

READ ABOUT THE BOY MILLIONAIRE'S LATEST STUNT! In This Issue!

The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES! 1d
1/2

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 1,018. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending December 11th, 1920.]

A NEW STORY OF AN ORIGINAL SCHOOLBOY CHARACTER WHICH HAS MADE A GREAT HIT!

THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!

-- BY --
VICTOR NELSON.

Music (?) Hath Charms!

"Sssh! Don't make such a noise, South, you yaboo!"

"Sorry, but I feel as if I should tell you about Grier's boots!"

Staff one down his throat to teach not to be so careless in leaving about!" Don Darrel advised, at that he would notice one boot being put into a mouth like his! Put him in, old chap!"

Don sat up in his bed, as here, you'd better be a bit careful, Darrel!" he blustered. "Because the ground was slippery and you beat me by a fluke once, it's not to say you'd do it again, you—"

What?" Don Darrel asked, as he stood in the moonlight that poured through the dormitory window and buttoned his vest. "Were you going to call me a low-bred cad, Grier?" You remember what happened before when you called me that, old bean, don't you?"

"I was going to say 'rotter,' and you are a rotter—waking a fellow up at this time of night! I was sound asleep!"

"I would weep salt tears of remorse, I guess, Don Darrel declared, with a pathetic sniff. "Lend me your handkerchief, Philips!"

"Use your own, fathead! Invite him to the feast, and he'll forgive you!"

"What say, Grier?" Wilt partake of a little cold chicken, or waffle, or jam-puffs, or ginger-pop?"

"No—keep your beastly tuck!" the bully snarled, though it was only from pride and ill-nature, for his mouth was watering. "I hope the Head catches you!"

"Shucks! I don't!" Don Darrel exclaimed. "It makes a shiver run down my spine to contemplate it! Bless my soul! What are you—ahem!—doing abroad at this time of night, Darrel, my boy? You will report at my study at eight-thirty—ahem!—to-morrow morning! Bless my soul! Discipline must be maintained!"

"Oh, I say, give it best, Darrel!" Frank Philips pleaded, as he put on his cap. "You awe him—well you made me jump! He's a dear old gentleman, but he would give it to us hot if it did happen to run into him!"

The occupants of the Fifth Form dormitory had retired some two hours previous to the opening of our chapter—but, having a mission that would take them to the other side of the quadrangle, Don Darrel, Frank Philips, South, and Lassely had recently quitted their beds and dressed.

It was the night of the day when Mr. Woggle discovered how his hope for the Denkeys' Derby had been "got at" by Briggs, the school-porter—in other words, the night before the school sports and the race. But the holiday and anticipated fun that was due on the morrow had not stopped the Boy with Fifty Millions from organising a little further enjoyment to-night.

From the moment he had found his donkey next door to hors de combat for the race, Mr. Woggle had continued to vow vengeance.

All through the morning, afternoon, and evening he had schemed and plotted to obtain it; and whilst his mind had run in these channels, Don Darrel's had been planning a "feed" for that night in the dormitory.

Briggs and the Boy with Fifty Millions' lieutenant, Chutta, had been called upon to help.

Much to his delight, Briggs had received a further ten pounds from Don as a tip, when arrangements to do his part had been made with him; and, more than ever, Briggs was



FACING THE MUSIC!

Much to the amusement of Don Darrel & Co., Briggs, the school porter, in defence of his famous donkey, snatched up a pitchfork and rushed the musicians en bloc!

THE BOY WITH FIFTY MILLIONS!

(Continued from previous page.)

gazing out upon the future through rose-tinted spectacles.

Throughout the day, the porter had, on and off, been convulsed with unholly glee.

He little dreamed that he had left behind in Mr. Woggle's stable a tell-tale clue to its having been he who had piled the donkey's food-trough and enabled it so hopelessly to over-lead itself.

And, as he had not chanced to journey that day to the village, Briggs had naturally not the least inkling that his underhanded work had been made public by Mr. Woggle, and that one and all agreed that the large wager between them should be decided "off."

Now that Persimmon, Mr. Woggle's donkey, had surely no chance of winning the race, Briggs was counting upon receiving Mr. Woggle's hundred pounds and this, added to the amount he otherwise stood to win over the event, would make a nice little nest-egg. Again, the more he rode his own donkey at early-morning exercise, the more convinced did Briggs become that it would beat every other donkey entered in the race, and be returned an easy winner.

Indeed, Briggs, in imagination, already had Don Darrel's thousand pounds in his pocket.

He could almost hear the crisp note, or notes, rustling there, and was looking forward to blossoming into the proprietor of some country inn, where the trade was busy, and where he could employ others to do the work and himself look on and make a cozy living.

When Don Darrel had approached him early that morning, and requested that he should allow Chuta to store various delicacies in his lodge—which stood by the school gates—Briggs had smilingly agreed.

During the day, Chuta had journeyed to and fro between the village and the school, and smuggled the "luck" into Briggs' living-room. Only too ready to "oblige Master Darrel"—who gave away ten pounds as any ordinary person would part with a modest shilling—Briggs hid the various packages, tins, and bottles in his cupboard and beneath his table.

The whole was to be divided into four, packed in four medium-sized hamper, and that night carried away by Don and his chums.

This arrangement had been made after due consideration of the fact that of late Mr. Farmer had shown a tendency to take a look round the dormitory at unexpected moments after his juniors had retired.

Probably something had caused him to suspect the last spread that Don had given. Be that as it might, however, it had been judged unsafe to let Chuta bring the hampers beneath the window, in case the master happened to be upon the prow, and appear simultaneously with his giving the signal from the quad.

When all possibility of Mr. Farmer coming to the dormitory was thought to be passed, it would be quite easy for Don and his chums to procure the eatables.

They proceeded to set out to do this now.

Don Darrel whipped a small screw-driver from the pocket of his Eton jacket, and released a couple of screws which held in position a loose floorboard.

Prising this up with the end of the tool, the boy with Fifty Millions groped in the aperture beneath, and drew into view a rope ladder.

He and his study-companions had spent several days upon this, and although it was not exactly a work of art, it was strong, and fairly sure to bear their weight.

Cautiously, Losely peered through the window. He raised it noiselessly, and assured himself that the moonlit quadrangle was deserted.

In spite of his ill-humoured protests, one end of the ladder was secured to the rail of Grierson's bed, and Philips sent the other snaking down to within a couple of feet of the ground.

"Ready!" he said softly.

"I guess I'll go first!" Don Darrel announced. "Be ready to help us in with the grub when we come back, you chaps."

The occupants of the long row of beds were all sitting up, and a gently-breathed chorus of assent answered him.

Don swung his leg over the sill, planted his feet upon the swaying ladder, and, gripping it firmly with his hands, began to descend.

Unfortunately, Philips was a trifle too eager to follow him. Before Don had negotiated the twenty feet of knotted ropes and gained the ground, his chum also climbed from the window and put his whole weight upon the ladder.

The result was decidedly funny. Grierson's bed went swiftly across the floor towards the window, and Grierson himself, who had been sitting up, cuddling his knees, overbalanced, and, with a wild display of kicking legs and a gasp of surprise and dismay, he was shot out upon the floor.

A shout of derisive laughter burst involuntarily from every boy in the spacious room, then, as they realised the necessity for less noise, heads were buried in pillows, and sheets stuffed between teeth to stifle fresh yells of mirth.

As for the two on the ladder, they had the look of boys whose hair was standing on end, and were clinging to the flimsy thing wildly, desperately, as it swayed and swung dizzily to and fro after the upheaval above.

Grierson's bed had jammed itself against the framework of the window, after shooting across the floor, but, as it had been some three feet away when Philips had gained the ladder and caused the disaster to the bully, the ladder very naturally had suddenly and unexpectedly dropped that much with a rattle.

"Gee! Steady! What's happening?" Don breathed, still clinging hold for dear life.

"Dunno!" Philips gasped. "The giddy bed must have moved, I think. My hat! I nearly came down on top of you!"

In the dormitory Grierson was disentangling himself from the bed-clothes, and vowing all manner of dark things that he would do when Darrel and Philips returned.

The other Fifth-Formers listened, and waited breathlessly, to see if the noise of the bully's fall, and the excusable burst of laughter had been heard by anyone who would investigate.

Apparently, however, such was not the case, and as the minutes slipped by and no master or masters came to the dormitory, there was a general sigh of relief.

In turn, South and Losely pushed past Grierson's bed, and followed Don and Philips down the ladder, gaining the quad.

Don and his chums glided from the shadows.

"What made you so long?" the former asked.

They hurriedly explained, stifling their laughter. Then, as the ladder was hauled up by some of the boys above, the quartette stole away across the quad.

They crept to the nearest wall, and roved along in its shadow. The quad was very spacious, and it was quite four hundred yards from the school itself to the school lodge, over which Briggs presided.

The lodge had a tiny square of garden of its own, in which was a small shed with a sloping roof built against the outside wall.

As Don tapped upon the window of Briggs' living-room, they were rather startled to be answered by a voice from the shed.

"Here I am, young gents!" Briggs—for the speaker was he—announced, stepping from the lean-to structure.

"Hallo! Say, what are you doing away from that oosy fire of yours, Briggs?" Don asked.

"Ah, Master Darrel, there'll be no sitting alongside a fire till arter the race is over to-morrow!" the porter declared mysteriously.

"Eh? I don't follow, Briggs."

"I don't trust no one, Master Darrel. You wouldn't believe what dirty rogues there are in Eaglehurst," the porter assured him virtuously.

"My moke, Minor, is in that shed there, an' I'm sleeping with him to-night."

He raised a gray forefinger, and tapped knowingly at the side of his red nose.

"It's like this 'ere," he said confidentially. "My donkey 'as pretty well got this 'ere race of Master Darrel's at its mercy, and there may be those 'as realise it, an' would not be above giving it something' to put it out of the rummin', so I've made up a nice soft bed of 'ay, an' I'm going to sleep there with it, and guard it till to-morrow mornin'."

The boys laughed.

"You don't seem to have so mighty much faith in human nature, Briggs," Don said, a trifle contemptuously.

"Surely no one would be so underhanded as to harm any of the animals that are to compete."

"Wouldn't they, Master Darrel,"

said Briggs, who naturally knew better. "I ain't so sure, an', anyway, prevention is better'n cure, so there I stays to-night."

"Where's the luck, old thing?" Losely asked, a little impatiently. "We must not stay too long, you know."

"It's ord' packed ready for yer, young gents. Trust old Briggs to look arter yer!" the porter exclaimed. "Come with me, an' I'll hand it out to yer!"

They followed Briggs to his lodge, and he gave them the four hampers. They shouldered them, and, leaving his garden, stole away. As they glided along in the shadow of the same high wall of the quadrangle the village clock struck eleven. Then, as the last note ceased, other and far more surprising sounds filled the air.

"What the tarnation thunder is that?" Don exclaimed, stopping, setting down his hamper, and listening.

"It's a band, the village band by the sound of it!" Losely said, in amazement. "What are the idiots out and playing for at this hour? They must have mistaken the time of year, and think it's giddy Christmas!"

There was certainly some reasoning in his statement.

The strains of "Come, Ye Merry Gentlemen!" with much bass from a trombone and unnecessary twiddle-bits on the big drum was wafted to them from the direction of the road, just on the other side of Briggs' garden wall. As they listened, the tune suddenly changed to "O The Mistletoe Bough." Then the music ceased altogether, but not for long.

It was as if the players held a conference, and decided on making as hideous a row as possible, for, whilst some of them continued "The Mistletoe Bough," a second section carried on with "Come, Ye Merry Gentlemen!" and a third portion ruthlessly murdered Chopin's "Dead March."

"Ha, ha, ha! They must be serenading old Briggs, for some unknown reason!" South giggled.

"There's going to be some fun here." "I vote we let those chaps in the dormitory wait a bit for the luck, and come back and see what's happening," Losely cried. "That row must be making Briggs' silken locks curl!"

"Ugh! It's setting my teeth on edge, I guess!" Don said. "Ha, ha! The guy with the cornet is getting mixed up with the Dead March and the carols! Thunder, the big drum is putting in bits for all three tunes! Did you ever hear such a beastly din before?"

"I hope to goodness it can't be heard at the school!" Losely put in uneasily. "Think it can, Philips?"

"Not enough to attract attention, if at all," Frank Philips answered. "The wind is in the wrong direction for that, and the distance is fairish, you know. Let's chance it, anyway, and go back to find out what's in the wind."

They all stood their hampers in the shadow against the wall, and tip-toed back to Briggs' garden. As they neared the fence the porter came through the gate, strutted to the tall iron gates in the school walls, and, unlocking them, threw them open.

"What's the meaning of this 'ere, you silly idjuts?" the four boys heard him demand, as he hurried out into the road.

The playing went on, and they followed Briggs and peered round the gates. The spectacle that met their eyes caused them to grin broadly.

Near the wall stood the dozen members of the village band, which included two cornets, big and kettle-drums and cymbals, two saxophones, a bassoon, a saxhorn, and the trombone, attended to by Mr. Woggle.

The latter, his walrus-like moustache drooping over the mouthpiece of the instrument, was red in the face with blowing, and it was some moments ere he condescended to dole out and answer the indignant Briggs.

"It's own-back!" he sneered meaningly.

"Own-back? What d'yer mean?" Briggs asked, with a guilty start.

Mr. Woggle advanced upon him, and shook his trombone in his face.

"You know, you—you viper!" he

hissed. "You've spoiled my donkey's chances of winning to-morrow, you underhanded villain, you, an'— Ah, don't deny it! I've absolute proof, as my friends here can tell you!"

He paused, and laughed tragically. "My donkey can't win," he said sadly, "and"—his voice took on a tone of malicious triumph—"I am going to see your'n don't!"

"Oh, are yer? How?" Briggs jeered truculently.

Again Mr. Woggle laughed, laughed so confidently that Briggs began to feel uneasy.

"We are going to stop here all night," he said. "Your blessed animal sha'n't 'ave a wink of sleep, an'—well, it won't be much good to-morrow after that! We'll give it the Dead March and ragtime and love ballads together, an' if that don't upset it as well as stop it snoozing, my name ain't what it is!"

"I'll—I'll 'ave the lor on yer!" Briggs cried, quivering with indignation, and quite forgetting for the moment what he had been guilty of to bring this judgment down upon him.

"Policeman Grayson won't interfere," Mr. Woggle assured him. "Like my feller-bandmen, he thinks you a mangey scoundrel, and that you deserve whatever we do!"

"Then I'll take my donkey up to the school stables," Briggs declared. "Neither 'im nor me'll be able to 'ear yer there!"

"Won't you! You'll see!" cried Mr. Woggle determinedly. "We'll climb the gates, and foller you there, an' if anyone comes out from the school, we'll tell 'em the whole yarn, an' show you up for the unspeakable reptile you are!"

Briggs ground his teeth; then, swinging back towards the gates, he snarled:

"Do yer worst! You'll get sick of it afore I shall!"

But in this he was sadly mistaken. Don Darrel and the three other juniors preferred to watch the fun without disclosing their presence, and they drew back and crouched in the shadows as Briggs returned through the gates and locked them. They heard him go grumblingly back to the shed where his hope for the race was housed; then the band recommenced.

This time it was "The Anchor's Weighed," "Sing Me to Sleep," and "Where Do Flies Go in the Winter-time." The result was simply awful beyond words.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, hold me up, you guys!" Don Darrel spluttered. "If that doesn't make Briggs' 'ee red, I guess I don't know what will! Murder! Old Woggle's out of tune into the bargain!"

"Hark at the chap with the cymbals! He's working overtime!" Frank Philips gasped, red in the face with laughter. "He's putting in bits all round, like the fellow with the bass drum. Talk about a jazz band! It would turn green with envy!"

"I wonder what Briggs has done to Woggle's moke?" Losely said. "It looks as though he's played some low-down game."

"I guess that's certain," Don agreed. "I wonder if Briggs will stick it? I was hoping he would come out again!"

"Let's stop for a little while, anyway," South urged.

It was as well for them that they fell in with this suggestion. Otherwise they would have missed some of the best fun they had encountered for a long time.

For half an hour Briggs lay on his bed of hay, his eyes screwed up, and his fingers dug into his ears. Then his donkey fired off the terrible din, and commenced to bray excitedly.

When Briggs approached it, it suddenly lashed out with its hoofs, and kicked him head over heels.

He called it everything, as he dazedly picked himself up; but afterwards coaxed it into renewed quietude, and lay down once more.

The band went on monotonously. The tunes were not changed, and the terrible combination of sound soon drove the porter to the confines of madness.

He fumed and tore his hair, and when suddenly his donkey started madly to kick at the wall of the shed, and threatened to injure itself, the porter could stand it no longer.

With a yell of rage, he snatched up a pitchfork, burst from the shed, and dashed to the school-gates. He must have seen the boys, who had no time to recoil into the shadows, but he was too excited and carried away with wrath to heed them.

Briggs unlocked the gates, then through them he went at the double, and charged the gentleman with the bass drum. He thrust his pitchfork through its parchment before the player could escape him. Then, dropping his weapon, and whirling round, he flew at Mr. Woggle.

Out went Briggs' hand, and, seizing Mr. Woggle's long moustache, he dragged him round and round by it. Letting him go, he seized his trombone, dashed it to the ground, and danced and jumped upon it.

"I'll touch yer!" he shouted. "I'll teach yer! How do yer like that, yer varmint?"

Mr. Woggle did not like having his moustache almost pulled out by the roots at all, and as soon as he recovered from his surprise and pain, he showed it.

He let out an angry yell, and, rushing at Briggs, butted him in the stomach. The man with the big drum was just stooping over it to ascertain how seriously it was damaged, and, as the reeling Briggs collided with him in the rear, he took a nose-dive through the already damaged parchment into his instrument.

Don and his chums, who had hastened out into the road after Briggs, were convulsed. Indeed, Don Darrel was so limp from his excess of mirth that he was leaning weakly against the quadrangle wall for support.

In a sitting posture, Briggs followed the drummer's head and shoulders into the drum, and the legs of the latter waved wildly, as for a moment he stood upon his head. Then, in danger of being suffocated, he contrived to bite the porter, in the hopes of inducing him to cease sitting upon his face.

His manoeuvre had the desired effect. Briggs howled with agony, and shot into the air like a jack-in-the-box. He was just in time to meet a determined new attack from Mr. Woggle.

Locked in each other's arms, the two went down and rolled about the road fighting desperately and seemingly as unfairly as they could.

Briggs clawed Mr. Woggle down either cheek, and Mr. Woggle retaliated by seizing the porter's ears and thudding his head again and again upon the ground. How matters might have ended it was hard to say. As it was, Don Darrel, feeling they had gone far enough, strode forward and intervened.

"Stop it, you mad guys!" he cried, as sternly as he could for suppressed laughter. "If you do not quit fighting instantly I'll disqualify you both from competing in my race!"

This threat acted magically. They ceased tearing at one another, and sat up, looking both foolish and comical.

Mr. Woggle's left eye showed a tendency to close, and was growing puffy and discoloured, whilst the right eye of Briggs was in a very similar state. Both were panting for breath and covered from head to foot with dust.

"Why, it's Master Darrel!" Briggs puffed, regarding Don with his one good eye. "E's been trying to upset my donkey, so as I ain't no good for the race, young gent!"

"He's already done mine up!" Mr. Woggle put in viciously. "He ought to be disqualified, the mean, underhanded insect! If I had my way I'd—"

"Look here!" Don said. "I'll settle this business, so that you both ride on an equal footing. Though I guess you've been playing an un-sportsmanlike game, Briggs, and I do not admire you for it!"

"He has, the—the viper—" Mr. Woggle began; but Don held up his hand for silence.

"To-morrow I will buy each of you a new donkey," he said. "I shall select the fastest and best-conditioned animals I can find, and you will have to toss up as to which of you shall have the pick of the two. Will that satisfy you both?"

"Sure it will, young gent!" Mr. Woggle agreed eagerly; and although Briggs would far rather have ridden his own animal, he dared not fall out with Darrel, so he nodded.

"But what about our instruments?" Mr. Woggle demanded. "The big drum's smashed, and my trombone is all crushed and bended!"

"Buy new ones, and send the bill in to me," Don advised, laughing. "I

He fumed and tore his hair, and when suddenly his donkey started madly to kick at the wall of the shed, and threatened to injure itself, the porter could stand it no longer.

With a yell of rage, he snatched up a pitchfork, burst from the shed, and dashed to the school-gates. He must have seen the boys, who had no time to recoil into the shadows, but he was too excited and carried away with wrath to heed them.

Briggs unlocked the gates, then through them he went at the double, and charged the gentleman with the bass drum. He thrust his pitchfork through its parchment before the player could escape him. Then, dropping his weapon, and whirling round, he flew at Mr. Woggle.

Out went Briggs' hand, and, seizing Mr. Woggle's long moustache, he dragged him round and round by it. Letting him go, he seized his trombone, dashed it to the ground, and danced and jumped upon it.

"I'll touch yer!" he shouted. "I'll teach yer! How do yer like that, yer varmint?"

Mr. Woggle did not like having his moustache almost pulled out by the roots at all, and as soon as he recovered from his surprise and pain, he showed it.

He let out an angry yell, and, rushing at Briggs, butted him in the stomach. The man with the big drum was just stooping over it to ascertain how seriously it was damaged, and, as the reeling Briggs collided with him in the rear, he took a nose-dive through the already damaged parchment into his instrument.

Don and his chums, who had hastened out into the road after Briggs, were convulsed. Indeed, Don Darrel was so limp from his excess of mirth that he was leaning weakly against the quadrangle wall for support.

In a sitting posture, Briggs followed the drummer's head and shoulders into the drum, and the legs of the latter waved wildly, as for a moment he stood upon his head. Then, in danger of being suffocated, he contrived to bite the porter, in the hopes of inducing him to cease sitting upon his face.

His manoeuvre had the desired effect. Briggs howled with agony, and shot into the air like a jack-in-the-box. He was just in time to meet a determined new attack from Mr. Woggle.

Locked in each other's arms, the two went down and rolled about the road fighting desperately and seemingly as unfairly as they could.

Briggs clawed Mr. Woggle down either cheek, and Mr. Woggle retaliated by seizing the porter's ears and thudding his head again and again upon the ground. How matters might have ended it was hard to say. As it was, Don Darrel, feeling they had gone far enough, strode forward and intervened.

"Stop it, you mad guys!" he cried, as sternly as he could for suppressed laughter. "If you do not quit fighting instantly I'll disqualify you both from competing in my race!"

This threat acted magically. They ceased tearing at one another, and sat up, looking both foolish and comical.

Mr. Woggle's left eye showed a tendency to close, and was growing puffy and discoloured, whilst the right eye of Briggs was in a very similar state. Both were panting for breath and covered from head to foot with dust.

"Why, it's Master Darrel!" Briggs puffed, regarding Don with his one good eye. "E's been trying to upset my donkey, so as I ain't no good for the race, young gent!"

"He's already done mine up!" Mr. Woggle put in viciously. "He ought to be disqualified, the mean, underhanded insect! If I had my way I'd—"

"Look here!" Don said. "I'll settle this business, so that you both ride on an equal footing. Though I guess you've been playing an un-sportsmanlike game, Briggs, and I do not admire you for it!"

"He has, the—the viper—" Mr. Woggle began; but Don held up his hand for silence.

"To-morrow I will buy each of you a new donkey," he said. "I shall select the fastest and best-conditioned animals I can find, and you will have to toss up as to which of you shall have the pick of the two. Will that satisfy you both?"

"Sure it will, young gent!" Mr. Woggle agreed eagerly; and although Briggs would far rather have ridden his own animal, he dared not fall out with Darrel, so he nodded.

"But what about our instruments?" Mr. Woggle demanded. "The big drum's smashed, and my trombone is all crushed and bended!"

"Buy new ones, and send the bill in to me," Don advised, laughing. "I

THE THREADS OF THE STORY.

DON DARREL, a lad of fifteen, inherits from a stranger, whose life he saves, the stupendous fortune of fifty million pounds. With this he intends to give up his ranch in Mexico, and come to Britain and go to school. The disinherited heir to the fortune, RANDOLPH GURNEY, is plotting to do away with Don, and so secure the money for himself. On arriving in Britain with his faithful half-caste servant CHITA, and his dog, SNAP, Don goes to Eaglehurst School. Soon after arriving at the school Don buys a circus so that the local crippled children shall have some enjoyment.

Several vain attempts are made on his

life by the emissaries of Gurney. Don Darrel gets up a Donkeys' Derby. Briggs, the school-porter, has backed his mount for a large sum, only to find that a rival of the name of Woggle has the favourite moke. Briggs visits the favourite at dead of night, and supplies it with enough food for a week. The next day Mr. Woggle discovers his donkey, having eaten such a large amount, is decidedly indisposed, and consequently doesn't stand a chance in the great race. Briggs, however, has left a clue in the shape of a cigarette-end, and, on discovering this, Mr. Woggle vows he will have vengeance.

(Now read on.)

don't mind paying for them. Buy the most expensive ones you can get! Whatever I have to pay for them will be worth it after the fun you've given my pals and I! Good-night! And take my tip—shake and make it up!"

They did so, glaring at one another as though each would have taken immense pleasure in mixing rat poison with the other's next meal.

Captain Raymond Strikes Again! "Where the dickens have you fellows been?"

Stanton of the Fifth asked the question as, having stood upon the rope-ladder, and passed the four hampers from hand to hand and into the dormitory, Don and his friends followed themselves.

"We'll tell you all about it when we get the tuck spread out and start wolfing it," Frank Phillips chuckled. "My hat, but I have never laughed so much in my life before! Briggs and Woggle, of the village band, have had a scrap—been going at it like angry tom-cats! He, he, he! I shall start having convulsions again if I let myself think of it!"

Don Darrel hauled up the rope-ladder, and softly closed the window. He tossed the long length of knotted rope to South, who lost no time in hiding it beneath the loose board, which he afterwards quickly screwed down.

Meanwhile, Don and the others had made a raid upon the hampers and cold chickens, a ham, bottles of sauce and pickles, preserved fruits, a huge cheese, pastries galore, tinned rabbit, and tasty-looking tongues had been spread out on a tablecloth, which Briggs had thoughtfully slipped into one of the baskets.

Phillips, after warnings not to laugh aloud, began to tell the story how Mr. Woggle's donkey must have been "got at" by Briggs, and how Mr. Woggle had turned up with the band to have revenge by keeping Briggs and his animal awake all through the night, with the idea of so upsetting the latter that it would be unfit on the morrow.

The many white figures congregated around the tablecloth suppressed their mirth, and began to get busy with the spread. Everything was going merrily. They believed

that everyone save themselves had long since ceased to be astir, and had no inkling that a dark figure in flowing gown and mortar-board was at the moment entering a side-door of the school by means of a latchkey.

Two minutes—three—four passed with all remaining well, then the door of the dormitory was abruptly flung open, and Don's frantic "Cave!" came all too late.

"The Head!" a diminutive boy named Smithson gasped miserably.

It was the neatest catch that could

have been made. Juniors who had started to scuttle towards their beds halted, and stood irresolute, as did others who had bundled up armfuls of food in the hope of being able to thrust it out of sight.

For a long moment the man in the doorway did not speak, and stood holding a handkerchief to his face, as though he might have a cold and feared the chill night air. Then:

"Darrel, I have reason to believe you are the ringleader of this disgraceful piece of indiscipline!" he

said in a curiously hoarse voice. "You will accompany me to my study! You other lads will resume your beds at once!"

Don Darrel went ruefully after the speaker, as he abruptly turned upon his heels and left the dormitory. At a sign from him, Don closed the dormitory door behind him.

"Great pip! What's it mean?" Phillips exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "The old boy's surely not going to wallop him at this unearthly hour of the night!"

"It is jolly funny. You would have thought he'd have told him to come in the morning," Losely agreed. "It's unlike the Head, too, to single out one chap! We were all equally to blame!"

In the meantime, Don Darrel had been tersely ordered to "load the way!" And he and his companion had reached and entered the doctor's study.

The lad heard the key turned sharply in the lock as he walked across the room, and as he turned he saw the man in the scholastic robe for the first time without the handkerchief being pressed to his face.

For one brief second Don stared at him, then he recoiled, with a startled cry.

"You are not Dr. Harding!" he cried.

"Say, what's this frame-up? You are not the—the Head!"

And he was right.

He could see now, as the man stood in the shaft of moonlight that streamed through the study window, that his grey hair was nothing more than a wig, and, although his eyes and general features were not unlike those of the kindly old doctor, they had been cunningly touched up and made so by the use of grease-paints and false eyebrows and lining-in pencils.

"Tricked and trapped!" the impostor snarled exultantly; and with a quick bound he hauled himself upon the astonished Don, and gripped him by the throat.

The truth flashed into the brain of the Boy with Fifty Millions then.

He knew that, as the man's triumphant words indicated, it was a trap set for him by his unknown enemies—a sinister snare into which he had blindly stumbled.

Don Darrel brought all his strength to bear. He fought like a madman, feeling that unless he could get the better of this man single-handed or summoned aid he was doomed. He knew that his senses were leaving him.

Once he was unconscious he would be entirely at the unknown's mercy.

(Another long instalment of this grand yarn in next Monday's Boys' Friend.)



GRIERSON HAS A JOY-RIDE! Phillips' weight upon the rope ladder as he lowered himself out of the dormitory window caused the bully's bed to rush forward violently, greatly to the discomfort of the occupant.

THE ADVENTURES OF GRANT, CHAUFFEUR DETECTIVE

By EDMUND BURTON

"THE AFFAIR OF THE POISONED CAMP!"

The 1st Chapter. Strange Tidings!

It had been a slack day for Grant; indeed, it seemed as though Londoners had suddenly taken the pledge against hiring taxis, for not a single cab on the Crane Street rank had been engaged since early morning, and it was now close upon three in the afternoon.

The chauffeur-detective took a newspaper from his pocket and glanced idly down the columns. There was scarcely anything of importance there but news of the successes on the Polish front, and the almost miraculous salvation of Warsaw at the eleventh hour. The Bolshevik hosts were apparently being hurled back all along the line, if one could believe everything the correspondents had telegraphed.

Grant turned the page slowly. For practically four years he had experienced warfare in all its grim reality, and didn't feel like reading about other people's disputes now, however much he admired and sympathized with the plucky Poles. Ah, here was something more interesting and out of the ordinary rut, so he settled himself back in his driving-seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"MYSTERIOUS EPIDEMIC AT BARNTHORPE CAMP."

"MEDICAL STAFF PUZZLED."

"News of a mysterious outbreak of sickness comes from Barnthorpe (Essex), where a large detachment of military are at present under canvas. On Friday evening last several of the men complained of illness, and, despite the best attention of the medical staff, five of them died before midnight, apparently having suffered intense pain, whilst others are in a precarious condition.

"The doctors are frankly puzzled

both as to the nature and cause of the epidemic, for the food served out is of the best, and the catering firms absolutely trustworthy.

"The matter is being carefully investigated by the authorities.

"LATER. Three further deaths have occurred at Barnthorpe Camp."

Grant had no time to read more, for at that moment an elderly, white-haired gentleman, who was passing his cab, suddenly staggered and fell in a heap on the pavement. Grant sprang from his seat, and was assisting the old fellow to rise, when some words spoken in a low, tense tone almost drew a gasp of astonishment from him.

"Don't start! I'm North! Think I'm shadowed, but want to make sure. Help me into your cab, and drive to my private house. Keep a good look out behind!"

Grant was too well trained by now to glance round, or otherwise betray himself; so, as naturally as though it was just an ordinary case of sudden weakness, he assisted the "old" man into his taxi, closing the door with a bang.

As he drove away, he saw that North's suspicions were well-founded, for another cab left the rank immediately afterwards, following him the whole way to the suburb where the C.I.D. man rented a small villa-residence, and finally drove onwards without stopping when Grant pulled up at the gate. North hobbled out, and gazed after the retreating taxi with a grim smile.

"Good!" he said. "They've shown their hand, and their anxiety, so we'll have to go carefully."

"Dangerous to come here, though, wasn't it?"

"No, I don't think so. 'Mr. William Norris' occupies this house, you know."

The taxi-driver nodded and

grinned. He knew that, for reasons which had proved their soundness on many an occasion, the Scotland Yard man often favoured a double identity.

"What's in the wind?" Grant asked curiously. "Can I be of any assistance, or is it a one-man job this time?"

"Dunno yet; but I think it's big—and urgent! Come round to-night—back way—and I'll let you have the facts. Help me to the door now; that cab's pulled up yonder."

The 2nd Chapter.

The Dawn of Another Case!

"Mr. William Norris" had merged again into the identity of Detective-Inspector North when Grant called round later. The taxi-driver was burning with curiosity to hear the C.I.D. man's story, for both had worked together so successfully before that the former sincerely hoped he might be able to take a hand again.

"Well?" he queried, dropping into a chair and loading his pipe.

For answer, North laid two things on the table—a newspaper cutting and a card bearing the inscription, "Messrs. Wood & Smith, Manufacturing Chemists, Clarence Row."

Grant gave a start as he pointed to the first article.

"Why, that's what I was reading about when you did your fainting-fit act to-day!" he exclaimed.

The cutting was an account of the Barnthorpe mystery.

North raised his eyebrows a trifle.

"Curious!" said he. "I happen to be investigating it present."

Grant nodded toward the business card.

"What have Messrs. Wood & Smith to do with it?"

"Can't exactly say yet, except that it's a one-man show now. Wood's been dead some years, and Smith's real name is Schmidt!"

The taxi-driver started.

"A German, of course?"

North nodded his head.

"Yes," he said. "Naturalised a long time before the war, but that doesn't matter much. He was interned for a while during hostilities, and then let out after the armistice, like others; but we've been keeping our eyes on all these people since."

"But why connect the firm with the camp affair? What evidence have you?"

"Very little at least, until to day.

We found that they had a branch in Barnthorpe, and that it was supplied from the laboratories in Clarence Row but that might be pure coincidence. However, I thought I'd pay them a visit, and try to draw them.

I went there this afternoon, acted the part of a dotty old scientist, asked a whole string of inquisitive questions of Smith himself, and finally left him in a state of uncertainty, which is exactly what I wanted to do. If there was anything in it I suspected someone would follow me, so I wandered round Crane Street way, hoping to drop across you."

Grant nodded.

"They were in a bit of a stew, no doubt," he said; "which looks suspicious, to say the least of it."

North placed a third article on the table—a small print. It was unlabelled.

"Whilst Smith's back was turned I took this from a pile consigned to Barnthorpe which was being made up on the counter. I've had it analysed; but, though it undoubtedly contains a small quantity of rare and deadly poison, it is, I am told, also used largely in the manufacture of certain medicines."

"What steps propose to take?"

"Well, although I know Smith to be of German extraction, and although he sends poisons to his Barnthorpe branch, that is hardly sufficient to prove his connection with the camp epidemic, even allowing for my being shadowed to-day."

"But you could have him arrested on suspicion, surely?"

"Yes; but I don't think that would serve any useful purpose. If Smith is implicated in the affair, you may depend there are others in it as well. A big thing like that is scarcely a one-man job, so we'd have to look further—at Barnthorpe village and the camp itself, I mean. Can you be free for two or three days?"

Grant sprang to his feet.

"You try me!" he cried. "Taxi-driving's a back number when there's anything like this on the mat!"

"Good!" said North. "Drop round to the Yard early to-morrow morning. I've got a plan ready cut and dried."

The 3rd Chapter.

Khaki Again!

When Captain Jones Northland, the latest addition to the officers' mess at Barnthorpe, chose for his

orderly Private Thomas Grantley, the most recent unit of the rank and file, the coincidence caused no surprise, for at a busy military camp little things like this were not likely to arouse much comment.

But could the rest of the contingent have overheard some of the conversation carried on between these two at sundry private meetings, it is safe to say that it would have occasioned curiosity, for at these secret consultations both surnames were invariably cut down to "North" and "Grant" respectively.

Two days had gone by since the taxi-driver and his colleague had arrived at Barnthorpe, yet little or nothing had happened bearing upon the object of their visit. Only one other death had taken place, but several of the men were still in a dangerous condition—some, indeed, were not expected to pull through. There had, so far, been no fresh outbreak of the mysterious epidemic, and the medical staff were quite confident that they had got the matter well in hand.

Yet neither North nor Grant were satisfied. Something at the back of each one's brain told him what had occurred in connection with the C.I.D. man's investigations was deeply significant, and they never relaxed their vigilance one whit.

Grant had paid several visits to the camp kitchens, where he had become quite popular with the kitchen staff, but practically all there soon satisfied him that they were quite above suspicion. One, however—a stout, fair fellow—spoke with a very slight foreign accent, though he confided to the taxi-driver, in answer to guarded questioning, that his name was Jackson, and that he had never been out of England in his life. He was in the Army, of course, during the war, but had not been sent abroad, and his accent had been inherited from a Danish mother.

In spite of the man's apparently satisfactory replies, however, Grant felt by no means reassured. There was something furtive, something reticent, about the fellow that touched a chord of vague suspicion within him, and he said as much to North.

Yet nothing occurred for another full day; but then, as Grant was passing up the main street of the village, he could have sworn he saw a familiar figure enter the branch establishment of Wood & Smith. The chauffeur also went in and purchased a roll of sticking-plaster, but no one

else was in the shop, save the very youthful assistant who served him. He felt a sudden feeling of excitement sweep through him as he made his way back to the camp and sought out North. The C.I.D. man's eyes lighted up, and he clapped his colleague on the back.

"Good, by James!" he exclaimed. "People don't use chemists' private apartments in the ordinary course of business. You're quite sure it was Jackson you saw?"

"Absolutely, or his twin brother! But I don't think he saw me."

"Let's hope he didn't. Now, keep your eyes skinned, and, above all things, don't eat anything here today! Jackson's movements may be innocent enough, but we're taking no chances. I'm off to interview the C.O.!"

The hungry members of that khaki clad contingent nearly rose in a body when it was announced that the evening meal would not be served at the usual time. Something had gone wrong with the commissariat, it was said, but the delay would be as brief as possible. As a matter of fact, a general analysis was taking place.

Nevertheless, two or three furnished mortals paid a secret visit to the camp kitchens and sampled some food on the quiet. That night some very sick and remorseful men occupied the camp hospital, exhibiting precisely the same symptoms as had caused such consternation before.

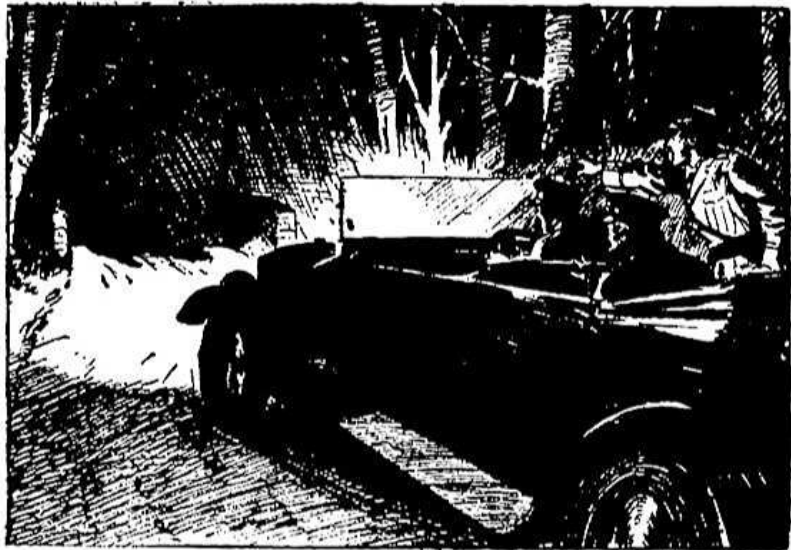
The result of the analysis this time showed what had escaped detection in the first instance. A slight—very slight—quantity of foreign matter had been mixed with the food.

Grant kept Jackson constantly under his eye whilst all this was taking place, but at the last moment the cook managed to give him the slip. Where he went no one knew, but the chauffeur discovered a stained apron hanging on a peg in his quarters, and in its pocket reposed a small phial, a facsimile of that which North had picked up in Messrs. Wood & Smith's establishment in Clarence Row.

The 4th Chapter.

Jackson Scents Danger!

Hurried inquiries failed for a time



FACING DEATH! "The bridge!" shouted the colonel. Grant applied the brakes, but the great car showed no signs of slackening speed in its rush to destruction!

to reveal anything of the missing cook's whereabouts. No one had noticed him, being much more concerned with the uncomfortable sensation of the emptiness which possessed them to worry about anything else. It was one of the outlying cottages who finally supplied the necessary information.

Jackson had driven up out of the dusk in a small two-seater belonging to one of the officers, and on being challenged said he had been sent by the car's owner on an urgent errand to Cullingham, a village about five miles distant, the officer's own orderly being otherwise engaged at the moment. Oh, yes, the car's lamps were switched on, and everything seemed quite in order—indeed, the thing looked so natural that the guard did not venture to detain the man.

"Dash it, you've let the ruffian go—" began Colonel Watson, who was with Grant and the C.I.D. man, when North interposed.

"He's not to blame, sir, I think. The story was plausible enough. You have a fast car?"

For answer the colonel turned and led the way back quickly to where a big grey Rolls-Royce was standing. It had just come in, and its tanks were nearly three-quarters full.

"Jump up, Grant, this is your

job!" cried North, as he and the colonel sprang into the tonneau. "He's got a good start, so let her go!"

The big car leaped forward and dashed along the dark road, her brilliant headlights cutting a pair of white shafts through the gloom.

"He's a cute 'un!" shouted North in the C.O.'s ear. "He was afraid the railway-station would be watched!"

"Where d'you think he'll make for?"

"London, of course, the resort of the hunted! I'd have phoned to have him stopped, only there isn't time. Let her out, Grant, old man! That's the ticket!"

The dark hedgerows raced by in a blur as they flew along, the droning note of the splendid engine rising to a shrill hum. Grant was in his element. It was something of a luxury to control this great, purring machine, fond as he was of taxicab No. LC 41B. Mile after mile was covered without any sign of the quarry; then North's sharp eyes caught the faint red flash of a tail-lamp away in the distance.

"That's he, by James!" exclaimed Colonel Watson excitedly as he, too, saw it a moment later.

"Don't be too sure, sir!" advised North. "There are more motors than two in the world, you know. Give him a tune, Tom!"

The horn blared its warning, but no notice was taken. The red car never deviated an inch from its course to let the faster car go by—a fact which removed North's last doubts. Both he and the C.O. drew their revolvers.

The grey car gained steadily, inch by inch, until her headlights shone upon the driver at the wheel of the other—a stoutly-built figure in khaki. Crack, crack!

North took a couple of shots at the tyres, but missed. The light and range were both deceiving, and accurate shooting impossible. Suddenly the leading car disappeared round a sharp bend in the track, and Colonel Watson uttered a startled cry.

"Great Heaven! The bridge—the bridge! I'd almost forgotten!"

North gave him a sharp glance, but

"Jump!" yelled North. "Quick! It's our only chance!"

They leaped out, cannoning against each other, and rolled into the ditch at the roadside, where they lay, bruised, shaken, and breathless. A rending crash fell on their ears as the empty car struck a crumbling portion of the bridge, which still remained, and, as North raised his head, her rearmost portion vanished from sight.

They crawled to the edge and looked down. The moon had risen, and the valley was flooded with light. The swollen river had subsided a good deal, and on the stones below lay two tangled heaps of wreckage, whilst beside the smaller one the moonlight revealed something else also—something in khaki uniform.

There would be no more "mysterious epidemics" at Barnthorpe Camp!

The 5th Chapter.

Exit Messrs. Wood & Smith!

It was just past midnight when three bedraggled, weary figures entered the camp; but, fagged out though they were, there was far too much to be done ere they could expect to snatch a well-earned rest.

Shortly afterwards a loud knocking sounded at the door of Messrs. Wood & Smith's shop, awakening the sleepy inhabitants of the quiet street, and a very frightened assistant undid the bolts, to find a crowd of khaki-clad figures assembled on the pavement.

Both he and the manager, whose face had turned a peculiar shade of grey, were marched back to headquarters, and the premises left in the hands of the military.

The early morning train took up only two passengers at Barnthorpe—apparently, a couple of weary Tommies—and resumed its journey to the metropolis.

A white-haired old gentleman entered the establishment in Clarence Row some hours later, and, with a strange feeling of anxiety, Mr. Smith recognised him as his inquisitive caller of a few days before. Nevertheless, the proprietor was all smiles as he came forward, inquiring his customer's pleasure.

The old gentleman drew a small phial from his pocket, and held it up to the light.

"I got some of this here the other day," he said, beaming through his pince-nez, "and I want it refilled."

Smith staggered back a step, his face working strangely; but with an effort he pulled himself together.

"Certainly, sir! Allow me!"

He reached out for the phial, but as he did so his wrist was seized in a grip of steel, a sharp click sounded, and he stood staring foolishly down at a pair of glittering handcuffs whose rims grated uncomfortably on his flesh.

"Karl Schmidt, alias Smith," said the voice of Detective-Inspector North. "I arrest you on a charge of wilful murder and as an enemy of Great Britain, and I warn you that anything you may say—"

The Scotland Yard man got no further. Schmidt uttered a cry of baffled fury, and dashed towards the inner room, North following like a shot, and blowing shrilly on his whistle.

As if by magic, Grant and a quartette of police-constables rushed into the shop, seizing the dumb-founded assistants, who were too thunderstruck at the rapidity of it all to offer any resistance.

The inner door crashed to in North's face just as he reached it, but a powerful thrust of his shoulder sent it flying back, and, with Grant at his heels, he sprang inside. The room was empty, but an open window told its own story.

Handcuffed though he was, Schmidt was making a bold bid for liberty, but both knew he could not get very far in that condition.

Yet Clarence Row was situated close to a maze of alleys which bore an evil reputation in police circles, and there was just the chance that the gentry who dwelt in the neighbourhood might lend the fugitive assistance, if only for the sake of putting a spoke in the wheel of the law.

The window was on the ground floor, and, as North and Grant climbed through, the flying figure dashed round the angle of the lane. They rushed forward, and were just in time to hear a door clang to.

North was quick enough to locate its position, and, still blowing his whistle at intervals, he hammered loudly on the panels. Two of the constables now came running up, and a heave of their burly shoulders soon settled the matter. A flight of dirty,

HEALTH & EXERCISE
Conducted by PERCY LONGHURST.

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

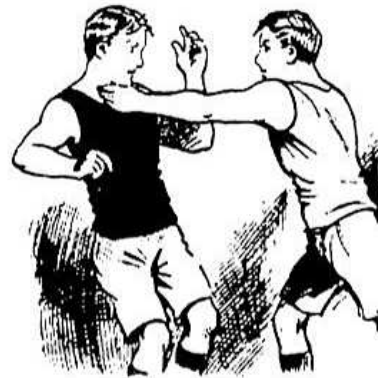
A Problem in Self-Defence.

I want readers who are interested in this sort of thing to study attentively the accompanying drawing. It illustrates a double-handed grip of the throat, a punishing hold, such as would be made use of by some brawny rascal of evil intentions, who, confident in the strength of his hands, would be well satisfied that he had his victim helpless.

It is a powerful hold, a disabling hold, one that will very quickly choke even a strong man into absolute submission, since it completely puts a stop to all breathing.

But there is an escape from it, a counter that at once turns the tables on the aggressor, and I want readers of the BOYS' FRIEND to try to puzzle out for themselves what this defence is.

It may be that some who are acquainted with the science of jujitsu know as well as I do what the



What is a suitable counter for this formidable hold?

counter is, but there will be many who do not, I dare say, and I want these to set their wits to work and try to discover what is the proper move for the victim who has been so caught to make use of.

Send your solutions up to me, and

for the best that is sent in I will post as a prize to the sender a book on boxing, wrestling, or jujitsu, whichever he may choose.

Recollect that the victim is supposed to have only his bare hands with which to defend himself, and that any move by which the tables can be turned on the aggressor will be held to be superior to one whereby the victim escapes from the grip, but no more.

Japanese Physical Training.

To throttle a jujitsu-trained Jap is almost an impossibility. You can grip his throat with both hands, put out all your strength, squeeze your hardest, and you make just about as much impression upon him as though you were trying to strangle a flag-staff.

I have seen a long bamboo placed across a Jap's throat—the front of it—and ten burly men pressing with all their might on the pole, and it didn't seem to inconvenience the yellow man any more than a fly walking across his skin. It reads like a lie, but it's nothing of the kind. I was within six feet of him at the time, and I was not asleep, either.

How—why this miraculous toughness? What is the quality the Jap has that the European has not that enables him to withstand such pressure?

The answer is simple. By jujitsu exercises just those same exercises as I am describing for your benefit—the Jap trains the different parts of his body to sustain strains and pressures such as would make the average person yell or collapse.

Percy Longhurst

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

uncarpeted stairs faced them, but no one was in sight.

As they mounted swiftly upwards, however, the silence was suddenly broken by the sharp crack of a revolver-shot, and Grant's peaked cap went spinning from his head. Other reports followed, but the stairs were dark, and no damage was done. Then, guessing from the lull in the firing that Schmidt's weapon was empty, North cautiously raised himself.

"Game's up!" he cried. "You may as well stop fooling!"

But the only answer he got was a defiant laugh, followed immediately by a heavy thud. When they reached the head of the stairs the light of North's electric torch revealed a luddled heap on the landing.

Brief though the time had been, one of the "bracelets" on Schmidt's wrists had been roughly cut through, presumably by whoever had assisted him in his efforts to escape. And he had, indeed, escaped them, after all!

For his right hand was tightly clenched round a half-empty phial exactly similar to the others. What he had swallowed would have been enough to poison a score, let alone one!

Had all this taken place during the war, the motive, of course, would have been apparent; but, with peace concluded two years, the full facts were obscure until a careful search of the Clarence Row premises unearthed a sheaf of papers, some written in German, others in Russian.

Briefly, then, the circumstances were as follows: Schmidt had done a few clever things for his Fatherland between the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 and his internment some months later, and upon his release he had not been long in casting round to see if he could be useful in a similar way again.

Past successes had brought him early employment, and his own country's Secret Service, working hand in glove with that of Russia, soon found something for him to do.

Although it had practically been decided at the allied conference to make no move towards assisting

Poland at the moment, there was always the possibility—even probability—that this fateful step would have to be taken eventually. Therefore, the Army was no being allowed to rust.

Poland's geographical position placed her, as it were, like a "buffer" between two mighty forces, for it was firmly believed in Government circles that the secret object of this war of oppression on a small nation was merely the preliminary step towards the welding of two greater ones.

In other words, the amalgamation of Germany and Russia would create a bigger upheaval than that which the Allies faced in 1914—doubly so now on account of their unpreparedness and disinclination for warfare of any kind.

But both Germany and Russia shrewdly guessed the likelihood of Great Britain's hand being forced, and had taken early steps to hamper any preparations which would be made as much as possible.

Barnthorpe Camp was only a small affair compared with the extensive plans revealed by the papers found in Schmidt's possession. Evidently he was chief mover in the scheme on this side, for a detailed list of other contemplated attempts at disorganisation was contained in his papers, giving many names and dates of action.

For the next few weeks North and his colleagues had a busy time. Up and down the country they travelled, making a sweep here and there until they felt confident that they had nipped the cunning scheme in the bud.

Only a very few Bolshevik or German agents succeeded in slipping the net which was cleverly spread about their feet.

Thus the "mysterious epidemic at Barnthorpe Camp" had developed into a gigantic plot which might have had dire results but for the astuteness of North, of the C.I.D., assisted by Tom Grant, the Chauffeur-Detective.

THE END.

(Look out for our new serial yarn, entitled "The Miner's Election," in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

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



"After Many Days!"

A FINE TALE OF THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL, By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Startling News!

Buzzzzzz!

The telephone-bell rang in the Head's study at Rookwood School. Dr. Chisholm did not heed it.

The Head of Rookwood was seated at his writing-table. His elbows rested on the table, his face was buried in his hands. The Rookwood fellows would have been astonished if they could have seen their headmaster at that moment. Long, long he had sat there, with hardly a movement save that, at intervals, a shuddering sigh shook him. He looked like a man crushed, overwhelmed by grief—and such, indeed, he was.

Once, in the silence of the study, a word dropped in a husky whisper from his lips.

"My son!"

Then he was silent again, plunged in a sorrow that seemed too terrible for the heart to bear without breaking.

Buzzzzzz!

The telephone was close at hand; the whir of the bell was loud, insistent, but he did not heed.

Buzzzzzz!

He stirred at last, with a weary gesture. It was difficult to bring his thoughts back to the common things of life, back from the depth of despair into which they had been sunk. He had been thinking of his son—the son that had been stolen from him in childhood, and whom he had not seen for ten long years—had never seen again! He stood before him with handcuffs on his wrists, in the grasp of an officer of the law.

It seemed like some fearful dream. The unhappy wail trained to crime by his old enemy—the boy cracksmen who had robbed the school, now a prisoner at Rookham Gaol—was his son! His son! Almost the last words of Baldwin Sleath, the cracksmen, had revealed the terrible truth to him—that it was his son, his lost Cyril, who was condemned to prison, condemned beyond hope. Not till it was too late to make an effort to save him had he known the truth.

Buzzzzzz!

He took up the receiver wearily. He started as the voice came through to him on the wires—a voice he knew. It was the voice of Inspector Sharpe, of Rookham.

"Is that Rookwood—Dr. Chisholm?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Chisholm speaking?"

"Yes."

"I've been trying to get through Inspector Sharpe, of Rookham, speaking. There's been an escape from Rookham Gaol—"

"What?"

"The boy is gone—the Kid!" said the inspector, his voice harsh and angry. "He got away—"

"He has escaped?" breathed the Head.

The receiver shook in his hand. Escaped!

The inspector at Rookham, at the other end of the wire, little dreamed of the light that came into the headmaster's face.

"Yes, the cunning little rascal! I've rung you up to speak about him. If he should be seen near Rookwood School—"

"But why—"

The inspector interrupted sharply: "You have not forgotten that the boy Erroll helped him before? The Kid may come back to Rookwood to seek him again. He must want food—he cannot get clear without help. I think it possible that he may try to get to Rookwood and seek Erroll for help."

"I understand."

"The school will be watched," said the inspector.

"Watched?" faltered the Head.

"Yes. But I suggest that you

should keep the boy Erroll under some observation. He may be in communication with the Kid, and in that case the young rascal may be recaptured through him. You understand, sir?"

"I—I understand!" gasped the Head.

"You will be on your guard, then. Of course, the boy may be recaptured before morning; he has been traced to Latham. If he is taken, I will telephone the news."

"Yes, yes, yes!" panted the Head. "I—I am very anxious. Please let me know instantly if there is any news."

Erroll had understood and helped him. It was in the hour of repentance that the iron grip of the law had closed on the hapless wail.

And now he was free—now he might seek help from Erroll. And if he did—

"Bless him!" whispered the Head. He was thinking of Kit Erroll. "Through him, I may yet save my son! God bless him for his noble heart!"

The 2nd Chapter. In Hiding!

Jimmy Silver, in the dormitory of



FATHER AND SON! "Kid, Kid!" called Erroll. The wail's lantern glimmered out. "Here, guv'nor!" Dr. Chisholm advanced trembling into the vault, and the Kid started at the sight of him. "My boy!"

"I will. And, on your side, you will ascertain whether Erroll has any communication with the Kid."

"Yes, yes!"

"That is all."

Dr. Chisholm laid down the receiver.

He paced to and fro in the study, the shadow lifted from his face, his eyes bright.

Escaped!

And the escaped boy might come back to Rookwood, seeking help from Erroll of the Fourth, who had befriended him once, and might befriend him again. It was likely enough—it was very likely. From the bottom of his heart Dr. Chisholm blessed Erroll.

Erroll had tried to help the wail, little dreaming—as the Head had little dreamed—that the Kid was the headmaster's stolen son. He had helped the boy; he had taught him better things. The Kid, trained as he had been by a master in crime, was good at heart; he had been willing, eager, to throw over his way of life and set his feet upon the right path. And

the Classical Fourth, stirred and awoke.

There was a glimmer of starlight at the high windows of the dormitory, but the long, lofty room was dim with shadows.

Jimmy rubbed his eyes and peered about him in the gloom. Something had awakened him.

A shadow moved in the darkness; there was a faint footfall. Jimmy sat up in bed.

"Who's that?"

"Hush!"

"Morny!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Don't wake the dorm!" muttered Mornington. "Hush!"

"What's the game, then?" asked Jimmy Silver, peering at him. "If you're thinking of a raid on the Moderns—"

"Nothin' of the sort!"

"Quiet, old chap!" said another voice—the voice of Kit Erroll. "We're getting out of the dorm; but it's all right. You can trust me, Jimmy."

"Oh, you're in it, Erroll?"

the night was gusty; an autumn wind rattled and shook the old benches, and moaned round the red tiles. Overhead, the stars glimmered amid scurrying clouds.

Erroll dropped to the ground, followed by his chum.

They skirted the School House, and struck across towards the dim abbey ruins—the mossy fragments that remained of the old abbey of Rookwood, levelled in bygone ages.

The juniors breathed more freely when they were among the ruins. Erroll stopped by the remains of the ancient gateway, and groped under a mass of masonry, in a hollow. From the hollow he drew a bag.

"All serene!" asked Mornington.

"Yes; just as I left it this evening."

"Good!"

"Come on," muttered Erroll.

The juniors threaded their way among the fallen masses of masonry and the remains of the old, massive walls.

"Yes! Hush!"

"Right-ho!" It had crossed Jimmy's mind for the moment that Valentine Mornington was resuming some of his old reckless ways—that it was a night excursion out of bounds that he was contemplating. But Erroll's voice reassured him. There was nothing of the "giddy goat" about Erroll of the Fourth.

"Blessed if I can guess what you're up to, Erroll! But I know you wouldn't be bound for the Bird-in-Hand—"

Erroll laughed softly.

"Not likely!" he said. "But, quiet!"

"Oh, all right."

Jimmy Silver laid his head on the pillow again. He was a little curious, but he was sleepy, and it was no business of his. He was asleep again by the time the two juniors had stepped quietly outside the dormitory into the dark corridor.

The hour was past midnight. Rookwood School was sleeping. Not a light gleamed from any window in the great building.

"This way, Morny!" whispered Erroll. "Not a sound, old chap!"

"Lead on, Macduff!" answered Mornington.

Erroll trotted softly along the black corridor, his hand groping on the wall. Mornington followed him in silence.

They stole noiselessly into the lower box-room, and Erroll opened the window that looked on the leads.

A couple of minutes, and the two juniors were out on the leads, and the

They reached the shattered stone stairs that led down to the vaults—out of bounds for Rookwood juniors. But the chums of the Fourth were not thinking of school bounds just then.

They picked their way cautiously down the steps—unsafe in the daytime, doubly unsafe in the darkness of the night.

At the bottom of the stone steps was the door that gave access to the vaults—an old oaken door with iron clamps. That door had been repaired and strengthened in recent years, to keep adventurous fags from wandering in the recesses of the vaults, where there were many pitfalls for the unwary. A padlock secured it.

The padlock opened at Mornington's touch. It had already been forced, and replaced to look as if it were fastened.

The door swung open with a groan upon its old, rusty hinges.

Blackness faced the two juniors as they stared in. The atmosphere was musty and chill.

Erroll shuddered.

"And— and he's here?" he muttered.

"I left him here," said Mornington.

"Poor kid!"

"Safe for him, at least. Strike a match!"

"Shut the door first!" said Erroll hurriedly.

"Right-ho!"

They crept inside the vault, and the door was rolled shut with another rusty groan.

Then Erroll struck a match, and lighted the bicycle-lantern Mornington produced from under his coat.

The glimmering light fell upon old stone arches and upon the damp flagstones of the floor.

There was no sound in the deep, dark vaults, as they peered about them in the rays of the lantern.

"Kid!"

Erroll called out cautiously.

"Kid, are you here? It's us—your friends!"

There was a shuffling sound in the second vault, and a little figure appeared from behind one of the heavy stone buttresses.

He blinked the light, and shivered.

"You, guv'nor!" he muttered.

He was shivering with the cold of the stone vaults. His face—a good-looking, intelligent little face—was pale and almost haggard. Erroll felt a pang at his heart as he looked at him. This boy—little more than a child in years, though old in bitter experience—was a fugitive—even then the police were hunting him. They were right—they were doing their duty; it was not their business to take into consideration the wretched wail's repentance, his desire to lead a new life, now that that had become possible to him. He had sinned—though the guilt lay not upon his own childish shoulders, but upon those of the cracksmen who had taught him—the wretched man who had died by his own hand.

"We couldn't come before, Kid," said Erroll. "It wouldn't have been safe—for you. You've had to wait a long time—you're cold."

The Kid grinned faintly.

"It's cold," he said. His teeth were chattering. "But I don't mind, guv'nor. It's safe. But—but I've been thinking while I've been waiting here in the dark. It ain't safe for you young gents if I hang on here. I reckon I ought to get out before morning."

Erroll shook his head.

"They will not look for you here," he said. "You must stay here till it is safe for you to go. You're not afraid?"

The Kid laughed.

"Afraid of the dark? Oh, no! I wasn't thinking of that. But if it was found out that you was helping me—"

"Never mind that!" said Mornington.

"But I do mind it!" said the Kid sturdily. "I ain't going to get you into trouble—p'raps into chokery! Not me! Not that I'm thinking of going back to Baldwin Sleath," he added hurriedly. "Don't you think that, guv'nor?"

"That is not possible now," said Erroll quietly. "Baldwin Sleath is dead!"

The Kid started.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"Yes."

The Kid stood silent.

Erroll opened the bag on the floor of the vault. It was a large bag, and it was crammed. The two juniors had gathered its contents during the evening, and packed the bag, and concealed it on the edge of the ruins, ready to be conveyed to the refugee. But they had not ventured near the vaults until all Rookwood was buried

in slumber. Even now the Kid's liberty hung upon a thread.

"So Baldwin Sleath's dead!" muttered the Kid at last. "He wasn't a good man to me, but— He broke off. "What have you got there, guv'nor?"

"Food and clothes."

"I'm hungry," said the Kid.

"You must be."

Mornington set down the lantern on a ledge of the buttress. The Kid watched them as they turned out the bag. There was an old suit of clothes, formerly the property of Mornington's cousin in the Second Form. Mornington II. had handed it over to Morny without a question when he was asked. There were other necessary garments, and boots, and an overcoat. And there was food—all the juniors had been able to obtain by cautious purchases at the school shop, and from their study cupboard, and by borrowings from Jimmy Silver & Co.

The Kid's eyes glistened.

It was many a long hour since food had passed his lips.

Mornington had a thick travelling-rug over his arm; he had been very thoughtful. He folded the rug on the floor, and made the Kid sit on it, and the little waif began his supper. The two juniors watched him, and helped him, in silence.

Little was said until the waif had satisfied his hunger. By that time his grimy little face was smiling and cheerful.

"Feel better now?" asked Mornington.

"You bet, guv'nor!"

"Now change into these clothes," said Erroll.

The Kid hesitated.

"If I'm taken, they'll rockernize them clothes," he said. "It won't be safe for you."

"Never mind that—change!" said Mornington.

"But—"

"My dear Kid, do as you're told! Otherwise, we shall have to use force, you know!"

"Just as you say, guv'nor," said the Kid, giving in at last.

He looked very different when he stood up in the fat's old clothes, and much warmer and more comfortable. Mornington carefully packed the discarded clothes in the bag.

"You're going to take them away, sir?"

"Yes; away from the school," smiled Morny. "They'll be found to-morrow on the seashore, miles from here. Catch on?"

"Then they'll think—"

"They can think what they like; but they won't think you're anywhere near Rookwood."

"I—I see."

"We've brought you a spirit-lamp and a tin kettle and a can of water," said Erroll. "Here's some crocks, and tea, and a tin of cocoa. You'll be all right, Kid."

"I reckon so, guv'nor!"

"We'll leave the lantern; and there's a bottle of oil for it," said Morny. "Here's matches, too. If you hear a sound at the door, put the light out at once, of course. And here's a book, in case you can't sleep."

"You've thought of everything, guv'nor."

"Well, we've done some thinking," said Morny, with a grin. "You'll be warm enough in this rug and coat, and I'm leaving you this woollen jacket. You'll be lonely here—"

"I reckon I'd rather be lonely than have a yarder's company, sir."

"I suppose so. Anything more we can do for you now, Kid?"

The Kid shook his head.

"I'm all right, sir, only—only—"

"Only what?" asked Erroll.

"Only I'm afraid what may happen to you young gents if I am found here," said the Kid, uneasily.

"You won't be found," said Morny. "Your clobber will be found miles from here, and that will put them off the track, if they ever thought of looking round Rookwood for you."

"But that's risky for you—"

"Bow-wow! Now we'd better get back to the dorm, Erroll."

"I—I say—"

The Kid choked a little, and his eyes were wet. "I don't know how to thank you for helping me like this 'ere—"

"Don't bother," said Mornington. "You saved my pal's life when he was upset in the river, you young ass. That's enough!"

"Good-night, Kid!" said Erroll softly. "We'll come again when it's safe—not till to-morrow night, I'm afraid. You've got to lie low all to-morrow—"

"I'll do whatever you say, guv'nor," said the Kid submissively. "And—and if anything happens, sir," he went on earnestly, "you remember that I meant every word I've said to

you. I'll die before I'll ever touch again anything that ain't mine. If I ever was a thief, it was because I never knowed better, sir, and never had a chance. But now—now—you believe me, sir—I'll die first, if it comes to that!"

"I believe you, poor little chap," said Erroll, deeply moved. "Stick to that, Kid, and you'll come through all right. Now, good-night!"

A few minutes more, and the heavy oaken door closed behind them, and the two juniors were under the stars again. Erroll replaced the padlock carefully. Morny touched his arm.

"He's a good kid, Erroll," he whispered. "He's never had a chance. But we're going to give him a chance. He's going to pull through."

And the chums of the Fourth stole quietly back to the School House, and crept into bed in silence.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Misfortunes of Muffin!

Tubby Muffin was curious.

When he rolled out into the quadrangle in the sunny morning, Tubby was thinking deeply.

He sighted the Fistical Four in the quad, sauntering under the old beeches before breakfast, and bestowed his valuable society upon them.

"You fellows in it?" he asked.

"In what?" grunted Arthur Edward Lovell.

"You haven't heard, then?"

"Heard what, ass?" asked Baby.

"About the spread."

"Oh, there's a spread, is there?" said Newcome. "Is that what you're looking as solemn as a boiled owl about?"

Jimmy Silver laughed. He had noticed the deep seriousness of Reginald Muffin's expression. It was explained now.

"It didn't come off last night," said Muffin, blinking at the grinning Co.

"I looked into Morny's study on purpose. But they've been getting no end of tuck. Morny and Erroll were both spending a lot of money at the tuckshop last evening. But they haven't had the spread. I spotted Erroll with a big bag, too, but I don't know what he did with it. I was going to follow him, you know, but that beast Morny kicked me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't call it a laughing matter," said Tubby Muffin warmly.

He rolled away morosely. The Fistical Four had been drawn blank, so to speak, and Muffin had no further use for them. All his interest was centred in Mornington and Erroll. He hovered in the offing when he saw those two youths walking in the quad before breakfast; and he still had them under observation when the bell rang.

After breakfast Tubby Muffin rolled out on the track of Erroll and Mornington. They walked away towards the bicycle shed, and the fat Classical followed like a shadow.

He grinned a fat grin, as the two juniors disappeared into the shed.

He crept quietly to the window of the shed, and peered in.

He grinned again, as Mornington opened a locker with a key, and took out a large bag.

Tubby's eyes glistened.

He had no doubt whatever of what that bag contained. Evidently, he had tracked down the comestibles Erroll and Mornington had purchased at the sordid shop the previous evening.

"I'm jolly well on in this scene!" he murmured. "If they don't whack out, I'll call the other fellows, and show 'em up!"

And Tubby rolled round to the doorway in a very determined mood.

To his astonishment, as he came in, he saw Mornington securing the bag upon a wire carrier on his bicycle.

Tubby blinked at him.

"I say! Taking it out of gates!" he ejaculated. "You can't have a picnic before lessons! There isn't time!"

Mornington turned upon him fiercely.

"You spying rotter—" he exclaimed.

Tubby Muffin jumped back.

"Keep your wool on, old son," he said soothingly. "You can trust me. I know what's in that bag!"

"You know?" exclaimed Erroll.

Muffin gave a fat chuckle.

"Yes, 'ather! I saw you last evening, you know—"

Erroll's heart stood still. If Peeping Tom of Rookwood had been watching them going to the vaults of the old abbey—

"He's lyin'!" muttered Mornington between his teeth.

"What d'you think is in the bag, then, Muffin?" asked Erroll, controlling himself with difficulty, and speaking calmly.

"Grub!" answered Tubby promptly. "You fat duffer!" said Erroll in great relief.

"I tell you I saw you! You bought no end of tuck from the sordid," said Tubby Muffin triumphantly. "I knew it was a feed—and you don't want to ask a pal! Meau, I call it. Not my style. Why, I'd have asked you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Mornington.

He lifted the bicycle from the stand, and wheeled it towards the door. As Tubby Muffin was in the way, he received a sudden smite from the front wheel, and sat down, with a yell.

"Yaroooooh! Yah! You rotter! Ow!"

"Kick him, Erroll," said Mornington, as he wheeled his machine out.

Tubby Muffin scrambled up.

"Yah! I know your game!" he howled. "You're going to put the tuck somewhere for a picnic after lessons. I'm jolly well going to see where—"

Mornington looked back, his eyes glittering. Tubby was quite on the wrong track, but Morny had very cogent reasons for not wanting attention to be drawn to his proceedings that morning.

"Keep that fat fool quiet, Erroll!" he said.

Erroll nodded.

"All right! Clear off, Morny!" he said.

Mornington wheeled the bicycle rapidly away, and Tubby Muffin, as he started to follow, found himself grasped by the back of the collar. He spun round, and blinked furiously at Kit Erroll.

"Yow! Leggo!"

"Stay here a bit with me, Tubby!" said Erroll.

"Yah! I won't! I—"

"You will!" said Erroll coolly. He kicked the door shut, and put his back to it. "Now, be quiet, you fat duffer!"

"Do you think you're going to keep me here?" bawled Tubby Muffin, in great indignation.

"Yes."

"Why, you—you—"

"And if you don't shut up, I'll kick you round the shed!" exclaimed Erroll irritably.

"Oh dear!" gasped Tubby.

He shut up—he felt that he had better. Erroll looked quite prepared to suit the action to the word, as, indeed, he was. Tubby sat on a bench and glowered at him, thinking mournfully of the tuck that was vanishing from his ken—on Morny's bike. He felt that he was very hardly used.

Ten minutes later there were footsteps outside, and Erroll stepped away from the door as Jimmy Silver pushed it. The Fistical Four had come for their machines, for a little spin before lessons.

Tubby did not lose his opportunity.

As Jimmy Silver & Co. came in, Reginald Muffin darted out, and the next moment he was speeding down to the school gates. Mornington was not in sight, but old Mack was standing in the gateway, and Tubby caught the school porter by the sleeve in his wild excitement.

"Has Morny gone out?" he gasped.

"Master Mornington went out ten minutes ago," answered old Mack, jerking his sleeve away.

"On his bike?"

"Yes."

"Was there a bag on the bike?" stuttered Muffin.

"There was something on it. I didn't notice if it was a bag."

"Oh, the rotter! Which way did he go?"

"Coombe."

With that, old Mack went back into his lodge. Tubby Muffin started from the gates and trotted away in the direction of Coombe. By the time he had reached the village, it was high time to scuttle back to Rookwood for lessons. And, either way, he did not sight Mornington. He was not aware that that astute youth had started for Coombe, under the eyes of the porter, and had turned off at the first turning. At the present moment, Valentine Mornington was a good many miles distant, riding as hard as he could go for the distant coast.

Tubby Muffin turned up five minutes late for morning classes, and received fifty lines from his Form-master.

But Mornington was still absent.

Second lesson was nearly over when Mornington came into the Form-room, looking rather tired and dusty, to meet the grim, stern frown of his Form-master. Such an extreme case of irregularity was more than enough to rouse Mr. Bootles' just wrath.

All the Fourth stared at Morny as he came in. Morny was known to be a cool customer; but to take French leave for nearly a whole morning was something startling, even for Mornington.

"Boy," rapped out Mr. Bootles, you have ventured to stay away nearly a whole morning on a bicycle, without leave! I shall deal with this breach of discipline severely." Mr. Bootles took up his cane. "Hold out your hand, Mornington!"

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Mornington did not enjoy the remainder of the morning in the Fourth Form-room. He had carried out his task to his complete satisfaction, and his mind was easy on that score; but his palms were by no means easy—they were very painful indeed. He was still feeling a severe ache when the Fourth Form were dismissed.

The 4th Chapter.

Light at Last!

"Send Master Erroll to me!"

"Yessir!"

Tupper, the page, noted the light that was in the Head's eyes—the smile that hovered on his kind old face. Tupper wondered, as he retired from the study to seek Erroll of the Fourth. For some days past Tupper had noticed that the Head was a prey to deep gloom—the previous day Tupper had seen Mrs. Chisholm glance at the Head with anxiety—and Tupper had wondered what was wrong. Now he wondered what was right! He was never likely to know.

Dr. Chisholm paced across the study; the black clouds had lifted from his brow. All that day he had feared to receive a telephone call from the inspector at Rookham announcing that the "Kid" was recaptured, but it had not come. The Kid—his son—was still at liberty. There was a chance yet that he would be saved. The Head's heart was lighter than it had been for many a day.

To find his lost boy—to place him in safety, where he could learn the ways of honour and truth—that was the Head's dream now. And the boy could be found—Baldwin Sleath had told him all ere he died. He could be, he should be found—and saved. Through Erroll he would find him, and then—

Buzzzzzz!

It was the telephone bell.

Dr. Chisholm started, and his heart throbbed.

He hesitated some moments before he took up the receiver. He prayed that it was not a call from Rookham. But it was the crisp voice of Inspector Sharpe that came through.

"Dr. Chisholm?"

"Yes; is there news?"

"There is news," said the inspector. "Somewhat tragic news; but it is, perhaps, better for the poor little wretch in the long run."

The Head started.

"Good heavens!" He scarcely articulated the words. "What has happened?"

"The Kid's clothes have been found—"

"His—his clothes—"

"The clothes in which he escaped from Rookham Gaol—"

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"They were found on the sands close by the sea, a little distance from Beachcliff. Inquiry has failed to show that the boy obtained any fresh clothes in the neighbourhood. No one has seen him there. He appears to have stripped on the beach under the cliff, and vanished. No doubt it was his intention to bathe, or—possibly it was suicide; but, in that case, why should he have discarded his clothes? I conclude there is little doubt that his death was accidental—"

"His—his death!"

The Head replaced the receiver with a trembling hand.

He groaned in anguish of spirit.

There was a tap at the door; he did not hear it. The door opened, and Kit Erroll of the Fourth entered.

The Head looked up quickly. The tears were still coursing down his kind old face—he could not restrain them. The inspector's words had been a death-knell to his hopes.

"You—Erroll—" he stammered.

"You sent for me, sir," said Erroll, in wonder.

"Yes—yes—I—I had forgotten! But it is too late—too late! He is dead—he is drowned; and my heart is broken. My son—my son!"

He broke off.

"Erroll, since you are here, I will thank you—thank you from my heart for your noble conduct. You tried to save my boy from crime—you did save him. He died as he might have lived, honest and true. I thank you for that, my boy!" Erroll looked at him in wonder. "You will not speak of this, Erroll? I know you are to be trusted. But I must tell you how much I owe you, my dear lad. The boy you tried to save from crime was my son—my Cyril, stolen from me in childhood by Baldwin Sleath, whom I should curse at this moment if he had not paid the penalty of all his crimes!" The Head's voice broke.

"Your son!" whispered Erroll, a light in his eyes.

"My son—my lost son!"

"The Kid?" stammered Erroll.

"So he was called."

"But—but, sir, what makes you think that he is dead?"

"His clothes were found by the sea—he had disappeared—the police believe—"

"Let them believe so, sir—we hoped they would!" exclaimed Erroll. "But it is not true—"

"Erroll!"

"He is living, sir."

Dr. Chisholm pressed his hand to his heart.

"You—you know—you are sure—how do you know?"

"Because he is here, sir!" cried Erroll breathlessly. "Morny and I—we helped him, sir! He's in the abbey vaults at this moment, alive and well!"

"Heaven is merciful!" breathed Dr. Chisholm.

He bent his head, and was silent for a few moments; Erroll did not speak.

Dr. Chisholm looked up at last.

"He is in the abbey vaults, you say—"

"Yes, yes!"

"Take me to him at once!"

With a firm step, the Head followed Erroll from the study. Five minutes more, and Erroll was opening the oaken door of the vault. Darkness lay within.

"Kid—Kid!" called Erroll.

"Here, guv'nor!"

"Put on the light!"

The lantern glimmered out.

Dr. Chisholm advanced, trembling, into the vault. The Kid started at the sight of him.

"My boy!"

Erroll withdrew softly and closed the door. As he went, he heard the startled cry of the Kid—the murmur of voices. Quietly, he left the father and the son together.

It was half an hour later that the oaken door opened again, and the Head of Rookwood came forth, leading the Kid by the hand.

"Come with me," whispered the Head—"with me—to your mother!"

"My mother!" whispered the Kid, with a thrill at his heart. He had never known a mother! "Father—mother—it's all a dream!"

"It is no dream, my dear, dear boy! Come!"

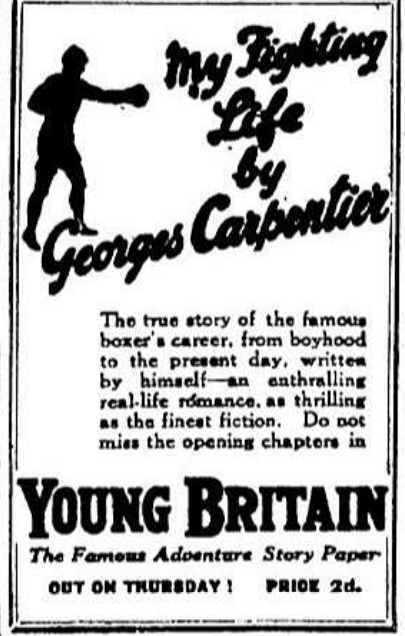
And the Kid, in amazement and delight, walked through the darkness by his father's side.

The Kid was dead and forgotten—in his place there lived the son of the Head of Rookwood, slowly but surely living down the memory of old, evil days. In a school on the Devonshire coast, far enough from Rookwood, far enough from all who had known him in the evil days, the little waif lived and learned, and gradually the black past was blotted from his mind, and he lived in the happy present, with his thoughts on a bright future.

Later, when time had passed and recognition was no longer possible, Cyril would come to Rookwood School—but that was not yet. But the weight of years had passed from Dr. Chisholm's heart—the headmaster was a happy man in these days. And he did not forget what he owed to Kit Erroll. For it was owing to Erroll that his son had been restored to him—after many days!

THE END.

(Be sure you read "Cheering Up The Captain," a grand yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)



My Fighting Life by Georges Carpentier

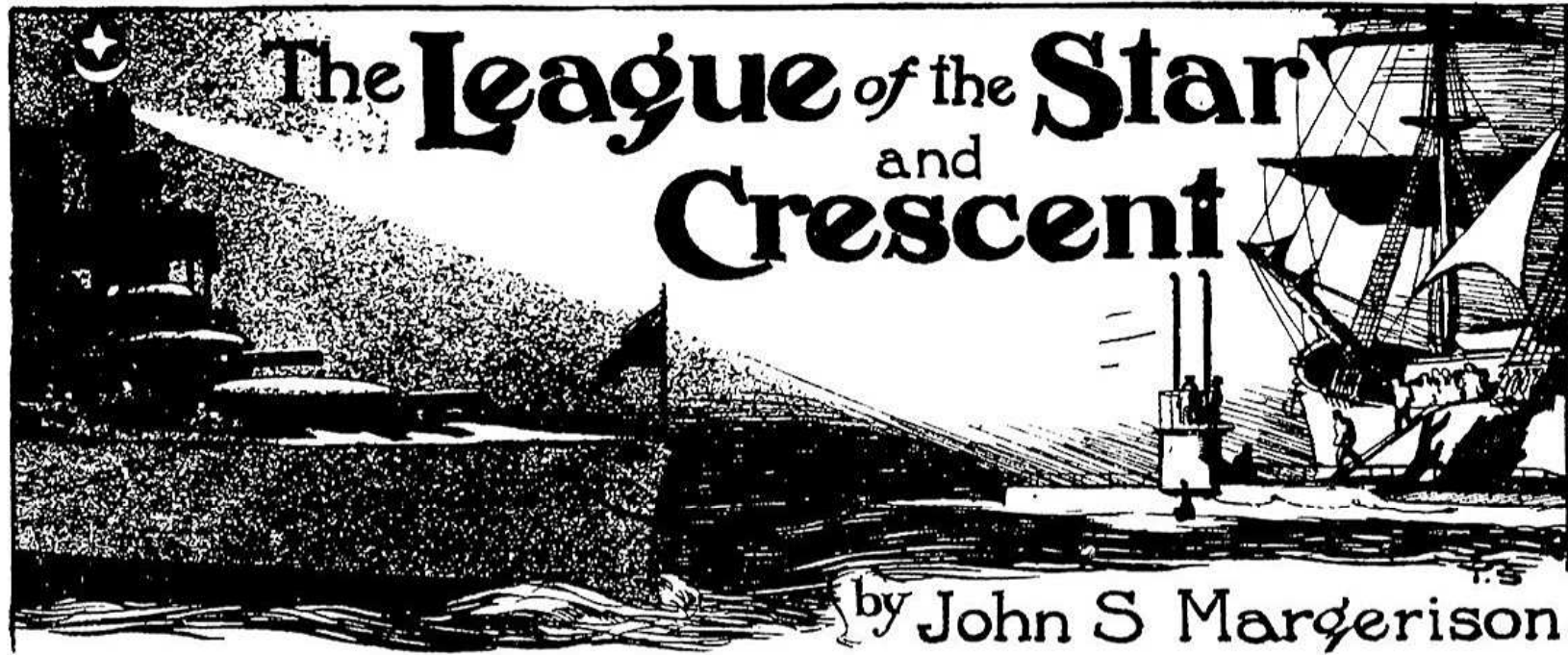
The true story of the famous boxer's career, from boyhood to the present day, written by himself—an enthralling real-life romance, as thrilling as the finest fiction. Do not miss the opening chapters in

YOUNG BRITAIN

The Famous Adventure Story Paper

OUT ON THURSDAY! PRICE 2d.

OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL OF ADVENTURE IN FOREIGN WATERS!



velvet sky, and drew a deep breath of pure air. Then, as Yussuf and Casey stood aside, he very gingerly thrust forth his head and shoulders out of the hole in the ground through which he had looked, and gazed about him.

Capturing the Fortress!

Dick withdrew his head, and took the chair-leg club from Casey's hand. "Let me go, sor," whispered the big Irishman.

But Dick silenced him by the simple method of placing a hand over his mouth. Then, lifting the club and grinning, Dick shook his head. Carefully he peered once more over the sill of the trapdoor, and then, seeing that the sentry had not moved, stole up the last two steps.

Crouching down, a shadow in the darkness, he silently crept forward on hands and knees, his eyes not while riveted on the back of the sentry's head. Once Dick stopped and lay flat along the ground, for the sentry had suddenly looked round, as though half-conscious of some impending danger. Dick lay there, scarcely daring to breathe, while the man, a rifle slung across the crook of his arm, with a gleaming bayonet at its end, walked to the steel gate of the ramparts and back.

The sentry sighed and stretched himself, and then, reseating himself, gazed at the stairs in an effort to discover how near the time for his relief might be. It was nearer than he thought. He received his first inkling of it when Dick's club came down on his head. He gave a low cry, and fell sprawling on the ground, the midshipman standing over him with upraised club, in case the first dose had not effectively silenced him.

"Cruel, I know," said Dick. "But when one's life—and the lives of eighteen others—depends on the hardness of the blow, one cannot afford to be kind."

"Don't fret yer heart out about a little thing like that, sor," said Casey, coming up in time to hear his commander's final words. "Them niggers has all got thick skulls, and a little love tap like yo give him will only temporarily discompose the man. Purty little place this, when ye look at it close up—eh?"

Dick smiled at the Irishman's attempt to change the subject, and bent to make sure that the sentry was really stunned.

"Not bad," agreed Dick. "But if we are booked for any long stay here, we'd better have some arms. Yussuf, my lad, we are jolly grateful to you for getting us out of a mess, and all that, and some day we may be able to say 'thank you' in a more fitting fashion. But now you've led us here, perhaps you'll be good enough to say what we do next."

"Do next, Effendi?" said Yussuf. "Why, you will stay here for awhile. It is all to your advantage to do so. The Cadi seeks your life, and the papers that tell of the secret treasure, and to get the one he will not hesitate to take the other. Therefore, you are better out of his reach for a time. Here he cannot reach you, for you are in possession not only of the arsenal, with its guns that command all the streets of the town, but under your hand are the great granaries from which is handed out the corn to make the people's bread, and the big spring that supplies the city with water. Ye have food and water, and a place that cannot be stormed, even by the most desperate soldiers. Surely ye can wait here until things shall happen that will free you? Believe me, they will not be long in happening."

"That's all very well," replied Dick. "But what is to prevent the Cadi, when he discovers that we are in possession of this place, pressing the electric knob he told me about, and blowing us and the fortress sky-high? He could build another one, I suppose; and he would thus finish us off, and at least prevent us betraying the whereabouts of this city. That's only one of the things we've got to consider."

Yussuf's teeth gleamed in light as he laughed.

"The Cadi will not blow up the arsenal," he said slowly, "for two reasons. The first is that he does not know where the secret knob is, nor the electric leads to the explosives stored beneath this place. The second is that the fort cannot be destroyed

INTRODUCTION.

DICK MURRAY, a midshipman on board H.M.S. Fire, has orders to bring a heretic yawl safely to Gibraltar. With his second, an Irishman of the name of CASEY, and a crew of some eighteen British sailors, he mans the salvaged vessel, the Maria Doloresa. They find some plans to a secret board of money, deposited by the Kaiser in the late war, which documents are eagerly sought after by a secret society whose aim is the Star and Crescent. The crew of the Maria Doloresa land on the coast of Africa, where they discover is situated the headquarters of the league they are trying to avoid. The chief makes a point of showing them how impossible it is for them to escape alive, and declares that with their help he hopes to find the secret papers for which the league waits so impatiently.

Dick and his men then prepare to save the wrecked schooner, having been promised the freedom if they are successful.

A fight ensues between the sailors and some of the Moors under the command of a Captain Hadji. Dick's men are mysteriously given revolvers by some unknown person, and eventually win the fight, and hold the Moorish soldiers prisoner, knowing that sooner or later an alarm will be raised and the garrison will turn out. If this happens, they don't stand the slightest chance of saving their lives.

(Not read on)

A Daring Escape!

"Moore and Knight," said Dick, choosing two names at random, "get torches lit from the fire, and bring them over here. The remainder of you stand by to gag and bind these fellows. Bind 'em with their own robes if you can't find anything else."

The two sailors brought the light, and Dick looked round to discover what strange person had appeared on the scene with arms in the nick of time. But beyond the sailormen and the guard, there was nobody at all in the living-room. The matter was most inexplicable. But Dick wasted no time in conjecture, but bent to direct the binding of those who had so lately bound him and his crew. And when they were all neatly and most securely tied up—and your British sailorman is an expert at tying knots—he regarded them with a smile.

"Fine lot of fighters you are," he said slowly. "Throwing up the sponge because your enemy suddenly develops the strategical advantage. If I had you aboard the Fire, I'd teach you to fight better, you lopsided crowd of road-sweepers!"

He drew back into the shadows with a grin, and turned to Casey in order to decide what should be the next move. It was obvious that, when morning came—or perhaps before—and the Cadi discovered that Hadji did not return, he would himself set out with even a bigger force; and, in that case, the end would be but a matter of moments. Dick had some wild idea of attempting, now that matters had gone so far, to fight his way out of the city.

It would be hazardous, he knew, but then if they waited, death was sure to overtake them, and in taking the other course, there was always the chance that one or two might win through and reach some place where information could be given to the proper authorities, and Elcazar visited with a vengeance that would be swift and terrible.

As the midshipman and the burly petty-officer talked this matter over in low tones, Dick suddenly felt a touch on his shoulder. His hand dropped to

the pocket containing the automatic, but the man who had touched him was none other than Yussuf, the Moor who had hitherto acted as the midshipman's servant.

"Thy pardon, Effendi, said this gentleman, in his slow English, "but even now the Cadi, with many soldiers comes to this house, for there was one who escaped through the door and carried the ill tidings of the fight to his ears. Therefore, if thy slave may

swiftly, Casey, call the men up and have the torches put out. By the way, Yussuf, I suppose you want us to move in the dark so that the prisoners won't know which way we've gone—eh?"

"The youthful warrior has guessed it exactly," said Yussuf, with another bow, and a second smile.

Dick grinned back as he watched Casey flitting from man to man, and then the torches were extinguished.

we will w forward!" in us. Now,

Step by step, moving somewhat slowly in the pitchy blackness, the little procession wound onwards. They came to a flight of steps, and descended, and then to another, this time leading upwards. The rocky projections in the wall reached out and hid them, and though each man's hand rested on his neighbour's shoulders, not one of the party could



HOUNDING DOWN THE BRITISHERS! The Cadi, with some of his trusted soldiers, was making a house to house search. The luckless whites knew only too well that, if discovered, they could not even hope for a quick death at the hands of this fanatic!

so far presume, it is given unto me to think that thou and thy sailors had better quickly escape, lest thy last case be worse than thy first."

"Crikey! Things are moving swiftly!" said Dick. "Yussuf, I'm very much obliged to you for giving me this warning, but, if you please, will you kindly tell me how we are to escape? And, by the way, how did you get in, since there's a sentry on the door and all the windows are guarded?"

Yussuf grinned expansively as he bowed.

"If it will please the Effendi to put out the light," he said, "I will show him how I got in, which is also the way he and his sailors may get out. Nay, it is no trap. See, Casey Effendi, I place myself before thee, and thy gun can touch me so that if I play ye false, ye may slay me. But time presses, Effendi, and the Cadi comes swiftly. Decide now. Will ye suffer me to lead ye to a place of hiding, or will ye die here under the eyes of the guard ye have made prisoners?"

"Why, we'll escape!" said Dick

"Ye will make no noise!" hissed Yussuf. "Place each man his hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him. Casey Effendi, do thou so to me also, and follow in silence. The danger is great."

As far as Dick could make out in the darkness—and he was the third in the human chain—Yussuf led the way towards one of the apparently solid walls of the house, on the far side. Here, as he halted for a second, there came a faint click, and then it looked as though a darker patch had formed on the wall. Yussuf stepped through this patch, and, whispering to Casey, stood aside till the last of the seamen had passed him. Then again there came a faint click, and the darker patch disappeared, being really a secret door let into the wall of the house, and worked by well-oiled machinery and the touch of a spring.

"Fear not, but keep touch with each other!" called Yussuf, now that there was no further imperative need for silence. "The passage is long and exceedingly narrow, and winds under the whole of the city. If any of ye stumble or get lost, call loudly, and

see another. Only Yussuf seemed to know the way, perhaps by long usage, for he went onwards with never a falter, stopping at times to issue directions and warnings of steps to be negotiated or obstacles to be surmounted.

For nearly two solid hours—and it seemed like two years to Dick and the bluejackets—the procession wound onwards, and then at last Yussuf called a halt at the bottom of still another flight of stairs.

"Again you must be silent," he warned them. "At the top of these steps is the entrance to the Grand Arsenal, wherein, as the Cadi has told you, half a dozen men may hold all Elenzar at bay. Follow me closely, and keep silence, for it may be that there is one on guard, who, if we surprise him not, will surprise us, though this secret passage has long been forgotten in the city. Forward!"

He mounted slowly, in tense silence and still murky darkness, and presently the faint click was repeated. Dick, looking upwards, saw the glimmer of the stars in a purple-

except by the express orders of the inner council of the League of the Star and Crescent, and the members of that council are but now in the centre of the desert, having gone to arrange for the construction of another city like Elcazar. So rest you on those matters, O Midshipman Effendi."

"Well, then, that being the case, what about arms?" asked Dick. "As soon as the Cadi finds out we're here he'll attack us, and, without weapons, we must overcome any defence we can put up. Steel walls and armour-plates are all right, maybe, and I'd like to feel the butt of a rifle, and a few hundred rounds of ammunition, and I'd be more comfortable."

He bent and picked up the weapon dropped by the stunned sentry, and examined its mechanism.

"The sentry, Effendi," said Yussuf. "He holds the keys of the fortress always. Take them from his belt, and I will lead you to the armoury."

"Ye seem to know a lot about this place, Yussuf," put in Casey.

"That is one of my duties, O Casey Effendi," said the Moor, with a low bow. "Also, it is another to know that if ye are all within the steel blockhouse, not any soul can hurt you by fire or firearms or explosives, either from the outer world, or the air, or the ground beneath—save only when the whole fort is destroyed. Moreover, fear not for the secret passage. Only I and one other know of that passage, and he, for the time being, is far from Elcazar. Indeed, he is chief of the league itself."

Yussuf smiled at the effect this piece of information had upon Casey. The latter could not understand how it came about that a Moor of so low a degree as to be made a servant to white men should share a secret with the ruler of the town and the surrounding country.

This was but the first of many things that puzzled him with regard to Yussuf, and which were one day to be explained. For instance, the Irishman couldn't quite understand why the Moor had taken the trouble and run the risk of rescuing them, when all the remainder of Elcazar's inhabitants would have cut their throats without the slightest compunction.

The keys having been taken from the prostrate sentry, and a couple of men set to prevent his prematurely giving the alarm if he showed signs of coming round too soon, the remainder followed Yussuf to what appeared to be the solid wall of the steel blockhouse. But Yussuf showed Dick the keyhole, and put his hand on the secret spring that operated more delicate mechanism, and presently a sheet of armour swung back, and revealed an aperture big enough to accommodate a motor-lorry. Yussuf closed the door when the men had all passed in, and watched on the cluster of electric lights depending from the roof overhead.

Then the bluejackets, used to the storage of shells and cartridges and ammunition of all kinds, gasped with surprise. The place was a veritable magazine. In bays, running all round the place, were stored countless boxes of rifle and pistol ammunition, as well as huge shells for the bigger guns that were mounted on a kind of steel shelf that ran, high up, all round the place. At several points Lewis guns swung their deadly muzzles towards the wall; and Yussuf grinned as, with a touch of his finger on a switch, he swung the masking armour away, and showed how these pieces were able to sweep the central square of the town in front of the fortress ramparts.

"Personal weapons, Effendi," he said, lifting the lid of a bin, and disclosing a hundred most modern rifles, complete with cartridge bandoliers already filled.

The second bin showed Webley-Scott automatic pistols; and, with cries of joy, each of the men buckled a couple of these small but very effective weapons around his waist. They filled their pouches and their pockets with cartridges, and slung the rifles over their shoulders. Then a few men clambered up to the Lewis gun positions, and tested the mechanism, while the remainder went still higher, and made themselves familiar with the working of the quick-firing guns, in case these should have to be used.

Dick, looking through an embrasure into the courtyard of the rampart, saw the stunned sentry suddenly roll over, and the two guarding him grab him by the shoulders. He turned to Yussuf and mentioned this, and the Arab showed one of the blue-jackets how to operate the armour door-opening mechanism. Dick then

ordered the sentry to be gagged and bound and thrust outside the rampart gate, there to await the coming of the guard and his relief.

"I go now, Effendi, for the dawn approaches fast, and when day breaks I must be back in the town," said Yussuf. "But fear not; be steadfast for the cause in which ye fight, and remember that, whatever things may appear to be, Yussuf the guide is your friend, and will, if necessary, lay down his life for you."

"You've been more than good to us, Yussuf," said Dick impulsively, thrusting out his hand and grasping that of the dusky gentleman. "And I really don't know how to thank you. But if we ever get away—and, thanks to your efforts, I like our chances of doing so very much—I'll see that you get some recognition."

Yussuf's teeth flashed again, and Dick could not be sure whether the Moor was amused or gratified. But he only wrung the lad's hand, impressed upon him once more the necessity of keeping his men within the steel walls of the blockhouse, and then, with a final wave of his arm, disappeared into the hole in the ground and closed the trap-door after him.

"There goes a very gallant gentleman, Casey," said Dick. "I wish he could have stopped; but as he says, he may be able to serve us better by mixing with the enemy. What puzzles me is why he should do these things. If this was a book, I should have saved him from a flogging, or pulled him out of a fire, or something, and he'd have felt gratitude towards us. But we've done nothing for him—indeed, I've bullied him more than once during the last week or two—so it puzzles me why he should risk his neck to make ours safe."

"He's a queer customer, sor," said Casey. "But, except for his dirty-coloured skin, he's white all through, and it's me that'll be glad to shake hands with him and anybody like him, any day."

The little band spent the rest of the night examining the huge fortress, and Dick could only marvel at the wonderful amount of cunning and foresight which had gone to its construction. The outer rooms were all defences, armed with heavy and Lewis guns, and stacked with all sorts of ammunition and weapons. Every door and window in the place was armoured so that there should be no weak spots in the defence, and the whole were operated by delicate machinery worked by electric motors, whose source of current was a dynamo run by a fairish sized waterfall which splashed over natural rocks in the very heart of the citadel. The inner rooms—each as big as a British factory—were stacked to the ceiling with steel bins containing flour, and here also Dick and his men found canned provisions of every variety and brand under the sun—enough to keep an army for a year.

"Light, arms, defences, food, and water, and plenty of room in which to exercise," said Dick. "Casey, this is the most wonderful fortress I've ever seen or heard of. No wonder the Cadi was so proud of it, and told us all about its capabilities!"

"We'll have a chance of testing 'em soon, sor," said Casey. "For when his Royal whickeriness finds out we're here—and that sentry is bound to tell him before long—there'll be the most unholy shindy, and we'll be able to see if these walls will really keep out bullets, and those guns fire straight. Not that I'm grumbling, sor, but if we only had a couple of swate little torpedoes here, I'd be perfectly happy. Guns is all right, but tinfish is better."

Dick laughed. During the stress of the last month or two he had forgotten that Casey's mission in life was to destroy and tear asunder by means of the torpedo; that although the burly Irishman was as sweet a shot as ever looked through the sights of a rifle, his heart was really in the submarine weapon, and not in guns at all. But there were no torpedoes here, only guns; though Casey would get enough work in looking after the electrical arrangements of the place, as he used to do in the Firecat. Casey, sighing, pressed a switch idly, and, looking upwards, discerned the now paling stars overhead.

"There's fresh air and ventilation for ye, sor," he said, pointing up to where the roof was slowly lifting itself in two portions and showing the wide sky. "Faith, but the chap as built this show put brains into it as well as brawn. He might have been a British sailorman, and a torpedo-man, to boot."

Casey found much to interest his electrical soul in the next two hours. Hoists for carrying ammunition to the guns; electric drum fillers for the machine-guns; contrivances for carry-

ing grain and food and water to the garrison, and pumps for supplying the town's two mains—all these and half a hundred other things he discovered as he wandered about the huge blockhouse, what time Dick disposed his men.

The shutters were all slammed to, and Dick took his stand at a small loophole which commanded a view of the town. And, almost as soon as it was light, he became aware of a great commotion in the wide streets, and, peering through an excellent pair of field-glasses he had found in the fortress, he discovered that this was caused by nothing less than the Cadi, surrounded by a couple of hundred soldiers, making his way from house to house, apparently in a search of the Britishers who had been spirited away during the night. He was obviously in a tearing rage, and Dick once or twice laughed shortly as the old Moor raised his clenched fists towards heaven, apparently calling down vengeance upon all who had in any way aided the sailormen in their flight.

"Looking for us," he said to Casey, as that worthy stepped from the electric lift on to the look-out platform.

"And as mad as a March hare about it, too, I'll bet," was the petty-

TEN SHILLINGS FOR YOU!

NO ENTRANCE FEE!
No Impossible Conditions!

Just send us your idea of the conversation of the man at the other end of this telephone communication. Number each "answer" to correspond with the "question," and the reader who sends in the most accurate solution, in the opinion of the Editor, will receive a cash prize of 10s. Address your solutions, "The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4," and mark the envelope "Telephone Competition No. 6." Closing date, Monday, December 13th, 1920.

Here is our side of the conversation:

- "Hallo! That Duncan's?"
- "Williamson, 45, High Street, speaking. Have you got anything new in the way of—"
- "Yes. I want one."
- "Sandrigham. How do they run—"
- "That's enough. I'm not a millionaire! You say they're first-class?"
- "How do you know? I don't know myself, so I am sure you don't. However, do you really advise me to have one?"
- "Yes; but will they be for long? That's what I want to know."
- "Well, have you got one—"
- "Quite right. Having a round—"
- "Yes, chump. I am. Think I meant a table—"
- "That's enough. I don't want to go colour-blind. One of each, and mind they're first-class—"
- "Mind you do. I'm in a hurry—"
- "Good-day!"

officer's grinning comment. "But it's not us he's after so much as them papers. By the way, sor, did ye bring 'em away with you?"

"You've forgotten that they'd gone out of the hiding-place, Casey," Dick reminded him. "Now, I wonder where they really went to? I might have asked Yussuf if I'd thought of it, while he was here. Maybe, as he knows so much, he can tell us something about them."

"I shouldn't wonder if he'd pinched 'em himself and hid 'em away, hoping to get some sort of a reward for them," said Casey. "And, to ease his conscience, he's brought us away here out of harm's way. One thing would balance the other in a nigger's mind, in my opinion."

Dick shook his head. "I don't think he'd do that," he said. "Indeed, there's something about the man that makes me think him above the ordinary run of Moor—something superior even to the Cadi, and the others we've come into contact with. But if the Cadi wants the papers, and thinks I have them, he's mistaken. Ah, I have it! When he comes to make terms for the possession of his own fortress and his own city, we'll not only demand that they shall include safe conduct and the

means of getting away from this country by sea, but we'll insist on the papers being returned to us. One of his tribe must have them, and he's only kicking up this fuss to throw dust in our eyes in case we or any of our spies are in the vicinity. Then, as soon as the coast is clear, he'll despatch parties to the places where the treasure is hidden, and get it before we can move in the matter. Ah, Casey, your old Moor is a crafty soul—nearly as crafty as an Irish torpedo-man. But if he doesn't come to terms, and quickly, I'll not only cut off the town's food supply, but I'll stop their water as well, and in this climate I imagine a shortage of drinks will make them capitulate sooner than anything else."

A party of about twenty armed men detached themselves from the centre of the crowd who were watching the Cadi's search, and in perfect formation, swung across the ground towards the arsenal.

"Here come the guard to relieve the sentry," said Dick. "I wonder what they'll say when they find him deposited outside the gate, without rifle, and minus the keys of this place? That'll be the match to the straw, I'm afraid. Anyway, we sha'n't have long now to wait for the bursting of the storm."

The armed guard drew nearer the gateway, and Dick saw them, at a word of command, break into a run. He kept his glasses trained on them till they reached the gateway itself, and from where he stood he could have picked them off with an automatic as easy as looking at them. He saw their leader bend over the bound and gagged sentry and loosen the swathes of his robe that secured him. He could almost guess what the two men were saying to each other, and he grinned as the sentry pointed first to the blockhouse, then rubbed the bruise on his head, and then started to gibber again. For a moment the guard stood thus, the early morning sunlight glinting on their arms and their turban ornaments in the shape of a glittering star and crescent, and then the leader raised his fist and shook it at the steel blockhouse.

"This'll tache ye manners, ye impolite omadhaun!" said Casey, thrusting out the muzzle of a rifle as the armour plate slid back under his touch. The bullet kicked up a speck of dust at the feet of the late sentry, and, with a yell of fear, that worthy took to his heels and raced for the town, the remainder of the rifle-armed guard at his heels.

"If they run at a single shot, Casey," said Dick, "we shall have an easy job defending this place."

"Faith, and them niggers never could fight, sor," said the Irishman. "They're too afraid of holes in their dirty skins to really enjoy a scrap at all, at all."

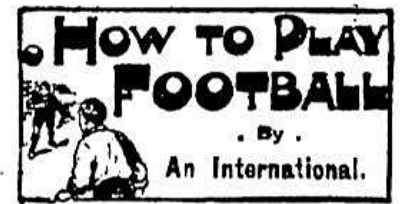
Dick watched the guard race across to where the Cadi was still pursuing his frantic search. He watched their leader make his way to Old Whiskers himself, and salute as he reported that the fortress was in the hands of the sailormen for whom the Cadi was searching. Then he grinned as the old Moor shook his fists again in his direction, and felt in his pocket for his automatic.

"Casey," he said, "I think we'd better serve out breakfast, and let each man eat his food at his post. It looks to me, from here, as though we were likely to have a very busy time of it shortly, and there'll be little chance to eat. Crumbs, where are all these people coming from—and all armed, too!"

It seemed as though they had been trained against such a happening as this, for they rapidly fell in on parade in companies, each with its own officers, and presented their arms for inspection. Each carried ammunition, too, as Dick could see with the aid of his binoculars, and this they produced; each wore a grey tunic-like robe, on the breast of which was embroidered a crimson star and crescent, while the same badge, in the form of a brooch, glinted in the sun on the front of their turbans. It appeared that the older men were in their own companies, and the soldiers proper in others. Each was separate from its companions, though all the officers, when they had seen their detachments correct, reported personally to the Cadi.

"Some organisation—what?" said Dick to himself. "Crumbs, but I'm glad I've got a wall of steel armour-plates between me and that crowd of picturesque-looking cut-throats. But getting all that crowd together is like taking a sledge-hammer to kill a fly—or, rather, a wasp, since we aren't quite deprived of a sting. Well, here they come! Now for the fun!"

(Another long instalment of this grand yarn in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)



A Golden Rule.

Even when he has time to catch a shot, it does not always follow that the goalkeeper will also have time to kick it away before his opponents are on top of him. Then he must just throw it out as best he can, and over this throwing-out business there is one golden rule which custodians should always follow. They should never throw the ball down the centre of the field. It is ever so much safer to throw it towards the touchline, because it is much less likely to be driven back into goal again from there than it is from the centre of the field. Thus, by throwing the ball out to the touchline, the goalkeeper secures for himself time to recover and take up his proper position again, so that if the ball is eventually driven back by one of the wing men he is ready to give once more.

Safety First.

You will see that all these hints about goalkeeping have one central idea—that the man between the "sticks" must play for safety. He cannot afford to run risks, because there is no one to redeem the side should the goalkeeper blunder. One mistake by the custodian will probably mean a goal against his side, and that will also mean that his own forwards have to score twice to win the match. So don't try fancy work, you goalkeepers. Get rid of the ball quickly—that is the motto.

According to Conditions.

There cannot be much doubt that the really successful football team must possess the ability to suit its play according to the particular conditions obtaining at the moment. It is obvious, for instance, that methods which will bring success on a ground which is as hard as iron will not do when the pitch is little more than a mud-hoop. And as football is played in the winter-time, it follows that all sorts of pitches are encountered in the course of a season.

Generally the early months are accompanied by good, hard grounds, and the consequent tight ball. These are not the best of conditions under which real football can be played, for the simple reason that the ball is too lively for it to be kept under control without a great effort on the part of everybody. The minute the tight ball touches the ground it bounces up into the air, and the team who, without players who are absolute experts in the art of ball control will find it very difficult to keep such a ball on the ground with anything approaching consistency.

I want you always to remember that the ball should be kept low during a football match. All too often full-backs and half-backs feed the men in front of them through the air. Sometimes this is inevitable; but I want half-backs especially to strive with all the power at their command to get the ball under control before passing it, and then to pass it to the forwards along the ground.

Keep the Ball Low.

Generally speaking, a pass through the air is a bad pass. All the best football teams—all the successful ones in the big leagues—are the ones whose players keep the ball low. When, a few years ago, the Newcastle United team carried off so many honours, it was generally admitted that the secret of their success was to be found in the fact that they had three half-backs who continually pushed the ball to the men in front of them along the ground. You can see the same idea in the Tottenham Hotspur side of the present day. In Smith and Grimsdell they have two wing half-backs who get the ball on to the "carpet" at the earliest possible moment, and their passes to the forwards are made along the turf.

They have been taught this style of play by their manager, Mr. Peter McWilliam, who in the old days was one of the fine half-backs of Newcastle United's most successful eleven. But I am wandering from the purpose which was behind my mind when I started to pen these notes. I really meant to tell you how to play on particular kinds of grounds.

(More instructions and advice on how to play your favourite winter sport in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. Make a point of reading it and improving your game.)

A THRILLING COMPLETE YARN OF FRANK RICHARDS & Co.



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. In the Wilderness!

Night on the prairie! From the wide, dark heavens the stars glinted like points of fire. A faint glimmer lay upon the rolling grasslands, upon stream and creek, upon clumps of cedar and larch, and struggling belts of live oak. Through the night-silence came, at intervals, the bark of a coyote, or the long-drawn howl of a wolf. And, by the side of a glistening creek, the quiet crop-crop of a feeding horse.

A shaggy mustang, free from tether or trail rope, from bridle or rein, but not without a rider.

On his back, face upward to the sky, bound with strong ropes, was a motionless form.

A white face looked up at the stars from the back of the wandering mustang.

Headless of its helpless rider, the mustang fed on the thick, dewy grass, occasionally raising its head, and throwing back its sharp ears, as the howl of a wolf came from the dim distance.

The weary eyes of the rider had closed. Frank Richards slept, bound, numbed, and suffering as he was, as the mustang moved slowly through the grass, cropping.

Sleep had overtaken him at last—the sleep of exhaustion.

For many weary hours, that seemed like years of pain, he had been stretched upon the mustang's back, carried helplessly whithersoever the half-savage animal chose to wander.

For a long day the sun had beaten upon him, and tormented him with heat and thirst, and the coming of night had been a merciful relief.

Round him stretched the vast wilderness of the north west, trodden only by the foot of the red man or the wandering hunter.

In his troubled sleep, broken visions haunted him of his home at the ranch in the Thompson Valley, of Cedar Creek School, and his friends there friends that he was never to see again.

He awakened suddenly, with a sudden motion of the horse.

Closer at hand, there came the howl of a wolf, and the mustang had started from his feeding, and was galloping through the grass along the creek.

Frank's eyes opened. He stared up blindly at the stars, his head was half-buried in the shaggy mane, and it tossed round his upturned face as the mustang galloped.

For a moment he did not remember; but the grip of the ropes on his limbs, the dull aching in every joint, recalled the terrible truth to him.

He breathed a silent prayer as his eyes looked up at the stars shining over him.

Gallop, gallop!

The mustang was dashing through the grass at great speed now, and behind, from several directions, came the howls of the prowling wolves that had alarmed the horse.

Frank heard the savage howling, but it did not alarm him. Even the jaws of the savage wolves had no terrors for him now. Even that was no worse than the prolongation of his Mazeppa ride—than a new day, a new sun burning upon his blistered face, and the tortures of hunger and thirst.

Hope had long died in his breast. It was but a day, but it seemed to him an endless space of time since Handsome Alf, the rustler, fleeing from the Mounted Police, had bound him, Mazeppa-like, to the horse, and sent him adrift in the wilderness.

That had been the rustler's vengeance upon him—a terrible vengeance, worthy of a heart more savage

than that of a red-skinned barbarian. Frank had no hope.

His friends were far away—endless miles away, as it seemed to him, abandoned upon the vast wilderness.

He thought of them—of Rancher Lawless upon the trail, with the Mounted Police—of Vere Beauclerc, and Bob Lawless. Beauclerc, he knew, had escaped. But Bob?

Often and often his eyes had swept the grassy plain, before the sun went down, in search of Bob Lawless, his chum, who had been sent adrift Mazeppa-like, at the same time, by the same merciless hand; but his chum's steel had taken a different direction, and Frank had never seen him since the parting.

There came a swishing in the grass, a savage snarl, as a wolf ahead of the rest, leaped.

Crash!

As if by instinct, the hoof of the mustang dashed out behind, and struck the open jaws, sending the wolf rolling with fierce howls into the grass.

The terrified horse bounded forward again, speeding through the grass at a frantic gallop.

He was heading westward, where the lower spurs of the Cascade Mountains ran out into the plains.

Half a mile, galloping, galloping! And still the wolves hung on the track, tireless.

Clatter, clatter!

off by the rapid rifle-fire. The mustang slowed, and stopped, coming to a halt, panting, dropping, in the glow of the camp-fire, in the bottom of the deep, dark canyon of the Cascade Range.

Frank heard a voice—a startled exclamation. A figure loomed up beside the halted horse—a face looked at him.

"Help!"

He breathed the word huskily. And then a groan of despair left his lips.

The face that was looking at him was a face he knew—a dark, swarthy, savage face, with gold earrings, glistening in the dusky ears—black eyes that scintillated at him—the face of Handsome Alf, the outlaw, who had consigned him to the doom of Mazeppa!

The 2nd Chapter. A Merciless Fe!

Handsome Alf stood, and stared at the haggard, sun-blistered face that looked from the mustang's ragged mane.

He stared in blank amazement. "You!" he exclaimed, at last. "You—again!"

Frank Richards did not speak. The flight from the wolves had driven the mustang into the hills, and he had chanced upon the camp of the fleeing rustler.

The schoolboy of Cedar Creek had never expected to look again upon the swarthy face of the man with the earrings. And the rustler was as astonished as his victim.

He showed his teeth under his black moustache, in a cruel grin.

"Even the north west wilderness is small," he said. "So we have met again, Frank Richards."



RUN DOWN AT LAST! Whiz! A lasso sped through the air from the hand of Rancher Lawless, and the noose dropped over the body of the rustler, who in a vain effort to free himself, fell sprawling to the ground—a prisoner.

Where—Bob now? Frank groaned.

His chum was doomed, as he was doomed—no all he could hope for was a speedy death and an end to his sufferings.

The howl of behind sounded closer.

The savage animals had scented their prey from a distance, the wandering mustang was marked for their victim.

Thud, thud, thud!

The mustang's hoofs beat in the grass, faster and faster, as the scared animal fled for its life.

Frank, as he lay on the horse's back, could see, in the distance behind, the loping dim forms of the wolves, padding swiftly through the grass and thicket in fierce pursuit.

Glinting eyes glared from the dimness at him, as he looked.

He watched them dully. They were gaining upon the mustang—closer and closer. The fierce eyes rolled, close behind, and he could hear the snapping of foul jaws.

Still no tremor of fear moved him. He was past fear now.

There were stones under the beating hoofs now—stones, hard rocks. On either side of the galloping mustang the slopes of a rocky canyon.

Clatter, clatter!

Dully, without caring, Frank Richards felt the mustang tiring under him—slackening down in speed, while the pursuing wolves drew closer behind, and the snapping jaws foamed close to the galloping hoofs.

Through the shadows and the dim starlight, a ruddy glare suddenly dazzled the bound-rider's eyes. He blinked in it, astonished, startled. It was the glare of a fire.

A fire—a camp-fire in the mountains!

Frank gave a husky cry. His heart throbbed to suffocation.

The camp-fire of some wandering trapper, or of Redskin hunters! The ruddy glare danced on his eyes. Was it help? Was it rescue? Was he, after all, to live, and not die? He cried out again, his voice coming husky and strained, unnatural.

Crack, crack!

A rifle rang, and rang again. The wolves, with howls and snarls, drew off in fierce disappointment, driven

Frank groaned, bitterness of spirit.

The brief hope had died in his heart.

Help he could have looked for from a north-west trapper, or even from savage Indians. But there was no help, no mercy from the iron-hearted outlaw.

Blind chance had brought them together once more; but the Californian's sony heart was not softened.

He laughed lightly.

"So you are here!" he went on. "I guess I never thought of seeing you again! You do not ask me to loose you."

Frank did not speak.

There was no spark of pity, no sign of relenting, in the savage, swarthy face that watched him, grinning.

"We've met again—for the last time, I guess."

Handsome Alf stepped back to the camp fire, and picked up a whip. He cracked it in the air, and struck the mustang a sharp, savage blow.

The horse started, with a squeal of pain.

Lash, lash!

With savage force, the outlaw lashed the animal, and the mustang, squealing, dashed on up the rocky canyon.

Clatter, clatter!

The hoofs rang rapidly on the rocks as the horse tore on into the hills.

Handsome Alf, with a laugh, returned to his blanket beside his camp-fire.

Gallop, gallop!

The ruddy glare of the fire died away in the distance behind the galloping horse, and vanished.

Darkness surrounded horse and rider now.

But the wolves were gone; they had shrunk away from the camp-fire and the outlaw's rifle, and the mustang was safe from their pursuit now as he clattered on into the hills.

The horse slowed down at last by a mountain stream, to drink.

Frank's throat was parched with thirst, but he could not reach the cool water, in which the horse stood knee-deep as he drank.

The mustang raised his head from the stream at last, and trotted on, at an easy pace now.

A green valley lay before him, and the animal was soon knee-deep in grass, with dark branches over his head. He stopped to crop the grass.

Frank's upturned eyes stared at the dark, heavy branches that stretched over him, and met the glare of two fierce, glinting eyes that looked from above.

A shudder through him for a second.

It was a lynx, stretched along the branch of a tree overhead, looking down upon him, preparing to spring.

But the mustang scented his enemy, even as Frank's eyes met the glinting eyes above, and sprang forward again.

The lynx leaped down from the branch, and missed the escaping horse by a foot or less, dropping in the herbage.

A shrill squeal of terror broke from the mustang as it plunged maddly forward to escape.

Through the trees and thickets it plunged on at a furious gallop, branch and bough tearing at the helpless rider, scratching his limbs, tattering his clothes.

They emerged from the trees at last into the open valley.

Still the mustang galloped on, the terror of the springing lynx still upon him.

Frank's eyes closed again.

He slept, in broken fits and starts. The stars were paling when he came clearly to himself again; there was a glimmer of dawn in the sky.

Another day!

As the sun strengthened, the unhappy boy's weary eyes stared round him, dully, drearily. He was in a grassy, woody valley in the heart of the mountains. The mustang was moving slowly now, fatigued by his long galloping. He laid down to rest at last in the rich grass.

The cessation of motion was a relief to the Mazeppa rider.

But thirst and hunger, and the aching in his limbs, tormented him without mercy.

Would the end never come?

Better have fallen a victim to the jaws of the wolves, better have been torn by the savage lynx, better than this—this long, weary waiting for the death that could not be eluded.

The mustang, heedless of the burden on his back, was sleeping. But Frank Richards could no longer sleep. He was awake and in torment. There was a stirring in a thicket near at hand at last, under the sun now burning in the sky above. A grim and grisly head looked out, and Frank Richards' eyes were looking into those of a grizzly bear. The red eyes glittered at him, as the huge animal dragged itself from the thicket, creeping towards the sleeping horse.

There was a sudden, startled movement under the bound schoolboy, and the mustang leaped up.

A savage growl came from the grizzly, as it came loping swiftly on, and the horse sprang away with a shrill squeal of fear.

A second more, and the mustang was at the gallop, and the savage roar of the disappointed grizzly echoed behind.

Gallop, gallop!

Once more the wild ride had commenced; once more the wild horse was speeding on, bearing his helpless rider deeper into the wilderness of the mountains.

But now Frank Richards no longer saw the blue sky that stretched above him, or the trees that loomed near, or the great rocks. Unconsciousness had come to his relief; and it was an immense burden that the mustang bore on his wild course.

The 3rd Chapter. Three on the Trail!

"Saddle up!"
It was Rancher Lawless who spoke as the first gleam of dawn whitened the eastern sky over the distant Rockies.

The rancher had thrown aside his blanket and risen before dawn. Vere Beauclerc was also awake; but Bob Lawless still slept. With the dawn the three were to take the trail again in the almost hopeless search for Frank Richards.

Bob awakened while Beauclerc was saddling the two horses, and the rancher was seeking for the trail.

He rose to his feet, and rubbed his eyes.

Sturdy as he was, Bob was feeling the effects of his terrible ride of the day before, though the night's rest had done him much good. Beauclerc gave him a rather anxious look.

"How do you feel now, Bob?"

"Right as rain," said the rancher's son sturdily. "Ready for the trail, old chap. If only we can find Frank—"

"We found you," said Beauclerc hopefully. "There's a chance, at least, Bob."

"I—I hope so."

Both the chums of Cedar Creek hoped; but their hope was very like desperation.

Bob had been saved; the stumble of the horse to which he had been bound, in a gopher-hole, had stopped his Mazappa-ride; and the gathering of the vultures had guided the rescuers to him. He had been saved—saved from the fearful fate to which his comrade was doomed. But where, in the vast wilderness, was Frank Richards to be sought?

The two schoolboys eyed the rancher anxiously as he came back to the camp in the rising sunlight.

Mr. Lawless' bronzed face had a hopeful look.

"The trail of the mustang is plain enough," he said. "It runs north-west from here. If we were a day earlier on the trail, I guess I should fear nothing. But—"

He broke off.

It was nearly twenty-four hours since the mustang had been driven away from that spot with its helpless burden, and in that time what had happened to Frank Richards? Whether had the animal wandered with its helpless rider?

"We must hope for the best," said the rancher at last. "With Heaven's help, we will save Frank yet. Are you ready?"

"We're ready, father."

The trackers mounted their horses, Bob riding double with Vere Beauclerc on the black horse.

They left the camp—the spot from which the Mazappa-ride had started the day before, and whence Handsome Alf had fled westward into the Cascade Mountains.

To the escaping rustler they hardly gave a thought.

They were content that he should escape justice, so long as they could find his victim, and save him from his doom.

The track of the Mexican mustang was nearly a day old, but it was marked clearly enough for the experienced eyes of the rancher, and for several miles he followed it without a fault.

But the trail was lost at last.

On a rocky, sandy tract of plain even the keen eyes of the rancher and Bob Lawless failed to pick up "sign."

From that spot they were led by chance.

Often and often they scanned the boundless plains with searching eyes, in the hope of sighting the mustang in the distance on the horizon; but only plains and grass thicket, and distant hills met their weary eyes.

North or south, east or west, the wild mustang might have wandered, and they could not know.

As the sun rose higher in the sky their faint hope sank, but they kept doggedly on. It was a wolf-track that the rancher picked up in a patch of scrub, and by the track of the feet was a trail of blood.

"A wounded wolf!" said the rancher, as he stared at the track. "Wounded by whom? If there is a hunter or trapper in this desert, and we can find him—"

He followed the track. The sight of a black vulture circling over a thicket showed where the animal had lain down to die. The rancher plunged into the thicket, rifle in hand, and two fierce eyes turned upon him from the crouching animal as he came upon it. But the savage light died from the eyes, as the rancher's rifle rang out sharply.

Mr. Lawless dropped upon his knees beside the dead wolf to examine it. His eyes glistened as he rose.

"The brute was struck in the leg

by a bullet," he said. "Judging by its condition, it was wounded last night. How far it has come since it was wounded I cannot say; but—"

He knitted his brows in thought. "There is some hunter in this wilderness besides ourselves, and we may learn something from him. There is no other clue. Better follow this than blind chance."

"The wolf's trail?" said Beauclerc.

"Easy enough. He dragged the wounded foot, and he must have left drops of blood all the way he came. We shall follow it easily to the place where he received the wound."

It was little, but it was something. And it was to lead to more than the trailers dreamed. Easily enough the trail of the wounded wolf was followed back—the dragging leg, the spots of blood, were an easy guide. And the trail led directly towards the mountains. And suddenly, from the rancher, there came almost a shout of joy.

"The mustang's trail!"

"What?" shouted Bob.

The rancher's eyes blazed as he scanned the ground.

There was no mistake.

The wolf's trail led into a deep, shadowy canyon of the hills, and crossing it was the well-known track of the Mexican mustang, long lost and now recovered. On the mustang's trail, and around it, were the marks of many wolves' pads, and it was not difficult for the rancher, after a little thought, to figure out what had happened.

"The wolves set on the mustang, and it fled before them," he said.

"It fled into the hills, with the wolves after it. That's as plain as possible, from the mingled trails. Then someone fired the shot, and the wolves were driven off. You can see the scattering trails here. One of the brutes was wounded in the leg, and that has been our guide. The rest have scattered, but the mustang has not turned back. Thank Heaven we are on the track again! The mustang is before us. It fled up the canyon, and Frank—"

"And Frank with it," said Bob, his eyes glistening. "Get on."

They pressed on the trail with renewed hopes, their hearts beating. It was during the night, evidently, that the mustang had fled into the hills to escape the wolves, and they were closer behind than if they had followed the Mazappa-trail from the beginning through its long, rambling course over the plains. And as they pressed on into the canyon, another discovery awaited them—the mustang's trail was lost on the hard, rocky soil, but by a spring in the canyon they came on the ashes of a dead camp-fire.

By the spring was the track of a horse, and for a moment the rancher supposed he had found the trail of some unknown hunter who had fired at the wolves, and who had, perhaps, rendered aid to the Mazappa-ride. But as he examined the horse's track he recognised it. It was the track of Handsome Alf's horse.

"Good heavens!" muttered the rancher. "Handsome Alf! We are close on the trail of the rustler! This was Handsome Alf's camp last night, and the mustang must have ridden past it. It was Handsome Alf, then, who fired at the wolves."

"Handsome Alf!" repeated Bob Lawless, almost dazedly.

The rancher nodded.

"By sheer chance, the mustang came in the same direction as the rustler, fleeing across the mountains," he said. "He came on Handsome Alf's camp; I guess it's clear enough. That's the track of Carson's horse. I have seen it often enough since we started from the Thompson Valley to know it. But he would not have aided Frank. Frank is still on the Mexican mustang, I guess; and Handsome Alf—"

His eyes glittered. "The rustler is in these hills, perhaps close at hand."

Ho felt over the ashes of the camp-fire.

They were still warm.

The sun was above the meridian now, so it was clear that the rustler had broken camp at a late hour in the morning. So far from the scene of his crimes, in the solitary mountains, the rustler had deemed himself perfectly secure; he had rested well after his long fatigues before he resumed his journey across the mountains.

"Still warm," said the rancher. "I guess Handsome Alf has not been gone an hour."

Bob's eyes glittered.

"But Frank—"

"True, our business is with Frank. But they are gone in the same direction. The mustang fled on into the hills last night, and the rustler rode west this morning, an hour or so ago.

Our way lies up the canyon, and it is possible—"

He did not finish the sentence, but he looked to his rifle. If Handsome Alf was sighted on the trail, there was punishment swift and stern for the man of many crimes.

On the rocky ground in the canyon there was no "sign"; but there was little doubt of the trail, for it was scarcely likely that the fleeing mustang would have climbed the steep sides of the canyon. The three trailers pressed on rapidly. It was an hour later that the rancher suddenly drew rein, raised his hand, and pointed.

From a wood far ahead, where a stream flowed, rose a thin column of smoke. It came, evidently, from a camp-fire hidden by the trees.

"A camp!" breathed Beauclerc.

"The camp of the rustler!" said Rancher Lawless, setting his teeth.

"He thinks himself safe from pursuit now—as he would be, but for the Providence that has aided us. He has camped for noon; that is his fire. The Mexican mustang must be many miles ahead. Our way lies past his camp. Even if we wished, we could not pass in safety without dealing with Handsome Alf, since the chance has fallen our way!"

The trailers pressed on, and reached the wood at a distance from the spot where the smoke-wreath curled over the tree-tops. They left their horses tethered on the edge of the wood, and crept silently through the trees, weapon in hand. Justice, swift and stern, was on the track of the outlaw at last.

The 4th Chapter.
The Outlaw's Doom!

Handsome Alf stretched himself at ease, and rolled a cigarette, and lighted it.

His swarthy face was calm and content.

His horse, staked out a dozen paces away by the stream, cropped the grass quietly. The sun shone overhead, but the air was cold and sharp in the high canyon of the Cascade Range. With his feet to the glowing camp-fire, the rustler sat, and smoked, and rested. He was quite at his ease now. The pursuit had been dropped many a long mile behind on the plains. He did not believe for a moment that the mounted police were still on his trail, and in that he was right. The North West troopers had long since given up the hunt and turned back. He was safe, and his way lay open before him to a new region. He could afford to take it easy now!

So ran the thoughts of the outlaw, while his fate was creeping upon him, silently, swiftly, but surely.

His incursion into the quiet Canadian ranch-lands had been a disastrous failure. His gang had been wiped out. He was fleeing alone. But he had wreaked a fearful revenge upon those who had baffled and defeated him. His cruel lips curved in a smile, as he thought of Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their Mazappa ride, which was to end, after long torment, in death.

The third of his enemies—Beauclerc—had escaped that fate. But it should fall upon him another day. And Rancher Lawless, too, should pay the penalty, and Sheriff Henderson of Thompson. Some day he would return, and then his revenge would be complete. All his foes should have cause to rue the day they had defeated him, and sent him fleeing a fugitive across the mountains. He was fleeing, a ruined man. But across the range there were the diggings, where he had old confederates,

where he could take up again his old life of claim-jumper and gold-thief! Only for a time. Some day, and ere long, he would be on the trail of revenge, and the Thompson Valley should see him again, to its cost!

Whiz!

He started from the reverie into which he had fallen, and the cigarette dropped from his lips.

He knew the whiz of a lasso!

He sprang up like a tiger, reaching for his rifle. And as he did so the noosed rope dropped over his shoulders and dragged.

The lasso had whirled suddenly from a thicket a dozen yards distant, and it had come too suddenly to be escaped.

Handsome Alf clutched at the rope, and saved it from passing down over his arms and round his body. But he could not escape before the noose tightened, and it was round his neck that it tightened.

A fierce drag on the rope, and the outlaw was sprawling on the ground. His breath stopped, his eyeballs rolled as the noose cut into the skin of his throat. He clutched it, with both hands in frantic desperation, clutched it madly to loosen it and save his life.

Three figures came running from the thicket.

A stalwart man bent over the rustler as he sprawled, and caught away his weapons, tossing them aside. Then he loosened the noose that was choking the life out of Handsome Alf.

The rustler lay in the grass, panting, gasping, staring up with starting eyes.

It was Rancher Lawless who was bending over him, his grip on the lasso. And Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc were at his side, the latter with a rifle levelled at him, finger on trigger.

For a moment the dizzy outlaw wondered whether he was dreaming. The rancher and Beauclerc, whom he had deemed scores of miles away; Bob Lawless, whom he had deemed to Mazappa death, they were standing over him, and it seemed like an unreal vision to the captured rascal.

"Bind his hands!"

The rancher's voice was sharp and hard.

Bob Lawless seized the outlaw's dusky wrist. Handsome Alf began to struggle feebly, but savagely. But a grip of iron was on his throat, a heavy knee jammed on his breast. His hands were dragged behind him, and bound there fast.

Then he was allowed to rise to his feet. The rope round his neck slackened, and he could breathe freely again. He stared at the rancher and his companions, his eyes burning with rage and hate.

"You!" he muttered.

Mr. Lawless raised his hand.

"Where is my nephew?" he said.

Handsome Alf's lip curled.

"You have saved one of them," he muttered. "You will never save the other. Your nephew—Frank Richards—is dead by this time!"

Bob gave a cry.

"You villain! You—"

The rancher made him a gesture to be silent. His eyes, glittering and hard, were fixed grimly on Handsome Alf's face.

"Last night Frank Richards on the Mexican mustang reached your camp back in the canyon. The trails have told me as much. You saw again the boy you doomed to a cruel death. What did you do?"

Handsome Alf sneered.

"I drove the mustang away, and long ere this the beast is far from your pursuit. You will never find him; and by this time the rider will be dead!"

"You drove him away. Even then you did not repent?"

The outlaw shrugged his shoulders.

"If he lives," said the rancher quietly, "we will save him yet. But you, Alf Carson, will pay the penalty of your crimes. You are a murderer half a dozen times over, and Frank Richards' blood may be on your hands."

"Once already I have been inside the calaboose at Thompson," said the outlaw, with mocking defiance. "I guess it may fail to hold me a second time."

"Possibly."

"And I reckon it's a long stretch from here to Thompson," said Handsome Alf mockingly. "You will not find it easy to land your prisoner there in the sheriff's hands, rancher."

Rancher Lawless did not answer. He turned to his son.

"Bob, take the scoundrel's horse and rifle. And you, Beauclerc, go with Bob. Wait for me on the other side of the wood with our horses."

Bob gave his father a startled glance.

"And you, father—"

"Wait for me where I have told you!"

"Yes, father."

Bob loosened the outlaw's horse, picked up the rifle, and followed Vere Beauclerc through the wood. Under the trees the two schoolboys' eyes met. They did not speak, but they wore a little pale.

They hurried on through the wood. The rancher moved at last. He cast the rope over the branch of the tree over the Californian's head.

Handsome Alf's dusky face grew white.

"What is it that you intend?" he muttered hoarsely.

The rancher looked steadily at the outlaw's savage face.

"You have five minutes to make your peace with Heaven!" he said coldly.

"You—you will not— A thousand curses! What is it that you are going to do?" yelled the outlaw.

"Hang you!" was the grim reply.

"You—you will not! You dare not—"

"I have no time to take you a prisoner to a distant town," said the rancher coldly, grimly. "And, as you have said, you could escape on the way, or the calaboose at Thompson might fail to hold you. I have not a minute to waste upon you, Handsome Alf. My nephew, doomed by you to a fearful death, must be found, if there is yet time to save his life. You had no pity upon him, no mercy upon my son! Your hands are red with innocent blood! Wretch, make your peace with Heaven while it is yet in your power to do so."

The outlaw gazed at him wildly. Then a torrent of words burst from his lips, curses and oaths mingled with entreaties. The rancher listened like a man of bronze. Justice, the stern justice of the prairie, had overtaken the outlaw at last. His long career of wickedness had reached its close.

A quarter of an hour later the rancher rejoined his son and Beauclerc on the other side of the wood. He spoke no word, and they asked no questions. In silence they mounted and rode.

The 5th Chapter.
From the Valley of the Shadow!

Frank Richards opened his eyes.

A red glare struck upon them—the sun was setting in the west, the sky was ablaze with crimson and gold. The mustang was in motion again, once more the gripping ropes lacerated his aching limbs, and the bitter pain brought consciousness back—consciousness of suffering.

Something hurtled through the air and struck the horse's flank, and slipped aside. The mustang started and swerved, and dashed off furiously in a new direction.

Frank tried to pull himself together. He tried to raise his head from the tossing mane and look.

What did he see?

It was a dream—a dream! He knew it must be a dream. For he saw the face of his Canadian cousin—he saw Bob Lawless, mounted upon Handsome Alf's horse, riding hard behind, with a lasso in his hand, and farther back Rancher Lawless and Vere Beauclerc riding hard. It was a dream—a vision to torture him in his last moments. His head sank back again into the tossing mane, and he groaned.

Whiz!

The rope was cast again, and with better fortune this time. The loop slid over the tossing head of the mustang, and the rope tightened. The wild career of the Mexican mustang slackened down, the horse was still at last, standing trembling—roped in!

"Frank—Frank, old man!" Bob Lawless whispered, as the tears coursed down his face. "Frank!"

"Frank!" whispered Beauclerc. "Saved, old fellow! You are safe now with your friends!"

And then Frank understood, and his haggard face lightened up for a moment ere he sank into deep insensibility.

THE END.

(Be sure you read "The Cedar Creek Snare," a topping tale of Frank Richards & Co. in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

TO ALL LOVERS OF SPORT.

My Fighting Life

By Georges Carpentier.

The Greatest Champion's Own Story.

HIMSELF THE AUTHOR.

Splendid Pictures.

Starts in This Week's

Young Britain, 2d.

Out on Thursday, Dec. 9th.

Don't Delay.

Get your Copy To-day.

Or Place an Order.

THE MISSING SCOUTMASTER.

By ROSS HARVEY.



IN HOT PURSUIT! The scout, in looking round at his pursuer, completely failed to notice the muddy pond into which he was about to step!

INTRODUCTION.

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 Guides, under the command of MISS BETTY HANSON, take part at a tournament. Wilson gives a fireworks display; the scouts and guides give a display of scoutcraft. Mr. Hendron is kidnapped. Later, whilst listening outside Captain Bowers' shack, they hear the old sailor threatening to kill someone unknown to them.

While searching the island, Ted Martin and Kitto witness a fight with outlaws, which is interrupted by bloodhounds. A wounded man and the hounds mysteriously disappear, and the scouts discover their probable retreat in an underground cave.

The scouts see Mr. Hendron and another man afloat on a raft out at sea, and the patrol effect a rescue. The reason for Mr. Hendron being kidnapped is still obscure, and the scouts set themselves the task of unravelling the problem.

(Now read on.)

The Vanished Patient!

Ted had no suggestion at all to offer, and, after a few words with Betty Hanson and her patrol of guides, hurried after Mr. Hendron towards the camp on the sandhills.

Less than twenty minutes later, the entire patrol made their way through the loose sand to Captain Bowers' shack, reaching it to receive another surprise and disappointment. The cottage was empty, and pinned on the door was a brief notice telling all and sundry that "Captain Bowers had gone away."

There was nothing to suggest where he had gone or whether he was coming back again, and the place was securely locked up, so there was nothing for it but for the Otters to turn their backs on the shack.

"I suppose that fight on the island last night scared him and the rest of the gang away, sir," Ted ventured.

"They probably cleared off directly after the fight."

"I suppose so—yes. Do you think any good would come of tackling that injured sailor again, now that he is in the hospital? We might be able to frighten him into telling us all he knows!"

Ted scarcely thought that was likely. Still, it was about the only thing left for the scouts to do, and they started for the town at once.

The hospital was quite a small building, and the matron greeted Mr. Hendron with a real welcome.

"Yes; there's no reason why you shouldn't see the sailor," she said, in answer to Mr. Hendron's question.

"The doctor left him about half an hour ago, and he was sleeping comfortably enough. Of course, I shan't be able to wake him if he is still asleep."

"No, of course not."

"His injuries are a very serious, though," went on the nurse, as she led the way up the stairs, "and the doctor is just dying to see you to hear how he came by them. The police have been here to make inquiries. This way, Mr. Hendron!"

The matron pushed open the door gently, stepped round the screen, then an exclamation of bewilderment left her lips.

"Why he—he has gone!"

Mr. Hendron, Ted, and Jack Kitto hurried into the room, glancing from the row of three empty beds to the wide-open window. Then they looked at each other blankly. The sailor, in spite of his injuries, had followed the example of Captain Bowers and the rest of them by taking to his heels, and to do it he had had to make a terribly difficult climb down a rain-water pipe.

"An almost impossible climb!" muttered Kitto, leaning over the window-sill.

"Not for a band, if anything ever did!" added Ted.

And they all lapsed into silence, each waiting for someone else to make a suggestion, the silence being broken by the sudden arrival of Mr. Quaife in the ward.

Mr. Quaife, owner of White Gull Island, and one of the wealthiest and most generous men in the town, caught Mr. Hendron by the arm as if overcome to see him well and safe again. Then Ted Martin and Jack

Kitto noticed something which was a little startling, to say the least of it.

There was an ugly gash across Mr. Quaife's left cheek that had been clumsily attended with sticking-plaster, and the wound was still bleeding a little.

The Tenderfoot's Mistake!

Hendron, it's just splendid to see you again!" Mr. Quaife cried after the short pause. "I have been listening to some amazing stories about my island. Just tell me everything that happened!"

He drew the scoutmaster aside, and Ted Martin looked after him, a puzzled expression on his face. That gash across Mr. Quaife's face was rather a funny affair, to say the least of it, and Ted couldn't help thinking of the fight he and Kitto had witnessed, yet he was rather nettled with himself for connecting the two things.

"It's just so much rot," he told himself. "How in the world could Mr. Quaife be mixed up in that scrap? I'm getting suspicious about everyone in my old age."

In consequence of that, Ted said nothing to Kitto about the cut on Mr. Quaife's face, and a little later he took his patrol outside and waited for Mr. Hendron.

They had to wait some considerable time, but the scoutmaster was ready with the orders for the day when he did appear.

"I've had a good long talk with Mr. Quaife," he exclaimed, "and not only is the island to be thoroughly searched again, but a watch is to be kept there for the next few days. I would rather we had done that ourselves, but the police insist, and so I am afraid the affair is a little out of our hands for the time being."

"What a pity, sir!"

"Yes, Martin. I'm sorry myself, but there it is. The police insist, so I had to agree. Now we've got to think about packing up our traps and getting back to the school, for we shall probably be able to return next week."

"Oh!"

It was Tenderfoot Wilson who moaned this time; still, they had another week of their camp among the sandhills, and the thing was to make the best of it. After all, that mild epidemic at the school had given

them a fine long holiday, and holidays aren't supposed to last for ever.

"We'll just have a fine finish to our camp, and then settle down to work," Mr. Hendron exclaimed. "Martin, I think it is rather up to us to hold a jamboree."

"Yes, sir; that would be splendid." "And there will be quite enough of us with the Robins to help," went on the scoutmaster. "Perhaps you'd better go and see Patrol-leader Betty Hanson right away, and get out some sort of a programme—all the lot of you had better go."

Ted flashed a glance at Jack Kitto, and Jack grinned. To their keen eyes it was clear enough that Mr. Hendron wanted to give them all something to do so that there should be no temptation to run into danger by hanging about White Gull Island any more, and the Otter Patrol had to obey.

They started off at once for the girls' school, where all the Robins were to be found, and it was just by chance that Tenderfoot Wilson thought he had found a short cut to the school buildings.

"It'll save us about half a mile if we slip across this field," he said in his keen way, and the farmer can't possibly mind."

"No, I don't suppose the farmer will mind," answered Ted Martin; and he stood looking up and down the lane while young Wilson vaulted the gate.

Ted was not at all sure about the field being a short cut, and the tenderfoot's suggestions had always to be taken cautiously, so there was a mild consultation on the part of the other scouts.

While an argument broke out as to whether the field would save them a long walk round or not, Wilson had all but reached the centre of it, then a truly amazing thing happened. An animal that the tenderfoot took to be a bull came stampeding across the field towards him.

Wilson had his share of pluck, but he didn't believe in being foolhardy; besides, he had been reading about a bull-fight in the morning's paper. He stayed just long enough to glance at the animal, then took to his heels just as hard as he could.

"Open the gate, you chaps!" he yelled to the other scouts. "Get it open, or I'm done for!"

(Continued on the next page)

Any boy can build scores of fine working Models

with

MECCANO

It is heaps better fun making real working models than playing with toys that somebody else has made. With Meccano you can build scores of interesting models—a new one every day if you like. Cranes, Towers, Fire Escapes, Transporter, Bridges, Looms, Motor Cars, Aeroplanes. You can build anything that works with Meccano.

Choose Meccano for your Christmas Present.

Meccano building is the most delightful hobby in the world for boys. And Meccano building is quite simple—no skill or study is needed. The genius is in the shining steel and brass Meccano parts, which are all real engineering units in miniature.

A Big illustrated Book of Instructions contains detailed particulars of how to build over 300 fine working models. This Book which goes free with every Outfit, makes everything easy.

* Free To Boys.

A Splendid New Meccano Book.

This is a beautiful new book which shows boys how to enjoy every minute of their play hours. It explains in a simple way the joys of Meccano. It is beautifully illustrated, and each page is brimming with boy fun and happiness.

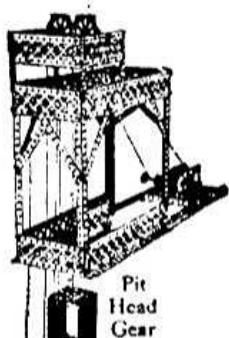
How to Get a Free Copy

show this page to three chums and send us names and addresses with your own. Put 52 after your name for reference. Write to-day.

Meccano Prices

No. 0 Outfit...	6
No. 1 Outfit...	10
No. 2 Outfit...	20
No. 3 Outfit...	30
No. 4 Outfit...	50
No. 5 Outfit...	70
No. 5 Presentation Outfit in Oak Cabinet	100
No. 6 Presentation Outfit in Oak Cabinet	180

MECCANO LIMITED BINNS ROAD LIVERPOOL.



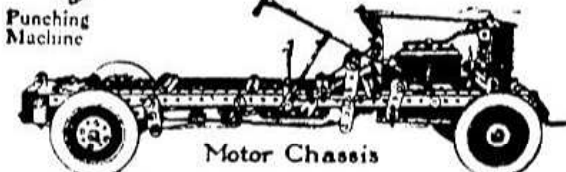
Pit Head Gear



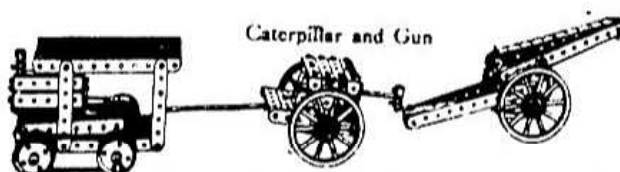
Fire Escape



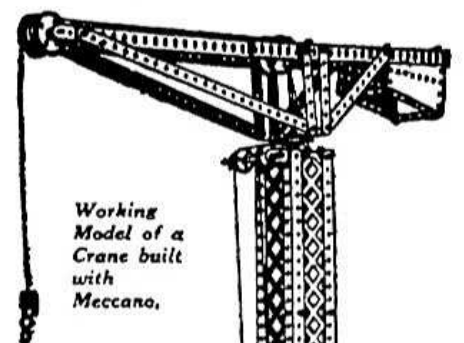
Punching Machine



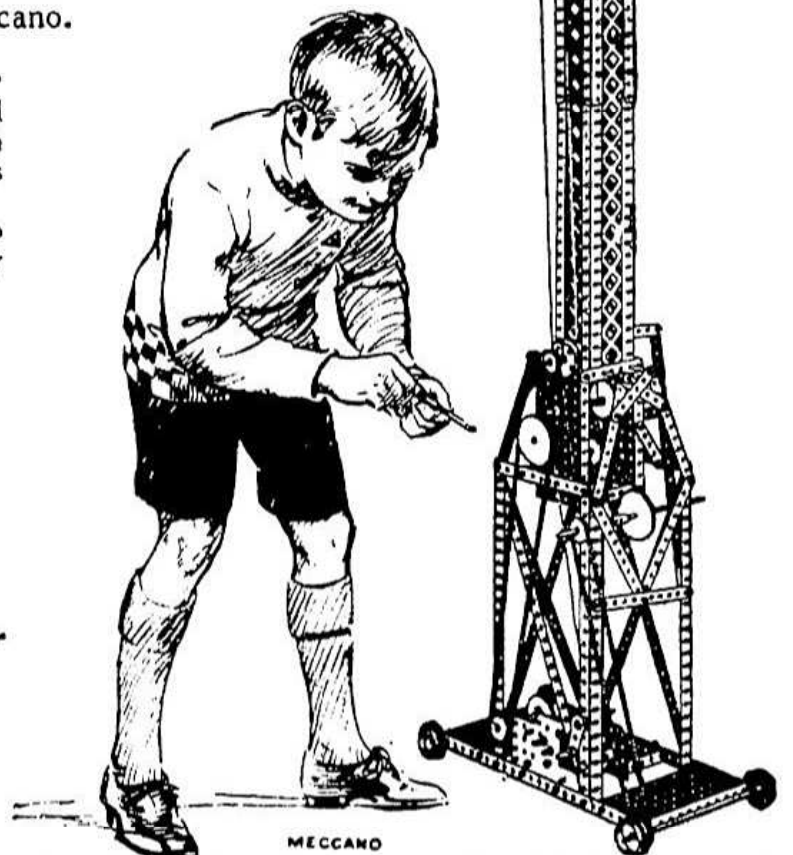
Motor Chassis



Caterpillar and Gun



Working Model of a Crane built with Meccano.



MECCANO

Ted Martin wheeled round, then burst into a roar of laughter, and an instant later the rest of the Otters were roaring, too.

Wilson heard them, and thought he had never experienced such callousness in his life. That his own chums could roar with laughter while a bull was charging at him at a pace which covered two yards of ground to Wilson's one, made the tenderfoot begin to doubt his belief in friendship.

Still, he hadn't a great deal of time for thought. He was very near the gate when he looked wildly over his shoulder, and he realised the truth. He had absolutely no chance of reaching the gate before the bull reached him, so young Wilson did the only thing left to him. He swerved away to one side and hoped for the best.

The quickness of his swerve did gain him a few yards, but the enemy was nothing like beaten. Wilson could hear the huge animal galloping after him again, and he looked back once more.

He wasn't quite certain, but he thought he could see that red light in the bull's eyes that had been mentioned in the account of the Spanish fight that he had been reading, and Jonah Wilson lost his head. He raced on while he was still looking over his shoulder, and Ted Martin's shout of warning fell on deaf ears.

Vaguely young Wilson realised that his patrol-leader had shouted to him to stop, but in the tenderfoot's eyes that was about the last piece of advice he could be expected to accept, so he raced on harder than ever.

He jerked his head round after a second or two to see where he was going, and there is no doubt that he saw all right, for he was on the very edge of a wood-covered pond that looked as if it couldn't very well have been more muddy than it was.

Probably Tenderfoot Wilson did try to stop then, but it was much too late, for he was up to his knees in the muddy water with the next stride, then he slipped.

Ho yelled plaintively as he felt his feet sliding from under him, then down he went with a splash, and for a moment all that marked the spot of Jonah's exit from the picture were

a few pathetic bubbles on the surface of the water.

They were there for only an instant, though; for Wilson's head soon bobbed up again, and his mud-filled eyes witnessed a spectacle that bewildered him.

The "bull" had stopped dead at the brink of the pond, which was not extraordinary, but really what was amazing was that Ted Martin, Jack Kitto, and Pearson were standing quite close to the animal, simply doubled up with laughter.

"Jonah, you'll be the death of me!" Kitto was yelling. "Oh, if you could only see yourself! What on earth did you take this animal for?"

"A—a bull!" choked Wilson, for there was quite a lot of mud in his mouth.

"A bull?" yelled back Kitto. "Why, it's just an ordinary old cow, you ass, and a specially friendly one at that!" And Kitto stepped to one side, and patted the cow on her flanks.

The animal took no notice. She stood there on the edge of the pond, chewing her cud and viewing young Wilson with what might have been a puzzled expression.

Wilson choked again and blushed furiously, but none of the other scouts could see that because of the mud that masked his usually cheery face.

Before anyone could speak again Betty Hanson and May Andrews, of the Robins, appeared at the gate leading to the field, and Wilson's alarm can be imagined.

"I say, don't tell Betty!" he gasped. "I—I am going to fade right away. Please don't speak of me at all, you chaps!"

Ted Martin laughed heartily as the tenderfoot scrambled from the pond and made off into the woods to the left of it, but it was not likely that the story would be told to the girls.

Wilson was a tenderfoot, and so bound to come to grief sometimes, but Ted knew he hadn't a keener scout at heart in the whole patrol than Jonah. Above all things, Ted Martin appreciated keenness, for it is the foundation of all success, so he wheeled round to the others.

"Not a word to the girls, mind," he said, although he was still laughing. "Jonah's too good a sort to be given away."

"Yes, rather!" nodded Kitto; and a moment or two later they had all joined Betty and May, and the forthcoming jamboree was being discussed in detail.

A little later Ted Martin was able to take quite a long programme to Mr. Hendron, and when the scout-master had made a few suggestions and alterations, arrangements were started at once for the show.

That meant a couple of very busy days for the Otters and the Robins, and during them the mystery of White Gull Island was rather forgotten.

On the day of the jamboree it was completely forgotten, for there was a large crowd to watch the display; the whole affair going off without a hitch, though whether the Otters or the Robins gave the better show remained a matter of opinion.

The great thing was that the rivalry between the two patrols was really the highest form of friendship, and when the display was all over, the scouts walked back over the sandhills with the girls, for it was a fairly dark night.

Cheery "good-nights" were exchanged, then Ted turned rather abruptly to Kitto.

"What about walking back along the sands, Jack?" he said. "Might as well—eh?"

"Yes, of course!"

Somehow, the scouts did not talk very much as they gained the sands, for now that the jamboree was over, their thoughts went back to White Gull Island a little, so it was only natural that they should stop for a moment or two to look out to sea towards it.

None of them really expected to see anything, until Ted Martin's voice rang out in an excited whisper.

"Drop gently down on the sand and lie still," came his words. "Don't make a sound!"

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



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4."

Well, now you've devoured every word in this issue, I suppose you want to know what I have for you next Monday? Quite natural, I think, too! Here it is, then: Long instalments of each of the fine serials

"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.

But here is the real goods:
"THE MINERS' ELEVEN!"
By Walter Edwards,

a topping, brand-new serial, which starts next Monday. This is one of the best yarns I have seen for a long time, and I can tell you I was delighted to be able to secure it. Mr. Edwards is a celebrated writer of football serials, and this is to be no exception to the fine standard he has attained in this direction. I know that practically all of you are very keen footballers, and this story is going to appeal to you—and then some more!

The title of the next Rookwood yarn is:

"CHEERING UP THE CAPTAIN!"
By Owen Conquest,

and is a top-hole yarn. There is enough fun in this yarn to keep a first-class music-hall comedian going for months.

"THE CEDAR CREEK SWEEP!"
By Martin Oilford,
is the next Cedar Creek tale. We now hear more of Bunker H. Honk, that astute (?) youth from Chicago. Honk's stunts have always been extremely amusing, and this one is no exception.

10/- FOR A READER!

With regard to the Telephone Competition No. 1, I have much pleasure in announcing Mr. John E. Meadow, 16, Shaw Street, Wigan, Lancs, as the winner. The efforts for this competition were numerous and really excellent, making the task of judging them quite difficult. However, Mr. Meadow's entry is the best in the opinion of the Editor, and I have awarded him a cash prize of ten shillings.

HELPING THE KIDDIES.

The Secretary of the Save the Children Fund has favoured me with the details of a plan to increase the amount of money which is being devoted to the cause of the poor little children who have been brought to starvation by the war. If you want to help just send a shilling and a penny to 26, Golden Square, London, W. 1, for one of the packets of used foreign stamps which are being sold to philatelists, and you will not merely be adding many valuable specimens to your collection, but will be doing something for the poor youngsters who are in want of food and clothes.

Your Editor

MEAD ON EASY TERMS. direct from factory at wholesale prices and SAVE POUNDS. World's finest massive Table Grand, Portable-Hornless and exquisitely coloured monster horn gramophone to select from. Grand bargains in Columbia, Regal, Victor, Edison, Gramophone, Edison, Gramophone, Edison, Gramophone. Immediate delivery. Sent on 30 days' trial, packed free, carriage paid. 25 times and 200 needles included. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Send postcard for beautifully illustrated catalogue. MEAD CO. (DEPT. G108), BALSALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

WATCH YOURSELF GROW by using the Girvan System. Mr. Briggs reports 5 inches increase; Driver E. F., 3 ins.; Mr. Kelley, 4 ins.; Seaman Mose-dale, 3 ins. Recommended by doctors. Patronised by Army and Navy. No drugs; no appliances. Send 3d. stamps for particulars and £100 Guarantee to the Girvan System, Dept. H.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. 4.

INTERESTING WORKING MODELS FOR THE LONG EVENINGS AND CHRISTMAS! - Working Model Steam Engine, 2 1/2, 10/6, 37/6. Model Steam Locomotive, 19/6; Track, 7/6, per piece. Steel Track, 3/4. Fork. Complete Electric Lighting Outfit, 4/6, larger size, 8/9. Self-Starting Electric Motors, 6/9, 9/6. Powerful Shocking Coil, 9/6; Small Batteries to work either, 1/3. Magneto Shocking Machine, complete, 9/6. Complete Electric Cycle Lamp, 1/9. Model Steam Road Wagon, 22/6. Complete Steam Railway, 3/1. Large Electric Railway, 58/6. Motor Parts, 3/-. Water Motor Parts, 3/-. Telegraph Parts, 1/5. Shocking Coil Parts, 1/5. Magnetism or Chemical Experiments, 1/5. Double-Acting Boat Engine, 5/6. Propeller Sets, complete, 3/5. Set Boiler Fittings, 8/6. Scale Model Railway Signal Parts, 1/11. Large Mountain Tunnel, 9/9. 4-Volt Dynamo, 9/3. Postage on all above, 6d. to 1/1 (balance returned). ORDER EARLY—THE MODEL ENGINEERING CO., 38, Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham.

FREE New "Big Bargains" Catalogue Post Free. Lady's and Gent's Watches, Alarm & Striking Clocks, Jewellery, Gramophones, Music Organs, Useful Goods, Novelties, Toys, Xmas Cards, Etc., Etc. Big Bargains Post Free. Satisfaction or Money Back. PAIN'S Presents House, Dept. 7B, Hastings.

CUT THIS OUT "Boys' Friend." PEN COUPON. Value 2d. Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5d. direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you have 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price, so you may send 13 coupons and only 3d. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the Boys' Friend readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Self-Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

CLARNICO

Don't put off buying your Xmas presents until all the CLARNICO. CARAMELS are sold out. Cream, Lily, & Chocolate-Lily.

CLARNICO

VISITING CARDS—Gold-Bevel Edge Ivory, Name & Address beautifully printed, 25 1/2, 50 2/7, 100 3/6, post free. —CLIFFE PRINTERS, 36, Cliffe Road, Bradford, Yorks. TOBACCO HABIT POSITIVELY CURED IN THREE DAYS.—Famous Specialist's prescription, 1/6.—H. HUGHES (Box B.P.), HULME, MANCHESTER. "Curly Hair!" "Mine curled at once," writes Major. Summers "Curly" curls straightest hair. 1/5, 2/6.—SUMMERS (Dept. A. P.), Upper Russell Street, Brighton. HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS from £1.—Real Value. Just the present for Xmas. Films galore, Lists free. Deak H. Dean Cinema Co., 94, Drayton Ave., W. Basing, London.

BOYS, BE YOUR OWN PRINTERS this Christmas by using The "Petit Plex" Dupliator. Prints pleasing Xmas Cards, Programmes, Letter-headings, Scoring-cards, Plans, Maps, Music, Carols, Notices, Bills, Drawings, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Get one TODAY! Price 5/6, from all Stationers, complete with all supplies, or Postage 9d. extra (Foreign 1/6), direct from B. PODKORE & Co., Ltd., Desk B.F., Southampton, and at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

THE 'MARVEL' XMAS PARCEL. 5/-, postage 9d. Contains: Handsome Vulcanite Fountain Pen, Water Pistol and Repeater, Leather Pocket Wallet and Purse, Pack of Playing Cards, 2 Table Games, Pocket Knife, Printing Outfit. THE MOST AMAZING VALUE EVER OFFERED. SPECIAL LINES. Model Engineering Outfit. Builds over 1,000 different models. (Full instructions enclosed.) 5/- (postage 1/-). The Gem Wristlet Watch. Nickel Silver, Accurate Timekeeper. Fully Guaranteed. Black or White Dial, 10/- (postage 4d.). Cross P.O. & C.O. Send Now and Take Part in Our Great Xmas Prize Scheme. BENNETT BROS., 5, Devonshire St., London, W.C.1.

IF YOU SUFFER from nervous worried feelings, lack of self-confidence, will power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, you should send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, which is guaranteed to cure in 12 days.—GODFREY BELLITT-SMITH, Ltd., 68, Imperial Bldg., Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Quality Counts. Set of Four With Lace-up 13/6. Tan Case 17/6. Post free, send for Full List.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 6d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

BOYS! USE A "DARE-DEVIL" AIR GUN. The Dandiest Air Gun Extant! It's It! Will teach you to shoot straight, train the eye, and cultivate the judgment of aim, sine for birds, rats, rabbits, etc. Grand sport shooting bottles. Splendid for indoor target-practice, competitions. Just the thing for dull evenings. Interesting, fascinating, amusing, and instructive. Comes to you, complete with a supply of shots, darts, targets, etc., securely packed, for P.O. 7/9 and 6d. extra for post carriage, direct from THE SOUTHERN ARMOURIES (Dept. 29), 41, Newington Butts, LONDON, S.E.11.

EXPERT PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS. Indetectable, Mysterious, Simple, No Skill, No Practice-Mechanical, YOU can do them. Set complete, with full instructions, 3/6. Send NOW and be prepared for the Merry Xmas Season!—WABERN'S, Magical Specialists (Dept. W), Osborne Road, Farnboro', HANTS.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.