

PART 2 OF OUR BOXING GUIDE—FREE With This Issue!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 1,014. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending November 13th, 1920.

**Don Arrives at Eaglehurst School!**  
Eaglehurst School was agog with expectancy and excitement.

At any moment now the boy the whole school, scholars and masters alike, had discussed for the past week was due to arrive. Briggs, the porter, had driven the trap to the station, and would, it was understood, be bringing him back as soon as his train had set him down on the platform.

Groups of boys, both junior and senior, crowded the quad. The Sixth-Formers put on an air of lofty indifference, but secretly they were as anxious for a glimpse of the lad with the vast and wonderful fortune as any Third, Fourth, or Fifth-Former.

Even the masters, sending the Head himself, stole surreptitious glances from the windows of the old ivy-covered school, and Dr. Harding uttered an exclamation of dismay when he saw Briggs drive back into the quad with an empty trap.

Without stopping to explain his excitement to his wife, who had been sitting with him in his study, the Head hurried out to the porter.

"He ain't come, sir!" Briggs, who was red-haired, red-nosed, and the butt for many practical jokes, announced as he pulled up the conveyance.

"Ain't—I mean, has not come?" the Head said agitatedly. "Dear me, this is most worrying! Are you sure you waited to see everyone alight from the train, Briggs?"

"In course I did!" Briggs declared stoutly.

"Don't speak to me in that tone, my man!" Dr. Harding ordered, with dignity. "Dear, dear me! Who can have happened to the boy."

He took a turn up and down, his hands clasped behind him, with his fingers working nervously, and his brows knitted. He had wondered several times, after agreeing to accept Don Darrel as a pupil, whether he had not done wrong. Now he felt convinced that he had.

What a responsibility! He had been mad—mad ever to think of taking on the care of this lad with such amazing wealth! Why, anything might have happened to him! He might be kidnapped, to be held to ransom; he even now in the hands of some desperate band of criminals, unless he prayed fervently that it was so—Don Darrel had missed the train by which he had been due to arrive.

The Head hastened back to his wife to discuss the matter with her; but he had hardly entered the study when he heard cries of excitement from the quadrangle, accompanied by the rapid report of firearms.

He leapt to the window. His wife had not seen him move so quickly and with so little dignity for many years. Then an inarticulate gasp of amazement left him, and he stared in speechless agitation.

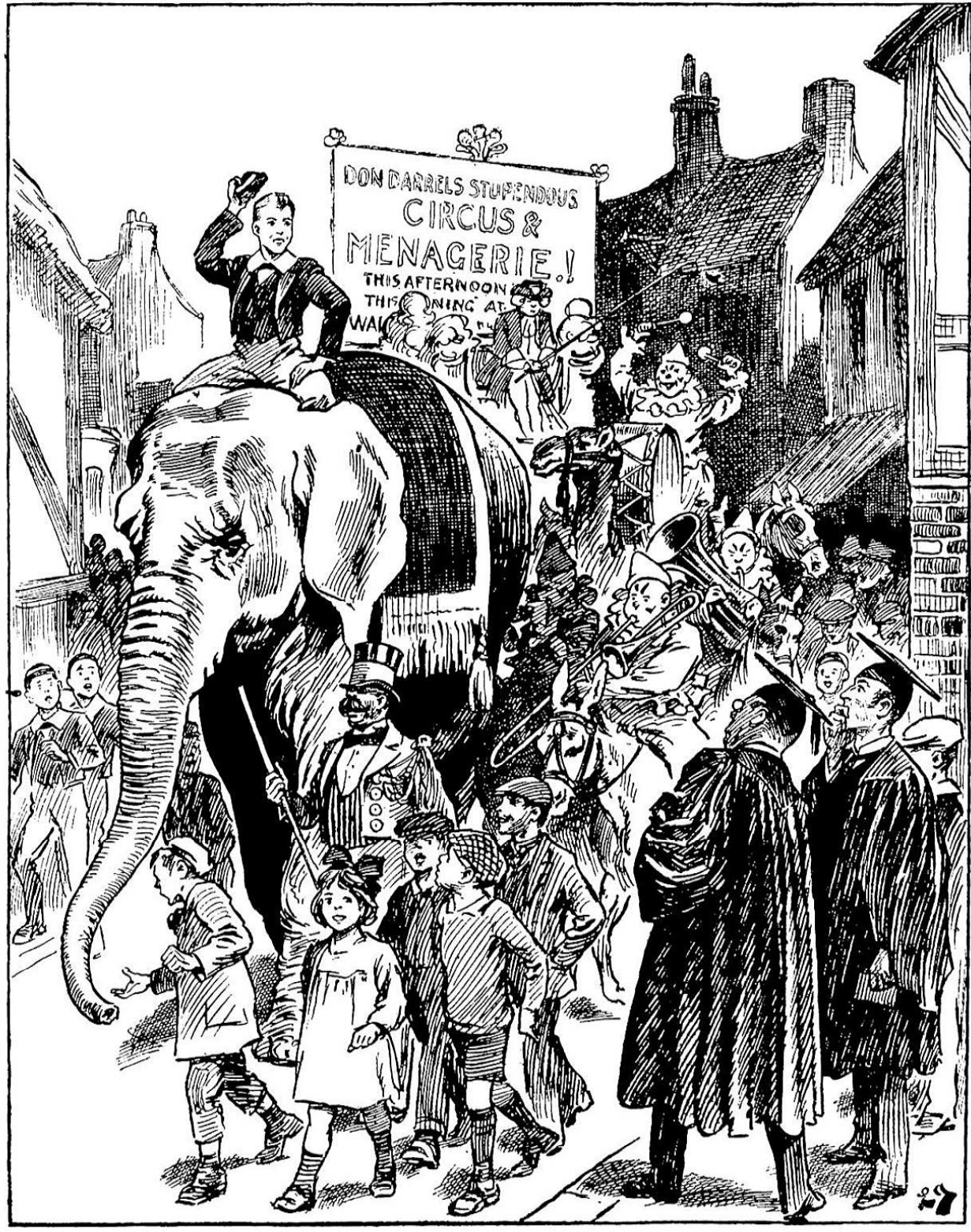
Across the quad ran two extraordinary figures. The first was that of a boy wearing a glaring red hurling-shirt, a sweeping sash, and buckskin trousers ornamented with wide fringes. The second was a Red Indian in a dress—

The lad simply bristled with revolvers—there must have been a dozen, peeping from the sinister black holsters at his belt, and the unfortunate Head was not to know that they were loaded only with blank cartridges.

The boy held a weapon in either hand, and as he rode amongst the hastily-scattered boys he blazed shot after shot in the air. His horse, like that of his companion, was rearing madly, and making frantic attempts to throw him, but he clung to it with his knees, and appeared to pay no heed to its caperings and buck-jumping. A yellowish-brown dog barked at the heels of the horses, and the second rider whooped and waved a formidable-looking tomahawk.

## THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!

— BY —  
VICTOR NELSON.



**DON DARREL'S CIRCUS!** Bowing and grinning, and raising his cap to the astonished headmaster, Don drew near. The Boy with Fifty Millions was leading the giant circus which he had just bought!



The Head reeled back, his hands clanking his temples.

Looking limp and faint, he fell rather than sit in an easy-chair.

"The stories the boys have been putting about were true, Matilda," he muttered feebly. "I ought not to have consented to have him here!"

"Whom, dear?" his better-half asked, regarding him in surprise.

"The boy Darrel!" the Head said quickly. "He has just ridden into the quadrangle on a wild horse! And he is, as was rumoured, a—a cow-person!"

Not Such a Bad Sort After All!

A fresh burst of firing and whooping came from the quad, and the doctor's wife left her chair and hurried to the window.

She was just in time to see Don Darrel blaze another couple of rounds of blank cartridge in the air, without holding the reins, he spruced about on his horse.

Mrs. Harding threw up her hands in horror and amazement.

"Good heavens, George, he must be stopped!" she cried. "He—he may hit one of the other boys with one of his bullets—even kill them!"

"Blasphemy, my soul, so he might!" gasped the Head, pulling himself together. "The—the foolish boy! I had not thought of that!"

He jumped from his chair as though a pin had been suddenly thrust into him, and went rushing from the study with more haste and excitement than his better-half had seen him display since their courting days.

And meanwhile, down in the quad, Don Darrel had brought his horse to a comparative standstill, though it still moved its feet restively, had a wicked look in its eyes, and its ears laid back.

Chuta, who was attired in the full rig of an Apache chief, with waving plumes and tomahawk all complete, studied his animal, too, and regarded the astonished boys with sombre dignity.

As for Snap, he squatted upon his haunches, wagged his tail and cocked his ear, and looked for all the world as though he would have liked to say: "Well, you chaps, here we are! We've arrived! What do you think of us?"

"Say, boys," Don Darrel said, with a much exaggerated twang and drawl, "I guess an' calculate I'm your new pard." He returned his revolver to their holsters. "If any of you would like to shake, just step right along, and I reckon I won't shoot!"

One bright-faced Fifth-Former laughed, and a few others joined in. They wore mighty amazed at Don's appearance, his startling debut, but quite good-naturedly inclined towards him.

It was not so with a lad named Peter Grierson. One of the tallest and eldest boys in the Fifth, he was the Form's acknowledged bully. He was backward in his studies, but far from being so with his fists, as many juniors at Eaglehurst had discovered to their cost.

"Look here, you low-bred cad!" he shouted, scowling as he swaggered forward. "I want an apology from you! When you were firing those revolvers you might have killed me. I felt one of the bullets whistle past my head!"

"What's your name, pard?" Don drawled, still very much the theatrical Yankee.

"That's no business of yours!" Grierson snapped, flushing hotly and clenching his fists. "And I'll trouble a fellow of your sort to show me respect, and—What are you laughing at, hang you?"

"You," Don assured him calmly. "But there's no need for us to quarrel. I apologise for nearly killing you with blank cartridge, Mr. High-and-Mighty. Now, I want an apology from you!"

"Indeed!" Grierson gave a sneering laugh. "I can see myself," he began, "apologising to—"

"Say, I bet you do apologise," Don interrupted.

"Oh, what for, may I ask?" Grierson demanded, grinning round at one or two of his especial cronies.

"For calling me something I hope I am not and never shall be, a low-bred cad."

"I'll do no such thing. I—"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes, I am, and—Here, I say, you beast, stop it! What—"

Don Darrel had made a lightning movement. His hand had shot to the lasso that hung at his saddle-bow, and in the twinkling of an eye he had sent its noose snaking over the bully's head.

Don touched his horse with his spur, and the spirited animal darted away across the quad like an arrow freed from a bow.

Grierson's rather corpulent body hit the ground with a bump, and as Don wound the lariat tightly about the horn of his saddle, after paying out a few yards of it, the bully was dragged after horse and rider at a furious pace.

It was just at this moment that the Head hurried into the quad, accompanied by several other masters who had witnessed what was happening from the windows of the school.

So amazed were they that for the moment they could only stare. Around the quad reared the horse, and after it flew the discomfited Grierson.

"You cad! You—you boast!" he gasped breathlessly. "Oh, just wait till I get at you!"

"Do you apologise?" Don shouted back over his shoulder, slackening the mad pace.

"No!"

"Right! Then off to you again! No, Snap, you're not to bite him!"

The dog had been racing along by Grierson, and growling in his face. He heard this announcement, but started to bark excitedly, and kept it up as he tore along near the flying hoofs of his young master's steed.

"Stop! I—I didn't mean it!" Grierson panted, as he found himself once more skimming along over the smooth flagstones. "I—I apologise. I—"

"Darrel, what are you doing, sir? How dare you behave like this! Stop—stop! I command you!"

It was the Head who spoke, as he hurried up with the other masters.

"What is the meaning of this unseemly conduct, boy?" he demanded sternly, as the smiling Don pulled up his horse.

It was surely the strangest scene ever staged in Eaglehurst's time-honoured records.

There sat the boy who had a fortune of fifty millions, looking as though he might suddenly have stepped from a Wild West cinematograph film, with his weird-looking henchman edging his horse near, as if to be ready to protect him from harm. Snap squatting near, his tongue lolling out and his jaws agape, so that he might have been laughing, and lazeed Grierson lying in the rear, still prostrate, and now beginning to groan horribly.

Now that the Head had appeared the bully meant to make the most of his ill-usage, and he gave the impression that he was not long for this world, though he had suffered no worse injury than to have some of his breath buffeted out of him.

The crowds of boys waited eagerly to see what was to happen. Even the Sixth-Formers showed excited interest, whilst some of the younger boys wondered if Don Darrel would next attempt to "hold-up" the Head or lasso him.

"Come, my boy! I am awaiting your explanation!" Dr. Harding said, even more sternly.

"I was making the guy apologise, sir," Don Darrel stated, still smiling. "It's the way we do it in Mexico, you know."

Never had the Head felt at so great a loss. What was to be done with this extraordinary boy?

"For what did you wish Grierson to apologise, Darrel?"

The Head spoke quietly, and was wondering what had really happened. In spite of Don's amazing conduct, Dr. Harding found himself taking an immediate liking to the Boy with Fifty Millions. The Head was not ignorant of Grierson's bullying ways, and guessed that he had attempted to employ them upon Darrel, only to find that he had caught a Tartar.

"I'd sooner not answer that, sir," Don said frankly, shaking his head. "It would be 'sneaking,' if what I have read in books of school life is correct. But, say, perhaps you wouldn't mind asking him?"

The kindly old doctor tried to look angry; but he liked the lad's reply. He lived him sternly with his eyes.

"Hand me those weapons—all of them!" he ordered; and took them a trace gingerly as Don obediently unbuckled his belt and passed it to him, with its many holsters and "automatics."

The Head turned and beckoned to Briggs.

"Take those two horses to the stables, Briggs," he instructed the porter. "Also, show Master Darrel's servant the quarters that have been prepared for him. You will come to my study, my boy," he went on, addressing Don. "I shall go further into this matter there. You will come with Darrel, Grierson. Be good enough to show him the way."

"Yes, sir," the bully agreed sheep-

ishly, glaring unutterable things at the young multi-millionaire.

Briggs must have possessed a trusting and optimistic nature to attempt, single-handed, to deal with the two horses. As Don and Chuta slipped from the saddles, and the porter took the bridles, for him matters began to grow lively.

Both horses objected to his leading them, and backed stubbornly in opposite directions, showing the whites of their eyes. They were as near to being thoroughbreds, and untrained, as mudo no difference, and were impossible creatures in inexperienced hands.

"Whoa-back!" Briggs ordered surlily. "Who—oh! D'yer 'ear me?"

The horses must have heard all right, but the trouble was that they did not heed. The animal Don had ridden started to cakewalk, whilst simultaneously its companion commenced to give an exhibition of how to back-jump, arching its back, and springing into the air with shrill neighs.

The Head, who had moved away with the other masters, wheeled about as he heard a roar of laughter from the boys.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped; and his pet ejaculation was drawn from him with good reason.

The red-nosed, red-haired Briggs had been jerked off his feet. He was clinging wildly to the bridle of either horse, in mortal terror that, if he let go, they would prance upon him.

"Elp!" he shrieked. "Old the varmint's, some of 'em! Elp! Elp!"

"Can you manage them all right?" Don Darrel asked innocently.

"Manage 'em in hung!" Briggs howled, amid shouts of mirth from the crowd of boys. "Ow! Call off your dawg! He's gone! to bite!"

Verily, the luck of Briggs was dead out. To make matters worse for him Snap had allowed his habitual high spirits to get the better of him, and was springing at the porter and making playful snaps at his nose.

"To heel, Snap!" Don Darrel ordered. "Ha, ha, ha! You silly guy, can't you see the poor man is in enough trouble as it is? Kick him, Chuta, will you?"

Where his young friend and master was concerned, Chuta's chief characteristic was obedience. Instantly he sprang forward, and gripped the bridle of the nearest horse.

Briggs dragged himself to his feet by the aid of that of the other, but he was far from out of the wood as yet.

Apparently the animal strongly objected to having its head jerked downwards to aid a mere man to rise. It whinnied, and rushed at Briggs with its mouth quivering away from its teeth.

The porter yelled with fear, and made to take to his heels; but he was too late.

The horse gripped him by the coat, fortunately only biting cloth. But, as it was, it swung him off his feet and shook him severely, ere it dropped him to a sitting posture with a bump.

"Good gracious me! Is the brute mad, Darrel!" the Head asked, striding back to the spot.

"No, sir," Don declared, "only a trifle fresh. You see it's a thoroughbred, sir."

"I'll wager old Briggs thought it was gingerbread," said the Fifth-Former, who had been the first to laugh at Don's doings, and whose name was Frank Philips.

"I beg your pardon, Philips?" the Head said severely, only half catching the remark.

"I meant that Briggs must have thought it a—er—hot sort of animal, sir," the boy exclaimed, his face reddening with stifled laughter.

The Head had a keen sense of humour, and, as he caught sight of Briggs, his thin, firm lips quivered ever so slightly at the corners.

The porter still sat on the ground, a dazed look in his eyes.

"It is most fortunate that Briggs is not seriously hurt," remarked Mr. Farmer, the master of the Fifth, who had joined the Head. He could be very stern in school-time, but rather enjoyed to do a little "leg-pulling" out of it.

The complacent tone in which he uttered the words roused the porter as nothing else could have done. Indignant, wild-eyed, he struggled to his feet, and shook his fist at the

horse, which Chuta had caught and was holding now as well as the other.

"I hain' 'ert!" he shouted. "I'm shook up somethin' cruel, an' I'll not get over the shock for weeks! The brute ought ter be pole-axed! It bit me!"

"Only your coat, wasn't it, old chap?" Don Darrel asked, stepping quickly behind him and looking.

"Yes, but a poor man like me can't afford to buy no clothes every day in the week!" Briggs whined.

"This ere coat's ruined an'—"

"Buy yourself another out of this twenty-pound note, and keep the change, Briggs," Don advised, thrusting the rustling slip of paper into his hand.

"Really, Darrel!" remonstrated the Head. "Is it necessary to give Briggs quite as much as—"

"Thank-as kindly, young gent!" Briggs exclaimed hastily. "I'm sure I'm much obliged!" And, touching his forehead with a grimy forefinger, he almost ran from the spot.

"Dear me!" muttered the Head. "Run after him, Darrel, and say that I order him to show you—er—companion the stables. Remember to come to my study with Grierson in five minutes."

He nodded not unkindly, and, with all his habitual dignity returned, walked away with Mr. Farmer.

"Bless my soul, Farmer, what do you think of him?" he asked, glancing sideways at the under-muster's pleasant face.

Mr. Farmer chuckled.

"He is extraordinary, sir, he answered, "but—and he smiled—"the young rascal is deeper than he seems."

"You mean, Farmer?"

"That a good deal, at least, of his rougher manners and appearance is merely a pose. Even in the wildest parts of Mexico people do not go about with a dozen revolvers at their belt, I fancy."

"No, I suppose not," Doctor Harding murmured, rubbing thoughtfully at his chin. "Bless my soul! He must be dealt with firmly, Farmer—firmly!"

Having learned from Briggs the whereabouts of the stables, Don Darrel swung himself on to the back of his horse, and treated his prospective schoolfellows to a further Wild West entertainment.

Leaning low over the horse's neck, he simply flew with it to the red-tiled building adjoining the school, and, when he reached it, pulled the horse up with a suddenness that would have thrown most animals.

Quick as thought, Chuta was also mounted and tearing after him, with Snap barking at the heels of his horse.

The Fifth-Former, Frank Philips, broke into a laugh.

"Loselev, old top," he said to his special chum, who was by his side. "I can see fun, spelt with a capital 'F,' looming large on the horizon now our Buffalo William friend is here!"

**The Plotters—The Cancelled Circus—How Don Righted Matters.**

On the following morning, in a private room in the Crown and Anchor, Eaglehurst's solitary inn, a tall, well-dressed man paced restlessly to and fro.

He was Randolph Gurney, the American, who, in the event of Don Darrel's death, would inherit the whole of the lad's mighty fortune.

Gurney was clean-shaven and the typical Yankee of means and education. He did not look the black-guard that he was. He was rather handsome, with the exception, perhaps, that his lips were a trifle too thin, and his eyes hard and unscrupulous.

"Fifty millions—and only one frail life between!" Gurney muttered, as he seated himself at a table in the centre of the room. "One frail life that could be crushed—blotted out—like that!"

His well-kept, white hand darted out, and with a curiously savage cruelty the fingers fastened upon a bluebottle that had settled on the corner of the table. He flung the crippled insect to the floor, and ground his heel upon it.

"Yes, annihilated like that!" he whispered fiercely, seeming to take an evil pleasure in the thought. "And it shall be done! By heavens, it is worth risking even the rope to

take a chance of handling a sum like fifty million sterling. Not that there'll be any chance of that! Captain Raymond is too clever. It will look like an accident"—he laughed softly—"just a sad and regrettable accident!"

He sat upright and listened. "Footfalls had sounded upon the landing outside the room, and now the door opened, and the buxom, laudably showed in a visitor.

The latter was a striking-looking individual. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of tweeds, and wore a wide-brimmed slouch hat, which cast a shadow over the upper part of his olive-tinted face.

His eyes, dark and piercing, peered from beneath black over-hanging brows, which were only a little less noticeable than his huge, curled moustache. He carried himself with a reckless, swaggering air, that was in keeping with the aggressive set of his jaw and lips, and the domineering expression lent to his face by his aquiline nose, and ever-present, haughty frown.

"Ah, my dear Jones," Gurney exclaimed, for the benefit of the landlady. "I've secured that business for you, and—"

He leant eagerly forward, as the woman withdrew and closed the door. "Well, Raymond," he asked, "have you placed the boy?"

Captain Raymond, ex-bushranger, and crook and adventurer, dropped into a chair, lit a cigar and nodded.

"Yes," he answered, with a hard, little smile. "My personal servant, Li Fang, cottoned on to him this morning. There's a holiday for some reason up at the school and the kid went swimming with a lot more youngsters and a couple of masters, just after eight. The Chink heard another lad address him by name, and has not been far away from him ever since."

"Swimming, eh? In river here?"

"Yes. There's a building fixed up where they dress and undress, and that sort of thing, and—"

"There might have been a chance, then, Raymond."

"The adventurer shook his head. "Not with another score of youngsters knocking around, to say nothing of the masters," he objected. "I shall earn the two millions you have promised me, but you must have patience, Gurney."

His magnetic eyes looked into those of his accomplice, and Gurney gazed back at him with a thrill of fascination, realising that he would far rather have this man for a friend than an enemy.

"When we strike, Gurney," Captain Raymond said softly, "it will be swiftly and surely, and when there are no witnesses to see. Our chance will come sooner or later, but you must be ready to wait for it. To rush things might bungle them, and that"—he shrugged his shoulders—"would mean the rope for you and all of us."

Gurney shuddered, and instinctively loosened his collar with a tug of his slender fingers.

"Don't talk of unpleasant things that are never likely to happen," he snapped, irritably, and, rising, strolled to the window. "Why, hello," he exclaimed. "I guess that must be your servant and Darrel yonder!"

Captain Raymond joined him by the window. Across the road a man was passing some sort of notice across a bill announcing the coming of Eaglehurst of a circus.

Watching him, was a little girl on crutches, and a tall lad in an immaculate Eton suit, whilst not far away idled a man, whose yellow face and slit-like eyes quickly proclaimed him to be a Chinaman, in spite of his wearing European clothes.

"Yes, that is Li Fang," Captain Raymond returned. "You see that I spoke only the truth, and that your interests are being watched."

He laughed harshly, complacently. "Don Darrel has as much chance of escaping the death we have planned for him as has a man in the condemned cell," he said, in his curiously soft tones. "Think, my dear Gurney, of what is up against him—myself, the head of one of the most powerful bands of criminals that the States ever created, my servant, Li Fang, who has all the cunning of the East to help him when he wants to get the better of an enemy, and all my gang, every member of which is now in England. It is only a matter of time, before you come into the fifty millions. By heavens, what a fortune!"

The two men returned to their seats at the table, and with their heads craned close together, continued to discuss their evil schemes; and, meanwhile, all unconscious of

THE THREADS OF THE STORY.

DON DAREL, a lad of fifteen, inherits from a stranger, whose life he saves, the stupendous fortune of fifty million pounds. With this he intends to give up his ranch in Mexico, and come to Britain and go to school. The disinherited heir to the fortune, RANDOLPH GURNEY, is plotting to do away with Don,

THE THREADS OF THE STORY.

and so secure the money for himself. On arriving in Britain with his faithful half-caste servant CHITTA, and his dog, SNAP, Don learns that at Eaglehurst School they expect him to be quite a Wild West 'bad man.' Don decides that it would be a pity to disappoint them!

(Now read on.)



the peril hanging over him, down in the street. Don Darrel was talking to the little cripple girl.

Across the notice, billing the circus, which was to have arrived this morning, and on account of which Eaglehurst School had been granted a whole holiday, was now pasted the disappointing words

"CANCELLED."

and the eyes of the child on crutches she was about thirteen—were full of tears.

"It will mean so much to them," she was saying to Don; and she was speaking of some hundred and fifty crippled and invalid children, who were resident in a home not far from Eaglehurst School.

"Were they going to the circus, then, kid?" Don asked, his grey eyes full of sympathy, as he looked upon her weak and mis-shapen little figure.

The little girl nodded, seeming to gulp at a lump in her throat.

"Yes, all of them—even those who would have had to be brought in in bath-chairs, and those terrible long couches on wheels, which the spinal cases have. Oh, I am so sorry for them. It would have made them all happy for a whole afternoon, and now—"

She broke off sadly.

"The looks on their faces will be terrible to see when they know the circus isn't coming."

Don Darrel's eyes were suspiciously bright, as he patted her upon the shoulder.

"But the circus is coming, kiddie!" he declared. "You go back to the home and tell the other little patients that it's wrong about its being cancelled—if they have found out. I'll bring the termination thing right along, and it shall give a performance this afternoon!"

"You! You—you—will—bring—it?" the child gasped slowly, regarding him wide-eyed. "But how?"

"By spending some money," Don returned reassuringly. "Money makes everything possible, and I've—well, I've quite a lot. Good-bye. You get right along to the home and tell them they shan't be disappointed!"

He did not wait for the child to reply, but raced off after the man who had pasted the "Cancelled" notice across the circus bill.

"Say," Don said, slipping a Treasury note into his hand, "why's the show not coming?"

"It's gone up—burst, young gent!" the bill poster answered expressively.

"How badly?" Don demanded.

"Horatio Swiggers, the boss, 'as got bankruptcy papers served on him, an' yer know what that means," the man explained. "The Official Receiver's come down on the horses, animals, waggons, caravans an' everything, and for the time being, at any rate, he's just got to stop where he is now, unless he pays up all his debts."

"And where is the show now?"

"At Little Duntun, three miles away, sir."

"Thanks," Don ejaculated; and hurried off, leaving the man richer by twenty shillings and not a little puzzled.

By reason of the holiday, Don Darrel's time was his own, at all events until the bell went for the mid-day meal. He was filled with a resolve, but said nothing to anyone and, hurrying to the stables, saddled his horse.

A few minutes later the few juniors who were hanging about the quad got a thrill. Never had they seen man or boy ride as Don Darrel rode as he galloped from the vicinity

coming; the girl on the crutches had said. "Well, if they did hear that, they should soon be brightened again by learning that the show was coming, after all!" was what Don was thinking, as he sped down the lane that led to the village. "They should have their afternoon's fun—they should not be disappointed, no matter what it cost him!"

Three hours later, Frank Philips, Lowely, and some half-dozen other juniors who were strolling along the village street were discussing the supposedly abandoned show.

"It's rotten luck," Philips was

casting a shadow over the tiny village, was a grassy hill, dotted with gorse-bushes. Its summit was quite a hundred feet above the street-level and it led to higher ground, and mile upon mile of smiling meadowland.

The Head at the moment was pointing out some object of interest upon its sloping face; but suddenly he lowered his walking-stick, and both he and Mr. Farmer swung round.

It was the sound of a brass band that had attracted their attention, and it came from around a curve in the quaint little High Street. The

humps of a camel, slammed hard at a big drum and cymbals.

"Great Pip!" Philips suddenly yelled. "The chap on the elephant! Look! you fellows—look!"

"My hat, it's Don Darrel!" Lowely cried; and he was right.

Bowing and grinning to them, and raising his cap to the astonished Head and master as the elephant drew near, was the Boy With Fifty Millions; but, behind the clowns, on a towering triumphal car drawn by eight well-groomed ponies, was an even more staggering surprise.

It took the form of a huge notice board, which read:—

**DON DARREL'S STUPENDOUS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE!**  
**THIS AFTERNOON AT 3!**  
**THIS EVENING AT 7.30!!**  
**WALK UP! WALK UP!!**  
**WALK UP!!!**

The Head and Mr. Farmer hurriedly approached.

"Bless my soul!" the doctor exclaimed, a little blankly. "Darrel, what does this mean?"

"Only that I've bought the circus, sir," Don answered calmly.

"Bought it!" the Head gasped.

"Yes, sir—it was only seven thousand pounds," the multi-millionaire replied, much as an ordinary person would mention three-half-pence.

"You see, sir, the little cripple children at the home away yonder are—"

There came a flash of flame from amongst the gorse-bushes near the summit of the adjacent hill and a sharp report, and Don Darrel's voice was abruptly silenced.

For a second, he swayed dizzily, then pitched like a log from the head of the elephant to the dusty road, where he lay with deathly-white face and closed eyes, ominously still.

(Make a point of reading next week's long instalment of this exciting tale!)



**BRIGGS IN TROUBLE!**

"'Eip!" shrieked the terrified Briggs. "'Old the varmin'ts, someone! 'Eip!" The two wild horses were more than a match for the old school porter!

of the stables and raced for the school gates.

"My hat!" gasped little Phelps. "Was the idiot trying to break his neck?"

"No, only just swanking!" sneered Grierson, who was near and had overheard the remark.

But Don Darrel was doing neither of these things, and, as a matter of fact, it came natural to him to ride like the wind when he rode at all.

"It would be terrible to see the faces of the little cripple children when they heard the circus was not

remarking. "Not that I trouble much about a beastly circus, but, for all we know, we might get the holiday cancelled this afternoon."

"No fear," South, one of his companions, disagreed. "The Head's too good a sportsman to think of doing that. Hallo! There he is, with Mr. Farmer across the way. What are they doing? Admiring the giddy scenery?"

There was, after all, some beautiful and picturesque landscape in and around Eaglehurst. For instance, rearing itself towards the sky and

juniors had heard it, too, and now a cry broke out from Philips.

"It's the circus! It's come after all!" he exclaimed.

Round the bend in the street had lumbered a gigantic elephant, a figure seated upon its head. Its trunk waved to and fro majestically as it walked, and gravely it was accepting pieces of bread, apples, and the like from the crowds of excited village children running along beside it.

Behind it rode a boy of clowns, playing all manner of brass instruments, another, perched between the

**NEXT MONDAY'S**  
**Grand Bumper**  
**Number of the**  
**BOYS' FRIEND**

will contain, in addition to numerous splendid Stories and Articles.

**PART 3**

**Of the Grand Illustrated**  
**BOXING GUIDE,**

which will be inset FREE in every copy.

**MAKE QUITE CERTAIN**  
**YOU DON'T MISS IT!**

Order your copy of next Monday's **BOYS' FRIEND** now!

**OUR GRAND NEW DETECTIVE SERIES!**



**THE ADVENTURES OF**  
**GRANT, CHAUFFEUR DETECTIVE**

By EDMUND BURTON

**"The Affair of the Mystic Bell."**

**The 1st Chapter.**  
**A Strange Will.**

Having spent some of the earlier days of his life in the neighbourhood of Monkfield, it was only natural that Grant should be acquainted with the semi-ruined Priory which stood about half a mile from the town. The occupant, old Anthony Millington, was looked upon as something of an eccentricity; and, like many of these fast-decaying piles which are scattered all over Britain, several curious, weird stories were rife in connection with the house. Whether they were true or not, none could say positively; but, at all events, they had the effect of keeping the vicinity clear of wayfarers after dusk.

It was growing dark as Grant, having deposited a fare in Monkfield—which is not so very far from the

metropolis, though the "countrified" look of the place might make one imagine oneself a couple of hundred miles away—was driving past the Priory on his homeward run.

"Just the same," he mused, glancing sideways through the trees. "Nothing altered, although it must be close upon twelve years since I was here. Wonder if the old jossler is still—? Hallo! What's the game? Easy on, there, or you'll be hurt!"

A man—a young, gentlemanly-looking fellow—had burst through the trees and dashed right in front of the taxi, where he stood, halting, trembling, and gasping for breath, and seemingly bewildered for the time being by the strong glare of the headlights.

Grant pulled up dead, and leaned forward.

"Mind where you are going!" he

cried angrily. "I might have run you down! What's up, anyhow?"

"The man made no reply, but stood there glancing nervously over his shoulder towards the Priory. Grant got out, and went up to him.

"What's the matter, sir?" he asked more respectfully, for he saw at a glance that the newcomer was evidently well-bred.

"The bell!" gasped the man, licking his dry lips. "Didn't you hear it? The bell—for the third time!"

Grant looked puzzled, and shook his head.

"No, sir; I heard nothing. Are you staying with Mr. Millington?"

The other suddenly caught his arm. "I'm Millington!" he replied quickly. "What d'you know about it?"

aware that a Mr. Anthony Millington occupied yonder place at that time."

"Oh, Uncle Tony! But he's been dead some months now, and I'm the proud possessor of this!"

He waved his hand, indicating the building and its adjoining grounds, and gave vent to a harsh, unnatural laugh.

"Yes, this," repeated Millington. "A fine, substantial piece of property, warranted to drive any man into his grave!"

Grant looked up sharply.

"Why, sir?" It seemed rather an inquisitive question, but the other's outburst had aroused his curiosity, and for the life of him he couldn't restrain it.

"So you don't know the circumstances? No, of course you couldn't!" Millington went on. "Then come along inside, and I'll let you have the yarn. Thank Heaven, I've got someone apparently sensible to talk to, instead of that doddering old idiot Benson! Drive your cab up to the gate, and I'll open it for you!"

He seemed to have recovered his nerve somewhat, and when he disappeared, Grant drove slowly along until he came to the wide, imposing-looking entrance. The taxi-driver owned his cab, so it was not compulsory that he should arrive in London at any special hour; moreover, he strongly suspected that he was on the track of something after his own heart.

The taxi was put up in a stable, and Millington led the way to a comfortable—furnished study, where he motioned Grant to be seated. His host poured out a couple of stiff

whisky-pog., one of which he tossed down at a gulp, but Grant left his untouched.

"Please yourself, said Millington, "but I feel the need of it. If you'd lived in a state of terror for eight months, you'd not be so teetotal. But, by Jove—" he added, as the colour returned to his cheeks.

"Fancy you, a London taxi-driver, being acquainted with Uncle Tony! It's a curious coincidence. I suppose you know Benson as well—he's lived here for years, I believe?"

"No, I don't remember him; but, of course, it's a long time since I was last in Monkfield," replied Grant.

"Well, Benson was here when I came to take up my residence," went on Millington. "He was Uncle Tony's valet, he tells me. But that's got very little to do with it, so I won't tire you out. The main point concerns the will, which is a singular one, in all conscience. It stipulated that, unless I lived at the Priory for twelve consecutive months, I could not inherit it."

"Not a very hard addition, surely!" smiled Grant.

"True. But Messrs. Garston & White, of the Middle Temple, who had charge of the old man's affairs, handed me an envelope, which contained rather a curious thing. Here it is."

He fished a folded piece of paper from his pocket-book, and pushed it across the table. From the old-fashioned letter-press, it seemed to be a page torn from some ancient book, and was evidently a portion of the history of Monkfield Priory. Grant glanced through it, finally letting his



HEALTH & EXERCISE

Conducted by PERCY LONGHURST.

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

On Eating!

Eat slowly. Chew all food until every bit in the mouth has become liquid. That is a rule that never should be disregarded. It is one of the foundations of good health. "Oh, but if I didn't eat quickly I shouldn't have time to eat enough to satisfy my hunger!" That's an objection to my advice, but it really isn't worth a snap of the fingers. If you've no time to eat more than a little properly, eat only a little. You'll get more good out of that little than out of a lot, the bulk of which you won't digest. And if you don't chew your food thoroughly you won't digest it. And if you don't digest it you don't derive any benefit from it. It doesn't do you a jot of good. So what's the good of spending time putting food into your mouth that doesn't give you the least nourishment? Don't eat between meals. The stomach needs a rest now and then. If you're training, don't drink with your meals; drink when you've finished eating. Don't eat a big meal when you're very tired. Don't, however thirsty, drink in big gulps, but in sips. Don't bathe immediately after a meal. These are all tips that make for good health.

The Boxing Novice.

The two defences to an intended blow are (1) getting out of the way of it, and (2) guarding it. Of these it certainly looks as though the first should be the easier. In most cases, too, it's better for you to take that way. There isn't so much effort required, and you can't get hurt doing it; but stopping a blow, even if you don't do it with your nose or eye, may be quite painful, as your forearm will tell you before you've been long at the game. Because in sports if will be found that the great majority of blows cannot be avoided, but must be guarded. But guarding is not the first thing for the novice to learn. There is more than one way of evading or avoiding an intended thump from your opponent's fist, and

the readiest of these is a movement of the legs that takes you beyond his reach. That doesn't mean that you'll want to get out of his reach every time, because if he can't reach you to hit you, it is pretty certain you won't be able to reach to hit him. And, even though boxing is self-defence, your business is nearly as much to hit the other fellow as it is to prevent him from hitting you. Still, the first lesson of boxing is in the use of the legs, not the hands. If you don't learn to use your legs properly, you won't learn the best way to stand and to move about, and upon these things depends not only your chance of avoiding being hit, but the ability to hit the other fellow.

In standing up, loft foot in advance—unless you're a right-footed boxer—be careful to avoid all stiffness. Still limbs mean slowness in moving. Don't try to copy famous professionals, who try to hide their heads behind their left shoulders, or below their gloves, or double up their bodies like a half-shut knife. Have the feet a comfortable distance apart about the length of your foot—and keep the left foot pointing straight ahead. The right foot points away to the right, and your weight should be divided between both feet. When you move forward, slide the left foot—don't jump—along the ground, and follow up with the right. When you step back—as to avoid a blow—draw back the right foot and slide the left after it. That carries you beyond your opponent's reach. Never move to your left if you can help it, always to your right; and, when you do move, let your right foot move first, otherwise you'll get your legs crossed, and then a light blow will knock you down.

Ray Longhurst

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

the old man dipping very deeply into the history of Monkfield Priory. So wrapped up in it did he become, indeed, that he began to imagine he could hear Friar Stephen's Bell, ringing at all hours of the day and night—probably, some fancy of a brain weakened by age.

It was this imagination which caused him to fear that his nephew, Hugh Millington, to whom he intended leaving the property, might be frightened at the strange sound and refuse to have anything to do with the place—either selling it, or letting it pass on to Captain Slater, for whom old Millington had no great liking.

Hence the curious will, binding the young man to occupy the Priory for twelve consecutive months. Slater had visited the Priory on several occasions when in England, and Benson, who was a sharp enough fellow for all his years, had perceived that the captain had taken a tremendous fancy to the place; neither did he seem, from one or two little things the valet gleaned about him, to be an over-scrupulous individual.

This, then, led up to a plan which eventually formed in Benson's crafty brain. Slater had been ordered to India with his regiment, but the valet found out where he was stationed, and wrote, offering to rid the Priory of Hugh Millington before the year was up—at a price.

Shortly afterwards, Slater returned and the two scoundrels worked hand in glove, with what result we already know.

"But how did you find out what you did?" Millington asked, as they drove back.

"Firstly," replied Grant, "your saying that Benson was absent every time you heard the bell, raised a vague suspicion in my mind. Of course, it might just as well have been pure coincidence, but I did not think so. It seemed to me as if he wished to establish an alibi, in case he should be suspected of playing practical jokes."

"Again; when you told me the conditions of the will I never believed for an instant that the thing could have a supernatural agency. Here I saw a good motive for driving you

Stephen's Bell was tolling for the fifth and last time!

The 3rd Chapter. In The Cloisters.

Millington halted and staggered back against the wall, panting for breath—his blood feeling as though it were turning to ice in his veins. Though the man was his employer, Grant found it difficult to refrain from giving him a thoroughly good shaking.

"Buck up, sir!" he whispered. "I tell you you've nothing to be afraid of—I'll guarantee that! Here! let me have the torch!"

He went on ahead and finally reached the flagged aisles. The ringing was now much louder, and appeared to proceed mainly from the far end, though the place possessed so many echoes that the sound seemed to be everywhere.

Suddenly, Grant snatched off the light and seized Millington's wrist. His quick ear had caught another noise, quite distinct from that produced by the bell—a sort of grinding, as of two rough stones being rubbed together.

Then the tolling rolled out snow, seemingly, only a few feet away—it was coming towards them! Grant pressed the button of the electric torch and sprang forward, but too late.

A large bell crashed to the ground, waking a thousand echoes, and a figure moved swiftly backwards, towards a dark cavity in the wall. Then a huge slab of stone swung to almost in Grant's face.

"Who was it?" gasped Millington, finding his voice at last. "Benson, as I suspected. Quick, man. Help me to get this infernal door open!"

But though they examined every square inch of the slab, no hidden spring could be discovered. Only that they had actually seen it open, they would never have suspected any door existed there at all.

"That'll do," said Grant, finally. "We've wasted enough time, and given our friend a long start. I fancy, however, I know where he'll make for. Come along, sir!"

"Where to?" "The King's Head. Benson will take a short cut across the fields, but we may just do it if we forget there's such things as speed-limits."

They hurried upstairs, and a couple of minutes later were rushing down the drive at the utmost pace the little two-seater was capable of.

The short distance to Monkfield was covered in record time, and the lights of the King's Head came into view. As they slowed down, a large grey car moved away from the door. It contained two figures.

Grant muttered something inaudible, and cracked on excess speed.

"Who are they?" asked Millington.

"Don't you see? One's Benson, and the other, if I mistake not, is your esteemed relative—Captain Slater."

"Slater. But, man, he's in India!"

"Don't you believe it. He may have been at one time, but he's not now!"

"Quiet now, sir. I'm going to let her out altogether. If that big yoke ahead once gets into her strids, we're done!"

Away darted the two-seater, but before a mile had been covered it was quite evident that the grey car was by far the bigger turn of speed. Already, her tail-light was becoming a mere speck in the distance.

"He'll surely not attempt to take the corner at that pace," roared Millington, striving to make himself heard above the rush of wind. "He must slow down, or—good heavens. He's done it, I believe!"

A dull crash came from somewhere ahead, and Grant reduced his pace almost to a crawl. Round a sharp bend in the road they came upon a sight which fully justified Millington's fears. The big car was lying on its side, half in and half out of a ditch. Its bonnet and front wheels were smashed to atoms, and the whole machine was a total wreck.

Two motionless figures lay where they had been pitched, several yards away, and Millington, unitching one of the lamps, crossed over. "Yes, Grant," he said shakily, "you were right. This is—oh, rather was—Captain Slater. There's a photo of him at the Priory. He's dead!"

"But Benson's still alive, though badly smashed up, I think!" called back the chauffeur, who had halted by the other man. "We'll get him back to the King's Head!"

The valet lived just long enough to make a full confession, the main points of which are as follows: Some years before Anthony Millington's death, Benson had noticed

score years and ten. He ushered Grant into the hall, inquired his business, and then shuffled away in search of Millington.

For the next few days the taxi-driver saw very little of the old valet, their work lying in totally different directions. About a week later, however, Grant was approaching his own quarters just after dark when Benson emerged from the house and proceeded towards the gate.

Grant instinctively halted as the other disappeared in the gloom, for Benson seemed to be in a violent hurry. Then the taxi-driver gave a sudden start, for the muffled tolling of a sweet-toned bell seemed to fill the air about him. It was impossible to tell where it really came from—it was everywhere.

"Grant, Grant! For Heaven's sake, where are you?"

Millington, wild-eyed and half-crazed, rushed down the steps towards the chauffeur.

"Did you hear it, man—did you? It's the fourth time!"

The sound had now ceased, and the stillness seemed even more pronounced than before. Millington, breathing hard and trembling like a leaf, clung to Grant's arm in sheer terror.

"Only once more!" he muttered again and again. "Only once more, and then—"

"Pull yourself together, sir!" said Grant, sharply. "This won't do at all! That's rather too substantial a sound for the ghost!"

He succeeded in quieting Millington a little, and then, taking advantage of the opportunity, made his way to Benson's quarters where he conducted a thorough search of that worthy's belongings. The only thing he unearthed which seemed of any value at all was a letter addressed to the valet at the King's Head, Monkfield. It was to be kept until called for.

Grant drew out the sheet and glanced at it. The contents were rather puzzling:

"Best try No. 4—25th inst. If no result, No. 5—14th prox. Meet K. H. afterwards. S."

"A bit mysterious looking," he reflected, "and I always suspect mysterious things now, this is the 25th, but what's No. 4—?"

Suddenly he broke off, giving vent to a long-drawn whistle. Then he replaced the letter and made his way upstairs to Millington's "den." The latter was sitting huddled up in an armchair, a wine-glass in his hand, and a decanter placed conveniently close to his elbow.

"If you'll excuse my saying so, sir," exclaimed Grant, nodding towards the liquor, "there's really no need for that. Keep your head, and show me where the cloisters are."

Millington flushed and seemed about to make an angry retort, but, thinking better of it, he led the way downstairs. The cloisters were very spacious, and seemed to run beneath the whole length of the Priory.

"I suppose this place is honey-combed with secret passages?" said the taxi-driver.

"I expect so, though I never troubled to look for any."

Grant took the electric torch from Millington's hand and commenced a thorough search, paying particular attention to the flagstones near the walls. Suddenly he gave a quiet chuckle, and stood upright again.

"That'll do now, sir. We shan't have any more bell ringing entertainments for a while, anyway!"

"Why—how?" began Millington, but the chauffeur cut him short.

"Please wait, sir! I think I've got the thing a wee bit straighter than it was."

It seemed as though Grant was right in his surmise, for a full fortnight went by without any recurrence of the mysterious tolling.

Just after dark a few days later, however, he took up his position amongst the trees directly facing the door of the Priory, and remained there waiting patiently.

Presently Benson emerged and made off, as usual, in the direction of the gate, but suddenly turned to the right and hurried towards an old summer-house a few yards away.

The valet had scarcely disappeared inside when Grant, who had been following closely, cautiously approached and listened intently.

Hearing no sound, he ventured to strike a match, but the other man had been too quick for him. The summer-house was empty.

With a muttered exclamation, he turned and dashed back towards the mansion, and then, with Millington in tow, descended to the cloisters.

All at once a muffled, booming sound broke on their ears. Friar

eyes rest upon two lines at the bottom:

"If Friar Stephen's bell thou'lt hear Five times, thou'lt die within the year!"

"It'm! Rather interesting, sir. And who was Friar Stephen, when he was at home?" asked Grant, passing the paper back.

"One of the monks who used to live here, I suppose. This place is very old, you know."

"And did your uncle believe the legend, d'you think?"

"I think he did. Otherwise, why should he take the trouble to send me this piece of paper, and to make that strange condition in his will? Does it not look as though he heard the bell himself, and wished to bind me here until the year was up, in case I should hear the sound and bolt in panic?"

Grant nodded.

"Yes, sir. It's quite possible. Though I should not like to say the bell had anything to do with his death. Even twelve years ago, as well as I can remember, he was a very old man, and didn't look like lasting much longer. Who would the property go to in the event of your not fulfilling this condition?"

"To a very distant relative—a Captain Slater, who is at present in India, I believe."

"I see. Then here's how I figure it out, sir," said Grant. "I'm not a firm believer in the supernatural myself. The old man may have heard, or thought he heard, some strange noises, which he fitted in with the curious rhyme about Friar Stephen, and decided to bind you here for twelve months, knowing that even if you did hear anything you would be quite safe after one year had elapsed. Between you and I, sir, he didn't want the place to go to this Captain Slater, but wished to keep it in his own family. Who witnessed the will?"

"Benson and a man named Williams, who used to be gardener here."

"And has Benson ever heard the bell?"

"He was never here when I heard it, because I let him off frequently at night; and I must confess I never could get very much information as to whether he had heard it or not in my usual time."

"Where does the sound seem to come from?"

"From the cloisters below here, to all appearances."

"And when you first heard it, did you not go down to investigate?"

"I did—both the first and second time; but though I could still hear the tolling, I couldn't locate the exact position. It seemed to come from everywhere at once, but I could see nobody. To-night was the third time, and I acted like a fool, I suppose—ran like a frightened kid, and nearly got run over for my pains. He gave a very smile. "But, you see, the—the thing's been playing on my nerves so much that I'm beginning to feel the strain. I'm afraid I'll have to let the place go, and clear out!"

Grant leaned forward.

"Look here, sir," he said earnestly. "It may seem rather a cool proposition on my part, but would you like me to stay here for a bit? I should like to probe a little further into this business."

Millington stared.

"Of course, I'd be delighted if you would," he replied. "But—but, your work—"

"That can wait," smiled Grant. "I'm my own master, and—well, I sometimes like to do other things besides driving a taxi, for a change. Tell me, Mr. Millington—have you a car?"

"Yes; a small two-seater."

"Good! Then, with your permission, I'll clear off now with my cab, and return to-morrow night as your new chauffeur. You understand, sir?"

Millington's eyes opened.

"Yes—yes, but I say—," he paused. "Look here, I don't believe you're a genuine taxi-driver at all!"

Grant laughed heartily.

"Oh, yes I am," he returned. "Quite the real thing—though it's not from choice, I can assure you!"

Five minutes later the steady hum of his engine down the road announced his departure.

The 2nd Chapter. Friar Stephen's Bell!

It was the valet, Benson, who opened the door for Grant the following night, and, though without appearing to do so, the taxi-driver took careful stock of him.

Benson was just as he expected him to be—a feeble old fellow, fast finishing his allotted span of three-



A SPLENDID TALE OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



# Divided Duty!

## A Fine Yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co., Kit Erroll, and the "Kid."

### By OWEN CONQUEST.

#### The 1st Chapter. In Dark Doubt!

"Morny!"

Erroll of the Fourth spoke in a low voice, and perhaps Mornington did not hear. He walked on, down the Fourth Form passage with his hands in his pockets, humming a tune.

Erroll looked after him, a flush creeping into his face, and after a moment's hesitation, he followed his chum.

The Fourth Form at Rookwood were coming out after morning classes, and several of the juniors observed that little incident. Arthur Edward Lovell gave a sniff.

"Morny's in one of his tantrums!" Arthur Edward remarked to Jimmy Silver, and he repeated his sniff.

"Looks like it!" agreed Jimmy.

"Blessed if I know why Erroll stands him!" grunted Lovell.

There were a good many fellows in the Rookwood Equary, as well as Lovell, who did not quite know why Kit Erroll stood Morny and his uncertain temper. Perhaps Erroll did not quite know, himself. But certainly he was very patient with Morny.

He followed Mornington into the courtyard. Apparently unaware of that fact, Valentine Mornington sauntered under the old beeches, kicking the dead leaves about carelessly. It was not till Erroll called to him again that he turned his head.

"Morny, old man—"

"Hallo!" drawled Mornington. "Has the inspector gone yet, do you know?"

"Who?"

"Inspector Sharpe. He came over from Rookham this morning, about the robbery last night," said Mornington. "Has he gone yet?"

"I don't know—I suppose so—"

"Queer, isn't it?" said Morny, eyeing his chum in a rather covert way. "No alarm in the night, it seems—but in the morning they found that somebody had been in and made a pretty good clearance. Must be thieves in the neighbourhood."

"I wanted to speak to you, Morny."

"Go ahead," said Mornington indifferently.

"I'm sorry you're in this humour, old chap," said Erroll patiently. "So far as I know, I've done nothing to put your back up."

"Not at all," yawned Mornington. "But you—"

"My dear man, I'm in the sweetest temper in the world," said Mornington. "They're putting a footer about yonder—shall we go and help them?"

"Oh, I don't mind." If you'd rather talk, I'm all ears. Any further news of the chery young sweep you made friends with yesterday?"

"It's about him I wanted to speak," said Erroll, in a low voice. "I'm in a horribly difficult position, Morny. I'd like you to give me your opinion, if you would—give me some advice. I don't know what to do."

"I've given my advice," said Mornington stolidly. "This fellow—the Kid, you call him—pulled you out of the river. You find that he's a young thief. You get a romantic idea into your head of befriending him, and helping him to turn over a new leaf and all that. I think it's all rot. I'd have given him a quid. What the thump do you want to bother your head about him at all for?"

Mornington spoke irritably now.

Morny was a rather exacting chum; not the chum that every fellow would have cared for.

"I think it's up to me," said Erroll. "What rot! I shouldn't think so, in your place."

"You're different. I was in the same boat, once, as that poor kid. I might have been brought up a thief. I held out—but I was older, and I had chances, too. He's gone under. If I could help him out— After all, he saved my life, Morny—"

"For which, of course, you're awfully grateful, and all that," said Mornington sarcastically. "In fact, you want to make a chum of this ragged waif, and your own chum can

follow the widest berth possible. I can tell you it's ten to one he had a hand in the robbery here."

"I know."

"Oh, you know," ejaculated Mornington.

"I'm sure of," said Erroll miserably.

"You're sure of it, and you still want to stand by the young scoundrel!" exclaimed Mornington, in amazement.

"He saved my life!"

"Oh, rot! But how are you sure of it, though?" said Morny. "I think it's jolly likely, but how can you be sure?"

"Because—I saw him."

really the thief—it was he who was at the bottom of it—"

"Possibly. But—" Morny broke off. "What's the matter?"

Erroll had given a violent start. His glance, passing Mornington, was fixed upon a figure that had just entered at the school gates.

Morny followed his glance.

The man who was crossing the quad, at a distance from the two juniors, was a thick-set, powerful-looking man, with a bullet head and short thick neck. He was well-dressed, in a rather loud way, and wore a bowler hat cocked a little rakishly on one side. He looked a very unusual kind of visitor for Rookwood School, and Mornington was surprised to see him there.

But Erroll was evidently more than surprised. His face was white as he stared at the newcomer.

Mornington caught his arm.

"What's the matter, Erroll? Who's that man? Do you know him?"

Erroll's voice was low and husky as he answered:

"Yes."

"Who is it, then?"

"Baldwin Sleath, the crackman!"

the astounded and almost terrified Tupper.

"Impossible! Impossible!"

Dr. Chisholm repeated the words feverishly, still staring at the card.

Tupper blinked, and backed away a pace.

After this, he really did not know what might happen next.

"Impossible! Baldwin Sleath! He would never dare!"

Amusing words to hear from the lips of the Head of Rookwood! Tupper heard them and marvelled.

The Head seemed suddenly to awake to the presence of Tupper.

He turned his glance on the page, and Tupper almost quaked. A flush crept into the Head's cheeks. He realised how he had betrayed himself, and he made an effort to recover his gravity of manner.

"Admit the—the person at once, Tupper," he said.

"Yesir!" gasped Tupper.

The "person" was admitted.

As Tupper retired, and closed the door, leaving the visitor in the Head's study, he gasped for breath.

"My heys!" said Tupper.

And he scudded down to the regions below stairs, to astonish the cook and the maids with a description of the astounding occurrence.

"Looked fair off 'is onion, the 'Ead did!" was Tupper's description.

"Fair off his blessed onion, and no error! Never did see the like of it! The 'Ead, you know!"

And astonishment, mingled with incredulity, reigned in the kitchen.

Tupper would have given a good deal to know what was being said in the Head's study. He would certainly have been still more astonished if he could have heard and seen Baldwin Sleath stand before the Head of Rookwood, twirling his bowler-hat carelessly in one hand, and looking at Dr. Chisholm with a cool, impudent, mocking grin. The Head stared at him, without a word, scanning the man's features, as if trying to recall them from the depths of his memory.

"It is you!" he said at last.

Sleath nodded.

"You know me?" he said.

"You are changed, but I know you. But—but you dare to come here, openly, in your own name!"

"I thought you would be surprised when you saw my card," smiled Sleath. "You never expected to see me again."

"Naturally, no."

"It must be ten years—"

"More than ten years."

Dr. Chisholm made a stride towards the crackman, and his eyes glinted. He raised his hand, and Baldwin Sleath started back, as if in expectation of a blow.

"Rascal!" The Head's voice was deep, though it trembled a little. "Villain! Where is my son?"

Sleath shrugged his shoulders.

"You have come here," said the Head. "You have dared to come here! For years the police sought you, and you could not be found. You were skulking under another name. I have no doubt."

"Correct!"

"And now you have come here, and placed yourself in my power. Scoundrel, where is my son—the child you stole from me years ago? Where is he?"

"How do you know that he is alive?"

Dr. Chisholm started.

The fierce anger died out of his face, and his look became strangely old and worn. He tottered back a step, and sank into a chair.

"So that is it! You—you have come to tell me that he is dead!"

Baldwin Sleath watched his face without replying. There was no pity in his look—no trace of compassion. His deep-set, ferrety eyes were glinting, with hatred and cruelty.

"And suppose he is dead?" he asked at last.

Dr. Chisholm's head sunk on his breast.

"I have often feared it—and often almost hoped for it," he whispered. "I knew what you intended to make of my boy. I knew that in your hands he must grow up to be a shame to himself and his blood. I knew that if I ever saw him again I should see him steeped in crime and guilt, if you could so contrive it. And he was a child in your hands—at your mercy. Better his death than that! Better dead than a thief and an outcast like you!"

Sleath's eyes glittered.

"Who made me an outcast?" he said.

"Your own wickedness."

"Who refused to give me a chance? Who caused me to be kicked out of my college in disgrace, to go irrevocably to the bad?" said Baldwin Sleath, through his set lips.

"Who was it? You! You could have saved me. You had only to

#### The 2nd Chapter. Mine Enemy!

"Impossible!"

Tupper, the page, was astonished. He blinked at the Head.

Tupper was accustomed to approaching that imposing gentleman, the Head of Rookwood School with awe. Down in the servants' hall, Tupper was a cheerful and cheeky youth, but when he came into the presence of Dr. Chisholm he was reduced to an almost trembling respectfulness. The grave and reverend gentleman was a very imposing and impressive personage indeed to Tupper. Tupper had never even



**STOP, THIEF!** "Stop that man!" thundered the Head, from his window. Bulkeley came speeding out of the School House with Neville at his heels. But the Fiscal Four were there first!

take a back seat for a time. I quite understand."

"Nothing of the sort. I—"

"No objection, that I know of," continued Mornington, in the same sarcastic tone. "Pal with him, by all means—bring him to Rookwood in his rags and tatters—perhaps he'll pick Jimmy Silver's pocket, or pinch the Head's watch—but never mind. You can explain that the poor kid doesn't know any better, and the fellows will be satisfied—perhaps."

Erroll sighed.

Morny in this humour was not of much use as a chum to go to for advice in a difficulty.

"How do you know the kid wasn't mixed up in the robbery last night?" demanded Mornington impatiently.

"It's a coincidence, at least. You saw that old crackman, Baldwin Sleath, near Coombe—you fall in with the kid, who turns out to be his pupil, in the woods near Rookwood—and the same night the school is robbed! It seems pretty clear to me. Can't you see what you're in danger of getting mixed up in?"

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, bother your buts!" said Mornington crossly. "Any chap with a little horse-sense would give

"Oh gad! You saw him?"

"Yes. I—I woke up, and—he was in the dormitory!" muttered Erroll.

"He flashed a light on, for a second—to see his way about, I suppose. Then I saw him."

"And you didn't give the alarm?"

"It was only for a second—and I was half awake—I thought it must be fancy. It wasn't till I heard of the robbery this morning that I knew I wasn't dreaming."

Mornington whistled.

"Then it's all clear," he said.

"It's not clear, Morny. I—I don't know what to do—I thought you'd advise me. Ought I to go to the Head and tell him what I know? It would set the police on the right track at once, of course."

"Certainly you ought!" said Mornington, without the slightest hesitation.

"But—he saved my life."

"That doesn't give you the right to shield a thief, and to allow the Head to be robbed," said Morny scornfully.

"I—I suppose it doesn't. Only—only there's excuses for the poor little wretch. He was here—but—but it's that villain, Baldwin Sleath, who is

suspected him of any human emotions. If he had seen the Head laugh he would have been as surprised as if the grey old tower of Rookwood had nodded to him and laughed. That the Head had once been a boy was an almost impossible reflection to Tupper.

Hence his present astonishment.

Tupper had brought in a visitor's card to the Head's study, and waited to be informed whether he was to admit the caller.

Dr. Chisholm glanced at the card in his usual grave, preoccupied way.

And then suddenly the gravity of the Head of Rookwood, which Tupper had never seen ruffled before, broke down completely.

He started up in his seat, his face suddenly pale, his lips twitching, his eyes staring over his glasses at the card.

He seemed unable to believe his eyes.

There was a simple enough inscription on the card. It was

**MR. BALDWIN SLEATH.**

That was all. But it was enough to stir the Head of Rookwood to an emotion that shook him in every limb, regardless of the presence of

Mr. Baldwin Sleath.

That was all. But it was enough to stir the Head of Rookwood to an emotion that shook him in every limb, regardless of the presence of



keep silent. You chose to send me to utter ruin."

"I know you for a thief, and I did not choose to let an innocent man suffer in your place, as you had planned."

"Bah! You ruined me, and I told you I would not forget. I did not forget, Dr. Chisholm. We were at the same college, and you went on from success to success, from honour to honour, while I—do you know what became of me? But you do know. The associate of thieves and criminals, a thief and criminal myself; from bad to worse, hiding under a dozen names; an Ishmael, with my hand against every man, and every man's hand against me—Sleath's eyes blazed, and his voice was raised as he went on. "All that I owed to you. And I had only one consolation—the thought that, some day I would repay you in kind. And when the plan came to me at last—to take you son away, and bring him up as a thief—"

"Wretch!" muttered the doctor faintly.

"That was my vengeance. You had made me a thief and an outcast; I would make you son the same! I sent you word of what I intended—the last word you ever heard from me. And I carried out my plan."

"My son?"

"Your son received his lessons from me." Baldwin Sleath watched the stricken man's face with an evil smile. "He could pick pockets before he was six. Before he was nine he could creep in at windows to let thieves into a house. He was clever. Your intellectual powers, my dear Chisholm, descended to your son. He was clever, but not in your own way; his cleverness took quite another direction." Sleath laughed. "You made me a cracksmen—one of a gang of cracksmen—and your son was our most useful tool."

Dr. Chisholm gave a groan.

"And now?" he whispered.

"Now—I have news for you!"

"He is dead?"

"He is not dead!"

The doctor panted.

"Villain! Are you playing with me?"

"Your son lives!" answered Baldwin Sleath coolly. "He lives—as I have taught him to live. My work is done—and his work also is done. The last 'job' landed him—"

"You mean—"

"I mean that he was lagged!" said Baldwin Sleath. "Do you know the word? It is not the language we used when we were undergraduates together at Oxford. But perhaps you guess my meaning. He was lagged—and he was sent to prison."

"My son—to prison!"

"He had long been known to the police as a desperate and hardened young criminal—"

"Oh, Heaven!"

"But his youth saved him when he came before the magistrate—saved him from the penal servitude he would have received if he had been older. He is now—" Sleath paused.

"Where—where?" panted the doctor faintly. "Tell me! Even yet I will save him! He cannot be lost to all good—"

"I will tell you."

"Tell me! Let me save him yet, and I will try to forgive you for the evil you have done me!" groaned Dr. Chisholm.

Sleath laughed.

"I do not ask your forgiveness—I do not want it. Your son is in Borstal—and considered an irreclaimable case. If it were not so, I would not tell you."

"I can find him there—thank Heaven!"

"He is not under his own name."

"Tell me—"

"I have told you all I choose to tell you," said Baldwin Sleath coolly. "Find him if you can. Among the hundreds of young criminals there, pick out your son—if you can! That is the news I had for you, Dr. Chisholm!"

He turned to the door.

The Head of Rookwood started up.

"Villain! You forget that by coming here you have placed yourself in my hands! I have but to call in the police—"

"I have taken that risk," said Sleath coolly. "I am accustomed to risks—danger and I are old friends!"

"You have taken a risk too many. You shall not go hence," said the doctor hoarsely. "Not till my son is found, and under my care! But, I tell you, I place him safely in my hands, and you go from here to prison for your many crimes!"

"Find him—at the juvenile prison! Pick him out, if you can, from the hundreds!" Sleath sneered. "That

is all! Good-morning, Dr. Chisholm!" His hand was on the door.

Dr. Chisholm sprang forward, a blaze in his eyes.

"With my own hands, I will—" He started back as a revolver gleamed in his face.

Baldwin Sleath's eyes gleamed along the levelled barrel.

"Stand back!"

"Villain! I—I—"

"Our account is squared!" said the cracksmen, with a snicker. "I have no more to say to you, my old college friend! Move a hand to detain me, and I leave you dead on your study floor and take my chance!"

The Head panted.

"Your revolver would not stop me—but I must live, to save my son—and you shall not escape!"

Sleath laughed, and opened the door. Still keeping the revolver levelled, he changed the key to the outside.

"Good-morning, my old friend!" he said mockingly.

The next moment he was gone; the door closed, the key clicked in the lock. Dr. Chisholm sprang to the door and dragged it out. It was fast! The cracksmen's retreating footsteps were swift in the corridor without. The Head stood a moment, panting; then he rushed to the window and threw it up.

Baldwin Sleath had just emerged from the house. There were a dozen Rookwood fellows in sight.

The Head shouted:

"Stop that man! Stop him!"

**The 3rd Chapter.**

**A Desperate Flight!**

Jimmy Silver & Co. of the Classical Fourth were chatting on the School House steps. Their talk ran on football, and they were loftily oblivious of the fact that Tubby Muffin was "butting" into their conversation. Tubby had seen the visitor shown into the Head's study, and he was curious about him—Tubby always was curious.

"No end of a queer fish," said Tubby. "I say, you might listen to a chap!"

"When we play Bagshot again—" said Raby.

"Looks an awful rascal, if you ask me!" said Tubby.

"But we don't ask you, my fat tuip!" remarked Newcome.

"Regular lungdog ruffian, you know," said Tubby Muffin, unheeding.

"He was squinting round him as watchful as a cat. Looked like a chap who expected somebody to jump out on him from a corner!"

"Rats!" said Arthur Edward Lovell concisely.

"But he did," persisted Tubby. "My belief is that he was after the umbrellas—"

"Futhead! About the Greyfriars match, Jimmy—"

"We've got to think that out," said Jimmy Silver. "I hear that Wharton's crowd are in great form—"

"What could a fellow like that want with the Head, you know?" Tubby Muffin rattled on. "Don't you fellows think it's awfully queer? I saw Erroll staring at the man—and Morny. They think—"

"For goodness' sake ring off!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently.

"Both the man! Bless him!"

"I've asked Tupper," pursued Muffin cheerily. "He says the name on the man's card was Baldwin Sleath—queer name, isn't it? I say—"

"Ring off!"

"But—"

"Hallo! There is the merchant!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, glancing at the bull-necked man, who had emerged hurriedly from the house, and was making for the gates at a quick stride.

"Stop that man! Stop him!" rang from the window of the Head's study, and Jimmy Silver & Co. fairly jumped.

"Hallo! What on earth—" ejaculated Jimmy.

"It's the Head—"

"What did I tell you?" crowed Tubby Muffin triumphantly. "He's bagged the Head's umbrella, or something—"

"Stop that man!" thundered the Head.

"After him!" breathed Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four leaped from the steps, and rushed in pursuit of the visitor. Baldwin Sleath had broken into a run as the Head shouted, and he was speeding towards the open gates like a hunted deer.

The cracksmen had run a terrible risk in entering the walls of Rookwood to gloat over the victim of his vengeance.

"Stop him!"

"Stop thief!"

"After him!"

The cry was taken up from every quarter.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came speeding out of the School House, with Neville

at his heels. Hansom and Talboys of the Fifth, who were strolling under the beeches, cut across to intercept the fugitive. Tommy Dodd & Co. came speeding up from Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side.

But the Fistical Four were nearest. They ran as if on the cinder-path.

Baldwin Sleath put on desperate speed.

From under the beeches Mornington came darting, leaving Erroll standing undecided.

Morny fairly leapt into Sleath's way, and tackled him low, and they came to the ground with a crash together.

"Bravo, Morny!" panted Jimmy Silver.

"Hold him—"

The Fistical Four panted up. But the cracksmen, with a savage blow, struck Mornington aside.

Morny rolled on the ground half-stunned, and Baldwin Sleath leaped up and raced for the gates.

Old Mack came out of his lodge, staring at the strange scene. His old brain worked slowly. He stared and stared, blinking.

"Shut the gates!" roared Bulkeley from the distance.

"Oh lor!" stuttered old Mack.

He turned to the gates. But before he could close them the cracksmen was upon him.

A rough blow sent the old porter reeling aside, and Baldwin Sleath darted out into the road.

"After him!"

Hansom and Talboys were close up now, and they ran into the road almost on the heels of the Fistical Four, close behind the cracksmen. Baldwin Sleath hissed like a reptile as a hand fell on his shoulder—it was Jimmy Silver's. Jimmy leaped and clutched, and his weight dragged the rascal aside, almost over.

Crash!

A clench fist crashing on Jimmy's chest sent him sprawling in the road, dazed.

"Collar him!" he gasped.

Baldwin Sleath spun round, his eyes blazing like those of a beast at bay. The revolver was in his hand now.

"Back!" he snarled. "Back, or I'll—"

"Look out—"

The Rookwooders surged back from the threatening weapon. There was murder in the ruffian's blazing eyes.

But Bulkeley of the Sixth came swinging out of the gateway, and he came straight on, unheeding the weapon. But Baldwin Sleath had gained a moment's respite, and it was enough for him. He darted to the roadside and plunged through the hedge.

"After him!"

The ruffian was dashing through a young plantation on the other side of the hedge. Bulkeley plunged through after him, and after Bulkeley went Hansom of the Fifth, and Newcome and Raby and Lovell. Jimmy Silver was picking himself up painfully, in no fit condition to run just then. The hot chase swept on through the plantation into the field beyond. Across the field the Rookwooders swept whooping on the track of the desperate man.

He was only a few yards ahead of Bulkeley, when he leaped a fence into a narrow lane.

"We've got him now!" panted Lovell.

He cleared the fence at a bound. Bulkeley was over it in the same moment.

There was the whir of a bicycle.

Baldwin Sleath had dragged the machine from under a tree, where it had evidently been left in readiness, and was running it along the lane, trying to mount as he ran.

Bulkeley put on a desperate spurt. His outstretched hand almost touched the cracksmen as Sleath sprang into the saddle, and the drive on the pedal jerked the bicycle far ahead of Bulkeley's reach.

The cracksmen drove at the pedals with furious force, and the machine flew, Bulkeley panting behind.

At the corner of the lane he looked back over his shoulder, his flushed face smearing and triumphant, and waved a mocking hand.

Then he vanished round the corner, riding like the wind.

The Rookwood captain came panting to the corner. Sleath was already almost a speck in a cloud of dust in the distance. Bulkeley gritted his teeth.

"He's gone!" he said.

"What rotten luck!" growled Lovell. "We'd have had him but for the bike. I wonder what he's done?"

They tramped back to the school, angry and disappointed. Jimmy Silver rejoined them at the gates.

"Gone?" he said.

"Yes. He had a bike—"

"Rotten luck! Hallo, Morny! Hurry!"

Valentine Mornington grinned faintly.

"A bit," he answered. "I feel as if I'd been kicked by a mule. He's got away, Erroll."

Erroll nodded without speaking. Bulkeley of the Sixth hurried in and came up to the Head's window, where Dr. Chisholm was still standing.

"You have—" panted the Head.

"I'm sorry, sir; he got away," said the Sixth-Former. "Has he taken anything, sir?"

"No, no."

"Then—"

Bulkeley paused, puzzled. He had supposed that the man had robbed the Head of Rookwood, from the hue and cry that had been raised.

"He is a criminal, wanted by the police," the Head stammered, and he drew in and closed the window.

Bulkeley saw him lift the receiver from the telephone as he turned away. In a few minutes more Inspector Sharpe at Rooklum knew that Baldwin Sleath, a man the police had wanted for ten years, was in the neighbourhood of Rookwood School. And until lessons were due that afternoon, half a hundred Rookwood fellows were hunting highway and by-way for a trace of the fugitive—but in vain. Baldwin Sleath had come and gone, and now he had vanished utterly.

The Head of Rookwood sat in his study, his head bowed on his hands. After ten years he had received news of his son—his stolen boy, whom he had hardly dared hope to see again, but whom he had never forgotten—whom he had mourned in secret through those long years. News that the boy, trained to crime, was in a prison—under a name unknown! Even so, it was a clue—if it was the truth! But had the cracksmen told him the truth? Was his son dead, and was this a lie to torture him? Was it even true that the boy had remained in Sleath's hands, and had been taught to be a thief? Where was his son?

He did not know—he could never know. And the unhappy man bowed his head, and groaned in anguish of spirit.

**The 4th Chapter.**

**The Parting of the Ways!**

"Where are you going, Erroll?"

It was a couple of days later, and Mornington had come suddenly into his study in the Classical Fourth passage. Morny had been in the end study chatting with Jimmy Silver & Co. and Conroy and Putty Grace, on the subject of the coming football match with Greyfriars—a very interesting topic to the Rookwood juniors. Ginger-beer and nuts were going in the end study, and there was a buzz of cheery voices, and Jimmy had expected Erroll to drop in. But Erroll did not come.

Mornington had slipped away from the meeting in the end study rather quietly, and looked in at No. 4—which he shared with Erroll. He found his chest just about to leave. Erroll had a bag in his hand, securely fastened, and he gave a start as Mornington stood in the doorway. He had to stop as Morny stood in the way.

A flush spread over his handsome face as he caught Morny's half-mocking glance.

"I—I'm going out," he stammered.

"It's a half-holiday, you know."

"We used to go round together on a half-holiday."

"I thought you were pretty busy with Jimmy Silver and the rest," said Erroll.

"You didn't care where I was, or what I was doing, you mean!" sneered Morny. "You're going out to meet a new pal, and the old one can go and chop chips. I catch on perfectly."

"Nothing of the kind. You're unreasonable—"

"You've told me that before. What have you got in that bag?"

Erroll did not answer.

"You may as well speak out," said Morny, sneering again. "Something for the Kid, as you call him."

"Well, yes."

"You know he had a hand in robbing the school and bagging no end of silver stuff from the Head."

"I know he was here that night,"

said Erroll, in a low voice. "I hope and trust he did not touch the Head's property. I—I mean to find out, and—and if I can, make him make restitution—if he is guilty—"

"Your duty is to go to the police with what you know."

Erroll drew a deep breath.

"I don't know that that's my duty," he said. "I know the Kid risked his life to save mine. I'm going to help him, if I can."

"Help him to get clear with the loot?" roared Mornington.

Erroll crimsoned.

"No, as you know!" he exclaimed.

"How dare you, Morny! How dare you even hint at such a thing in jest!"

"Perhaps I'm not in jest," answered Mornington, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You're going to help a young cad you know to be a thief, and you ought to be giving his description to the police. Inspector Sharpe has found out nothing yet—but the silver's gone. I suppose he's got his suspicions on that man Baldwin Sleath more likely than not, and all the time the real bird is under his nose, and you know where to find him."

"I don't exactly know—"

"You can guess."

Erroll did not answer.

"It won't do, Erroll," said Mornington. "It's not good enough. I'm speaking as your friend—we've been friends, though you're throwin' me over now—"

"No, no!"

"I say yes. You can't do it. You're not going to mix yourself up with a gang of thieves. I should think you'd had enough of that before you came to Rookwood, by gad."

"Morny!"

"You're going to the Head with what you know."

"I shall not."

"Then I'll go, with what you've told me," said Mornington coolly.

"Morny! Erroll caught his breath. "I told you in confidence. You couldn't betray me—"

"For your own good, you know," said Morny, his lip curling. "To save you from makin' a fool of yourself."

Erroll's eyes flashed.

"Look here, Morny, this is nothing short of meddling. I stand a great deal from you—more than most fellows would stand, I think. But there is a limit."

"Have I reached the limit, old bean?" asked Morny mockingly.

"Yes. I'm my own master, I suppose?"

There was a pause. Mornington stood leaning on the door-post, regarding his chum with an evil smile. Erroll made a movement to pass him, and the dandy of the Fourth detached himself from the door-post, and stood in the middle of the doorway, barring egress.

"No, you don't!" he said.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Erroll passionately.

His own temper was rising fast now.

"I mean what I say," said Mornington doggedly. "Put that bag down, and don't be a fool. You're not going to take anything to that young thief and get mixed up with him."

"I shall do as I choose!"

"You won't!"

Erroll's hands clenched.

"Do you mean to say that you will stop me?" he exclaimed, his eyes beginning to blaze.

Mornington nodded coolly.

"That's exactly what I mean to say, old top!"

"Then that's enough!"

Erroll came on towards the doorway grimly. Mornington did not move.

"Will you let me pass, Morny?"

"No."

Erroll said no more, but he pushed Mornington aside, and the dandy of the Fourth staggered into the passage. He recovered himself instantly, and with a blaze in his eyes struck at Erroll's face.

Erroll caught the blow with his left and turned it aside, and Morny struck again.

"Stop!" he said hoarsely. "Morny, are you mad? Stop, I tell you! You're out of your senses! Stop!"

There was no help for it, and Erroll struck out, and Mornington reeled and fell. Erroll passed down the passage to the stairs. He did not look back.

Mornington staggered slowly to his feet. He stared dazedly after Erroll disappearing down the staircase, and made a stride after him, but he stopped. With a hard, bitter look on his face, Valentine Mornington went into his study and shut the door.

THE END.

(Be sure you read next Monday's grand Rookwood yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co. and "The Kid," entitled "Betrayed by His Chum.")

Read the splendid long, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co's early school-days at Rookwood, entitled:

**"The Two Guys!"**

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

in this week's issue of our grand Companion Paper

**THE POPULAR.**

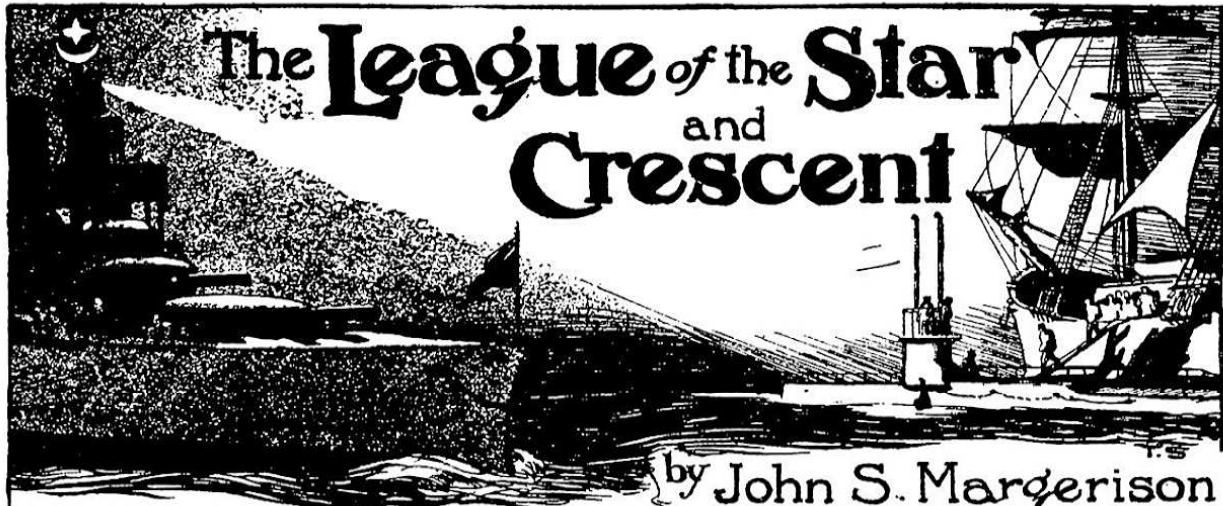
Out on Friday! Order To-day!



OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL OF ADVENTURE IN FOREIGN WATERS!

# The League of the Star and Crescent

by John S. Margerison



### INTRODUCTION:

DICK MERRAY, a midshipman on board H.M.S. Firecat has orders to bring a derelict vessel safely to Gibraltar. With his second, a fisherman of the name of CASEY, and a crew of some half a dozen British sailors, he makes the salvaged vessel, the Maria Dolorosa. They had some plans to a secret board of money, deposited by the Kaiser in the late war, which documents are eagerly sought after by a Secret Society whose sign is the Star and Crescent. As the crew of the Maria Dolorosa are bidding farewell to some visitors in a submarine, a cruiser in the bay of the League of the Star and Crescent, opens fire on them.

(Now read on.)

### Breakers Ahead!

Strange warship fired again, simultaneously with the flash of gun, there appeared, high up on foremast, two white lights in the shape of a star and crescent. Dick started with horror, as the man on the submarine laughed again.

"Well, it'll be very unhealthy for you to be in my company any longer," he remarked, watching the column of foam kicked up by the shell, looking like a silver fountain in the glare of the searchlight. "And I don't think it'll be very good for me, either, to stay alongside you. So I'll part company for a time, at any rate. I've got a torpedo in my tubes down there, and if anybody in my polygic crew knows how to fire it, I think I'll make a present of the weapon to this cruiser in the place where it'll do her most good. Come! See you later!"

He called out an order, and a man standing forward cast off the grass tarp which held the submarine to the Maria Dolorosa. The urge of the wind carried the schooner from her late companion, and the last Dick saw of the submarine was an alteration of course which would bring her close up to the intruding warship.

"We can't fight that chap," he said to Casey, standing at his side, "so we shall have to run for it. We can't afford to be captured while these papers are in our possession, and I rather fancy they'll be more use in the hands of the admiral than at the bottom of the sea. Ease the foresheet, there, we've got to show a clean pair of heels quickly!"

He jumped to the helm and put it over, and the schooner came round like a driven racing motor-car. Her sudden shift right into the wind took her for the moment out of the searchlight's beam, and, glancing back, Dick saw the light shift suddenly, and in it, looking like an elongated boomstick, the tip of the submarine's periscope.

And then pandemonium broke loose, as the cruiser, afraid of the foe she could not combat with under the water, loosed off every gun she carried, the shells plunging the waters into miniature fountains all around that dark bobbing speck.

"This is our chance to get away," remarked Dick aloud. "The cruiser seems to have forgotten us, and we'll make the best of the opportunity, though if I only knew where I was heading I'd be happier."

The cruiser had now switched on all her searchlights, determined, if possible, that the submarine should not get her torpedo home unseen. And as Dick steered, one eye on the luff of the sail above his head, and the other on the exciting battle going on within a mile of him, he suddenly saw on the surface the trail of broken water, which was the track of a torpedo. The cruiser dodged and

twisted as she saw it coming, and though she was his enemy Dick couldn't help a sigh of relief when the missile steered harmlessly past her, and was lost to sight in the darkness beyond.

"She'll forget all about us if she gets many more spasms like that," remarked the midshipman to Casey, who had come up to relieve his commanding officer at the wheel. "That clasp in the submarine wasn't a bad sort, after all. Good heavens!"

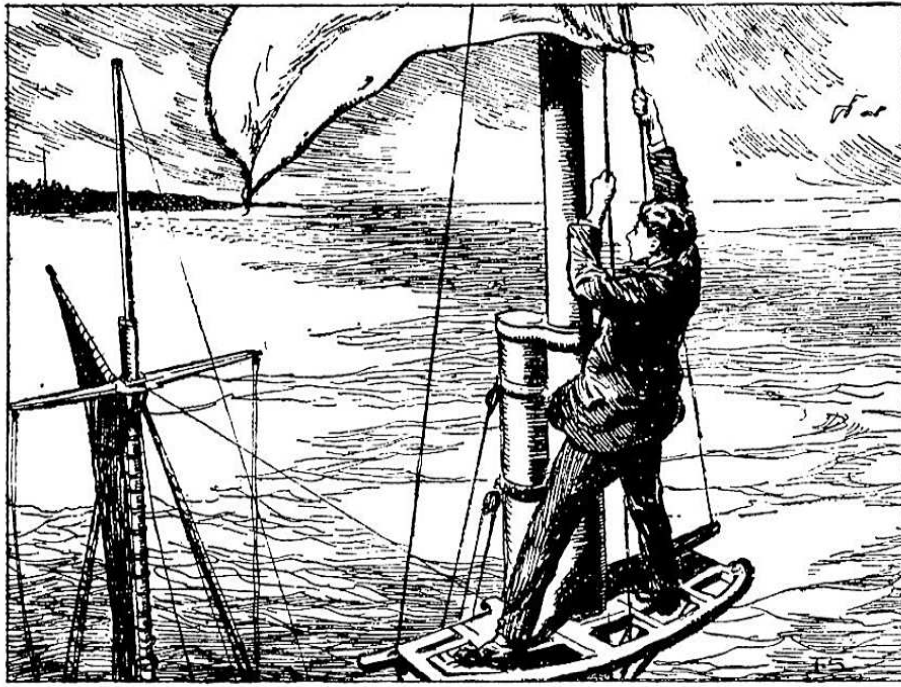
Small wonder that Dick exclaimed, for the darkness of the night had suddenly been rent by a crimson flash

But he had little time for speculation. The long, white finger of the cruiser's searchlight lifted and swept slowly around the horizon, and at last showed to its operators the scudding schooner, now a mere speck in the distance, hurrying along for safety in the midst of a waste of tumbling waters. And as it found her, a big gun boomed once more, and a huge shell whistled through the night. It fell short, and the gun did not speak again. Through his night-glasses Dick saw the ship slowly turn, the dead water at her bows suddenly become white as she whipped up in

pressure of the gale, the masts and ropes to carry away. Dick had no option but to take the risk. His blood bounded, and he paid little heed to the fact that the great cruiser's searchlight was still trained upon him, or that she was bounding down upon him at the rate of knots as her turbine engines drove her along at the speed of the wind.

"Breakers ahead, sir!" suddenly yelled the look-out in the bows. "And all the way along to starboard."

It was that the great idea came to Dick, and he laughed aloud.



**IN DISTRESS!** Standing on the cross-trees of the main mast, Dick waved the cabin tablecloth as a signal of distress to those ashore.

of flame that seemed to fill the whole sky. Then there followed a thunderous explosion, and the sea leapt up in great spouts in six different places. And when the spouts fell back they showed a calm spot, out of the midst of which the submarine leapt like a huge whale. Up it went, till nearly half its length was out of water, standing on end, while the quick-firers of the cruiser turned its steel plating into a colander with their devastating shells. And then, with a great splash, torn and mangled by the cruel depth-charges, it fell over on its side, and, swirling a second, plunged deep down to its last home on the ocean bed.

"Finish the under-water boat," said Casey. "And there, but for the mercy of Providence and the coming of this great wind, goes the schooner Maria Dolorosa and her prize crew of Ereatics!"

Dick gulped hard. It was horrible to think that the men he had so lately held prisoners aboard his schooner were now lying dead in the hull of a submarine, depth-charged into destruction at the bottom of the sea.

engines to full speed, and, with intent to destroy and kill, she steamed down in the direction of the dying Maria Dolorosa.

"We'll make a race for it!" shouted Dick to his crew. "She may have the engines, but this ship's handier in manoeuvring, and, while we haven't got a popgun to fight with, we can still dodge so that he can't get a fair shot at us. Stand to your stations at halliards and down-hauls and sheets, luffs, and when I give an order carry it out in a little less than no time, because on your smartness depends our liberty, and perhaps our lives. Ready about—we'll start dodging right away."

He slewed Maria Dolorosa round on the word, and the white sails slatted themselves out on either side of her masts like a pair of great goose-wings. It was perilous work, cranking on with so much canvas set, and the masts bent like whips under the strain. But whoever had fitted the schooner out had done their work with good materials, and though he expected to see the canvas fly in ribbons every minute under the

"Here's our chance!" he cried. A risk, but we'll take it. It's obvious that cruiser wants to capture us, not sink us, or he'd have used his guns on us before this, seeing that he's been within range this last half-hour. Well, we'll give him a chase for his money. He draws about ten times as much water as us; and, if I remember any of my geography of these parts, there's plenty of shoals hereabout over which we can skim while he's finding the safe channels round 'em. Over with the helm, Casey. Take in the forestaysail, a couple of you, and don't drop overboard. Look-out, keep your eyes open for a channel we can cut through—a narrow one for preference."

As the ship came round on another tack once more. "Then, 'Breakers on both sides.' A channel seems to be opening ahead of us."

"The way of escape!" said Dick jubilantly. "And those breakers of your look like surf-aves to me, Mann. Casey, take the helm and steer her through. I'll go forward

and look out, and if you hear me shout put your wheel over immediately. That cruiser's getting too close to be comfortable!"

Apparently the cruiser, which had now closed within three thousand yards, considered herself now close enough to start operations. Her captain knew this coast fairly well, and also knew that the little schooner could navigate many places known about that were denied to him. But he also knew that her sails were the things she depended on, and, though he had expected these to be blown away by the rising gale in the early part of the chase, as they still stood, he decided to help Nature to destroy them. Accordingly, as he didn't want to sink her till he had gained possession of the papers he knew her to be carrying, he instructed the layers of his light guns to open fire upon her, but to aim high, so as to carry away her sails without injuring her hull, so that she would either take fire or founder. But the manner in which the schooner rose and fell and pitched and rolled as she drove through the seas, whipped up by the wind, didn't make for any too effective aiming, and, though one or two holes had appeared in the upper sails, the shells, for the most part, had whistled harmlessly over her.

But now, as she came into the comparatively smoother water off the land, the shooting told a different tale, though had the cruiser been less intent upon it she might have fared better. The masts and rigging crashed down, with its mast, on deck, and the Ereatics had a new little panic till they had cut it adrift and cast it overboard. Then suddenly, Casey, at the wheel, heard Dick shout—heard his order above the strapping of the guns and the flapping of the wind-driven canvas above the roaring of the surf on both sides as the schooner entered the narrow passage. "Starboard—hard over, quickly," yelled Dick.

The ship's head lunged for a minute, and then, answering the pressure of the rudder, swung to port. And the next second the white water lashed her rail, showing how near she had been to grounding. For ten full minutes she hung in the passage, thrust this way and that, with the lapping winds which blew from the headlands on her either hand, and Dick wondered dumbly whether she would win clear before the gale thrust her on the sandbank under her lee, in which case all the cruiser would have required to do was to wait for daylight, and then to that she waivered—and cut the throat of the Ereatics—at her leisure.

Indeed, for a time, the cruiser did think Dick's craft was grounded, and eased her own speed that she might not share the same fate. And then, dragged by the gale that, after mid-shipman, the wind swung round to the southward still more, and blew Maria Dolorosa clear of the shoals and into safety again.

Her crew raised a cheer, and the cruiser captain, hearing it, gritted his teeth, and swore she should not escape him now. She was clear of the danger, he could see, but she should soon be under his guns again. He rang down to his engine-room, and ordered the engines to be urged to their utmost, and again the cruiser leapt ahead, trying to thread its way through the narrow channel. And it that course lay defeat.

Take Dick, the captain ordered the helm to put over at the point where the channel twisted; but a cruiser takes about twenty times as long to swing as a schooner, and the great warship's ram, instead of entering deep water slammed itself deep into the heart of a sandbank, and, urged by thirty thousand horse-power, made itself fast and comfortable. And so, while Maria Dolorosa's white sails became speck on the horizon of the searchlight, and eventually faded out, that cruiser captain cursed and swore, because he had been trapped by his own eagerness into running his ship aground, and allowing his quarry to escape.

Dick chuckled and chuckled, for what he had expected had happened, and he was once more free from danger of capture. But not free of danger of being sunk, however, for the wind, when it shifted back to its proper quarter in the north-east, seemed to have repented of its act of mercy in saving the schooner, and was now intent on making her its own prey. It didn't seem right that a small ship like this should romp about the eastern Atlantic, and defy its strength, when bigger ships had been fain to run or shelter, so the wind gathered up its strength, and fell on Maria Dolorosa with all its might.

And now Dick had all his work out



out to keep the ship afloat under the huge seas which raged down upon her, if he didn't shortly get the canvas off her, and so he gave orders accordingly. But the angry winds didn't wait for him to shorten sail; it shortened sail for him. First the foremast sail went clean out into the night, taking with it the forestay, and leaving the upper part of the foremast waving about like a reed in the wind, having no longer a stay to steady it. Then the topsail followed, patting from its ropes with a sound that made Dick think the cruiser was again after him, and had fired a gun.

"Lower the mainsail—quick!" he yelled, putting up the helm to bring the schooner right into the teeth of a black comb that suddenly bore up as if to overwhelm the stricken craft.

But, though man jumped to down-haul and haulards, they were too late, and all they could lower was the almost-stripped boom and the ribbons of canvas which had once been a vast stretch of sail. They got the foresail down and hoisted safely enough, and had to cling with both hands to save themselves being washed overboard by a wave that came aboard and carried away everything that was loose on the deck. The boats were swamped in as they hung at the davits, and the planks whizzed like dead leaves in the truck of the storm. The little schooner now drove on under bare poles, heading heaven only knew where, since the wheel and compass had gone utterly in that last great dive, when she had disappeared for her whole length under a huge roller, and shivered as though she would never come up any more.

Her men lashed themselves to the masts, to the stanchions, and to everything that seemed solid, lest the hungry sea engulf them, and Dick prayed for light as earnestly as he had ever prayed for anything; and still, in the drive of the wind and sea, in the awful pitch and toss of the little vessel as the waves flung her about like a cork, that black darkness held over everything.

And at last the dawn came, showing a wild, trembling waste of waters whereon was nothing that floated save Maria Dolorosa. In vain Dick scanned the horizon in the hope of seeing some land to which the schooner might be steered by a jury-tiller till the storm abated. In vain he searched for some vessel which might take him and his men off the now waterlogged hulk. For all that was in sight, the Maria Dolorosa might have been the only ship ever built—Columbus setting out to discover a problematic continent.

"We're in a bad way, sir," reported Casey, fighting his way aft to where Dick was lashed to the useless steering-post. "The storm's battered in several planks forward, and the forepeak's already half full of water."

Dick heard the news with dismay. If the schooner was to sink in the midst of this wild waste of waters there would be little hope for her devoted crew—little chance of getting those papers and the equally valuable information about the Secret League to the admiral.

The boats were gone—not that boats could have lived long in that sea or with that wind blowing—and there wasn't to all appearances one chance in a thousand of rescue by a passing vessel. And the worst part of it all was that the young midshipman could do nothing to succour these men, who, in his charge, looked to him for orders and guidance.

He claved his way forward over the reeling decks in the wake of the much disturbed Casey, and looked at the damage for himself. Through half a dozen strained seams as many streams of water poured, and when the ship lifted herself clear of the waves the daylight showed through the crevices. The water already in the forepeak swished and swirled about between the stanchions, absolutely hiding the deck planking.

"We'll plug those seams as best we can," muttered Dick, "and bale out the water for a while. Perhaps we'll be able to keep afloat long enough to sight land. We shall have to get that foresail set as soon as the wind dies down enough to let us."

The sailors did the best they could, but it wasn't much. Inch by inch the water gained, and though all hands turned to baling with buckets and empty cans, they didn't seem able to make much difference in the turgid flood that swished and swirled around their knees with every motion of the frail vessel.

But presently they had a new hope, and then a new despair. The gale seemed to blow itself out as suddenly as it had commenced, and for a time Maria Dolorosa bowled merrily along. Only her sluggishness in answering her helm and the downward sag of

her hull as she plunged and wallowed in the trough of the waves told that she was anything but seaworthy.

Dick loosened the foresail, and rigged a jury-tiller, and though these two jobs took badly-needed men from the imperative task of fighting the water that was still gaining upon them in the forepeak, the Maria Dolorosa moved all the better for it.

Steering by the sun, which occasionally peeped through the ragged clouds, Dick headed the schooner towards the eastward. Also, for the first time, he remembered that he had not yet found time or opportunity to bury the three dead men of the original crew who had been aboard in the first instance.

It struck him as somewhat queer that he should not have remembered them until now, and at the thought glanced over his shoulder at the place where they had been laid, and somehow he was not at all surprised to find that they were no longer there.

"They've been buried by the sea itself," he said quietly. "That storm has saved us at least one bad job, though it hasn't done us any other real good. By Jove! I wonder how we should get on if that cruiser was to happen along now? We should be properly in the soup."

"The cruiser's hard and fast on the shoal, sir," replied Casey, "and I'm after thinking it wouldn't be a bad thing if this old tub was piled up alongside her. The worst they could do to us would be to steal the papers. They surely wouldn't murder us in cold blood, this not being the fourteenth century; and even if they did, we'd be on solid ground, instead of being in the middle of the broad Atlantic in a ship that's leaning like a worn-out sieve. If there was the slightest sign of a bit of land about it's not a pessimist I'd be, sir, but it's thinking of making me ill, I am, and chucking it over the side in a bottle, so that the old mother at home can know in the last event what has really happened to her long lost son."

Dick grinned, and pointed across the seaman's shoulders.

"I shouldn't waste time, paper, and pencil on that will yet, Casey," he replied, "nor even a good bottle. See, unless I'm beginning to suffer from delusions, I can make out the peak of some mountain or other off the starboard bow, and if this wind keeps on as it is, and we can keep on top of the water instead of going under it, we ought to strike that land, whatever it is, somewhere about noon."

And then he got the surprise of his life. There were signs of human habitation, after all, for, standing upon the cliffs just above a strip of sandy beach which peered out from a cove-worn coast, were the figures of men gesticulating and pointing. He could see them through his powerful glasses as plainly as though he stood beside them. Some had even got glasses, and were pointing out to where he drifted. He must get up some signal—something that would tell these men that he required assistance. Perhaps they could help him.

"The table cloth," he muttered. "That'll tell 'em I want to communicate. I don't suppose this hooker's got a signal flag anywhere."

To dive into the main cabin and reappear with the big white cloth—stained with coffee and wine, as it was—was but the work of an instant. With catlike agility, he flung himself up the mainmast, holding on with hands and knees to everything that offered hold, till he at last stood in the cross-arms. The ends of the top-sail halliards were still hanging there, and seizing one end of these, he bent on the table cloth. Then he hoisted it, and so that it should show itself to those ashore, he ran it up and down frantically. He twined a leg round the mast and gazed through his binoculars once more. They didn't seem to have noticed—yes, they had, somebody ashore there on the cliffs was waving something large and white in answer.

"You'd best hurry up, my lads," remarked Dick, still remaining on his lofty perch to watch events, "or with all the good intentions in the world, you'll send help too late to stop us from going to the bottom of the sea. Jove, that's the style."

He didn't care for the burning of the rope through his palms as he slid swiftly to the deck, and he leaped swiftly over the obstacles in his path as he raced for the entrance to the forepeak.

"You can avast baling, lads," he cried, "and come up on deck. There's people ashore, and they've bunged off a couple of fast electric or motor launches to save us. Look, here they come, driving as if they knew how urgently we needed them."

Two long, lean craft, as intensely

powerful in appearance as in fact, had apparently leapt from out the very face of one of the cliffs and were now eating up the seas as they tore towards the distressed schooner. The great white bow waves were like bones in their teeth, and they simply annihilated the eight miles that still lay between the Maria Dolorosa and the safe haven of the shore. It took them less than ten minutes to get alongside.

"You'd better pass us a rope, senior," cried a young man in the garb of the Moroccan native, who seemed to be in charge of the first boat; to reach the schooner. "And we'll tow you to shore. You seem to be in a pretty pickle, but we think we can save you."

"Wouldn't it be better to take off the crew?" asked Dick. "Our forepeak is nearly full of water, and I expect the old tub to founder under my feet any minute."

The young Moor shook his head. "These wooden ships float longer than you think, senior," he said, a quaint accent in his almost perfect English. "And we have orders from our chief to save your vessel as well as yourself, if at all possible. And one does not disobey our chief lightly. So, please, waste no more time, but pass us a rope. See, my brother's boat will take a line on your other side, and we shall have you safe before you can say—what is it?—Jack Robinson."

Dick stifled a grin at the newcomer's

**OUR TELEPHONE COMPETITION.**  
(Number Two.)

1. "Hallo! Is that Brown's?"
2. "Button, of Sherwood Avenue, speaking."
3. "No, I didn't say mutton!"
4. "What have you got?"
5. "English."
6. "What does it run out to—?"
7. "Um! That's rather a lot! What about—er—"
8. "No; I don't care about that!"
9. "Canterbury—"
10. "Well—two nice ones."
11. "Yes—early, please!"
12. "Oh—I see—"
13. "Do you want any waste—?"
14. "How much do you pay—?"
15. "One penny? Well, I have a lot here you can have—"
16. "Yes; I wish you would."
17. "Send round with the other."
18. "And don't forget, early, please."
19. "No; not to-day."
20. "Good-bye!"

Here is a novel whozo which will amuse and, we hope, puzzle you. As you see, the above represents one side of a telephone conversation. Can you fill in the other side? If so, write down what you think will be the replies of the man at the other end of the wire. There is no need to cut this out—simply number each "answer" to correspond with the number of the "question."

For the effort which completes the telephone conversation the best and nearest in the opinion of the Editor—whose judgment must be accepted as final—a cash prize of ten shillings will be awarded. All entries are to be sent in not later than Monday, November 15th, and addressed, The Editor, The Boys' Friend, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4, and the envelopes marked "Telephone Competition No. 2."

optimism, and the bluejackets passed out of the sagging bows of Maria Dolorosa the two hemp cables ordinarily used for her anchors. With a cheery wave of the hand the powerful launches took to the slack, and the water began once more to ripple around the schooner's forefoot as she was towed in towards the patch of sandy beach, where Dick felt he would like to ground her.

"What a bit of luck, sir," remarked Casey, as he stood by his commander's side, steering so that the launches' job should not be made too hard. "Fancy a couple of sweet little craft like these being kept in such an out of the way hole, purely for the sake of shoving out a helping hand to distressed British sailormen—it's hardly believable. If I'd read it in a book I wouldn't believe it, and yet it's so true that I have to keep pinching myself to make sure I'm awake. By the way, sir, did you get the papers stowed away in a safe place?"

"They're in my breast pocket at this moment," replied Dick. "That's safe enough, I should think."

"Maybe, and maybe not," answered the shrewd Irishman. "Among white men it would be, but, though they've been so good as to take us in tow and save our lives, I never trust these niggers, sir, and I'd feel more comfortable if I had them papers. Give 'em to me, sir! I've

a lot of room in the sea-boot, and though they may go through our pockets to see if we can pay for our board and lodgings, it's a thousand-to-one chance against 'em looking for things so valuable as them funny writings in the sea-boot of a sailorman."

Dick grinned, but Casey insisted, and presently the papers changed hands. The Irishman, with a great show of secrecy, bent down behind the deck-house, and slid the sheets inside his stocking, under the great leather boot, which covered his legs to the knee.

"They're there, and we both know where they are, and where they'll stop, since sleeping with me boots on is a habit I've had since me childhood," he said. "And now, sir, will you mind if I borrow them spy-glasses of yours? I've a notion to have a good look at these chaps on to beach the schooner. For a likely to be pals or not."

Casey's high spirits seemed to have mounted higher since the shadow of destruction had been lifted from the schooner, and while Dick steered he surveyed the shore and the people lining the cliff-tops, and watched several of them descending by a narrow path that led down the rock face to the sandy beach. Presently a smile faded from his face, and his whimsical remarks fell to silence. He seemed to have found something that gave him food for thought. Presently he lowered the binoculars, and turned to his young commander.

"So that's it," he said. "I've been wondering, sir, why it was that they was so keen on towing this old tub into harbour, when it would have been twice as simple and just as much to the point to take us aboard their motor-launches and let her sink out there. It isn't usual, sir, unless they want the timbers, and from what I can make out of these folks, they've got everything in that line they require. I think, sir, it's just as well I have put them papers in a safe hiding-place, and if I was you I shouldn't say anything about 'em ashore, and I'll tell the lads to keep their mouths shut as well. Because, sir, I can't help thinking that it's them papers these folks want, and not us or the schooner, and that if they think we have 'em or know anything about 'em, they'll cut our throats without so much as 'Please,' or 'By your leave.' That's all."

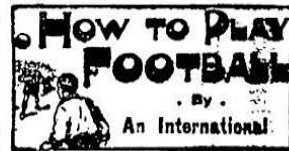
"Why? What do you mean, Casey?" asked Dick. "These people can't know anything about this ship or her papers."

"Can't they, sir?" replied Casey. "Well, give me the tiller, and take a good look at the old chap with the Father Christmas set of whiskers standing there in the very forefront of the crowd—him what's so interested in our movements, and is watching us through some spyglasses."

Wondering greatly, Dick raised the binoculars and focused them on the figure Casey had indicated—the figure that stood only a mile away on the very spot where Dick intended to beach the schooner. For a moment he stared, and his jaw dropped open with astonishment. Then he lowered the glasses and grinned at the now sober Casey.

"Crimbs!" he ejaculated. "That's properly out of the frying-pan into the fire. This must be the headquarters of the Secret League, and that chap the chief of the robber band, Casey, for I can see as plainly as anything, embroidered on the breast of the nightgown thing he calls a robe, the scarlet badge of the Star and Crescent!"

(More of this thrilling yarn in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)



**How to Play Football**  
An International

By . . .

**The Wandering Forward.**

The other week I saw the Aston Villa forward line in action, and this team, as you know, is one of the very best in the length and breadth of the land. The outstanding features of the forward play, though, was the manner in which the men worked together, and kept their places in the line. When one of the forwards was in possession, the rest were in a straight line across the field, and that is how they should be. The wandering forward is a nuisance, because even should he succeed in making the defenders wonder who he is going, he will also succeed in bamboozling his own pals as well. They will be dodging him all the time, and the whole forward machinery, which should work smoothly, will be thrown clean out of gear.

**The Defensive.**

Turning from the attack to the defensive side of the business, there is here just as much room for organization and method. Too many teams go on the principle that any sort of tactic will do in defence. They won't, though. Strictly speaking, there are five defenders against five attackers, and before the game commences these defenders should study and think over the methods to be adopted.

There is, for instance, the question of which opponent should be tackled by the half-back and which by the full-back. The centre-half is supposed to look after the centre-forward, of course. Personally, in regard to covering the other attackers, I think the best principle to go on is for the half-back to tackle the inside wing man, and for the full-back to cover the outside man. Some first-class teams adopt the other policy; that is, the half-back tackles the outsider, while the full-back watches the inside man.

**The Best Policy?**

Now to give some reason why I think that, in the course of the average attack, it is better for the wing half-back to cover the inside wing forward, and leave the outside man to the full-back. In the first place, it should be borne in mind that from a goal-scoring point of view the centre of the field is the most dangerous—much more dangerous than the touch-line part of the field. Hence it seems to me that the best policy is to try to force the ball and the play to the wings if your goal is being assailed. The best way to do this is for the wing half-back to tackle the inside-wing man in such a way that he must pass the ball outwards, not inwards. He will soon learn how to make his tackle have this effect. Again, if the wing half-back goes continually to tackle the outside wing opponent, it simply means that he leaves much work to be done by the centre-half, and this player has already quite enough to do. I have seen first-class centre-half-backs literally lift off their feet in big games when they have played in a side in which the wing half-backs went out to tackle the outside winger.

**Rough on Centre-Half!**

I remember particularly a big cup-tie a few years back in which the teams were, apparently, well-matched. But one side adopted as a policy that the wing half-back should watch the outside wing opponent. And didn't the centre-half of that team have a worrying time. His opponents simply concentrated the play down the centre of the field, the wings being scarcely used at all. Backwards and forwards this centre-half went, but he never had a real chance of stopping the three inside forwards opposed to him, with the result that the match was lost by his side by half-time, and the poor centre-half was pumped, absolutely.

There is one other advantage of the defensive policy which I am advocating. If, in the ordinary run of the play, the wing half-back tackles the inside-wing forward, the former is in a much better position for distributing the ball when he gets it than he would be if he gained possession by tackling the outside man.

(More on "How to Play Football" in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

**Grand Value for Money Story Books!**

Attracting long complete tales of adventure on land and sea, sporting yarns, and first-rate school stories. The following splendid series just out—

**No. 25.—The Honour of St. Frank's.**  
A Grand Tale of Schoolboy Fun. By the author of the "Slipper of St. Frank's" series.

**No. 26.—Useful Jack.**  
A Quirky Boy's Story. By F. DELMER.

Buy your copies TO-DAY, and at the same time order the two new numbers out on Monday, November 15th. Ask for

**Nugget Library 3d. Each.**







was telling on him now. He simply could not negotiate his own weight.

"Oh dear! Oh, ow! Help!" howled the hapless Chunky. "I'm going to fall. Oh dear!"

"Bless my soul! What is this?" Mr. Slimmey came hurrying up, and he blinked at Chunky Todgers in astonishment through his gold-rimmed glasses. "What—what—"

"Ow!"

"Chunky's showing us some gymnastics, sir," said Bob Lawless. "He's going to see how long he can hold on."

"Yarooooo!"

"You had better get down, Todgers," said Mr. Slimmey severely. "Oh dear! I—I can't!"

"You should not have placed yourself in such a position, Todgers. However, I will help you down."

Mr. Slimmey kindly stepped to help Chunky down. Unfortunately, at that moment Chunky's long-tried grasp on the top of the palisade gave way. He came down with a rush, just as Mr. Slimmey reached up to grasp him.

Crash!

Chunky landed on the young master's chest.

Pelion piled on Ossa would hardly have made a more terrific impact. Mr. Slimmey staggered back as if a cannon-ball had struck his waistcoat, and collapsed. He gasped with anguish as he was strewn on the ground, with Chunky Todgers sprawling over him.

"Groooh! Hoooh! Oooooop!" spluttered Mr. Slimmey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear! Ow!"

Chunky rolled blindly off Mr. Slimmey and sat up. Mr. Slimmey sat up, too, spluttering, and groping for his glasses.

"T.T. Todgers!" he gasped.

"Yow-ow!"

"You utterly disrespectful young rascal, how dare you play such a trick on me!" shrieked Mr. Slimmey.

"Why, I—I—I—Ow, ow! Yow! Woop! Help!"

Mr. Slimmey scrambled up and grasped Chunky. Mr. Slimmey was seldom angry, but he was very angry now. His open hand descended on the plumpst part of Chunky in a series of tremendous whacks.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yow! Ow, ow! Owooooo!" howled the hapless Chunky. "Oh dear! Leggo! I—I didn't do it on purpose, did I? Yarooooo!"

Chunky Todgers jerked himself away and fled. Mr. Slimmey, very red in the face, walked quickly away, leaving the Cedar Creek fellows chortling.

Chunky Todgers did not break bounds, after all. He turned up at dinner with a morose countenance, and seemed to find himself very uneasy sitting on the pinewood bench. He was still uneasy in class that afternoon, and he was thinking less of the excited doings in Thompson Town than of the result of Mr. Slimmey's vigorous attacks.

### The 3rd Chapter. Judge Lynch!

"At last, thank goodness!" said Frank Richards.

The long school-day was over at last, and never had it seemed quite so long to the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards & Co. led out their horses from the corral and ran them down to the gates, greatly relieved to be at liberty at last.

Many of the Cedar Creek fellows had to take their homeward way by the Thompson trail, but Frank Richards & Co. usually rode southward through the timber towards the Lawless Ranch. But on this occasion they joined the crowd that started for Thompson. The dusk of the "fall" was setting in, and the shadows thickening on the trail as they rode away from the backwoods school. They were free now to visit the town if they liked, and most certainly they liked.

What was going on in Thompson they did not know, but they were certain that the town was seething with excitement, and that there might be an outbreak at any moment, if it had not happened already.

Rascal as Handsome Alf undoubtedly was, Frank Richards & Co. were very far from approving of Judge Lynch methods, and assuredly they had no intention of taking part in any proceedings of the kind. But they wanted to be on hand to see what was going on.

They rode up the Thompson trail at a gallop, and soon outdistanced the other fellows. Chunky Todgers laboured after them on his fat little pony, but he laboured in vain.

"I say, stop for me, you galoots!" roared Chunky.

But the Co. did not stop. Like

the celebrated gladiator of old, they heard but they heeded not.

Lights were glimmering in the windows on Main Street when they rode into Thompson. The Red Dog was a blaze of naphtha lights, and the Occidental was gleaming on the dusky street. Gunten's store was the centre of a loud, excited crowd.

"Hallo, there's Billy Cook!" exclaimed Bob.

The foreman of the Lawless Ranch was standing by his horse near Gunten's store, and the chums of Cedar Creek joined him.

"What's on, Billy?" asked Bob.

The ranchman glanced at them.

"I guess you young galoots had better hit the home trail sudden," he answered.

"We've come to see what's going on."

"No sight for you, I reckon. I guess there's going to be lynch law in Thompson this evening."

"Handsomeness Alf—"

"He's still in the calaboose. The mounted police won't be hyer till tomorrow to fetch him to Fraser."

"And to-night—" muttered Frank.

"I guess it's the long jump for him," said the ranch foreman coolly. "I reckon the galoots asked for it. A rope and a limb, I guess. What's the odds? They'd hang him at Fraser after his trial, I guess."

"But the sheriff—"

"I reckon the boyces would have had him out early but for the sheriff," said Billy Cook. "He's held them off from the calaboose today. But Mr. Henderson's out of town now. There's been a raid up the valley—"

"Another raid?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"Sure. Some of the rustler gang are still loose, and they've been raiding at White Pine. Mr. Henderson and his men had to ride out as soon as they heard the news. And now—"

Billy Cook shrugged his broad shoulders—"now I reckon there isn't much to stop the boyces, if they take the upper hand. It's the long jump for Handsomeness Alf."

Frank Richards shuddered.

It was the rough law of the border. The rustler had defied the settlers of the Thompson Valley and raided their ranches. They had to spend valuable days away from their work in hunting down the ranch-raider, and it was natural enough that the Thompson crowd should resolve to make sure work of him while he was in their hands.

He was a prisoner, booked for trial and punishment; but there was many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. And Alf Carson was a slippery customer.

The schoolboys rode slowly on up the crowded street.

The wooden gaol or calaboose was surrounded by a crowd, and Buster Bill, the cattleman, was standing on an up-ended cask haranguing. Buster Bill was evidently keen on lynch law. Billy Cook looked on in silence, but, law-abiding fellow as he was, the ranch foreman had nothing to say in opposition. His fixed opinion was that a rope and a limb of a tree were what the rustlers wanted, and wanted bad.

Closer to the calaboose was another orator, standing on a dry-goods box, apparently borrowed from Gunten's store. He was a stranger in town, so far as Frank Richards & Co. knew. He was a gigantic fellow, with a red, rough beard, and a Stetson hat jammed upon an untidy head. His deep, rough voice boomed over the crowd, and was answered by fierce cheering.

"Who's that?" asked Bob Lawless of a cowboy, as the schoolboys stopped on the edge of the crowd.

"That's Bunco—"

"A stranger in this section, I guess?"

"Never seen him afore," answered the cowboy. "But he's talking honest sense, and I'm for him."

Bunco's powerful voice boomed out over the buzz.

"Gents, what I says is this—lynch him! What do we want with taking him to Fraser for trial? Ain't he tried and condemned already? Ain't he raided the ranches, and driven off the cattle—ain't he shot down good citizens—"

There was a deep roar from the crowd at that.

"I say, lynch him! Never mind the court at Fraser, Judge Lynch is good enough for Thompson!"

"Hurrah!"

"Judge Lynch! Judge Lynch!"

The roar of hundreds of voices rang through Main Street, and echoed among the scattered buildings of Thompson.

Vars Beauclerc had fixed his eyes upon the big red-bearded man, with a strange expression.

"I believe I've seen that man before, Frank!" he muttered.

"Who—Bunco?"

"Yes."

"He's a stranger here, I think."

"I've seen him—I'm almost sure—among the rustlers!" whispered Beauclerc.

"Eh?"

"You know they had me a prisoner the night they attacked the ranch," said Beauclerc. "Of course, it was dark. I couldn't be certain. But—but I'd almost swear that I saw that big red-bearded chap in the gang!"

Frank and Bob stared at their chum. Beauclerc was very much in earnest, but they could not help feeling incredulous.

"But—but if he was there he was one of the rustlers!" muttered Bob.

"Yes."

"But now he's howling for Handsomeness Alf's blood."

Beauclerc nodded.

"I suppose he's turned on his leader to save his own skin," he answered. "Anyhow, I believe he was one of the rustlers. Of course, I couldn't be quite certain, but I believe so."

Frank and Bob looked at the red-bearded man again. Bunco was working himself up to a state of terrific excitement, standing on the dry-goods box. He waved his sinewy arms and roared.

"Lynch him! I say, gents and citizens, that's what he wants—a rope and the limb of a tree. Lynch him!"

"Lynch him!" roared the crowd in response.

"The sheriff's held us off," continued Bunco. "But the sheriff's gone now—gone up to White Pine after the rustlers. We don't want to shoot any good citizens. Lynch him before the sheriff come back!"

"Hurrah!"

"Lynch him!"

"Have him out!"

There was a surge of the mob towards the wooden gaol. Bunco leaped down from the dry-goods box, brandishing a heavy Navy revolver.

"Come on!" he roared. "Foller me! Have him out!"

"Hurrah!"

"Have him out!" yelled the crowd.

Buster Bill came striding forward to join in the lead. Buster Bill had apparently been fortifying himself with the fire-water at the Red Dog, for he was rather unsteady on his feet, and his bearded face was crimson. But he was full of determination. He reached the wooden gaol as soon as the red-bearded Bunco.

"Have him out!" he roared.

Crash! Crash! Heavy blows rained on the door of the calaboose. Frank Richards and Co. exchanged glances.

"It's the finish!" said Bob, in a low voice.

"After all, he's earned it," said Frank—but he shivered.

Crash! crash! crash!

### The 4th Chapter. A Desperate Device!

Crash!

The door of the calaboose splintered in under the fierce blows in a few minutes.

In the doorway appeared two of the sheriff's deputies, with rifles in their hands.

"Stand back!"

Bunco brandished his revolver.

"We ain't arter any galoot hyer, excepting Handsomeness Alf!" he said. "You hand him over, and you're safe. You pull trigger, and we'll riddle the calaboose like a durned colander. You hear me yarp?"

"I guess—"

"Beat it!" roared Bunco.

The two deputies hesitated.

But the fierce mob was crowding up, and it was only too clear that if a shot was fired, a ferocious rush would follow. The guard was helpless; and Sheriff Henderson, whose stern authority might have stopped the mob, was far away at White Pine. The deputies lowered their rifles.

"I guess we pass, pardner!" remarked one of them.

They stepped aside, and the crowd, headed by Bunco and Buster Bill, swarmed the gaol.

A barred door indicated the room in which Handsomeness Alf was confined.

Bunco tossed the bars aside, and tore open the door.

The room within was dusky; lighted only by a glimmer of the Red Dog's naphtha lamps that penetrated a barred window.

Handsomeness Alf, the rustler, was on his feet facing the doorway, and a heavy stool was in his grasp.

The man from California was pale—but he was cool. The gold earrings in his ears glistened in the dusk. His eyes glittered at the wild mob surging in the doorway.

"Put down that stool!" roared Bunco, thrusting his red-bearded face into the cell. "That won't help you now, you galoot."

Handsomeness Alf gave a violent start at the sight of the red beard and hard features of the big ruffian. He dropped the stool.

"I guess I'm in your hands, pardners," he said coolly. "Gentlemen, I'm glad to see you—sorry I can't ask you all in; space is limited. I guess I'll be pleased to step outside with you."

Some of the lynch mob chuckled. The outlaw's coolness disarmed their fury a little, though it had no effect whatever in changing their purposes. They were there to hang Handsomeness Alf—though they admired the iron nerve with which he faced his doom.

"Waal, you're a cool card, you are," said Buster Bill, with a grin. "I reckon you've got nerve. Kim on."

"I'm ready, gentlemen."

"Clear the way, you galoots!" shouted Bunco, grasping the handsomeness outlay by the arm, and leading him from the cell.

The mob poured out of the calaboose, with the Californian in their midst.

Handsomeness Alf walked with head erect, and a smile on his dark face, and he made a cool and mocking bow to the crowd without.

"Don't shove, gents!" he said, coolly. "You've got me—I can't fly away. Give a galoot room when you're going to strag him up."

There was a chuckle.

"Give him room," said Bunco. "I've got a grip on him, and I reckon there's enough of us hyer to see he won't vamoose."

"Hyar's a rope!" shouted Buster Bill.

The cattleman flourished a lasso, and for a moment Handsomeness Alf set his lips very hard.

But Bunco pushed the Buster back.

"Bring him along to a tree," he rapped.

"What's the matter with stringing him up over the door of the calaboose?" demanded Buster Bill.

"I guess a tree is what we want!" retorted Bunco. "You galoots gather round, and come along."

"Look hyer—" objected the Buster.

"Kim along!" roared Bunco.

The red-bearded giant hurried the prisoner along, in the midst of a swarming, yelling crowd. Buster Bill followed with the lasso.

Down Main Street they swept, the Californian stalking with head erect in the midst, Bunco's grasp still upon him.

At the end of Main Street was an open plot, where a big cedar tree grew, on the verge of the town.

It was beyond all the buildings, and the open country stretched beyond. The scene was lighted now by the stars, instead of the naphtha lamps of the Red Dog saloon.

Round the cedar tree the crowd swarmed and roared.

Frank Richards and Co., leading their horses, followed the mob, and stopped outside the radius of the crowd by the cedar.

The schoolboys' faces were pale. They could not help admiring the iron nerve of the Californian; and they felt compassion for the hapless man, about to be hurled into eternity with all his unrepented crimes upon his head.

"I—I think we'll clear," muttered Frank. "We don't want to—to—"

"He looked at his chums."

Bob Lawless nodded.

"It's all up with him now," he said. "We don't want to see it! Let's get."

Beauclerc did not move.

"Come on, Cherub."

"I wonder—" muttered Beauclerc, wrinkling his brows. "I wonder—"

"What?" asked Frank.

"That red-headed fellow—Bunco—I'm almost certain—" Beauclerc shook his head.

"He's putting the rope round Handsomeness Alf's neck now, said Frank, with a shudder. "Come on."

There was a hush in the lynch mob. Handsomeness Alf was standing under a branch of the cedar, and over the branch, Buster Bill's lasso had been thrown.

The Buster held one end, and Bunco was arranging the noose about the neck of the Californian.

Handsomeness Alf stood still and cool. Bunco stepped back from him, and raised his revolver, pointing towards the startled sky.

"When I give the signal, pull!" he said.

"You bet!" answered Buster Bill. "Hang on, boyces."

Five or six pairs of hands grasped

the rope with Buster Bill. Bunco looked round, and then fixed his eyes on his prisoner.

"You ready, Handsomeness Alf?"

"I guess so."

"Got anything to say before you go up?"

"Nix!"

"Then here goes."

Bunco fired his revolver into the air. It was the signal, and Buster Bill and his comrades dragged on the rope. The crowd looked on breathless for the Californian to be dragged into the air at the end of the rope—to death!

There was a gasp!

As Buster Bill and his comrades pulled the noose whisked from the neck of the doomed man—it had not been secured there. The rope flew up over the branch under the pull—meeting with no resistance—and Buster Bill & Co. sprawled over the ground, the rope entangling them.

At the same instant there was a sudden beat of horses' hoofs, and half a dozen riders emerged from a thicket a dozen yards away.

With a wild rush, firing their revolvers recklessly into the startled crowd, the bunch of horsemen swept down on the cedar.

Two of them were leading saddled horses.

Before the lynch mob even knew what was happening, the wild horsemen were tramping furiously under the branches of the cedar, shooting right and left.

Handsomeness Alf and Bunco leaped together upon the two led horses, and in a second more the whole gang were dashing away at top speed.

Frank Richards gave a gasp.

"My hat, it's—"

"A rescue!" yelled Bob Lawless. Beauclerc set his teeth.

"I know it! I know that red-bearded ruffian was one of the gang!"

### The 5th Chapter. Rescued!

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

With a wild thudding of hoofs, the raiders dashed away in the starlight, the rescued rustler riding in their midst.

The Thompson crowd, hardly yet realizing what had happened, yelled and swayed.

A dozen men had been hurled over by the charging horsemen—a dozen more had been wounded in the wild firing. The crowd was thrown into mad confusion. Even yet they hardly understood that Bunco, the red-bearded leader of the lynch mob, had deceived them; that he had led the lynch mob to the calaboose merely to rescue his leader, his comrades being in ambush on the outskirts of the town ready to aid him.

An enraged crowd surged along the trail in hopeless pursuit, while others returned into the town to tell the startling tale in the street and the saloons. That night the town of Thompson raged with excitement.

And when Sheriff Henderson came back from White Pine, he came to learn that his prisoner was gone—that Handsomeness Alf, the ranch-raider, was free again—free, and at the head of the remnant of his old gang. It was news that made the Thompson sheriff grit his teeth.

Frank Richards & Co. rode homeward under the stars, leaving the town of Thompson in a roar.

"I guess it was slick!" Bob Lawless observed, with reluctant admiration. "I reckon some of the gang raided White Pine, just to take the sheriff away from Thompson, and leave them a clear field. Then Bunco raised the howl of 'Judge Lynch,' and all those silly jays helped him to rescue Handsomeness Alf, without knowing it. It was cute, I allow."

And now that rascal is free again," said Frank.

"You were right, Cherub," said Bob. "Bunco was one of the rustlers right enough, and I dare say there were two or three more of them in the crowd, helping. I guess it was a cute game, and there's some galoots in Thompson, I reckon, who'll be sorry they ever raised the cry of Lynch Law. If they'd left Handsomeness Alf to the sheriff, he'd still be safe in the calaboose. His pardners couldn't have rescued him without the lynch mob to help. I guess they've been fairly diddled. And now I reckon the Thompson Valley will hear of Handsomeness Alf again before long."

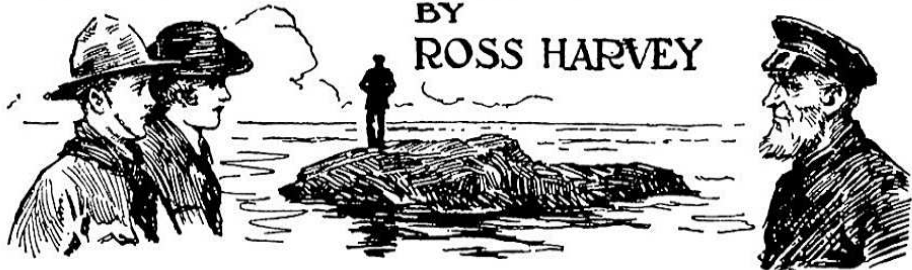
And in that Bob Lawless was right. Handsomeness Alf, the rustler, was free. And the ranchers of the Thompson Valley were not long in learning that the Californian was on the trail again. The end was not yet!

THE END.  
(Make a point of reading "The Rustlers' Vengeance" in next Monday's Boys' Friend.)



## A SPLENDID TALE OF ADVENTURE!

## THE MISSING SCOUTMASTER!

BY  
ROSS HARVEY

## INTRODUCTION:

TED MARTIN, patrol-leader of the Otters, and his second in command, JACK KITTO, with the patrol, rescue a blind sailor named CAPTAIN BOWERS from a small island where he is cut off by the tide. Following on this, the Otters and a patrol of Girl Guides, under the command of MISS BETTY HANSON, take part at a tournament. Wilson saves a firework display. One night later while Ted Martin is roaming on the island, he is startled by two green eyes staring at him through the darkness. (Now read on.)

## The Tenderfoot's Luck!

Ted Martin suddenly wheeled round.

He thought he had detected the sound of someone moving behind him—a stealthy, though stumbling footstep—but he could not be sure.

He strained his eyes harder than ever in an attempt to penetrate the darkness, but he could see nothing at all except that he would have to leave the rock very soon now if he wanted to make the mainland dry-shod, for the tide was rising quickly. Ted shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

He must have been mistaken about that breathing sound and those glancing eyes and feet—Ted's thoughts slipped off. Again there was the scraping sound of a stumbling footstep, and the patrol-leader of the Otters was round on his heel in a flash.

Quick as he was, though, he was not quick enough. He had just time to see a tall, heavily built man rushing towards him, but nothing more. He could not even step back to avoid the rush. Then an amazing thing happened.

The scout was whipped up in the air by a pair of arms that bewildered him by their strength, and the next thing he knew was that he was being carried across the rock at a fast run. Bewildered as he was, Ted Martin struggled gamely, but he was utterly helpless in the man's arms. He could not even strike out with that useful left of his, for his arms were pinned to his sides, and the grip that was about his waist was threatening to crush the breath out of his body.

Ted did make one violent effort to wrench himself free as he was carried across the rock, failed dismally, then he felt himself hurtling through the air, flung bodily away as if he had been no heavier than a Rugby football!

That was a pretty awful moment for the patrol-leader of the Otters.

For all he knew, he was about to crash down on the jagged rocks, whose teeth showed just above the water, then it was all over. Ted Martin swept down, splashed into the sea, and sank like a stone.

Instinctively he struck out, but it seemed an age before he could get his head above the surface again, and he was gasping and choking when he did succeed. He trod water, looked blankly at the rocks, and tried to make head or tail of the amazing thing that had happened to him.

It wasn't easy. As far as he could tell in the darkness, there was not a sign of anyone on the rock now, and there was not a sound to be heard anywhere; and Ted Martin shuddered. The mystery of the rock was completely beyond him, and he certainly wasn't going to attempt to solve it by paying a return visit alone.

"Not for a hundred pounds!" Ted thought. "Another little affair like that, and my hair would go gray. Wonder if Kitto saw anything?"

With that thought, Ted struck out for the shore, and when, five minutes later, he joined his chum, and told him everything, the second in command of the Otters was openly and honestly flabbergasted.

"Ted, are—are you sure it was a man and not an animal who bumped

into you and knocked you into the sea—"

"Of course I'm sure!"

"Then it just whacks me!" answered Kitto blankly. "I am absolutely certain that no one followed you on to the rock, anyway, for I've been standing here all the time. Do you think it may be someone who is hiding from the police?"

"Might be, of course!"

"Or a chap who has got some stolen property hidden there?"

"Oh, there could be a dozen explanations, I suppose," said Ted, "but it's certain we can't go and search the rock together now, for the tide's too high. We'll report it all to the scoutmaster, and see what he says about it. Hallo!"

Ted gave vent to the exclamation as he turned sharply, for someone was coming stumbling along in the sand towards them, swishing a heavy

they?" he roared. "And who do you think they are—eh? Shipwreckers or smugglers, which? Ha, ha, ha! But what a yarn to tell an old sailor!"

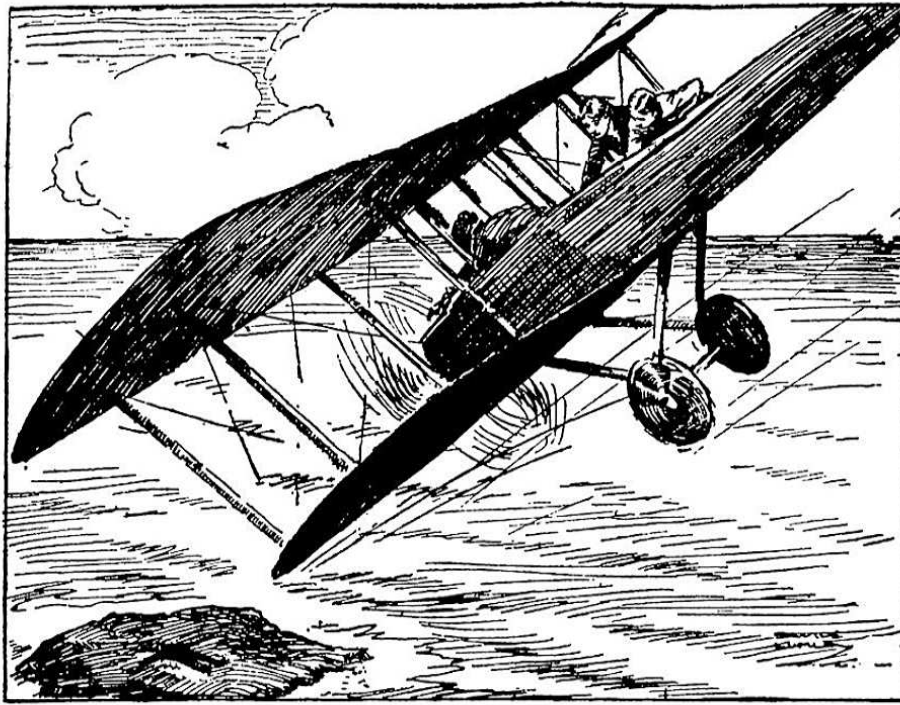
He stumped away, still shaking with laughter, and Ted Martin bit his lip. He wished now he had not said anything to Captain Bowers.

"The poor old chap is as dotty as he's blind," he exclaimed. "I was an ass to tell him."

"Don't see that it matters much. He'll—he'll spin the yarn all over the place," went on Ted; but Kitto shook his head.

"I don't suppose he knows many people, and what's it matter, anyway? I vote we get back to camp at the double and see what Mr. Hendron has to say about it."

Young Martin nodded, but they reached the camp to find that the scoutmaster had not returned yet,



## SEEN FROM THE CLOUDS!

Ted leaned over the side of the machine. Down below the figure of a man could be seen quite clearly, lying on the rock.

stick in the fringe of the sea. He came along at an extraordinary good pace, shouting in a curiously grating voice.

"Who is there, my hearties? Friends or foes? Which, my merry lads, for Cap'n Bowers is ready to meet either!"

He stopped to flourish his stick towards the two scouts, and they recognised him at once.

"The old chap we rescued from the rock last night, Kitto!"

"Yes, the blind sailor—"

"True, my lads!" came Captain Bowers' harsh voice. "The poor, blind old sailor who promised you treasure for that rescue! But what are you doing here, my hearties? Looking for more old sailors stranded in the sea, eh?"

He chuckled, then quite on the spur of the moment, Ted Martin told him what had happened on the rock. The old sailor listened in dead silence until the scout was through with the short yarn, then burst into a roar of laughter that raised an uncanny echo. "Threw you into the sea, did

and neither Ted nor Kitto had any thoughts of turning in until they had seen him.

The scoutmaster, when he did return, had some fine news, too—news with a thrill in it.

"To-morrow afternoon the Girl Guides and the Otters are to give a display of scoutcraft at Mr. Quaipe's place," Mr. Hendron announced, "and someone he knows is coming down to decide whether the scouts or the guides are best up in their work."

"A sort of competition, sir?" exclaimed Ted.

"A very real competition, Martin," answered the scoutmaster, "for there is to be a splendid prize for the scout or guide who gives the best display."

"Hurrah!"

"Wait until you have heard what the prize is, though," exclaimed Mr. Hendron. "This friend of Mr. Quaipe is a pilot, and he is flying here in his new aeroplane. The prize is to be a 'joy-ride' in the air!"

The Otter Patrol was startled into silence for a moment or two, then the solitary cheer that Ted Martin had given vent to was completely eclipsed by a terrific roar.

"None of the scouts had ever been up in an aeroplane, and here was the chance of a lifetime. So excited were they all that Ted Martin almost forgot to report the strange attack on the rocks."

Ted remembered, though, before the fire was alight, and Mr. Hendron listened in open amazement.

His first thought was to communicate with the police, but in the end he decided not to.

"Perhaps we will to-morrow!" he exclaimed. "But before we do so we'll launch the boat, as soon as it is light, and examine those rocks pretty thoroughly. We may be able to solve the mystery for ourselves. Now for supper!"

The scouts gathered round their camp-fire, which Tenderfoot Wilson and young Pearson—ho of the stentorian voice—had nursed into a fine blaze, and a supper that was cooked in a way that wouldn't have disgraced a London restaurant was served up.

Even if it were late in the year for an outdoor camp, sitting there round the blazing fire was just about as splendid as it could be; but scarcely anything was talked of except the chance of a flight in the aeroplane next day.

Everybody was to have an equal chance, too.

Tenderfoot Wilson's display would be judged as a tenderfoot; Patrol-leader Ted Martin would have to show up as became the leader of a patrol, and it would be the same with the Girl Guides.

"There'll not be a scrap of favouritism," Mr. Hendron declared, as he rose to his feet. "When you

dron had to admit that the attack on Ted was likely to remain a mystery.

"Doesn't seem to be any good reporting to the local police, either," the scoutmaster exclaimed, as they all rowed back. "I don't like letting the matter slide, but it looks as if we shall have to. No harm in you fellows keeping your eyes open, though, when you are down near the shore."

Ted Martin & Co. could be depended upon to do that; but the affair slipped right out of their minds in view of that afternoon's display of scoutcraft.

Mr. Quaipe, owner of White Gull Island, and one of the most generous men in the little town in money matters, was there in his fine grounds to greet the scouts, and he had scarcely shaken hands with Ted when Betty Hanson arrived on the scene with her patrol of Girl Guides.

Betty Hanson and the rest of the Robins looked very smart as well as pretty, and Ted Martin did open his eyes a little in surprise at the way in which Betty handled her patrol in the march on to the lawn.

"We are not going to have it all our own way, Kitto, my son," he said in a whisper.

"Nothing like it," agreed the second. "Hallo! Look up aloft!"

Ted wheeled round, then something of a real thrill ran through him, for a fine three-seater aeroplane was "side-slipping" down into the big field adjoining Mr. Quaipe's grounds.

Mr. Quaipe's pilot friend had arrived, and he was out of his machine in a flash, two slips of paper in his hand.

"Patrol-leader Ted Martin!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir!"

"Your orders," said the young man crisply. "And these are yours, Patrol-leader Betty Hanson. Now, see how quick you can be!"

Ted took his orders smartly, stepped back, and was soon reading them.

At the first glance he saw that the pilot, in spite of his youth, bore the rank of major, and that he had won all manner of distinctions in the R.A.F. during the war; then he saw that he was supposed to have flown a great distance, and required a meal at once, half of it to be cooked by the scouts and the other half by the guides.

"See to that, Kitto!" Ted exclaimed; and the "second," who had the cook's badge up, was away at the double.

He selected what looked to be the best place for a fire, then found that May Andrews, patrol second of the Robins, was being just as quick as he was.

In fact, May, flushed with excitement, and prettier than ever, got her fire going just a shave before Kitto did, then they both raced away to get provisions.

They scarcely spoke to each other at all, for the rivalry between the Otters and the Robins was a pretty keen thing, but it was the right sort of rivalry. As far as Jack Kitto and May Andrews were concerned, that was proved easily enough, when Kitto was just in time to prevent a kettle toppling over and putting the girl's fire out.

A few minutes later, while Kitto was getting more wood, the girl was just as quick in rescuing a fine steak in the scout's frying-pan that had caught fire.

Further across the lawn much the same sort of thing was taking place, for if Ted Martin and Betty Hanson were tying knots or splicing against each other, there was never the least chance of either of them taking a mean advantage. The true spirit of the scout law had been well learned by the Otters and the Robins; a fact that didn't escape the notice of young Major Hughes.

In fact, the pilot was watching everything; and when he had quite hungrily eaten the meal prepared for him, examined all that had been done, and watched the rival patrols at drill, he drew Mr. Quaipe aside.

For a long time the two stood talking in lowered voices, and the excitement of the scouts and guides can be imagined. The conference was to decide which of them all had shown up best, then that lucky one was to take a first trip in the air.

For nearly five minutes they were kept in suspense, then Major Hughes turned abruptly away towards the anxious group.

"The display on the whole has been splendid," he said in his crisp way. "So splendid that I find it impossible to pick out any individual among you."

There was a pause while Ted Martin and Betty Hanson looked enquiringly at each other. What was to happen now, anyway?

know that, I am certain you will all take the final decision in a true sporting spirit; and don't you be at all certain that the girls won't beat you. Now for the sleeping-bags!"

And the Otters turned in, with enough to think about to keep them awake for hours, if they hadn't all been as fit as fiddles, and delightfully tired out, which is the way to go to bed.

## Seen From the Clouds!

"Well, boys, there's nothing to be seen here."

Mr. Hendron spoke in obvious disappointment, while Ted Martin and the rest of the Otter Patrol stopped rowing.

True to his overnight decision, Mr. Hendron had had the boat launched soon after daybreak, and a pretty thorough search of the rocks between the shore and White Gull Island had been made.

The scouts had rowed even as far as the island itself, but no clue of any kind could be found, and Mr. Hen-



The question was soon answered. "In the circumstances," said Major Hughes, "the fairest thing seems to be for me to take both patrol-leaders for the 'joy ride.' Please come along at once!"

Betty and Ted gasped aloud. As they saw things, nothing in the world could be better than this, and they almost ran to where the aeroplane was standing. Betty was laughing excitedly.

"Ted, are you so?"

"N—no!"

"Yes! you are," breathed the girl. "Nearly as scared as I am. But I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world!"

Ted missed the trip either.

He helped Betty into what looked the most comfortable of the two passenger seats, then, as he clambered aboard himself, the pilot started up the engine.

At first the propeller just ticked round, causing a slight draught of cold air but nothing more, until the pilot had shown Kitto and the rest of the scouts how to hold the machine. The moment he was satisfied about that, he speeded up his engine, and Ted and Betty had their first thrill.

The engine roared in a manner that defied them; a terrific gale of wind was flung back by the propeller, and it seemed to Ted as if the machine must shake herself to pieces, but nothing of the sort happened.

The engine died away to a low murmur; the pilot waved his hand as a signal that the scouts holding the plane were to leave go, then the engine roared again.

Instantly the aeroplane glided forward.

For the first few yards she was just lumbering over the rough field, then she began to quicken. Ted and Betty were still being shaken by the uneven ground, but the speed had grown to an amazing extent. The aeroplane was just racing across the field and the vibration was growing less.

Suddenly Ted saw that her tail was in the air, but the hedge at the other side of the field was very close. It seemed utterly impossible to the scout that the machine could rise in time to prevent a terrible crash.

Yet the pilot seemed perfectly satisfied.

He pulled back the "joystick" between his knees, and the nose of his machine shot up in the air, while the hedge that had been troubling Ted so much, disappeared from sight.

Young Martin gasped.

He turned to look at Betty and she nodded. They were up in the air at last.

With a thrilling "climbing turn," Major Hughes took the machine round in a circle, tilting her over to such an angle that Ted Martin wanted to shut his eyes. It seemed absolutely certain to him that all three of them must fall out of the plane.

Again it was only fancy, though, for the pilot was soon racing along as evenly as if the aeroplane had been a car on the road.

Presently they dashed into a cloud, and that was for all the world like running into a very wet sea fog, then they were out in the sunshine again, with the machine's nose facing home.

To Ted's astonishment they were right out to sea, so they must have covered a tremendous amount of space while in the clouds.

The pilot was "nose diving" now, though, at a speed that was much over a hundred miles an hour, and when he put his machine level again, they were very close to the sea.

Ted leaned over the side. It was just a chance action of his, to see how near they really were to the water, but a moment later he gave vent to a startled exclamation.

"There was someone lying flat on his back on the same rock where Ted had been attacked!"

The scout leaned still further over the side of the plane, but they were past the rock in a flash. For all that Ted knew he hadn't made a mistake, then he saw that Betty had also been leaning well over.

Ted sheltered his mouth with his hand.

"Did you see anything on that rock, Betty?" he shouted, for he had to shout as loudly as he could in that gale of wind the propeller was raising. "Down there on that rock, I mean?"

"Yes—blind old Captain Bowers!"

"You are sure?" shouted back Ted, and Betty nodded.

The patrol-leader of the Otters was silent after that.

He, too, thought he had recognized the blind fellow in the man

lying on the rocks, although he had not been quite certain. Betty recognising him seemed to be proof positive, but Ted had very little time to puzzle about it, for the pilot was diving again.

The nose of the machine was pointing straight for the field by Mr. Quaffe's house now, and it seemed to Betty and Ted that he was going to fly right into the ground at a pace that took their breath away.

Major Hughes was a fine pilot, though.

He dived until he was very close to the ground, then with a cooing and a shrill that made Ted marvel, tipped his machine until one wing was pointing to the ground, and "side-slipped" down.

It was a pretty startling way of landing passengers who had never been "up" before, but it was all over in a second or two.

Just when Ted thought the plane's wing was going to crash into the ground, the pilot righted his machine, and the next thing the scout knew was that they had landed and were "taxiing" finely towards the little crowd waiting to receive them.

Of course, Ted and Betty were full of thanks to Major Hughes as they scrambled from the machine, and the young pilot laughed easily.

"That's all right," he exclaimed. "Hope you both enjoyed it. Wish I had the time to take all the others up as well!"

Apparently he had very little time to spare at all, for after a few words with Mr. Quaffe, he boarded his machine again and flew home with the scouts and guides giving him a hearty send off.

As the major and his machine disappeared in the clouds Ted turned to Mr. Hendon and told him what Betty and he had seen on the rock, and the young scoutmaster's face showed how puzzled he was about it all.

"I can't begin to understand the mystery of the rocks!" he exclaimed. "I am going to have a chat with our friend, Captain Bowers, and at once, too. You take the patrol back to camp, Martin."

"Yes, sir!" answered Ted. And he and the rest of the Otters began to pack up their belongings at once.

(More of this exciting yarn in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND. Be sure you read it!)



Well, here is the second bumper number of the BOYS' FRIEND then, containing Part 2 of our splendid free

**BOXING GUIDE,**

the first part of which, judging by the postman, has gone down very well, thank you! In two weeks you will have the complete guide, and an extremely interesting and useful book it will be.

As regards next week's issue—the third bumper number—here is a slight idea of the excellent contents.

There will be fine, long instalments of

**"THE LEAGUE OF THE STAR AND CRESCENT!"**

By John S. Margerison,

**"THE MISSING SCOUTMASTER!"**

By Ross Harvey,

and

**"THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!"**

By Victor Nelson.

**"THE AFFAIR OF THE V-SHAPED SOAR!"**

By Edmund Burton,

is the title of the next case to be investigated by our famous "crimo expert," Graut, Chauffeur-Detective.

**"BETRAYED BY HIS OHUM!"**

By Owen Conquest,

is a fine, long Rookwood yarn, in which is more of the "Kid," and the falling out of two of the staunchest chums at Rookwood School is caused by this young rascally fellow—although quite unintentionally.

**THE RUSTLERS' VENGEANCE!**

By Martin Clifford,

is a wonderful, powerful story of the chums of Cedar Creek School, in which Handsome Alf and his rustlers take a huge part.

Besides all these stories, there are many splendid articles on football, health, etc., to be found—in fact, the most wonderful penny-halfpenny's

worth to be had anywhere. Be sure you order your copy well in advance, if you have not already done so.

**THE COAT-OF-ARMS.**

"The origin of the term 'coat-of-arms' is thus given. In the days of chivalry the knights wore coats of linked steel, or some kind of armour, to protect them in battle or tourney. These coats would soon become useless on account of the rusting caused by exposure to drenching rains, and in the sunlight they were exceedingly hot and dazzling. So the knights put on a silken surcoat over the coat of mail, and as, with helmets on and vizors closed, there was no way of distinguishing one from another, the armorial bearings of each knight were emblazoned on his silken surcoat, which thus became a coat-of-arms. The practice was then extended to the trappings of the horse, and afterwards to the articles of the household, as the linen and plate."

Sent in by James B. Horan, 2, Upper Row, Street, Wexford, Ireland, to whom I am awarding a prize of 2s. 6d.

**RANK.**

"As a great American liner was steaming into an English port, a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her. An officer on the liner, observing the barge, shouted: 'Clear out of the way with that barge!' The lighterman roared in reply: 'Are you the captain of that vessel?' 'No,' answered the officer. 'Then speak to your equals!' retorted the lighterman. 'I'm captain of this one!'"

Sent in by James Carlisle, 11, Possil Road, Glasgow, to whom I am awarding a prize of 2s. 6d.

Your Editor

**Meade** ON EASY TERMS

direct from factory at wholesale prices and SAVE POUNDS. Wood's finest mixture. Table, Grand, Portable, Horns and expanded coloured monomer horn. Meade-phonograph selected from Grand bargains in Columbia, Regal, Zenophone, Decca, Edison Bell and Decca. Immediate delivery. Sent in 10 days trial, packed free, carriage paid. 45 tunes and 400 records included. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Send postcard for beautifully illustrated art catalogue.

MEAD CO. (DEPT. G106) RAISALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

**Boys!**

MAKE THIS PERFECT MINIATURE BIPLANE.

This model is the outcome of five years' experimental and research work. It is scientifically strengthened with an entirely new method of spar construction, which allows the model being made from a special and quality of paper. Movable controls are fitted. Automatic stability is obtained by fitting the lifting planes on the new MASCO principle. All details are reproduced in the model, including Instrument Board, Air-pump, Pilot Tabs, Jetrol Service Tank, Elastic Shock Absorbers, etc. The span of the model is 12 ins., length 12 ins., height 5 ins. We guarantee that the model will perform all the evolutions of any present-day aeroplane. Our guarantee has been amply proved by the fact that we have received hundreds of letters of appreciation from model enthusiasts.

Complete set of parts and illustrated instructions. PRICE 1s. Post Free. (Stamps unnecessary.) Orders for two or more sets at 10d. per set. Foreign Postage 1d. extra per set.

THE MASCO PATENTS MFG. CO., Dept. E., Rosebery Cres., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**CUT THIS OUT**

"Boys' Friend." PEN COUPON. Value 2d.

Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14ct. Gold Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price, so you may send 15 coupons and only 3/-. Say whether you want a No. medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the BOYS' FRIEND readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Self-Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

**CLARNICO**

When in doubt, buy **CLARNICO CARAMELS**

and secure a full hand of trumps.

A Consolation Prize for every Player!

CLARNICO CREAM CARAMELS, CLARNICO "LILY" CARAMELS.



CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., Victoria Park, London.

**WATCH YOURSELF GROW**

by using the Girvan System. Mr. Briggs reports 5 inches increase; Driver E. E., 3 ins.; Mr. Kettleby, 1 1/2; Seaman Wood, 2 1/2; 31 ins., recommended by doctors. Patronized by Army and Navy. No drugs; no appliances. Care yourself by using the Girvan System. Dept. E.M.P., 17, Strand, Green Road, London, N.4.

**DO YOU LAOK SELF-CONFIDENCE?**

Do you suffer from nervous indigestion, constipation, lack of energy or will power? Do you feel awkward in company? Cure yourself by using the Meno-Serene Treatment. Send 2 penny stamps for particulars.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 465, Imperial Bldg., Ludgate Circus, E.C.4.

**PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF.** 1/3 each. 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 6d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

**TOBACCO HABIT POSITIVELY CURED IN THREE DAYS.**—Famous Specialist's prescription, 1/6.—H. RUGGLES (Box B.P.), HULME, MANCHESTER.

**"Curly Hair!"** "Mine curled at once," writes Miss Summers. "Curly" curls straightest hair. 1/5, 2/6.—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), Upper Russell Street, Brighton.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT**—Battery. 1 amp. Lampholder, South, 4/9, post 6d. LISTS Engines, Railways, Dynamos, etc., 4d.—MODEL CO., Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham.

**BOYS:** Engrave own name or device on Waltham Medals, etc. Genuine, simple instructions, 1/-.—H. WALKER, Dept. B.F., 107, Venmore Street, Liverpool.

**GET NEW CAT. FREE** New "Big Bargains" Catalogue Post Free. Ladies' and Gent's. NOW

Watches, Alarm & Strik Jewellery. Gramophones, Mouth Organs, Useful Goods, Novelties, Toys, Musical Cards, Etc. Etc. Big Bargain Post Free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to: FINEY'S Presents House, Dept. 7B, Hastings.

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Department, BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.