# The Paper Which Amuses, Interests, and Instructs!



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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending March 5th, 1921.



TROUBLE FOR BRIGGS

The result was terrible—for the unhappy school porter. Under the impact of the dough he went flying backwards, and the cook, catching up a rolling-pin, followed up the attack. Don Darrel & Co. found it all they could do to refrain from yelling loudly, and so betraying their presence and that of the secret panel.

£10 in Prizes Every Week-See Page 103!

### A GRAND LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & Co.

Fublished

Every Monday



### The 1st Chapter. Jimmy Silver Has an Idea!

"His name is Cutts!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

And Arthur Edward Lovell remarked sagely:

"Let's hope he won't live up to

were standing in a group in the Rookwood quadrangle, discussing a rather important topic.

For the moment the Rookwood Fourth was without a master. Mr Bootles had gone, and Mr.

Cutts, the newly-appointed master of the Fourth, had not yet arrived. His arrival had been delayed a few

days, and probably nobody in the Rookwood Fourth would have been disappointed if it had been delayed a few weeks. The Fourth Form-in their own opinion, at least-could have got on very well for a few weeks without a Form-master. If lessons had been stopped, they would have been quite willing to take it out in football. They had heard that Mr. Cutts, at the last moment, had caught a cold, and even the tenderhearted Jimmy Silver hardly wished charitable hope that it might turn to Lapre Tommy Doyle spoke all Duenmon'

But Mr. Cutts had evidently recovered from his cold, for his coming was announced for that Wednesday afternoon, and Mr. Bootles had been seen off only that morning. There was to be no happy interregnum.

"He's coming this afternoon," continued Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "I've asked Bulkeley about it. He gets to Latcham at two-thirty, takes the local train for Coombe, and lands at Coombe at three-thirty. That's

the programme." Jimmy Silver's chums eyed him.

"Blessed if I'm specially interested!" remarked George Raby. "Same here!" said Newcome. "What did you ask Bulkeley all that rot for, Jimmy?"

"Your Uncle James," said Jimmy. Silver impressively, "has an idea. Your Uncle James, as you are aware, does all the thinking for this Co.--" "Rats!"

"Your Uncle James is a big chief!" said Jimmy Silver calmly. "Look here! We don't know what sort of an animal this new man may he. He may be a good little ass like Bootles, the dear departed, or he may be a swelling turkey like old Greely; he may even be a coughdrop like Manders. I don't want to discourage you young people-"

" Ass to "But he really may be anything. But whatever he is we've got to. stand him. We've got to grind Latin with him, we've got to laugh at his little jokes, and put up with his little tantrums. Well, Form-masters are only human, after all. They like butter just like common mortals. Suppose four nice boys walked down to the station and met Mr. Cutts, and carried his bag, and his coat, and his umbrella, and things, and sort of extended the right hand of fellowshin----

"But--" "Wouldn't that be liable to melt the ice around his heart, and make him love us first go off?" asked

"Some of the fellows would call it sucking up to him!" said Lovell, with

Jimmy.

a shake of the head.

"Some of the fellows can talk any rot they like!" retorted Jimmy Silver. "There's no law against pulling a Form-master's leg to put him into a good temper, that I know of. Besides, if he's a decent merchant we're going to like him, and we shall really want to make him feel

special to do, so why not do the polite thing?"

"Well, putting it like that-" said Lovell thoughtfully.

"Oh, any old thing!" said Raby. "There's nothing on, and we may as The Fistical Four of the Fourth | well mooch down to Coombe as | with a grinning face. lounge bout the quad."

> "I don't mind!" yawned Newcome. Uncle James of Rookwood nodded with satisfaction. He really thought he had hit on a good idea for killing a damp afternoon. Of course, he wasn't going to explain to Mr Cutts that they were doing the polite thing because there was nothing else on. That would have spoiled the effect. Mr. Cutts was going to see, at once, what nice, polite boys there were in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, and he was bound to be pleased.

Having come to this decision, the Fistical Four turned away to walk down to the gates, and at that moment three mocking voices chimed in upon their meditations. Three Modern juniors had been standing near at hand, screened by one of the big old beeches, and plainly they had him a prompt recovery, while Tubby | heard every word of the discussion. Muffin had been heard to express a And Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook,

> "Yah! Sucking up to a Formmaster! Classical cads! Yah!"

The three Tommies, of the Modern 1 Fistical Four in unison.

Jimmy Silver halted. "There's lot of time to get to Coombe," he remarked. "Let's wipe up the quad with these Modern

rotters before we start." "Hear, hear!" said Lovell heartily. "Classical cads!" roared Tommy

Dodd, as the Fistical Four charged. "Modern worms! Mop 'em up!" Three juniors went spinning from

the charge of four. The three Tommies were strewn under the becches on the domo earth, | Fourth. roaring. Then the Fistical Four walked on to the gotes again, feel ing that they had done their duty,

and done it well. Tommy Dodd scrambled up, and fielded his cap.

"The cheeky rotters! After them!" he shouted.

"Wow!" said Doyle. "Ow!" said Cook. "Buck up!" yelled Dodd. "Oh rats!" grumbled "Look at me nose!"

"Wow-wow!" said Tommy Cook. There was no pursuit after all. "Ow!" Tommy jerked himself Jimmy Silver & Co. swung out at away, and rubbed his head. "Hands after the brief, but exciting combat. I ha!" nose, when a voice hailed the juniors | Cook, in great exasperation. "Bump | short and stumpy for his age, perhaps. from a window. They spun round. him." In their brief combat with the four Classicals they had been in full view | Dodd hastily. "Wait till I've given | of the Head's study, and there was my message to Thompson, and I'll Dr. Chisholm himself looking at them I tell you."

Dodd. "Now for a row! He saw I the chauffeur. He came out again 

after the combat was over.

He raised his hand, and beckoned I seen.' to Tommy Dodd quite amicably. The leader of the Modern Fourth ran up ass, as he's never been to Rookwood.

at once. "Dodd!" "Yes, sir?"

"Please go to the garage, and tell | Thompson that the car will not be the the wiser--"

"Yes. sir." "Mr. Cutts has telephoned from come calling himself Cutts?"

at home. I think this is a jolly good 1- Latcham that he lost the connection stunt. The ground's too jolly wet | there, and he will not reach Coombe for footer, and we've got nothing | Station till half-past four. Kindly tell Thompson so, and inform him that the car will be required at the station at four-thirty."

"Certainly, sir." "Thank you, Dodd!" Tommy Dodd returned to his chums

### The 2nd Chapter. So Has Tommy Dodd!

"Ha, ha, ha!" The three Commies waited till they were a safe distance from the Head's window before they chortled.

Then they chortled loud and long. The Classical chums had gone to Coombo to meet Mr. Cutts' train, and Mr. Cutts was not coming by that train after all! He was coming by the next "local" from Latcham, which was an hour later.

"Serve 'em jolly well right, bedad!" grinned Tommy Doyle. "Suckin' up to a baste of a Formmaster!"

"They can cool their heels at the station.!" chuckled Cook. "They'll wait for the next train-"

"And then the car will come for Cutts!" roared Tommy Dodd, "and there won't be room for Classical fags in the car! Ha, ha, ha!".

"Dear old Jimmy doesn't know the car was going--"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Just like Jimmy!" said Tommy Fourth, hurled that taunt at the Dodd cheerfully "Always putting his Classical hoof in it. Fancy his face when the giddy train comes in, and no giddy Form-master in it to be polite to! By Jove!" Tommy Dodd's eyes danced. "I wonder-- Ha, ha, ha!" He burst into a roar.

"Phwat's biting yez now?" demanded Doyle.

"Ha, ha!" roared Tommy.

Dodd ecstatically. Evidently some new and brilliant thought had shot into the brain of Master Thomas Dodd, of the Modern

"What is it?" demanded Cook. "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Tommy

"Oh, bump it out of him!" Cook and Doyle grasped Tommy Dodd together, and Tommy's head came into contact with the garage

Crack !

Doyle. | napper."

"Then phwat's the joke, you spalpeen?"

the gates, and strolled away cheerily off, you chumps! Ain't I just going towards Coombe. The three Tommies | to explain? Look here, we're going | attended to the necessary repairs to pull their Classical leg! Ha, ha,

"Hold on!" exclaimed Tommy Tommy?" gasped Doyle.

from the open window. Tommy Dodd ran into the garage, "Oh crumbs!" murmured Tommy | with the message from the Head to grinning.

But the next moment his uneasi- | "Now lend me your earlets," he ness was relieved. The Head was not | said impressively. "Those Classical frowning; he did not look wrathy. I asses will be waiting for the three-Evidently he had come to the window I thirty train, expecting a giddy Formmaster by it-a man they've never

> "Of course they've never seen him, What are you getting at?" "Suppose another man came---"

"Calfing himself Cutts, they'd never

needed to go to the station." You owl!" roared Cook. "Why the merry dickens should another man

"Little me!" he said.

"Eh?" "What?"

"Jimmy Silver thinks the Classical players are no end big guns at theatricals," said Tommy Dodd, "but we know that the Modern Dramatic Society beats them hollow, don't

"Yes, but-"

Tommy glanced at his watch. "The train from Latcham passes through Rookham," he said. "I could get to Rookham on my bike, Latcham. Tommy Dodd sat on a seat and get into it there, and arrive at on the platform and waited. And Coombe just as if I'd come on from | when the train came in he took a seat Latcham Junction. There's lots of in it. with perfect coolness. the bikes."

"But what--" Tommy Dodd. "We can hire the things, and Judson will help me make-up. We'll tell him it's a lark, chuckled under his beard. of course. He's helped us before. In a big coat, and boots, and whiskers, an spees, and a felt hat, I'll make a Form-master all right: I'm nearly as tall as old Bootles was, any way. I don't say I'd face the

Head-" "My hat! I should say not." "But I'd face any number of Classical duffers-if it came out, there's no harm done," said Tommy Dodd. "But it won't come out. I shall just fool them, and pull their leg, and put them through it."

" But---" "No time for butting now," said Tommy Dodd briskly. "Get out the bikes-sharp! You can do your butting on the way to Rookham."

"But-" gasped Doyle. "Come on!" roared Tommy Dodd. He led the way at a run to the bikeshed. His comrades, in a state of breathless astonishment and uncertainty, followed him.

Cook and Doyle were smitten by doubts-many doubts. But Tommy Dodd had his way—as he usually

In a few minutes the three Moderns were in the saddle, and pedalling away for Rookham as fast as wheels could revolve.

By road and lane and short cut they fairly flew.

The three Tommies were good cyclists, but never had they covered the ride from Rookwood to the market town in such record time.

They were flushed and gasping when they jumped off their machines. at last, outside Mr. Judson's shop in

Rookham High Street. Mr. Judson- was a barber-or. rather, hairdresser, wig-maker, costumier, and several other things. He did costumes for the Rookham Theatre Royal, and also for the amateur theatrical society at Rookwood School. Tommy Dodd & Co. were good customers, and worthy of Mr. Judson's best consideration. Leaving their machines against the

shop front, they rushed in. Mr. Judson was astonished at first, but he was amenable to reason. In five minutes the three chums were in Mr. Judson's private-room, and Mr. Judson was at work on Tommy Dodd -his chums watching him with grinning faces.

When Tommy Dodd was finished,

the metamorphosis was amazing. He looked taller, with elevators in large boots; he looked considerably "Yooooo!" roared Tommy Dodd. | fatter, in a well-padded coat, with "You silly owls, paws off! Ow! My an overcoat outside it. A short beard and moustache, and a few touches of make-up, changed his face remarkably. A pair of spectacles added to aback. the effect. A thick greyish wig covered his short, dark hair, and it was crowned by a "Daily Mail" hat.

> Cook and Doyle simply gasped as they looked at him. Tommy Dodd looked like a respect-

Tommy Doyle was still mopping his | "There he goes again!" exclaimed | able gentleman of fifty or so-rather "Bedad, and is it really you now, said the new master severely.

"Blessed if I'd know you, kid!" said Cook, in quite an awed voice.

"Boys!" said Tommy Dodd, in a deep, stern voice that made his comrades jump, "kindly cease these-er -personal remarks. What are youer-doing here? Go back to Rookwood at once, and take a hundred lines each."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Mr. Judson grinned.

"You going out like that, sir?" he I fellow!"

Dodd. "You fellows get my clobber, | if it came to that. He was a rather

and the bikes, back to Rookwood, sturdy fellow. Still, perhaps from I'll change again in the spinney, near the pinnacle of the enormous age of the school, after we've japed those lifty, he seemed a little fellow to Mr. Classical chumps. Now I'm off." | Cutts. But the cheek of it was that

through the shop to the street. in the shop, but they did not glance | master.

Tommy Dodd tapped himself on the | specially at Tommy Dodd. Evidently

his disguise passed muster. He breathed rather quickly as he

came out into Rookham High Street, however.

But again he passed muster quite well; the passers-by did not give him a second glance. There was nothing in that middle-aged-looking gentleman to attract special attention. Tommy Dodd tucked his umbrella under his arm, and walked away quickly to the station.

He had done well; there was ten minutes to wait for the train from

time, if we put on a bit of speed on In his carriage were three or four other pasengers; and they did not give him any special attention. And "The costumier's at Rookham that when the train ran into Coombe, at we always deal with," continued last, and Tommy Dodd, from the window, spotted four youthful figures in Etons waiting on the platform, he

#### The 3rd Chapter. The New Master!

Arthur Edward Lovell detached himself from an automatic machine on the platform in Coombe station, and yawned.

"Here's the train!"

"Now for the merry Cutts!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistical Four lined up on the platform to watch the alighting passengers, and pick out from them the new Form-master.

The gentleman was a stranger to them, of course; but they had no doubt about picking him out. In fact, by a process of exclusion, as they say in the detective stories, the chums of the Fourth very quickly arrived at the only person who could possibly be Mr. Cutts. A dozen passengers alighted from the train; but half of those were young persons. Of the rest, two were farmers, one a soldier, one an airman, and one a lady. Evidently none of these could be Mr. Christopher Cutts.

The remaining passenger was a somewhat stumpy gentleman, in a "Daily Mail" hat, a thick overcoat, an umhrella, and beard and whiskers and moustache. He looked a very quiet and respectable middle-aged gentleman as he blinked about him through a large pair of spectaclesor, rather, over a large pair of spectacles, for he did not look

through the lenses. "That must be the johnnie!" said

"Bit of an old corker," remarked Newcome, "but he looks harmless enough."

"Quite tame!" grinned Lovell. That's the merchant!" said Jimmy Silver. "Must be! But we'll ask him, anyhow."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. crossed the platform towards the gentleman in the Sandringham hat, and raised their caps very politely.

He blinked at them. "Mr. Cutts?" asked Jimmy. "Ah! You belong to Rookwood, my boy?" asked the spectacled gentleman in a rather high-pitched voice, blinking away at a great rate over

his gold-rimmed glasses. "Yes, sir. We've come to meet you," said Jimmy.

"Indeed! Did Dr. Chisholm instruct you--' "Nunno, sir. We-we just came on our own," said Jimmy Silver. "You did what?" exclaimed Mr. Cutts-if it was Mr. Cutts-sharply.

"We came on our own, sir," repeated Jimmy Silver, rather taken "You should not use such an ex-

pression, boy!" said the master. "You doubtless mean that you came of your own volition?" "Ye-es, sir."

"Then say that you came of your own volition, or of your own accord, not that you came on your own!" "Oh! Ah! Yessir!" stammered

The new master was losing no time to calling his new pupils to order.

"I abhor slang!" said Mr. Cutts. "D-d-do you, sir?" "Certainly!"

"S-s-sorry, sir!" stammered Jimmy. "We-we came of our own volition, sir, to-to-to welcome you to Rookwood, sir."

Thank you very much, my little

Jimmy Silver coloured. "You bet!" answered Tommy |. He was not exactly a little fellow. Tommy Dodd coolly walked Mr. Cutts was scarcely taller than Jimmy himself!

There were two or three customers | "Your name?" asked the new

"Silver, sir!"

"Silver.? Absurd!"

"Wha-at?" "That is the name of a metal. Please do not make practical jokes l with me. boy! What is your name?" | of the Head's car.

"It-it's really Silver, sir!" stammered Jimmy, more and more taken aback.

Lovell & Co. grinned. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Cutts. "Is it possible that Silver is a name?"

"Has not the Head sent a car to meet me?"

"I-I suppose not, sir," said Jimmy, staring up and down the street. There certainly was no sign

"Absurd! How does the Head think I am going to Rookwood?"

"There's the hack, sir!" ventured Lovell.

After what they had seen of the



Published

Every Monday

THE NEW MASTER ARRIVES! "Ah, how do you do not asked Mr. Cutts. "Where did you get that hat?" And with this last remark he sent old Mack's topper flying from his head.

rather resentfully. Jimmy's own seat himself in the station cab and opinion was that Silver, even if un | roll away, leaving them to their own common, was at least as good as | devices. But Mr. Cutts was not

." And your name, my boy?"

"Lovell, sir!" said Arthur Edward, with satisfaction. There was no fault to be found with that very nice name, anyhow. "These chaps are Raby and Newcome, sir!"

"Are you in my Form-the Fourth "Form?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very good. I am very much obliged to you for coming here, my boys. You might have put on clean collars. However, I shall soon see that you keep up a more neat and tidy appearance."
"Oh!"

Mr. Cutts' strictures were quite uncalled-for. If he wasn't satisfied with the Fistical Four, they wondered what he would think of Tubby Muffin.

"S-s-shall I carry your umbrella, sir?" asked Raby meekly.

"Thank you, no!"

"Your-your luggage, sir-" "Never mind that now. Kindly show me the way out of the station." "Yes, sir."

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not think much of their new Form-master, so far. They led the way to the exit, exchanging surrepitious glances. Mr. Cutts followed them, and was careful that they should not see his ticket as he handed it to the porter.

At the station door he paused to blink round him. Jimmy Silver & Co. moved off a few paces, and Raby made a thrilling communication in a whisper.

say, you chaps, he wears a. wig!"

"What?" murmured Lovell.

"I'm sure of it!" breathed Raby. "Swear to it!"

"By Jove!" "If he cuts up rusty we'll have no end of fun with him!" Raby breathed delightedly. "What about jerking it off with a fish-hook some time---

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silver!" exclaimed Mr. Cutts. He drew Jimmy's attention with a lunge of his umbrella, which caught | the captain of the Fourth in the ribs. "Yaroooh!" roared Jimmy, taken

by surprise. "Silver! For what reason are you uttering that ridiculous and ill-mannered ejaculation?" exclaimed Mr. Cutts.

"Ow! You hart my ribs, sir!"

"Nonsense!" 65 Ow !"

"Silence, Silver! I can see that you are a bad boy!" said the new master sternly. "Now attend to me."

"Ow! Yes, sir."

exclaimed the new master.

new master the Fistical Four would

"Certainly it is!" said Jimmy! have been quite pleased to see him

done with them yet-not by any means! "Ah, the hack!" said the new master. "Very good! Ask the

drive us to Rockwood?" "Us?" repeated Jimmy, in dismay.

driver how much he will charge to

"You are coming with me." Now, if Mr. Cutts had turned out a nice gentleman, like the beloved and regretted Mr. Bootles, Jimmy Silver. & Co. would have been delighted to accompany him to the school. But he hadn't! Jimmy was still feeling that poke in the ribs from the umbrella. He did not want to risk another. So he stammered apologetically:

"We-we're not going back just yet, sir, if-if you don't mind-"

"Nonsense!" 'It's a half-holiday, sir!" ventured | right mind. Lovell.

"Are you arguing with me,

"Nunno, sir! And-and name's Lovell, not Shovel," Arthur Edward rather warmly.

"Get into the hack at onco!" "Oh dear!"

The ancient driver of the station cab alighted from his seat and opened the door. The Fistical Feur, with dismayed looks, crowded in. Raby was the last, and he gave a sudden yell as Mr. Cutts lunged into his back with the umbrella.

"Yowp!" "Silence, boy! Get in!"

Raby fairly jumped in, scrambling over his comrades' legs. Mr. Cutts followed them in.

"Make room for me!" he snapped. "Whose foot is that?" He jabbed down with the umbrella.

"Yaroooh!" "Whose leg is that?" Another

"Oh crikey!" "How dare you yell in that manner in your Form-master's presence? Be silent at once! Driver, you may proceed."

The driver clambered back to his box, with a grin, and proceeded. Crowded in the hack, as far as they could get from Mr. Cutts, Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged dismayed looks. And Lovell, Raby, and Newcome glared at Jimmy, with glares that were almost warranted to kill at forty rods. It was Uncle James who had landed them into this-Uncle James, with his potty stunts about meeting Form-masters at stations! But for the august presence of Mr. Cutts. Uncle James of Rockwood would probably have been rolled just then in the bottom of the hack, and three pairs of boots would have been

I wiped on him.

### The 4th Chapter. Going Through It!

There was silence in the hack as it rumbled on to Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were thinking of this new obnoxious master, and the ructions there would be at Rookwood if he kept on as he had started.

The new master was thinking, too, and his thoughts would have amazed the Fistical Four if they could have guessed them! For the new master was thinking whether he could venture as far as Rookwood in his Silver. present guise; and he was making up his mind to do so. The spirit of adventure was strong upon Master Tommy Dodd, and he had been so successful so far that he was throwing prudence to the winds. There were other Classicals to be "spoofed" as well as the Fistical Four!

So the hack rolled on to the gates | slacking about! I cannot stand laziof the school and overtook two juniors who were riding bikes, one of them wheeling a third bike, and the other carrying a bundle. They were Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, and they stared blankly at the hack, with the new master sitting in it. As soon as it had passed them, they chuckled breathlessly.

"Stop!" rapped out Mr. Cutts, at the gates.

The new master alighted, followed by the juniors.

"It-it's the porter, sir." "Ah! How do you do, porter?" asked Mr. Cutts. "Where did you get that hat?"

"Eh!" ejaculated old Mack, in astonishment. Old Mack's shiny hat was one of the sights of Rookwood, and he put his hand up to it in amazement. To the astonishment of his companions. Mr. Cutts swept round his umbrella, and old Mack's hat flew off his head.

"My heye!" gasped the porter. "Look 'ere, who's this 'ere gent, Master Silver? Wot--"

"It—it's Mr. Cutts!" stammered Jimmy helplessly.

"Oh jiminy!" Old Mack went after his hat, and Mr. Cutts walked on into the quad with the dazed Classicals. He seemed to be unconscious of the astonishment

he was causing. He glanced towards the School House, and the spirit of mischief Mr. Cutts marched the whole gentleman who had ragged the prompted him to enter there; but he | length of the line, caning each junior | Classical Fourth in Little Quad? refrained. A meeting with the Head, | in turn with his umbrella, and then | "It's a Modern jape!" roared or with Mr. Greely, was rather too | came back along the second rank, till | Mornington suddenly. "Didn't you much risk even for Master Dodd. He | he had caned-or, rather, umbrella-ed | notice he bolted when Cook came and turned towards the archway that led | into Little Quad.

"Follow me!" he snapped. "Yes, sir! That-that isn't the way in---,

"Silence!" The Fistical Four followed the new master into Little Quad. They were asking themselves now whether Mr. Christopher Cutts was quite in his

"Silver!" "Yes, sir!"

"Kindly call together all the Classical members of the Fourth Form, and bring them here. I prefer to examine them in the open air."

"Oh dear!" "What are you stammering about, Silver?"

"N-n-nothing, sir."

to stop."

"Then do at once as I bid you." "Oh, certainly, sir!" gasped Jimmy helplessly.

He hurried away, leaving his chums with Mr. Cutts. Mr. Cutts eyed Lovell & Co. morosely.

"I can see that you are accustomed to slacking about," he said severely. "Really, sir--"

"I shall soon change all that! You will find that I am not to be trifled with. Can you run?"

"Ye-es, sir." "Then let me see you do so. Run from the archway to the library door and back. Keep it up till I tell you

"Oh, my hat!" Form-masters' commands, however extraordinary, had to be obeyed. Lovell & Co. trotted up and down Little Quad in a state of dazed amazement, while Mr. Cutts sat on a bench and watched them, frowning.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver was calling together the Classical Fourth.

Some of them were out of gates, but the greater part of the Classicals were rounded up in the house or the quad. They heard of the new master's command in amazement.

"What the thump does he want us in Little Quad for?" demanded Mornington.

Jimmy Silver shrugged shoulders helplessly. "Blessed if I know! I believe he's off his rocker."

Jimmy Silver.

"Oh gad!" said Morny.

"Must be a jolly queer fish!" said Conroy. "We'd better go, though." And the Classicals went.

Fifteen or sixteen juniors came through the arch together, and they fairly blinked at the sight of Lovell & Co. panting up and down the path. "What on earth's that game?"

ejaculated Oswald. "He, he, he!" cackled Tubby Muffin. "Is he potty?" breathed Putty

Grace. "Looks like it!" groaned Jimmy

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Cutts. Lovell & Co. stopped willingly enough. They were getting winded. "Boys! Are these all the boys of

my Form, Silver?" "All I could find, sir!" "Very good! Form in ranks!" commanded Mr. Cutts. "Don't stand

"Oh gad!"

"Now, then! Form up, there!" The astonished juniors stood ranked before Mr. Cutts. In the distance, a number of the Shell and the Third stood staring on, grinning, and wondering what it all meant. Modern Fourth-Formers gathered round, too, but Mr. Cutts took no notice of them. All his attention was concentrated on the hapless Classicals. Jimmy Silver hoped that the Head would appear in "Who is this?" rapped out the the offing; but the Head was not master, as old Mack came out of his likely to come wandering through Little Quad.

> "A more slovenly-looking set of boys I never saw in my life!" said Mr. Cutts. "Shocking! Disgraceful! My first proceeding will be to cane the lot of you!" .

"Phew!" "My hat!"

"You first, Silver! Hold out your

"Oh crickey!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

Mr. Cutts gripped his umbrella. Evidently he was going to use it as a

Jimmy Silver held out his hand; there was no help for it! Swipe!

"Ow!" "Lovell!"

Swipe! "Mornington!"

Swipe! "How the thump did he know my | That angular gentleman, just name?" murmured Morny, as he entering the School House was Mr.

rubbed his hand. -the whole crowd. The juniors squeezed their hands in dismayed him was that Mr. Cutts had come silence, wondering what was coming

let me see how you can run! You I them, and rushed up to them.

Tubby Muffin was the first to lag; and Mr. Cuits' umbiella "touched him up" with such effect that Tubby roared, and put on a spurt.

Round and round trotted the hapless juniors, with Mr. Cutts' sharp eyes blinking at them over his spectacles. In the distance the hoot of a motor-car was heard; but neither master nor pupils noted it. But suddenly Tommy Cook came bolting through the archway with a scared face. He rushed up to Mr. Cutts.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stopped at last, panting for breath. They realised that something had happened; though they could not hear what Tommy Cook was saying to Mr. Cutts.

What happened next seemed like a wild dream to the Classical juniors. Cook had only breathed a few words, when Mr. Cutts suddenly made a break for the archway, running as if for his life.

The Classical juniors stared after

him dazediy. Mr. Cutts pelted along as if he were on the cinder-path. He vanished through the archway almost in the twinkling of an eye!

"What-what-what-" stuttered Jimmy Silver.

"What on earth-" "Cook-I say, Cook--"

But Tommy Cook was running after the amazing new master. In utter bewilderment the Classicals rushed through the archway into Big Quad. Outside the School House the Head's car was drawn up, and a rather tall, bony-looking gentleman was descending from it.

Jimmy Silver gasped for breath. "What-what-what does it all mean?" he stuttered. "What has Cutts bunked for? What-whatwhat--"

Bulkeley of the Sixth was in the quad, and Jimmy rushed across to

"Bulkeley! What does it meanour Form-master-Mr. Cutts--" "Eh? He's just come!" said Bulkeley.

"Just come!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

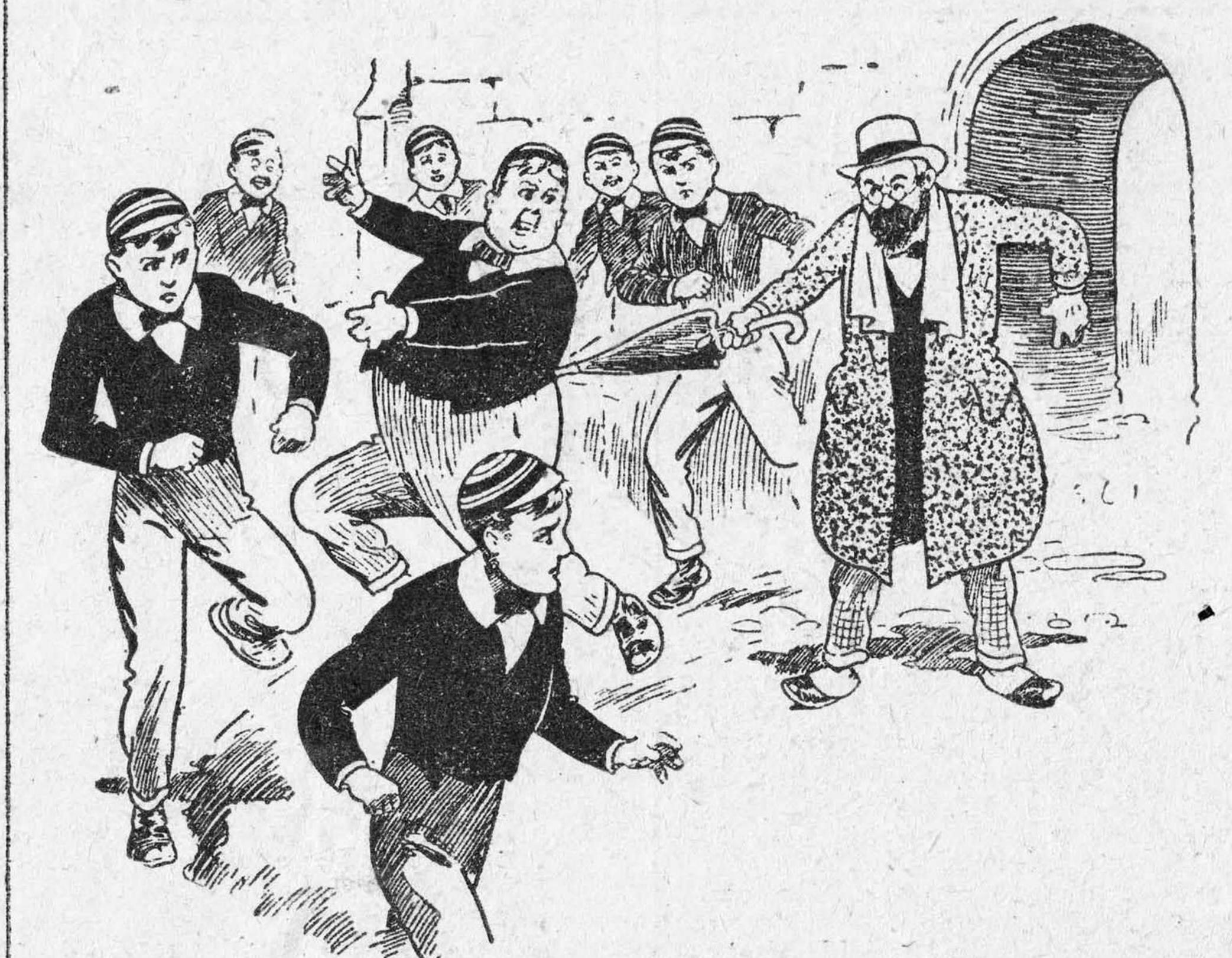
"Yes-that's Mr. Cutts getting out of the car!"

"Great pip!" Jimmy Silver fairly staggered.

Cutts! Then who was the stumpy

told him something? What he told

and---" When the three Tommies came in "A precious crowd!" snorted Mr. | at the gates they came in with smil-Cutts. "I am ashamed of you! Now | ing faces. Jimmy Silver spotted



as he completed his fourth "lap."

DISCIPLINARIAN Tubby was the first to lag, and Mr. Cutts immediately prodded the fat junior with his umbrella. "He's mad!" breathed Lovell

lead, Silver! You will run round Little Quad till I give you the word to stop! Any boy who slacks will be

"Oh gad!" "He's mad!" breathed Lovell. "Mad as a hatter!" groaned

touched up by my umbrella. Start!"

"Start!" roared Mr. Cutts.

The juniors started. In a breathless crowd, they trotted round Little Quad, amid peals of laughter from juniors of other forms, staring on at the extraordinary show.

But the three Tommies dodged into Mr. Manders' House; and a few moments later they waved their hands mockingly from a study window above. And a crowd of Classical fists were shaken, furiously but fruitlessly, at Master Tommy Dodd-Rookwood's amazing new master!

The juniors in a breathless

crowd trotted round the quad.

THE END. (" Bolshevism at Rookwood!" is a simply topping story of Jimmy Silver & Co., which you must not miss. It appears in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND, which you will be wise to order in advance.)

## GRAND LONG COMPLETE TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO.

Published

Every Monday

### The 1st Chapter. Red Pete's Victim!

less suddenly.

"What--" began Frank Richards. "There's something wrong."

Bob Lawless pulled in his horse. The chums of Cedar Creek were riding to school in the fresh, sunny morning, when Bob's horse suddenly shied and whinnied, and swerved from the path.

Something in the thick grass had startled the horse-something that the schoolboys had not yet seen.

Hidden in the grass, save from above, lay the body of a man, stretched on his back, his colourless face upturned to the blue sky.

Within a few feet of him, in the sassafras, sat a hideous black vulture, watching.

The obscene bird moved, unwillingly, as Bob came up. The Canadian the wing.

yards, to watch and wait.

Frank.

"Not-not dead?"

"No; the vulture hasn't touched

Bob Lawless bent over the insensible man. He was a man of about thirty, of powerful frame, in ridingclothes.

guess!" said Bob Lawless. "I've with a red, stubbly beard, and hard never seen him before. He's been | features shaded under his Stetson shot down at close quarters--in two hat; the other was an Indian halfplaces. I reckon he's been lying here | breed. Both of them were armed, a good part of last night. We and both looked as "tough" as any sha'n't get to school this morning, ruffians the rancher's son had ever Franky. We must get this galoot to the ranch somehow!"

Frank Richards dismounted, and, keeping a grip on the reins of the uneasy horses, he followed his chum into the grass. He shuddered as he looked down on the still form.

"He looks-looks-" muttered Frank.

"The vulture would have started | on him if he'd been dead" said Bob. i He felt the fallen man's heart carefully. "His heart's still beatingfaint enough, I guess! I guess he will have to be moved with care. He might pass in his chips at once if we try to get him on a horse. Franky, ride back to the ranch like thunder. the buggy!" "Right-ho!" answered Frank.

Bob Lawless took his horse, and pegged him in the trail. Frank Richards wheeled round, and rode back towards the Lawless Ranch at a gallop. Bob remained by the wounded man.

was more serious, the bullet was resting on the revolver in his belt.

upon a tussock of thick grass, and He would have given much just then bound up the cut in the scalp with to catch sight of the buggy from the his handkerchief.

Once a low moan escaped the un-

not open.

The rancher's son waited.

do for the hapless stranger, except watch over him, and drive away the vultures and coyotes if they came.

tered to himself. "There's no boot- swered Red Pete. tracks."

made an examination of the trail. The trail was too thickly trampled to afford any clue. But close by it Bob away. discovered the hoof-marks of a horse. There was blood on the grass close to them, and Bob was able to figure out what must have happened. The wounded man had ridden as far as that spot, from the locality where he | "Is there a ranch hereabouts?" he had been attacked, and there he had asked quickly. away leaving the man lying in the four miles away. The nearer the grass. Searching farther, Bob picked | ruffians supposed it, the better. up the hoof-prints again, leading away across the plains.

schoolboy slashed at it with his rise quickly from his examination of The expression on the ruffian's riding-whip, and the vulture, with a the ground. Two horsemen were stubbly face showed plainly enough revolver. screech, hopped away, and rose on | riding towards him. For a moment | that he did not want to see the he thought help was coming from the rancher or the cattlemen. Frank Richards started, as he saw ranch; but it was too soon. Frank He shaded his eyes with his hand, the hideons bird rise from the grass | Richards could hardly have reached | and stared to the west over the wavand flap away. It did not go far. | the ranch-house yet. And the two ing, sunlit grass. Then he turned to Unwilling to abandon its prey, it | horsemen came from the east. Bob | Bob again. settled down again within a dozen stared at them inquiringly and sus- "Sure you ain't seed the galoot?" piciously. As they rode, they were "I haven't seen any horseman till "Bob, what is it?" called out looking about them warily; and as you came up," answered Bob. they sighted the schoolboy standing | The red-bearded man muttered an a curse. "A man, badly hurt!" answered thigh-deep in the long grass, they oath. quickened their horses, and rode straight towards him. Bob was standing twenty yards or so from the | find the cuss-alive or dead." wounded man, who was quite hidden from view, from where he stood, by the herbage.

Bob eyed the two riders warily. Both of them were strangers to "A stranger in this section, I him-one a bull-necked white man,

> set his eyes on. The two horsemen halted within a few paces of him, and the white man

> stared hard at Bob. "'Morning, bub!" he called out. "Good-morning!" answered Bob. He had already guessed what they

were looking for, and he knew that it was not necessary to look farther for the rascals who had shot down the unknown man.

"You're out airly on the plains,

"Going to school," answered Bob. "And what are you stopping fur?" The man's deep-set, beady eyes stared at the rancher's son suspiciously. Bob did not make a sign and tell popper, and ask him to bring or a movement towards the spot where he had left the wounded man. For the present, at least, the two ruffians were quite unaware of what was so close at hand.

"I was looking at a trail," said Bob ind fferently.

The half-breed muttered something to his companion. Bob Lawless The blood had ceased to flow from | caught only the words "Red Pete," the wound under the thick hair, evidently the name of the red-bearded where a bullet had glanced, without | bulldozer. The latter pushed his going deep. The wound in the body | horse a little nearer to Bob, his hand

still imbedded there. Bob Lawless remained quiet and Bob raised the senseless man's head | calm, but his heart was beating fast.

"Say, bub," went on the redfortunate man's lips, but his eyes did | bearded man, "my mate and me are | looking for a pard, who got separated | rately through the from us last night in the dark. Hev long grass, un-There was nothing more he could I you seen sich a galoot on the plains?" I heeded by the two

"What was he like?" asked Bob. "Jest a galoot in riding-duds,

mounted on a big brown hoss with a "Hold on!" exclaimed Bob Law- "How did he get here?" Bob mut- white blaze on the forehead," an-

Bob's heart beat faster.

He quitted the insensible man, and The description of the missing rider applied to the man who was lying | "You can't fool me. You was watched hidden in the grass only twenty yards

> "I guess I haven't seen any rider since I left the ranch!" said Bob. "Haven't set eyes on any hoss with a white blaze, either."

Red Pete started.

fallen from his horse, overcome by l "Lawless Ranch, yonder to the weakness and loss of blood. The west," answered Bob. He did not horse, probably scared, had dashed add that the ranch-house was a good "I belong there," he added. "My

popper's just coming along, with the The sound of hoof-beats made him | cattlemen, if you want to see him."

"I guess it's a long trail afore us, Yuba," he said. "But I reckon we'll Frank Richards and Bob sitting in I can follow the trail while it's fresh."

half-breed. "He couldn't have sat | ranch, revolver in hand. the horse long-"

"We haven't seen hide nor hair of him yet."

"Look!" The half-breed hand and pointed.

The vulture Bob Lawless had driven off, had returned, and was settling down in the grass twenty yards away.

With a whoop of delight, Red Petel swung his horse in that direction, the half-breed riding after him. The vulture rose again with a screech, as the two ruffians drew rein and looked down upon their victim.

Bob Lawless! drew a quick, hard

He could not in-

tervene-he was unarmed. But on the sky-line west appeared a buggy, horse, bumping over the rough! prairie; and in the buggy two formshis father and Frank Richards. Bob Lawless ran towards the distant buggy, with all the speed that his strong, young limbs were capable of. He tore desperuffians, who had jumped from their horses close by the wounded man.

### The 2nd Chapter. Three on the Trail!

"I guess it's our man!" Red Pete uttered the words jubilantly.

He bent over the wounded man stretched in the grass; the man's eyelids were flickering now; consciousness was returning.

The eyes opened as Red Pete's bearded face bent lower. A shudder ran through the wounded man.

"It's the messenger," said Yuba, the half-breed. "But where's his horse? Where's the flimsies?".

"I guess we'll soon see that." Red Pete drew the revolver from his belt.

already searching the man who lay tance, as they rode, came a spatteron the ground, unheeding his groans ing of revolver-shots. Pursuers and as he was moved.

In a few minutes he moved back, | galloped.

"I guess the money was in his a stop on the trail." saddle-bags," said Red Pete. "Leave him to me."

volver was aimed at the white face | moment more, and they were by the that looked up.

"Where's your horse?" he asked. His wild eyes stared up at them.

saddle-bags; is that so?"

No answer. "Listen to me, Mister Messenger," said Red Pete, between his teeth, in Kamloops; you was seen to start, with ten thousand dollars in notes for the Thompson Bank. My pard and me laid for you on the trail; we was after those notes. You hadn't hosssense enough to put your hands up, and you was plugged, and then you dodged us in the dark, and rode for it. We're the galoots what plugged the rancher.

you, You savvy?" The white face gave no sign.

"I guess you might pull through | The rancher bent low, and Frank and vet." continued Red Pete. "But if Bob followed his example. With an you don't give us the office, pard, you've jest one minute to live. What | "I was coming up from Kamloops, have you done with your hoss?"

Gallop! Gallop!

In their eagerness the two rustlers | him! Find the money-" had not heard, or heeded, the sound | He said no more; he fainted, and of approaching hoof-beats.

breed.

"Look out!"

fast, Mr. Lawless driving hard, and The track's plain from here. I reckon the vehicle with him. Ahead of the "Dead, I reckon," muttered the buggy now rode two cowboys of the "You're expected at school," he

Bob had panted out his explana- I "Ten thousand dollars adrift on the

tion, and the cowboys were pushing ahead of the buggy to deal with the two rustlers.

Red Pete ground his teeth. His hand was coming up, with the revolver in it, when the half-breed

caught his arm. -"Ride for it, you fool! The

money's not here." Red Pete hesitated a second; then he thrust the revolver into his belt, and sprang towards his horse.

In a twinkling the two rustlers were mounted, and scouring away across the plain.

"Arter them!" roared the powerful voice of Billy Cook, the foreman of

the Lawless Ranch. "Follow them, boys!" shouted the

rancher.

Billy Cook and the other cowboy spurred on their horses in hot pur-"Go through him, Yuba," he said. suit. The rustlers were riding for The half-breed's nimble fingers were | their lives now; and from the dispursued were exchanging fire as they

savagely disappointed. I Mr. Lawless brought the buggy to

"It's here!" panted Bob.

He jumped out, followed by his He knelt in the grass, and his re- father and Frank Richards. A side of the wounded bank messenger.

The man made no reply.

"I guess the money was in the exclaimed the rancher. "My poor "Thank Heaven we came in time!" fellow, you are safe now-among

friends." Crack-ack came faintly from the distance, across the sunlit grass. The

chase had swept far away. "Help me get him into the buggy, boys," said the rancher. "We'll take him on to Thompson, where the doctor can see him."

The wounded man's lips moved. His voice came faintly. "My horse-"

"We'll find your horse later," said

"No, no! Bend your head, listen, before you move me."

effort the wounded man went on.

with ten thousand dollars in notes His savage eyes blazed over the for the bank, in my saddle-bags. A brown horse, with a white blaze on the forehead—a big animal. Find

sank back in the grass.

. But as it came nearer, louder, there | Tenderly enough the rancher and came a warning cry from the half- the schoolboys lifted him into the buggy, and laid him in the rugs

Red Pete sprang to his feet with "Popper!" exclaimed Bob, as the rancher gathered up the reins. "I The ranch buggy was coming on guess we are going after the horse.

The rancher paused.



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prairie, uncle," said Frank Richards, "and that poor fellow-he will be anxious about it when he comes to." "I guess so," said Mr. Liwless.

"I'll send a message to Miss Meadows at the school; you can follow the trail, and good luck to you."

"Right-ho!" The rancher drove on the buggy without further delay. It was necessary to get the .. wounded messenger into the doctor's hands as quickly as possible. Bob Lawless unpegged his horse, and Frank Richards called to pressively. his own steed, which had followed the

buggy from the ranch. "Hallo! Here's the Cherub!" ex-

claimed Bob. A schoolboy on a black horse was riding towards them from the timber. It was Vere Beauclerc.

He came up at a gallop. "Anything happened?" he asked.

"You weren't at the fork of the trail," said Beauclerc, "so I rode this way to meet you. You're coming on to school?"

"Nope." "But what-" asked Beauclerc,

in surprise. Bob Lawless hastily explained. Beauclerc's eyes opened wide as he listened.

"My hat! A stray horse adrift with ten thousand dollars in the saddle-bags! There'll be a rush to look for that horse when the news gets out in the valley."

"I guess the Red Dog crowd would turn out like one man," said Bob. with a grin. "Even Dry Billy would get a move on and get busy, I reckon. But we're going after that hoss, Cherub. You're coming?"

"What about Cedar Creek?" asked Beauclerc.

"Popper's sending a message from Thompson. That's all right. It will cover us all three."

Beauclere smiled. "I'm with you!" he said. ".

"Good!" No more time was spent in words. Bob Lawless hastily examined the trail. He had already picked up the hoof prints of the horse that had carried the wounded messenger as far as that spot, where the hapless man had fallen exhausted from the saddle. The prints were clearly marked, and the keen-eyed Canadian schoolboy had no difficulty in following the trail.

"I guess he lit out south-east," he said. "I reckon the hoss was scared, and went off at a gallop. We'll find him grazing sooner or later. I wish I had a rope with me."

With his reins over his arm, Bob Lawless followed the trail at a rapid walk, his comrades riding in the rear. The rustlers and the pursuing cowboys had long since vanished from sight.

### The 3rd Chapter. The Dollar Trail!

At Cedar Creek School there were three vacant places in Miss Meadows' class that day. Frank Richards & Co. were not thinking of school. All their attention was given to the task they had set themselves. It was not an easy one. For hours they had followed the trail of the runaway, losing it once or twice on sandy patches, but always picking it up again. The sun was at the zenith now, but they had not sighted the brown horse with the blaze on its forehead.

At first the trail had led them south-east, and then had turned west. and they hoped that the horse, keeping on towards the ranch, might have fallen into the hands of the cattlemen. But there came a sudden turn in the trail, and it swept northward. Evidently the horse had been startled i by something and had suddenly changed the course of its flight.

"I guess a man on the range spotted it, and tried to rope it in." said Bob sagely. "It got away, though."

Northward their path lay over the prairie. It was past dinner-time at Cedar Creek now, and the chums were growing hungry; but they did not think of giving up the pursuit.

The trail ran within two miles of the Lawless Ranch now. Frank Richards caught sight suddenly of two horsemen riding in from the east -Billy Cook and the cowboy. The latter had his arm in a rough sling. They drew rein for the schoolboys

to come up. "Did you get the rustlers?" asked

Billy Cook shook his head. "I guess they got clear," he answered. "They've left Jim hyer with a ball in his arm to remember them by. What are you youngsters doing on the plains, 'stead of

school?" "We're after the messenger's help it."

horse," explained Bob. "Lend me your rope, Billy. I guess I shall want it if we come up with the critter. And lend me your gun, too. I may want that."

"I guess you ought to amble home," said the ranch-foreman. "Them rustlers will be arter the hoss, too, maybe."

"That's why I want your gun." "If I was your popper, young Bob, I'd march you straight back to the ranch," said Billy Cook im-

Bob Lawless laughed.

Published

Every Monday

"But you ain't my popper, Billy, old scout, so lend me your gun and your rope, and get Jim on to the

Billy Cook grunted, but he did as he was requested. His lasso and revolver were handed over to Bob Lawless with his cartridge-pouch, and then the two cowboys rode on, and Frank Richards & Co. took up the trail again.

"Billy reckoned those rustlers might get after the horse," said Bob. with a chuckle. "He doesn't know how near he was. I guess it's pretty certain they will get after it, for what's in the saddle-bags. may want this gun, and want it bad, before we're through."

The three chums pushed on. They were in a rather thoughtful

mood now. run down the messenger's horse. So l "I guess I'll keep an eye open." plain.

And the chums turned from the trail and rode up to the stockman's

### The 4th Chapter. The Fight with the Rustlers !

Crash!

Bob Lawless beat on the shanty door with the butt of his riding-whip. "Anybody at home?" he bawled. "I guess so."

The door was thrown open. Smith, the stockman, looked out.

"We want some grub," said Bob. "Trot it out, old scout! We've got! to get after a hoss."

The chums did not mention the ten thousand dollars. That story was certain to get out sooner or later if the horse was not captured, but the later the better. The story of ten thousand dollars wandering loose on the prairie would have "woke up" every bad character in the Thompson Valley.

The hospitable stockman did his best for the schoolboy trailers. They ate a hurried but extensive lunch, and borrowed a wallet packed with dried beef and corn-cake to take

"His master was downed by rustlers, and is wounded at Thompson," said Bob. "We're going to get his horse back for him. Look out for rustlers, Smith! There's two !

Bob Lawless reflected.

"The critter's shy," he said. "I reckon he won't let us get near enough for a cast if he can help it. You fellows ride round, and get beyond him, and then close in, and drive him towards me if you can. guess it wouldn't be easy to run him down in a stern chase."

"Right-ho!"

Frank and Beauclerc separated on either side of Bob, taking wide detours to avoid alarming the runaway.

Bob remained where he was, motionless in the saddle, but with his coiled rope ready in his hand.

The brown horse stared for some minutes at the distant schoolboys, prepared to take to his heels if approached. But Frank and Beauclerc kept a good distance, and the animal's alarm subsided, and he recommenced cropping the grass.

But every now and then he raised his head and sniffed suspiciously.

Bob Lawless watched him. If the animal had fled, he was ready to spur on the track at once; but the brown horse seemed satisfied, and went on cropping the grass.

Frank and Beauclerc almost disappeared from view in the distance, far from Bob, and far from each

They were a mile away from the brown horse, on either side, when Red Pete and Yuba had escaped loose on the plains, a red-bearded they passed him, and got beyond. the pursuit, and it was quite certain | galoot and an Injun half-breed. Keep | They had marked his position by a that they would make the attempt to your gun handy!" clump of firs that jutted from the

Not till they were well past did the

two schoolboys begin to close in to

cut the fugitive off from further

The brown horse showed more signs

of suspicion as they came bearing

down on him from the north. He

threw up his head at last, and trotted

away from them-to the south-where

Bob Lawless awaited him, lasso in

hand. But he did not pass near to

Bob. He broke into a gallop, in a

direction that would have taken him

a mile. Then Bob set his horse in

He galloped direct at the brown

The fugitive swerved and wheeled

back, but Frank Richards waved his

riding-whip and shouted, and the

animal swerved again to the south.

Frank and Beauclerc were riding hard

after him now, and the fugitive thun-

dered on at a furious gallop, still

swerving away from Bob Lawless as

he rode to intercept him. Bob's hand

was raised now, with the coiled rope.

neose was to drop over the tossing

head of the runaway. But, as if

instinct warned him of his danger, the

brown horse made a sudden leap, and

the rope struck him on the back of

the neck, and slid useless to the grass.

For a moment it seemed that the

Suddenly the rope flew.

motion.

The cast had failed. He dragged in the rope and rode on; but the horse was past him now, galloping furiously towards the stockman's hut far . behind.

Look!" yelled Frank Richards

breathlessly. On the opposite side of the creek two riders appeared in sight. Even at the distance the chums could guess

who they were. "Red Pete and the Lujun!" muttered Bob. "They've followed the

hoss' trail—as far as the creek!" "They've seen the horse!" said Beauclerc.

The two riders on the far side of the creek were seen suddenly to drive into the water, and they came splashing across. Evidently they had seen the horse of which they were in search—the horse that carried the ten in usund dollars for which they had shed blood.

"We've driven him back into their hands!" muttered Bob savagely. "But they sha'n't have him-not

without a fight!" Red Pete and Yuba drove up their horses from the creek, and galloped towards the runaway. In their eagerless the lad not apparently seen the three schoolboys in the distance. Faintly across the plain came the crack of Red Pete's revolver. He was firing at the runaway. The brown horse, now in a frenzy of excitement and terror, had changed his course again, and was galleping away from the ruffians, again turning to the north. As they thundered after him, the rustlers caught sight of the school-

The savage fury in the faces of the two rustlers left no room for a mist ke. The intended to clear their path of their rivals in the hunt of the brown horse, and then take up the chase again. On the lonely plain, only the vultures and the coyotes would know what had happened. They came on at a fierce charge, revolver in hand, and began firing from a distance. Frank Richards & Co. jumped from their horses, and took what cover they could in the

Crack!

Bob Lawless pulled trigger. His bullet struck the half-breed's horse, and the animal reared, and Yuba went crashing to the carth. He lay there half-stunned, while the wounded horse careered away over the plain.

t Red Pete Cine walv and Bob's second shot, hurriedly taken, missed. In a moment more the ruffian would have been upon the schoolboys, shooting them down without mercy-but from the prairie behind them there came the sudden sharp crack of a rifle.

Red Pete gave a fearful yell, lurched in his saddle, and pitched off into the grass. The schoolboys, dodged his charging horse, just escaping the lashing hoofs as it rushed by.

Red Pete lay in the grass, groaning. Frank Richards looked back. The stockman, Smith, was riding up, a smoking rifle in his hand.

"I guess I told you youngsters this job was too hefty for you!" grinned the stockman. "Look arter that galoot while I take care of the other.'

Bob Lawless looked round, scanning the plain for the ten-thousanddollar horse. The sun was sinking behind the hills now; dark shadows crept over the prairie. The galloping fugitive had vanished from sight. The rustlers had been rounded up; but the horse, with his precious burden, was gone, and night was falling on the plains.

"I guess we're not beaten yet," said Bob Lawless. "We came out after that hoss, and we're going to have that hose. We're staying tonight with Smith, you fellows, and at dawn we're going on the trail of ten thousand dollars-what?"

And Frank Richards and Beauclere assented at once.

Frank Richards & Co. passed the night in the lonely stockman's hutby themselves. Stockman Smith was on his way to Thompson, with two prisoners to hand over to the sheriffone a savage half-breed bound to his horse, the other a wounded ruffian who did not need binding. He carried also a message to Rancher Lawless, to reassure him on the subject of his son and nephew, and another message to Mr. Beauclerc.

In the stockman's hut the chums of Cedar Creek slept soundly enough: but at the first glimmer of dawn they were up, and ready to take the trailthe Ten Thousand Dollar Trail!

THE END.

(Look-out-for "The Hunting of White Blaze!" -- a grand, tong, complete yarn of Frank Richards & Ca. Bob Lawless clicked his teeth angrily. | in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.]



Crack! Red Peto gave a fearful yell and fell back in his saddle, his gun flying into the air. The situation of the Cedar Creek chums had been grave indeed, and would have ended in disaster for one of them but for the timely advent of Stockman Smith.

far, they had committed a crime and endangered their precious necks for nothing. The ten thousand dollars were adrift on the prairie. The chums of Cedar Creek had no doubt that the two rascals were already hunting for the runaway.

"But we've got a good start on them," remarked Frank Richards.

"I guess so, and we'll make the most of it," said Bob. "But if they happen along, Billy Cook's gun will come in handy."

the tracks were fairly fresh. Ahead of the chums now lay the lonely range, with no habitation within many miles save a stockman's hut. The trail led them within sight of the latter building, a lumber cabin, from the chimney of which smoke was rising. It was past three in the afternoon now, and Frank Richards & Co. were furiously hungry.

"The trail keeps on," said Bob. "But I guess we're dropping in on Smith for lunch. What do you say?" "Yes, rather," said Frank Richards

heartily. "We shall have to get some grub before we go ahead," said Beauclerc. "On these, plains we may be led twenty miles."

"Or twice that," said Bob. "That brown critter is a terror to go. He doesn't mean to get caught if he can

said Smith. "Are they arter the

light out for home, I calculate."

his horse. The three schoolboys rode away on the trail again. The stockman stood staring after them for a few minutes, and then went into the cabin for his rifle. With rustlers loose on the prairie it behoved a lonely stockman to keep his rifle The trail led still northward, and | handy. Mr. Smith had not yet for | past Bob at a distance of a quarter of gotten his experiences of the time when Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was "cavorting" about the Thompson

> Wide and green the plains stretched before the schoolboys as they rode on, bounded on the dim distance by a range of low hills. It was at two miles from the stockman's cabin that Bob Lawless suddenly pointed, with

> In the distance ahead, cropping the herbage, was a saddled horse, with no rider to be seen. That horse was a deep brown, and as it raised its head to glance warily towards them they

"I guess so." "Then you younkers had better

Bob Lawless laughed and mounted

an exclamation of delight. "There's the critter!"

saw the white blaze on its forehead. glimmering in the westerly sun.

clerc.

"That's the horse!" exclaimed Frank Richards, with satisfaction. "Now to rope it in!" said Beau-