Part 3 of Our Grand Boxing Guide Given FREE Inside

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

An Amazing New Story that is Creating a Sensation!

A Narrow Escape-Chuta's Vow!

A Narrow Escape—Ohuta's Vow!
Dr. Harding stared for a moment at the prostrate lay a stapelied amazement, then, with a gast of alarm, he fell upon his knees and tasted Don's head.

Frank Philips, Losely, 'outh, and the other jumors also recovered from their surprise and pressed forware but Mr. Farmer waved them back. "Give him a chance of getting air, boys," he said. "He has fainted."
"Fainted! He's not, Farmer!" the Head exclaimed, horror and indignation in his usually kindly voice. "Ite was shot at—shot at by some scoundrel from the summat of the hill."
"Good heavens, can it be

"Good heavens, can it be possible?" cried the under-master, who had heard the shot, but had not realised that it was anything more-grous than someone potting at the irds.

went down one knee

rious than someone potting at the sirely. He, went down one knee beside on Darrel. Farmer could really have been termed "Captain Farmer." for in that rank he had experienced active service during the war, and he had seen cound of bullet-wounds to be able readily to tell when one was serious. "Thank Heaven" he said, as he stooped over Don and examined the thin red streak that ran across his temple. "It is not very bad, sir, merely a flesh-wound, that was just sufficient to stun him. "omeone fetch water—quickly."

South was whout to dush off into one of the village shore. As he swing round, he uttered a cry and bulled up, however. In excitement, he pointed to the hillside.

Stumbling up a narrow and rugged puth that ran up to its top was a strange figure.

It belonged to Chuta, Don's half-caste servent. The faithful fellow had been coming towards the procession when the dastardly attempt upon Don's life had been made, and had not failed to see the red flash of flame, or to hear the report that came from amongst the gorse-bushe. Had those who looked after him been marrer they would have seen that his hower-skinned face was distorted, and that his sombre yes blazed with a ferre anger.

He's after the fellow who fired the shot!" one of the musical clowns cried. Let's help search for him, boys!" In a flash, the grotesquely-garbed, white-faced men were tumoling from their horses.

In a flash, the grotesquely garbed,

In a flash, the grotesquely-garbed, white-faced men were turnoling from their horses. Willing hands held their instruments and the animals; for by this time nearly all the inhabitants of the little village were gathered round.

They had been first attracted by the playing of the band, and hurried out to see the procession, but had now almost forgotten the circus in their excitement at the startling thing that happened to the boy who lay beside the great elephant.

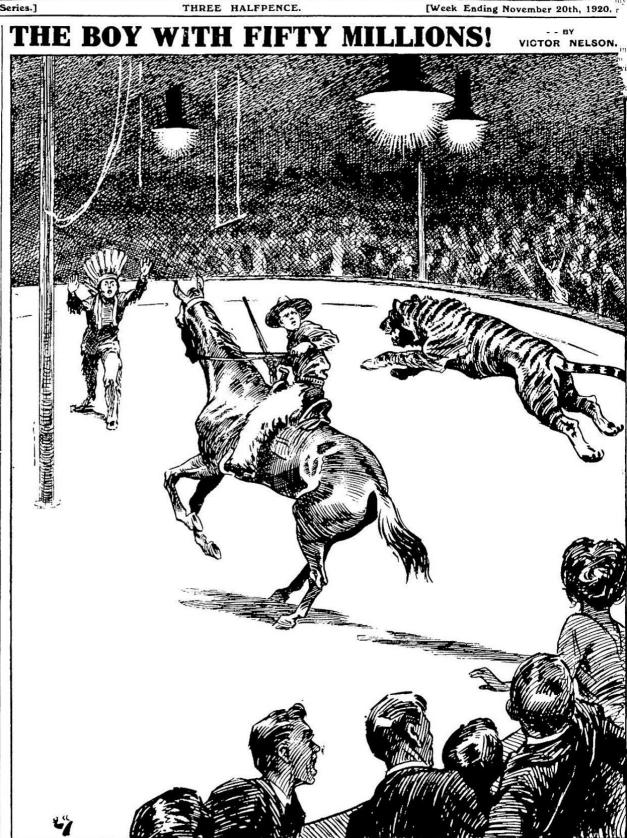
The example set by the cowns was immediately followed by hosts more. Don Darrel had spent some little time with the circus company after he had completed the purchase of the show, and, as was usual with him, had quickly endeared himself to all.

Thus the whole company was angry and indignant, and anxious to catch the would-be assassin and see him punished.

Men leapt from the triumphal ars and from the backs of other horses. Inhabitants of the village dashed into their homes, and returned with an extraordinary array of weapons—guns, pokers, steks, an pitchforks.

forks.

In rather less time than it take: to write, fully sixty people were elimbing the hillside after Chuta and the clowns, and, if the man who had tried to murder Don Darrel was caught, he looked tike having a decidedly unpleasant time. pleasant time.



THE MAN-EATER'S SPRING! Don Darrel swung round in his saddle just in time to see the Bengal tiger, its yellow eyes full of deadly menace, flying through the air towards him in a mighty spring!

"Has. He'll not be long before he becovers his senses." Mr. Farmer claitared, rs. South having brought state water, the master bathed Don's beary and bandaged it with a couple procket-handkerchiefs. "Ah, see! has. He'll

94

Tocket-handkereniers.
Tady he is better."

OND its was true. Don Darrel had sage ed and moaned softly. Presently four lids flickered, and he opened his by

by boat? gazed up dazedly at Mr. Toer and the Head.

cout What has happened, sir?" he derf I confusedly of the latter.

to the Head hesitated for a moment, rock realising that the boy must be rock the truth, grim though it was, Quality of the Head hesitated for a moment, rock the truth, grim though it was, You were fired at, Darrel."

Fired at?" Don muttered, his carth widening. "Shucks! What for, T."

cam widening. "Shucks! What for, "T."

abc he Head gave a helpless gesture. the That is a matter we shall only out! out, I expect, if the miscreant alronsible is caught, my boy," he the word. "Apparently, it was a witherate attempt upon your life!" the lon Darrel started, and his brows is me together in a frown.

Pinstinctively his mind went to the cause in the will left by Cyrus Q. leemster; that, in the event of his—Don's—death, the whole colossal ortune of fifty millions should revert to the late millionaire's relative by marriage. Randolph Gurney.

Was he behind this villainous attempt to kill him? the boy wondered.

attempt to kill him? the boy wondered.

Memory—full memory—was returning to him now with lightning speed.

He remembered the grief of the little cripple girl because the circus was cancelled, and her many fellowinvalids would be robbed of the afternoon's treat that had been promised them.

He recalled his breakneck ride to find the show, and how he had purchased it, and brought it back with him to Eaglehurst.

With every moment that passed he was feeling better, save that his head was throbbing painfully. He was a trifle bruised from his fall; but not nearly so badly as might have been the case, as he had naturally fallen with all his muscles relaxed. He felt firmly certain that, as soon as he could get upon his feet and move about a little the stiffness would pass.

"Anyhow," he said, unconsciously

"Anyhow." he eaid, unconsciously dropping into the manner of speech he had been accustomed to use upon his ranch, "I guess the guy who fired that bullet was a darned bad shot!"

The eyes of the Hoad and Mr.
The eyes of the Hoad and Mr.
Farmer met, and both amiled in spire
of themselves. Many boys would
have been prostrated with the shock
of learning that which Don had just
learned—that thoir life had been
attempted—and the masters could not
help admiring his cool nerve.
"I sincerely trust the scounded is

"I sincerely trust the scoundrel is caught:" the Head said. "Shall we arrange for one or other of the arrange for one or other of the villagers to take you in and let you rest, Darrel, and let a doctor see you?"

kind of you to suggest it!" Don returned, struggling to a sitting posture. "You see, the wound can't be more than a scratch, and I've such a mighty lot to arrange before the performance this afternoon."

"Did I undorstand you to the bad beauty of the such as the second of the such as the such

Did I understand you to say you bought this circus. Darrel?" Dr. had bought this circus, Darrel? Harding asked.

Harding asked.

"Yes, sir. I gave a few thousand for it, as I happened to know that all the little cripple children away at the home here were expecting to be taken to the show, and that the poor kiddles would be real disappointed if

kiddies would be real disappointed it tremsined cancelled, as was the case before I weighed out the dollars—er—I mean purchased it, sir."

"You were indeed an extraordinary lad, Darrel." Dr. Harding remarked. "Your object is a noble one, but, my dear boy, think! What are you going to do with a circus, after to-day?"

"ON I've arranged that six." Den

to-day?"

"Oh, I've arranged that, air!" Don explained. "Horatio Swiggers, the man from whom I bought it, will be supplied with some needed capital and travel about with it, acting as manager of the show for me. It will really be a profitable investment, I think."

"If you are sure the man will conscientiously look after your interests and treat you honestly. Darrel," the doctor reminded him.
"He will, sir. I am confident of that."

"But how can you be, my boy!" demanded the doctor, with a trace of

demanded the doctor, with a data severity.

"Well, sir, I just am," Don explained.

"When you've lived for years with all kinds of men on the plains, good, bad, and indifferent, you somehow get into the way of being

able accurately to judge a guy's—a man's character. And Swiggors, I am sure, is made of the right stuff.

"I hope you will find your judgment not at fault, Darrel; but os I am practically your guardian whilst you remain at the school, I must ask you to give me an opportunity of interviewing this circus proprietor—or, rather, managor we must call him now, I suppose."

or, rather, managor we must call him now. I suppose."

"Certainly, sir. I will arrange for him to come to the school before the performance!" Don agreed. "Though, if he does prove a rogue, it does not matter very much. The little cripples will have had the treat they've so looked forward to, and—well, after all, what's seven thousand?"

"Bless my soul!" Doctor Harding exclaimed. "It is a great deal of money, Darrol! You must really be wise as to your expenditure, my lad, even with your vast wealth!"

Don smiled in his frank manner at

even with your vast wealth!"

Don smiled in his frank manner at the shocked expression on the head's kindly face, and, somehow, Doctor Harding found himself wanting to smile, too; but, as a master, he was obliged to retain his dignity and gravely shook his head.

With Mr. Expressions and the state of th

gravely shook his head.
With Mr. Farmer's assistance, Dongot upon his feet. He swayed dizzily for a moment and clutched the master's sleeve; but he quickly recovered from the momentary giddiness and

Meanwhile, the crowd had long since reached the higher ground and were scouring it, the clowns and Chuta heading the search. Bushes were bacten, stretches of woodland searched and the surrounding country award by a they are considered.

woodland searched and the surround-ing country swept by a shopkeeper who had brought with him a pair of powerful field-glasses; but there was no sign of anyone who seemed likely to be the person who had fired the shot shot.

shot.

True, by a deep pool, some five hundred yards away from the brink of the hill, a Chinaman, dressed in European clothes, sat stolidly fishing.

He spoke quite good English, though with a lisp, and courteously answered the excited and eager queries put to him by the search party. He had heard the shot, he party: He had heard the shot, he said, but paid little attention to it; thinking it was fired by someone who possibly wanted to scare away the crows: and, although someone had hurried pact time soon afterwards he had been intent on a "bite" and not even glanced round.

not even glanced round.

The crowd would have been surprised when they left him had they been able to see the evil expression that crept into his slit-like eyes. Still more surprised would these good people have been could they have known that the rifle with which Don Darrel had been wounded, lay in the mud at the bottom of the pool; and not long before they had dashed over the brow of the hill it had been held in the Oriental's skinny, yellow hands.

Dusty and chagrined the throng poured back down the bill-side at longth to find Don Darrel being helped on to his horse by Frank Philips.

A villager at Doctor Harding's request had hastened off to report the matter to Esglehurst's solitary constable

Don Darrel was pale, but, as he rode away on his horse, which had been led along with the procession, he sat steadily in the saddle and seemed

sat steadily in the saddle and seemed almost himself again.
Horatio Swiggers, a fat man with a blonde monstache and much worthless jewellery, who wore a rather threadbare riding suit, galloped after him, for they were going on ahéad to view the ground where the circus was to pitch.

The Head and Mr. Farmer drew back and stood on the pavement. In silence they looked after Don Darrel until he had disappeared round a bend in the road.

until he had disappeared round a bend in the road. The procession started off again, a giant Hindu in turban and full native costume now in charge of the dephant Don Darrel had been riding. The clowns had regained their stands and their

elephant Don Darrel had been riding.
The clowns had regained their steeds and their band blared out merrily, the red-nosed gentleman on the camel pounding the drum and cymbals for all he was worth.
"Farmer, that boy is going to be a terrible responsibility!" the Hoad asid auddenly. "Yet, somehow, I cannot be sorry that I have him as a puni!"

pupil!"

pupil!"
"You mean, sir, that you have taken to him?"
The Doctor nodded.
"I have known him only a very short time, but I do not think I could like or admire him better were he my own son," he answered. "What cool pluck he has, Farmer; and what a fine disposition. You heard why he

rushed away and spent all that money to bring the circus here—so that the crippled children should have a treat that was almost snatched from them at the eleventh hour.

Mr. Farmer returned. "As we should have said out in France, sir, he is a 'good sport' and a 'white man!'"

white man!'"

White man!'

After that, never dare to lecture your boys upon the question of using slang again, Farmer:" the Head laughed.

Mr. Farmer shrugged.

"A school pustor can also be a man

slang again, Farmer!" the Head laughed.

Mr. Farmer shrugged.

"A schoolmaster can also be a man, sir!" he replied. "And my words expressed just what I meant. Like you I admire and respect that boy. But, what can this attempt upon his life mean?"

"Heaven knows, Farmer!" Dr. Harding answered very gravely. "I shall have to report the matter to Mr. Ponsonby, the American solicitor who has been appointed his guardian and trustee. I have been wondering if it were an attempt at sweeping him from the path of someone who, on his death, would inherit his tremendous fortune. I must make enquiries as to how the will stands—the will of the millioneire who left him all those millione of money."

"Here comes Grayson, the local constable!" Mr. Farmer said. "He will wish to interview you, sir, I expect. Shall we go to meet him?"

"Yes!" the Head agreed, starting off towards the policeman, who was strutting majestically down the High Street; but the doctor's voice was drowned by the cheering of the villagers.

The story of Don's purchase of the circus and his reason for buying it had got affoat, and, although the lad by this time must have been almost out of earshot, the cheers were for him and his show.

nim and his show.

Chuta at that moment was returning down the hillside; for he had not descended with the rest of the crowd of searchers. The half-bred Indian loved Don Darrel better than his own life; and he, perhaps, was the one man to accept the statements of the Chinese angler with doubt and angler with doubt and

had dropped behind some He had dropped behind some bushes, and, crouching there, had watched the Oriental for some time, though as the yellow man remained patiently dangling his line in the water, Chuta had at langth crept

waser,

"If me t'ought he did it, me kill
'im!" he was nuttering. "Let 'im
try again, dat's all! Chuts will
watch and"—his dark eyes smouldered
with passionate anger—"next time with passionate anger-"
will be dere to see! Then will be dere to see! Then, you eyed, murderous Chink, look of

How Don Ran the Oircus-Fresh Peril !

Don Darrel had had in his mind certain plans he had determined that it was unnecessary to mention to the

Head.
You see, he thought the worthy doctor might discover reasons why he —Don—ought not to risk his neck in the ring of his newly-purchased show, and he decided it would be as well and he decided it would be as well to give no him that he himself meant to "do stunts" therein for the benefit of the audience. Of course, the Head might have something to say afterwards, but then little things like that never troubled Don. He was accustomed to let the future take care of itself.

of itself.

When the great tent was pitched and the time arrived for the afternoon performance, however, the lad fell altogether too shaky to do more than look on.

than look on.

It was in the tent, and standing near where the performers entered, that Grayson, the local constable, found him; after searching for the boy for some time to interview him.

boy for some time to interview him. Although a country policeman, Grayson was far from being a fool, and immediately he heard of the Chinaman who had been found fishing at the pool upon the higher ground, he had gone up to take stock of the man and question him. It had been only to discover him gone, and Grayson called everyone fools for not detaining him.

"It's my opinion, Master Darrel, that this Chinese fellow fired that

shot," he said, when, note-book in hand, he talked to the Boy With Fifty Millions. "Have you any idea who he might be?"
"Not the slightest, constable."
Don Darrel answered. "And I

nawered, "And I were mistaken but

Don Darrel answered. "And I should feel you were mistaken but for the suspicions of him my servant, Chuts, also seems to have. However, why not let the whole affair rest? I'll keep on my guard in future, never fear!"

"But it sin't a matter to be forgotten so easily, young sir!" declared the policeinan, who would have liked the chance of arresting the would-be assassin and possibly promotion. "I must question you, anyway. Have you any enemies who would be likely to seek your life!"

Just for a moment, Don Darrel

seek your life?"
Just for a moment, Don Darrel hesitated; then he shook his head.
It had been in his mind to confide in the constable his suspicions that the attempt upon him had been the work of some agent of the man who would inherit his mighty fortune should he die, but a little thought convinced him that at this stage, at all ovents, it would be best to keep his own counsel.

After all, he had no proof that it

his own counsel.

After all, he had no proof that it was the work of some hireling of the dead millionaire's distant relative, Randolph Gurney, and it was just as possible that the shot had been fired by some lunatic of Bolshevist ideas who wanted to kill him simply because he was one of the world's most powerful capitalists.

He suggested this latter theory to Grayson, who seemed rather to

He suggested this lattor theory to believe in it.

"But please let it drop, old chap," Don urged, slipping a ten-pound note into the constable's ready palm. "If the affair gets a lot of publicity my guardian in America will be coming right along to watch over me like a duchess' lap-dog, and, say, I guess I don't want that. Do you get me?" Constable Gravaron gripped winked.

don't want that. Do you get me?"
Constable Grayson grinned, winked, and touched his helmet. Ten pounds will do wonders in making certain people obliging and polite and, although he was portly and hated exertion, Grayson would have run five miles at top speed for Don now if the letter had requested it.

"I'm afraid it will get into the local paper here, Master Darrel," he said, "but otherwise, as you wish it, of

paper here, Master Darrel, he said.
Dut otherwise, as you wish it, of course I'll de my best to "ush it up!"
"Do!" Don said podding, and turning his eyes back towards the ring, where Wuffles, chief of the troupe of clowns was hugely delighting the audience with his witty puns and "gags" at the expense of Horatio Swiggers, who acted as ring master. As circuses go, the show was quite good, and it was only shoor hard luck that had brought its rocent owner to his financial difficulties and failure. Don Darrel's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he looked across to where, in the very best seats, nearly a hun-

picasuro as he hooked across to where, in the very best scats, nearly a hundred crippled children were smiling, clapping, and laughing in delight. Don had insisted that they should be given the best accommodation in the tent, and that not only should they all enter free for the afternoon performance, but that they should

the tent, and that sot only should they all enter free for the afternoon performance, but that they should stay and have to a with him and see a show in the evening, which, he declared, should be quite different.

When the afternoon show was over Don Darrel's tea for the little unfortunates was served by the clowns under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Timms who ran the local "tuckshop."

It was more like a Lord Mayor's banquet than a tea, as a matter of fact, and the matron of the home and others in charge of the children remonstrated good-naturedly with the young millionaire, declaring that the kiddies would all be down on the morrow with indigestion.

Don just grinned, and went on piling their plates with good things.

His suggestions that he should buy the local chemist out of indigestion remedies and wire for a dozen London specialists to be here on the morrow in case of emergency was laughed at but not accepted.

Chuta helped in catering with a will, whilst Snap, who loved children only second beet to his master, made himself particularly agreeable.

He walked on his hind legs for pieces of cold chicken. "shook

DON DARREL, a lad of afteen, inherita 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 England and go to school. The disinherited lief to the fortune, RANDOLPH GURNEY, is plotting to do away with Don, and so secure the money for bimself. On arriving in England with his faithful half-caste servant CHUTA, and his dog, SNAP, Don learns that at Eaglehurst School they

of the Story.

cxpect him to be quite a Wild West "bad man." Don decides that it would be a pity to disappoint them! Soon after arriving at the school Don buys a circus so that the local cripled children shall have some enjoyment. While riding on an elephant at the lead of his menageric Don is shot at by emissaries of Randoph Gurney, and falls at the bead-mastor's feet, wounded.

(Now read on.)

hands" with the children for more,

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hands" with the children for more, and only made one hole in his manners—whom Mr. Timms, who was carrying a tray and did not see him, fell over him.

Snap's dignity was ruffled, and he seised the caterer's trouser-leg, and shook and tore it. But Don quickly mollified Timms by instructing him to buy a new suit and send him in the bill.

The time for the avening war-

The time for the evening per-formance came at last, and Don had arranged the entire change that was to be made in it with the worthy Swiggers.

to be made in it with the worthy Swiggers.

The tent had been fairly full in the afternoon, but the crowd had been nothing like that which peared in at the several entrances to-night.

Seate had been reserved for the Head and his wife, and most of the masters. The hoys had been given the option of which performance they went to see, and the majority had elected to patronise the evening one, and thronged in thickly now.

The show commenced with a trapeze act, which was both elever and sensational, and after the acrobats had retired Wuffles, the clown, must, of course, attempt to outdo them, ending by falling head over heels into the net, out of which he was lifted by Daisy, the elephant, whose "turn" came next.

Daisy was as intelligent as she was hare of the man and averaging a safety.

Daisy was as intelligent as she was huge and ungainly, and, after a boxing match with Wuffles, she partook of a meal, seated on a mighty chair at a still mightier table, trumpeting in varying keys to signify her wants.

Followed tight-rope walkers, jugglers, and contortionists, "gags" by the clowns, and endless trick riding by Fay Swiggers, the one-time proprietor's pretty and slender daughter, who was billed as the "great Mademoiselle Yvette." Followed

"great Mademoiselle Yvette.

But the sensation of the evening had yet to come.

had yet to como.

There was a sudden wild whooping, and, dressed in the Apache costume in which he had arrived at the achool. Chuta rode madly into the ring, brandishing a tomahawk.

brandshing a tomanawk.

"Bless my soul! That's Darrel's servant, isn't it?" the Head exclaimed to Mr. Farmer, who sat next him.

"Yes, sir: and that's Darrel himself!" Mr. Farmer said grimly, as, in is cowboy rig. Don came gallepiinto the ring at a still more furior mee.

Don doffed his sombrero, and slackened his horse for a moment, whilst he bowed left and right to the audience.

"Bless my soul!" said the doctor.

"Bless my soul!" said the doctor. trotting out his pet ejaculation yet again. "I had no idee he intended to —ahem!—make an exhibition of, himself in this way. Farmer. I do not think I should have allowed it."

"I fear it is rather late to stop him now, sir," Mr. Farmer returned.—"By Jove, how he rides! He seems! quite to have recovered from his unpleasant experience of true morning."

or have recovered from his impleasant of the experience of thus morning."
"Quite," the doctor admitted, shaking his head doubtfully, "Bless my soul! I wonder what he is going to do?"

Don Darrel had shaken off all effects

Don Darrel had shaken off all effects—or practically all effects—of the wound he had received. His head still throbbed a trifle, but otherwise he was once again his old sturdy self.
"Ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted. "Imitation of now we used to eatch Indians in the Wild and Woolley West!"

As if this were a signal, Ghuta leant far forward over his horse's neck, and sent it sweeping round and round the ring with the speed of a racer. Don unslung his lasso, and went after it, the hoofs of the spleudid animal beneath him sending up a cloud of dust from the turf.

went after it, the hoofs of the spicuded animal beneath him sending up a cloud of dust from the turf.

Round and round the two tore, Snap, who had bounded into the ring, dashing after his young master, and barking in excitoment.

Another animal grew excited; too. It was on the programme to be put through a performance after Don and Chuta had concluded the exhibition they intended to give, and was a savage-looking Bengal tiger—perhaps the only animal of its kind ever really trained, and brought to obedience by man.

But the wild-animal trainer attached to the circus was no ordinary man. He passed under the name of Colonel Barlett—though his real name was Smith—and, if Swiggers was to be believed, feared nothing that walked upon four legs, and passessed an apparent charm over the licrest beast breathing.

that walked upon four legs, and pos-sessed an apparent charm over the fiercest beast breathing.

He had trained and tamed endless wolves, lions, and bears in his career, and his crowning success had come when he had, after endless personal risk, mastered and brought to heel this Bengal tiger, which had been born in the menagerio.

But, if he had trained the tiger, it could hardly be said that Colonel Bartlett had tamed it. Its den had been -drawn quite close to the entrance to the ring, ready for its performance with its muster, and, as it watched Don and Chuta racing round and round, it growled, and lashed its tail from side to sade, and there was a baleful light in its gleaming yellow eyes.

A man who had been in one of the seats near the den got up quietly, and,

seats near the den got up quietly, and, unnoticed by all, as every eye was upon the riders, he sidled near the

cage.

He was a dark-skinned man, with black hair and black moustache, who looked like a Spaniard. As he stood by the cage, he eyed the lisson striped brute speculatively.

Al: A gasp went up from the auditorium, as Don's lasso suddenly snaked out, its loop falling fairly and squarely over Chuta's head.

As neatly roped as could be, in spite of the flying pace at which he had been riding. Chuta reined in his horse; and, as both he and Don bowed, there was thunderous appliance.

applause.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll try to amuse you for a few moments with a little shooting." Don said, as the clapping died down.

He unhitched a repeating-rifle from his saddle-bow, and, removing the rope from about his shoulders, Chuta hastened to assist him in the display. For the next few minutes Don held the great tent spellbound with the marvellous accuracy with which he used the gun. used the gun.
Chuta tossed into the air various

Chuta tossed into the air various-coloured balls, and without exception Don hit them with a bullet, and smashed them, though he was quite twenty paces away, and seemingly did not trouble to take any particular

arm.

Then came preparations for the final and most thrilling feat of all.

Don Darrel backed his horse farther away from Chuta, until he had almost reached the low barrier forming the ring, and was only some couple of yards from the den of the tiger, which was growling menacingly, and pacing to and fro.

yards from the den of the tiger, which was growling menacingly, and pacing to and fro.

The lad's horse moved uneasily, and began to tremble: but, with a coaxing word and a touch of the hand, Don quieted it.

Amid a dead silence. Chuta picked up a red ball, little larger than a golfball, and, raising his arm, he held the brilliant little sphere between his finger and thumb.

For effect, the drummer in the orchestra began to beat a tattoo, that gradually increased in rapidity and noise as Dan levelled his rifle.

noise as Dan levelled his rifle.

Every person in the audience was gazing at the Boy With Fifty Millions and his servant, wondering if Don could possibly hit the ball without the bullet touching and hijuring Chutu's fingers; and no one saw the swarthy-skinned man near the tiger's eage suddenly dart out a hand to the door of the den, jerk the balt from its sucket, and fling the door wide. Neither did anyone notice the miserant recoil, swing round upon his heels, and dart out into the night.

Crack!

Don's rifle spoke, and everyone saw that the ball had been shattered, and

Don's rifle spoke, and everyone saw that the ball had been shattered, and

that Chuta was unburt, and smiling.
This feat, as a matter of fact, was not a very difficult one for the Boy With Fifty Millions, who, having spent all his life out on the plains, was naturally no mean shot. It is not so many years ago that in the West it was not exactly wise to go about without a gun, for fear of being way-laid by some band of wild red ment; and even at the present time there are many uses for the gun carried by a rancher in the Western States of America.

a rancher in the western search.

America.

To the circus audience, however, Don's skill was little short of miraculous. Don Durrel short a grin at Chuta, which, however, froze on his lips as he saw Chuta's eyes suddenly fill with an indescribable horror.

There was something about this look on his servant's face that warned the boy of approaching danger.

Realising in that brief moment before Chuta uttered a warning cry and sprang forward, that his servant had been gazing at something at his back, Don Darrel swung round in his saddle.

Don Darrel swing round in his saddle.

He was just in time to see the tiger, its paws outstretched, and its yellow eyes full of deadly menace, launching itself from its cage and flying through the air towards him in a mighty spring.

(Another exciting instalment of this splendid tale in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.)



BUT 'TWAR USELESS.

Little Thomas' hair was wet. was painfully apparent to his mo eye that he had Willie Jones' tr

"Thomas, she said solemnly have disobeyed your dear father!"
" Mother,

I haven't-rear haven't!" said Thomas.

"But you have been swimmin; I heard your grandpa tell you do so. Fetch me the slipper wittin-tack in the heel!"

"But, mother," pleaded To. you didn't hear grandfather say What he said was, I shouldn swimming if I were you, Thor And I shouldn't think he would, his rheumatics! But he never sai word about me, so I went?"

UNKIND.

THE WAS A dandy of the first wate, and he had about as much intelligence as the average hot-cross bun.

"Ya-as," hy said, "my hands are soft," and he glanced pensively down upon them. "Do you know how I keep them so, Miss Sweetstuff?"

"How?"

"Well, I always

"Well, I always with my gloves on."

A little red gleam came into her limpid eyes.

"And do you sleep with your hat on also, Mr. Green!" she queried.

He replied solemnly that he did not. And to this day he knows not why everybody laughed.

IN EVERY WAY.

"I have always believed," said Mr. Twaddles reflectively, "that a man in marrying should always choose his opposite."
"My dear, said Mrs. Twaddles, "that is the greatest compliment you ever paid me!"
Mr. T. began to speak, but thought better of it. He settled in his chair, and buried his nose in his paper.

For Grant was trembling like a leaf

For Grant was trembling like a leaf



SNAP RETALIATES! Snap's dignity was rumed. He did not like being trodden on, so he turned round and bis the caterer's leg.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRANT CHAUFFEUR DETE BY EDMUND BURTON

"The Affair of the V-Shaped Scar."

The 1st Chapter.

An Unwilling Accomplice.

It all happened so suddenly that Grant was scarcely aware of what was taking place until the man sprang up beside him, and clapped a revolve muzzle to his temple. The taxi-driver had had a tiring day,

and was perhaps not quite so wide

and was perhaps not quite so wide awake as usual as he drove through Crane Street, preparatory to housing his cab for the night. It was forgy, and the street-lamp did little to dispel the gloom which hung over everything like a pall.

All at once a sharp crack sounded from one of the big warehouses on the left, to be followed by a scurrying of feet, and then someone leaped at him out of the darkness, gruffly ordering him to pull up.

The cold touch of a revolver against one's bare flesh generally goes a good way in an argument, and Grant, not being exactly a born fool, complied with the request. Two other figures, carrying something heavy between them, staggered across to the taxi, and climbed in with their burden.

"Nah then, boss, I don't want to hurt yer!" said the owner of the weapon. "So open 'cr out for of yer worth! Whitechapel, an' sharp's the word!"

It was very late—well after mid-night—and, as the street seemed quite

the word!"
It was very late—well after midnight—and, as the street seemed quite deserted, there was no chance of assistance. Evidently the man guessed something of what was passing in Grant's mind, for the taxidriver suddenly felt the cold ring of metal press more painfully against his forchead.

"This 'ere's a hair-pull, boss, so I'd "This 'ere's a hair-pull, boss, so I'd advise yer not to try any tricks! Come along, set 'er goin'! Mo an' me mates 'as a most important appointment with-with the Prince o' Wales! Haw, haw!"
Despite the jocular tones, Grant knew perfectly well that the fellow was in deadly earnest, so he opened the throttle, and the cab shot forward.

ward.
From Crane Street to Whitechapel is a fair distance, and the fog prevented anything like a fast pace being attained. The man at Grant's elbow seemed to realise this also, for he made no complaint—nor, indeed, did he speak at all until they neared their destination. Then:

made no complaint—nor, indeed, did he speak at all until they neared their destination. Then:

"That'll do, nah! Many thanks for the drive, boss, which 'as done us a power o' good! Pull up at the kerb, 'Jeames'!"

The taxi halted, and Grant, inwardly seething at being made such a fool of, was cudgelling his brains for some way of detaining the men, when he felt an arm encircle his throat, and something soft pressed against his mouth.

The sweet, sickly smell of chloroform was in his nostrils, and, after a few ineffectual attempts at resistance, everything became a blank.

Then the swiftly-pattering feet died away in the distance, and the fog swifted in smoly wreathes around a motionless taxical, with its driver apparently fast asleep at the whoel.

"Now then my lad was not."

"Now then, my lad, wake up!"
Grant felt himself roughly shaken, and he opened his eyes. It was just growings-light, and the fog had

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Grant flushed, and stepped down on the pavement.
"I'm not drunk, he returned.
"You can see that for yourself!"
"Then why were you asleep, snorin' like a pig, when I came along?"
"I suppose a chap can't sleep unless he's under the influence of drink?" snapped the taxi-driver irritably.

irritably.

This policeman was evidently a raw recruit, and out for promotion.

"What's wrong, then?"

"I was chloroformed, after being set upon in Crano Street by three chaps, and forced to drive 'em here at the nistol's point."

chaps, and forced to drive em hero at the pistol's point."

The constable gave a loud laugh.

"Well—he, ha!—that's the best I've heard for a long while! Perhaps you'd like to add that you're actin' for a film—— Here, hold on, young fellow! Not so fast."

For Grant, with a snort of disgust, had leapt back into the driving-sent, and the taxi shot forward before the astonished constable could grasp what was happening.

"He's got my number, of course, if he was smart enough!" muttered the chauffeur. "But I've no more time to waste. I must get hold of North at once. This is a job for him, I'm thinking:"

He and Detective-Inspector North.

thinking:"
He and Detective-Inspector North, of the C.I.D. had worked together before, and, rocalling the mysterious shot he had heard previous to his cab being stopped, Grant feared that the husiness might develop into something very serious.

# The 2nd Chapter. The Clue in the Varnish.

Tom Grant always took great pride in the appearance of his cab, which many of his frequent customers averred was the smartest vehicle on Crane Street rank, and, strangely enough, it was this simple fact which ultimately led up to as desperate a

~~~~~~~

thinned considerably. A sturdy member of the Force was standing beside him, notebook in hand.
"This won't do at all, you know, said the constable, meditarively sucking the end of his pencil. "Gettindronk whilst in charge of a motor-whicle is a serious offence." Name;"

Grant flushed, and stepped down on the presence.

sticky.

Now, as he drove towards New Scotland Yard, Grant happened to glance at this patch: then he suddenly caught his breath, pulled up, and got out.

For, plainly visible on the surface of the mudguard, was the impression of a hand!

And then like a flash an incident

ror, planny visible on the surface of the mudguard, was the impression of a hand!

'And then, like a flash, an incident of the night before recurred to him—an incident which, at the time, seemed but trilling. But was it?

He recollected that as he pulled up the cab after driving the mysterious trio from Craue Street, the man who had been sitting beside him had dismounted before the vehicle had quite come to a standstill. He had stumbled slightly, clutching at the mudguard to save himself from falling.

With a low whistle of surprise, Grant drove on, and finally drew up outside the Yard.

Although it was very early. North was already there—had been all night, in fact, putting the finishing touches on a rather tricky case—and welcomed the taxi-driver warmly. A close intimacy had sprung up between the pair since Grant had been of such assistance to the professional investigator on the occasion of their first meeting.

"Well, what's wrong now?" North

meeting.
"Well, what's wrong now?" North inquired. "More mysteries, I pre-

Perhaps. It certainly looks-

"Perhaps. It certainly looks—"
Br-r-rh!
The buzzing of the telephone-bell
interrupted Grant's reply, and North
took up the receiver.
"Yes! Who's that? Oh, Martin!
Westerby's place, you say? All right;
give me fifteen minutes?
"That's Martin, the inspector-incharge at Crane Street Station," he
explained. "He reports that
Westerby's big warehouse was broken
into last night—or early this morning—and the watchman shot. I must
be off at once, so you'll have to—
What's up, man?"

For Grant was trembling like a leaf in his excitement.

"Westerby's! Crane Street! Why, that's probably the very thing I wanted to see you about?"

And he gave a rapid outline of what had taken place.

"Now come outside, and I'll show you something," he concluded. "It may mean a lot, or nothing at all."

North examined the mark on the mudguard closely through a pecketlens, and then rushed back to his office, presently reappearing with a grall, curiously fashioned exmera in his hands. He made a couple of exposures, and finally turned to Grant with a satisfied smile.

"I'm glad you noticed this, he said." Perhaps it means nothing—but I don't think so. Now, just wait for me till I tell 'em to have these developed, and then well move."

When they reached Crane Street the news had evidently spread—it's a habit news seems to have 'for quite a goodly crowd had collected round the scene of the burglary. Though it had been very dark and foggy the pactious night, Grant, knowing the locality so well, had little difficulty in recognising the spot as the place where he had been held up.

As far as could be guthered from the night-watchman, who was lying seriously wounded in hospital, he had been suffering badly from neuralgia and had taken a powder just before going on duty, hoping to ease the pain. The stuff, however, was evidently awoke, conscious of the fact that someone was moving about in Mr. Westerby's private office.

He was making his way there to ascertain who it was, when, possibly still dazed from the effects of the durg, he blundered into three men coming down the passage. They were carrying a large and seemingly heavy sack.

Then, before he could do anything, one of the miscreants fired point.

sack.
Then, before he could do anything, one of the miscreants fired point-blank at his chest. He recollected nothing after that.
The constable who had reported the burglary said that whilst passing down Crane Street he had noticed the door of Westerby's warehouse alightly ajar, and, on looking closer.

nd that it had been forced. He red, and discovered the watch-lying in the passage, bleeding usely from a bullet-wound in the He had immediately sum-be ambulance, and informed

"He did immediately sum"Hed the ambulance, and informed
has vequarters,
bestar-th and Grant took a look round,
claise nothing could be discovered
star-ty might prove a clue to the
boalocty of the thieves. True, several
rande a were found on the surface of
explisite which had been looted, but
saged shook his head with the air of
four ideal versed in such matters.
by good!" he said. "These chaps
boat a dhands at the game and wore
The talls—whilst they were in
con Wishyhow. Unless that mark on
con Wishyhow. Unless that mark on
the "I axis" mudguard leads to anyto. wall. We'll get back and see
roct teult of the photos I took."
Que, in proof of how quickly things
you'y at the Yard, when they re"I North found two exceptionally
"bhotographs pinned to his blot"Thyped, fixed, dried, and the prints
ab in record time.
that examined each for some minutes

ab in record time.

the examined each for some minutes of the history and the some minutes. off gh his lens, and then turned to

1t' Yes, he said, "the mark shows the nore clearly here than on the diguard. I thought I noticed someong familiar, but was not sure. See at?"

He pointed to a small V-shaped ar which was just visible on each int, near the top of the middle ager. Then he took down a bulky colume from a shelf, and turned the pages rapidly. The book contained numerous photographs and "rub-pages languidal pageidal and pageidal pageidal." colume from a shelf, and turned the pages rapidly. The book contained numerous photographs and "rubbings" of finger-prints, alongside each being a brief account of the criminal to whom it belonged.

North stopped at a particular spot and compared the two photos with the one already there.

"Yes," he muttered. "I guessed as much! It was the 'Joker'."

He glanced through the description at the side, noting the previous charges, convictions, and sentences in connection with the owner of the print.

"It would fit in all right," the C.I.D. man continued, half to himself. "He would be out about now. Good!"

Good!"
Grant, to whom all this was more or loss Greek, sat waiting as patiently as he could. He, of course, knew of the wonderful system in vogue at Scotland Yard, by which such minute records of every criminal who had been through the hands of the police are kept; but who the Joker was he had not the faintest idea until North explained.

had not the faintest idea until North explained.

"The Joker," said the latter, "is a very enterprising gentleman of our-and also of your-acquaintance. This is his print, and tallies exactly with the impression you found in the varnish. As you probably know, it has been proved that the chances of the providence of the providence of the varnish. As you probably know, it has been proved that the chances of the providence of the varnish. As you probably know, it has been proved that the chances of the providence of the varnish. As you probably know, it has been proved that the chances of the providence explained.
"The Joker," said the latter, "is a

"I'm always free for this kind of thing!"

"Then call for me here, and we'll—oh, we'll go on a little tour of inspection!"

When the taxi-driver returned some hours afterwards, it was to find North sitting at his desk with an evening paper in his hand. The detective was chuckling at something which seemed to tickle him immensely.

"Hallo!" he greeted. "I was just reading about you! 'Fon my soul, some of these reporter chaps have the dioken's own gift of imagination! I suppose it's necessary for their trade!

Take a squint at that!"

Published Every Monday

Occupying a prominent position on the page was a long and fairly accurate account of the Crane Street robbery; but it was a short paragraph at the bottom which had caused North's amusement, and which now caused Grant's extreme indignation. "Early this morning," it ran, "a policeman on duty in the White-chapel district discovered a taxicab drawn up at the kerb, with the driver, apparently under the influence of drink, askeep at the wheel. Upon heing questioned, the man replied that he had been forced to drive three men from Crane Street at the pistol's point, and then chloroformed. "Dishelieving the man's story, the constable asked his name, but this was refused, and he drove off ere he could be detained. The number of the cab, however, hus been taken, so doubtless more will be heard of the matter.

"The incident, it must be admitted,

doublices more will be heard of the matter.

"The incident, it must be admitted, looks suspirious in the extreme. Has it any bearing upon the outrage just described? Was the driver intoxicated, or was he chloroformed, as he stated? Did he really drive three men from Crane Street to White-chapel? And if so, can he be an accomplice?"

Grant critical his toeth with rage.

Grant gritted his toeth with rage,

Grant gritted his teeth with rage, and flung the paper down.
"I'd just like ten minutes with the fellow who wrote that!" he said savagoly. "I guess he'd exercise his imaginstion in the nearest hospital ward for a few weeks to come!"
North grinned.
"Don't worry!" he said. "You're not going to hear any more of that part of the business. When people like that constable and the inkslinger are out for promotion, they get very zealous. I was like that myself when I started to work my way up the ladder."

As he spoke, he took his stand in

As he spoke, he took his stand in front of a small mirror, and with the aid of a stick of grease-paint proceeded to deftly alter his appearance,

atter which he treated Grant a face in like manner.
"We're not exactly going to—well, Park Lane," he said, "so a little less respectability is advisable. Put on those!"

He tossed a bundle of clothes across to the taxi-driver, and then drew over the telephone. Calling for a certain number, he issued a few concise in-structions, after which he and Grant left the Yard.

On this particular night the bar was even more crowded than usual. A medley of strange sounds—a babel of different tongues—English, Dutch, French, Italian—made the place hum like some gigantic bive. In one corner, several unprepossessing individuals were squabbling over a dirty pack of cards; a little farther off a trio were discussing something very earneatly in an undertone; whilst, half-sitting, half-lolling, at a small table, two more equally disreputable-looking ruffians were drinking from a couple of battered tankerds, and blinking at each other in a mandlin fashion through the reck of tobacco-smoke.

Presently the card-players grew quieter, fluially taking their departure. Others followed in twos and threes, until there was no one left save the barman, the trio who were still in deep conversation, and the two half-trunken gentlemen at the little table. Then a curious thing happened. One of the latter stealthily pressed his companion's foot, and became very wide awake all at once. A piercing whistle rang out, and the other mon sprang up in alarm.

The small table went over with a crash, and one of the apparently tipsy men pulled out a couple of revolvers. The other was blowing his whistle as though his very life depended on it; as, indeed, it probably did.

"Game's up. Joker! And you Sims chape as well!" cired a sharp voice. "Up with your hands, quick, tribly voice, tribly voice.

"Game's up, Joker! And you Sims chaps as well!" cried a sharp voice. "Up with your hands, quick, and no tricks! You're fairly nabbed!"

and no tricks! You're fairly nabbed!"
"Curse it!" snarled one of the three. "That's North, of the Yard, or I'm a Dutchman! Beatter, boys!"
"Stay still:" snapped back North."
You've no chance: The place is surrounded, so you may as well give in. Drop that stool, Joker, or I'll—Ah! Hang you!"
For Smithson, rightly believing that North did not want to fire, had snatched up a three-legged stool and let fly at the lamp overhead. There was a crash, a shower of splintered glass, and the place was plunged into darkness, just as half a dozen blue-coated, helmeted figures rushed in through the doorway.
What followed beggers description. Choking grunts, snarls, and oaths, trampling feet, and sounds of blows struck at random; then North's electric-torch flashed out.
The brothers Sims lay on the floor, all the fight knocked out of them.



CORNERED ! Smithson, believing that North did not want to fire, sent the s the swinging oil-lamp.

The 3rd Chapter. The "Jemmy."

No matter how well you may be acquainted with White-hapel and its environs, I am quite willing to wager that you neither know where nor what the "Jenmy" is-that is, unless you happen to belong to the criminal fraternity, which, of course, you don't.

you don't.
Well, to be brief, the "Jemmy" is Well, to be brief, the "Jemmy" is a tavern patronised, as its name would suggest, mainly by gentlemen who have some fault to find with the law of the land, and who, therefore, refuse to obey it. To reach the place requires a very thorough knowledge of the back streets and alleys, and, once having reached it, it demands equally as complete a knowledge to get away again. There are many curious cutrances and exits to the "Jemmy," which doubtless are found necessary at times.

The public-house is very rarely

The public-house is very rarely visited by the police-certainly never, unless in good numbers—for the inhabitants of this particular locality have an ugly reputation. No, the "Jermy" is not a nice place, by any

But the Joker-where had he dis-uppeared to?

Muttering something, North finshed

Muttering something, North fisshed the light round, but to no purpose. Smithson had made good his escape. The barman, who during the scuffle, had been crouching in safety behind his own counter, now emerged, and began bitterly bewailing the smashed lamp and other damage done to his premises. He was a dirty-looking, little foreigner, and his smashed lamp and other damage done to his premises. He was a dirty-looking little foreigner, and his lamentations in broken English would have been amusing to hear, but for the urgency of the situation. North gripped him tightly by the arm.
"Here, you!" he said quickly. "What secret way is there out of this infernal den?"
"Signor, I do not know. My lamp, eet eea all smash! My table broke to beets! My—"
"Be hanged to you and your furniture! Will you answer my question?"
"Signor, I—" the alien was beginning again, when the later was

question?"
"Signor, I—" the alien was beginning again, when the look in the C.I.D. man's eyes made him think better of it. He shuffled towards a dark corner, and tugged at an iron ring in the floor. A trapdoor swung silently upwards on well-oiled hinges,



(H you are in need of any advice concerning health and general fitness write to 'The Meatth Editor,' The BOYS FRIEND, The Flestway Mouse, Farring-don Street, London, E.O.4. All queries will be personally answered by Mr. Longhurst. Seize this opportunity of securing first-rate information and advice FREE []

That Tired Feeling!

That Tired Feeling!

There are some fellows so horribly slack and disinctimed towards exertion as to make anyone believe that they really were "born tired," as they say in the North of England. It is difficult to get them to take part in any game or exercise that calls for much or sustained exertion. That kind isn't so much tired as to body but as to mind. But there are great numbers of growing lads, who, although they look right enough, who are keen enough on sports and games, are prevented from doing well at these because they get tired so easily. This is no pretence. They just "can't stay." Yet apparently there's nothing definite the matter with them.

casily. This is no pretonce. They just "can't stay." Yet apparently there's nothing definite the matter with them.

There are two likely reasons for this—they are deficient lung power and poorness of blood, otherwise anemia.

and poories of blood, otherwise anemia.

These two troubles may, to a very large extent, be cured.

Deficient lung power may be brought about by breathing impure sir, or by breathing improperly. Well, if one lives in a place where the air isn't of the freshest, the only thing to do is to get away from that neighbourhood as often and as far as possible. By this I mean the taking of long walks or slow runs, or a combination of both, on every opportunity that leisure affords. Outside even the smokiest town the air is purer than it is inside. Make the most of it. most of it.

inost of it.

But proper breuthing all can do—
anywhere. It doesn't matter much how you take air in, so long as it in through the nose—which acts as a kind of filter—you fill the lungs, and in order to do this you allow the stomach to come forward. But when you breathe out, let out all the air you possibly can. Exercise the lungs, thus squeezing the stomach as you breathe out, bending the body forward, or sideways, so as to assist in getting rid of the foul, used-up sir. Take such exercises regularly, twice a day. Try to breathe so at all times, and the lungs will develop, be strengthened, and give the power which will enable exercise to be taken without the feeling of tiredness and weakness comme over your

taken without the feoling of tiredness and weakness coming over you.

Of course, muscular movements should be added, so as to accustom the muscles to the demands exercise makes upon them.

Such breathing will also go a long way towards lessening the effect of aniemia, for by bringing increased oxygen into the body it gives the blood just what it is lacking.

But the weak youth mustn't rush things. He must be content to improve slowly.

improve slowly.

Japanese Physical Exercises !

Japanese Physical Exercises I
Again the contestants face each
other, the left hand of the defender
forward, arm horizontal, palm of
hand downwards. The fingers are
seized by the attucked, whose hand is
also palm downwards; the fingers interlace. A tight grip is necessary.
The defender now bends a little
backward, drawing back his left hand
intil it rests on the top of the left
shoulder-blade. The attacker also
bends slightly forward. The muscles
of both arms engaged are to be firmly
tensed. The attacker ten tries to
drag the captured hand up, above the
head and forward, until the limb is
straight: As a finish, the defender
bends over backward, pulling the resisting attacker with him.
This is stremuous work, and a brief
rest will be required before the movement is gone through again with the
other hands.

Hay horehund

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

disclosing the top of a ladder leading down into the darkness. "To ze sewer, signor!" explained

the barman pointing.
So this, then, was how the Joker had escaped!

The 4th Chapter.
London's Waterways!

'Get those two chaps safely out of a before the alarm's raised!" was raised and the couple follow me!

Come

this before the alarm's rate of North's final order. "And a couple of you fellows follow me! Come along, Grant!"

They descended the ladder, and splashed along the bottom of the sewer, through which some eighteen inches of water was flowing. The C.I.D. man took the lead, flashing the electric-torch ahead. None knew C.I.D. man took the least. None knew better than he that the chase was almost certain to turn out a fruitless one, for the Joker was sure to be well acquainted with every twist and turn of London's underground "thorough

acquainted with every twist and turn of London's underground "thorough-farce." It was hardly likely that this was the first time he and histalterial had used this means of alipping from the clutches of the law. Splash, splash, splash, splash, splash, splash for their feet blended with the murmur of the current, but beyond that no sound was audible. It was impossible to say how many yards shead Smithson was, or, for that matter, to form any idea whatsoever of his whereabouts — whether in front, behind, or down one of the many branches to right or left. Running water leaves no traces.

behind, or down one of the many branches to right or left. Running water leaves no traces.

Suddenly one of the constables uttered a sharp exclamation, which caused the others to halt in alarm.

"The water, sir—it's rising!"

North, now that his attention was called to the matter, looked down and perceived at a glance that the man was quite right. Moreover, the current was flowing more quickly and growing stronger every moment.

"Hurry!" he cried lioarsely. "We must give up. if we're to get out of this alive! Get back to the ladder"

But going against the current was a much more difficult job, and became harder each minute as the flood rose inch by inch. It was now up to their middles, and North gasped out:

"I believe someone's opened the

out:
"I believe someone's opened the sluices, not knowing suything of this! By Jove, we'll never do it!"

It was now well-nigh impossible to keep their feet. Grant, being rather lightly built, found it necessary to cling to the arms of the burly constables, otherwise he would have been swept away. The C.I.D. man held the torch as high above his head as possible, but as yet no sign of the ladder they sought gladdened their eyes.

ladder they sought glaudened theoryes.

Up, up, up, slowly, but with maddening certainty, rose the water, intil Grant felt it lapping round his neck. His feet were swept away from under him, and his whole weight hung for a moment on the muscular arm of his companion, when North's excited voice rang out:

"All right, boys! Here's the ladder."

ladder."

As Grant seized one of the lower rungs something cannoned into him, and instinctively he put out his hand. Then a half-stiffed ery burst from his lips, and North turned the ray of the torch downwards. It shone on the pale face of the very man they had been looking for—the Joher!

Joker! Evidently he had taken the opposite his pursuers, and had direction to his pursuers, and heen caught by the flood which awahim away before he could reach

been caught by the flood which swept him away before he could reach a place of safety.
"Better let him go!" advised the C.I.D. man, a triffe hearsely. "He's no use to us now. We ought to be thankful we're not in the same condition ourselves!"

"Well, that's your case, anyhow Detective-Inspector North turned round in some surprise.
"What I say, of course! You worked the whole thing from start to finish." replied Grant.

worked the whole thing from start to finish'" replied Grant.
The C.I.D. man laid his hand on his colleague's shoulder.
"Look here!" he exclaimed. "Who discovered the mark on the mudguard? Was it I? No! Well, that's enough. Everything depended on that, for there wasn't a ghost of a clue to be picked up at Westerbys!"

(Next week, "The Affair of the Stolen Despatch!" Make a point of reading this thrilling yarn!)

JIMMY SILVER, KIT ERROLL, AND THE "KID." A SPLENDID TALE OF



Befrayed By. His Chum !

A GRAND YARN OF CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD THE By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Information Received!

Valentine Mornington, of the Fourth, tapp d at the door of the Head's study at Rookwood. There was a nurriur of voices in the study, and the junior's tap passed unnoticed.

He waited.

He waited.

Morny's handsome face was pale, and his eyes were gleaming under his bent brows. On his cheek was a slight mark, as if a blow had fallen there. He waited a few moments. The murnur of voices in the study was uninterrupted.

With a muttered word of impatience, Mornington raised his hand again and rapped on the door.

The knock this time was loud and startling, and it was followed by a sharp "Come in".

Mornington opened door and entered.

entered.

Dr. Chisholm gave him a sharp and angry look. His visitor, Inspector Sharpe of Rookham, glaured at the jumor and shrugged his broad shoulders slightly. The inspector had been interrupted, and he was not pleased. Neither was the Head pleased by the intrusion.

"Mornington: What do you want? You should not have come here now—""

"Mornington: What do want? You should not have cohere now—"
" If you please, sir—"
"Go away at onca! You can that I am engaged now!" the Hesclaimed irritably.
"But—"

the Head

But-

Do you hear me, boy I have something to

"You can have nothing to you,
"You can have nothing to tell me
that I need listen to. I am engaged
with Inspector Sharpe. Leave my
study at once!"
Mornington stood his ground.
When his passionate temper was
roused, Morny feared no one. Even
the from of the Head did not deter
him, and he was now in his most
passionate atel bitter mood.
"What I have to tell you, sir, will
interest Mr. Sharpe," he said calmly.
"It is important that Mr. Sharpe
should hear at."
Nonsense!"
"One moment, sir!" id the in-

Nonsense:
"One moment, sir!" id the impector, with a very curious look at Jorny. "Perhaps the boy knows concline of the very matter we discussing—the recent robbery

semethin of the very matter we wore discussing—the recent robbery at Rookwood."

"Exactly!" said Mornington.

"Oh," said Dr. Chisholm, "in that case. But I fail to see, Mornington, how you can possibly know anything about the matter, or why you have not told me before, if you have any knowledge of the robbery."

"I am ready to tell you now, sir."

"You may proceed, but be brief."

"You may proceed, but be brief."

"You may proceed, but the inspector encouragingly. "Have you seen anything of the man Baldwin Sleath—"

"Nothin! sir. but, if an out.

"Nothin', sir; but it as not Baldwin Sleath, whoever he is, who robbed the school the other night." "Indeed! How do you know

that?

"Because I know who the thief

"And who was it?" demanded the

"And who was it?" demanded the inspector, staring at the junior.

"A boy—a young transping rascal. I do not know his name, or whether he has a name. He is called the kid," said Mornington coolly.

The inspector started. Dr. Chisholm made an irritable gesture.

"This is nonsense!" he said. "How can you know anything of such a person. Mornington?"

"Let him speak, sir," said the inspector quietly. "He knows something, that is clear. It is certain that a boy of the name be mentions has been mixed up with Baldwin Sleath in many of his rascalities. He is known to the police, and is supposed to be Sleath's son. If the Kid is in this neighbourhood, it is extremely

likely that he had a hand in the rob-bery. Let the boy explain."

The Hend was silent, but he made a sign to Mornington to continue.

"I haven't seen the fellow called the Kid. sir." went on Mornington, "but I know he is in this neighbour-hood, and that he was in Rockwood School on the night of the robbery."

"You did not see him?" asked the inspector.

"You did not see inspector.
"No; but he was seen—"
By whom?"
"Erroll of the Fourth, my studymate. He woke up, and saw the Kid in the dornitory for a moment."
"Why did he not give the alarm?"
"He thought it was only a dream at the time."

"How did he know the Kid at all?"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the

lieve."
"H'm! That is rather vague.
Does Erroll know that you have come

Inspector Sharpe rubbed his hands.

"Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"This information may be very useful," said the inspector. "Do you know where they are meeting?"
"Somewhere in the wood, I believe."

here?"
Not yet.
"Ifave you anything more to tell

me;" That is all."
"Very good."
The Head made a gesture of dismissal, and Valentine Mornington left the study.

pever became a thief. He was the most upright of lada."

"I'm"

"I'm"

"I't hink it is probably owing to his own early and miserable experiences that he has this romantic idea—"

"Possibly; or possibly his connection with the thieves was closer than you suppose, and he may have found an old acquaintance and confederate in the Kid" said the inspector drily.

"I am sure not!" exclaimed the Head hastily.

"Well, well, we shall see.
"In fact, inspector, I am not inclined to place much reliance on Mornington's views at all. I feel that it is more probable that the robbery was committed by Bridwin Sleath," said the Head carnestly.
"He came here—he defied me in this study—"

"That does not look as if he had

Sleath," said the Head carneally. "Ho came here—he defied me in this study——"
"That does not look as if he had recently robbed the place. It would show a very unusual nerve, at least."
"He is my old enemy—the man who has shadowed my life. He came to tell me that my son, who he stole from me in childhood, was trained as a thief, and is now in Borstal Prison under a false name."
The Head's voice trembled. "That is a matter that affects me more nearly than the robbery at Rookwood——"No doubt; but you cannot afford to lose the school silver and a large sum in money," said Mr. Sharpe. "My business here is to find the thicf. Will you give instructions for the boy Erroll to be brought to me the moment he returns to the school?"
"Certainly," said the Head, with a sigh. "You will deal with him as gontly as possible, inspector? He has

Morny gave the fat Classical a ferce look.

"You spyin' cad!" he muttered.
Reginald Mulfin sniffed.

"I suppose a follow can't help socing what happens under his eyes," he exclaimed warmly.

"You shouldn't scrap with Erroll in the passage if you don't want fellows to see."

"Scrapping with Erroll?" repeated George Raby, in astonishment.

"You haven't been scrapping with Erroll, surely, Morny?" ejaculated Newcome, staring at the dandy of the Fourth.

Mornington gave a bitter smile.

"Ask Tubby, if you want to know!" he snapped, and he went into his study and slammed the door.

The Fistical Four exchanged surprised glances.

The friendship between Morny and Erroll had often surprised the Fourth-Formers. Often enough they had wondered how the quiet and sedate Errol! "stood" Morny's uncertain and passionate temper. But they were still more surprised to learn that the oddly-assorted chums of Study No. 4 had come to blows.

"Are you romancing, as usual, you fat bounder?" asked Jimmy Silver, regarding Tubby Muffin with anything but favour.

"I tell you I saw 'em!" hooted Tubby

"Morny and Erroll scrapping—"
"Yest Erroll nunched Morns—"

Tubby
"Morny and Erroll scrapping—"
"Yes! Erroll punched Morny—"
"Well, it's really supprising that
he's never punched him before,"
Arthur Edward Lovell commented,
"I would have! Come on, you
fellows—"

Arthur Edward Lovell commented.
"I would have! Come on, you fellows—"
"But I'm going to tell you all about it!" howled Tubby Muffin.
"You're not, old top! Go and tell somebody who wants to hear!" growled Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four went down the staircase, leaving Reginald Muffin to find other listeners for the thrilling details he had to impart.
Jimmy was looking rather worried. It was not his affair personally, of course; but he was sorry to hear of trouble in Study No. 4. He knew that Erroll's friendship was a good thing—a very good thing—for the wild and wayward Mornington; but it was not likely that friendship would survive the sceno witnessed by Tubby Muffin.
Bulkeley of the Sixth called to the

Bulkeley of the Sixth called to the Fiscial Four as they came down the

stairs.

"Have you kids seen Erroll?"

"No, Bulkeley."

"He's wanted in the Head's study as soon as he can be found," said tha captain of Rookwood. "If you're not busy you can look for him. He wentout of gates some time ago—towards the river, Mack says."

"Right-ho!"

The Eistieal Equipment magintum.

"Right-ho!"

The Fistical Four were not specially occupied just then; but if they had been, they would have obliged Bulkeley of the Sixth all the same. The requests of a load prefect had the weight of commands.

"Is Erroll in trouble with the Head, I wonder?" Raby remarked, as the chums of the Fourth turned out of the gates of Rookwood. "That's something new. Erroll is generally in the Beak's good books."

"To err is human!" grimsed

some unity new. Erroll is generally in the Beak's good books."

"To err is human!" grinned Lovell. "Even old sober-sides Erroll may kick over the traces sometimes. Perhaps he's been offendin' the lofty dignity of Carthew of the Sixth. We've done that sometimes, good boys as we are."

"We have—we has!" chuckled Nowcome. "But the question is, where is Erroll? We want to oblige old Bukkeley, but we don't want to start a voyage of discovery to the ends of the giddy earth!"

"Oswald!" Jimmy Silver hailed Dick Oswald, who was sighted sitting on a log by the river-bank with a book on his knee. "Seen Erroll lately!"

Oswald looked up.

lately?"
Oswald looked up.
"He passed me some time age," he said.
"How long?"
"About an hour, I think."
"Which way did he go?"
"Down the river, and he turned into the wood," said Oswald. "He somed to be in a hurry, and didn't auszer when I called to him. He had a bag in his hand."
"Oh, good!"
The Fistical Four walked on down the towing-path.

The Fiscal Four walked on down the towing-puth.

"Something's on," said Arthur Edward Lovell sapiently, "Erroll punches Morny's nose—the sacred nose of his pal—and then goes out in a hurry with a bag, and doesn't answer when he's called, My beloved 'carers, this looks like something on."

"Blessed if I know what, though," said Jimmy Silver, "I hope the two duffers will make it up."

"That deponds on Morny, I fancy.

SACRIFICE! "Your hands!" said inspector Sharpe roughly. Erroll, with angulsh, powerless to do anything to save the unfortunate boy. KIT ERROLL'8

asked the inspector sharply. "Had he met the young thief before?" "Yes; the Kid pulled him out of the river when his canoe upset." "Did Erroll know he was a thief?" out of

the river when his canoe upset."

"Did Erroll know he was a thief?"

"Yes."

"Where is Erroll now? Let him be sent for, sir." said the inspector, turning to the Head.

"He is out of gates, sir," said Mornington. "He has gone to meet the Kid."

"What exclaimed the Head.

"Do you mean that a Rookwood boy is in league with a young thief!" the inspector exclaimed.

"No, sir. He has a fool idea of befriending him and reforming him," said Mornington, his well-cut lip curling in a sneer. "I tried to stop him, but it was no use. He—he struck me." Morny's eyes glittered.

"We've been good chums, and I want to save him from making a fool of himself. He's going to get into trouble for the sake of a young rascal, and I'm goin' to stop him. That's why I've come here."

"He will certainly get into trouble it he has dealings with a thief and crucksman!" said the inspector grimly. "His romantic ideas of reforming a thief will not serve him much if the matter is really as you say."

"This looks like business, sir," he said. "Whatever that boy's motive in coming here, he was plainly speaking the truth. I will remain till Erroll returns to the school, with your permission, and interview this romantic young gentleman who is seeking to reform a cracksman instead of handing him over to the police." And the inspector's jaw closed hard. "What sort of a boy is this Erroll?"

"A very fine character. said the

"A very fine character, said the Head. "One of the best in the Lower School."
"Nothing shady about his antecodents, of course?"
Dr. Chisholm hesitated.

The inspector smiled. That mo-mentary hesitation did not escape his

"Come, sir, it is necessary for me to know all the facts," he said. "Kindly let me know the facts about Feroll."

"He is one of the best characters in the Lower School," said the Head.
"But before he came to Rookwood—"

acted foolishly. doubt -with

actest toolishly, no dentit with romantic generosity—but——"
"We shall see"
It was evident that the Rookham inspector was not an implicit believer in romantic generosity. The Head said no more.

The 2nd Chapter ! Jimmy Silver is Puzzled.

Jimmy Silver is Puzzied.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came cheerily
down the Fourth Form passage, and
stopped as they met Mornington on
the landing. The expression on
Valentino Mornington's face was
quite sufficient to arrest them. Morny
was pale, and on his pale cheek the
mark of a blow, slight as it was,
showed up vividly. There was a cold,
hard grin on his face, and a very unpleasant glitter in his dark eyes.

What's up, Morny?" asked
Jimmy Silver.

"What's up, Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Morny glanced at him.
"Nothing!" he answered.
"You look as if you'd been looking for trouble, and finding it—bad!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell.

Mornington shrunged his shoulder.

"That is what I want to know."
"Ile was very unfortunate," said the Head reluctintly. "He was lost as a boy, and fell among thieves. But he kept his henour unstained. He Erroll! I saw 'om!"

Erroll is the very chap to turn the other check—Morny is more likely to hand out the other fist."

Jimmy nodded. I'le felt that that description fitted the case. The description fitted the case. The down the towing-path, rlancing used down the towing-path, rlancing used into the brown woods the bordered the river.

"Hallo! There's Erroll!" es

led into the brown woods that bordered the river.

"Hallo! There's Erroll!" exclaimed Newcome suddenly. The Fistical Four stopped.

Fifty yards away from them, far up one of the footpaths through the wood, they sighted Kit Erroll of the Fourth. He was not alone. He was standing under the old trees, footdeep in fallen leaves, talking to a ragged, tattered-looking lad, whom the churns of the Kourth had never seen before. Arthur Edward Lovell put his hands to his mouth to make a trumpet, and bawled.

"Erroll etroll!"

Erroll started and looked quickly round towards the river. The taltered lad gave one quick look at the juniors in the distance, turned, and dyred into the trees, disappearing in the twinkling of an eye.

Yeroll, with a flush in his checks, came along the path towards Jimmy Silver & Co. They noticed that ho was no longer carrying a bag.

"You fellows looking for me?" he asked, as he came nearer.

"Yes; Bulkeley sent us. The Head its you," said Jimmy Silver.

"The—the Head?"

"Yea. Nothing to be scared at, is there?" asked Jimmy, evoing Erroll very curiously. "You can't have been getting into any very fearful scrape—a sober old johnny like you, Erroll!"

Kit Erroll smiled faintly.

"I—I hope not," he said.

"Who's your tattered pal?" asked Lovell.

"Who's your tattered pal?" asked "The-the boy I was speaking to:

"The--the boy I was speaking to?
a kid-—" stammered Erroll.
"I could see he was a kid." said
Lovell, with a stare. "I wasn't likely
to mistake him for a goat."
Erroll laughed.
"You fellows don't know what the
Head wants me for, I suppose?" he
asked

"The Head didn't confide that to us," said Jimmy Silver seriously. "An oversight on his part," "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, I'd better go, I suppose."
"I suppose so," remarked Lovel,
"I suppose so," remarked Lovel,
"It's always best to with sarcasm. "It's always be go when the Head wants you. saves trouble."

The Fistical Four turned back, and Erroll walked with them to the school. He did not join in the cheery talk of the juniors; his brow was thoughtful, and he seemed deep in reflections not of a very pleasant nature, to judge by its looks.

Mornington was lounging in the gateway of Rookwood when they arrived.

He fixed his eyes on his old chum, and Erroll coloured painfully. After an instant's pause he went towards

an instant's pause he went fewards Merny.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, in a low voice; "more sorry than I can say, But you forced me—"

Morny's lip curled,

"Keep your sorrow for your ragged pal, old sout," he answered. "The Head knows."

Erroll started violently.
"Is that why—"

Is that why-Exactly!"

"But—but how does he know? You—you have not—"
"I have." answered Mornington

coally.

"Morny!"

"I told you I'd keep you out of the clutches of that young scoundrel." said Mornington, with bitter coolness. "There was only one way: I've put the Head and Inspector Shurpe on to him. "You're going to see Sharpe now, and tell him where to find your precious pal."

Erroll drew a deep breath. He gave Mornington one look—a look

gave Mornington one look—a look that drew the crimson into Morny's macking face—and hurried away towards the School House without a

word.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared often him, and then at Mornington. They were in a state of deep perplexity.

"What the thump does all this mean, Morny?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

Mornington him

Silver.

Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Who's Erroll's ragged pal that you spoke of? Do you mean the kid we saw him with in the wood just now!"

"Oh, you saw him?" said-Mornington.

ington.

"Yes. But you-"
"I haven't the pleasure of the dear boy's acquaintance yet," said Morry, with a sardonic smile. "I dare say I shall have the pleasure of seein' him in the dock, though." "In the dock!" ejaculated Lovell. What on earth do you mean?" ex-

"What on earth do you mean?" ex-claimed Jimmy Silver.

"Guess!" drawled Mornington.
And he strolled away, with his hands in his pocket, leaving the Fistical Four more perplexed than

The 3rd Chapter In the Name of the Law!

"Come in, Erroll!"
Dr. Chisholm's voice was quite kindly; he gave Erroll a kind glance. Inspector Sharpe's face expressed nothing, but his eyes were as keen as a hawk's as they dwelt on Erroll's handsome, grave face.

"You wanted me, sir," said Erroll, as he exame quietly they they store the

"You wanted me, sir, said Erron, as he came quietly into the study.
"Yes, Erroll. It appears—"
"Perhaps you will allow me to question the boy, sir," said Inspector

"As you choose, Mr. Sharpe," and the Head oldly, "Erroll, kindly suswer any questions the inspector puts to you, and do not think of con-cealing anything, my boy. I am afroid you have acted foolishly, but I have not the slightest doubt of your honour."

onour."
"Thank you, sir. fultered Erroll.
His heart was sinking.
The unfortunate boy's mind was
most in a whirl.
Morny—his chum—had betrayed

That was the miserable thought that was uppermost in his brain. That was the miserable thought that was uppermost in his brain. Morny, whom he had trusted as he would have trusted a brother, had betrayed him. It was the very last lappening he would have looked for expected, and it had happened. It was incredible, but it had happened. He had been betrayed, and by his own familiar friend!

own famular triend:

No wonder his face was pale and troubled, and his eyes downcast; signs of inward trouble and distress, which Inspector Sharpe did not fail to which Inspector Sharpe did not fail to see, and to misinterpret. The inspector's manner became grimmer. He raised his right hund, his fat foreinger pointing at the junior as he proceeded to question him, heedless, perhaps not seeing, the expression of repugnance on the face of the kind old Head.

"You have just been out of gates, Master Erroll?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

No answer.
"Was it to meet a boy known at the Kid' Still no answer.

"You must reply to the inspector's questions, Erroll," said the Head

master

ently.

Erroll raised his eyes to his headnaster's face.

"I have nothing to tell Mr.
harpe, sir." he said, in a clear voice.
Mr. Sharpe smiled.
"I think you have something to
ell me, and that you must tell me."

"I think you have something to tell me, and that you must tell me," he said. "Did you see this boy, the Kill, in your dormitory on the night

Aul, in your dormitory on the night of the robbery?"

Erroll's lips closed hard.

"I shall take silence for ascent, smiled the inspector. "Did you, when you heard of the robbery in the morning, connect the Kid with the affair?"

affair?"
Silence.
"Have you been out of the school now, looking for him, to warn him that he is in danger, or to take him belp or news of any kind?"
Erroll did not speak.
He could not utter falsehoods, and he would not utter the truth—the truth that would add fearfully to the peril of the hapless boy he had tried to befriend—the boy who had saved his life. The Head's face was growing stern now. his life. The Head's facing stern now.
"Have you met him?"
Still no reply.
"If you will not answ

ill not answer me, perhaps you will heed your headmaster's commands." said the inspector

harshly.
"You must speak, Erroll!"
The hoy's lips quivered.
"I can say nothing, sir!" he muttered

Erroll !"

"Erroll!"
"I—I'm sorry, sir! You must know that I mean no disrespect to you. But I have nothing to say."
"Let us go a sten farther," said the inspector grimly. "Are you aware, Master Erroll, that by shielding this boy you lay yourself open to the saspicion of being his confederate?"
Erroll started violently and the

confederate?"
Erroll started violently, and the crimson flooded his cheeks. His glance met the inspector's now, and it was hot with indignation.
"How dare you?" he muttered thickly. "How dare you suggest—"
"How backe off, panning."

"Your own past is not, I think, entirely above suspicion," said the inspector coolly. "Dr. Chisholm frusts you. My profession has not taught rusts you. My profession has not taught me to place faith in the repentance of thioves."

"I never was a thief! Dr. Chis-holm knows."

"I became

holm knows—"
"I know it, my boy, exclaimed
the Head: "I am assured of it! But
you must see that if you stand the
friend of a known thief—you must
see, my boy, the terrible suspicion
that must fall upon you!"
"I am known at Rookwood!" said
Erroll proudly. "If any fellow in the
school can say that I have done a base

or rotten thing, let him say so; but

heroics, please!" broke in the "No herous, picase; prose in one inspector's grim voice. "You will cither tell me, Master Erroll, where to lay hands infunediately on the Kid, or I shall come to the only possible conclusion—that you are his conor I shall come to the only possible conclusion—that you are his confederate, and lent a helping hand in the robbery of the school."
"Conclude what you like!" exclaimed Erroll fiercely. "I will not

claimed Erroll fiercely. "I will not say a word!"
"Erroll!" exclaimed the Hoad.
"Oh, sir! That boy—the Kid—risked his life to save mine!" exclaimed Erroll. "How can I put him into danger after that? And that is not all. He is more sinned against than siming: he is good at heart. I know, I feel that that is so. I have every hope of recovering what was stolen from the school—every hope—"

was stolen from the hope—"
"You are admitting everything, young man!" broke in the inspector's' grinding voice. "For the last time, where can I lay hands on the thief?"
"I will tell you nothing!"
Inspector Sharpe rose to his feet.
His hand slid into his pocket, and there was a clink of metal.
Erroll shuddered.
He knew the metallic clink of the

hundouffs. "I am sorry, Dr. Chisholm!" said the inspector. "But it is my duty to take this boy away with me in controls."

custody."
"Oh Heaven!" breathed Erroll. "Oh Heaven." breathed Erroll. Yet even at that I noment the chief thought in his mind was of his chum of Morniy's misery and remorse when he should know what he had done in his bitterness. "Erroll," exclaimed the Head, in great distress. "For your own aske—for your father's sake—for the sake of your honour and good name, speak frankly now, and tell the inspector all!"

all!"
"I cannot!"

"Your hands!" said Mr. Sharpe

"I cannot:"
"Your hands!" said Mr. Sharpe roughly.
Erroll, like a fellow in a fearful dream, held out his hands for the handcuffs. The Head shuddered.
Inspector Sharpe bud drawn the handcuffs from his pocket. He bit his lip and slid them back again.
Erroll, with a catch of the breath, realised that it had only been a bluff: that was not the card the inspector intended to play.
"Send him away, sir, for the present:" said Mr. Sharpe. "I shall not bring this disgrace on Rookwood School if it can be avoided."
The Head hastily motioned the junior to leave the study.
"Mr. Sharpe!" he muttered, sa the door closed behind Erroll.
"What—"
"The boy is guilty!" said the

"The boy is guilty." said the inspector coldly. "Either in confederacy with the Kid, or alone, he robbed you, sir." "I cannot believe it

"But he has nerve—an iron nerve for so young a criminal!" said the inspector unheeding. "I could place

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him in a cell, and he would not speak, and he could only be detained for a time on suspicion—"
"Then that is why——"
"Precisely, there is a surer card to play—"

play-"
"And that?"

"And that?"

"Now that he knows all is discovered, he is certain to warn his pal, if the Kid is his pal; at least he will be concented about the safety of his plunder. He knows where it is concealed. I intend, sir. to give him enough rope to hang himself!"
said the inspector grimly. "In a few days, at the most, the proof will be in my hands; and the stolen property too. Leave it at that."

"But your plan—"

in my hands; and the stolen property
too. Leave it at that:"
"But your plan--"
"That will be known to you, sir,
when the case is closed!" said the
inspector with a bow; and with that
he took his leave.

He left the Head of Rookwood in
a state of deep agitation. But there
was a smile of satisfaction on Inspector Sharpe's stolid face as he crossed
ponderously to the gates. He was
envisaging a very rapid and successful
conclusion of the case.

The 4th Chapter. Tracked Down

Kit Erroll went almost blindly to his study. Jimmy Silver & Co. were waiting for him on the stairs, anxious to know what had happened; but Errol passed them without a word. He did

passes them without a word. He did not even seem to see the chums of the Fourth.

He was in a whirl of troubled thought; in his ears still seemed to ring the metallic clink of the hand-cufts.

He went into his study, No. 4 in the Fourth, and closed the door. Then he saw Mornington standing by the window.

Morny looked him full in the face smile. Erroll did not speak. Howould not utter words of reproach his own face wearing a mocking smile. Erroll did not speak. He would not utter words of reproach; he would not even let reproach be seen on his face. It was not reproach or anger that he was feeling; it was litter grief and disnay.

He threw himself into a chair by the table in silence. The mecking smile faded from Valentine Mornings and the seed of th

smile faded from Valentine Morning-ton's face. He had not expected to see his chura like this. He made a quick step towards Erroll.

"What's hoppened?" he asked. Erroll did not answer.

"They know now—all about the kid, as you call him!" said Morning-ton. "It's better for them to know,

before you get suspected of being in league with the young rotter. Can't you see that, Erroll?"
"Don't speak to me now, Morny!

"Don't speak to me now, around I daresay you meant well, or tried to think that you meant well. But you've—you've—" Ho choked.
"I did mean well—— Erroll, old the choked with the choked."

think that you've—" Ho choked,
"I did mean well— Erroll, old chap, don't look like that;" exclaimed Mornington, "I—I'm sorry,
if you feel it so much. I admit I was
wild. You've thrown me over for a
new pal, who's leading you into
trouble and disgrace. What I've done

hew pal, who's leading you into trouble and disgrace. What I've done was done to save you—"
"You've ruined me."
"What? I tell you you'd have got yourself suspected in the long run—"
"You've made me suspected."
"I'. What do you meant?"
Erroll looked up; his face was white

"Inspector Sharpe believes that I am a thief, in league with thieves. I don't know what the Head believes. Hu—he was going to arrest me—"

He—he was going to arrest me— Mornington started as if stung by a scrpent.

"Arrest you? Are you mad?"

"He came within an ace of putning the handcuffs on my wrists?"

muttered Erroll.

"Good Heavens!"

"Good Heavens!"

"He stopped, I don't know why;
he's thinking of tricking me somehow, I suppose. He's sure of my
guilt!" Erroll groamed. "I wanted
to help a kid who's been the victim
of villains, who risked his life to
save mine! I trusted you.—I trusted
yon, Morny; and you betrayed me;
and now I'm believed to be a thief.
Any minute now I may be tuken away
from Rookwood by the police. Oh, my
father, my father!" The unhappy
boy's voice broke, and he let his head
fall upon his hurds, and a low sob was father, my father!' The unhappy bor's voice broke, and he let his head fall upon his hands, and a low sob was audible in the study.

Mornington gazed at him, almost

He had never seen Erroll like this He had never seen Erroll like this before. Never had he dreamed that emotion could so master that quier, proud nature. He began to realise what he had done, with bitter remorse; but repentance, as it so often does, came too late.

Why had he done it? To save Evroll from his own folly, so he told himself—so he had half-believed. But he FRIEND.)

knew—he knew at the bottom of his heart—that it had been jealousy and malice that had driven him on. Jealousy of Erroll's friendship—a bitter resentment of his chum's kind thoughts of the tattered outcast-had played upon the malice that was deeply rooted in his wayward nature. He knew the truth, he realised it now -now that it was too late, and he saw his chum stricken down before him.

him.

"Erroll!" whispered Mornington miserably. "Old chap, I-1-I never thought. I pover knew! I-I was wrong! I know I was wrong! For mercy's sake, old fellow, don't--"

He laid his hand on his chum's shoulder, timidly.

Erroll raised his white tear-stained free he was strengthy to control.

face: he was struggling to control himself

"Let me alone for a bit, Morny—let me alone now!"
"But—but you don't hate me for what I've done?"

what I've done?"
"No, no! But let me alone now

Mornington nodded, and left the

Mornington needed, and left the study quietly.

The door closed behind him, and Erroll was alone.
He rose, and in the deepening dusk he paced the study, his face pale and working.

working.
What was to happen now?
The shadow of shame was upon him, yet he did not repent of what he had done. He had tried to serve, to save, a boy who was the victim of others, whose heart was sound and true, he fell sure, and to whom ne owed a debt he could never repay.
To save that wretched boy, little more than a child, from a life of hunted crime—surely that was not wrong.

Baldwin Sleath, who had led him into crime, had abandoned him, and fled. He had no friend, no guide for his erring steps. Within a rule of his erring steps. Rookwood he his erring steps. Within a mile of Rookwood he lay in the brown, autumn woods, the loot of the robbery under his hand—the loot which Erroil believed he could make him restore, as the first step to a life of honour

and honesty.

He must save the Kid! Save him from the police-save him from commisself, save him from crime, from the clownward path that led to the destruction of body and soul. In spite of the danger—the danger that was terrible now that Morry had betrayed him—he must seek out the little wait; he knew that he must.

He stopped his hurried pacing at last, and stood at the window, looking out into the thickening dusk.

The dusk hid the old beeches of Rookwood. The quadrangle was dim. From along the passage came the sound of merry voices—footsteps—a crowd of juniors tramping in to tea. He must save the Kid!

Even now it might be too late. and honesty.

Even now it might be too late. What if they were searching already—beating the woods for the waif as the hunters beat it for game? Erroll shuddens

hunters be shuddered. Old Mack was about to close the school gates as Kit Erroll passed out. The old porter called to him, without receiving a reply, and grunted as he slammed the gate and turned the key. of the Fourth was made absent at calling-over Erroll

evening.

He was not thinking of that. He was thinking of his mission, and of the terrible peril that dogged every step. He glanced round him quickly as he turned into the path to the river. He did not see a still shadow among the other shadows—a shadow that never moved till the junior was past, but which then detached itself from the gloom, and followed.

Erroll's hurried steps rang lightly on the towing-path. Once or twice he stopped, thinking that he heard other steps. Was it only the echo of his own? The sound stopped when he

The sound stopped wh

with a throbbing heart he hurried on again, dozyed by that lingering etho-if it was an echo. The trees were about shim now-great leafless branches looked dimly overhead, shutting out the sky. His footfalls were silent in masses of dead leaves. And the echo had ceased. The carpet of dead leaves in the grim autumn woods, that silenced his own footsteps, silenced also those of the grim pursuer who tracked him, unswering, unfailing, unrelenting, through the gloom of the woods.

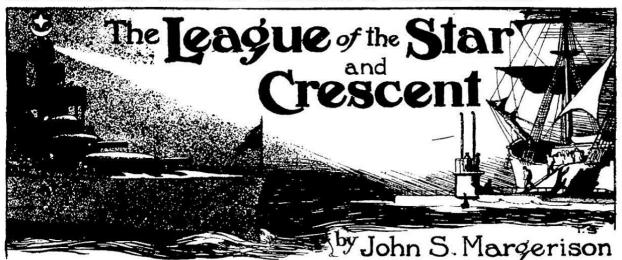
In the heart of the woods he stopped

In the heart of the woods he stopped at last, and the tracking shadow stopped. He called, and the silent woods echoed his call, and the Rook-hum inspector, hidden in the dark-ness, smiled grinly. His quarry was under his hand now!

THE END.

(Mind you read The Waif's Sacrifice ?? in next Monday's Boys'

OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL OF ADVENTURE IN FOREIGN WATERS!



INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

DICK MUREAY a midshipman on found II Ms. Fire has orders to bring a develot and sarely to Gibrattar With his count, an Inshiman of the name of USE, and a crew of some eighteen British aroses he main the salvaged vessel, the Maria Bolorosa. They find me plans to released out money, deposited by the k. in the late war, which documents are careful sought after by a secret society whose sign is the Star and Cre, sent. As the crew of the Maria relations are badding tarewell to some visitors in a submanue, a cruser in the ave of the cage of the Star and Cresent opens are on them. The crew of the Maria botorosa manage to escape and land on the coast of Africa, whete they discover situated the head-quarters of the gree they are frying o avoid.

The League's Headquarters.

The League's Headquarters. If this was a Drury Lane melodrama," it-marked Casey, with a grin, I smodd say, 'Ha, ha: The plot thekens." But I really an't see that we've got anything to worry about. The all, the old joker ashore has never at or heard of us before, and on a sate bet that he doesn't know the papers are in our possession.
"But it is an enjustly safe bet, interposed Dick, "that he has see the Maria Dolorosa before, or knows that the papers are or were -rontained inside her structure. That's the rearon why he's towing her to shere. He wants to get those papers without is seing them, assuming that we've found the chooser sculling around. wants to get those papers without us ceng them, assuming that we've found the chooser sculing around without any crew. Most likely he nows that sho was boarded by the submarine, and her crew killed and carried way, and that the cruiser, by this time, has accounted for the under vater call.

carried away, and that the cruiser, by this time, has accounted for the under vater (alt).

"Of may have reckoned that the papers were aboard the sub, and may only be taking a chance upon their still being in this ship, and, really. I don't see how he can suspect so of having them. It's odds on that he questions up, so, Casey, you might just walk forward casually—the ohi joken watching you through his classes, and won't miss a thing you do—and tell the ship's compan, that they know nothing about papers—that they however even heard of such things in connection with this ship. Else we might all find our heads carried away from our shoulders one-time, and that'il not be a thing any of us will want to write home about.

Casey grinned, and went forward along the schooner's slanting deck, for now the forepeak was full of water, and the bulkhead that kept the sea forward was strained to the very limit of its capacity. And as the petty-flic rejoined the midshipman once more, and reported the crew sworn to the attermost discretion, that bulkhead and what Dick had long expected it to do. That is, it burst with a noiso like a torpedo expleding, and the howels of the ship which had so nearly cheated in The Maria Dolorosa shinklered once, and then seemed to give herself up o her fate. For, as the water-long wash.

The towing motor hunches put their engines to full speed in a frantic effort to get the old ship beached before she could founder but she was a water-longed holk, far too heavy for them, and, like piece, of sewing-

fore she could founder but she was a water-logged hulk, far too heavy for them, and, like piece, of sewing-cotton, the stout hemp hawsers partied one after the other. And before the motor-launches could get alongside.

preperly the ways were we feet of her bluejacket crew. Like an arrow from a bow the ading launch shot alongside and the young Moor in command man e signs for Dick and his men to leave their ship. Carefully counting his men, to make sure none had been trapped, Dick stood by the bulwarks and watched them all over, and then himself left the soip last—all, as was his right and due as her commander. And then, as he took his ple—in the launch, the Moor shot out some—ther in his own tonge—and leapt

thereabo; nd
pest."

Dick modded, an turned greathe venerable Moor in the white robe whose scarlet badges had aroused so much consternation in his breast.

Welcome to our shore Effection, and the gentleman, bowing low, "Though one might wish that you had come in a more titing and leisurely fashnor. Yet when it sea it stressful. I turn is decline, the meetics and courte as of life must be take the take the is stressful. I tan niceties and course put aside that de plac of ords. to me

The or bowed politely.

Almeed Ben Adeem is flattered by sugge, ion, but in this Morocco where, until late, the people did and barely civilised, and me brigatads, where think ye we is such mode inventions as wire to telegraphy he said. Nay, I fear you will need to rest a white till such frusty messengers as I can send can reach Gibraltar with a message that you are here with me. My people are wild, but their huspitality is creater than their rudeness, and under my protection you will—sale.

NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

"Quite a decent collection of tin soldiers, Mr. Blackamoor," said Casey, in no way repressed by the formidable array of arms trained on him and his superior.

waterlogged schooner leavin the Britishers staring after him in wonderment. Standing up, Dick and Casey watched him run to the companion way leading down to her main schoon, and disappear, only to emerge a second later, his face wrankled with an expression of disgust.

"Twe got all my men aboard. Dick cold him, when he at last returned.

Tre got all my men shoard. Dick told him, when he at last ret ned and again boarded the launch. I counted them to make sure none were left behind, and, in any case, they'd hardly be down in the main cabin when it was full of water."

"I sought not men, but a thing that is a thousand times more important than all your lives," replied the Moor. And after that, though Dick pre-tended to be exceedingly puzzled, and plied him with questions, he refused to say another word till the launch ran alongside a little jetty cose to the sandy beach. sandy beach.

sandy beach.
"Heaven rest her soul," said Casey, as he looked back to where the schooner's broken-off masts showed above the surface of the water. "She's sunk in eight fathoms, or

Nav white afterm. the attents
among its gir,
type which
Africa and Spain, nor
gins, or other weapons.
White Ensign that your arsh
about the ship it has so eistre to see you lose

to see you lose.

wasn't broke in
Dick, with a son ast found
her scalling a a choost any cer
of her, so about
with these men i steen her
to Gibraltar and care she
didn't barge into r ship, as
she so to arly barger the crusser
Firscat, which is proper ship.
She' got guns enough and other
things, too, and she alway flies the
White Ensign, and if vortive not any
means of communicating with her
wireless, or that sort of thing, you
know—she'll be jolly glad to come
round here and pay you a call, and
thank you officially for rescuing
eighteen of-her company." wasn't

(fler dr. you may be sure that you and myself remain friends, and all that is yours are safe from need in y people, eve the Pro-phet is safe from all evil.

pliet is safe from all year,
pliet is safe from all year,
pliet is county as
pliet is a Rathe
he pals war long
remember it is men
on re after dealing yith, ther
Christmas, interposed who
had been watching the
crafty fac with much intere, and
just long loks on't try
ackey tric for to tr erally fac w.... just long any monkey fric to that as lie any monkey trie take that as he for to transfer the shar as he for to transfer on with their necks served. That all Treat us right, and ye if get pand well for all that ye do. The Navy's a good fru, whishers, as o'll discover. Treat as wrong, and we'll pay we ourseives. I'm not threatening. That's just a world of advice, so to speak, and it's hoping ye'll take it quirely I am."
"The tall man is certainly out sacken and frank, almost to the point of radeness," remarked Ahmed to

Dick. "But I will suppose that he is upset by his recent experiences in the ship you have lost. Effend, and punish him not.

Casey flung back his head and laughed surcastically.

I wish we wouldn't try to be many Mr. Whiskers," he said. "To thin of you, a nigger, punishing me a witte man, even if you had anything among yer measly collection of are rows as could put his lists up to me, is chough to make a cut laugh." "So?" queried the Moor, with smile. His hand crept up to his breast, and he ingered the rimson strutcher embroulered, while his miles mildy upon the log Irishman. "So "he repeated. "Thu maybe Giant Effendi will do himself the pleasure of looking around himself, and he will see whether it lies in the power of a poor nigger of a Moor to punish an insolent white man. See-and remember."

Casey laughed again lout as he and remember !

power of a proor integer of a smoor to purish an insolent white man. Seen-and remember?"

Casey laughed again, lont as he looked round the laugh died on his lips. For not only had every native the heach produced very erviceable Lee-Endield at of a modern type from under his robe and levelled it at 1 Dick and himself, but from the cliffs above, the summite of the caveswhich everywhere abounded, and from behind every rock and stone and taft of vegetation, the muzzle of a rifle peered wickedly, the whole trained upon the British bluejackets standing in a group on the heach.

"Quite a decent display in soldiers. Mr. Blackamour, agreed Casey, in no way repressed, "With a backing like that, any man as said voir couldn't punish him would be a fool. But rifles and men am't every thing, you know; there's such things as brains and cunning to be reckmed with. Not that I'm meaning that there's any need to exercise things of that sort where ye're concerned, of cour. I'm just referring to em so that, say, anybody who though they might like to keep us prisoners for a ertain length of time might under stand that they weren't going to have things all their own way even if they have get a small army at their command."

Alimed Ben Adeem looked the big Irish giant full in the eyes for a

Ahmed Ben Adeem looked the big ish giant full in the eyes for a cond.

"Go back to thy own country, thou of the loose tongue and the fearlest eyes," he said, at last, "and bring back to me five sorre others like thee to be my personal bodyguard, and I will make thee their captain. By the beard of the Prophet then art indeed a man, and with a legion of thy sort the League of the Star and Cressent might sweep hosts of enemies from its path."

Again Casey laughed.

"You are a funny old sort, Ben!" he said, with a chickle. "Pirst of all ye're threatenin' to punch me oversized carcase full of holes because to times, and then ye come right round on the other tack and offer me a job like maybe as well that I don't take ye seriously, though I'd net take your job, in any case. In the first place, it's not I rishmen like me that work for niggers of any standing whatever and, in the second, another three years' time I'll be clinikin' about retiring from the Navy with pension. And it's in the wilds Kerty I'd rather be than in a slow place like Morocco seens to be Why ye haven't even asked as if we've get such a thing as a mouth about as, and we toot touched but or sup since late last night. It's hospitality of a fine sorty e're extending to us, I must say Tell your little in soldiers to put their pepgins away and show us where the canteen if really want to be nals with and not make us cross with ye."

The Moor was immediately all solicitude. He apologisud prefusely He had not known they were hungrand thirsty, or he would not have wasted their role of ordinary spectators as the office were once more hidden beneath their roles, Ahmed chapped by hands, and a negro appeared, salaaming low, much to Cassy's amusement. "Hasten thou to the city, and instruct them to prepare food and wine for my guests!" of the last middle beneath their roles, and a negro appeared, salaaming low, much to Cassy's amusement. "Hasten thou to the city, and instruct them to prepare food and wine for my guests!" ordered the chief, "Haste at thy fleetest, best the soles of thy feet be taught with the hastinade to loiter not

Neyjim, crowd not upon the heels of these my guests, and let not thy rifermen guard the rear. They will try not to escape, since they are not prisoners, but my very good friends."

And, with a grin as at some huge joke, the leader of the men grouped on the shore signalled his followers to fall back from the position they had taken up in the wake of the Firecats, and, like besom friends, they mingled with the men, talking in English—a language they all seemed to speak pretty fluently, though their manner of using it was somewhat flowery.

They followed the road the negro had taken, and as they passed every boulder or heap of rubble or bush concealed men sprang to attention, rifles by their side, and stood creet at the adventilit hill Mercard bit.

concealed men sprang to attention, rifles by their side, and stood erect at the side till the old Moor and his companions had passed.

"Pretty powerful lot, vir." said Casey to his commander. "They'd give the Firecats a lot of sport if we was to run a really host its landing-party here, I should think; though, of course, we should clear 'em out easily enough."

easily enough."

He winked prodigiously at Dick, but Ahmed Bon Advem refused to he drawn, and merely continued to discourse politically upon the scenery and the surrounding sea as he led the way upwards. Presently the road ran into a huge care, and the bluejackets were surprised to find that it was lit by lurge, electric archamas swinging for uge, electric arc-lamps swinging far verhead, and that a single railway ne ran down its centre.

"We have every modern convenience, Effendi," explained the Moor. "We make our own electric current, utilising a rippling mountain stream that flashes down among the rocks, and illumine not a few lights from it. But here is the electric train. Let us take our seats, and perhaps, at a later hour. I will show you other interesting things."

Dick and the bluejackets sat silent, save for a few mutterings among themselves, as the rock walls of the cave whizzed past, nor did they make any comment when at length the train drew up, and, alighting, they found themselves invited to step into a lift which looked for all the world like the huge passenger lifts of the

tound themselves invited to step into a lift which looked for all the world like the huge passenger lifts of the London Tube railways. Noiseleasly they shot upwards at the rate of knots, and as noiseleasly the lift stopped and the upper doors opened. And then from the lift—the product essentially of the West, of England—they stepped into the essential East—into the heart of Moorish Morocco itself.

"My little hope"

"My little home," said Ahmed Ben

"My little home," said Ahmed Ben Adeen; "and ye are welcome! But first take off your shoes, as it is a custom in the houses of the Moors that feet shall be bare immediately one crosses the threshold. See, here are attendants who will aid your men, Effendi; let them not be put out by this little requirement."

Dick's jaw dropped, for he suddenly remembered that the very papers which the Moor was so keen to get for his League were at that very moment reposing in Casey's right seaboot. And now, right under the eyes of the chief, they must be disclosed. He ran his finger round his collar, which seemed somehow to have become suddenly too tight for him, and he shot a glance at Casey.

"Did I understand ye to say that ye wanted us to take off our boots, Ben?" asked the Irishman of the chief. And the latter nodded.

"It is a custom. It is required by my religion that my guests and all in my household shall bare their feet before they eat at my table," he explained. "I am sure I shall not have to make the request twice to such honourable and pleasant guests."

plained. "I um sure I shall not have to make the request twice to such honourable and pleasant guests." Casey's brain worked swiftly, and he gave Dick a reassuring nod, which said as plainly as words themselves, "You leave this to me, and see me wangle shings."

"That's pretty awkward, chief."
"That's pretty awkward, chief."
returned Casey. "Because it means
that ye'll have to eat without me today. But maybe you'll let me go out day. But maybe you'll let me go out into the street and pick a bone or so sitting on the kerbstone, because, ye see, my religion says that under no circumstances am I to remove my boots except when I'm in me bath. Why. I've even got to sleep in 'em, and, I can tell yo, it's pretty swikward at times. I never get a chance to got the holes in me socks darned, nor to cut me corns except in me bath. So as I can't bare my feet, ye'll have to cat, as I said, without me being one of your guests."

your guests."
The chief frowned as he looked at

The chief frowned as no roosed at Casey.

"You have a strange roligion," he said, at last." One that I have never heard of before. There was a preacher—a Shaker I think you called him—who refused to doff his hat before one of your kings, but never

Published Every M nday

has one of your countrymen—or the men of any other country, and they are many in Eleazur, the secret city of the secret league—refused hitherto to take off his sinces when he ate with me. Tall me the name of this strange religion of yours, that I may gain instruction therein, and see if it be botter than mine own."

"Oh, I'm a Bush-Booner," replied Casey easily, "Bush, because we don't shave on Bundays, and get pretty stubbly round the chin in consequence: and Booner, because we'd sooner die than take off our shoes for anylody. It's a new sact, and there sin't many belong to it, because we're rather particular who we admit to our church. But I'm one of the high priests, so, you see, it's utterly out of the question me taking off me boots or breaking the laws of me religion even to oblige you."

The Moor grunted, and eyed Casey as though suspicious of his leg being pulled. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"So be it," he said, at last. "But

as ranging ampacious of missing of his shoulders.

"So be it." he said, at last. "But that the leather whereof thy boots are made shall not defile my floors, let me wrap round thy feet those two shawls. Then shall both thy religion and mine be satisfied."

"That's a brainy wheeze, chief," replied Casey, with another wink at Dick. "Thanks, no, don't bother; I'd rather wrap up me own feet. Now that's done, lead on to the messdeck—it's starving me and me moss-Now that's done, lead on to the mess-deck—it's starving me and me mess-mates are, and it's hoping that your grub's good and plentiful we all are also, though me measures is too polite to say so."

The Moor seemed to have taken a great fancy to the huge, outspoken Irishman, for he set him at his left

Irishman, for he set him at his left hand, Dick, of course, occupying the place of honour on his right. And the famished sailormen did more than justice to the rich meats and viands placed before them, though many dishes were unfamiliar. They wore plied with wine, also, till Casey hinted to Ahmed that British bluejackets did not, as a rule, get intoxicated in middle of the day, and added that might find men even elevated o alightly a bit of a nuisance when slightly a bit of a nuisance when he showed them round the town that afterneon. Then the wine stopped, and plain water was served afterand plain water was served af wards, topping up with a cup

coffee

Everybody feit more cheery and fitter for luture surprises or happenings when the meal was ended, and as Ben Adeem proposed a tour of inspection, they all rose to their feet, and seized their shoes, which, while they eat, had been cleaned and polished. Casey grinned again as, on the doorstep he removed the shawls and handed thum to the negre slave.

"Now, lead on Macbeth," said "Now, lead on Macbeth," and "Dick." And show us the sights. You

Now, lead on Macbeth," said Dick. "And show us the sights. You know, since I've seen your electriciphts and lifts and trains, I'm beginning to think that presently we shall find a telegraph or a telophone, or even a wirelose station, and that presently you'll turn round and surprise us with the news that you've got through to the Firecat, and told her captain that we're here with you. How's that for a guess, chief?"

"It may be good—or bad," replied the Moor, with a queer smile. "There are many things in Eleasar that are strange and surprising, and it may be that even those things you have mentioned are here also. Let us explore and see."

He led the way, and the bluejackets Dick.

have mentioned are nere also. Let us explore and see."

He led the way, and the bluejackets followed, commenting on his strange words amongst themselves. And Dick noticed that there followed them

Dick noticed that there followed them half a score of huge negroes, armed with Turkish scimitars and British automatic pistols, the chief's body-guard, headed by the man he had called Neyim.

"Hore," said the chief, in the manner of one delivering a lecture, "is a strange city—a secret city. Set among the mountains of Morocco, it is secure from those prying eyus which would, if they know its whereabouts, destroy it. No other city is like it; it is the headquarters of the

is scoure from those prying eyes which would, if they know its whereabouts, destroy it. No other city is like it; it is the headquarters of the League of the Star and Crescent, whose purpose is the giving of the countries to those who should rightfully rule them."

His eyes flashed, and he looked what he was—a fanatic.

"The African must govern Africa without interference from the white man," he cried. "And Asia must also be free from his rule. Europe shall be given over to the Bolshevists, who now rule Russia and Poland, while America in the North shall be the centre of the German Empire, and in the South the vast republic of the negro races. China must have what is now Australasia, because she is a yellow race, and her own borders, are too cramped for her teeming millions of people, and when all these things have come to pass Eleazar will

be the chief city of the world, for from it the League of the Star and

from it the League of the Star and Crescent will rule the universe." "Pretty fine, chief, if it comes off," interposed Casev, "but what happens to Ireland in this redistribution of the

world?" "spin redistribution of the "Iroland," replied the chief, his eyes rolling. "What is so amail an island to trouble about? But, since you ask, Iroland is to be given over to the Bolshevists to rule, and all who refuse to obey will be put to the sword."

Bogob!" said Casey. "T pogon!" said Casey. "That more than the port. I hope I'm in Ireland when the Belshies start in to conquer her. There'll be more fighting than at Donnybrook on a fair day." "That

By this time they had reached the end of the long, ruler-straight street, and debouched into what was and debouched into what was obviously the public square. And now their eyes were fully and widely opened. Everywhere the muster of guns showed black and forbidding, and every gun pointed towards the town.

town.

A great wall, built of concrete and faced with the toughest armour plate, formed a redoubt around a huge steel-clad fortress, from the embrasures of which there peered forth on all sides the grim snoute of more artillery, and the walls of the fort were likewise loopholed here and there for rifles results are the steel of the steel of

loopholed hero and there for rifles or machine-gams.
"There is the key of Eleazar, and its defence," said the Moor, waving his hand at the imposing structure.
"Notice how, standing on the heights, it commands all the country around, and cannot be enfilled from any other point. Notice how it is cased in tough armour, and armed even on the city side, so that in the event of an enemy advancing upon is from the landward side, and eventually winning to the summit and taking this city, it still stands impregnable.

taking this city, it still stands impregnable.

"With ten men and six machineguns I could hold that fortress against
the losts of Christendom for ever and
a day; and though they might occupy
the town, without the fort it would
be useless to them. See how all the
streets run rulessatzaight like the
spokes of half a wheel into this hub,
the city square, and how one of thora
great guns commands each street, so great guns commands each street, so anat it can mow down any advancing party that comes along them. Soc, also, how 'each machine gun is mounted so that it can aweep the city square. And, remember, within those steel walls are the city granaries, from which the food is

OUR TELEPHONE COMPETITION. (Number Three.)

"Hallo-is that Williams'?"
"Jones, of Wilton Avenue Jones, of

3. "Has that book come in

3. "Has under yet..."
4. "Fly...."
5. "No. Trout......"
6. "Yes. I know-but I don't want those-they're no good...."
1. "Yes, you may. But your assurance won't catch........."
8. "Probably you do; but, as I said before, it won't do any good on the end of a line."
9. "I know all about that...I've heard it before. But, by the time your messenger gets back I want to be off."
10. "It is a pity...no good in the middle of the morning—early morning or evening is the best time."
11. "Haven't you got any at all?

ing or evening is the best time.

11. "Haven't you got any at all?
What does the Squire do when he 12

That's all right; he won't

want them—"

15. "But he won't! Will you let me have them if I come along?"

14. "Right you are, then—good."

man!"
15. "I'll be down in ten minutes

time." 16. "Good-bye!"

16. "Good-bye!"

Here is a novel wheeze 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."

to correspond with the number of the "question."

For the effort which completes the telephone conversation the best and neatest in the epinion 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 22nd, and addressed. The Editor, The Boys FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4, and the envelopes marked "Telaphone Competition No. 3."

daily dealt out to all the inhabitants of shis town, and the springs of water which supply the place.

"With that fort in our hands, we could prevent those in the town from eating or drinking, and noither land gune nor seroplanes nor buttleships could hurt us."

"It looks a pretty formidable place, O Ahmed, "agreed Dick, "But if, as you say, it is impregnable from land or air or sea, don't you think it's likely to be a double-edged weapon? Suppose, for instance, there were rebels against the secret league in your city, and that by treachery they gained possession of the fort? What precautions have you taken to prevent them using the guns and the marhinegues and all your ammunition in the place upon you in your own streets? How would you make them provide you with the food and water that is essential to your existence? Surely, if the place is impregnable for you, it is equally so for them; and, even were they but a handful, they could hold the lortress sgainst you?"

Ahmed Ben Adeem gased quizzically at the young officer.

"I see, Effendi," he said slowly, "that though thy years are but few, thy knowledge of warfare is not small. The fort, as thou sayest, is a two-edged sword, cutting the heads from our enemies in our hands and our heads from us in our enemies hands.

Therefore have we provided a last regource—

heads from us in our enemies' hands. Therefore have we provided a last resource—a last resource so terrible that it can only be used when, by the laws of the League, the Inner Council of the League in Convention assembled agree to its being fulfilled. Listen. Underneath that great house is a secret chamber, wherein is stored a vast quantity of mitro-glycerine, since that is the basic factor in all modern explosives.

"The great tanks—and there are

modern explosives.

"The great tanks—and there are scores of them—are all connected to a vast electric system, and, by the mero pressure of a button, the detonators within them can be exploded in a second, and the mountainep, with the fort and all that it contains, removed as easily as the fluctuations. top, with the fort and all that is con-tains, removed as easily as the fly whisk removes the troublescene insect from one's hand.
"Nor is this the only secret city of "Nor is this the only secret city of "Agains" went on Ahmed Ben

the League," went on Ahmed Ben Adeem. "There are other places, armed and fortified like this and as armed and fortified like this and as impregnable, in many countries, the names of which I cannot new tell you. But at a signal these cities will call in their huge bands of trained soldiers, arm them, and send them forth to carry out the League's plan. There will be risings—armed risings, led by trained strategists and lucked by starn finiters—in overve countries. by storn fighters-in overy country even your own Eng

by storn fighters—in overy country—evon your own England will not he an exception. The world will go to sleep in perfect peace one night, and the next morning will wake to find that brother has declared war on hrother, and that sons and fathers are fighting in opposite camps.

"But, with its vast power, the League cannot suffer defeat, and the world must be divided up as we have divided it up at our councils. There is no race that is not represented on the Inner Council of the League, and all are agreed upon the course to be taken when the time comes. Whole companies in regiments, who le sections of ships' companies in warshins, are waiting for the signal, and, within twenty-four hours of its being given, every fortress, gun, rife, pistol, and warship in the world will be either destroyed or ranged under the white flag with the crimson star and orescent, which is the League's ensign."

Caney turned with a grip.

asey turned with a grin.

"When is this Loague you've spin us so long a yarn about going to think about giving the signal that's going to set the earth ablaze and put out the conflagration with the universal brotherhood of man? I want to know, because I'd like to be there when it happens, just to join in the fun."

The Moor turned his piercing eyes

The Moor was not the Irishman.

"There are certain papers which are lost—papers which, when a man can read them, reveal the hiding place of a treasure that is greater than uny nation can conceive. That treasure the interest of the conceive of the treasure that is greater than uny nation can conceive. That treasure is not conceive. That treasure is not conceive. a treasure that is greater than uny nation can conceive. That treasure is intended—nay, is consecrated—for the war chest of the Leazue, but till it is found the Star and the Crescent must continue to shine in obscurity instead of in the open. But I believe that I am very close to the discovery of those all-important papers, Strangers from the Sea. Indeed, I am almost positive that I know where they are this moment, and that you, sailermen of the English Navy, will shortly help me to put these old hands upon them."

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



20/11/20

Mark Your Man

I admit, of course, that there is something to be said for the other policy. It is held, for instance, that sometimes to the policy. It is held, for instance, that the full-back who goes out to tackle the outside man is leaving his goal farther than a full-back ought to do, but, providing the full-back has the power of recovery, this ought not to power of recovery, this ought not to be a fatal weakness. Anyway, I am convinced that although there is something in the argument against this system of defence, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. One thing, however, you must not overlook, and that is to decide your policy and stick to it. I don't like to see both half-back and full-back going out to tackle the same forward and leaving another opponent absolutely unmarked. Yet this is bound to happen if there is no sort of fixed policy arranged beforehand.

In other directions, too, there are ways of determining policy before starting to play.

starting to play.

The Full-Backs.

The Full-Backs.

A pair of full-backs, for instance, should think out their tactics beforehand and carry them out on the field of play. One of the greatest and most common mistakes made by full-back pairs is that both the players advance up the field together when their side is attacking. This they should never do. It is advisable for one of the full-backs to go well up—the faster of the two for preference when his side is putting on pressure. when his side is putting on pressure.

But as one full-back advances the other should stay behind and come slightly more over towards the centre of the field. The danger of both full-back advances the centre of the field. of the field. The danger of both fun-backs going up together is that they leave a wide gap through which an enterprising centre-forward may dash and more a goal in a break-away. In fact, I don't think it is going too far to say that the time when full-In fact, I don't think it is going too far to say that the time when full-backs must be most alive is when their own side is attacking. They must not get into a lackadaisical or over-confident mood; which is the same as awying that they must beware of advancing too far up the field when their side appears to have the advantage. We hear a lot about combination in rather and corothed reconstruction. tage. We hear a lot about combina-tion in attack, and everybody seems to realise that it is necessary for the five forwards of a side to work together. What most teams overlook, though, is the necessity for the same enoperation between the members of the defence. I showed last week, for instance, how the half and the full-back abould adopt a definite policy in regard to the opponent they in regard to the opponent should tackle in the course; average attack. In the same they course of average attack. In the same way there must be understanding between the full-backs and the goal-keeper.

No Previous Arrangement—and the Result.

Quite recently I saw a first division match lost because of this lack of understanding between a full-back and his man between the posts. The ball was kicked well forward and could have been cleared cither ball was kicked well forward and could have been cleared either by the full-back or the goal-keeper, but each of them left it to the other with the result that the opposing contre-forward dashed between them and shot a line goal. To watch those two defenders stare at each other watwo defenders stare at each other was quite an annusing picture, and I should have liked incidentally a gramophone record of what they said to each other. They were each equally to blame though. In the first to each other. They were each equally to blame though. In the first place the goal-keeper should have ealled "right" to his full-back, and then the full-back in his turn should have watched carefully the opposing centre-forward until the ball had been properly cleared by the goal-keeper. The goal-keeper can also be used by the full-back in other ways. For some reason, which I have never yet been able to discover, the average spectator of the football match soems to imagine that a pass back from the full-back to the goalkeeper is a sign of weakness. It is really nothing of the sort. To me it, is a sign of strength—a clear indication that the full-back and the goal-keeper have a working arrangement for the have a working arrangement for the good of the side. After all, why should not the full-back, when hard pressed, pass the ball back to his goul-keeper rather than run the risk of giving a goal away?

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

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AN EXCITING TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS AND THE RUSTLERS!



The 1st Chapter. At the Backwoods School !

"Popper!"
"Uncle!"
"No!" sui

phatically.
"But —" said Frank Richards and suid Runcher Lawless em-

"But —" said Frank Richards and Bob Lawless together.

The rancher shook his head.
"Can't be done!" he said. "You hustle off to school, sonnies, and stick to your lessons. This isn't work for you."

you."
"Well, I like that, popper!" said
Bob Lawless warmly,
mosed out the rustlers' retreat in the
Wapiti Hills—"

"Wapit Hills—"
"Who was it led the sheriff of Thempson there with his outlit?" inquired Frank Richards.

Mr. Lawless smiled.
"I don't denv it," he said. "You were very useful. That don't alter the fact that your place is at school, and not with the sheriff's outlit hunting for Handsome Alf and his gang of rustlers. There'll be some sharp shooting when they're rundown again, and I don't want either of you knocked over by a bullet."
"We're ready to take the risk—"
"Quite'"
"But I guess I'm not ready for you to take it, sonnies," said the rancher, with a smile. "Nuff said! You can

sonnies," said the rancher, le. "'Nuff said! You can

"But I guess I'm not ready for you to take it, sonnies," said the rancher, with a smile. "Nuff said! You can ride with me as far as the timber, and then off you go to school!"

Bob Lawless grunted.

He felt that it was hard lines, and his cousin, Frank Richards, fully shured his feelings.

Handsome All, the rustler, was loose again, after once being rounded up and consigned to the calaboose in Thompson Town. Half a dozen of his old desperato gang were free with him. And during the days that had clapsed since Handsome Alf's escape the rascal had proved that he had not quitted the Thompson Valley.

More than one outlying ranch had been raided; two stockmen had been raided; two stockmen had been raided; two stockmen had been shot on the range. And the sheriff of Thompson and his men were eeeking the rustlers far and wide.

The chums of Cedar Creek had taken a hand in the hunt for the rustlers, and had helped in the round-up. Naturally, they considered that they had a right to keep on the trail till Handsome Alf and his gang were finished with.

Rancher Lawless took quite a

finished with.

Rancher Lawless took quite a different view.

The schoolboys' place was at school, in his opinion, and to school they had

to go.
Frank Richards and Bob mounted their horses outside the ranch-house in the sunny morning, and rode away with Mr. Lawless—not looking at all contented.

with Mr. Lawless—not looking at all contented.

The rancher was on his way to Thompson, to join the sheriff's outhit and take up the trail of the outlaws. And his son and nephew wanted very much to ride with him.

But where the trail entered the timber they had to part.

Mr. Lawless waved his hand to the boys, and galloped on towards Thompson, and Frank and Bob reluctantly turned their horses into the timber trail.

"It's rotten!" grunted Bob. "I guess we were as much use as any galoot in rounding up the rustlers, Franky."

"More!" said Frank, with a smile.

"We found out where they were hiding—"
"Partly by chance—""

hiding—"
"Partly by chance—"
"Well, we found out, anyhow; and
we guided the aheriff's outfit. "Tain't
fair play to leave us out now."

"It's rotten!" agreed Frank.

"English grammar this morning, too.
I don't feel very keen on verbs, either transitive or intransitive..."

Bob Lawless laughed.

"Same here! I'd rather be gun-ning after Handsome Alf. I wonder whether the Cherub will be coming to school?"

That doubt was soon resolved. That doubt was soon resource. At the fork of the trail in the timber they came on Vere Beauclere, mounted on his black horse, waiting for them. Beauclere joined them in the trail.

"Your popper gone to Thomps Cherub?" asked Bob.

"You have going the

"Yes. He's going sheriff."

cu're going to school "" 1:

a startling change. And feeling ran high on the subject along the banks of the Thompson River.

There were a score of the North West Mounted Police in the valley now, seeking the rustlers, as well as Sheriff Henderson and his men; and it seemed inevitable that Handsome Alf must be rounded up and dealt withs-unless he was wise enough to "skip" over the border while he had the chance. But during the week that had clapsed since the escape of the landsome outlaw, the hunt had been interly insuccessful, and many an outrage had proved that the Californian was still on the warpath.

"They were going it again last night!" Chunky Todgers amounted as Frank Richards & Co. dismounted.

"There's the bell!" said Frank.

In a dissatisfied mood the three chums joined the stream of Cedar Creek fellows going into the lumber schoolhouse r thoughts were with the s outfit riding in the trail of

their inoughts were with the sheriff's outfit riding in the trail of the rustlers.

Lessons just then were more than a hore; they seemed to Bob, at least, like insult added to injury.

But there was no help for it, and they had to detach their thoughts somehow from the sheriff's outfit and the rustlers, and fix them upon the worrying intricacies of English granmar. It did not cross their minds, just then, that that day was destined to be more eventful and exciting than any ride with the Thompson sheriff's outfit could have been.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Rustiers at Cedar Oreck !

"Hallo! Something's up!" murmered Frank Richards.

It was afternoon, and Cedar Creek school was busy upon "last lesson."

The quiet of the school-room was broken by the sudden sound of trampling hoofs without.

A number of horsemen had ridden into the play-ground, and there was a buzz of hoarse voices, mingled with a jingle of bridles.

"Some of the sheriff's men!" murmured Bob Lawless.

Knock!

A rider had dismounted at the

A rider had dismounted at the door of the lumber school, and was knocking there with the butt of a knocking the

riding-whip.

Miss Meadows started.

A thrill ran through the class.

Outside the schoolhouse a hoarse voice was heard shouting:

"Hands up, you durned nigger!"

Evidently Black Sam, the stableman, had come out of his quarters to interview the intruders. Equally evidently, they were not some of the sheriff's men.

Miss Meadows went quietly to the school-room door, which opened upon the wide passage through the house. In spite of her injunction, a dozen of the schoolboys followed her, breathless with excitement.

She advanced to the house door—outside, in the porch, there was a sound of heavy boots, mingled with the hammering of the whip butt.

Miss Meadows glamed at the bolts first, to make sure that they were secure.

secure.

Then she looked round, and signed

to Frank Richards.
"Richards—" Her voice was a

"Richards whisper.
"Yes, ma'am.
"See that the back door is holted.
Lawless, Beauclere, Lawrence, look at the windows."
"Yes, Miss Meadows.
"Yes, Miss Meadows.

Yes, Miss Meadows.
The schoolboys scudded off in hot haste.

haste.

It was clear now that the rustler, were at Cedar Creek—though the daring of the ruid, in broad daylight, almost took away the breath of the Cedar Creek—fellows.

Up at Lone Pine, the mounted police were hunting for Handson-Alf and his gang; on the plains, the sheriff's outfit were riding in quest of them; and here they were, at the backwoods school!

The very daring of the raid made.

backwoods school!

The very daring of the raid made it safer; for certainly, those that were hunting the rustiers could hardly have thought of looking for them at the school, in the backwoods. There was little, if any, plunder there to tempt Handsome Al! and his gaug. Knock, knock, crash! "Open this door," shouted a voice outside.

It was the voice of Alf Caracumant.

outside.

It was the voice of Alf Carson—
Handsome Alf, the chief of the rustlers. Any possible doubt was set

rustlers. Any possible doubt was set at rest now.
Miss Meadow answered from within, without teaching the belts. She had no intention of opening to the raidors
"Who is there?"
"Hallo!" there was a mocking laugh. "Is that the schoolmarm?"
"Yes."

"Yes." I guess I'm Handsome Alfyou've heard the name, I recken."
"Yes. I have heard it."
We've no time to cut to waste,
marm-open the door."
"I shall not open it." answered
Miss Meadows, in a quiet, clear voice,
"Go about your business, my man."
Handsome Alf laughed.
"I recken our business is here,
marm. If you don't open the door,
I guess we shall soon have it in
splinters."
Crash, crash:

Crash, crash The butt of the riding-whip beat on

The butt of the riding-whip beat on the door like a hammer.

There were exclamations and some shrieks, in the crowded schoolroom. Mr. Shimmey and Mr. Shepherd were going round hastily, closing the window shutters and boling them. A rifle squibbed off in the playground, and a bullet crashed through

shutter

a shutter.

"My hat nurmured Frank Richards. "This is a go, Bob."

Bob Lawless nodded, his eyes gleaming under his bent brows. From the rack in the hall the chums lifted their rifles-which they had always carried with them since the arrival of the outlaws in the valley. The same thought was in the minds of all three-it was mainly on their account, that the nustlers had come to the backwoods school. What look there was in the place was hardly worth the while of the rustler gang, and their danger was great.

Crash!

The pinewood door creaked under

Crash!

The pinewood door creaked under the heavy blow of an axe.

Miss Meadows set her lips.
The Canadam schoolmistress did not lose her courage or self-possession. But her face was very pale.
"Hack it down, Bunco!" shouted the Californian.
"I recken I'll he through in a brace of shakes, pard," answered a deep, hearse voice.
Crash! Crash'

brace of shakes, pard," answered a deep, hearse voice.
Crash: Crash:
"Lawless what are you doing!
exclaimed Miss Meadows.
Bob had placed his rifle-muzzle to a thin crack in the door where the axe edge had glistened through.
Without replying, Bob pulled the trigger.

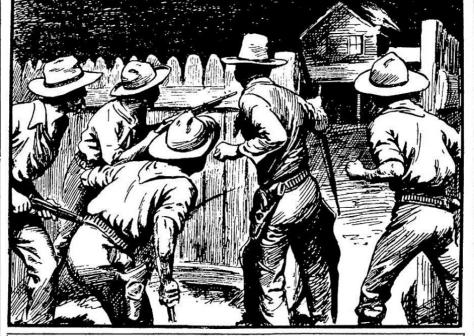
The shot was unswered by a wild how from without. One of the rustler gang, crowded about the wooden porch, had been hit.

There was a shout of rage from Handsome Alf.

"Shoot! Shoot."

The reports of six or seven rifles followed.

Bullots smashed on the pinewood, and one or two came through and dropped, spent, on the floor.



FIRING THE SCHOOLHOUSE! Across the playground came streaks of fire from the lighted arrows fired by the rustlers. Should Frank Richards and his pals give themselves up to save the school from destruction?

Yes; it's rather rotten.

"Can't be helped," said Frank Richards, as cheerfully as possible. "I dare say our respected parents and nucles are right from their point of view. They don't want us to stop any bullets. We're safer at Cedar Creek." view. any b

Creek."

Bob Lawless gave a snort. He was not thinking much about safety.

But there was, no Frank Richards said, no help for it. And the three chims cantered on to the backwoods school.

senool.

They arrived at Cedar Creek in good time for morning lessons, and found a crowd in the playground, all eagerly discussing the latest exploits of the rustlers.

That topic was one of undying interest in the Thompson Valley.

The valley had been as peaceful and law-abiding as almost any section in British Columbia before Handone Alf and his gang came over the Alf and his gang came over the border, but since then there had been

"Up at Lone Pine, cattle run off and a stockman wounded."
"And the rustiers!" asked Frank.
"Oh, they got away," said Chunky Todgers. "I saw the Mounted Police ride out of Thompson as I came through this morning. They're off to Lone Pine to look for trails."

Lone Pine to look for trails."

"I guess I've a jolly good mind to ride for Lone Pine instead of going in to lessons, grumbled Bob Lawless. "Won't do," said Beauclere, shaking his head. "Orders have to be obeyed, you know."
Grunt from Bob.

"Besides," continued Beauclere thoughtfulls. "Mr. Lawless and my.

Grunt from Bob.

"Besides," continued Beauclere thoughtfully, "Mr. Lawless and my father, too, know that Handsome Alf is very keen on getting hold of us three—he knows it was we who routed out his retreat in the Wapiti Fills, and led the sheriff there. He hasn't forgotten that, and if he got a chance at us—"
"I dop!'t care about that."

"I don't care about that. I want a chance at him!" said Bob.

Frank Richards turned a startled glance upon his chums.
"Surely it' not possible" he muttered.

Bob caught his breath.
"The rustlers!"
"Good heavens!"

"Good heavens."
Knock, knock, knock:
The whip butt was hammering on the big pinewood door of the school-house which was closed and belied.
As a rule, that door was open in the daystime, during school hours, but since the advent of the rustlers in the section, it was kept closed—not that Miss Mendows had really expected the outlaws to look in at the backwoods school. It was simply a precaution; but as a matter of fact, it turned out that it was needed, "Keep your places!" rapped out Miss Mendows sharply.
Buys were on their feet now, with startled faces. There was a rising buzz of voices, "Silence!"

Miss Meadows caught her breath. "Oh Heaven!" she murmured.

"We've got to hold them off, ma'an," said Bob Lawless. "I rocken they won't dere to hang on long. The firing will be heard, maybe, as far as Thompson."
"Get to the upper windows," muttered Frank. "We can pick them off from them:

muttered Frank. "them off from there."

The three chums ran up the nar-row wooden stairs. There was an upper story to Miss Meadows house, which adjoined the schoolhouse, and was part of the same building. Up-stairs there was a little passage with stairs there was a little passage with two or three rooms opening on it, and a window at the end of the passage looking on the playground, over the porch. The three chums stared from the window into the playground, lighted now by the red of the sunset.

Crash!

A bullot from below smashed through the window, and they sprang back. But they returned the fire the next moment, and there was a yell from the raiders below.

"Cover!" shouted the Californian.
The raiders crowded into the

"Cover!" shouted the Californian.
The raiders crowded into the porch, of which the wooden roof shaltered them from fire from above.
"I guess we shall hold them off till help comes," said Bob Lawless confidently.
"If the sheriff would only ride this way.—" muttered Beauclere.

"If the sheriff would only rice this way—" muttered Beauclerc.
"I guess he's far enough off on the plains," said Bob. "But this shooting will be heard all along Cedar Creek, I reckon."

From below and outside came the shouting voice of the enraged Californian. The chums could hear it where they stood.

"Miss Meadows! We've come here for three boys—Richards, Law-less, and Beauclere! We want them!

You hear me?"

"I hear you," answered Miss Meakows quietly.

"Send them out, and we'll ride away and leave the school unbarmed. We've no time to waste here."

"What do you want with the

boys?"
"I guess that's our business. Will you send them out?"
"No."

"No."
"Then we'll fire the schoolhouse, and they'll go up in the flames with the whole crowd of you!" said Handsome Alf savagely.
Frank Richards glanced at his

chums
"I knew they were after us!" he

muttered.
"I guessed so," said Bob. "Handsome Alf ain't forgotten that it was we who cleared him out of his den in the Wapiti Hills, and brought him within an inch or two of Judge Lynch's rope."

Beauclere set his line Beauclere set his lips.
"If they fire the schoolhouse—

he muttered.

muttered. Can they?" whispered Frank. I—I fear so." 'rank Richards shivered.

Frank Richards shivered.
The whole building was of wood, and once the fire was applied, it was likely to burn unchecked; not a hand could be raised to save it, or stop the flames, with the outlaws outside. He thought of the crowd of boys and girls in the school-room.

"The villain!" he breathed, "If— if he was villain enough—"

"It's death—death to them all!"
said Bob Lawless hoarsely. "But—but
help may come—pray Heaven that
help may come in time!"
The Californian's savage voice was

heard again.

"Will you give them up, Miss

Cold and clear the Canadian school-

s' voice replied:

"Then look out for trouble!" said Handsome Alf, gritting his teeth. Frank Richards & Co. descended the steirs again. The rifles in their bands stairs again. The rifles in their hands were useless now. In the hall and the school-room there was a crowd of faces, pale as death—pale as their own. Outside, the rustlers were silent; the shooting had ceased. But in the silence sounds could be distinguished that told that Handsome Alf was setting to work, and that a fearful danger—a danger that it was impossible to resist—was creeping upon the backwoods school and all therein. steirs again.

The 3rd Chapter. To Save The School!

Whiz! Clink!

Clink! Across the playground came a streak of fire, and there was a light sound as it landed on the roof of the schoolhouse.

Frank Richards, watching from a chink in a shutter, clenched his hands with helpless rage.

Handsome Alf and his gang had re-treated from the porch, and scuttled across to the fence of the corral. There they had taken cover. From their cover behind the fence came the burning arrows.

The device was simple enough-

ancient enough; it had been practised of old by the Redskins, when they roamed in the valley of the Thompson River, before the white man trod

there.

An arrow, steeped in oil, and a bunch of oily rag tied to the head, had been lighted, and sent whizzing across to the schoolhouse roof, where it lay, burning and smouldering.

The roof was of thick pine planks, covered with tarpaulin—dry after several sunny days without rain.

One—two—three of the fiery missiles might amoulder there without catching but a dozen—two dozen.

Incomplete the sides might amoulder there without catching, but a dozen—two dozen—It was only a question of time.

To venture on the school-room roof from an upper window of the house to extinguish the fiery messengers was death, for the outlaws' rifles were ready.

Bob Lawless scudded up the stairs, Bob Lawless scudded up the stars, and looked from the window over the long, almost flat roof of the adjoining school-room.

Already three burning arrows—mere aticks with oily rags attached—leavelength area.

lay about the roof.

He put his hat out of the window
to test the watchfulness of the outlaws. Instantly a couple of rifles
squibbed from the corral across the
playground, and the hat was almost
torn away, with a bullet-hole in its
brim.

brim.

Bob drew back from the window.

As he turned away, another fiery missile dropped on the roof and smouldered there, sending up smoke.

Already there was a glimuering of strucke, showing that the turpaulin was catching.

Bob Lawless hurried downstairs again.

His face was white, his lips set. Below, there was an anxious group in consultation—Miss Meadows, Mr. Slimmey, and Mr. Shepherd. Boys and girls crowded round, but there was not room for all of them—some of the crowd had to remain in the school-room. And on the roof of that long, lefty room—distinctly audible from within—dropped fisming missile after missile. Evidently the outlaws had come prepared for this eventuality, and they were losing no time—they dared not linger long at the backwoods school. His face was white, his lips set de school.

woods school.

"What is to be done?" Miss
Meadows' voice was husky. "The
children—oh, the children!—if the
house catches—"
She broke off.

"The—the dastards!" breathed Mr.
Slimmey

Slimmey.

Slimmey.

Bob Lawless rejoined his chums.

"Frank—Cherub!" he muttered.

They looked at him, and read in his face the same thought that was in their own minds.

Beauclero gripped his rifle almost

Beaucier gripped his rine almost convulsively.

"If—if one could only get to close quarters with the scoundrels!" he muttered passionately.

Bob shook his head.

"We can't!"

"I know! But.—"

'I know! But---" "I know! But—"
"Old soouts," muttered Bob
huskily, "it's death for the lot of us if
the house catches—and it's catching.
In ten minutes the roof will be blazing, and it will fall in; the rest of the
building will catch—"
Frunk shuddered.
"Bob, we—we—"
"You know what I'm thinking,"
whispered Rob.

"You know what I'm thinking," whispered Bob.
"I—I think so—"
"It's death, anyhow. We've not got a dog's chance. If they're villains enough to fire the school, and sacrifice fifty lives, there's nothing to stop

enough to fire the school, and sacrifice fifty lives, there's nothing to stop them. And they're doing it—they're doing it."

"The villains!"

"We can't see them all—the girls, too—with the fire round them—we can't!" Bob's voice was low but steady now. "Frank, Cherub, it's up to us! They've come for us—not the others! Old chums, it's up to us, and—and we've got to face the music. It's death, snyhow, when the school takes fire! A little sooner to save the rest—"

He stopped His face w was white and set; but there was courage, undaunted courage, in his sunburnt face, and it was reflected in the faces of his

A little sooner—a little sooner, that was all. But it was terrible! Clink, clink! The sound echood softly from

above.

Flaming missile after missile was dropping on the tarpaulined roof.

There was no time to lose. Even now

the fire was getting a hold. Ere long it would be difficult to extinguish it, if not impossible. There was no time—there was not a second to lose. If the chums of Cedar Creek were to make their sacrifice it had to be made at once, or it was futile.

"It's up to us!" said Frank Richards at last, and he set his teeth hard, determined that that fearful moment should not find him wavering. "Let-let us go."

The chums moved towards the door. Miss Meadows looked after them, her pale lips quivering.

"We're going, Miss Meadows," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "They want us. They'll spare the rest."

"No, no!"
"It's the only way, ma'am," said Frank. "Hark!"
Knock!
The whip-butt rang on the door

The whip-butt rang on the door gain. The Californian shouted from

will you give in now? I guess we i't want to burn you in your col, Miss Meadows; but we're those! Will you hand don't school. after those three! them over?" "Never!" "Then die!"

"Then die!"
"Stop!" shouted Frank Richards.
"Handsome Alf, we are coming out
to surrender! Stop!"
The Californian laughed.
"Come out within two minutes, unarmed, with your hands above your
heads!" he snapped back. "I give
you two minutes—no more! If you
are not in my hands then, the school
goes up in fames!"
"We are coming!"

"We are coming!"
"I guess I'll wait two minutes, no

more!"

The man with the earrings scuttled away from the porch, and rejoined his confederates in the corral.

Frank Richards unfastened the shutter of the window by the door. He did not intend to open the door. in case the rascals without should intend treachery, and make a rush.

"Richards!—" exclaimed Miss

"Richards —" exclaimed Miss Meadows in a voice of anguish. The tears were running down her checks.

Meadows in a voice of anguish. The tears were running down her checks. Frank gave her a faint smile. "Let us go, Miss Meadows!—" "But—my boy, my boy!——" "It's death anyhow!" said Vere Beauclerc. "And—and it's only a little soner. Miss Meadows. To save the rest—to save the girls——" Miss Meadows clasped her hands. She realised that it was true—it was death for the three to remain, as to go, if the outlaws carried out their savage theat; as only too evidently

go, in the outsaws carried out their savage theeat; as only too evidently they intended to do.

And the lives of half-a-hundred were at stake—girls as well as boys—children. too—

Frank removed the shutter.

A chill ran through him as he stood at the open window—he was under fire from the corral now, if stood at the open window—he was under fire from the corral now, if they choose to pull trigger—a chill, though he was going to his death, and he knew it! But no shot came from the corral. The rustlers knew

from the corral. The rustlers knew that he was coming to surrender, and they held their fire.

Quietly, calmly, though his nerves were in a jassile, Frank Richards drew himself through the little window and dropped outside.

Bob Lawless followed him. And Vere Beauders dropped out into the porch after the rancher's son.

Bob looked back through the window.

Mr. Slimmey !-

"By dear, brave boy!---" groaned

the young master.
"Fasten the shutter after us.

and from the upper window you can get at those arrows on the schoolroom roof, and put them out! I
think those villians will keep their
word, they don't want to murder
children. They'll let you put the fire
out, when wo're goine. Good-bye, word, they don't want to murder children. They'll let you put the fire out, when we're gone. Good-bye, Miss Meadows!"
"Oh Heaven!" murmured Miss Meadows. "You must not go, you shall not, oh Heaven!"
Bob followed his chums from the porch. The shutter closed.

The 4th Chapter In Merolless Hands!

In Marolless Hands I
Frank Richards & Co. raised their
hands above their hoads, as the outlaw had bidden, as they advanced
across the playground, from the
schoolhous towards the corral.
In the playground lay Black Sam,
roped up with a lasso, helpless. His
black eyes stared, terrified, at the
three schoolboys as they came by.
Quietly, steadily, they advanced
towards the corral.

Quietly, stoadily, they advanced towards the corrai.

They were fairly under the rustlers' rifles now, helplessly exposed to the But not a shot came from the corral

fence. Evidently Handsome Alf intended to take them prisoners; it was not instant death that the savage, revengeful Californian had planned for the three schoolboys who had led to his defeat; and to the capture of his hidden retreat in the hills with its atore of plunder.

The three chums reached the corral fence at last

fence at last.

fence at last.

"Step right in!" came the mocking voice of the Californian.

The bar had been removed; Frank Richards & Co. walked quietly into the corral, their hands still up.

There were seven outlaws thore, rifle in hand; some of them had already been selecting the more valuable horses, and "stringing" them with lassees, ready to be taken away.

away.

"By Jehosophat, cap'n!" ejaculated Bunco, the gigantic, red-bearded rustler whom the chums had seen in the lynch crowd at Thompson a week before, when Handsome Alf had been rescued from the calaboose. "By rescued from the calaboose. "By gum! them young scallywags are real grit, I guess! I guess it's a'most a pity to send them up the flue."

Handsome Alf smiled grimly.
"I guess you're a fool, Bunco!" he said. "You know what they've cost

us; and I've never yet forgotten
pay a debt, with interest!"
"I guess I'm sorry for them—"

"Keep your sorrow to yourself, you oo!!" snapped the Californian. Mexican Jo, rope them up!

The Mexican came forward

"Mexican do,
The Mexican came forwar,
rope, grinning. His black eyes
glittered at the three chums—he had
had the worst of an encounter with
the chums of Codar Creek once, and
he had not forgotten it. The Mexican
had been captured with his leader in
the Wapiti Hills, and he had escaped
from the Thoupson calaboose in the
confusion of the lynching proceedings.
He proceeded to bind the schoolboys'
hands down to their sides, and he
fastened the knots with cruel

Frank Richards & Co. did not utter a word. They submitted to their fate with quiet courage. They had expected instant death, and that death pected instant doath, and that death was postponed did not mean that there was a throb of mercy in the heart of the savage Californian, they knew that. It was for some more terrible fate that they were reserved, and they knew it. But they kept

"Put them on their horses!" snapped the Californian.
"You are going to take us away from here, Handsome Alf?" exclaimed Bob Lawless, breaking his silence at

Sure!"

"For what?"
The outlaw showed his teeth in a

The offine who we have a new and the cruel grip.

"I guess you'll learn fast enough. Shut your mouth! Put them on their horses, Mexican Jo!"

Frank Richards & Co. called to their

horses, and the animals came trotting up. They were lifted on the horses' backs, without saddles, and their feet

nacks, without saddles, and their feet tied underneath.

Mexican Jo took the reins of the three horses, to lead them.

"Get moving!" said Handsome Alf.

The rustlers crowded out of the corral, some of them leading such of the schoolboys' horses as they deemed Frank

worth stealing. Frank Richards glanced towards the schoolhouse.

Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd were already out on the roof of the schoolroom extinguishing the flames

They were in time to prevent the re from spreading. Frank could see

Cedar Creek School was saved; but Frank Richards & Co. were lost—lost beyond redemption. The rustlers rode out of the gateoners in their nd the string of stolen horses follow

and the string of storen notes on ing.

Now that the three chums were in his hands, the Californian gave no further thought to the school; his business there was done. Indeed, it was possible that even the savage rustler was unwilling to hurn down the school, with its helpless crowd within, if it could be helped.

Now that he had gained his object

Now that he had gained his object e did not even glance at the school-

The rustlers rode at a gallop along the trail to the north, forded the creek, and set off across the plains. Frank Richards & Co. rode in their

midst.

The Californian pushed his horse alongside the prisoners, and his eyes glinted at them.

"I guess you'll be sorry now that you ever happened on my trail!" he said, between his teeth.

The chums of Codar Creek d.

The cuana-answer.

"But for you, I guess I'd made a fortune in the Thon Valley!" went on Handsome Alf, ting his teeth. "It was you'd three—that queered the game for They got me in the Wapiti H three—that queered Wapiti I They got me in the Wapiti I they got back all the cattle, and out two-thirds of my men! A con-sou—" He spat out two-thirds of my men: An was you—" He spat of savage curse. "I guess you'll sorry! If Bunco hadn't raised a ly mob in Thompson, and got me of the calaboose, where should I now?"

of the caladoose, where of the caladoose, when now?"

"Hanged, very likely, as you to be yet!" retorted Bob Lawless.

Handsome Alf raised his ridir whip, and struck the rancher's son savage blow across the shoulders.

"I guees you're still lively wi your tongue, young Lawless!" I said.

"But I reekon you'll leat

said. "But I reeken you'll lear yet!"

Bob set his teeth hard.

"The game's up for us in thi valley," continued the Californian "I never reekened it could last more than a few weeks, with the whole section roused, and the Mounted Police coming up the valley. But I reckened I'd vamoose a rich man, and through you I'm going poorer than I came! I recken that's a debt I've got to pay! Do you know what's going to happen to you? Wo're ridmg to the north-west now-beyond the settlements. Two days will see us clear—out of reach of the sheriff of Thompson—right out of the reach of a chase! And then—then—"

He laughed savagely.

"Can you guess? Lave you ever heard of Mazeppa! Once we're out on the North-West plains, beyond the settlements, I'm going to have you bound to your horses, and let loose. It's an Indian trick. Maybe you've heard of it? You'll be carried on—bound hand and foot—wherever your horses wander—for days on efid, till the ond comes! If your friends ever find you, they'll find strips of you hanging to your horses—what the crows and vultures have left, I reckon. Think on that, while you ride with me."

me."

He pulled away his horse, and rode on at the head of his men.

Frank Richards & Co. did not speak.
Thoir very hearts sickened-within them at the threat of the outlaw—a threat which, they knew, was not an empty one. This was why they had not been shot down at Cedar Creek—this was the fate the precisions righter. this was the fate the merciless rustler had reserved them for! To wander. had reserved them for! To wander, Mazyppa-like, bound to their horses— famished, tortured with thirst, under sun and rain—till death put a merci-ful end to their sufferings! Their hearts were like ice within their

Frank Richards cast a haggard ok round over the plains in the red

the sunset.
If only help could some!

look round over the plains in the red of the sunset.

If only help could some!

But the plains were bare, save for a herd of steers in the distance, a herd which the rustlers did, not venture to round up and drive—they were too close to the settlement for that, and the plains held too many dangers for them.

Bunco, who was riding a little ahead of a gang, suddenly wheeled his horse, and came galloping back.

He waved his hand, and shouted. Frank's heart leapt.

Was it danger for the rustlers?

Danger for the rustlers was hope of rescue, of life, for their victims!

They could not distinguish the redbearded ruffian's words; but evidently Bunco's shout had given the rustlers the alarm.

Handsome Alf rapped out a word to his men, and the raiders changed their course a little, turning to the north-west instead of due north.

Frank Richards & Co. looked back, with burning eyes, from moment to moment to moment.

Frank Richards & Co. looked back, with burning eyes, from moment to moment. Dusk was settling over the plains, and it was not easy to make out distant objects. They saw that the man with the earrings was watching back as he rode, with avayagely gleaming eves. He seemed for the time to have forgotten his prisoners—a proof of his slarm and unessiness.

reasiness. Frank Richards & Co. exchanged ent glances. Hope had sprung up in

Frank Richards & Co. exchanged silent glances. Hope had sprung up in their breasts again. Suddenly, from the dusk of the dis-tance, came a flash, followed by an echoing report. It was the ring of a

rifle.

Frank's heart leaped.

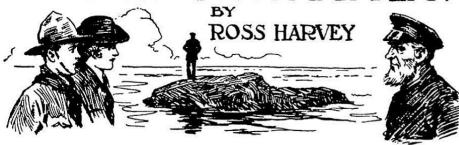
It was pursuit!

Under the darkening sky, the hoofs beat like thunder on the plain. Handsome Alf and his gang were riding for their lives now.

(Make a point of reading "THE FLIGHT OF THE RUSTLERS" nest work, telling of the hazardous kip of the Chums of Cedar Greek in the hands of the rustlers!)

A GRAND NEW SCOUTING YARN. START IT NOW!

THE MISSING SCOUTMASTER!



TED MARTIN, patrol-leader of the Otters, and his second in command, 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 Guidea, under the command of MISS BETTY HANSON, take part at a tournament. Wilson gives a frework display, the scouts and guides give a display, or seonteraft. While the two patrol-leaders. Ted and Betty, are riding in an aeroplane as a reward for the display, they see Gaptain Bowers on the rocks in the sea. They return to camp, and Mr. Hendron sets off slone to interview the blind sailor.

(Now read on.)

(Now read on.)

Mr. Hendron Disappears.

Back at the camp Mr. Hendron was rather forgotten, for the fire had to be got going, a meal cooked, and Ted had to tell all the others exactly what

had to tell all the others exactly what flying was like.

Long, after the meal was over the Otters were sitting round their campfire, and Ted was still giving word pictures of what it was like to be up among, the clouds, when he started rather-abruptly to his feet.

"I say, do you chaps know that it is after eight o'clock!"

"As late as that?"

"It is!" exclaimed Ted. "And Mr. Hendron hasn't come back. Let's go and scout round about a bit."

Let's go and scout round about a bit."

"Right-ho!" said Kitto."

"Don't say anything to the others." went on Ted. "I'll leave Pearson in charge of the camp. Sha'n't be a moment:"

Ted gave the necessary instructions, then he and Jack Kitto started off in the dark, instinctively making towards Captain Bowers' cottage.

Scarcely had they left the sandhills for the firm sand of the shore, when Captain Bowers came stumping along, feeling his way, as usual, by splashing his stick in the edge of the sea.

"Well, do you know where Mr. Hendron is?" asked Ted quickly.

"Nos.I, my hearty!"

"He's-he's not at your cottage, then?"

then?"
"Of course he isn't!" declared Cap"Weighed his anchor
from there a couple of hours ago, or

The puzzled expression on Ted's

The puzzus and the face grew.

"Do you know which way he went when he left your shack?" he saked.

"Along the hard sand, I reckon; but how am I to know? Aren't I a blind man, my hearty?"

"I shoulded on into the darkness.

but how am I to know? Aren't I a blind man, my hearty?"

He stumbled on into the darkness, while Murtin and Kitto looked at each other quickly, the same thought flashing through both their minds.

"Mr. Hendron has gone to have a look at the rocks himself!" Ted exclaimed.

"Yes, that'll be it, of course!"

"Then come on!" answered Ted quickly. "He'll be no safer alone there shan I was. Hallo!"

"What's the matter? Phew! Our boat has gone!"

Ted nodded quickly. The Otters' sturdy boat had disappeared from her usual spot by the breakwater!

"Mr. Hendron has taken it, of course!" Ted exclaimed. "It is a hundred to one he was rowed out to watch those rocks!"

Instinctively both scouts strained their eyes in staring out to sea, then a question came suddenly to Ted Martin's lips:

"What'is that there fleating in the

Martin's lips:

"What is that there, floating in the

"What is that there, floating in the sea, Kitto?"
Jack Kitto could not say.
There certainly was something drifting along in the water just where the waves were breaking, a large, black-looking object.
Kitto whipped his electric lamp from his pocket and snapped over the switch, and a circle of light shone on the black-looking object.
It was an overturned boat, drifting keel uppermost on the surf!

"Ted, is it our boat?"
Jack Kitto asked the question in a low voice, his usually cheery, laughing face, white and scared-looking, and he did not really want an answer. Kitto knew in his heart that it was the Otters' hoat that drifted stern uppermost in the surf, but he would have given anything if Ted Martin

the Otters' boat that drifted stern uppermost in the surf, but he would have given anything if Ted Martin could have said something that had a little hope in it.

Instead, Ted said nothing at all. For a moment or two he stared at the derelict craft, then waded out into the water, and got a grip on her painter. It was easy enough to hand her ashore, and not so difficult for the two scouts to turn her over. Then they stood looking at her.

A pitful sight she was, too, lying there, half in the water and half out, an oar broken in the rowlock, and a seat crushed. And Kitto turned a white face to his chum.

"Ted, what does it mean?"

"What can it mean but that Mr. Hendrom is dead?" breathed the patrol-leader, and there was a catch in his voice. "He must, have taken the boat out, and—and overturned her somehow, and—a..."

Ted stopped speaking to grit his teath.

her somehow, and"
Ted stopped speaking to grit his

teeth.

Ar. Hendron had been a good friend to him-one of those silent friends who show friendship by deeds and not by words—and now he was gone. It was a pretty awful thought, and Ted couldn't stand it.

"Kitto, we must de something!" he muttered through his teeth. "Flash awy back to the camp, and bring the rest of the patrol hero. Send Tenderfoot Wilson to the policestation, and then to the coastguard's station, and then to the coastguard's

station, and then to the coastguard's cottage."

oottage.
"Anything clse
"No, except soud like the wind!"
Jack Kitto darted away, while Ted
Martin began ripping off his kit.
He knew it was practically useless
to swim out to soa looking for Mr.
Hendron, but he meant to do it.
After all, it would be attempting
something and Ted knew he must do
that or break down.
He flung himself into the black, icy
water, and he swam at a racing
stroke, shouting at the top of his
voice as he cut through the surf. Not
a sound came back in answer, though, source as no cut unrough the surf. Not a sound came back in answer, though, oxcept the swish of the miniature waves washing over the low-lying rocks away to his left, and Ted's heart sank.

He thought of Mr. Hendron as he had always known him—a quiet

had always known him—a quiet, kindly man, a typical young school-master, who had not hesitated to give up his own summer vacation in order to bring the Otters down to camp on to bring the the sandhills. Ted remen

the sandhills.

Ted remembered, too, how unselfishly Mr. Hendron had agreed to keep on the camp when an epidemic of scarlet fover had broken out at the school, and thus preventing the boys' return. The scoutmaster had done that solely because Ted Martin and Jack Kitto had their homes in South Africa, and as had towhere to get

Jack Mitto had their homes in South Africa, and so had nowhere to go! Ted thought of all these things as he swam swiftly through the water, but never once were his shouts answered, and never once did he see anything that could be Mr. Hendron's hody.

anything that could be sayed in the sea until he was numbed and blue, but oven then it was the sound of Kitto and the rest of the patrol on the sands that made him turn in the water.

He gave his chums a hail, and swam quickly ashore, to find all of the Otters—there except Tenderfoot

Otters there except Tenderfool Wilson, reinforced by a sergeant of the local police and a constable. The police-sergeant was the first to greet

police-sergman.
Ted.
"Did you find anything?"
"No!" answered Ted through his

teeth.
"I didn't expect you would," came
the sergeant's quiet reply. "The

currents run funnily round about here, and if the body is washed ashore, ten to one it won't be for a couple of miles west of this point. What was that you were saying about Mr. Hendron being a swimmer?"

The last question was to Kitto, and the "second" was very quick with

his answer.

"I said he was one of the finest swimmers you'd be likely to meet anywhere. Isn't that so, Martin?"

"Yes," flashed Ted. "I'd forgotten that. Why, sorgeant, he—he could swim a dozen miles and not feel it!"

"Not if he struck his head on one

of those rocks, and was stunned—"
"But how could he strike his head
on a rock?" cried Ted, hope in his
heart again. "There's scarcely a
ripple on the water!"
"Run into a rock an' upset his
boat—"

"Run into a rock an upser inboat—"
"But look at the boat for yourself,"
exclaimed Ted. "A craft of that size
isn't easily upset. I can tell you!"
"Yet if was upset, Ted," whispered
Kitto. "We know that ourselves!"
Ted lapsed into silence.
True enough, they knew that the
boat had been capsized, but how was
the mystery. It was a broad-beamed

THIS ISSUE OF THE

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. tub of a boat, and Mr. Hendron was well-known in the boating world as a sculler. How a man who had raced in flims little skiffs came to overturn a large row-boat in a calm sea was utterly beyond Ted Martin. The police-sergeant seemed perfectly satisfied, though.

He got it thoroughly wedged into his head that Mr. Hendron had run his boat on a rock, overturned her, and stunned himself in so doing, and had been drowned.

and stunned himself in so doing, and had been drowned.

He said as much, in as many words, and would scarcely listen to Ted Martin's arguments.

"You'll find I'm right to-morrow norning," he exclaimed, "The body'll be recovered a couple of miles away from here, where the currents work in to the bay. Isn't that so, Captain Bowers?"

Bowers?"
Ted Martin and Kitto wheeled round at the question.
The blind sailor they had rescued from the rocks had silently joined the little crowd on the sands, and apparently he had heard the discussion.
"Ay, you're right, sergeant," came his hoarse, unpleasant voice. "If there's a body in the water, it'll be found in the bay when the tide turns."

turns."

"And that's where we've got to look," answered the sergeant.

"But—but can't a boat belaunched, and the sea and those rocks searched?" protested Ted.

"The coastguard will see to that," was the curt answer. "There, you can see, they have launched a boat already. They are wasting their time, but it's the right thing to do!"

Ted bit his lip.

As a rulo he was a great friend of the police, but he had taken a dislike to this cocksure sergeant who wouldn't lend an ear to anyone's opinion but his own. Then the patrol-leader of the Ottors felt his arm caught in a tight grip. He started round, to discover that it was Captain Bowers who had hold of him. "Take no notice o' landlubbers!" he whispered in Ted's ear. "To Days Jones with them I saw-to

Captain Bowers who had hold of him.

"Take no notice o' Isndilubbers!"
he whispered in Ted's ear. "To
Davy Jones with them, I say—to
Davy Jones with them!"
The words seemed to have no meaning to Ted, and his belief that Captain
Bowers was insone as well as blind
became stronger; but he couldn't
withdraw his arm from the old sailor's
riph Atlantan. withdraw his o'm from the old sailor's grip. At every attempt Captain Bowers' fingers tightened, and before Ted could speak again the police-sergeant and the constable had hurried away.

"Which was have they gone, my hearly?" chuckled Captain Bowers.

"Towards the bay, eh?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"To look for a body that isn't there and never will be! Ha, ha ha! It's a long walk they have in front o' them with nought at the end of it!"

Ted Martin and Jack Kitto flashed a quick glance at the blind sailor, for his words, still almost meaningless, had startled them both. It was Ted who broke the pause.

"What are you talking about, Captain Bowers?" he asked breathlessly.

"And who should I be talking about but Mr. Hendron?" came the chuckling answer. "Oh, he was a funny craft, he was. Came to my shack asking funny questions about about but Mr. Hendron?" came the chuckling answer. "Oh, he was a funny craft, he was. Came to my shack asking funny queetions about attacks in the dark and the rest. But he's not dead, my merry lads. He's no more dead than you an' me." "What do you mean by that?" flashed Ted Martin.

"What I say, my hearty—your scoutmaster isn't drowned, not he!" And the old chap burst into another roar of harsh laughter.

Ted Martin and Kitto exchanged

glances.
"I know what I know!" he chuckled. "Neither more nor less. Your scoutmaster isn't drowned—oh. no, he's nothing like drowned, and you can believe me or not, as you wish, my merry lads!"
"Have you any reason for saying that?" said Ted sharply.
"No reason that concerns you, youngster——"

"Well, it'll concern the police!"

"Well, it'll concern the police!"

flashed Ted. "If you know snything
that—that will help to trace Mr.
Hendron, you'll be forced to speak

Captain Bowers burst into another roar of laughter, and stumped away, still laughing, while Ted Martin and the rest of the Otters stood staring after him.

the rest of the Otters stood staring siter him.

It was clear to every eye that the old sailor was not quite sober. His visit to the Sandhill Arms had been prolonged, and the rum that he had praised so had flowed readily, Ted was quite sure of that. All the same, Captain Bowers had spoken with at least his usual clearness.

"And he does know something, Jack!" Ted exclaimed quickly. "I am certain of that!"

"Yes, he knows something, all right!"

"And the police shall know, too!" answered Ted grimly. "Detail one of the pairol to follow that self-satisfied sergeant to the bay, and explain what Captain Bowers said. Pearson, will be as good as anybody for the

you will be as good as anybody for the job!"

Job!"

As a result of that order, young Pearson started off at the double, while Ted and the remainder of the patrol commenced a careful and nerveracking search of the shore.

Almost overy minute one or other of them would see some dark object in the water—more often than not a shadow or some floating jetsam—but the minutes that followed each "discovery" were terrible ones.

a shadow or some Boating Jetsan—but the minutes that followed each "disrovery" were terrible ones. Worn out, and cold to numbness none of them thought of their sleeping-bags Instead, their minds were full of the possible picture of Mr. Hendron's body drifting uimlessly in the black water, and the first grey streaks of dawn were about the finest things any of them had ever seen. With the growing light spirits revived, too, for it seemed so utterly impossible that a skilled waterman, as Mr. Hendron undoubtedly was, could have lost his life in such a sea. "There's scarcely a ripple!" cried Ted. "And it was just as calm last night, except for a slight roll. You fellows, Captain Bowers was right. I —I don't believe Mr. Hendron is dead!"

Even Jack Kitto was startled at

Even Jack Kitto was startled at Ted's earnostness.

No fellow could have had a more hopeful outlook upon life than young kitto, but that Ted could speak with so much conviction puzzled him. Yet Ted certainly was convinced.

"I know it!" he cried. "No, I can't tell you how I know, but I do! Let's go back and look at the boat again!"
The Otters hurried back.
None of them—not even Ted himself—could see what good a second examination of the boat could do, but the patrol-leader's hopes rose still higher when he saw the stout, heavy craft in daylight.
"Look how she stuck the heavy sea that night we rescued Captain Bowers!" he cried. "Do you mean to tell me that she got overturned last night when there wasn't a wave big enough to wreck a toy yacht? Just have a look at her bows to see if there's any sign of a rock having been struck."

Kitto was away to make the extraction.

struck."

Kitto was away to make the examination at once. Then suddenly Ted Martin gave vent to an excited cry.

"I say, look here, you fellows!"

The words rang out in a shout, and the Otters crowded round. Ted was pointing down to the fairly recently painted floorboards of the boat, then they all saw an amazing thing.

Scribbled in pencil on the white paint were the words:

"A masked scoundrel sprang from the rocks into my boat, and struck me down. I must have been stunned by the blow, for I now find myself bound with my hands behind me, and I am blindfolded. I can tell you nothing beyond the fact that I am being rowed over perfectly calm water, and that I do not think any real harm is to come to me. I am writing this as I lie in the bottom of the boat, and whoever finds the message—if it is ever found!—communicate at once with Patrol-leader Martin, of the Otters, Glenchurch.
"Percy Hendron." "A masked scoundrel sprang from

It took the scouts an amazingly long me to decypher the message, for the the took the scouts an amazingly long time to deepyher the message, for the lines often ran into each other, and at times the writing was very faint. Somehow they managed to get it in the end, though, and the relief was the end, the

"It's the best bit of news I've ever had!" cried Ted, his eyes sparkling. "Boys, our scoutmaster is all right!" "How-how can we know that,

"How—how can we know that, Ted?"
"Of course we know it, Kitto:" came the quick answer. "Ten to one the masked scounderd who jumped into the boat is the same merchant who attacked me, and if he had meant to kill Mr. Hendron, he'd have done it there and then."
"By Jove, yes!"
"And we'll find him somehow!" cried Ted. "Wrench up that piece of floorboard, Kitte, for the police will.

"And we'll find him somehow!"
'And we'll find him somehow!"
cried Ted. "Wrench up that piece
of floorboard, Kitto, for the police will
want it. It's my idea that Captain
Bowers is in this plot!"

Dowers is in this plot?

A Ted was speaking, Betty Hanson and May Andrews, of the Robins, Glenchurch Company of Girl Guides, came hurrying up, and Patrol-leader came hurrying up, and Patrol-le Betty was very quick to grasp

Betty was very quick to grasp the situation.

"Ted, May and I saw Mr. Hondron last night!" she exclaimed.

"What time!"

"I can't be sure about that," answered Betty; "but it was just after he had called at Captain Bowers' cottage. May and I were on our way to see a cottage woman who is sick, and we peased quite close to Mr. Hondron. He called out 'Good-night!' but he didn't stop."

He called out 'Good-night!' but he didn't stop."

"He—he would be going towards our boat. I suppose?" said Ted.

And Betty nodded.

"Yes, most likely and a few minutes afterwards we, sam Captain Bowers."

"Ah! Out here on the sands, too?"

"No," answered Betty quietly."

"He was sitting in front of his cottage, smoking. Half an hour later, when we'd seen the sick woman. Captain Bowers was still in the same place, so I don't see how he could possibly have had anything to do with Mr. Hendron's disappearance."

Ted Martin looked more puzzled than ever.

By fitting together the incidents of last evening, it certainly did seem impossible that Captain Bowers himself could have had anything to do with the attack on the scoutmaster. Yet Ted still clung to his belief that the blind eailor did know something.
"Thanks awfully for your news, Betty!" the scout exclaimed. "I suppose it is all over the town now that Mr. Hendron has disappeared?"
"Yes, of course!" answered the Crif Guide. "If there is anything the Robins can do, you know you've only to call upon us— Ah; Here is Mr. Quaife!"
Ted quickly turnod, to find Mr. Quaife hurrying up to them. The By fitting together the incidents of

Mr. Quaife!"
Ted quickly turnod, to find Mr. Quaife hurrying up to them. The owner of White Gull Island looked very grave, but from his first words it was clear that he thought, with the polico, that Mr. Hendron had been accidentally drowned.

"It is one of the suddest things that has happened on this coast since I've seen here, boys!" Mr. Quarfe extainmed. "I-I simply cannot understand how Hendron overturned his locat-simply cannot understand it!"

Ted was on the verge of excitedly explaining about the pencilled message on the floorboards that he had found, when it was put out of his head by the arrival of the coastguard's

The stont craft was manned by a couple of young consignards and Ten-lerroot Wilzon, and they had no news to tell.

o tell.

We've soarched every yard of the ocks, sir," one of the men said to Mr. quaire, "and we've rowed right round your island. We can find nothing."

Quaire, "and we've rowed right round our island. We can find nothing."
"No; and I am afraid you won't came Mr. Quaife's quiet answer. There is no need for you to trouble about White Gull Island, for I'll have that searched from one end to the other by one of my servants. I have thereby one of my servants. I have then."

He turned and walked away, and he rest of that day passed in alternate tope and fear for the Otters.

he rest of that day passed in alternate tope and fear for the Otters.

With the Robins to help them, the coast for miles was searched, and later in the day the rocks where Ted himself had been attacked were examined. They launched the boat, too, and owed for hours, dreading to make a discovery, then Ted gave conclusive proof of the almost impossibility of overturning the boat.

He and Kitto actually tried to overturn her, and failed, and that experiment raised everybody's hopes still righer.

iigher.
"There's a chance that Mr. Hen-"There's a chance that Mr. Hen-then struggled with the masked man-fier the message was written!" Ted exclaimed, "and it isn't impossible the poat got overturned that way; but, even if Mr. Hendron were still par-ially bound, he'd have been able to teep afloat. Kitto, I'm as sure as mything that he is a prisoner some-where!"

"But-but where?"

"There's no answering that, of

And why should be be kept a prisoner?" added Kitto. "Like you and me, he's really a stranger in England, and—and he isn't a wealthy man. I can't see what motive there could be." could be

man. I can't see what motive there could be;

"Neither can I. agreed Ted, his month set. "I believe it, all the same, and still I am going to Captain Bowers' shack!"

Jack Kitto was only too ready to fall in with that idea, but by the time the boat was beached, a hasty meat made for Captain Bowers' cottage, it was quite dark.

The two scouts came upon the shack among the sandhills rather suddenly, and instinctively they stopped dead. Captain Bowers was in his little sit ting-room, scated at a table on which stood a lighted lamp, and instantly the same thought flashed across both lads' minds.

What did a blind man wast with a

minds.
What did a blind man want with a

lamp in his room? Instantly Ted Murtin answered the

inspoken question.
"Look at the table, Kitto!" he whispered. "Count the glasses!"
There were four glasses set in front of Captain Bowers, and two bottles of rum, and yet it was said that the blind sailor hadu't a friend in the town!

Even as Ted thought of that, Kitto

Even as Ted thought of that, Kitto caught him by the arm.

"Someone is crossing the sandhills, Ted!"

The scouts dropped to their knees among the long, course grass, and strained their ears. Sure enough there were footsteps to be heard, muffled, certainly, by the loose, dry sand, but numistakable,

"There is more than one man Kitto," whisperral Ted.

"Ye.," breathed Jack, and the two waited in dead silence,

Captain Bowers' Quests.

Ted Martin and Jack Kitto had not

to wait long.

The muflled sound of footsteps be came louder, and within a matter of seconds four of the choicest-looking scoundrels it had ever been the scouts'

lot to look upon, were pushing their way through the long grass in front of the centage window.

The light from the lamp fell full upon the gang, showing up their evil, vicious faces; but apparently they were welcome guesta to Captain Bowers. Bowers

Bowers.
At the first tap on the window-glass the blind sailor was on his feet, and the next thing that the scouts saw was that the four men were taking their places at Captain Bowers' table. "Sailors, every one of them, whis-pered Kitto, "or they have been." "Just wastrels of the sea. Did you

ever see such a cutthroat gang in your

ever see such a cutthroat gang in your life."

Jack Kitto certainly never had. Then he noticed that Ted was worming his way nearer the cottage. Jack followed easily, and, with care, they were able to reach the window without being heard.

What they were to do now was a mystery, though.

The window was closed, and unless Captain Bowers and his villainous looking guests spoke in raised voices not a word of what they were saying would carry to the chums, yet Ted Martin was desperately anxious to hear.

Martin was desperately anxious to hear.

More than ever now he thought the blind sailor could solve the mystery of Mr. Hendron's disappearance if he wished to, and perhaps it was that belief that made Ted take a big risk. Ho raised himself to his knees, and put his ear so close to the window that Kitto thought he must be seen. Still, it was the only thing to be done, and even this risk did not bring unqualifield success, for Ted could only carch a word here and there, usually when it was Captain Bowers' harsh voice that was holding forth.

"Theusands of pounds, my merry lads! Treasure to make your mouths water—"

That was all Ted could hear for a

That was all Ted could hear for a long time, then came another word or

"White Gull Island, I tell you! With my own hands I'll kill him-with my own hands!"

(More of this exciting tale in next Monday's Boys' Friend.)



Next Monday's issue sees the publication of the fourth and last part of our grand we intend now to continue it for a bit. That pleases you doesn't

FREE BOXING GUIDE.

Just think—on Monday you will possess the complete book! A book which no one should miss, and which yery few people have missed.

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

"THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!"

By Victor Nelson, and

"THE MISSING SCOUTMASTER!"

By Ross Harvey.

Speaking of "The Boy With Fifty Millions!" reminds me — what do you think of our cover this week? Topping, isn't it?

The title of the next of the splendid new series of backwoods yarns is,
"THE FLIGHT OF THE RUSTLERS!"

By Martin Olifford,

and it is simply top-hole. This new series has made a stupendous hit, and

"THE AFFAIR OF THE STOLEN DESPATCH!" By Edmund Burton,

is the next case to be handled by our crime expert, Grant, chauffeurdetective.

SOMETHING STALE!

The other day, in answer to a question from me as to whether there was anything wrone with the paper, a render said that the following was the only stile and unnecessary thing in "the whole shebang."

"Don't forget to order of the Boys' FRIEND early, might get left."

might get left."

Well, you would think that it would hardly be necessary now to put this reminder in, wouldn't you? But you would be surprised at the number of letters I get every week—almost every day— in which the same old complaint is made.
"I couldn't get the left cover of

old complaint is made.

"I couldn't get the last copy of the 'B, F.' as my newsagent said he was sold out."

So there it is! The only way to make sure of the "B,F." every week is to give a standing order to a newsagent for it!

What do you think of our new wheeze—namely, the Telephone Competinon? Rather unique, isn't it? You should have a try, as they're really not very difficult, and there is a cash prize of 10s, for somebody each week.



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