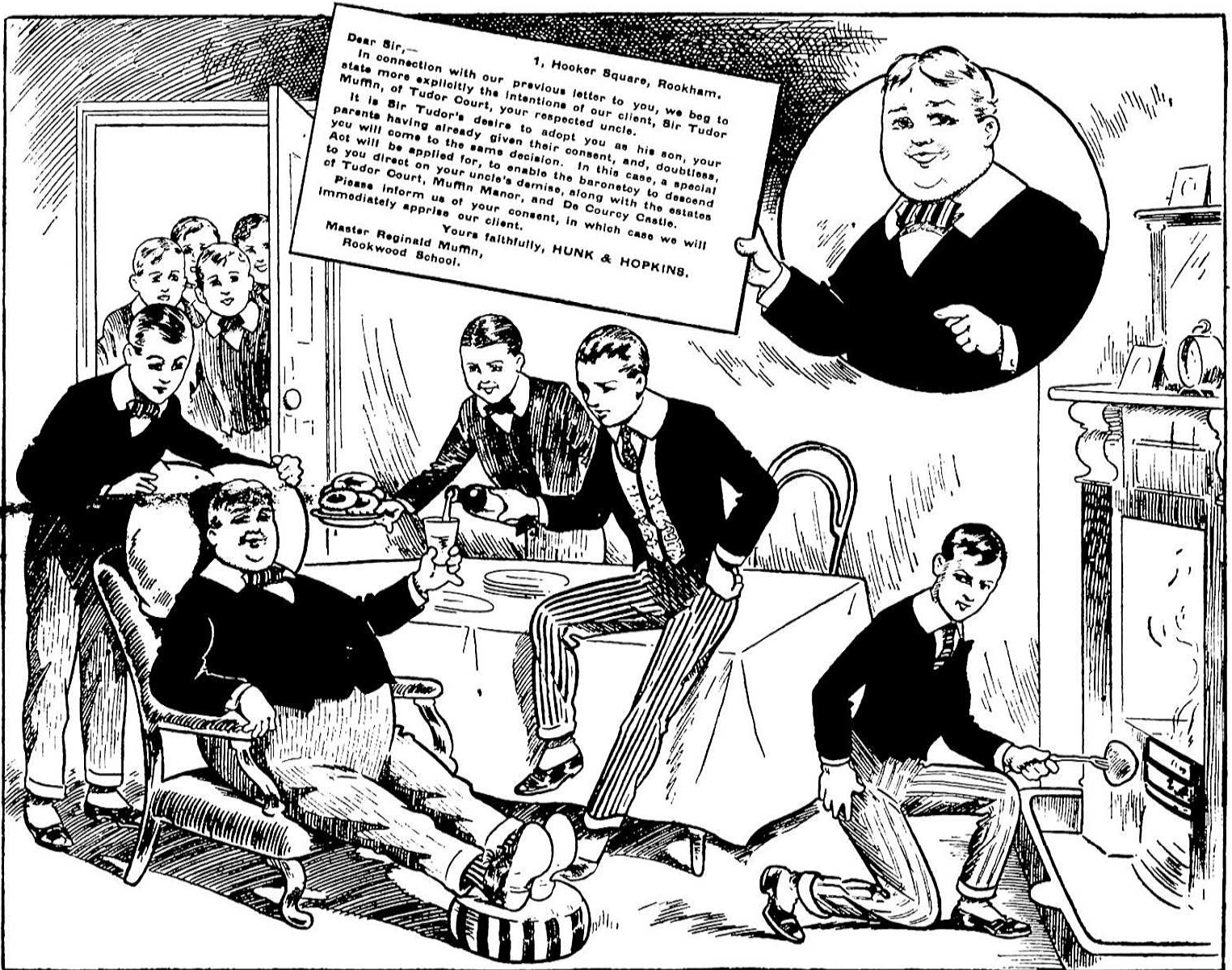
TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 1,012. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending October 30th, 1920.

SIR TUBBY, OF ROOKWOOD!



Dear Sir,—
In connection with our previous letter to you, we beg to state more explicitly the intentions of our client, Sir Tudor Muffin, of Tudor Court, your respected uncle. It is Sir Tudor's desire to adopt you as his son, your parents having already given their consent, and, doubtless, you will come to the same decision. In this case, a special Act will be applied for, to enable the baronetcy to descend to you direct on your uncle's demise, along with the estates of Tudor Court, Muffin Manor, and De Courcy Castle. Please inform us of your consent, in which case we will immediately apprise our client.
Yours faithfully, HUNK & HOPKINS,
Master Reginald Muffin,
Rookwood School.

1, Hooker Square, Rookham.

TUBBY IN CLOVER!

"Just dropped in to worship you, you know," said Edward Arthur Lovell with deep sarcasm. "Where's that letter? We hear that it's on view!" Inset: The letter conveying the glad news to the Rookwood baronet.

The 1st Chapter.

Jimmy Silver Obliges!

"Jimmy!"
"No!"
"But I— Jimmy—"
"No!"
"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"
"No!" roared Jimmy.
Lovell and Raby and Newcome chuckled. Tubby Muffin snuffed wrathfully. Jimmy Silver's reply was more emphatic than polite, and he did not even know yet what

Tubby Muffin wanted. But then it was generally pretty easy to guess what Tubby wanted. It was always something that a fellow didn't want to hand out—usually a loan.
The Fistical Four had wheeled out their bicycles for a spin that afternoon. It was a pleasant afternoon for a ride, and, also, they wanted to keep clear of Carthew of the Sixth. Their relations with the bully of Rookwood were very strained.
Jimmy

Tubby Muffin's extensive mouth opened for a fresh remark.
"I haven't a half-crown I don't want!" he said. "Not even a bob! Not even a tanner! I'm not going to take you up behind my bike. My jigger isn't a cargo boat. When I ride a steam crane I'll take you up. Not before. Catch on?"
The fat Classical grim
"But—"
"Good-bye!"
"But—"
"My only

finished yet?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "I think you must be first cousin to the little brook that went on for ever."
"I say—"
"Bow-wow—"
Jimmy Silver put a leg over his machine. His comrades had already started. Tubby rushed out of the gateway after the captain of the Fourth.
"I say, Jimmy, I
ride
zz off,

"I don't want a loan—"
"Hallo! Are you ill"
"I want—"
"Rate!"
Jimmy Silver started.
"I want you to call at the post-office in Coombe for me, that's all!" bawled Tubby Muffin.
"Oh!"
Jimmy
bicycle,
ready to o
"Why
"he c
led back on his
as all Jimmy was
say so at first,

"Did you give me a chance?" hooted Muffin indignantly. "If you're going through Coombe you can call at the post-office for me, I suppose?"

"Certainly!" said Jimmy cheerily. "I'm expecting a letter," said Tubby Muffin, blinking at him. "It's rather an important letter. I'd like to get it as soon as possible if it's come, instead of waiting for the post. See?"

"Tons of cash in it, I suppose?" asked Jimmy Silver, with a grin.

"Well, it's important," said Tubby. "It's from my lawyers."

"Your whippers?"

"My solicitors, you know!" said Reginald Muffin loftily.

Jimmy stared at him.

"Are you stopping me to work off some idiotic joke?" he inquired.

"Nothing of the kind! It's serious. I heard from my solicitors the other day they're really my uncle's solicitors, you know—you've heard of my uncle, Sir Tudor Muffin—"

"Never!"

"Haven't I ever mentioned him to you, Jimmy?"

"Blessed if I remember all the yarns you've spun, Tubby! So you're expecting a letter from your solicitors, who are really your uncle's solicitors, and your uncle's Sir Tudor Muffin—I don't think! Anything else?"

"They told me I was going to hear of something to my advantage," said Tubby. "My uncle's awfully rich and—"

"He doesn't seem to hand out much of his riches to his merry nephew," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"He's awfully fond of me—"

"Anything wrong with his brain?"

"No, you ass!"

"Then you must be mistaken, old top—he can't be very fond of you," said Jimmy Silver gravely.

"Look here, you call for the letter, and don't be a funny ass!" said Tubby Muffin. "Come right back with it, if it's there—"

"We're going for a spin round the heath."

"Well, come back as soon as you can. I'd go myself, only my bike's out of order. You might oblige a chap, Jimmy."

"Oh, all right!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "I suppose you're gammoning, as usual; but if the letter's there I'll cut back with it."

"Thanks, old chap! If there's a handsome tip from my uncle I'll stand you a feed in the study!"

"I'll miss some meals, ready to do it justice!" said Jimmy Silver, with deep sarcasm.

And the captain of the Fourth recounted his bicycle and rode after his chums.

He had to put on speed to overtake the Co., who were already a good way up the lane towards the village.

"What the tump have you been wasting time for?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell as Jimmy Silver came whizzing up.

Jimmy explained.

"Rats!" said Lovell concisely. "I've never heard of Tubby's titled uncle. It's only his spoof!"

"Of course it is!" grunted Raby.

"There isn't any letter at the post-office for him."

"Quite so," agreed Jimmy Silver. "I've offered to take it back if there is, but as there isn't it doesn't matter."

And the Fistical Four of the Fourth rode on cheerily into Coombe. At the little establishment in the High Street, which was half grocery and half post-office they dismounted.

"Wait a tick!" said Jimmy Silver. "It won't take long to see that there isn't a letter for Muffin."

And he went into the shop.

He was gone a few minutes. When he came out there was a letter in his hand, at which his chums glanced curiously.

Jimmy Silver held it up for inspection.

It was a rather heavy-looking envelope, with the address typed on it, which gave it a rather official look.

And the address was:

"Master Reginald Muffin, Rookwood School, near Coombe."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell in great disgust. "There's really a letter for the fat bounder, then!"

"Looks like it."

"And you've agreed to take it back to him!" grunted Newcome. "You must be an ass, Jimmy!"

"Well, I thought it was only his spoof—"

"Fatehead!"

"It won't take me long," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll scorch. You fellows get on, and I'll come after you. I'll catch you up on the Latcham Road."

"Oh, all right!"

Lovell & Co. rode on, and Jimmy Silver pedalled back towards Rook-

wood at great speed. He was feeling a little exasperated. He had taken it for granted, as a matter of course, that Tubby's solicitors and letter and uncle were only some more of Tubby's spoof, for Tubby's tales of rich relatives, who were never seen at Rookwood, were fearful and wonderful. But apparently Reginald Muffin had been stating the facts on this occasion.

Tubby could not even tell the truth without being annoying.

However, Jimmy Silver was a rapid rider, and he put on his best speed back to Rookwood, and arrived there very quickly, with a rush, in a cloud of dust.

The 2nd Chapter.
The Letter for Muffin!

"Seen Muffin?"

Jimmy Silver's bike was leaning against the porter's lodge, and Jimmy Silver, with a letter in his hand and an expression of intense exasperation on his face, was seeking Reginald Muffin up and down Rookwood School.

"Seen Muffin?"

He asked that question of every fellow he met.

It really was too bad. He had biked back from Coombe with Tubby's letter and surely Muffin might have been at the gate waiting, or at least somewhere within call.

But he wasn't!

He wasn't at the gates, he wasn't in Big or Little Quad, he wasn't in his study, or the Common-room, or the passages; and nobody seemed to know where he was, or to care, for that matter.

Jimmy's chums were pedalling away on the Latcham road, expecting him to overtake them; and here was Jimmy rooting about Rookwood in search of a fat junior whom he didn't want to see, because he had the letter in his hand that he didn't want to deliver.

It was exasperating.

Jimmy was tempted to leave the letter in Muffin's study, on the table, but Tubby had said that it was important, and it looked important, with its typed address. He did not want to risk anything happening to that letter. He felt that he couldn't. But why wasn't that fat duffer Muffin there to take it from him?

"Seen Muffin?"

"By gad!" said Mornington, as Jimmy came up to a group of the Fourth on the footer-ground with that query. "You seem jolly anxious for Muffin's company this afternoon."

Jimmy snorted.

"Never noticed the fascination myself," remarked Conroy.

"I've got a letter for the fat villain," explained Jimmy Silver. "He spoofed me into fetching it from the post-office, because he was too anxious to wait for the evening post."

"Must be an awfully important letter!" grinned Cyril Peelo, of the Fourth. "Tons of cash—what?"

"Lawyer's letter," Tubby says. Rich uncle, or something. Where is the fat idiot?"

"We've heard of Tubby's rich uncles before!" grinned Peelo. "I believe one of them keeps a cats'-meat shop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leave it in his study!" suggested Erroll.

"Tubby says it's important—from his uncle, Sir Tudor Muffin, he says."

"Ha, ha!" roared Peelo. "Not Sir Plantagenet Crumpey?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, bless him!" growled Jimmy Silver.

And he started off again in search of the elusive Tubby.

Nearly every junior who was within the walls of Rookwood that fine afternoon was questioned in turn, so that Tubby's letter from Sir Tudor's lawyers had a really splendid advertisement, and every fellow who heard of Sir Tudor Muffin chuckled.

Tubby's word was not as good as gold. Ere long Sir Tudor Muffin's aristocratic name was being bandied about as a huge joke. The juniors agreed that this was unusually rich, even for Muffin. Gower wanted to know why Tubby hadn't made it Lord Muffin. Smythe of the Shell opined that Tubby would have done better to make it the Duke of Muffin. It sounded better, Smythe remarked, and was just as likely to be swallowed.

Every fellow Jimmy questioned seemed amused; but Jimmy was growing intensely exasperated.

He had planned a bike spin for that afternoon—not an advertisement up and down Rookwood of Tubby Muffin's titled uncle.

But it was the letter that he had been let in for.

He gave it up at last.

After nearly an hour spent in seeking and inquiring after Reginald

Muffin, Jimmy felt that he had done all that could possibly be expected of him; indeed, more.

Fortunately, he came on Jones minor, who was Tubby's study-mate, and he pressed the letter on Jones.

Jones wasn't very keen on taking charge of it, but he agreed at last to show it in his pocket and give it to Tubby when he came in to tea. Tubby was certain to turn up to tea. It was always possible to find Reginald Muffin at meal-times.

Having landed the important letter on Jones minor, Jimmy Silver ran to his bike and scudded away from Rookwood at a great rate. He was not absolutely certain that Jones minor mightn't lose that very important letter; but he felt that he had done his best. Even Tubby Muffin could scarcely have expected him to bang about Rookwood all the afternoon with the missive in his hand.

Jimmy put on great speed, but it was an hour later that he sighted his chums on the Latcham road.

They were pedalling along in a leisurely manner, and they gave him looks of reproach when he came up at last.

"Had a puncture?" asked Lovell.

"No!" gasped Jimmy.

"Carthou been fugging you?" inquired Raby.

"Oh, no."

"Run into a market-cart?" asked Newcome.

"No, ass!"

"Then what the merry tump have you been doing all the time?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell warmly.

Jimmy breathed hard.

"Looking for that ass Muffin! He wasn't there when I got back."

"Fatehead! Now we've wasted all the afternoon crawling about this dashed old road waiting for you—"

"Well, Muffin wasn't there, and the letter, you know—"

"Couldn't you chuck it into a dust-bin?"

"Well, no."

"Or into the study fire?" hooted Lovell.

"You see—"

"Ass!"

"I must say you're rather an ass, Jimmy!" remarked Raby. "A bit soft, you know!"

"Jolly soft, if you ask me!" remarked Newcome.

"Oh, rats!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

And he pedalled away, his mood, privately promising Reginald Muffin a kicking when he saw him again.

The 3rd Chapter.
Tubby is Popular!

"Great Scott!"

Lovell uttered that exclamation in tones of astonishment as the Fistical Four came towards the School House at Rookwood after their spin.

That spin had not been the extensive one planned, owing to Tubby Muffin and his exasperating letter. But the chums of the Classical Fourth had pedalled themselves into a good humour again, and they came back to Rookwood as the dusk was falling.

After putting up their bikes, they strolled towards the School House, and there the astonishing sight met their eyes which caused Lovell to ejaculate "Great Scott!"

It was indeed surprising.

Tubby Muffin was strolling in the quad. He came from the direction of the school shop, and a smear of jam on his fat face indicated that he had been partaking of Sergeant Kettle's good things there. On one side of Muffin walked Peelo of the Fourth, and on the other side Gower. The two nuts had their arms through Muffin's in a friendly—indeed, affectionate—manner.

They were treating him not only affectionately, but with respect. They seemed to be hanging on Muffin's words.

The Fistical Four blinked at the amazing sight.

Peelo and Gower were rather black sheep, and as a rule they reserved their affections and their politeness for fellows who had plenty of money. Tubby Muffin they never honoured with any attentions, save when they booted him out of their study at tea-time occasionally.

Now he was evidently the pal of their united bosoms.

"Hallo! Has Tubby come into a fortune?" said Raby.

Lovell chuckled.

"Must have been a big tip in the lawyer's letter, after all," he said. "Those two bounders never make up to a fellow for nothing."

"They seem as fond of him as they are of Smythe of the Shell just before the holidays," remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Looks almost as if Sir Tudor

Muffin is a real personage, after all," he said. "Let's ask Tubby."

The Fistical Four stopped to speak to the chummy trio. Tubby Muffin regarded them rather loftily.

"Hallo, you fat duffer!" said Jimmy.

"I was looking for you nearly an hour this afternoon. I suppose you had the letter I left with Jones minor?"

"Oh, yes, thanks!" said Tubby carelessly. "I'm obliged to you, Silver, for fetching it from the post-office. There's a bob for you!"

"What?"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

Tubby's fat paw was extended with a shilling in it, evidently a tip for the captain of the Fourth.

"Take it," said Tubby loftily.

"You silly fat owl!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "Do you want me to rub your silly nose in the quad?"

Tubby backed away rather quickly.

"Here, you let Muffin alone!" said Peelo warmly, and he interposed.

"Don't mind him, Reg."

"Reg!" murmured Lovell. "So he's Reg now, not Tubby!"

"I suppose I can call my pal by his Christian name if I like?" said Peelo.

"Certainly you can, Cyril, old fellow," said Muffin. "Don't take any notice of those fellows. They're jealous. I'm sorry, Silver, but I shall not be able to ask you to Tudor Court."

"Eh?"

"My uncle's wish is that I should be very particular in my choice of friends," explained Tubby. "You fellows are a bit outside the limit, if you don't mind my mentioning the fact."

The Fistical Four blinked at Tubby. This was quite a new tone for the impetuous youth to take. Something had evidently happened that afternoon during their absence which had transformed the cadger of the Fourth into a haughty aristocrat.

"I'm really sorry," said Tubby, with a wave of his fat hand. "But I'm bound to respect Sir Tudor's wishes."

"Quite right!" said Peelo.

"Certainly!" concurred Gower.

Tubby Muffin turned on his heel and walked away, with his fat little nose high in the air. He left the Fistical Four gasping.

"Is he potty?" ejaculated Lovell.

"That's what they call him and bump him!" breathed Raby.

Jimmy laughed.

"Not worth it," he said. "He can't help being a born idiot. But he must have some money, I suppose, or those two cads wouldn't be sucking up to him. Let's get in to tea."

The perplexed juniors went to the end study to tea. They were busy on that meal when Valentine Mornington dropped in, with a smile on his face.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"What about?"

"Muffin."

"Blow Muffin!" growled Lovell.

"But what's the news?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Has the fat duffer gone quite off his chump?"

"Then you haven't heard. There was a letter for him this afternoon—the one you were hawking about the quad, I suppose. It's from his uncle's lawyers."

"Then there's really an uncle?"

"Ha, ha! So it seems. Sir Tudor Muffin, of that ilk," grinned Mornington. "Tubby's showing the letter to everybody who likes to see it. He's no end puffed up. I suppose it is rather a catch to be adopted by a rich baronet."

"Wha-a-at?"

"That's what the lawyers say. Go and read the letter. Everybody else in the Fourth has read it."

"My only hat!"

Mornington strolled out of the study, smiling, and the Fistical Four exchanged astonished glances.

"I'm goin' to see that letter," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Ten to one it's some more of Tubby's spoof. I remember he made out once that an uncle had died and left him a fortune, and then the old Johnny turned up at Rookwood. Let's see the letter."

And after tea Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered along to Study No. 2, quite interested in Reginald Muffin for once.

The 4th Chapter.
Tubby's Windfall!

Tubby Muffin was sitting in state in Study No. 2.

Jones minor and Higgs, his study-mates, were treating him with unaccustomed civility. His other study-mate, Putty of the Fourth, was not present. But several other fellows

were there. Gower and Peelo were as affectionately pally as ever, and Latrix had joined the adoring circle. Townsend and Topham had dropped in to exchange a friendly word with "old Muffin." So the Fistical Four found rather a full house.

Tubby had evidently been doing himself well at the tea-table. His fat face was shiny and sneaky. Apparently there was money about somewhere, whether it came from Tubby's rich uncle or not.

He glanced loftily at the Fistical Four.

Tubby in prosperity was quite a different Tubby. He developed unsuspected aristocratic traits. He was lofty and distant and stand-offish. He was hardly recognisable as the same fellow who would go up and down the Lower School seeking the loan of sixpence.

"Oh, you can come in, you fellows!" drawled Tubby. "Are you wantin' anything special?"

"Just dropped in to worship, you know," said Arthur Edward Lovell, with deep sarcasm. "Do visitors here touch the floor with their foreheads, or anything of that kind?"

"If you've come here to check Muffin—" began Peelo belligerently.

"Cheese it, Peelo!" interrupted Lovell. "Don't overdo your part, old top. Where's that letter, Muffin? We hear that it's on view."

Muffin waved a fat hand to a letter on the table.

"You can read it," he said. "I'm not makin' a secret of it. Sorry I can't put you fellows' names down for my house-party at Tudor Court. My uncle's rather particular."

The Fistical Four did not appear to hear that courteous remark. They glanced at the letter on the table.

The letter was typed, and had a very businesslike look, and its contents were undoubtedly of great interest. It ran:

"1, Hooker Square, Rookham.

"Dear Sir.—In connection with our previous letter to you, we beg to state more explicitly the intentions of our client, Sir Tudor Muffin, of Tudor Court, your respected uncle. It is Sir Tudor's desire to adopt you as his son, your parents having already given their consent, and doubtless you will come to the same decision. In this case, a special Act will be applied for, to enable the beneficiary to descend to you directly on your uncle's demise, leaving the estates of Tudor Court, Muffin Manor, and De Courcy Castle.

"Please inform us of your consent, in which case we will immediately apprise our client.

"Yours faithfully,
"HURK & HOPKINS,
"Master Reginald Muffin,
"Rookwood School."

"Well, my only summer bonnet!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, in great astonishment.

Jimmy Silver whistled.

"Sir Tubby Muffin!" said Raby. "It sounds well, doesn't it?"

"Sir Reginald, you ass!" snorted Tubby.

"Congratulations, old top!" said Jimmy Silver cordially. "How does it feel to be a baronet, Tubby?"

"Well, I'm not a baronet yet," said Tubby Muffin modestly. "That will come in time. But I expect to have plenty of money. Sir Tudor has thirty thousand a year, you know."

"He could spare you a bob or two out of that," Jimmy Silver remarked in a thoughtful way. "He seems to have been rather close with it, so far. But it's never too late to mend."

"Look here, Jimmy Silver, you travel off!" said Tubby Muffin disdainfully. "I'm not taking you to Tudor Court. Your manners aren't good enough. I've got my own friends. Shut the door after them, Peelo."

"Yes, rather!" said Peelo.

Jimmy Silver & Co. retired from the great man's study, and Cyril Peelo officiously closed the door after them. Tubby Muffin was somebody now, and the wishes of Sir Tubby were law—to Peelo & Co., at least.

The 5th Chapter.
Sir Reginald!

Reginald Muffin was a great man in the Lower School at Rookwood the next day.

He bore his blushing honours thick upon him, so to speak, and undoubtedly he allowed himself to betray traces of swank.

Moreover, he had become quite popular.

Popularity was a thing Muffin had never achieved before. Fellows would usually cut short his remarks

ruthlessly, or they would dodge out of his way, and walk down another passage to avoid meeting him. His conversation had never been considered either intellectual or fascinating.

Now it was both. Peele & Co., at least, would listen to it, as if they could not tire of the honeyed words that dropped from Muffin's podgy lips.

Tubby had always had some difficulty in fastening himself upon anybody. His company was not yearned for. Now it was sought far and wide.

Certainly the fellows who sought it weren't the nicest fellows at Rookwood, but perhaps Tubby did not mind that. Peele and Gower and Lattrey were black sheep, Leggett of the Modern Fourth was a rank outsider, and Higgs was a bully. But they made up for defects of character, in Tubby's eyes, by their friendly devotion to him. Other fellows were civil, too—Tommy and Topsy, the dandies of the Fourth, and Jones minor and Flynn, and some more. On serious consideration they realised that Tubby Muffin wasn't half a bad fellow.

In fact, a fellow couldn't be very bad who was heir to a baronetcy and three landed estates.

The lawyers' letter had made all the difference.

Some fellows were a little suspicious, perhaps, the news was so very startling. But there it was. The paper upon which the letter was written was officially engraved with the style and title of Messrs. Hunk & Hopkins, solicitors, of Rookham, and lots of fellows had passed the offices of Hunk & Hopkins in the country town. They were real enough, their business paper was real enough, and the typewriting looked impressive. Putty of the Fourth was the most suspicious, but Putty had to admit that it would have been extremely difficult for Tubby to get hold of Messrs. Hunk & Hopkins' official business paper to write himself a spoof letter.

But if the letter was genuine! The prospect was dazzling.

Tubby Muffin, the most unconsidered junior at Rookwood, was heir to a baronetcy and thirty thousand a year!

Fellows who had kicked him out of their studies at tea-time felt inclined to kick themselves now.

Smythe of the Shell remarked that a fellow couldn't be too careful. You never know, you know.

Adolphus Smythe nodded graciously when he met Tubby in the quad that morning, and Tracy and Howard spoke to him with great geniality, and they were all the more impressed when Tubby showed a stand-offish manner. He was not to be brought round at once—not Tubby!

If Smythe & Co. had needed convincing that would have done it.

They were convinced, and they were like sugar to Reginald Muffin. But not till evening did he condescend to accept their friendly advances.

Then he consented to come to a little party in Adolphus' study and join in a game of bridge.

At that game of bridge Tubby, who played bridge about as well as he played football, lost the handsome sum of ten pounds.

He was quite a reckless player, very sporting, as became the heir of a wealthy baronet.

True, he was unable to settle up in cash.

As soon as the legalities had been gone through, and Tubby was officially adopted as the son and heir of his noble uncle, Tubby was to have what he described as a "whacking" allowance.

But the legal formalities would take some time.

In the interval, Tubby's friends thought that Sir Tudor might really have "sprung" a few quids to see him through; but, anyhow, the prospects were certain and dazzling. In the circumstances, Smythe & Co. were quite prepared to take his 100's. They took them. Tubby was quite prepared, on his side, to hand them out. 100's cost him nothing but ink and paper, and even that was supplied by Smythe.

Not that Muffin was without cash resources in these happy days. No cash came from the avuncular baronet, and none from the lawyers; but Tubby's friends were more than ready to supply him with any little loan he needed.

Tubby appeared to need a good many.

Then Leggett of the Modern Fourth was ready to "deal" with him on business lines. Leggett was in the habit of lending small sums among the juniors at a small interest—strictly under the rose, of course.

Albert Leggett was quite keen to do business with the heir of Sir Tudor Muffin, as soon as he had seen the famous letter from Hunk & Hopkins.

For twenty-five shillings to be repaid within a month Albert Leggett was prepared to advance a pound—a rate of interest that would have made Shylock himself open his eyes.

But Tubby Muffin didn't mind. He was ready to borrow all Leggett had to lend at that rate, or any other rate.

Leggett's financial resources were limited, but he "squeezed" out four pounds in all, and took Reginald Muffin's paper promises in return, and grinned with satisfaction.

Muffin also grinned with satisfaction.

Which of the two had the more reason to grin with satisfaction was a question to be answered later.

Tubby spent very little time in his own study now. He was generally in Peele's quarters, or Smythe's, or Tommy's.

He was more than welcome there, and there was often a "little game" going on, at which Tubby lost quite a harvest of 100's.

Indeed, when the Giddy Goats of Rookwood came to compare notes on the subject, they found that Sir Tudor Muffin's heir owed them at least thirty pounds among them.

But that was little enough to the heir of thirty thousand a year, with a baronetcy thrown in.

Tubby Muffin made very light of it.

"You see, I'm goin' to make the fur fly shortly," he told his admiring friends. "I've always been gogey."

"Oh, I see!" "I can tell you things are going to be lively as soon as the—legal formalities are gone through!" said Tubby.

"How long is that likely to be from now, old chap?" asked Peele, with some solicitude.

"Probably only a week or two now," said Muffin carelessly.

"Oh, good!"

"By the way," Muffin rose and stretched himself. "Dashed nuisance bein' short of tin while I've got a fortune on my doorstep, as it were. Could you lend me another quid, Peele?"

There was a brief hesitation.

It was worth while making loans to Tubby, when he was soon to be in possession of a whacking allowance from a wealthy baronet who loved him as a son, and when he was planning nights out in town, expensive dinners, and theatres, for his comrades. But a quid was a quid; and a bird in hand was of more actual value than a whole covey in the bush. So Peele hesitated. Moreover, he had only one quid left.

But he smiled quickly and handed it over. After all, it was worth while. He couldn't afford to lose Muffin's good graces. Other fellows were only too keen to step into them.

Indeed, Peele and Gower felt that they had been very lucky in being the first to bag Sir Tubby as a pal.

Reginald Muffin strolled out of the study with Peele's last quid in his pocket, and his steps led him towards the tuckshop. Peele and Lattrey and Gower looked at one another when he was gone.

he was going to call on his lawyers; but on these occasions he never accepted companionship, even when it was most pressingly offered.

On his return he would state that things were going on swimmingly; but the delicate state of the baronet's health forbade anything like rash.

Sir Tudor Muffin, it appeared, was subject to a complication of diseases, for at different times Tubby's account varied; sometimes it was gout, and sometimes rheumatism; sometimes it was a broken leg in the hunting-field, and sometimes a fall from his Rolls-Royce car.

If Sir Tudor was suffering from gout, rheumatism, a broken leg, and a fall from a motor-car all at the same time, it was not surprising that he couldn't be worried by business matters.

Yet, even so, he might have been expected to want to see a nephew of whom he was so fond that he intended to adopt him as his heir.

Apparently he didn't want to.

Tudor Court, it seemed, was a long way from Rookwood—a hundred miles or so, Tubby said vaguely. He did not seem to be quite sure which county it was in. Early in his career it was in Bucks; later it seemed that it was in Somerset, Tubby having forgotten that a certain class of persons should have good memories.

Later still, Tubby said vaguely that it was on the borders of Bucks and Somerset, thinking thus to dispose of the difference in the two descriptions. Whereupon Putty of the Fourth produced a map, and demonstrated the distance between Bucks and Somerset—a lesson in geography for which Reginald

the baronet carried out his intention of adopting Tubby, and starting the "whacking" allowance. Tubby, like other heirs, was living on his expectations, but his friends felt that that couldn't go on too long.

"Look here, can't you get an advance from your lawyers, Muffin?" asked Peele one afternoon.

"Tubby nodded.

"Quite easily."

"Well, then—"

"I don't care to," said Muffin loftily. "I don't need to, either. I've got friends who are quite willin' to lend me a quid or two till my uncle sends for me."

"Oh, yes, quite—of—of course! But still—"

"My dear chap, leave it at that!" said Tubby Muffin, with a wave of his fat hand. "I'm goin' to see my lawyers to-day, and I hope to have news. If my uncle's lumbarge is better—"

"His what?"

"Lumbarge."

"It was gout last time," said Peele restively.

"He's got lumbarge as well as awfully complicated cases."

"It must be," said Peele, more and more suspicious. "I hope he'll get you legally adopted before he pegs out, or—"

"Oh, that's all right! Make your mind easy," said Tubby. "I suppose you'll lend me your bike this afternoon? Thanks."

And after dinner Reginald Muffin pedalled away cheerily from Rookwood on Peele's bike. Cyril Peele watched him go, with a troubled brow, and the Fistical Four, who were in the gateway, grinned.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had never quite swallowed Sir Tudor Muffin and Tudor Court, and their doubts had grown and strengthened with the passing days.

"Muffin gone to see his merry uncle?" asked Lovell, with a chuckle. Peele frowned.

"He's gone to see his lawyers," he said. "Don't it strike you fellows as a bit queer that, after that letter, you know, nothing happens all this time?"

"Very queer, indeed!" chorried Jimmy Silver. "Have you been lending Tubby money on his merry expectations?"

"Well—"

"Ha—"

They walked away in great amusement, and Cyril Peele frowned after them. He was not feeling amused. He was feeling suspicious and worried and angry.

He joined Lattrey and Gower, and they discussed the matter.

"He's gone to see his lawyers," said Peele. "He won't let a chap go with him. I—I say, suppose he's spoiling us, and he just goes for a spin, you know, and doesn't see any dashed lawyers at all—just keeping up appearances to take us in?"

"That's come into my mind," said Lattrey sourly. "I can't quite catch on to it at all. That letter was genuine enough."

"Yes; but—"

"I know it's queer. Then there's the way he got the letter fairly advertised all over Rookwood the day it came," said Lattrey very thoughtfully. "He got Silver to fetch it from the post-office, you know, and was out when he came back, and Silver was hawking the letter up and down the school, and everybody 'ot curious. I—I thought once or twice that was a trick of Tubby's to let fellows hear of it, you know."

Peele set his teeth.

"He's been spoiling us—"

"We'll jolly well find out!" said Lattrey resolutely. "He says he's gone to his solicitors, Hunk & Hopkins, at Rookham. We'll go—"

"But he's gone—"

"We can bike there as fast as that fat rotter! We'll go a different way, get there first, and watch, and see whether he comes to the lawyers' office at all. That will settle it."

"Good!"

Five minutes later three cyclists were riding fast from Rookwood to the town of Rookham. And when they arrived they had the pleasure, or otherwise, of loitering about the street opposite the offices of Hunk & Hopkins till dusk, without their eyes being gladdened by the sight of Reginald Muffin.

When they rode home to Rookwood, the findings of Peele & Co. were too deep to be expressed in any language but Hunsish.

The 7th Chapter. Light at Last!

Jimmy Silver & Co. smiled as Tubby Muffin rolled into the Fourth Form passage.

Peele & Co. had been in ten minutes when Muffin arrived; and they had been talking.



TREATING SIR TUBBY! The Fistical Four blinked in abject amazement at the sight which met their eyes. Tubby Muffin, his face smeared with jam, was walking away from the tuck-shop, with Peele on one arm and Gower on the other!

but I've never really had a chance, so far. I've often been short of money."

"You have!" said Gower. "I—I mean, have you really, old top?"

"I have, really," said Muffin. "I'm goin' to make up for lost time now. What do you fellows say to a cur out on a half-holiday—"

"Good!"

"A run up to town," said Tubby recklessly, "dinner at the Savoy, you know, and a theatre afterwards."

"Oh, gad!"

"The Head wouldn't let—"

began Peele.

"Tubby raised a fat hand. "Never mind the Head! I'll get my uncle to speak to the Head, and get leave for me and my friends. We can put up for the night at Sir Tudor's town house in Berkeley Square."

"Dhew!"

"Say a dozen of us—what?" said Tubby. "A real night out—rollin' round the town, you know!"

"Hurrah!"

"But the Head!" murmured Lattrey.

"I tell you my uncle can fix it up with the Head! He will tell him we're staying at his town house, you know, in Grosvenor Square."

"Where?"

"Grosvenor Square."

"I thought you said Berkeley Square?"

"Swanky little beast!" remarked Lattrey.

"Horrid little greasy toad!" observed Gower.

"Little fat beast!" agreed Peele.

"But he's no end worth while. I fancy we're going to have the run of Tudor Court."

"Yes, rather!"

"But what a horrid little beast!"

"He's all that, and more."

"Horrid!"

But when Peele & Co. met Reginald Muffin again, they were all smiles, and their greeting was:

"Hallo, Reg, dear old top!"

The 8th Chapter. Dark Doubts!

Legal formalities, it is well known, take up a great deal of time. There are, in fact, persons who suspect that legal gentlemen spin them out intentionally, for the sake of items on the bill. So distrustful is poor human nature!

It was not, therefore, surprising that the legal formalities to which Reginald Muffin referred, were, like the linked sweetness mentioned by the poet, "long-drawn-out."

His friends, doubtless from their deep regard for him, were very keenly anxious to see him in possession of the good things that were coming.

But the good things were slow to come. Muffin disappeared on a borrowed bike occasionally, and explained that

Muffin was not in the slightest degree grateful.

It is painful to relate that, after a time, Tubby Muffin's friends began to entertain lurking doubts and suspicions.

The lawyers' letter was all right—that couldn't be gainsaid. It was typewritten on the official business paper of Hunk & Hopkins; even some sealers who had seen it, expressed no doubt of its genuineness. But—but—but—

There were many buts; and as the days passed, the "buts" seemed to increase in number.

Tudor Court, and the avuncular baronet, seemed as far off as ever, and a little uncertain somehow, while what was certain was, that Tubby Muffin had extracted considerable loans from all the fellows who looked forward to disporting themselves at the baronet's residence, and picking up the crumbs from the rich man's table.

Leggett, the Modern, began to press for the interest on his loan, and was not wholly satisfied by Tubby's curl of the lip in response. Peele & Co. felt pangs of uneasiness.

Adolphus Smythe looked at the handsome collection of 100's he had received from Muffin, and wondered whether they were of any use excepting to light his study fire with.

Legal formalities, Tubby assured his friends, took no end of time. But Peele & Co. thought there ought to be a limit.

It was high time, they thought, that

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 Fitzroy 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.)

Swimming Practice.

A month isn't any too long for a fellow to allow himself for training for a swimming race. It's long enough for him to take things easily, to find out his weak points, and to set about curing them.

Spend the first week in getting ready by taking ordinary exercises, avoiding any movements likely to stiffen the muscles. Go into the water by all means, if you like, but don't let the notion of doing a certain distance within a certain time enter your head. Swim slowly; try to improve your stroke and style. It is style that will help you to win, and fast, crude work destroys style.

In the second week go to the bath every other day. Lengthen your distance, but still don't try fast work. At the end of a week try a fast, not a racing, 300 yards.

During the third week swim six days. A day of rest will do you good. One day swim short distances, the next try something longer, up to a quarter mile. Get someone to time you, if possible, and try to cover each length in about the same time. In swimming, evenness is important.

At the beginning of the last week make a time trial. Whatever the result, take it easy the next day. And

be held as I have described, that misfortune is little likely to happen.

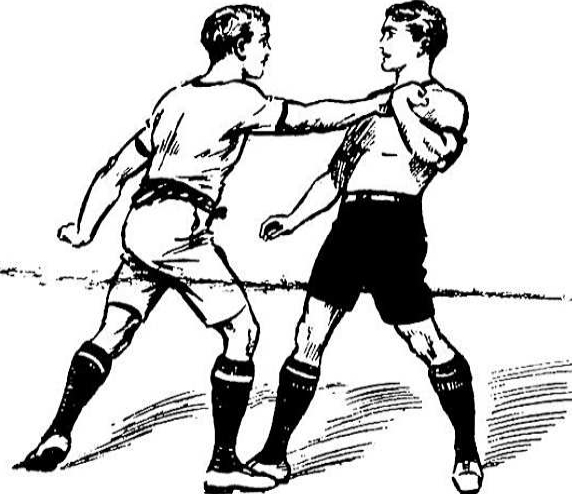
Having tried to secure a safe defence, then you can set about learning how to hit. At first, don't worry about your right hand at all; get to learn how to hit with the hand that should do the larger share of the hitting work—the left. And what you have chiefly to bear in mind is to hit with the knuckle part of the hand, not to jab the arm out from the elbow, but shoot it from the shoulder, to hit quite straight, and to let your body follow every blow you deal. This last is the most important. It increases your reach and the force of your punch.

If you can master these points you're doing well. One more piece of advice.

Watch your opponent's eyes. Don't shut your own. Keep your mouth closed.

Japanese Physical Training.

A comprehensive exercise, vigorously exerting the muscles of the shoulders, back, and abdomen, is next to be described. The preliminary hold is not simple, but as the entire efficacy of the movement depends upon this hold being exact, it is neces-



A Useful Ju-Jitsu Hold.

at all times keep yourself from trying to sprint at the end of a long swim. It's too great a strain upon the heart. Practise starting and turning. On race-day you ought to be fit.

The Boxing Nodice.

Having learned what to do with your feet, put on the gloves with your chin and try to carry into practice what you have learned. Try to hit him, by all means, but keep remembering that at the moment you're learning foot, not glove work.

As you acquire footwork you'll discover that it isn't necessary to keep far away from him to avoid being hit. A glide of the left foot a few inches backward and you are beyond his reach. A sideways movement of the body, even the head, and his glove misses you by inches. And you haven't used up your strength. A short step to your right, and you see that you've not only made him miss with his left lead, but you're in a first-class position for getting in a right-hander upon the side of his head or his left ribs.

The defence made with your right arm now needs looking after. Don't hug the right arm to your body or hold it squarely across your chest. The wrist should be several inches away from the chest, and the hand a good deal higher than the elbow. The edge of the hand should be pointed towards your opponent—there's all the difference between stopping a heavy blow with the bone of the forearm and the softer muscle—and the first ought to be so high that the top of the glove is somewhere about the level of the chin. To hold the arm lower, so as to protect the "wind" or "mark," means leaving the chin exposed, and you can guard a blow at the mark simply by dropping the arm. If you hold the forearm squarely across the body there's the danger that a heavy blow will beat your guard down. If your forearm

sary to read the instructions very carefully.

Attacker and defender face each other, the latter with the head and shoulders bent forward, in order to allow the hold to be taken. To get this hold, the attacker throws his right arm from the right side of the defender's neck across to the opposite shoulder. Unless the attacker's arm is so placed that the part immediately below the neck of the other the grip is wrong. The defender's neck is actually in the other's armpit. The right hand goes across to the defender's left armpit, there to clasp the left hand, which has come underneath the chest. The attacker thus has his victim in a diagonal arm grip that crosses from over the right shoulder to below the left.

The hold fixed, the attacker then puts on his weight and bends slowly forward, forcing his companion towards the floor, the latter, of course, putting up a strenuous resistance. When the attacker has reached his knees the contest is at an end, and both, probably, will be glad of a short rest for deep breathing, but without leaving the position.

Then comes the second half of the movement, the attacker hanging a dead weight, and his companion slowly lifting him back to the starting position. It must be remembered that at no time during the contest is the attacker's right arm to shift from its position across the back of the neck.

This exercise is one that those athletes who are used to catch-a-catch-a wrestling might practise with great advantage to themselves. The starting position is not unlike that which begins a certain vigorous attack in this style of wrestling, and the muscles of both contestants would greatly benefit by the performance of this movement half a dozen times a

day. It is not too much to assert that any English wrestler who would give the time to the practising of these Japanese exercises would have a considerable advantage over his fellows who had not been so trained. European training, as a rule, does not accustom the muscles to the sustaining of severe pressures long continued.

Sprains—and Other Things.

Accidents are always liable to happen to those who play manly athletic games and take part in vigorous recreations, and it is just as well to have some knowledge as to what is the best thing to be done when these minor accidents do occur. I'm not suggesting it is well for the unskilled to try his hand at an operation for which a surgeon is really needed, but there are several small mishaps met with by athletes which may be treated by the sufferer himself without the expense of going to a doctor.

Take that common accident, a sprained or wrenched ankle. There has been too much dislocation of the joint, but the tendons passing over the joint have been severely stretched, possibly the ligaments—the thin strips which pass from bone to bone, holding the ends in their places—have suffered; there is acute pain, swelling, and inflammation.

Prompt treatment of the right kind will often prevent a disagreeable lying-up. In the first place, take off the boot—usually a football-boot—don't allow the victim to walk, and send to the doctor at once to bathe the joint copiously with cold water. Pay no attention to those who recommend hot water. Where there's inflammation hot water makes this worse. Soak a handkerchief in cold water, and wrap it closely—not tightly—about the injured part. Cover with more handkerchiefs, a muffer, or something of the kind, and get the patient home. Frequent renewing of the cold water bandage and a night's rest will go far towards putting the joint in the right way for a speedy recovery. Light exercise of the joint should be encouraged as soon as possible. Complete rest is often the worst treatment.

There is a hard fall on the elbow or knee, and the joint swells. Very quickly it is discovered that fluid has gathered. There is some swelling, and pressure with a finger-tip suggests something like a blister. The proper treatment is painting with iodine, easily obtainable at any chemist's shop. Renew the paint as the colour disappears.

Iodine is also good for bad bruises, if the skin is not broken. If it is, apply vaseline, and cover with a bandage.

Give a massage with the finger-tips for five minutes or so every day will relieve the pain of a damaged tendon and relieve the stiffness.

Wash cuts with hot water, and then batho with cold, applying cold-water bandage.

If knocked out by a blow in the "wind," don't rub stomach violently. Turn on back, and work arms as in resting of the half-drowned. Keep arms above head two seconds, bring down and press against sides two seconds, crossing forearms across pit of stomach.

Eating and Drinking.

Most of us have to take in the way of food and drink—just now particularly—what we can get, what is given to or provided for us, and it doesn't always happen that we get exactly what we like. Well, we have to put up with it. But whether we like a meal or whether we don't, it really isn't so much what we get that is of importance to us as the manner in which we eat it.

Even if you're not old enough to have left school you'll have discovered what a large number of grown-up persons suffer from such troubles as constipation, indigestion, wind, and so forth. To how many of you has it occurred, I wonder, that these troubles to a very large extent are caused, not by bad food, but by eating it improperly. Nearly everyone eats too fast.

Now, to get food into the stomach in the shortest possible time is altogether wrong. It's asking for trouble. When a person scrambles through a full meal and hurries off by train, by cycle, or on his own legs to some games or amusement, or to continue his day's work, he's doing himself a double injury. Though he may not feel it at the time he will feel it later on, for he's doing the likeliest thing to ruin his digestion.

Percy Longhurst

(Another splendid Health and Exercise article in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

"Have you been to Hunk & Hopkins' office at all?" "Yaroooh! No!" wailed Tubby. "Keep off! Only a—a joke, you know. Oh dear!" "How did you get that letter from the lawyers, then?" "I—I—"

"Whack! Help! Jimmy Silver, you beast, help a chap!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head. "You've asked for this, old top," he answered. "Own up to the truth; it's the best thing you can do now."

"Better late than never!" chuckled Mornington.

"Oh dear! I—I— Yaroooooh!"

"Whuck, whack, whack!"

"How did you get that letter sent you?" roared Peele.

"Oh dear! I—I say, leggo! I—I'll tell you—only a—a joke!"

gasped the hapless Sir Tubby. "I—I know the office-boy at Hunk & Hopkins."

"What?"

"I—I got him to type it on his gunner's paper," confessed Tubby Muffin. "I—I got the idea from a thing I saw at the pictures. Only a—a joke, you know. Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin had confessed, and the confession was so simple that many of the fellows wondered that they hadn't thought of it. But they hadn't. Peele & Co. seemed almost beside themselves with fury.

They prided themselves on being keen, and up to snuff, and very knowing and the wool had been pulled over their eyes by the fattest and "dullest" fellow at Rookwood: Tubby Muffin, inspired by some thrilling episode at the cinema, had laid that cunning plan for spoofing them and impressing them with his expected wealth, with a view to extracting loans, and he had extracted the loans, and spent them. That cash was gone beyond recovery.

Nothing remained of it but a large and sprawling crop of IO U's—of no value but as wastepaper. Tubby Muffin had fairly lived on the fat of the land for a couple of weeks. He had swanked about with money in his pocket—Peele & Co.'s money. They had spent a number of evenings in card-playing — to collect wastepaper!

It was too much.

If Jimmy Silver & Co. hadn't come to the rescue of the hapless Muffin, that fat and crafty youth would certainly have sustained some serious damage. Gower was laying into him with the five-bat. Lattrey and Peele were thumping him. Jones minor and Flynn and Higgs were putting in a kick wherever they could find room.

In those wild and whirling moments Reginald Muffin paid for his sins, with interest. Fortunately for him, the Fistical Four waded in at last, and drove off his assailants, and rescued him, dusty and dishevelled, and breathless and spluttering. They felt that he had had enough, and the wretched Tubby more than agreed with them.

THE END.

For days afterwards Reginald Muffin led a dog's life at Rookwood. All his glory had departed, and he had made a number of enemies who let the sun go down on their wrath again and again. They would chase Tubby in the quad and the passages, rag him in dormitory, pinch him in class. They seemed never satisfied with the woes they inflicted upon Tubby—once "Reg" and "old Muffin," and their dearest pal, the way of the transgressor is hard; and it was very hard indeed to Sir Tubby of Rookwood!

(Be sure you read next Monday's Rookwood yarn—the Bumper Number of the BOYS' FRIEND!)

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(Be sure you read next Monday's Rookwood yarn—the Bumper Number of the BOYS' FRIEND!)

So all the Classical Fourth were in a state of great expectation on the subject of Sir Tubby Muffin. Even tea-time was forgotten, and fellows crowded out of their studies into the passage when it was heard that the heir of Sir Tudor Muffin was in the office.

Tubby Muffin rolled in, quite unconscious of the excitement. He was looking as fat and satisfied as ever. He nodded cheerily to Peele & Co.

"Hallo, old beans!" he said. "I'll come into your study to tea, if you like. Is it ready?"

"Seen your lawyers?" asked Peele, in a grinding voice.

Sir Tubby nodded.

"Oh, yes; had quite a pleasant chat with them!" he said. "Awfully civil, you know; fairly bowing down to a chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar through the Fourth Form passage.

Tubby Muffin blinked round.

"Hallo! What's the joke?" he asked. "Where does the cackle come in, you fellows? I don't see it."

"You chuckled Jimmy Silver."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peele fixed a glittering eye on Muffin.

You called on your lawyers—Hunk & Hopkins, in Rookham, this afternoon?" he asked categorically.

"Certainly!"

"What time did you get there?"

"About three," answered Tubby carelessly.

"You lying little rotter howled Peele.

"Eh?"

"We were watching the solicitors' office from a quarter-past two till five o'clock!" howled Gower.

"Wha-a-a!"

"You never went there at all!" raved Lattrey. "You've never been there! It's all spoof from beginnin' to end!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin's jaw dropped. Most of the Classical Fourth were howling with laughter; but the fellows who had been treating Muffin to hand-some spreads, and lending him money on his expectations, did not join in the laughter. They could not see anything to laugh at.

"Now what have you got to say?" hissed Peele menacingly.

"I—I—I—"

"Give him time!" said Mornington. "He can't make up whoppers on the spur of the moment. Give him a chance to think one out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I—you've been spying on me, have you?" ejaculated Muffin.

"I—I—I knew you were spying, and so—so, I never went at all. He, he, he."

"Why, you—you—you've just told us you went, and they were awfully civil!" shrieked Cyril Peele.

"I—I mean ter say I never went, and—and they weren't awfully civil," burbled Tubby Muffin. "That—that makes it quite clear, doesn't it?"

"Quite!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"Here, I say—hands off!" roared Tubby Muffin, as Peele & Co. closed in on him. "Hands off, I tell you! I won't take you to Tudor Castle—I mean De Courcy Court, ya, Yaroooh! Leggo! Help! Rescue!"

Tubby Muffin sat down on the floor of the Fourth Form passage with a heavy bump. His assailants rolled him over. Gower produced a five-bat, which had apparently been held in readiness.

"Go it!" hissed Peele.

"Whack!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Rescue!"

"Now tell us the truth, you fat little spoofing beast!" said Peele, between his teeth. "Have you got an uncle a baronet at all?"

"Yes—yaroooh! Yoop! No!" howled Tubby Muffin dolorously, as Gower got busy with the five-bat again.

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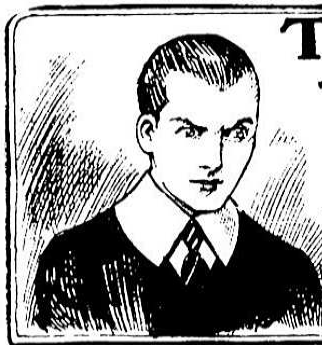
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FURTHER STARTLING REVELATIONS OF A BOY MEMBER OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE!

The DIARY of a BOY SPY

Translated by John Heritage



September 30th, 1914—(continued).

Imagine my dilemma. Here was I, caught with the secret papers concealed inside my jersey, confronted by this stupid enemy. Well I knew that the chief of the section would believe my words, because the chief and I have never got on well together. I should be scolded, and the incriminating papers found upon me—that meant, naturally, further investigations, and perhaps that I should be executed as a spy before I had really got properly to work for the Fatherland. It was a desperate case, and I acted promptly. Though the boy was so much bigger than me, I wasted no time in argument, but punched him on the jaw. As I expected, he returned the blow with interest, and my head sang. But, despite my natural aversion to physical pain, I continued to fight, making as much noise as I could. The result was exactly as I expected it to be. The nearest official, seeing us fighting, bore down upon us and wrenched us apart. Then, without giving my enemy time to explain, I cunningly burst into tears, and accused him of bullying me. He was so much bigger and stronger than I that the tale seemed credible enough, and, sure enough, the official gave him a wiggling, and sent him off, after I had explained most carefully that I had merely entered the room for the purpose of speaking to the man who usually sat in it.

As soon as I got back to the office I told the senior doorkeeper that I was packing up the job, as I did not like bullying, and, despite his arguments, insisted on leaving then and there, whilst I still had the papers safe. As I was receiving no payment from the War Office, he had no power to prevent my going, and so I departed at once.

October 1st, 1914.

I had thought myself safe and unsuspected, being a mere boy; but last night I had the narrowest escape of my life. I was walking down the stairs to leave the hotel to go and see Schoffer, when I observed two detectives walking about in the hall. Guided by some strange instinct, I hid behind some palms and watched them. They were waiting for the manager of the hotel, and judge of my terror when, as he joined them, they demanded to be taken to my room so that they might arrest me on suspicion of being a spy in German pay. They were going to search all my belongings, they said. It was as well that I had with me the War Office papers, you, my Little Book, and my Intelligence Corps badge, so that they could search everything I possessed otherwise, and find no trace of anything to incriminate me. Still, a spy suspected is a spy ruined.

I did not return to my room, but, waiting till the detectives and the manager had got into the lift, scudded out of the back door of the hotel into the night. I found a prowling taxicab—standing cabs are not always safe—and had myself driven at full speed to my uncle's new house in Hampstead. Here I told him what had happened, and handed over the papers of the trench-gun. He gave me a letter and instructions to proceed to a certain place in the heart of Essex, where in a quiet spot I should find another "number." This man, it seems, has a secret aeroplane, and it seems to my ability to fly the machine. I am to take this, and make my way to the north of Belgium, where, at Brussels, I am to await the advent of Schoffer. I am waiting for the darkness of the night, and in a few more hours I shall have shaken the dust of this accursed country off my shoes, and I hope I shall never step into it again.

October 2nd, 1914.

Adventures befall me thick and fast, but they are usually preceded by

hours of terror. I am writing this aboard U 35, a German submarine, somewhere in the North Sea, heading for Wilhelmshaven. Last night or early this morning—as I was flying over the German Ocean, something went wrong with the engine of my aeroplane, and I began rapidly to descend. I soon struck the water, and though the machine floated for some time, I was compelled to clamber out on to the upper plane and hold on there, hoping that I should soon be picked up. Presently, to my astonishment, I smelt burning tobacco, and, not caring greatly whether it came from a British craft or not, shouted for help in English and in German. Nobody replied, but the smell of tobacco became gradually stronger and stronger, and then suddenly I heard somebody speak quietly in German to somebody else. You can guess I shouted at the top of my voice to attract the attention of this Heaven-sent compatriot; but I was still more surprised when there appeared a sub-

October 4th, 1914.

I have reported to the Wilhelmstrasse, and seen a very high "number" indeed, a man I had heard of as a boat and show merchant in England. He complimented me on the good work I had already done, and told me I would not go with Schoffer, but be detailed to assist the good German troops in Alsace Lorraine. I am to leave Berlin in a week's time, after a holiday, and then join up with our ever-victorious troops on the Western Front.

October 12th, 1914.

Today I have reported myself to the Eighth Army Headquarters, and have again been laughed at as too young to be of any use to the Fatherland. I will show this scoffing general that I can do good work. To-morrow I start operations.

October 18th, 1914.

Here, in Alsace, the terrific majesty of war comes home to me. And it saddens me. There are so many sights that frighten me, too—boys of my

the surrounding country, but could not see any guns, though I knew there were concealed batteries all over the place towards the east. Having got out my pocket range-finder, I put the hands of the church clock to twelve, to show that I was ready. I had scarcely put them back when the first gun fired. The shell exploded short two hundred and fifty yards, and so the clock had to show half-past two. The system was most simple—every shot that fell short had to be signalled to the observation officers, and soon, thanks to my manipulation of the clock hands, they were falling well into the village.

It was a strange feeling, though I knew quite well the gunners would not aim at the church steeple while I was there, since I was acting as their eyes. From time to time I looked into the streets below. Everybody was in a panic—women and children running here and there, carrying bundles of things they desired to save from the wreckage of their homes, and seemingly dazed and uncertain which

October 18th, 1914.

To-day I have become heartily sick of myself. I am nearly mad with remorse. I have passed through the streets of this once quiet village, and I have been so horrified that I dare not think of the awful sights I have seen. Babies bayoneted; women blown to pieces; old men shot through and through with countless rifle-bullets. It is not war, this, it is sheer wanton murder. I will have no more of it. And to think that I, and others like me, slaves to the Wilhelmstrasse, have been spying and watching and acting the real for years in order to bring this about! If it were good, clean fighting like the wars of the old days, I would not mind what I did, if they left the innocent women and the hairless children alone, it would not be so bad. But they kill, these blood-thirsty German soldiers—they kill and torture every human being, every living creature they see.

October 20th, 1914.

I have taken a great resolve. I will atone for all my wrongdoing. I will teach these ignorant German soldiers that they are being fed on lies—that the British Fleet is not hiding within its harbours because the German Navy has taken command of the seas; that London is not in ruins as a result of the raids of our Zeppelins. I will tell them that all the manhood of England is turning itself into soldiers—better and cleaner fighters than the Germans can ever be. At this moment I feel intensely proud that for more than thirteen years I have been an English boy; intensely ashamed that I am not wholly English. If only I could get back to England, I would swear a false oath and get into khaki myself to punish these brutes.

October 21st, 1914.

The anniversary of England's great triumph at Trafalgar. It shall be the triumph day for me, also. I have made one last determination. To-day I will spend in telling German soldiers the truth, though they continue to laugh me to scorn, and I hope some one of them casts the throbbing in my brain with a peaceful bullet. I have refused to enter another harmless village and manipulate the hands of the church clock while our gunners plant their shells within its gates, and the general has sent a report about me to the Wilhelmstrasse. What care I? I am only a human boy, like that poor chap I saw this morning hanging by the hands to a rafter in a wrecked cottage, pierced through and through with bayonet stabs. I have my feelings. Why did I ever say I hated England, when I now realise that only in England could I have been safe and free? I hate my Fatherland—I hate my parents for being Germans, and myself for having been born. Germany is mad, the soldiers are mad, I am mad. Where are you, automatic pistol, that I had hoped to use upon real enemies, but, thank Heaven, not upon women and children and old men? There you are—loaded. That is well. Farewell, Little Book! May he who finds and reads you know that at least one German was ashamed of his nationality; one German tried to atone. I am going to bury you in a hole I have already dug in the ground, and, maybe, in days to come, some peaceful peasant will turn you up with his plough, and, reading the entries in your pages, understand a little Good-bye, the world! England, forgive Henry Knowles, otherwise Heinrich Kleitz. Forgive, but remember!

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—Heinrich Kleitz must, in his brain sickness, have been gifted with second sight, for his book, I have since learned, was discovered in exactly the manner he predicted. The extracts published are not all that it contains, but for the most part, the remainder of the matter is irrelevant.

J. H.

THE END.



OBSERVING FOR A GERMAN BATTERY! Having got out my pocket range-finder, I put the hands of the old clock to twelve, to show the gunners that I was ready.

marine running on the surface at slow speed, with all her lights out. I hailed her again in German, and a man answered me in the same language. She ran alongside, and took me aboard just before the plane sank, and then I found myself in the cabin, facing an ober-leutnant, who demanded to know who I was and how I came to be in the German Ocean in an aeroplane. I told him I was a "number" on espionage service, and he laughed in my face, and said that I lied. It struck him as humorous that a mere boy like me should be among the staff of the Wilhelmstrasse, and he made sport of me, but soon sobered up when I showed him my special badge pinned to the inside of my shirt. Then he was meek enough, and asked for commands, since he knew the power of that badge. I ordered him to put me ashore in Germany as soon as possible, and immediately he turned the ship round, and we are now running for Cuxhaven.

own age stabbed to death with bayonets; women and children treated too horribly even for me to think of and remember. And the worst of it all is that these people have fallen victims to my own compatriots. To-night I am to go into a near-by village, disguised as a refugee, and take observations for the artillery.

October 16th, 1914.

Last night I had great adventures. Acting on instructions, I made my way into the village, and was fed as a refugee boy from the invaded territory. Eluding the villagers was the hardest job of all; they wanted to overwhelm me with kindness. In return I told them to fly, as the Germans intended shelling the village that night. But they refused to believe me, saying that the Germans would never wantonly destroy a village which held no troops. I knew better, but I felt so sad. Still, I managed to get into the church and climb to the clock-tower, as I had been ordered. Here I had a good view of

way to turn for safety. While I watched, a shell burst open the doors of the prison, and all the criminals came pouring out, as frightened as the other people. They seized hand-carts and barrows, and loaded them with everything valuable they could find, even diving into houses already on fire to secure rich booty. Here and there cottages and shops were in flames, but nobody seemed to notice them, or the women and children crushed beneath falling stones and woodwork as the shells did their good work. If these villagers were English, I could watch their destruction and torture without any qualms; but as they are nearly countrymen of my own, it seems hard that war should demand so much cruelty. I had not pictured it as the slaughter of helpless non-combatants; as the murder of innocent children and women and very old men, such as sit on the seats along the Unter Den Linden smoking china pipes and drinking lager out of tankards while they cheer for the victorious soldiers.

THE CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF OUR WILD WEST SERIAL.



REDSKINS and RUSTLERS

A SPLENDID YARN
OF ADVENTURE.

By
GORDON WALLACE.

BOB RAYNOR is a young man who has come West to find an old school pal who once saved his life. With him are his chums, DICKY SMITH, ARIZONA JIM, an Indian agent, and EDDIE MASON, a young British cowpuncher. They wait in silence while MATTAWA FRANK'S band of rustlers prepare to raid a ranch—waiting for Arizona's word to fire.

(Now read on.)

The Fight at the Grant Ranch!

Not a sound came from the watchers who crouched there, invisible to Mattawa Frank, against the great corral rails. Not the faintest spark of light showed anywhere. It might have been that all the ranch was asleep, entirely unconscious of this coming raid.

Then a slight drumming sound struck on the watchers' ears, and every man tensed himself for what he knew was to come. The drumming grew louder every moment, and a long line of horsemen thundered up to the ranch. And still, though the compound grew full of silent men, Arizona gave no word to fire.

But the horses in the corrals set up a loud neighing at the arrival of the Redskins and rustlers' mounts. Tails were whisked by the excited animals, hoofs stamped on the hard-beaten ground at their feet.

The raiders dismounted and began to scatter. Some, Bob Raynor noticed, made straight for the big ranch-house and tried the doors, which, however, were locked. Others surrounded the bunkhouse and the stables.

"Now!" Arizona Jim cried suddenly. "Fire, boys!"

A perfect volley broke out. The compound was lit up almost luridly by spurts of flame from well-aimed rifles and revolvers. Bob Raynor felt the heel-plate of his borrowed rifle jar against his shoulder as, after aiming at a shadowy, moving shape, he pulled the trigger. Whether his shot hit his man he could not have said definitely, for it was fired simultaneously with many others. But the man threw up his arms and fell forward.

At once the compound became alive with hurriedly-moving shapes, hideous with yells of surprised red men and rustlers. For a while there was pandemonium—men hurried hither and thither, shrieking, some of them, as the relentlessly-fired bullets struck them and laid them low. The curses of white men sounded high. And then started up a tremendous crashing sound—rifle butts were being applied to the doors and windows of the ranch-house, and men were striving frantically to find their way in-doors and out of the merciless hail of bullets that the defenders of the ranch fired into them.

Then came another drumming sound, seeming to come from all round Bob. Jackson's troop of cavalry had taken the first volley to be fired as a signal, and they were bearing down upon the place. As a piece of strategy, Arizona Jim had brought off a success.

Indians rushed madly for their horses, mounted them, and struggled together in a frantic attempt to get clear of this compound of death. They got into one another's way. Horses collided. So eager were the red men to escape that they struck savagely at each other. A melee was in full swing in the compound.

Then grimly, silently almost, those United States cavalrymen charged into the enclosure. They rode straight at the swirling mass of red men. They carried swords, and these they used with grim effect, the while their blades gleamed in the light of the gun-flashes.

And then the windows of the ranch-house began to spurt their flames.

Bob felt a bullet, fired by some man who had taken cover inside the house, lift his hat from his head. Arizona Jim gave a growl as another struck him and grazed his shoulder. A gasp from close by Bob told him that Sitting Moose, crouching there silently hugging his axe, must have been hit as well.

"Quick, boys, hop over the rails!" Arizona shouted. "Some protection there! By heck! Never thought they'd besiege themselves in the house! Hope the women have barricaded themselves in the cellars."

Eddie Mason lay not so far from Bob, flat on the ground, a revolver in each hand; and he fired coolly, remorselessly at the flashes he saw come from the house. (Gunman that Eddie was, it was a certainty that all his shots were not misses.)

Men leaped over the corral rails in amongst the now terrified horses of the ranch. They crouched behind the heavy, close-fitting bars, and fired through the chinks of them. Bob was not slow in doing as the others did, and thrilled as he felt bullets strike the stout poles in front of him. His clothing was ripped many a time by shots that found their way in between the logs, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for nothing touched him to hurt him.

Little Dicky Smith fired at his master's elbow with all the coolness of a war-tried veteran. The cowboys also fired steadily, some dropping Indians as they struggled with the cavalry in a vain and frantic effort to break away from the trap they had found themselves in.

The firing in the house dwindled down, then it ceased. And the men behind the corral rails also held their fire, and waited tensely, watching the swaying mass of Redskins and cavalry, listening to the blood-curdling death-shrieks of sorely-stricken Indians, or the loud curses of the soldiers.

"Half of you get round to the other side of the house, and be careful!" Arizona Jim ordered. "Eddie, you take charge of them."

Eddie grunted something, and touched half of his companions with his fingers. He touched Bob and Dicky, and these followed their young leader out of the corral, and stooping low, doubled round to the other side of the house. It was a wise order, for just as they got into their new position Bob saw one or two shapes of men striving to climb out through the windows of the house. Fire was opened on these, and the shapes retired into the shadows of the house again. A few desultory, angry shots were sent at Eddie and his party, but the fierce fire was not resumed.

Odd Redskins next began to straggle away from the main combat, and to dash down the lane that led from the compound to the trail outside. Some of the cowpunchers took snap-shots at these as they ran the gauntlet, and many a red man gave his last war-whoop and tumbled out of his saddle. The rest of the Redskins were either disabled or were taken prisoner.

With Bob's party were Sitting Moose, who had never fired a single shot, but who had merely hugged his tomahawk and had stared unblinkingly at the darkened ranch-house.

The cavalry, triumphant, stood there on the scene of their victory, their horses sheltering them from the fire of those inside the house. Jackson, their leader, boldly walked across the compound towards where Arizona Jim was standing, resting on the rails of the corral.

"The cavalry are going to rush the house, I think," said Eddie. "I hope none of them get killed; but those dashed rustlers inside—they seem to be all whites—are trapped."

It seemed that nearly every window of the ranch had a gun-armed man there. There were, perhaps, ten rustlers, all told, and, although their position was pretty hopeless, Bob could see that if they cared to put up a last dying fight they could do untold damage towards the attacking cavalry.

A cowboy wormed his way across from Arizona to Eddie.

"Arizona says ye're to fire at all flashes from the windows whilst the cavalry crawl up!" he announced.

Eddie gave quick orders to his followers. They understood. Each of them had a window allotted to him, with instructions to fire at once at the first flash he saw. By this means it was possible to keep down the fire of the defending rustlers to some extent.

Almost dead silence—or dead silence by comparison with the uproar that had previously filled the air—was on the compound now. The windows of the house were nothing but black marks against the white of the great bungalow-like building. But at one point Bob saw something white in amidst the blackness of the window's opening. He fired at it. A shriek answered his shot.

"That's right," Eddie said. "If you fellows keep your eyes skinned you'll see their faces when they come. Fire at every face you see!"

The cavalry now had disposed themselves under Jackson's orders. Their horses had been led round to the further side of the great bunk-house, out of reach of the rustlers' fire. The men were lying flat on the ground now, indistinguishable in the gloom. But they were creeping forward up to the porch of the house, rifles and revolvers in hand.

Followed by Bob and Dicky about the tenast three minutes they had ever lived through. They kept their eyes glued on the windows, alert for the slightest sign of a human face to show itself. But there was no sound in the house. The cavalry got nearer—got so close that to fire at them with rifles would have been almost a futile thing to do. But the rustlers inside—how many of them were left they could not say—all had revolvers, it was known, and they were used to close-range fighting.

Two faces did appear at the windows allotted to Bob. He fired instantly. Both faces disappeared. Other men fired at the house. Then shots blazed out from the windows—many of them, and they were returned with interest by those who were supporting the cavalry. Followed a tremendous smashing of doors, yells, a pandemonium of shots, and the cavalry were inside the house. More shooting could be heard in-doors—the crash of furniture being overturned; the yells of men stricken down. It was a grim fight that was going on inside, and those now without had no hand in it.

Suddenly a figure appeared at a window. Shots were fired at it, but the figure dropped to the ground in the strong shadow of the house. More shots were fired, but suddenly odd Sitting Moose gave a low, weird cry, and sprang to his feet. He dashed away from Bob. Bob could now see a shadowy shape moving across to where a bunch of frightened ponies—the ponies of Indians who had fallen in the fight—were standing. And it was towards this same bunch that Sitting Moose glided swiftly, still hugging his axe.

The man who had leaped out of the window caught a pony and hurled himself across its back. Bob took aim at him, but Eddie Mason pressed his arm warningly before he could fire.

"Take care!" he hissed. "It's a rustler escape! And I think I know who it is; but don't hit Sitting Moose."

The warning was just in time, for Sitting Moose also caught another cayuse, and leaped on to its back with the agility of a much younger and sounder man. Had Bob fired at the moment he had intended to fire, he almost assuredly would have given yet another wound to the already sorely wounded Redskin chief, for Sitting Moose got himself right in Bob's line of fire.

The vitality of the old Indian must have been an amazing thing. He had in the last few hours suffered enough to kill any young man, and yet he was still active enough to mount that strange pony like a boy would have mounted it.

The escaping rustler gave a yell, fired three shots from a revolver over his shoulder; then, leaning well over his pony's neck, dashed away into the night, with Sitting Moose, sitting in very much the same manner, following him grimly.

"Was that Mattawa?" Bob asked.

"Shouldn't wonder," Eddie answered, with a growl. "He's measly skunk enough to bolt and desert his pals when they're cornered. Ah, the firing's ceased inside the house! I think the cavalry have finished their job. Let's go in and see now, boys."

"I think I'll do something else," said Bob. "I'm worrying about Sitting Moose, poor old chap! I'm after them!"

He ran across to the bunch of horses, seized the halter of one, and threw himself into the saddle. He clutched his rifle as he swung himself astride the shivering brute. He dug his spurs well home, leaned forward and also dashed down the lane, peering forward into the night, his ears well craned for the slightest sound that might be made by the riders ahead.

Something, somehow, seemed to tell Bob Raynor that if that were Mattawa Frank's mount riding ahead of the avenging Redskin, then it was fated to be Mattawa's last ride. And yet he feared that it was also going to be Sitting Moose's. And, while he had no love for the man who had so cruelly deceived and betrayed him, he had a deal of affection for the fine old Redskin, the friend of the white men, but who, by the villainy of Mattawa Frank, had almost fallen to the level of the Redskins who had come out on the war-path against the whites. He wanted, if possible, to be on the spot, and to save Sitting Moose, though he knew the Indian chief was very far gone as a result of his mauling from the puna. He did not want it to be Mattawa who finished off his Redskin friend.

He forced that hairy little pony at the top of its gait. He spared it not a jot. And soon he heard the drumming of hoofs ahead, and he knew he was on the trail of the escaping rustler and his follower. He urged the pony on to still further effort. By leaning forward and peering at the skyline, he could see two mounted shapes ahead of him, and they were now fairly close together.

A shot sounded out in front—a shot fired by one of the riders before him. A wild yell answered the shot. There was silence for a moment, save for the drumming of horses' feet. Then there came to Bob's ears the most dreadful shriek he had ever heard. It was a high stopped the beating of his heart. It was terrible!

But he galloped on. Now he could see that the horses in front were running more easily, that they were not following their quarry-and-chase position. They were running at will, and were increasing the distance between them.

A moment later his own pony dropped violently on his forefeet, swerved so suddenly that Bob was unseated; and then, also riderless, dashed off across the prairie. Bob went forward on his shoulders, striking the ground heavily in his fall.

He regained his feet, and looked about him. He guessed that the pony had shied for a reason; and the reason was not far to seek when he came to look for it. For, lying there in the dusty grass, not a dozen yards away from where he had fallen, was a man.

Bob approached this prostrate figure. He had still retained a hold on his rifle, and this he kept well thrust forward as he approached. But the figure made no move, and Bob bent over it. He touched it with his hand. It made no response. He bent further over; went on his knees, and peered hard into an upturned face; and then he started back; for, though he had gone through horrors in plenty in the past few weeks, what he saw revolted him so that he had to clear his eyes, nor dared he open them again for many a moment.

Mattawa Frank was lying there, dead, his sightless eyes staring straight up into the sky, his mouth dropped wide open. And a glance told Bob how the rustler chief had come to his end. His skull had been split by an axe. His death must have been instantaneous.

"So that's the end of my old school friend!" the tendertooth outlaw muttered. "Well, Frank, after all I suffered at your hands, I'm afraid I can't say I'm—"

"My brother!" came a faint voice to his ears.

He started again, and looked about him. Another shape was to be seen lying on the grass, ten paces away from all that remained of the renegade Englishman. He stepped over to this, and looked down into the dark face of Sitting Moose.

"My brother," said the Indian chief, in a very far-away voice, "I have done that which will gladden the heart of my brother, the Indian agent. I have slain the bad white chief."

"But you, old man?" Bob asked sadly; and he stooped over his Redskin friend.

"I die," said Sitting Moose composedly. "My work is finished. The white rustler stole from me my daughter, but you saved her. I said I would kill Mattawa Frank. I have done so. My work is done. But Little Fawn, my daughter—what of her?"

"She shall be well looked after, Sitting Moose," said Bob huskily. "I will see to that. She shall want for nothing." For the first time since coming to Wyoming, Bob found a case in which his wealth would be of use to someone besides himself. "She shall be happy."

"I would have taken the hand of Arizona Jim ere I died," said Sitting Moose, and Bob could not help remarking how clear and distinct his English now was; "but I cannot. Farewell, O my white brother! I wait for all my friends in the happy hunting-grounds."

He sank back again, and died without another quiver. Bob, closing his old eyes reverently, examined him, and found that, besides the grievous claw-wounds of the puna, he was riddled with bullets. How he had lived so long amazed the white youth, who, as yet, knew little of the wonderful power—the power almost to fight death and vanquish it—the Indians possessed.

Sadly he walked back to the ranch. He was met by mounted men who got there, and he gave them directions as to where to find the two bodies. When he reached the ranch he found the work was done. Every other rustler was either dead, wounded, or a prisoner. Many Redskins were dead; others were grouped sullenly together, knowing that they had made their last attack on the whites, closely guarded by grim-faced cavalrymen.

The women were unharmed, and were now in the living-room of the ranch, listening to Arizona Jim's story of the fight. When Bob appeared, he was the centre of all interest.

"Mattawa's dead!" he announced. "He was killed by Sitting Moose, who is also dead. I—I think, Arizona, my work's finished in this country now."

The Reception at Medicine Axe I.

Three live rustlers, seven dead ones—including Mattawa Frank—in a wagon, and their escort composed of Arizona Jim, Eddie Mason, Bob Raynor, and Dicky Smith, rode along the trail that led to Medicine Axe. They had ridden far that day—the day after the raid on the Grant ranch—and they were tired with it, for many hours had elapsed without their proper sleep having been taken. In the main they were silent.

"You trust me, lad?" Arizona Jim said at length, as the low, squat buildings of the cow town showed less than a mile away ahead of them. "You're not nervous?"

Bob gave an odd laugh. "I've sampled the tempers of the citizens of Medicine Axe before," he said, "but—well, I'll trust you, Arizona Jim."

Arizona nodded towards the wagon, in which were stretched out seven of the worst blackguards that had ever hampered a Western state's civilisation.

"Your trust won't be misplaced, lad," he said. "I think your cloudy days are just about over now."

Nothing more was said by anybody until the first buildings of the little town were reached. Here the main street began, and, as the time was about four o'clock in the afternoon, there were many men hovering about. When the little party rode slowly in, curious eyes were shot in their direction. Then somebody happened to notice the bonds the three living rustlers were secured with.

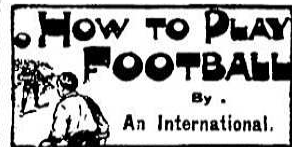
At once great excitement broke out. The hardy men of those Western places had little amusement in the main. Anything untoward that happened was sure to set them afire at once.

"Hi, hi!" the roar rang out. "Here's Arizona with some rustlers! Way! Make way!"

Revolver-shots began to be fired into the air by the younger and gun-carrying portion of the community.

"How many yer got, Arizona?" asked some, crowding close about the little party, as many men as could get hold hanging on to the stirrups of the Indian agent and Eddie Mason. "And hev ye got the worst of 'em? Where's Mattawa?"

"There's the gink as let Mattawa loose!" yelled another suddenly, and pointed to Bob Raynor, who went a fiery red, as all eyes were levelled upon him.



A TALK ON MATCH-WINNING TACTICS.

Last week I had something to say about the necessity for thinking and talking over tactics before the start of the match, and in the middle of the match, too, for that matter. Now we can go on to discuss general tactics, and, to a large extent, those must depend on the type of players in your side.

Extreme Wingers.

In regard to forward play, you will remember I recommended that the extreme wing positions should be given to players who were quick on their feet—who could skip along at a faster pace than the average defenders with whom they came in contact. But supposing that in your team you have these speedy outside wing players, they won't be much use unless the other members of the team give them the proper opportunities for making use of that extra pace.

These extreme wingers must be given plenty of forward passes; the ball must be sent to them in such a way that they can pick it up in their stride, and make headway in the direction of their opponent's goal at top speed. Most of the first-class clubs make great use of their extreme wing men, because they realise that these wingers are working along what might be called the line of least resistance.

Open Form of Attack.

In general, too, the first-class clubs favour the open form of attack; that is, they make progress by means of long, swinging passes from one side of the field to the other. The advantages of this type of attack are fairly obvious. In the first place, it carries a forward line to their opponents' goal with the minimum number of kicks, and in the second place it generally has the effect of scattering the defenders. The only thing to be guarded against is that this open game is not allowed to develop into a mere kick-and-rush affair. It must be done methodically, skilfully, and demands almost as much science as what we call the short-passing game.

The team which plays this open forward game is almost entirely in the hands of the extreme wing men, and if they do not perform their part, then those all-essential things—goals—will not be scored with the regularity so necessary if matches are to be won. For the open game to be really successful, the outside wing men must never waste a minute. When the ball is sent to them they must dash off at top speed, beat the defenders to whom they are opposed, and swing the ball back into the middle of the field ere those defenders have had time to concentrate in front of their goal.

No "Fancy" Stunts!

The mistake which most wing men fall into—and this very often applies to first-class teams as well as school-boy elevens—is that they will try too much of the clever stuff. How often in the course of a newspaper report do you come across a sentence something like this: "So-and-so made rings round his opponents." Now, the one thing which the successful outside forward must not do is to make rings round the fellows he is up against. Beat your man once, if need be, and then, instead of waiting for him to come up to be beaten again, swing the ball into the middle. If you stop to make rings round the other fellows, you may possibly lose the ball altogether, and even if you don't do that you will have wasted so much time that your opponents will have so concentrated their defensive forces that your inside forwards will have precious little chance of scoring goals. Forwards should remember their name—and go forward.

As far as possible, the five men in the forward line should keep to their places; each player in such a position that his colleagues know, without stopping to look, where he will be ready to accept the pass.

More splendid advice on "How to Play Football" in next Monday's Bumper Number of the Boys' Friend.

"Yep! But he ain't tied up!" said another.

"Never mind. But Arizona's shore got him! Hooroor for Arizona! He's the man! Whar's the sheriff?"

The party could not get any farther for the mob that pressed around them. They were forced to come to a halt.

"Sheriff! Sheriff Crowe!" roared the crowd.

Arizona dismounted, and laughingly thrust away those who would have seized his hands to shake them. He ordered the rustlers to dismount, and Bob and the others followed their leader's example.

Rough hands seized the cowering rustlers now. Men produced ropes from somewhere. Their excitement was intense. They would have hung those three men then and there out of hand, but Arizona Jim and Eddie Mason saved them that fate for the present.

But Arizona and Eddie had to use their fists on one or two occasions, and many a hefty clout did they deliver into the wild crowd that surged around them. And Bob Raynor at length, seeing two men trying to bear Eddie down, also jumped in, and dealt some buffets that fetched out yells of pain and anger from those who received them.

At one point in the commotion a man, yelling louder than the rest, dashed in and gripped a rustler by the throat. Bob, before he had time to see who the man was, lashed out, and the fellow went to the ground in a heap, to be trampled upon by the others.

Bob, however, stooped and dragged him to his feet again by the collar. Swearing, the man got up, then looked at Bob. Immediately he let out another roar, pulled his gun out, and thrust it straight into Bob's face, so swiftly, so suddenly that Bob blinked and stepped back a pace.

The man whose eyes threatened him from behind the revolver was Sheriff Crowe, the bully who had all but caused the hanging of Bob.

Whether Crowe meant to make sure of his victim this time or not cannot be said. But Arizona jumped forward, seized the man's gun-wrist in one hand, while with the other he seized Crowe by the back of the neck.

So hard did those slim-looking but ironlike hands squeeze the bully that Crowe's mouth gaped wide open, his eyes bulged, and he gasped for release. Arizona shook the pistol from his hand, kicked it well away amongst the crowd, and then released him.

Arizona held up his hand, bawled many harsh, peremptory words, and finally managed to reduce them to some sort of silence.

"Don't be durned fools!" he shouted. "Pull yourselves together. I know you've gone batty because we've cleaned up the rustlers. But that's no reason why you should behave like children. You, Crowe, remember that star you wear on your breast, and play your role in a dignified manner. Let me talk a bit."

"Waal," said Crowe, glaring at Bob. "I guess that's what I want to do. I want that young cub there!"

"Guess you're not going to get him, then!" laughed Arizona. "You may be sheriff here, Crowe, but while I'm round you don't count worth a cent. So shut your head!"

"Didn't he let Mattawa escape?" growled the sheriff. "And didn't he dodge me when we were holding a hanging bee over him? Didn't rustlers help him to escape?"

"No, rustlers didn't!" said Arizona grimly. "Eddie and I did that, Crowe. Care to arrest us for it?"

There was something very suggestive in the Indian agent's face now, though he played with his monocle and toyed with his neat, trim moustache as he spoke.

"You did?" gasped Crowe.

"Waal—"

"Raynor didn't help Mattawa to escape," said Arizona, while the crowd listened in some sort of awe. These plasmens were children of sorts; they were easily influenced by a stronger will than their own. "Indeed, he's done more to help get Mattawa than any man in this state, and had suffered more in the getting of him than—"

"You've got Mattawa?" Crowe asked blankly. "Whar is he?"

Arizona turned to Bob and Eddie Mason. He whispered a few words. Those two understood that Arizona wanted to strike a dramatic note here, the better to impress the volatile townsmen. In obedience, Bob and Eddie climbed up on to the wagon, and, with the assistance of the cowboy driver of it, draw off the canvas cover that had shut out the dead from view. These three lifted an inanimate form from the vehicle, and laid it down at

the feet of Sheriff Crowe and the rest of the crowd.

For a moment everybody stared aghast at all that remained of Mattawa Frank. Then murmuring rose.

"Dead!" they said. "And the best thing that could have happened!"

"Waal, say," said Sheriff Crowe stupidly, "mean to say as Raynor here did it on him?"

"No; but what Raynor did brought the whole thing to a head," Arizona said quietly. "Oh, you're an impulsive fool, Crowe." If you knew this lad a one-tenth part as well as I do, you'd know that he couldn't have done a mean thing in his life. But you got him outlawed, and he's suffered the tortures of the condemned ever since."

"Waal, I ain't so sure he didn't let Mattawa escape in the first place," said Crowe stubbornly; "and he shore's given me one or two nasty punches since I know him."

"And it would drive some sense into your fat head if he gave you a few more," said Arizona contemptuously. "Well, I'm not worrying about what you think of Raynor. The point is this, that you've elected sheriff by the townspeople here, and, by heck! we'll see whether the townspeople want to see Raynor outlawed still. Boys, what do you say? Without Raynor's help the rustlers and their bad Redskins would never have

little, but his head well up. It was good to be a free man again, free to mix with the honest portion of his fellow-men. And, with the load of his outlawry lifted from his shoulders, he suddenly found that this wild western country was a beautiful place to live in. Without the menace of Redskins and rustlers it would be a happy land to sojourn in, especially when it held such friends as he had—Arizona Jim, Eddie Mason, and his ever-faithful little henchman, Dicky Smith.

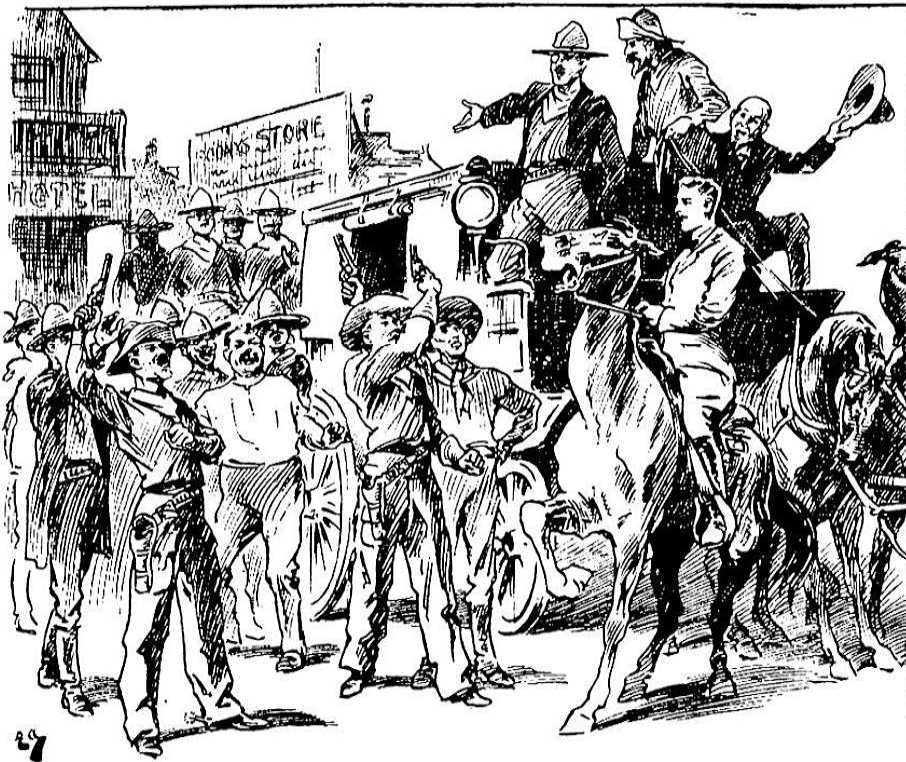
Conclusion.

"You've got to do it, so there's an end of the jawing," said Bob.

"I can't do it, old chap," Eddie Mason said. "Why should I?"

"Because I came all the way out from England to offer a share of my fortune to the man who saved my life when I was a schoolboy," Bob retorted. "Like a fool, I believed that man was Mattawa Frank. But he was you; and I made almost a vow I should do this. So shut up, and let's make a partnership deed. We're buying the Flaming Spur Ranch, lock, stock, and barrel. We'll be partners in it, with Dicky here as a third. If you say you won't again, I'll punch your head!"

Eddie's face was flushed a little; his eyes were misty.



BOB RAYNOR'S WELCOME. "Boys, do you still want to see Raynor outlawed?" shouted Arizona Jim. At this the crowd of citizens of Medicine Axe cheered. They waved their guns frantically, and there was not an unfriendly face turned to Bob now.

been cleaned up. Yet Crowe wants to hang Raynor! Shall he?"

The crowd broke out again. They cheered; they roared; they fired their guns foolishly in the air again. But there was not an unfriendly face—save, perhaps, Crowe's—that was turned towards Bob Raynor now.

"Ray for Raynor!" they yelled. "We believe you, Arizona! Say, boys, let's chase the sheriff off!"

They closed round Crowe now. Evidently there were bent on rough-handling somebody. Crowe began to get very uneasy. But Arizona again used his personality. He shielded the unpopular Crowe with his tall figure, and, still twirling his moustache, laughed, holding up a hand that held the monocle.

"Don't hurt the sheriff," he said. "There's a job to be done yet, mind you—real sheriff's job. He'll have to hang these three when they've been tried; and he's got to bury those we've saved him the trouble of hanging. So wait, boys, and let's get these three locked up safely."

The crowd formed a bodyguard about the wagon and Arizona's party. They sang wild plain songs as they walked. And Bob Raynor, happy now in the knowledge that the community had nothing further against him, rode at Arizona's side, his face flushed, his eyes smarting a

"You tempt me" he said huskily. "It would be a long time before I could get enough saved up. There's the mater at home—none too well off now—and then there's Kate—Kate Grant. She can't be asked to wait very much longer."

"She needn't wait any longer," grinned Bob. "She'll be able to step into a home as good as the one she leaves. But there's one thing I want. I want her to take old Sitting Moose's daughter as a maid, or something. I promised him the girl should be looked after."

"I'll be able to take a trip to see the mater, too," said Eddie. "I haven't seen her for five years. Yes, Bob, I'll take your offer, but many thanks."

"I knew you would," said Bob. "I rather think life will be pleasant out here, and there's nothing much to keep me in England. We've only got Arizona to think of now. What's he going to do?"

They were sitting in the smoke-room of the Medicine Axe Hotel as they talked things over. Even as they reached this point of the conversation, Arizona himself, as spick and span, as dandified and debonair as ever, strolled into the room.

"What's this about me?" he laughed. "Wanting me to settle down? No, sir, thanks! As long as

I live I'll always have my Indians to look after and keep good. I love my Indians, even when they get naughty. But I don't think they'll get naughty again, those of the Crowfeet who are left. They've found it doesn't pay to mix up with low-down rustlers. There's only one end can ever come to a rustler."

The sound of a volley came in through the open window to their ears. Arizona, as he heard it, took off his hat. Eddie, Bob, and Dicky all came to their feet, and silently looked outside for the space of half a minute. Then cheers broke out in the town. But those in the smoke-room did not join in them.

For they knew that the volley fired had been a signal that those three captives—the last of Mattawa Frank's gang of rustlers—had paid the penalty for their crimes. As Arizona said, there could only be one end to a rustler. But those quieter, more deeply-thoughtful men in the hotel knew that there was no reason for hilarity. Justice—the grim, rough justice of the Wild West—had been meted out to the villains; but the rope had made them atone for their crimes. They were only thankful that the evil had been stamped out—that they all were safe and sound after all their perils and hardships.

For now they knew there would be peace in that county peace, prosperity, and good-will all round.



THE END.

All four exchanged hand-grips.

"I hope it will never be necessary," said Arizona Jim gravely; "but if it ever is, if ever evil whites try to disturb my Redskins again, I know where to find the men who'll help me to save them. We four gentlemen are pals—pals for life!"

"Pals for life!" Bob and Eddie echoed.

"And then some!" Dicky chimed in, for Dicky had picked up Western colloquialism quickly.

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A THRILLING TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & Co. AMONGST THE RUSTLERS!



ESCAPING THE CATTLE THIEVES

A SPLENDID YARN OF
The Chums of Cedar Creek
BY
MARTIN CLIFFORD

The 1st Chapter.

In a Living Tomb!

Frank Richards & Co. listened. The last sullen who had died away. Silence reigned in the deep cavern, broken only by the murmur of the subterranean river. In the thick darkness they could not see each other's faces could not even catch a gleam of the flowing water round them.

Frank's voice broke the stillness in a whisper: "Turned alive!"

Bob Lawless strained his eyes through the darkness.

At the distant mouth of the cavern there was not a glimmer. The fall of rock had closed it in, and shut out the sunlight for ever. Outside, in the valley, Handsome Alf and the gang of rustlers stood in the morning sunshine, staring at the vast pile of rocks that had closed upon the three schoolboys who had ventured into their retreat. Handsome Alf smiled—a smile that was not pleasant to see.

"I guess they won't take any news to the sheriff of Thompson," he said. "I reckon their jig is up."

And the outlaws tramped away from the spot, grinning. The stream, dammed up by the fall of rock into its bed, was spreading over the grassy slopes of the locked valley, flowing away in wide shallows.

In the depths of the blocked-up cavern Frank Richards & Co. felt the water sinking round them.

It had reached to their belts, as they stood in the stream, but it was soon down to their knees.

"The water's falling!" said Vere Beauclere suddenly.

Bob Lawless breathed hard.

"I guess that shows the cavern's fairly shut in," he said. "The stream can't get through the rocks now. The river-bed will soon be dry."

He set his teeth.

"The rustlers think they've done with us for good," he said, in a low voice. "But we're not dead yet. There's a chance for us—a slim one, I know; but—"

"While there's life there's hope," said Frank, as calmly as he could.

It was no time for giving way to despair.

"If only we get through," muttered Bob. "We know where the ranch-raiders hide now where they've hidden the stolen cattle. We can bring the sheriff right to the place, if—"

"We've got to save our lives first," said Frank. "Let's get on."

"Forward!" said Beauclere.

The chums of Cedar Creek pushed on along the river-bed in the black darkness, feeling every step of the way with great care.

The water was disappearing rapidly. In a few minutes it was only a few inches deep—a few minutes more and it remained only in pools, in hollows of the stream-bed.

They were glad enough to be rid of the icy chill of the water, though its absence proved how hermetically the cavern had been closed in on them.

"There must be an outlet," said Bob, his voice sounding eerie in the blackness. "The stream flowed out somewhere. We heard the noise of a fall somewhere ahead before the water went. There's an outlet, and we've got to find it."

"We will find it," said Frank hopefully.

"They pressed on."

The situation was a terrible one,

but the chums of Cedar Creek did not lose heart. So far, fortune had stood their friend. They had taken refuge in the cavern to escape the outlaws, and at least they had escaped the bullets of Handsome Alf and his gang. And as Frank Richards had said, while there was life there was hope.

The rocky bed of the stream was sloping a little under their feet now, as they pressed slowly forward in the darkness, feeling every step in advance before they planted their feet.

Bob Lawless stopped as his rifle, held out before him in the gloom, struck upon a rock.

"Rock ahead," he said. "There must be a turn here."

For a moment the contact of the solid rock in front of him had given him a chill, with the thought that he had reached the end of a blind alley. But he remembered that the stream must have had an outlet. That outlet existed, though whether it was one that the chums of Cedar Creek could follow was a question that remained to be answered.

He groped his way along the rough surface of the rock with his hand.

It closed up the way; but there was an opening on the left, and the schoolboys turned off at a sharp angle to their former course.

The cavern was narrower now, and it seemed to be narrowing still more. Yet there must be an outlet ahead, where the water had flowed, and whence they had heard the distant echo of a fall.

Frank Richards gave a sudden start.

"Look!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"What?"

"Daylight!"

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Lawless, his voice waking a thousand echoes in the hollows of the rock.

It was a glimmering spot in the darkness, but it was certain that this was daylight.

With renewed hope the chums of Cedar Creek pushed on.

The glimmer grew wider and brighter as they advanced, and gradually they found a dim twilight round them in the cavern.

They could see the walls of rock on either side now, rugged and wet. Overhead the rugged arch of rock was low, so that sometimes they had to bend their heads to escape touching it. Bob Lawless paused, with a startled look, and put his hand up to feel the rock overhead.

"It's wet," he said.

"Wet!" repeated Frank.

Bob smiled grimly.

"Sure! I guess when the water flowed through here it filled the cavern to the top. You see how low the rock is."

Frank shuddered.

"Then if the stream still flowed—"

"If they hadn't blocked the stream, and turned it off into the valley, I guess there wouldn't have been a passage through here for us alive," said Bob composedly. "The water filled this place close up to the roof, touching it in places. There wouldn't have been room for our heads above the water." He laughed in a rather grim way. "I reckon Handsome Alf saved our lives by blocking up the stream."

"He meant us to die of hunger in the darkness," said Frank, in a low voice. "That was why he exploded the dynamite cartridge and blocked up the cavern."

"And it looks as if he's saved our lives instead."

"Come on!" said Beauclere. Stooping to keep clear of the rough rock overhead, the chums of Cedar Creek resumed their way.

The daylight ahead grew clearer and clearer, and an opening appeared at last overhead. It was now a deep, rocky ravine that lay before them, with the blue sky overhead; a narrow strip between steep walls.

They stopped at last, where the ground fell away abruptly before them in a precipitous descent.

This was evidently the spot where the waterfall had been when the stream had flowed through the cavern to its outlet.

The rocks were still slippery with wet.

Bob Lawless threw himself upon hands and knees and crawled forward. With a steady eye he gazed down the rocky descent.

"I guess we can do it," he said. "We've got to be careful; but we can get down into the canyon. Guess where we are!"

Frank Richards shook his head.

Bob chuckled.

"I guess we've been in that canyon before," he said, waving his hand towards the deep rift in the hills. "That's the canyon we followed yesterday, with the outlaws behind us, when we were driven through the gorge into the locked valley where they camp."

"Then—"

"We're not more than a mile from the gorge, outside the locked valley," said Bob. "When we get down into the canyon yonder, we shall be following our own tracks back to the plains—if there were any tracks. We'll rest here a bit, and then try it on."

And in the warm sunlight the chums of Cedar Creek sat down on the boulders to rest before essaying the perilous climb.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Upper Hand!

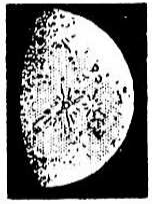
The sun rose higher on the Wapiti Hills, and the warmth of its rays was very welcome to the chilled schoolboys. They ate cold beef and corn-cake, from their wallets, while they rested. Their hopes were high now.

"Better be moving, I guess," said Bob Lawless at last.

The chums of Cedar Creek slung

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CHILDRENS' NEWSPAPER
Out on Friday.

their rifles on their backs, and prepared for the perilous climb down.

Bob Lawless led the way.

He climbed with the activity of a squirrel from rock to rock, using hands and feet to keep his hold.

Frank Richards followed him, setting his teeth, and nerving himself grimly for the task. After him came Beauclere.

The descent was precipitous, and here and there the schoolboys had to stop, searching for a hold. But a jutting rock, or a ledge, or a stunted pine, gave them what they needed, and slowly but surely they won their way down the canyon side.

They were breathless, and their limbs were aching with exertion when they stood at the bottom of the canyon at last. But they had landed safely.

Bob sank on a boulder to rest, breathing in great gasps.

"I guess that was no slouch of a climb," he said. "I don't want to do that again in a hurry."

"But we've done it!" panted Frank.

He looked back at the canyon side. Seen from below, the descent looked so dizzy that it made his head swim merely to look at it. He shivered a little.

"Still, we've done it," he repeated. "And now for home—if we don't fall in with any of Handsome Alf's gang."

"I reckon we'll take care of ourselves if we do," said Bob.

He looked round him.

Less than a mile away was the narrow gorge that closed in the end of the canyon, high up, looking like a mere slit in the hill at the distance.

"Keep in cover as much as you can," said Bob, as they started. "They'd hardly pick us up at this distance, but you can't be too careful. Now for the home-trail."

The chums of Cedar Creek tramped away cheerfully among the rocks. The canyon sloped a little, and, in spite of the roughness of the ground, the going was easy enough.

Era long the gorge behind was lost in the distance.

But the chums kept a wary lookout. Through this canyon the outlaws were accustomed to ride when they left their retreat; and the danger was not over yet.

There was a sudden clatter of horses' hoofs on the rocky ground ahead, and the schoolboys came to a halt, taking cover at once in a patch of saxifrage.

Clatter, clatter!

"Only one horse, I guess," said Bob, in a whisper.

"One of the rustlers, of course."

"Sure!"

They listened.

The hoofs were beating a sort of tattoo, but the horseman did not seem to be advancing towards them. Neither did the hoof-beats recede. Apparently, the unseen horseman was keeping his place, wherever he was, and the horse was simply "bucking."

Bob Lawless grinned.

"I guess it's a critter buck-jumping," he said. "There's a galoot yonder who can't manage his boss, that's all. Hallo, there he is!"

A Stetson hat appeared for a moment in view over the intervening rocks, and disappeared again.

It was a leap of the bucking horse that had brought the hat into sight for a moment.

"Listen!"

"Carambo!" A hoarse, savage voice was swearing in Spanish.

"Caballo maldito!"

"My only hat!" muttered Frank Richards. "I know that voice! It's Mexican Jo—one of the gang."

"The groaner who bagged Beau's hoss," said Bob, with a grin. "He had trouble with his prize before. Cherub, old scout, I guess that's your hoss he's trying to handle!"

Beauclere's eyes glittered.

His beautiful black horse had fallen into the outlaws' hands, the prize of Mexican Jo; and his heart had been heavy with the thought that he might never see Demon again. He touched Bob's arm.

"Bob, if he's alone, we can—"

Bob reflected.

"If it's your hoss, Cherub, we'll have a try for it," he said. "We can handle the greaser—we three. If the other skunks ain't hanging around, and the galoot seems to be alone—Come on, and let's see. Don't make a sound."

With beating hearts, the three chums crept among the rocks and thickets, towards the spot where the clattering hoofs rang incessantly. There was another sound now—of a heavy quilt lashing a horse's flanks, and a shrill squeal of pain and rage. Beauclere's horse had a savage temper, and was amenable only to his

master's hand. It was not surprising that the Mexican found him difficult to manage.

In a few minutes more Frank Richards & Co. were peering out of cover into the trail that ran through the canyon.

"My horse!" whispered Beauclere.

The black horse was rearing and prancing savagely, and Mexican Jo, in the saddle, was hard put to it to keep his seat. The Mexican was a good rider, or he would have been flung long ago. His heavy quilt lashed the horse without mercy, and Demon was in a state of maddened fury. Gripping the horse's sides with his knees, keeping the reins in a tight hand, the Mexican lashed and lashed with cruel force, in the effort to subdue the high-spirited animal. His swarthy face was darker with rage, and his lips were drawn back in a snarl from his set teeth.

Evidently the Mexican had ridden the horse out that morning to break it in, and Demon had made up his mind to give trouble. The savage lashing of the quilt seemed only to excite him to greater fury, and he reared, and pranced, and jumped, endeavouring to unseat his rider. But the Mexican clung on like a cat, lashing and lashing.

Beauclere's face flushed with rage, and his hand gripped his rifle.

"Not yet!" whispered Bob warningly.

"But—"

"We've got to make sure that the coast's clear before we chip in, old scout."

Beauclere nodded, though his eyes were blazing.

Bob raised his head a little, and scanned the rocky slopes of the canyon.

The Mexican was alone, so far as he could see; there was no sound or sight of the other rustlers. But in the chums of Cedar Creek were not in a position to take risks; they did not want to bring Handsome Alf and his gang down upon them, after escaping the outlaws so narrowly.

The clattering hoofs suddenly ceased.

In spite of his skill, the Mexican had been almost thrown over the horse's head, and his swarthy face was white for a moment. Once on the ground there was little doubt that he would have been trampled to death by the infuriated horse.

He regained his seat, his teeth clenched, his black eyes glittering with fury. The prancing horse had drawn close to a stunted tree among the rocks, and the Mexican suddenly threw the reins over a branch, and leaped clear of the horse on a high rock.

Demon ceased to cavort as he felt his back free, and stood sweating, tethered to the tree by the reins. After a moment or two he began jerking his head savagely to get loose.

But he was held.

The Mexican scrambled down from the rock, at a safe distance from the threatening hoofs; and the schoolboys watched him curiously, wondering what he was going to do. It was clear that he had given up the struggle with the horse.

The rustler strode towards a rock at a little distance, where a rifle was leaning. He picked up the rifle, with one eye on the horse.

Beauclere caught his breath.

"The villain!" he panted.

The Mexican's intention was only too clear.

The black horse was a splendid animal, and the rustler had done his best to subdue him for riding. Now that he had given up the struggle as useless, he intended to shoot the horse.

There was no doubting the meaning of the savage, revengeful scowl on his swarthy face.

Beauclere sprang to his feet.

If the whole rustler gang had been within earshot, he could not have remained inactive while his horse was shot down by the savage outlaw.

"Back up!" said Frank Richards.

"I guess we come into the circus here," said Bob.

He ran forward, his rifle up.

"Mexican Jo! Hands up, you scoundrel!" he shouted.

"Carambo!"

The Mexican gave a startled gasp as the unexpected voice fell suddenly on his ears.

His profile was towards the schoolboys as he stood loading his rifle. He spun towards them, his jaw dropping.

The rifle was loaded now; but Bob's weapon was at a level, looking him fairly in the face.

Bob Lawless' eye glinted along the barrel.

"Lift that gun, and you're a dead man!" he said menacingly.

"You!" panted the Mexican.

He started blankly at the chums of

Cedar Creek. Like the rest of the outlaw gang, he had believed that the schoolboys were shut in a living tomb, to linger out their last days in darkness and hunger. The ruffian could scarcely believe his eyes as he saw them before him. His dusky hand trembled over his rifle.

Vero Beauclerc ran towards his horse, calling to him. He knew that he could leave the Mexican to his chums.

"You!" repeated Mexican Jo. "You!"

"I guess so, I've told you to put your hands up!" said Bob. "Do you want a bullet through your black calabaz?"

The Mexican hesitated. But Frank Richards' rifle, as well as Bob's, was levelled at him; and he realised that he had no chance.

With a savage Spanish curse, he let his rifle fall on the rocks, and put his swarthy hands above his head.

"Look after him, Frank, while I keep him covered," said Bob Lawless. "You but!"

Frank stepped towards the Mexican, who scowled at him savagely. But the levelled rifle looking him in the face kept him subdued. Frank removed the knife and revolver from his belt.

"There's a rope on the boss," said Bob. "Chuck over that riata, Cherub."

Beauclerc was soothing and caressing the black horse—tacet enough now. He took the coiled trail-rope from the saddle, and threw it to Frank, who cut a length of the rope, and tied the Mexican's hands behind his back. Mexican Jo submitted with sullen rage. There was no help for him. As soon as he was bound, Bob Lawless lowered his rifle.

"I guess that's one to us," remarked the rancher's son. "Mexican Jo, you're coming on a little paseo with us. Savvy?"

The Mexican's swarthy face paled. "You—you are going—"

"I guess we're going to tote you along," assented Bob. "Not that you're any use, my buck; but you're not going to give the word to your pard. Catch on? Handsome Alf can go on believing that we're dead in the cavern, till the sheriff of Thompson comes down on him. You can come for a paseo with us—"

"—I will not! I—"

"Or you can stay here with a bullet in your heart," said Bob grimly. "I guess the choice is yours."

The Mexican gritted his teeth. "It will come," he muttered.

"I reckoned you would," smiled Bob. "Now, then, Cherub, that hoss of yours can carry double, and we'll take it in turns. Get a move on."

"Right-ho!" said Beauclerc, with a smile.

Beauclerc mounted the black horse, with Frank Richards behind him. Bob Lawless walked, holding the end of the rope that bound the Mexican's hands. And they pushed on rapidly through the canyon towards the plains.

The 3rd Chapter. Face to Face!

Bob Lawless' face was very bright as the party came out of the hills at last upon the plains that stretched towards the Thompson River. The afternoon was growing old, the sun sloping down in the West. Before the chums of Cedar Creek now lay rolling prairie, rich with grass.

Frank Richards looked back into the canyon.

"We're pretty well out of the wood now, Bob," he said. "But there's only one hoss for three, and it's a long tramp home. One of us had better take the horse, and carry the news."

Bob Lawless nodded.

"I was just thinking so," he said. "It's the Cherub's horse, and he had better go. We'll follow on with the greaser on foot."

"Senior—" began Mexican Jo.

"I guess you can save your chin-wag, greaser," interrupted Bob. "You're going to the calaboose at Thompson, and I guess there's a prison for you in Canada, where you'll have time to think out what a fool you were to come over the border and try on the rustler game in British Columbia."

The Mexican muttered a curse.

"You'd better take the horse, Bob," said Beauclerc quietly. "Your mother must be very anxious about you, and the sooner you get back to the ranch, the better."

"Yep; but—"

Bob Lawless eyed the splendid black rather doubtful!

"I guess you're right, Cherub; but that's all of yours is to everybody's taste for a little snuble. I don't want him to give me what he was giving the greaser when we happened on him."

Vero Beauclerc laughed. "He will be all right if I speak to him," he said. "He knows you, Bob. Here you are!"

"Then I'll go," said Bob. "I guess I'd be glad to let mopper see with her own eyes that her dear boy is still O. K."

Bob Lawless mounted the black horse, and waved his hand to his comrades, and started across the grassy plain at a gallop.

Frank Richards and Beauclerc trudged on, on foot; the sullen Mexican following at the end of the rope. Mexican Jo was far from sharing the chum's happy anticipation of arriving safe at the ranch. His reckless career as a rustler was cut suddenly short; and, as Bob had remarked, the Mexican was realising that he would have been wiser to keep on the other side of the Canadian border.

Bob Lawless was soon a spot in the distance, and he disappeared from view very quickly on the rolling prairie.

On foot the going was very rough in the heavy grass, and many a long mile stretched between the hills and the ranch. Frank and Beauclerc tramped on wearily in the glowing sunset, the hills now a dark mass against the golden sky behind them. Above the waving grass in the distance a Stetson hat appeared in view, evidently belonging to a horseman riding towards them from the north. Frank pointed to it.

"One of the cowboys, Beau, he

the Thompson Valley.

prouched the Mexican.

"That is your leader," he said.

Mexican Jo nodded and grinned.

"He rode out early this morning, after you were blacked in the cavern," he said. "He has been scouting. Caparando. I hoped that we might fall in with him, senorito, as he was to return at sundown. Now—"

The Mexican showed his teeth in a savage grin. "Vaya! He has seen us."

And Mexican Jo chuckled. Evidently he thought that the tables were turned on his captors now.

Handsome Alf had suddenly pulled in his horse, and was staring at the schoolboys across the expanse of waving grass.

Frank set his lips.

He lifted his rifle.

He followed his example.

"Stand where you are, Mexican Jo!" said Frank quietly. "If you take one step to escape I'll put a bullet through you."

"I am at your orders, senorito—just now," said the Mexican, with a grin.

He stood motionless in the grass and watched the horseman. Frank and Beauclerc moved a little distance from him, their eyes fixed upon Handsome Alf.

They did not fear the encounter. Whether the Californian recognised them at the distance was doubtful. After a long and steady gaze in their direction he put his horse in motion again, and came on at a gallop.

In a few minutes now they would

"Right-ho!"

Frank calculated his aim as well as he could at the flying figure of the writhing horseman and pulled the trigger.

Crack!

The bullet missed the by nerve.

Crack, crack, crack!

Frank emptied the repeating rifle in rapid shooting, circling round where he had stood to keep his target in view. But the rapid motions of the Californian baffled him. At intervals the rider checked his horse, and then tore on again at a furious gallop, and the nearest bullet only came within a yard of him.

Mexican Jo chuckled. The captured rustler seemed to find the scene entertaining, and it was evident what he expected the end would be.

Beauclerc stood with his rifle ready, his fire in reserve, while Frank reloaded. The circling horseman was not twenty yards distant now, and suddenly he fired as he rode. The bullet tore up grass-roots almost at Frank's feet.

"You now, Beau!" muttered Frank. "Try your luck, old man!"

Beauclerc nodded, and began to fire.

But the evolutions of the active horseman baffled him as they had baffled Frank, and the lead flew wide of the mark. All the time the horseman was circling in.

Suddenly he stopped dead, facing the schoolboys, and with a revolver in each hand began blazing away.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS!

Frank Richards sprang recklessly to his feet, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. It was his last cartridge—would it save the situation?

said. "I suppose they're still looking for the strayed horses. If it's Billy Cook, we'll ask him to lend us his horse for a lift. He'll do it. My legs feel as if they were falling off."

Beauclerc smiled.

"Mine are the same," he said. "But let's make sure it's a cowboy. It might be one of that gang—"

"Stop, anyhow," said Frank. "We shall have to have a rest."

The chums halted, leaning on their rifles, and watched the Stetson hat over the high, nodding grass as it drew nearer. They caught a glimpse of a dark face under it, and there was a glitter of gold in the sun. The rider had ear-rings in his dusky ears, and as he caught the glitter of the golden rings Frank Richards ejaculated:

"Handsome Alf!"

There was a suppressed exclamation from the Mexican. Frank glanced at him, and saw the sneering grin on Mexican Jo's swarthy face. He guessed that the prisoner had already recognised the outlaw leader.

The horseman had not yet seen the schoolboys, whose heads came only over the high grass. He came riding on at an easy canter, his ear-rings catching the gleam of the sun from moment to moment. They could not yet make out his face, but they were certain that the rider was Handsome Alf. There was not likely to be another man with ear-rings in

make out the dark, handsome face of the man with the ear-rings.

The two chums levelled their rifles, and again Handsome Alf pulled in his horse. But it was only for a moment.

He swerved from his former course and circled away at a gallop, leaving the schoolboys on his left. For a moment they thought he was in flight, but they were soon undeceived. He rode round them in a circle through the nodding grass, keeping at a distance, but the distance was gradually lessening as the circle narrowed. Mexican Jo grinned again. Frank and Beauclerc hesitated to fire, the rapid movements of the horseman made aiming extremely uncertain. The Californian was playing a Red Indian trick—riding round his enemy in narrowing circles, drawing ever closer, and yet giving them little chance of hitting him if they fired.

The schoolboys watched him steadily. The outlaw was soon less than a hundred yards away, still with his flank presented to their aim, and riding at a gallop. They watched him, with throbbing hearts.

The 4th Chapter. A Fight for Life!

The chums waited.

"Keep your fire, Beau, while I try him," muttered Frank. "Keep yours in reserve, old chap. I may miss—"

Crack, crack, crack, crack!

Instinctively the chums threw themselves down on the grass, and the hail of bullets whizzed over their heads. There was a rustle as Mexican Jo, with his hands still bound, wriggled away in the grass, taking his chance to make his escape. But the chums of Cedar Creek were not thinking of their prisoner now. Their own lives hung in the balance. They were two to one, but they were schoolboys, against a desperate ruffian accustomed to taking his life in his hands.

They crouched in the grass and fired almost blindly. 'Tramp, tramp! Thud, thud!' They knew that the horseman was riding them down; the grass swayed and rattled as he came charging on. Crack, crack, crack! They pumped out bullets from the repeating-rifles, but the horseman swerved and rode past them, and the bullets tore away through the grass five or six yards from him.

Handsome Alf dashed past the crouching schoolboys in the grass, and wheeled his horse again like a flash, and came charging back. His revolver spat fire as he came. Frank Richards felt a hot streak along his cheek; a bullet just grazed him. He sprang recklessly to his feet. One cartridge remained in his rifle. He was desperate now. The horseman loomed almost over him as he fired his last shot at close quarters, and leaped aside from the rush of the horse.

There was a loud squeal of pain. The bullet had struck the horse, not the rider. Crash! went the hapless animal, and Handsome Alf leaped clear of his falling steed just in time. Frank Richards' last shot had told.

The Californian rolled in the grass, but he leaped up again at once, his blazing eyes on the schoolboys. His revolver rose, the hammer fell, but there was only a click. The pistol was empty. With a curse he hurled the weapon at Frank's head, and the schoolboy roared under the blow. Handsome Alf was upon him the next moment.

Beauclerc sprang to his chum's aid. His rifle was empty, and there was no time to reload. He clubbed the rifle and struck fiercely at the outlaw, as Frank struggled under him in the thick grass. The blow caught Handsome Alf on the shoulder, and threw him aside. He leaped clear into the grass, and Frank struggled to his feet.

"Look out, Beau!" he gasped.

The Californian, his dusky face blazing with rage, was springing towards them again, his drawn knife in his hand.

It was close quarters now, and if the nerve of the chums had failed them they would have fallen in the next second under the outlaw's bowie. But their courage was equal to the test. A rifle-butt crashed on the outlaw's chest, and sent him staggering back, and another blow stretched him in the grass. In another moment the chums of Cedar Creek had hurled themselves desperately upon him.

The outlaw's knife had dropped as he fell, and he had no time to grasp for it. The three rolled in the grass, struggling furiously, and now the outlaw was at a disadvantage.

Once he was down on his back, with Frank Richards' knee planted on his chest. But he tore himself away, and Frank reeled off, breathlessly, almost exhausted by the struggle. Beauclerc gripped the outlaw round the neck, and Handsome Alf struggled up with the schoolboys' weight upon him. But a fierce blow struck Beauclerc away, though only for a moment. Frank's hand was on the outlaw's knife in the grass; he gripped it, and rushed on again.

But Handsome Alf did not face the rush. Instead of continuing the struggle, he suddenly turned and darted away in the grass.

Frank halted, panting.

"After him!" panted Beauclerc. He was exhausted, and it was with relief that he saw the back of the fleeing outlaw.

"Hold on, Beau!"

Beauclerc turned back.

"The rifles!" said Frank.

They hurriedly picked up the rifles and reloaded. Handsome Alf was running now—running hard. His horse lay dead in the grass, and he had had the worst of the encounter with the chums of Cedar Creek. By the time the rifles were loaded the outlaw was at a good distance, and stooping as he ran, evidently in expectation of a shot.

"Fire!" panted Frank.

Crack, crack!

They fired again and again; but the ruffian was distant now, covered in the grass, and they knew that their bullets had no effect.

Frank lowered his rifle.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone, at least!" he said. "That was touch and go. Beau, old chap, are you hurt?"

"About a hundred bruises, I think," said Beauclerc. "Never mind that, we're lucky to get through alive. I thought it was all up with us."

"So did I."

For a long time they rested in the grass, while the sun sank lower towards the distant Pacific.

Dusk was deepening over the prairie as they started on their way again—slowly, for they had by no means recovered their strength yet. But they tramped on towards the distant ranch as fast as they could, keeping wary eyes open, fearful of seeing again the glittering eyes of the Californian from the long grass.

But Handsome Alf was far away by that time, on his way to the retreat in the locked valley, which he knew now to be discovered. He knew that the Cedar Creek chums had not perished in the living tomb to which he had consigned them, and that ere long the sheriff of Thompson and his men would be riding hard for the locked valley in the heart of the Wapiti Hills.

THE END.

(Look out for next week's Frank Richards & Co. story in the Bumper Number of the BOYS' FRIEND—out Monday!)

THE CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF OUR GRAND ARCTIC YARN!

The SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS!



A Thrilling Story of Adventure in the Arctic Regions.

By DUNCAN STORM.

The Bombay Castle has arrived off North Somerset Island in search of treasure...

In Search of Treasure!

The bullock hung along the rail, gazing with envious eyes at Dick Dorrington & Co...

The boys carried their ski or snow-runners, whilst Skeleton was entrusted with Captain Handyman's sextant and other instruments.

"Yah!" snarled Goadger. "Those fellows get all the fun by sucking up to the captain and Mr. Lal Tata and that old rascal Bones! But I'll bet that they are off on a wild-goose chase this time! Might as well look for coconuts as for treasure in this rotten hole!"

And Billy Goadger looked round disconsolately at the wild shores of North Somerset, which was surely the most desolate spot in which the Bombay Castle, in all her wanderings, had ever found herself.

Very different were the feelings of Dick Dorrington and his chums as the boat's decked ashore through the thick slob-ice.

George got his breakfast as he went along, and he was quite miserable when he reached the shore, and, sitting on top of a snow-covered hummock of shore-ice, watched his friends assembling round the sledges.

Captain Bone, was seated on the leading sledge under charge of Fishhook, whilst Dr. Crabbhunter was accommodated on the second sledge, for he was too old to struggle through the deep, soft snowdrifts by the shore.

There were seven sledges in all, and for the first few miles both the boys and the dogs found it hard going. The sledges travelled badly in the soft snow, which lay thick in the valley by which they had to reach the higher ground.

But when they had tagged and hoisted and lifted, and encouraged the struggling dogs with cries of "Ouk, ouk, ouk!" till they were streaming with perspiration under their deerskin clothes, they found themselves on the high ground, on an undulating plain of boundless white drifts, where the surface was hard, and the sledges began to slide along in fine style.

Ugly banks of cloud were darkening the northern sky. Then the snow came on falling in great flakes which blotted out everything. Captain Handyman steered by compass, which was fixed to the handles of the leading sledge. Dr. Crabbhunter looked like Father Christmas. Mr. Lal Tata puffed and groaned as he slopped along on his snowshoes like a great duck. Only the boys were cheerful. Now and then they would let Mr. Lal Tata have a snowball at the back of his seal-skin hood to let him know that he was alive.

The boys now gained some notion of real Polar work. The whole world seemed wiped out in one still silent mist of falling snowflakes, which fell so thickly that they blotted out the leading sledges.

But Captain Handyman held his compass course straight on, steering entirely by this instrument, whilst the two Eskimos urged on the dogs.

Notwithstanding the bad conditions, they made good progress over these Arctic barrens, for the dogs were in first-class condition and well fed, which is half the battle in Arctic work.

But the boy all rejoiced when Captain Handyman called a halt.

A snow hut was speedily built by the Eskimos, coffee was made on a spirit-stove, and Dr. Crabbhunter and Captain Bones were thawed out after their cold ride on the sledges.

Koku and Fishhook did not join the party in their lunch, which had been carefully packed for them by the head steward. They had brought their own supply of seal-blubber, which they bolted with avidity, greatly to the disgust of the doctor, who hated fat.

"It is most extraordinary, Captain Bones, what the many and diverse races of the world have accustomed themselves to eat!" said Dr. Crabbhunter, who was doing his best to be matey with Captain Bones, although he did not relish keeping company with a retired pirate.

"That it is, sir!" replied Captain Bones, eating veal-and-ham pie. "I

Bones!" said Captain Handyman, interrupting. "We've got to reach the cairn to-night. The weather's not improving, and, if the ice sets in round the ship, we may find ourselves fixed up, same as the old buccaneer was."

They pushed forward again, and, in spite of Captain Handyman's prognostications, the weather improved during the afternoon. A chill wind chased them over the wide snow-plains, and they hoisted of the sails of the sledges, which helped the dogs. And, furthermore, the sky clearing, Captain Handyman was able to get an horizon for his observations, and announced, at four o'clock, that they were only twelve miles from the destination.

On they went with redoubled speed, crossing a high ridge of snow which rose to nearly a thousand feet.

they tugged hard at their traces and dragged the sledges with increasing speed over the snow, which, on these long slopes, was frozen hard.

Faster and faster they travelled, noses down and tails up, and when an Eskimo dog travels that way it shows that he is full of beans and smells his supper.

There were yet a couple of hours of daylight before them, and Captain Bones hoped to improve the shining hour by urging on his companions to dig out the missing cairn.

"If I only had my eyes, he exclaimed—"if I only had my eyes, I'd find the place fast enough! Think of it! Pieces of eight! Golden doubloons! All the sackings of Lima and Quito, the last beans out of the bag of Callao, all plundered from the heathen Spaniards!"

He was holding his skull-stick in his hands, and, whether his gloved fists were shaking with cold or excitement, the mystic stick was jumping about in a most mysterious fashion.

"Him magic?" asked Koku, eyeing the stick doubtfully.

Koku did not like the look of this grim emblem of African sovereignty. "Ay, my lad!" replied Captain Bones. "This here stick is big magic. It's the real ju-ju. 'Twas given me by a Mandingo king, and it knows that the clue to the treasure is here or hereabouts. See how he jumps!"

Koku made a secret sign to avert the evil eye of the skull-stick. To him it was bad medicine, and the work of Tornarsuk, the evil one. Such a stick might bring up storms and blizzards, and set the ice packing hard in the sound, and Koku wanted

thawed and frozen again till it was like a sheet of glass.

Captain Bones yelled madly, waving his skull-stick to encourage the dogs.

Dr. Crabbhunter also yelled, but he yelled to the dogs to stop. But it is no good yelling in English to Eskimo dogs. The teams, with their tails up, were off in a mad race, the sledges swinging and slithering over the icy snow behind them.

The boys were racing along on their skis as hard as they could go, but the flying sledges had them at a standstill. They saw them racing down the slope in two pulses of frozen, flying snow till they reached the bottom of the long slopes where the packed snow had drifted and gathered in great mounds.

They saw Dr. Crabbhunter's sledge leading by half the length of a team, shooting up one switchback mound, and they saw Captain Bones' team madly race up the slope to beat it.

Down again they went and up they went, till they breasted the top of a snow-mound as steep as a wave.

Then both sledges flew into the air and turned over, hurling Captain Bones and Dr. Crabbhunter through the air as though they had been shot from a catapult.

They had arrived at destination.

When the boys raced up to the spot they saw Captain Bones' wooden leg waggling feebly from the snow-drift whilst Dr. Crabbhunter, greatly ruffled, was crawling about on his hands and knees looking for his glasses.

"Hoy, hoy!" called Captain Bones, in smothered tones. "Help me out, boys! I'm tied up like a bluebottle in a pen'n'orth of ice-cream!"

Dr. Crabbhunter looked up, scowling severely.

"I should leave that disreputable fellow where he is!" said he. "He is a low person! He is an individual whose society is undesirable! He encouraged the dogs, I say! He encouraged the dogs!"

The boys were dying with laughter, but they did their best to hide it.

"Here are your glasses, sir!" said Skeleton.

"Thank you, my dear boy!" said Dr. Crabbhunter. "That man is a very vulgar fellow."

Skeleton soothed the indignant doctor down by fair words whilst his chums hauled Captain Bones out of the snow-drift, whilst the Eskimos set about repairing the broken runners of the sledge.

Fishhook and Koku were both fine workmen. They made short work of the repairs, splicing the broken runners with marvellous skill by plates of narwhal ivory.

They finished the job before Captain Handyman and the rest of the sledges came up, and the captain, having heard the story of Captain Bones' misdeeds, shrugged his shoulders and set about taking measurements and making observations to locate the cairn which he decreed must be buried beneath the snow.

He found his leading marks all right, and set the boys to shovelling snow, whilst the rest of the party pitched the tent close by the spot he indicated.

The boys dug with a will. They dug cross trenches, and dug down deep into the snow, piling up a huge crater. But they found nothing but snow tightly frozen and packed.

Captain Handyman dug as well. He dug till he was purple in the face.

The team dogs, who were now very quiet and well behaved, sat round in the snow wearing their harness, their tongues lolling out, and laughing as plainly as dogs can laugh at these stupid human beings who were digging as though for dear life.

They dug till the twilight faded. Then they dug on by the light of lamps, and at last they came to rock.

It was the same old rounded glacial drift that covers all Greenland and the North.

And Captain Handyman sat down in the bottom of the hole and looked up at Captain Bones, who was sitting on the edge of the crater wiggling the skull-stick in his hands.

"It's no go, Bones!" said Captain Handyman. "That old map of yours is wrong. Those buccaneers didn't know how to make maps or plans for toffee. They were only up to making a plan of Palestine, one straight line and the Dead Sea in the middle."

"The treasure's here somewhere!" replied Captain Bones, in troubled tones. "The old skull-stick tells me so. He's wiggling, and wambling like me in me andy."

"He's not wiggling and wambling half as much as my stomach!" replied Captain Handyman. "This treasure-trail of yours is a duffer. I can smell supper, and that's worth all the treasure in the world. The bears have



THE TREASURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT! "We've found it!" cried Captain Handyman, holding a golden candlestick in his hand. They had indeed unearthed the treasure buried some hundreds of years before by the old pirate of the Spanish Main. Captain Bones' delight knew no bounds.

knew a party down in the Solomon Islands who ate his own mother-in-law!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Dr. Crabbhunter, horrified. "How exceedingly distressing!"

"No worse than the French, who eat snails, sir," replied Captain Bones. "An' no worse than some of the rubbish an' pink drinks them boys of yours will stow away when they gets into a tuckshop. Good job there's no tuckshops up in this part of the world," added Captain Bones. "Or them boys would have poisoned 'emselves years ago! Was you ever in the Island of Lung-tung-Boo, in the South Seas, mister?"

"No," replied Dr. Crabbhunter rather stiffly, for he rather resented Captain Bones' remarks upon his boy. Dr. Crabbhunter thought that Captain Bones was a disreputable old ruffian, and no fit company for masters or boys.

"Well, there's a gang of savages there," replied Captain Bones, eating his veal-and-ham pie placidly. "There's a gang of jet-black savages there, that's nearly as bad as these 'ere young savages o' yours. I remember onst they caught the captain of a trading-schooner that they did not like, an' they got a pot red-hot—an iron pot it was—and—"

"Hurry up and eat your veal-pie,

And on the far side of this the land swept down to a little frozen bay, which was the last resting-place of the timbers of the buccaneer ship, Mary Rose, which had been crushed to firewood by the packing of the ice-floes centuries ago.

This spot was six miles below them, and when Captain Handyman told him of it, Captain Bones, on the leading sledge, took off his wooden leg and waved it triumphantly.

"It's the treasure clue, boys!" he cried. "You is this lay of the land, same as it is in the map. Hurry up, boys; we'll soon be countin' the yellow-boys we are goin' to pick up in the Tom Tiddler's ground where they stowed 'em!"

"You'll soon be counting your chickens before they're hatched, and getting duck's-eggs!" growled Captain Handyman, as he surveyed the desolate and unpromising landscape of rocks, snow, and ice. "This place is about the limit! It's the World's End. It's the Never-Never Country, and I guess the North Pole is a tea-garden compared to it," he added. "I don't see the sign of any cairn, and, if there is, it must be snowed under. Still, as we've come as far as we have, we may as well go farther and fare worse!"

The dogs seemed to know that they were reaching their destination, for

to see his home again, and cut whole that was three weeks old.

And whether it was the waving of the skull-stick or not, will never be known. But certain it was that the dogs on Captain Bones' and Dr. Crabbhunter's sledges were seized with one of those sudden madnesses which are only explained by the Eskimo by the passing of Tornarsuk, the evil one.

They needed no whip to urge them, but suddenly started down the last of the steep ice-slopes, pelting along as fast as they would go downhill towards that grim little bay of death which was rapidly covering with thin sheets of new ice.

Dr. Crabbhunter yelled as his sledge darted forward.

"Stop the dogs!" he cried. "Stop the dogs!" As if anything short of a brick wall could stop a runaway team of Huskies who have heard the whisper of Tornarsuk on the wind.

The two sledges dashed forward side by side in a mist of powdered snow, the dogs stretching out at full gallop, and the two Eskimos hanging behind them, yelling madly and cracking their whips, shouting "Ouch! Ouch!" which means "Stop! Stop!"

But the sledges needed but little hauling now. They were set well on a slope of frozen snow which had

...eaten those parchments o' yours years and snars ago. It's spoll-oh, now. We'll have supper and turn in. And to-morrow we'll beat it back to the ship, and not a word!"

And Captain Handyman climbed out of the pit they had dug.

Captain Bones was very quiet and sorrowful all through supper. He did not join in the merry choruses of the boys as they packed in the tent round a blubber lamp. And he did not even smile when Dr. Crabhunter related several very amusing anecdotes.

But the merriment did not last long after supper. The tent soon grew snug and warm, and, when all were in their sleeping-bags, and Koku and Fishook had crawled in, bringing with them a fine flavour of train oil, they all settled down to sleep whilst the dogs crouched close in the snow outside.

It was Skeleton, who had partaken very heartily of veal-pie, who had the first warning of what was going to happen.

He had a dream. He dreamed that he was walking down the High Street at home, arm in arm with a very respectable ox, who wore a top-hat and checked trousers, and as he and the ox reached a certain cellar-flap, it gave way with them, and they were precipitated down, down, down!

This was as far as Skeleton's dream went.

He awoke to reality, rolling over in his sleeping-bag, falling with an avalanche of snow and sleepers into a deep hole. The crust of snow under the floor of the tent had given way.

Skeleton was not hurt. He had fallen on something soft, which was lull. He got his arms out of the sleeping-bag, and hit out, and he hit Dr. Crabhunter on the nose.

There were cries and exclamations, and some of the dogs who had fallen into the deep hole with the tent and the sleepers, climbed out and howled.

Captain Handyman was the first to strike a light, and Dick Dorrington found a candle in the snow. They found that their tent had collapsed into a sort of well or cellar of piled stones. Nobody was hurt except Captain Bones, who had broken his wooden leg, and Dr. Crabhunter, who was holding his nose and doubtless wishing that it was a wooden one.

Captain Handyman looked round him wondering. He saw that the stones were piled in the shape of a cairn or igloo, which has been used by the Eskimos from time immemorial.

Then he suddenly scented into the mass of fallen snow which had given way with them, and the first thing he fetched up was a tall candlestick of virgin gold.

"We've found it!" he cried. "Found what?" asked Captain Bones anxiously. "Is it the dockyments?"

"Documents! No!" replied Captain Handyman. "That old buccaneer knew better than to leave his treasure down in the Spanish Main. He brought it along with him and dumped it in this old igloo when he lost his ship. And we camped right on top of the place where the roof was getting crocky. Look here!"

Captain Handyman reached down amongst the snow and rock which lumbered the place. This time he fetched up a large cup set with rubies that was worth a king's ransom.

It was a lucky dip of snow and stones and precious articles, plundered from Spain in her wealthiest days.

Dr. Crabhunter got a golden wash-basin at his first try, whilst Dick fetched up a double handful of gold coins mixed with snow.

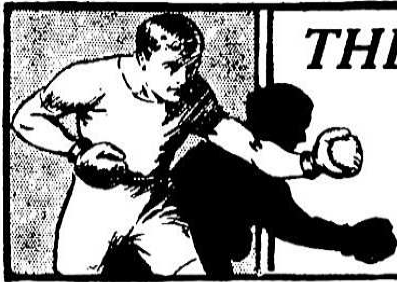
Then they started to work by lamplight, clearing out the fallen tent and pitching it again whilst the boys laboured in the well-like excavation into which they had fallen, throwing up plate and rare jewels, gold coins by the sack, and solid ingots of pure gold.

Then the Bombay Castle steamed away, travelling fast, lest the grip of the coming winter should catch her and hold her in the Frozen North. The boys and Captain Bones counted themselves rich on the enormous treasure they had unearthed. But all the gold and jewels in the world could not make them so rich as they made Koku and Fishook when they landed those worthies at Nuvik, for they landed with them, two brand-new whaleboats, iron rods, and timber, new lamps, cord, cotton, needles, and a hundred other resources of civilisation.

So little wonder was it that, as the Bombay Castle turned out of Nuvik and steamed away to the warmer seas of the South, that those two paddled after her as far as they could in their little kayaks, waving their hands and calling: "Come back, Skeleton! Come back, Dick Dorrington! Come back, Bombay Castle!" till the great ship was lost to sight in the mist.

THE END.

A Splendid Boxing Feature, Specially Written for the BOYS' FRIEND!



THE UNDEFEATED CHAMPION! A GRAND STORY OF BOXING IN OLDEN TIMES.

Has there ever been an English champion of the Ring who never suffered defeat?

The question has been asked scores of times among boxers and others interested in "the noble art," and it is astonishing how frequently it is that an incorrect answer has been given, and not infrequently by one who actually has a good knowledge of the history of English boxing.

I have heard it asserted that Tom Sayers was an undefeated champion. But this is not the fact. Sayers did lose a battle—that against Nat Langham, who, after two hours' clever fighting, succeeded in reducing his opponent to such a condition that he was quite unable to see, his seconds, consequently, throwing up the sponge.

It is true, this fight was not for the championship, a title which Langham never held. He was the middle-weight champion, being no more than 11 stone; and his quality may be estimated from the fact that he stood up to the gigantic Ben Caunt (43 inches taller and 145 stone in weight) for sixty rounds, after which, both men being unable to fight longer and darkness coming, they shook hands. So it is correct to say that Sayers was never defeated in a fight for the championship, though incorrect to argue that he never lost a fight.

The subject of this sketch, Hen Pearce, whom all sporting England was soon to know as the Game Chicken—he always asserted that he was really christened "Hen," not "Henry"—was actually the champion of England, and when he is styled the undefeated champion, it is meant that he never lost a battle during the whole of his fighting career. Unhappily, that career was not long. Beginning his ring career at the age of twenty-six, he died when he was but thirty-two, from an affection of the lungs, the result of a severe cold caught when driving by night from Oxford to Epsom to see the battle between Jim Belcher and Tom Cribb. It was brief, but a glorious career, for it included a victory over his fellow-townsmen and friend, Champion Jim Belcher, and a battle with John Gully, the pugilist, who afterwards became a member of Parliament—a battle that the fancy held to be the most desperate and stubbornly contested that ever had been fought.

A straighter, cleaner, more manly fighter than Pearce never stepped inside the ring. He was a magnificently-built man, though not over tall. Several inches under 6 feet in height, his usual weight in the ring was a trifle over 13 stone. His arms, back, and shoulders were splendidly developed, and it was thence he derived his tremendous hitting power. Carte, the 16-stone Birmingham man, to whom Pearce gave an awful thrashing, declared that his blows were like those of a sledgehammer—an opinion that Gully confirmed.

This power of hitting, and an invincible good temper, were his principal boxing assets, though one mustn't lose sight of his fine endurance and skill. But, so far as the last was concerned, he was certainly inferior to Jim Belcher. This he made up for by his tremendous hitting, and the cool-headedness which never permitted him to throw away a chance, or to indulge in any of those false moves by which a less self-controlled fighter would have presented his opponents with an advantage. The rapidity of his hitting, too, was such as to make that gluttonous fighter, Berks—who fought three battles with Belcher, and therefore ought to have known what he was talking about—declare he had never met so rapid an antagonist.

This, however, did not prevent Berks from believing that he was a better man than the Chicken. The first battle had taken place in a room at the Coach and Horses Inn, a hastily got up affair, taking place somewhere about midnight, neither man being trained. The second contest was more regular.

Berks was a fellow of immense size and proportionate strength, a rough-and-tumble fighter rather than a boxer, and with unlimited confidence in himself. He was more than a bit of a bully; but, the old proverb notwithstanding, there was nothing of the coward about him. He never knew when he was beaten, though beat n times enough. Indeed, judging by all accounts, there was no fighting man of the period who took so much and severe punishment as this butcher —of which occupation Pearce was also.

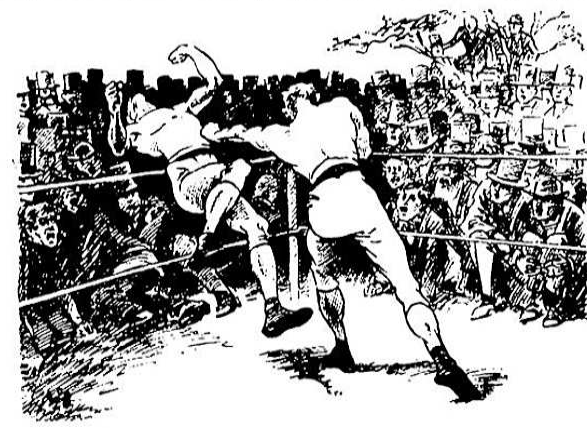
The second fight was much the same as the first. Berks was hammered from pillar to post, thrown, disorganised, and thoroughly licked in the twenty-fourth round. His clumsy brute force was no match for the trained strength of the young Bristol boxer.

It was not always, by the way, that it was in the ring Pearce made good use of his strength. He happened to be in Thomas Street, Bristol, one night, when a fire broke out in one of the shops, and a maidservant, sleeping in the attic, awoke to find herself cut off by the roaring flames and fearful heat from any chance of escape. Standing at the window, she

time; but popular opinion inclined to the belief that Pearce was good as beaten when the men entered the ring. The belief was wrong. Belcher showed wonderful science, but his hitting hadn't the force of the Chicken's, and Pearce showed himself the better and stronger wrestler. Again and again did he refrain from planting his blows on Belcher's face when he had him pinned on the ropes, declaring he "wouldn't hit lest the other eye got hurt." But otherwise he did his best to win, so that in the eighteenth round Belcher, with two ribs broken by one of the Chicken's sledgehammer blows, threw up the sponge.

Of all Pearce's battles, however, that with Gully is perhaps the most exciting, by reason of the circumstances leading up to it. The story reads like the effort of a fiction writer. Incidentally, it shows what a jolly fine, good-natured chap the Chicken was.

He had known Gully when in Bristol, though the latter was younger than himself, and it was with much regret he received a letter one day from Bristol, which contained the news that Gully had gone to London—both had been in the butchering trade



In the forty-fourth round Pearce got in his favourite blow on the throat, and from that moment the issue of the fight was never in doubt.

shrieked for help, the crowd in the street below staring at her helplessly. There were no fire-escapes in those days, and it seemed a certainly the poor girl would be burned to death.

But Hen Pearce, cool-headed as usual, believed he saw a means of helping her. Entering the adjoining house, he gained the roof, and thence the roof of the burning shop. The front wall was continued by a parapet of low height, and, leaning over this above the window, where the screaming girl stood, Pearce shouted to her to trust her arms out of the window as high as she could. This she did, and Pearce, grasping her wrists, braced his knees and loins for a mighty effort, and fairly lifted her out of the attic and drew her up into safety alongside himself—a feat of pure strength as splendid as the courage which prompted him to risk his own life in the endeavour to save that of another in danger.

Of Pearce's battle with Belcher one doesn't like to speak. Pearce owed his introduction to the influential boxing patrons of London to his friend, Jim, and it seemed pathetic that the two men should afterwards meet as rivals in the ring. And it was no friendly trial—on Belcher's part, anyway—to prove which was the better man, as was the Chicken's fight with Gully. Belcher was jealous of the fame the Chicken won by that battle, and challenged him to fight for five hundred guineas a-side.

Belcher had lost one eye in a game of tennis; he had not fought for some

Gully was willing, the gloves were put on, and presently a small crowd, that grew to a big one when it became known that the Game Chicken was then having a set-to, was watching the two athletes at their work.

Gully was a lot taller and bigger man than Pearce, and he knew well how to use his hands. He kept Hen busy for seven or eight rounds, and then the onlookers were disappointed by seeing the Chicken stop and pull off his gloves.

"What's the matter?" demanded Gully.

"Naught, lad; but I've an idea," said Pearce. "Maybe it'll work. Keep a good heart, lad. I'll be back to-morrow," and, shaking hands Pearce left in a hurry.

Off he went to the Coach and Horses, and there found Major Mellish, Mr. Fletcher Reid, and Mr. Berkeley Craven, and to them he told where he had been and what he had been doing.

"And a better man of his hands, sirs, 'ee wouldn't find in all England!" he declared. "I put on the muffers 'v' him, and I learnt what he can do!"

So enthusiastic did he become of Gully's strength, cleverness, and activity, that the three Corinthians were persuaded into promising to go to the prison next day and see this promising youngster for themselves.

They did go, and in the Palace Court before them Pearce and Gully again gave a glove display, in which the latter did so well that Mr. Reid roundly declared that the King's Bench was no place for him to stay, he was too good for that. In a very short while arrangements were made for Gully's creditors receiving sufficient of their debts to satisfy them, and Gully was set free.

"He certainly is a good man!" declared Major Mellish. "Now, who is the fellow against whom he ought to be matched?"

"Why, the Chicken!" replied Fletcher Reid.

It was a startling proposal; but the more the Corinthians talked it over, the more satisfied they were there could be no better match. And so it was arranged, both men being more than willing. Mr. Reid put up the money for Gully, and sent him into training. Major Mellish did as much for Pearce. Oddly enough, the prevailing notion seemed to be that the match was a "cross," and for no better reason than that it was due to Pearce Gully had obtained his release from prison. How it could be believed the three gentlemen should lend themselves to a "plant," is not easy to understand.

Square enough it was, and so was convinced every man who went down to Hailsham to see the battle, at which almost every sporting aristocrat of note put in an appearance. Even the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, was present.

In the first round, Pearce, with a mighty left-hander, dropped Gully like a bullock; in the eighth round Gully returned the compliment. But, though the advantage of weight was with Gully, his opponent's power was greater—or, rather, he knew how to use his strength to the greatest advantage. Again and again he hit Gully clean off his pins. At last, in the forty-fourth round, Pearce got in his favourite blow—in the throat—and though Gully stood some time longer, the issue was never in doubt. After fighting for an hour and a quarter, Gully, though much against his will, threw up the sponge.

"You're the best man ever I fought!" declared the Chicken, as he shook hands with his defeated opponent. "I'm hard put to it to stand."

And he admitted afterwards, of all his battles this was the only one that at any time he had been fearful of losing.

Whether Gully, a few years later, could have turned the tables on his conqueror, was one of those questions ring-goers were never tired of arguing. There were many good judges who believed he would have done so had they met. As it fell out, they did not meet, and Hen Pearce closed his career with a record that no other champion before or since enjoyed. He was never defeated!

THE END.

Great Bumper Number of the "Boys Friend" OUT MONDAY! 1d., as usual. ORDER NOW!

OUR GREAT BOOM NUMBER.

Next Monday sees the publication of our great Bumper Number and Free Gift issue. Never in all the years of this paper's long life has there been such an upheaval in this office as at the present time, with the gigantic preparations for our Boom number going on. Typewriters clicking as hard as they can click, printers' boys rushing about, all this commotion will make itself literally FELT on Monday. Well, I suppose I had better start with the really most important item of all—our grand, beautifully illustrated

BOXING ANNUAL AND GUIDE, which is to be presented free with each copy of the Boys' Friend next Monday. This will be of such a size that it has been found necessary to divide it into four parts, one part each week for four weeks—and part one to appear on Monday. What more could you want? A splendid little book, packed from cover to cover with magnificent photos and useful and accurate information on your favourite winter game.

There are four wonderful new serials starting on Monday, and I give here their titles, authors, and a few notes on their themes.

"THE LEAGUE OF THE STAR AND CRESCENT!" By John B. Margerison,

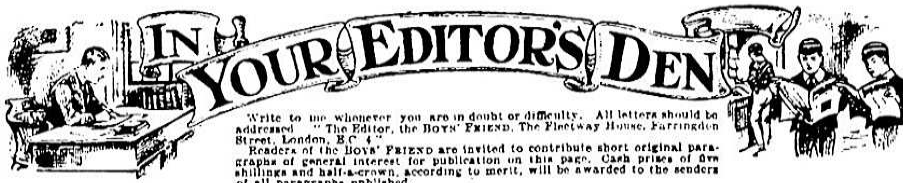
is a fine adventure yarn, dealing with a super-secret service and the British Navy. A stirring yarn on totally new lines for this or any other boys' paper.

"THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!" By Victor Nelson,

is an exceedingly exciting and interesting tale. It recounts the doings of a youngster who inherits fifty million pounds sterling. What would you do in a like case? You don't know. Neither do I. But "The Boy With Fifty Millions!" will show you—in case this fortunate circumstance befalls you!

"THE MISSING SOUTMASTER!" By Ross Harvey,

is a simply topping scouting yarn which will be appraised by all my readers. It deals with the adventures



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Readers of the Boys' Friend are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of 5s. for children and half-a-crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

that befall a patrol of Scouts, such as yours might be—yes, and Girl Guides, too.

"THE ADVENTURES OF GRANT, CHAUFFEUR DETECTIVE!" By Edmund Burton,

are simply great. Grant is a taxi-driver, externally, as it were, but is also a great detective. Each week will appear a complete case as it happened during his actual life as a criminal investigator. These stories are founded on fact. The cases were all handled by a famous private detective, and the writing of them has been entrusted to that very able author, Edmund Burton, whose great story, "The Sword of the Temples," you are now reading with great avidity in the "Popular," our "great little" companion paper. The first of the series, which will appear next week, is entitled:

"THE AFFAIR OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER!"

We are naturally still carrying on with the Rookwood and Cedar Creek stories, but a splendid new series of Rookwood yarns will commence on Monday, which will appeal to you all.

"THE PHANTOM OF THE PAST!"

By Owen Conquest, is the first, and I know you will agree with my verdict on it it's a sure winner!

"ROPING IN THE RUSTLERS!" By Martin Clifford,

is the title of the Backwoods yarn, and, take it from me—it's great! It marks a new phase in the warfare between Frank Richards & Co. and the "rustler" chief, who is known as Hawkstone Alf. In addition to all these grand stories there will be sundry other interesting

features, which I will leave you to discover for yourselves when you open next Monday's Bumper Boom Number.

But there's just this: Be sure you order your copy early now, in fact, you can't possibly be too early, and there's going to be a colossal rush for this great Boom Number. I don't want any of my reader-chums to "get left" over a really good thing like this.

LIFE IN MALACCA.

Miss Muriel Vivian Smith sends me some very interesting particulars of her life up-country in the land of the Malay. Her home was not far away from the famous Batu Caves. The nearest villages were five and seven miles away. The Perak River passed through the estate. It is a wide river, but the water of all the Malay rivers is red-brown in colour. The bungalow stood on the summit of the hill. There were sheds for drying coffee and for the cattle, while there was also an oil distillery. Most of the houses are on the same model, the ground floor dining-room, above being bed-rooms, bath-room, study, and store. Kitchens and natives' rooms are in another building. The houses are made of wood, oil-painted inside, thatched with palm-leaves, while very often the outside wall is mere lath-work. The bungalow was surrounded with acacia-trees, sugar-apple palms, lemon trees, banana-palms, and so forth. The gardens are lovely! Croton-lawns, flowering shrubs, British and Eastern, and flowers of all colours: the jets being beautiful.

"We were right on the Equator, with twelve hours dark and the same light. When still pitch-dark in the mornings the birds begin to twitter, but their music rises to a full-throated chorus. At six sharp thousands of

grasshoppers set up a buzzing noise all over the place. It is time to get up and dress at the first sound of the birds, and in the early sunshine the scene is very weird and beautiful, with the pure white mist everywhere. The white cloud moves, and the trees are visible, only to be swallowed up once more, like a whole world in re-creation. Then the white mists turn to red and gold. The whistle sounds for the coolies to start work. The stately forms of the natives appear in the mist as they come for roll-call, each with his pot of rice for his mid-day meal on his head. Their bright-tinted sarongs lend a touch of colour to the picture. The sky is deep blue; the air filled with song. Gay butterflies and prismatic dragon-flies flit here and there. Grey squirrels chase each other up and down the tree-trunks. There is a multitude of sounds from the jungle. A boy starts with a bullock-cart for the mail-bag, also the day's provisions, soda-water and lemonade. You cannot drink the water of the country. The big dam lies a mirror in smoothness, reflecting a hundred shades of green, purple, and bronze. Near by is the orchard, a perfect field of the flowers arranged in rows, with tiny streams trickled between the tall stems. On the other side of the river towers the dense, impenetrable wall of the jungle."

My correspondent draws many very beautiful pictures of the jungle and the life in the East. Her words conjure up tableaux of colour suggestive of the works of Miss Montague North in the Kew Gallery. Here there were vistas resembling the Scotch hills. She speaks of the bridges, the white, ribbon-like roads, also of such quaint little experiences as having an ice-cold lizard drop down your neck or into the soup. The black ants, likewise their white brethren, cause plenty of trouble—life

in Malacca has its drawbacks! and one hears of the lashing of snakes on the thatch, and the unpleasant activities of mosquitoes; but these are trifles compared to the wonder and charm of the life. I am greatly indebted to my observant and thoughtful correspondent for her brilliant letter.

WAITING FOR THINGS.

Waiting for things to turn up is what some crisp-speaking folks would call "rotten." The miserable fact is that things do not turn up; they have to go and turn them up; you have to go in the generality of cases, nothing happens at all, which is disappointing all round and bad for the waiter and his friends. The latter have to listen to him grumbling. Now once in a way, it is quite amusing to hear a grumble—a real A1 growl about the world and the frightful bad management displayed. But the listener soon gets tired, and remembers he has an important engagement elsewhere. The expectant party, however, who just sits round and imagines that Fate will work the oracle for him, and bring him success, is sure to be chagrined. He cannot make it out, but the world rolls on merrily and takes no further notice of him. The postman does not bring him any letters with offers of fat jobs, with plenty of pay and little to do. In fact, there is nothing doing. After a bit the victim to this kind of inattention tumbles to it that he has to bestir himself, or else he will be left high and dry, and find himself absolutely forgotten. If his is one of the callings in which there are few winners, he is wise if he imitates the individual in the rhyme

"Peter Brown was shrewd and wise, When business failed he sold pork-pies."

The great point is don't wait. Ring up and get the hang of the matter; and then if what you want cannot be, get busy over something else.

Your Editor

Advertisement for Mead Gramophones, featuring an image of a gramophone and text describing the product and terms of sale.

Advertisement for 'WATCH YOURSELF & GROW' featuring a portrait of a man and text about a system for growth and success.

Advertisement for 'LEARN TO SHOOT' featuring an image of a rifle and text about the 'RANGER' Air-Rifle.

Advertisement for 'CUT THIS OUT' featuring a coupon for a pen and text about the promotion.

Advertisement for CLARNICO Caramels, featuring the brand name in a decorative border and text describing the product as 'HEALTH & HAPPINESS!'.

Advertisement for CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., featuring an illustration of a family at a table and text about their products and services.

Advertisement for MEAD Factory to Rider, featuring an image of a bicycle and text about watches, alarm clocks, and other items.

Advertisement for 'IF YOU SUFFER' featuring text about relief from nervous feelings and mental concentration.

Advertisement for TOBACCO HABIT featuring text about curing the habit in three days.

Advertisement for 'WONDERFUL DISCOVERY TO INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT' featuring text about the Carnie system.

Advertisement for LIGHTNING SKETCHES featuring text about cartoons and sketches.

Advertisement for NOVELTIES featuring text about various items and contact information for James Mather Terrace.