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Article on Page 200.

# The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES!

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

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No. 1,038. Vol. XXI. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending April 30th, 1921.

## THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

BY VICTOR NELSON.

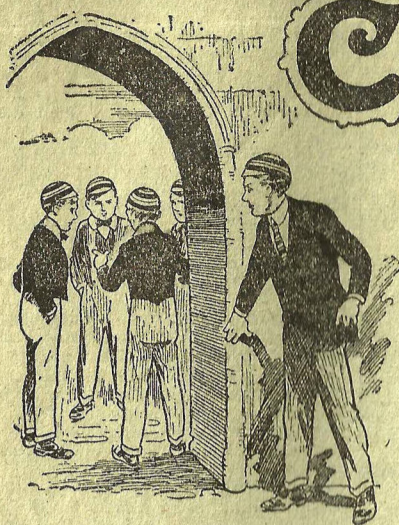


### SHOCK TACTICS!

As soon as the figure in the punt was recognisable as that of Admiral Biffen, the Boy with Fifty Millions conceived the idea of upsetting him. To this end he "accidentally" joggled the general's arm with extremely disastrous results. The launch swerved suddenly in her course and, hitting the punt broadside on, turned its solitary occupant out yelling into the water.

£10 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY IN THIS ISSUE!

A Splendid, Long Complete Yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co. By OWEN CONQUEST.



# Carthew— Detective!

A TALE OF THE CHUMS  
.. OF ..  
ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

## The 1st Chapter.

### Carthew Makes Discoveries!

"Lovell, you ass—"  
"Look here, Jimmy—"  
"You've been letting your chin run away with you," said Jimmy Silver, in a tone of great severity.  
"You see, I—"

Carthew of the Sixth paused. He was coming through the arch that led from Little Quad to Big Quad at Rookwood, when the voices fell upon his ears. Jimmy Silver & Co. were in the quadrangle, in a group, near the old stone archway, and they did not see Carthew. Jimmy was evidently in a magisterial mood, Arthur Edward Lovell was being called over the coals.

"Didn't we agree that nothing was to be said about our having seen Mr. Dalton at Bunbury on Saturday?" demanded Jimmy. "Not a word, not a syllable, not a giddy whisper?"

"There's no harm done," said Lovell defensively. "I'm blessed if I'm a good hand at keeping a secret, anyhow. You see, as the new master came on Saturday evening, nobody's supposed to have seen him before then. It's beastly awkward, as we saw him on Saturday afternoon. But I never said a word about the fight at the Bunbury Ring. Nobody knows that Mr. Dalton was mixed up in an unbecomingly vulgar way. Nobody knows that Mr. Dalton was mixed up in that."

"Thank goodness for that," said Jimmy Silver. "But Morny's just asked me why we never mentioned having seen Mr. Dalton before he arrived at Rookwood. Makes it look as if we're keeping a secret."

"Well, so we are!" said Lovell.

"Fathead! Fellows aren't to know it, are they?"

"Well, no! Still, there's no harm done," said Lovell. "Taint as if I'd mentioned seeing him at the Bunbury Ring. I was jolly careful not to do that. Just happened to let out that I'd seen him before he came to Rookwood, that's all—"

"And quite enough, too!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "Goodness knows what would happen if it all got out. Goodness knows what the Head would think. And Mr. Dalton is a real brick; we don't want to cause him trouble."

"No fear!" agreed Raby.

"So you see, Lovell—"  
"Oh, I see," yawned Lovell. "Give us a rest, Jimmy; not so much of your Uncle James stunt, you know. Let's get along to the cricket."

Carthew of the Sixth came out of the archway at that. Evidently he had heard all that he was going to hear. But Carthew wanted to know more; and he meant to know more. His curiosity was very keenly excited.

"Hold on, you fags!" he snapped.

Jimmy Silver & Co. spun round, and stared at the prefect. Instantly they knew that he had overheard their talk. Jimmy Silver's teeth came together hard.

"You spying cad!" he exclaimed.

"Silver!"

"You've been listening!" shouted Jimmy Silver furiously. It was not quite the manner in which Jimmy should have addressed a prefect of the Sixth Form; but his anger and indignation carried him away. The secret the Fistical Four had been keeping in connection with the new master of the Fourth was out now—or very nearly out.

Carthew crimsoned with rage.

"You cheeky cub!" he gasped.

"Listening!" said Lovell, with savage contempt. "Pretty business for a Rookwood prefect, spying behind a corner like Tubby Muffin!"

"I heard what you were saying,"

said Carthew. "And I want to know some more. What was Mr. Dalton doing at Bunbury? Answer me, Silver!"

"Go and eat coke!"  
"I'm going to know more about this," said Carthew, controlling his temper with difficulty.

"What does it matter to you?" demanded Newcome. "Mr. Dalton is our Form-master, not yours. Nothing to do with you."

"Oh, he's got his knife into Mr. Dalton for letting us off," said Lovell savagely. "He thought he had us on the hip when he reported us for going to the Bunbury Ring on Saturday."

"Spying cad!" said Raby.

That was too much for Carthew. He made a rush at Raby, and caught him by the ear. Raby yelled.

"Down him!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

In a twinkling, Jimmy and Lovell and Newcome had hold of Carthew, and the prefect came to the ground with a heavy bump and a roar. And having gone so far, the Fistical Four decided to go a little further, and they rolled Carthew over, and dabbed his face in a puddle, and shoved his cap down his back, amid wild yells and gasps and ejaculations from the bully of the Sixth. The Fistical Four were just warming to their work when a deep voice broke in:

"Boys! Stop this at once! How dare you!"

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Lovell.

"Cave!"

The juniors let go Carthew as if he had suddenly become red-hot, and spun round, to face Mr. Dalton, the new master of the Fourth.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### The Heavy Hand!

Mr. Dalton looked sternly at the crimson juniors.

The handsome, athletic young Form-master had been only a few days at Rookwood School, but he had already won golden opinions. He was popular in his form; as popular as Mr. Bootles had been in his time. He was popular with the prefects and the masters, too. He had won the heart of Bulkeley, the captain of the school, by the way he played cricket. His frank, kind face was pleasant to look upon; even pompous Mr. Greely, and acid Mr. Manders, rather liked him. And the Head was known to think a great deal of him. All the juniors described him as a real brick. And the Fistical Four, who had seen him in the boxing-ring, admired him more than all others. They felt proud of a Form-master who had been able to stand up to, and beat, the Bunbury Pet.

But just now the new master was not looking kind. His face wore a severe frown.

"How dare you lay hands on a prefect of the Sixth Form?" he exclaimed. "Are you out of your senses?"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"We—we—" stuttered Lovell.

Mark Carthew scrambled to his feet. He was muddy and dishevelled, and he was crimson and breathless, panting with rage. Certainly he presented an aspect that was remarkable in a Sixth Form prefect.

"Those young scoundrels!" he gasped.

"Moderate your language, please!" said Mr. Dalton sharply.

"You see what they've done!" hooted Carthew. "I'm going to the Head about it."

"You will remain where you are, and explain this matter to me," said

Mr. Dalton quietly. "Silver, you have ventured to lay hands on a Sixth Form prefect—"

"He laid hands on us, sir," mumbled Raby. "He was pulling my ear—"

"That is no excuse."

"He shouldn't listen behind a corner when chaps are talking," blurted out Lovell. "Prefects oughtn't to spy on fellows."

"What! Surely, Carthew, it is not possible—"

"I—I happened to hear them speaking as I came through from Little Quad," stammered Carthew, "and—and they refused to answer my questions—"

"Why did you refuse to answer Carthew, Silver?"

"Oh dear!" murmured Jimmy helplessly.

Carthew's questions had been on the subject of Mr. Dalton himself. The new Form-master, of course, did not suspect that.

"It is not advisable, as a rule, Carthew, to take notice of words heard by chance," said Mr. Dalton. "But if you have learned, accidentally, of some serious breach of discipline, it alters the matter. You shall repeat your questions in my presence, and I will see that these boys answer fully and frankly."

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

The Fistical Four looked at one another.

Carthew remained dumb.

The position was a very peculiar one. What Mr. Dalton would think, if he learned upon what subject the prefect had been questioning Jimmy Silver & Co., the juniors could not even surmise.

"Well," said Mr. Dalton, puzzled by the silence, "I am waiting for you, Carthew. Let us go into the matter."

"I—I—" stammered Carthew.

"Upon what topic were you questioning these juniors?"

Carthew stammered.

He could not confess that he had been endeavouring to discover something to the discredit of Mr. Dalton himself.

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned; they could not help it. The prefect's position was quite a painful one.

"This is not a laughing matter," said Mr. Dalton sharply.

"Nunno, sir!" stammered Jimmy.

"Carthew! Why do you not speak?"

"I—I—" Carthew broke off helplessly.

"This is most extraordinary!" exclaimed the master of the Fourth.

"Silver, you will tell me, at once, upon what subject Carthew was questioning you."

"I—I—" stammered Jimmy.

"Answer me!"

"It—it was about our ride over to Bunbury on Saturday, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"About—about our going to the Bunbury Ring, sir, to see the boxing-match!"

A shade came over Mr. Dalton's brow.

Evidently that affair was not an agreeable topic to him.

"That matter is settled," he said.

"I see no need to reopen it, Carthew."

Carthew gritted his teeth, and was silent.

"Have you anything to say, Carthew?"

"No, sir!" muttered the prefect.

"Very good! You boys will take two hundred lines each!" said Mr. Dalton. "You may go now."

Jimmy Silver & Co. departed, gladly enough. The situation was growing too painful, and they were greatly relieved to be out of it. Mr.

Dalton turned to Carthew, who was crimson with fury.

"You—you are letting them off again!" exclaimed Carthew, in a choking voice. "You saw what they've done—knocked me over, and rolled me in mud—and—and you give them two hundred lines! I'll go to the Head."

Mr. Dalton fixed his eyes on the prefect grimly.

"You may please yourself about going to the Head, Carthew," he said. "But first you will listen to me. I have not punished these juniors severely, for a good reason. You have reopened a matter which was settled by me several days ago. You had no authority to do this. And it appears that you have acted very injudiciously, to say the least, in hearing what was not intended for your ears. The juniors have the impression that you were deliberately playing the eavesdropper."

Mr. Dalton's look showed that he shared that impression.

"I—I—" muttered Carthew.

"It is the business of a prefect to make himself respected in the school," continued Mr. Dalton. "You cannot do this by acting in a way calculated to bring contempt upon you."

"Mr. Dalton!" gasped Carthew.

"I am using plain language," said the Form-master. "It is necessary. I have been here only a few days, Carthew, but I have already observed you. I warn you that you should be more careful in your methods."

Carthew clenched his hands.

"Perhaps you had better be more careful, too, sir!" he blurted out, too enraged to measure his words.

"What? What do you mean, Carthew?"

"You've let them off!" hissed the bully of the Sixth. "Do you think I don't know why?"

"I have told you why."

"And I'll tell you why!" snarled Carthew. "It's because they saw you at the Bunbury Ring on Saturday, and you want them to keep it a secret."

For a moment the young master stood quite still, looking at Carthew. He was taken aback. It seemed to Carthew that he was afraid, and at that thought the insolence of the Sixth Form bully broke all bounds.

"When a Form-master has a shady secret with juniors—" he began.

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Dalton.

"I—"

Silence! thundered Mr. Dalton.

"I—"

"So that is what you heard by playing the eavesdropper," said Mr. Dalton more calmly. "You heard these juniors mention that they saw me at Bunbury on Saturday last."

"Yes, I did—at the boxing-ring!" said Carthew viciously. "I wonder what the Head would think at one of his staff visiting such a place?"

Mr. Dalton smiled.

That remark, insolent as it was, showed that Carthew did not know all.

"You appear to have erroneous ideas with regard to the Bunbury Ring, Carthew," said Mr. Dalton.

"It is a perfectly respectable place; on a par, in that respect, at least, with the National Sporting Club."

"You can tell the Head that!" sneered Carthew. "You'd better be rather careful, sir, how you deal with me, or I may mention it to the Head myself."

Carthew certainly would not have gone to that length had he not believed that the Form-master was afraid of an exposure. Never had the bully of Rookwood made a greater mistake.

Mr. Dalton strode towards him, and his hand dropped in a grip of iron on Carthew's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he said grimly.

"We will go to the Head together."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I shall report your insolence," said Mr. Dalton. "I have no doubt that Dr. Chisholm will deal with it as it deserves. Come."

Carthew quaked.

He realised that Mr. Dalton, so far from being afraid, was only angry and contemptuous. Carthew's sudden courage oozed out at his fingertips.

"I—I don't want to go to the Head!" he stammered. "I—I—"

"Possibly not!" said Mr. Dalton drily. "But I insist!"

"I—I— Let go!"

"Unless you apologise instantly for your insolence, I shall take you to Dr. Chisholm! Make up your mind at once!"

"I—I—" Carthew gasped. "I won't—I—"

"Then come!"

The grip on Carthew's shoulders, that felt like an iron vice, drew him away towards the School House. The

last vestige of Carthew's courage oozed away.

"Hold on, sir! I—I—I apologise!" he gasped.

"Very good!" Mr. Dalton released him. "Take care in future, Carthew. I shall not be so lenient on another occasion."

With that, the master of the Fourth walked away. Mark Carthew stood looking after him, crimson with rage and humiliation. He almost limped away from the spot at last, with bitter rage and hatred running riot in his breast. His feelings towards the Fistical Four were quite mild and charitable, now, in comparison with his feelings towards Mr. Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth.

"I—I—I'll make him suffer for it!" muttered Carthew. "I—I'll bring him down! He was only bluffing. He daren't let the Head know; I know he daren't! But—but I couldn't chance it! But I'll find out something more. I know those young cads know more than they let on. I'll find it all out, and then—then—"

He still seemed to feel the iron grasp on his shoulder. But there was consolation in the thought of future revenge upon the young master who had humiliated him.

## The 3rd Chapter.

### Carthew's Doing!

"Here comes Dicky!" murmured Lovell.

And there was a chuckle in the Classical Fourth.

Richard Dalton, M.A., entered the Fourth Form-room, where the juniors were gathered for afternoon lessons.

It was quite a cheerful class that afternoon.

Mr. Dalton was a hard-working master, and he made his pupils work; which led to some bitter remarks on the part of fellows like Peele and Gower. And Tubby Muffin was rather doubtful as to what he really thought of Mr. Dalton. But there was no doubt that the Form, as a whole, liked and respected him. They would not have respected a master who had allowed them to slack.

A great proof of his popularity was the fact that the juniors—out of his hearing, of course—alluded to him as "Dicky." Probably Richard Dalton would not have been wholly gratified by that proof of popularity if he had heard it.

But "Dicky" he was to the Fourth; and "Dicky" he was likely to remain, so long as he was a master at Rookwood School.

Jimmy Silver & Co. eyed Dicky rather uneasily at first; but the young master did not pay them any special attention. Apparently he had forgotten the scene in Big Quad. Apparently, too, he was unaware of the Fistical Four's knowledge of his secret; though they knew that could not be! He had not spoken on the subject; yet they knew he could not be indifferent as to whether they talked about him or not. As Lovell had remarked, he relied on their honour not to chatter about matters that did not concern them; and this unspoken trust was very gratifying to the chums of the Fourth. It showed, Jimmy Silver said, that Dicky knew they knew how to play the game.

After lessons, Mr. Dalton called to the Co. as they were leaving the Form-room.

"I shall expect your lines after tea."

"Yes, sir!" said Jimmy dutifully.

In the corridor, Arthur Edward Lovell shook his head in a rather doubtful way.

"Dicky might have let us off the lines," he remarked. "After all, he knows we're backing him up."

"Fathead!" answered Jimmy Silver tersely. "If he let us off because we could babble about him if we liked, it would be rotten! Dicky wouldn't do that."

"Well, that's so, too," agreed Lovell, after some thought. Arthur Edward Lovell was not a rapid thinker. "Still, some fellows would make capital out of it. Suppose Peele knew, or Gower—"

"I hope we're not like Peele or Gower!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Of course not, ass! But if they knew—"

"They won't know," said Jimmy.

"And, look here, we'd better not talk about it even among ourselves. That cad Carthew very nearly got on to it to-day, listening behind a corner. Tubby Muffin might hear us, and then it would be all over Rookwood. Better, make the whole subject taboo."

"Good idea!" said Raby.

"Here's merry old Carthew!" murmured Lovell.

The bully of the Sixth passed them

in the passage. He bestowed a black scowl upon the Fistical Four in passing, but did not speak. They gave him a sweet smile in return for his scowl.

Jimmy Silver & Co. went down to cricket practice after lessons, and they found Mr. Dalton there. He was in charge of the junior practice that day, and they found that he was a wonderful coach, which increased their respect and admiration for Dicky.

Tubby Muffin rolled up to the Fistical Four when they came in after the cricket.

"What have you fellows been up to?" he asked. "Bulkeley wants to see you in his study."

"Asking us to tea, most likely," said Lovell.

Tubby chortled. "He didn't look as if it was that!" he said. "He had his ashlant on the table. You're booked!"

"Rats!" growled Lovell. The Fistical Four made their way to Bulkeley's study in rather an uneasy frame of mind; though, as a matter of fact, they could not recall any recent sins of commission or omission. They found the captain of the school looking rather grim.

"Muffin says you want us, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver meekly.

"Yes. What's this you've been chattering about Mr. Dalton?" demanded the Rookwood captain abruptly.

The Fistical Four stared. "Chattering—"

"About Dicky—"

"About Mr. Dalton?"

The juniors' astonishment was so evident that Bulkeley's grim expression softened.

"Well, there's a yarn going round, and it seems to have come from you," he said. "It's being said that Mr. Dalton was at a prize-fight last Saturday—"

"Great Scott!"

"Carthew mentioned it to me, and said he understood that the information came from you in the first place," said Bulkeley.

Jimmy Silver flushed.

"Carthew listened when we were talking among ourselves!" he exclaimed. "That's how he knows! And it's Carthew who's spreading the yarn!"

"Do you mean to say it's true, then?" exclaimed Bulkeley.

"It wasn't a prize-fight—it was a boxing match at the Bunbury Ring," said Jimmy Silver reluctantly. "We never meant to say a word. We couldn't help Carthew listening."

Bulkeley bit his lip.

"I thought it was simply a silly yarn," he said. "It's dashed awkward. Mr. Dalton knows his own business best, of course; but—"

He paused. "It's all over the school now. But, if it's true, I suppose there's nothing more to be said. You can clear off."

Jimmy Silver & Co. left the captain's study in an uncomfortable mood. Carthew had done his worst, and they were glad that he did not know all. That was one comfort.

But it was bad enough to have the school buzzing with the news that Mr. Dalton had been seen at what Carthew chose to call a prize-fight.

"He'll think we've been babbling, after all," muttered Jimmy Silver uncomfortably. "I—I wonder—"

"Let's go and see him," said Lovell resolutely. "He's bound to hear of it soon, and it's not fair that he should think we've been chattering about him."

Jimmy shook his head.

"We can't speak to him about it unless he speaks to us first. After all, he knows Carthew was listening to us, and he may guess it was that cad did the trick. Let's go and have tea."

In a rather troubled mood the chums of the Fourth proceeded to the end study.

After tea, when they took in their lines to Mr. Dalton, they looked—as they felt—uneasy, wondering whether the master had yet heard the "yarn" that was going the rounds of Rookwood.

His face gave no sign of it. He was calm and kind as usual, though he glanced quite carefully over the impositions to see that they were well done. The Fistical Four felt rather comforted as they quitted their new master. They felt that, after all, Mr. Dicky Dalton would do them justice, and could understand that they were not responsible for the unpleasant talk when at last it reached his ears, if it had not done so already. But towards Mark Carthew their feelings were very nearly Hunnish.

The 4th Chapter.

Carthew Does Not Go To Bunbury!

"Going to Bunbury again, you chaps?"

Tubby Muffin asked that question as the Fistical Four wheeled their bikes out on Wednesday afternoon. Mornington and Erroll and Oswald were with the four.

"No, ass!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Too jolly far for a ride. We had enough of forty-mile spins last week."

"I say, if you're going—"

"I've told you we're not, fat-head!"

"I know!" assented Tubby Muffin. "But if you're going, I'd like to come. Is there another boxing match at the Bunbury Ring, Jimmy?"

The captain of the Fourth glared at Reginald Muffin. Apparently the fat Classical did not place absolute faith in Jimmy's veracity. Tubby Muffin suffered from the sad fate of all liars—he never could believe what was told him.

"You fat rotter!" said Jimmy Silver. "I've a jolly good mind to scalp you! Buzz off!"

Tubby Muffin backed away.

"Well, if you won't give a fellow a lift to Bunbury—"

"We're not going to Bunbury!" shrieked Lovell.

"Oh, all right; no need to yell!" said Muffin. "You can't pull the wool over my eyes, that's all! I jolly well hope Carthew will catch you at it!"

"Carthew!" said Jimmy. "What do you mean, you fat duffer?"

"I fancy Carthew knows you're going, anyhow!" jeered Muffin.

"What is Carthew going to Bunbury for?" said Jimmy Silver abruptly. "He's too thumping a slacker to want to ride twenty miles out and back if he can help it!"

"Perhaps he's going to the boxing show, as he's heard so much about it lately!" grinned Newcome.

"More in his line than ours, really, especially if he could get some bets on it," said Raby.

Jimmy shook his head.

"I can't help thinking that it's up against Dicky!" he said.

"Eh? How?" asked Lovell.

"He must have a jolly good reason for such a ride, a slacker like Carthew. You remember how keen he was to get out of us what we knew; he guessed we knew more than we let on. He knows that Dicky was at the Ring—that's all. Doesn't it look as if he thinks he may find out something more by going over to Bunbury? We know he hates Dicky like poison for setting him down."

"I—I suppose it's possible. But if—"

"If he's after Dicky's scalp, we're going to chip in," said Jimmy Silver decidedly. "Carthew's not going over to Bunbury spying after Dicky. He may find out lots of things. He may spot that—that—"

"That Mr. Dalton was a fighting-man in the ring there," said Raby, with a whistle. "I dare say the Lamb's name was known to some people. My hat, if Carthew spotted that, he could make Dicky sit up!"

Carthew?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell sarcastically.

Carthew's eyes glinted.

"Go back to Rookwood at once!" he said. "I order you, as a prefect."

The Fistical Four exchanged glances; but they did not budge. That tyrannical exercise of the authority of a prefect "cut no ice" with the chums of the end study.

"Do you hear me?" roared Carthew.

"We're not deaf."

"Go back!"

"Rats!"

"I shall report this to the Head!" shouted Carthew.

"Report and be hanged!" answered Jimmy Silver coolly.

Carthew clenched his hand. But the Fistical Four looked so warlike that he wisely decided not to come to closer quarters. Jimmy Silver & Co. were quite prepared to dust the road with Carthew, prefect as he was, in their friendly concern for Mr. Dalton, Form-master and boxer. They had decided, nem. con., that it was up to them to take care of Dicky, though probably Mr. Dalton would have been very much astonished to learn that he was under the protection of four juniors in the Fourth Form.

Carthew turned away with a black look, and remounted. Behind him the Fistical Four followed.

The prefect's attempt to turn them back removed any lingering doubt Jimmy Silver might have had. Carthew was going to Bunbury to make

He called out to Jimmy as the juniors came up.

"Silver!"

"Hallo!"

"Wheel this bike up for me."

Jimmy started. It was on the tip of his tongue to refuse. He had not ridden so far from Rookwood to fag for Carthew of the Sixth. But the next moment he realised how the prefect was playing into his hands. Jimmy had determined to get hold of the bike by charging the prefect and rolling him over—a very reckless proceeding. Now Carthew was offering him the bike! Uncle James of Rookwood smiled.

"You want me to take it, Carthew?" he asked.

"Yes, hang you!"

Carthew did not wholly expect his order to be obeyed. So he was relieved when Jimmy Silver jumped down and took the handlebars.

"Leave it to me," said Jimmy meekly.

Carthew was only too glad to leave it to him. It was fag enough to tramp up the hill without wheeling the bike.

Jimmy closed one eye at his chums. Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned, and went free-wheeling down the hill the way they had come. And as Lovell passed Jimmy, the latter handed him Carthew's bike, and Lovell wheeled it on beside his own.

It was done so neatly and quickly that Carthew had no chance whatever of interfering. Indeed, even then it did not occur to him that the chums of the Fourth intended to carry off his machine.

"Stop that fooling!" he called out angrily.

Jimmy jumped on his own machine and followed his chums.

Carthew stared after them.

"Come back, Silver!" he bawled.

Jimmy did not answer. The four juniors were going downhill at a terrible pace now, Carthew's bike led by Lovell. Then it dawned upon the bully of the Sixth what was happening, and he broke into a desperate rush in pursuit.

"Bring my bike back!" he shrieked.

"You'll find it at Rookwood!" yelled back Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—I'll—I'll—I'll—!" Carthew spluttered furiously. He dashed down the hill at a frantic speed after the cyclists.

But he had simply no chance. There was a slope of a mile before the juniors, and they went down it at record speed. Behind them came Carthew, flushed and panting, streaming with perspiration, boiling with rage, and uttering ejaculations which it was just as well Jimmy Silver & Co. did not hear—certainly those ejaculations were not suited to youthful ears. Frantic as were his efforts, the pursuing prefect was left farther and farther behind at every step.

On the steep slope he caught his foot at last, and stumbled and rolled over, losing his balance. Jimmy Silver glanced back from the foot of the hill, and gave a breathless laugh at the sight of Carthew rolling.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was the last the chums of the end study saw of Carthew. A bend of the road hid him from their sight, and they swept on towards distant Rookwood, triumphant.

Carthew's trip to Bunbury was knocked on the head for that day at least!

That evening there was trouble for four. Jimmy Silver & Co., called into their Form-master's study, found Carthew there, furious and full of complaints, and looking utterly dusty and weary and fagged out. Mr. Dalton's look was very stern.

"Carthew informs me that you deprived him of his bicycle, and caused him to walk nine miles home to Rookwood," said Mr. Dalton severely. "How dare you play such a trick on a prefect!"

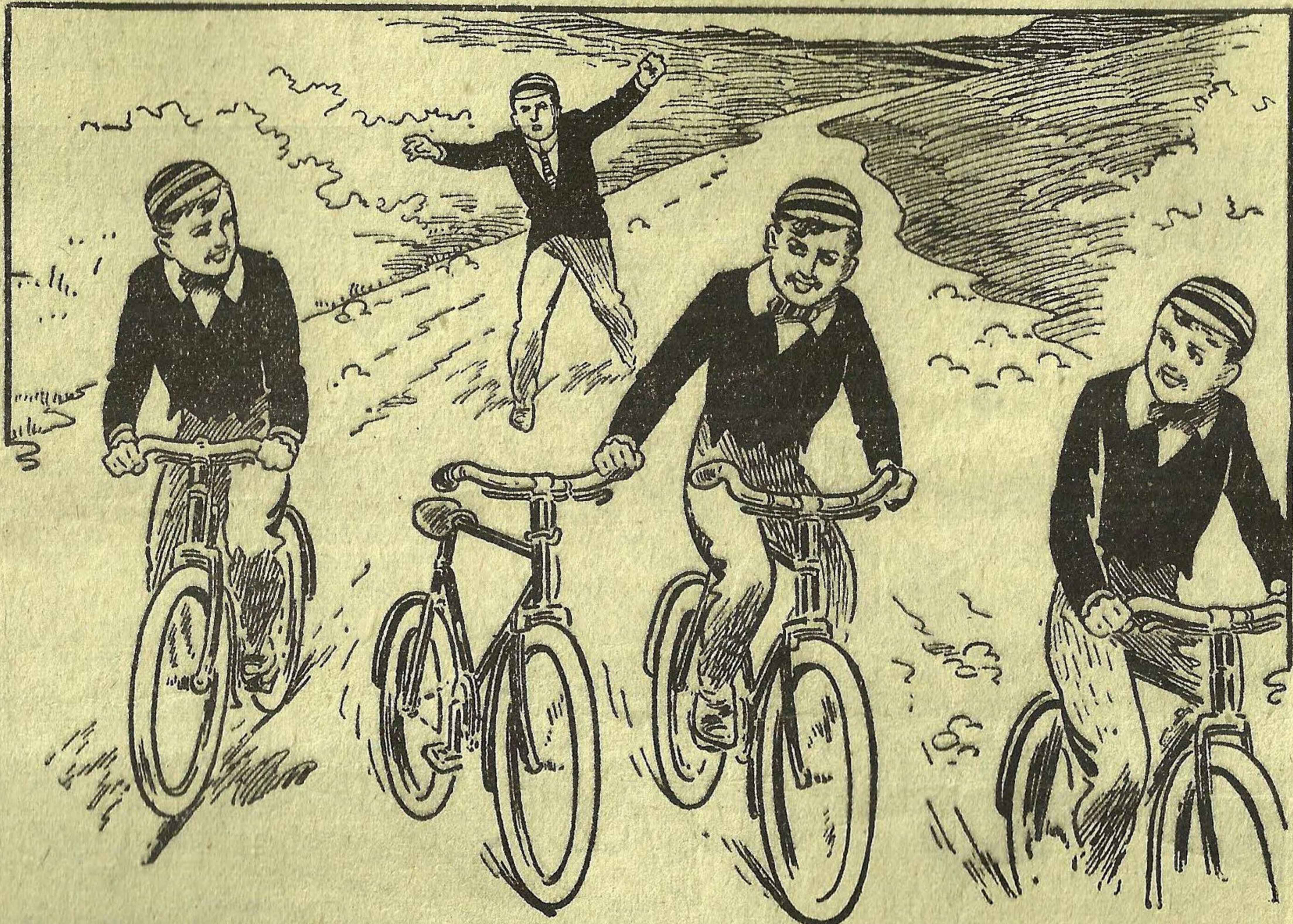
Swish, swish, swish!

Jimmy Silver & Co. wriggled out of the study. They had expected it, and it couldn't be helped. But it was painful—very painful! And when the pain had worn off they were not sorry; though it was a swishing from Mr. Dalton that had rewarded them for looking after Dicky!

As Jimmy Silver remarked later on that evening, a caning under those circumstances was just bearable; and to this noble sentiment his three chums answered with three groans!

THE END.

(Mind you read "The Fistical Four Form-master!"—a grand, long complete Rookwood school tale featuring Jimmy Silver & Co., in next Monday's Boys' Friend.)



**TURNING THE TABLES!** Lovell and Raby came sailing past, down the hill the way they had come. And as Lovell drew level Jimmy handed him Carthew's mount, swinging into the saddle of his own, and the Fistical Four made their way back to Rookwood. It was now impossible for the Sixth Former to reach Bunbury, and for the time being Jimmy Silver & Co. were "on top."

"That's why he's going, I fancy. Serve you right if he catches you!"

Jimmy Silver looked very grave all at once.

"How do you know Carthew is going to Bunbury this afternoon, Muffin?" he asked quietly.

"Because I heard him ask Knowles for his county map to look out the cycling routes to Bunbury," answered Muffin. "I saw him going over the map, too. And he asked Bulkeley how long it took him when he rode to Bunbury once—I heard him. You mind Carthew don't catch you going into the Ring. You won't get off so lightly next time!"

Lovell made a movement towards the doubting Thomas of the Fourth, and Reginald Muffin promptly fled to escape the lunge of a rather large boot.

Jimmy Silver's face was grave as the chums wheeled out their machines. Near the gates of Rookwood Jimmy stopped, and his comrades stopped with him. Morny looked round.

"You fellows comin'?" he asked.

"Don't wait for us," answered Jimmy Silver. "I think, after all, we may go on another road."

"What—" began Lovell.

"Oh, all serene!" said Mornington. And he rode away with Erroll and Oswald.

The Fistical Four remained alone, three of them with inquiring eyes fixed on their "Uncle James."

"What's this stunt?" asked Lovell.

"We arranged to go for a spin with Morny and the rest. What's biting you now, Jimmy?"

"Richard's a good sort," said Jimmy Silver. "He's been a brick to us—though he does give us lines—and it's up to us to see that nothing happens to Richard."

"Good old Richard!" chuckled Lovell. "I'm game! What are we going to do—have Carthew off his bike and mop up the road with him? It would only mean a flogging."

"Here he comes, anyhow," said Newcome.

Carthew of the Sixth wheeled his bike out. He scowled at the Fistical Four and mounted and pedaled away towards Coombe.

"Get on!" said Jimmy Silver.

"After him?"

"Yes!"

The four juniors rode slowly after Carthew. They did not want to pass him, and did not want him, as yet, to guess that they were following him. But the prefect had no suspicion of that. He pedalled through Coombe and on to Rookham. Leaving Rookham behind he rode along the leafy lanes to Latham, the Fistical Four still behind.

After Latham, Carthew stopped to walk his machine up a hill, and then he looked back, and started at the sight of the chums of the Fourth.

He waited for them to come up, with a grim expression on his face.

"What are you fags doing here?" he asked.

"Biking," answered Jimmy Silver briefly.

"You are following me!"

"Have you purchased this road,

inquiries on the subject of Mr. Dalton, hoping to learn something against him. And if he did so while the memory of the great fight between the Lamb and the Bunbury Pet was still fresh, there was little doubt that he would get hold of the facts.

That Jimmy Silver was determined to prevent. He would have taken big risks rather than have allowed Dicky to come under the thumb of the scheming prefect.

Mile after mile glided under the revolving wheels, the Fistical Four still hanging on the track of Carthew, who took no further notice of them. Half-way to Bunbury Jimmy Silver made up his mind. The cyclists had dismounted to walk their machines up a steep hill.

"We've got to stop him," said Jimmy in a low voice. "Now's our chance! He's too jolly slack to walk the other ten miles to Bunbury if something happens to his jigger."

"But what can happen to it?" ejaculated Lovell.

"He's going to lose it!"

"My hat!"

Jimmy Silver gave his instructions to his followers, and they stared. But there was no hanging back. The Fistical Four were all game in the generous enterprise of taking care of Dicky!

They remounted their machines, and pedaled on hard after Carthew, who was still wheeling his bike up the steep hill. Carthew was perspiring and grunting, and scowling savagely. The exertion did not agree with him.

A FINE LONG COMPLETE YARN OF FRANK RICHARDS.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

# Frank Richards' PARTNER!



## The 1st Chapter.

### An Old Acquaintance!

The rain was coming down in torrents. The drenched cedars moaned in the wind; the larches dragged and dripped. It was one of the sudden rainstorms of British Columbia, and it had caught Frank Richards on the open trail. With his head bent to the wind and rain, the wandering schoolboy tramped up the Siskoo trail, which was churned into thick mud under his feet.

Somewhere in the darkness ahead of him was Siskoo, on the edge of the lake. But neither camp nor lake was to be seen—only the dripping, swaying branches loomed through the gloom. Faintly to Frank's ears came a hollow boom, which he guessed was the sound of the lake's waters, lashed by the fierce wind. It was the third day since he had tramped out of Kicking Mule Camp, with six dollars in his pocket, and all Canada before him, and, so far, his lines had not fallen in pleasant places!

For half an hour now the storm had beaten upon him, the wind at times almost sweeping him from his feet. There was no shelter in the wind-driven thickets by the trail. He hoped at every moment to see the lights of the camp as he tramped on through splashing mud. Of his six dollars, one remained; enough to pay for a night's shelter, at least. But Siskoo seemed to have been swallowed up in the night—the trail ran on endlessly among the dripping larches.

Frank Richards stopped at last. He felt dead beat. He stood close to the trunk of a big cedar to keep off the wind, and breathed hard. He thought, just then, of his cosy room at the Lawless Ranch, in the far-off Thompson Valley, and his heart was heavy. It was several weeks now since he had looked his last upon Cedar Creek School. He wondered despondently whether he would ever see the backwoods school and his old friends again. But the sight of a faint light winking through the gloom drove the dismal reflections from his mind. The light, faint and distant as it was, told of a human habitation, and renewed his hopes.

He stepped out from under the tree, and tramped on, his head bent to the wind. The light winked and disappeared, and appeared again; every few seconds it vanished, only to reappear. As he drew nearer he found that it shone from the open window of a cabin; a loose shutter, blowing to and fro in the wind, shut it off at intervals. The flapping of the shutter on the log wall came to his ears through the howl of the wind like a succession of pistol-shots.

He could not help wondering what sort of man had left his window shutter blowing open on such a night. The cabin could scarcely be deserted, as the lamp was burning within. But whoever was the denizen of the lonely log cabin, it offered shelter from the storm, and Frank tramped on hopefully. He reached the cabin at last, and thumped on the door.

There was no answer from within. He thumped again and again, but no reply came. There was no handle to the door; it was made of rough planks, nailed together, and hung loosely on leather hinges. As it did not open to the touch, it was evidently wedged inside.

"Anybody at home?" shouted Frank, thumping on the door.

But there was no answer; and he moved round to the window. He caught the blowing shutter and held it back, and put his head into the room.

The lamp, dirty and smoky, burned on a pine-plank table. An upturned box and a bunk seemed to be the only other articles of furniture. There was a farther room, into which he could not see. In the bunk he made out the outlines of a sleeper, under a dirty blanket. The cabin was evidently occupied; and the man in the bunk must have been sleeping very soundly, as the roar of the storm and the thumping at the door had failed to awaken him.

"Wake up!" shouted Frank.

The sleeper did not stir.

Frank hesitated a few moments. He was drenched with rain, and frozen with the bitter wind. There was shelter in the cabin. Hospitality in the Canadian West was boundless; there were few settlers who would have refused to open their door to a homeless stranger. The window was large enough for Frank Richards to creep through, and he determined to enter unbidden, as the man in the bunk showed no signs of stirring.

He put his shoulders through the narrow opening, and climbed in carefully. A minute more, and he was standing inside the cabin. He drew the shutter in, and fastened it, keeping out the wind and the rain that had already drenched a large space of the earthen floor. Then he sat down on the upturned box to rest, too wearied to think of anything else for some time.

The man in the bunk stirred at last, and Frank heard him grunt in his sleep as he turned over. A far from agreeable aroma of whisky came to him, and he understood the cause of the fellow's deep slumber. He rose to his feet, and stepped towards the bunk. He was prepared to sleep on the floor, but he felt that it would not do to allow the man to awaken and find him there unexpectedly. He bent over the sleeper, catching a glimpse of a stubby and unshaven face in the shadow, and shook him by the shoulder.

"Wake up!"

"Grooogh!" mumbled the sleeper.

Frank shook him again.

"Go 'way!" came a mumbling voice.

"Let up! Why, what the thunder—"

The man came to himself, and sat up in the bunk, rubbing red eyes and blinking in astonishment at Frank Richards.

His face was in shadow, but something in his voice seemed familiar to the schoolboy of Cedar Creek.

"Young Richards!" ejaculated the man in the bunk. "What the thunder are you doing here?"

"You know me!" exclaimed Frank.

"Don't I?" was the reply. "I guess you know me, too, you young scallywag! Your fault that I'm here, I guess, instead of running the 'Thompson Press' in Thompson Town. How did you get here?"

Frank picked up the lamp, and threw the light on the stubby face.

Then he knew the man in the bunk. "Mr. Penrose!" he exclaimed.

"I guess so."

"My only hat!"

Mr. Penrose blinked at him in

return for his astonished stare. Frank Richards remembered him well enough. He had cause to remember him. Mr. Penrose had run the local paper in the Thompson Valley, and Frank Richards' earliest literary work had appeared in the columns of that publication. Mr. Penrose had departed quite suddenly from Thompson Town, with a crowd of angry "galoots" looking for him; and evidently his fortunes had not improved since.

The "wild and woolly" Western editor was not exactly a desirable acquaintance; but Frank Richards was glad to see a familiar face again—even a stubby, boozey face like Mr. Penrose's. He felt quite cordial towards the dilapidated gentlemen at that moment.

"How the thunder did you get in?" demanded Mr. Penrose.

"Through the window."

night. The potent fire-water, which had caused Mr. Penrose's failures in Thompson Town, was still exercising its influence over him—and no doubt he had zigzagged up the trail to his cabin after the latest saloon had closed in Siskoo.

Frank was drenched to the skin, and he proceeded to build a fire in the rusty old iron stove. Fortunately, there was fuel in the cabin. He raked out the stove, built the fire, and dried himself and his clothes, rubbing himself dry with a strip of canvas. When his clothes were dry he dressed again, and laid himself down to sleep, with an old sack under him, and another for a pillow.

It was not a comfortable couch, but Frank was too fatigued to be particular. In a few minutes he was in a sound slumber.

Outside the log cabin the storm roared and howled, till it had spent its force. Then the wind died down, the rain ceased to dash on the cabin and the muddy trail, the stars came out bright and glittering in a sky of darkest blue. The stars faded as a rosy flush came into the sky from the east, and a new day crept over the hills and valleys of British Columbia—a fresh, spring day, with bright sunshine that drew clouds and whirls of mist from the rain-soaked thickets. Still Frank Richards slept on before the dead fire; and still Mr. Penrose snored in his bunk. It was the latter that awoke first of the two.

Frank Richards did not awaken, and Mr. Penrose groped for a boot, and hurled it at him. His hand was not steady, and his aim was bad. The boot missed Frank and crashed on the stove. The crash awakened the schoolboy of Cedar Creek, and he started up.

"My hat! What—"

"Hallo!" yapped Mr. Penrose.

Frank jumped to his feet. He was stiff from his uncomfortable couch.

He blinked at the man in the bunk.

"Good-morning!" grinned Mr. Penrose.

"Good-morning!" said Frank.

"Slept well?"

"I—I think so."

"I wish I had!" grumbled Mr. Penrose. "I've got a head on me this morning. Is there anything in the jug?"

"The jug?" repeated Frank.

Mr. Penrose threw open the door, letting in the fresh breeze and a flood of sunshine.

"Pesky queer you should happen on me like this, Richards. What are you doing sixty miles from home?"

Frank coloured.

"I've left Cedar Creek School," he answered. "I—I've left my uncle's ranch. I'm on my own now."

"What have you been up to, you young scallywag?"

"Nothing."

Frank did not care to explain that he had left home with a shadow on his name. Mr. Penrose was not the man to confide in. Moreover, the thirsty gentleman was not curious. He was thinking about himself, not about Frank, and he hardly waited for a reply.

"Waal, what about breakfast?" he said. "There's nothing hyer. Have you got anything in your sack?"

"Only a crust."

"I calculate that ain't enough for two. Tell you what, Richards, you get the fire going, and I'll mosey along to the camp and get some grub."

"Is it far?" asked Frank.

"Not more'n fifty yards, round the bend of the trail. I'll be back in a brace of shakes."

"Right-ho!" said Frank cheerily.

Mr. Penrose picked up a ragged Stetson hat, and put it on, and started for the door. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned back.

"Say, I guess I've run out of dust," he remarked. "Can you stand a couple of dollars, Richards?"

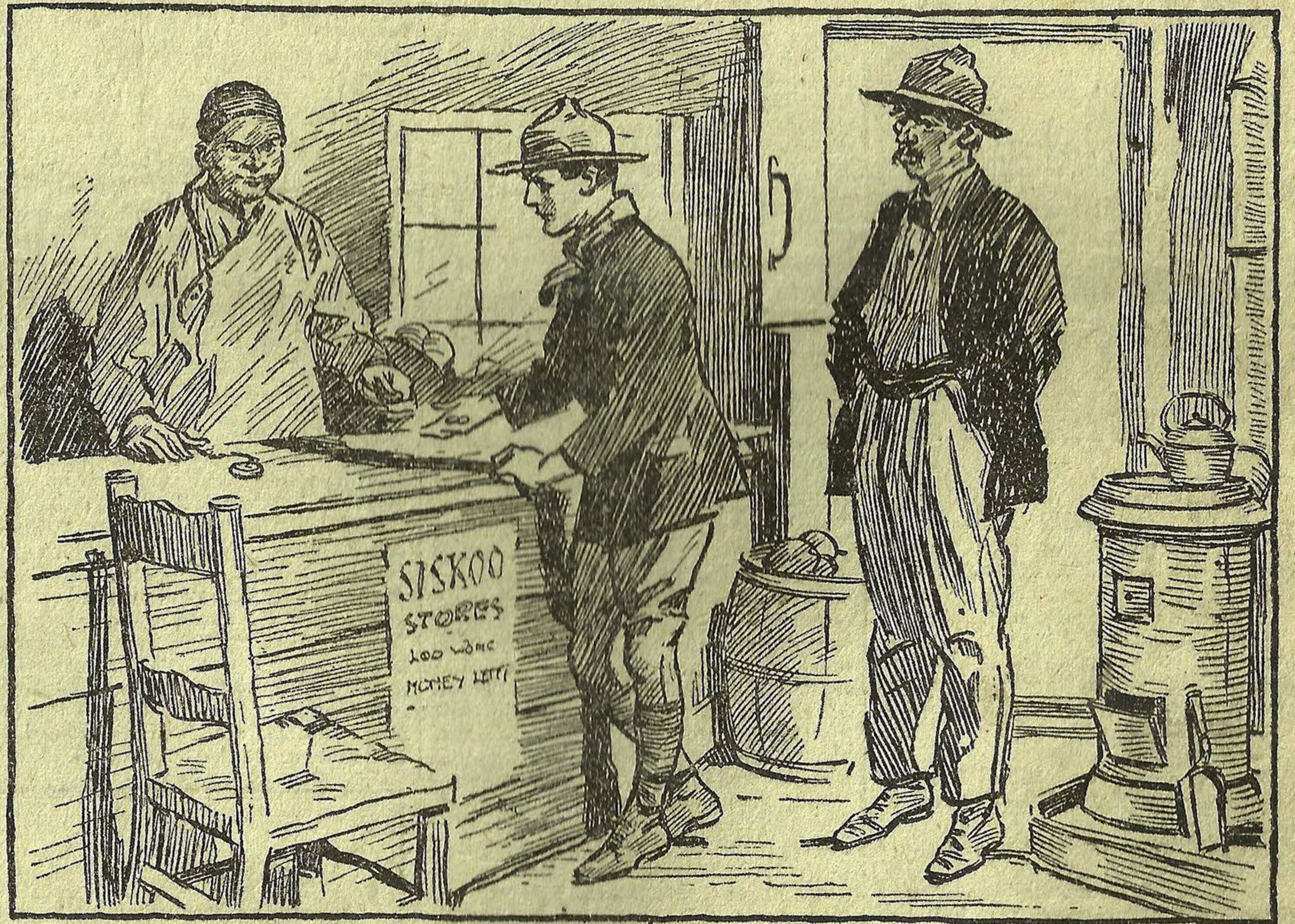
"I've only one left."

"Shell out," said Mr. Penrose, stretching out his hand. "I guess if you stand brekker for two, I'll rouse out a dollar in time for dinner, and that's fair play."

"Good enough," said Frank, with a smile.

He handed over his last dollar to Mr. Penrose, and that gentleman left the cabin at once. Apparently, he was in a hurry for his breakfast, for he almost ran up the sunny trail towards Siskoo.

Frank Richards was left alone in a rather cheery mood. The sight of a familiar face had cheered him, and a good night's rest had done him good. He looked out of the doorway, upon a wide prospect of rolling hills, broken by belts of timber, and leaping



**ON THE ROCKS!** Frank Richards entered the store, followed by Mr. Penrose. At the suggestion of the latter gentleman he handed his watch across the counter to the grinning Chink. This was his last asset, and the three dollars he got in exchange would barely last until the morrow.

"Did I leave it open?" mumbled the man in the bunk. "Gosh! Well, and now you're here, young Richards, what do you want?"

"A night's shelter," answered Frank.

"Take it!" said Mr. Penrose.

He rolled over in the bunk, drew the dirty blanket over him, and in another minute was snoring.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Mr. Penrose Goes Shopping!

Frank Richards set the lamp on the table, and turned away from the snoring gentleman in the bunk. Evidently there was to be no further conversation from Mr. Penrose that

"Anything to drink, I mean," said Mr. Penrose anxiously. "Don't you carry a flask?"

"No."

"That's a mistake, Richards. You should always carry a little when you're travelling; you may want it suddenly. But you always were a jay, I remember. Oh, gosh, I'm dry!"

"I'll get you some water—"

"Don't be funny," said Mr. Penrose crossly. He rolled out of the bunk, yawned, stretched himself, and yawned again. "Oh, gosh! Waal, I'm glad to see you again, Richards. You're welcome to my cabin."

"Thank you!" said Frank.

torrents that flashed in the sun. It was a glorious morning after the wild, stormy night. Frank's face lighted up at the beauty of the scene. He turned almost gaily into the cabin again to perform his duties. In a few minutes he had the stove roaring, and then he searched out an old broom and swept the cabin clean. The place was even more untidy than he remembered Mr. Penrose's old quarters in Thompson to have been; but in half an hour Frank had made a great difference. The room looked quite tidy and cosy when he had finished.

Mr. Penrose had not returned, and as Frank was very hungry, he finished the crust from his wallet, and washed

(Continued overleaf.)

## FRANK RICHARDS' PARTNER.

(Continued from previous page.)

it down with clear water from the creek near the cabin. Then he looked up the trail for Mr. Penrose, but that gentleman was not in sight.

A doubt smote Frank Richards now. Well he remembered Mr. Penrose's old habits, and he wondered whether the thirsty man had expended the dollar in a "morning nip" instead of upon provisions for breakfast. It would have been very like him. It was not a pleasant thought to Frank; he wanted his breakfast, and that dollar was his last.

He re-entered the cabin, and looked into the second room, which he had not entered yet. There was a pine bench in the room, and a stool. On the bench was a battered old typewriter, and a packet of typing paper, pens and ink, and a few other articles. In the machine was a partly-written sheet, upon which Frank read:

"THE SISKOO GAZETTE!  
"LATEST NEWS!"

Apparently, poor Mr. Penrose was seeking to follow his old business in his new quarters. But there was no sign of any printing outfit. The sight of the typewriter stirred Frank Richards, reminding him of old days, when he had clicked off his contributions to the "Thompson Press." He sat down at the machine, and ran his fingers over the keys. It was sadly out of order, and extremely dirty. And Frank filled in the next hour cleaning it and putting it in order as well as he could. Then he looked out again for Mr. Penrose. But the trail was still deserted. It was pretty clear that dilapidated editorial gentleman did not intend to return for breakfast. And at last Frank closed the door of the cabin, and started up the trail for Siskoo—to look for Mr. Penrose, and to reclaim any fraction that might be left of his dollar.

The 3rd Chapter.  
The Last Dollar!

Siskoo Lake burst upon Frank's sight as he came round the bend of the trail. The waters were still rough from the wind of the night, and they rolled golden and glistening in the sunshine, backed by mountain ranges and dark forest. Two or three bark canoes, with Indians in them, dotted the waters of the lake. Close by the shore were the shacks and cabins of Siskoo—two dozen or so primitive buildings. In the distance was a saw-mill, with busy men at work. A frame-built shanty bore a roughly-painted sign, "Golden West Hotel." Frank started for that building, where he suspected Mr. Penrose to be; and he was not mistaken.

As he came up to the open door he heard Mr. Penrose's voice within, apparently in conversation with a Chinese bar-keeper.

"Chalk it up, John. Chalk it up, I tell you!"

"No challee."

"I guess I'm getting a remittance up from Kamloops this afternoon, John. One more cocktail, and chalk it up," went on Mr. Penrose's persuasive voice.

"No challee."

"You pigtailed heathen!" Mr. Penrose's voice was no longer persuasive.

"You wall-eyed Chink! Can't you trust a decent white man for a cocktail?"

"No trustee."

Mr. Penrose swung out of the bar-room, and met Frank Richards face to face at the door.

He had the grace to flush as he met Frank's accusing eyes.

"Oh, you!" he ejaculated. "I—I guess—Have you got the fire started, Richards?"

"Long ago!"

"I—I guess I was coming back," mumbled Mr. Penrose. "I—I was just coming back. You run back now, and I'll be after you in two shakes!"

"Hand me the dollar, and I'll get the stuff," said Frank. "The store's close by."

"I—I guess I—I've lost the dollar," said Mr. Penrose. "I'm sorry—real sorry! I—I dropped it right in the creek—"

"What's the good of telling lies?" said Frank angrily. "You've spent it in whisky!"

"Richards," said Mr. Penrose, with a change of manner. "I confess it—to my shame! Never take to drink, Richards. It's a good servant, but a bad master. Take example by me, Richards, and never put the vile stuff down your throat."

"I never intend to," said Frank contemptuously. "But what I want now is some breakfast."

"So do I," said Mr. Penrose sadly. "It's an old want with me. I've had bad luck, Richards."

"Oh, rats!" said Frank impatiently. "I'm wasting time. Good-morning, Mr. Penrose!"

He turned away, but before he had taken half a dozen steps, Mr. Penrose's hand was on his shoulder.

"Hold on, Richards!" he said. "Look here, don't let us quarrel. I guess we can be useful to one another. It's a stroke of luck your dropping in on me as you did. As for breakfast, I can fix that. The Chink who keeps the store here will give you something on your watch. And then, if you like, we'll talk business. There's an opening here for you and me. Fair and square, Richards!"

"What sort of an opening?" asked Frank.

"I guess I'll explain over brekker," said Mr. Penrose. "I'm hungry. Come along to the Chink and put in your watch!"

Frank hesitated. But he was hungry. In the keen mountain air he felt almost ravenous. It was necessary to eat if he was to work; and a job had yet to be found.

He followed Mr. Penrose at last into the store. There a smiling Chinaman consented to take his watch off his hands for three dollars—a tenth of its value. But Frank could not afford to refuse the offer, and he accepted the three dollars, expending two of them at once in provisions. Mr. Penrose eyed the third dollar hungrily, as Frank put it safely away. But he did not venture to ask for it.

With the supply of provisions the two queerly-assorted companions returned to the cabin up the trail, and were soon at breakfast. And when that late but hearty meal was over Mr. Penrose came to business.

## The 4th Chapter.

## Mr. Penrose Talks Business!

"I guess it was real luck, you dropping in as you did!" said Mr. Penrose, lighting his pipe—after a search through all his pockets for stray fragments of tobacco. "You're just the pardner I want. There's a big opening in this camp for us two—really. There's me, with an inside knowledge of the newspaper business, and you, that can write and keep steady. Jest the pair to run as a team. You get me?"

"Not quite," said Frank. "I hoped to get some work here at the lumber, and if that failed I was going on to the gold-mines. But I'll hear what you've got to say, Mr. Penrose. What are you doing here, anyhow?"

Mr. Penrose sighed. "Jest marking time—from want of capital," he said. "I had to light out of Thompson sudden, as you know. Never mind that. I sold my horse and—"

"It wasn't your horse you left Thompson on?"

"Well, I sold it," said Mr. Penrose, unabashed. "That gave me a bit of a start. I got this cabin from a man who was down with fever and clearing out. The old typer was all I had by way of an outfit. But I'm a business man—you've noticed that, I guess. I started the 'Siskoo Gazette.' There never had been any paper in this quarter before, and it went all right. Typed copies lent at twenty-five cents a time, you know. I got the news—what news there was—and typed it, and put in stuff from old papers that came up the river, and—invented telegrams from Noo York and Chicago and Montreal, and so on. You know the game. The 'Siskoo Gazette' went all right. But I've jest about made food and drink."

"Especially drink!" said Frank sarcastically.

Mr. Penrose did not heed that remark.

"But I tell you," he went on impressively, "there's an opening hyer. With a little capital I could make things hum. Same game that we played in Thompson, Richards. You can write up the stuff, and I'll print it, and turn out a paper that will work up a circulation. It's a fortune for both of us, with any luck."

Frank Richards looked thoughtful.

He remembered that the Thompson Press would have been a successful venture but for Mr. Penrose's intemperate habits and addiction to roguery. It was possible that the "Siskoo Gazette" might be a success, with a steady hand on the rein. And certainly running a Western paper

was a more attractive idea than working on a saw-mill or splitting logs. The chief drawback to the scheme was Mr. Penrose's own character. He was such an exceedingly unreliable gentleman.

"Where's the capital to come from?" asked Frank.

Mr. Penrose coughed. "I guess we could start on a hundred dollars," he said. "I should have to borrow a hoss and ride down to the railroad town. I know where to pick up a hand-press cheap, and I know how to buy the stuff. You've got money in the bank at Thompson and—"

"I can't return to Thompson," said Frank, with a frown.

"No need. You know how to write, I suppose? You've simply got to send the manager a note, and the money comes by post."

"Oh!" said Frank. "But—but my uncle might find out where I am from that."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, I don't want it!"

"It's all serene," said Mr. Penrose. "Bank-managers don't talk, you know. No reason why the galoot should mention the matter to your uncle at all. Get the hundred dollars, and we'll get going. I guess I'll leave the cash in your hands, as the moneyed partner. I can't say fairer than that."

Mr. Penrose eyed the schoolboy of Cedar Creek eagerly.

Frank Richards reflected.

"I'll think it over," he said at last. "I'll have a look round the camp to-day, and tell you this evening, Mr. Penrose."

Frank Richards made up his mind that evening. He had a strong disinclination to communicate with Thompson Town in any way. He knew that Mr. Lawless would try to find him out if he could, from a sense of duty. But he made up his mind. The letter to the bank at Thompson was written and signed, and in the morning Mr. Penrose hired a horse, and rode away to the railway to post the letter. He returned late in the day, in a state of great satisfaction.

"Now we've got to live on your last dollar till the spondulies come through," he said. "And we'll get ready for business, Richards. You've got to turn out copy ready for the paper, like old times—what?"

And Frank Richards brightened up considerably at the prospect of getting to work on the typewriter again. He had already put it into a state of good repair.

Several days had to elapse before an answer could be expected from Thompson. During that time Frank Richards was very busy, getting out "copy" for the forthcoming "Siskoo Gazette."

He liked the work, and the sunny days passed pleasantly enough.

Meanwhile, Mr. Penrose was perfectly sober—from necessity. Frank's last dollar went on provisions—which he fetched himself this time. In spite of Mr. Penrose's reform, the schoolboy author did not care to trust him with cash. But the editorial gentleman was really on his best behaviour. He did the "chores" about the cabin, while Frank typed, and was very good-humoured and industrious. He was looking much better in health, too, from the necessity of keeping sober.

Every day added to Frank's pile of "copy," and Mr. Penrose read it over and expressed great approval. He was so delighted at having secured Frank as a "pardner," that gradually the schoolboy of Cedar Creek came to share some of his enthusiasm for the new venture, and looked forward to the time when the "Siskoo Gazette"

should have a circulation reaching for a hundred miles north and south of the camp. It was possible enough, with steady, hard work and application to business; and, so far as Frank, at least, was concerned, there would be no slacking.

Mr. Penrose had the first number of the paper "made up," before it was time to ride to the railroad town for the remittance. All was ready for the start; only the cash was wanted. And at last the two partners had a lift in a waggon going south, and Frank Richards called at the post-office in the railroad town, and found his letter there. And at the sight of a bill for a hundred dollars Mr. Penrose smiled a seraphic smile, and, like the Latin gentleman of old, seemed likely to strike the stars with his sublime head!

## The 5th Chapter.

## A Peculiar Partner!

"Better let me take care of the cash," said Mr. Penrose.

"I think I can manage it," answered Frank.

Mr. Penrose had a discouraged look.

His eyes had followed the hundred-dollar bill longingly as Frank tucked it safely away in an inside pocket. There was no doubt that Mr. Penrose had come down to the railroad town with the firm intention of making the necessary purchases for the starting of the "Siskoo Gazette" as soon as the money came to hand. But at sight of the bill, quite different thoughts had risen in his mind. A hundred dollars would have seen him through a glorious "bender."

And just then a "bender" appealed to Mr. Penrose much more than the ambitious scheme he had lately discussed with his youthful partner. His reform was telling on him, in fact. For nearly a week he had abstained from drink. And his whole thirsty being was yearning for the potent tanglefoot. The demon had taken too deep a hold upon him to be lightly shaken off.

"I guess I'm older than you," said Mr. Penrose. "The bill will be safer in my hands, Richards. I reckon there's hoodlums around this burg who would knock you on the head for a hundred dollars, as soon as look at you. You'd better hand it over, I guess."

Frank shook his head.

"Look here!" exclaimed Mr. Penrose warmly. "Do you trust me, or don't you, Richards?"

Frank looked him in the face.

"Not with money," he answered.

"I guess our partnership ain't much use if you can't trust your pardner with a hundred dollars!" growled Mr. Penrose. "I kinder reckon we'd better chuck the stunt, then."

"Just as you like," answered Frank.

"Ahem! I don't mean that exactly," said the editorial gentleman hastily. "But it's hard not to be trusted, Richards. But let's have some lunch and get to business. We can get the stuff we want in this town, and I know exactly where to look for it; and I reckon we can hire a lift on a waggon to-morrow going up the Siskoo Valley."

"Right-ho!" said Frank.

After lunch at the lumber hotel by the railroad Mr. Penrose was ready. He requested to be entrusted with the cash once more, and as Frank declined brusquely enough the schoolboy of Cedar Creek accompanied him in his round to make purchases. That part of the business Mr. Penrose knew well enough; and Frank admitted that his partner secured good value for the money. The goods were taken to the hotel, Frank paying for them and getting the receipts. The sum of seventy dollars was expended, leaving thirty for the partners to subsist upon until, as Mr. Penrose expressed it, the money began to roll in.

Seats were booked for themselves and their goods in a supply waggon going up to Siskoo the following day, and Frank and Mr. Penrose returned to the lumber hotel to sleep. Mr. Penrose cast a longing eye at the bar-room, where a crowd of railwaymen were drinking and chatting. But Frank was deaf to his request for even one dollar. If there was going to be a partnership, Frank was determined that it should be on business lines. Mr. Penrose could "booze" away any money of his own earning, but not the capital of the company. Every dollar of his own money Frank intended to keep in his own pocket.

In a greatly discouraged frame of mind Mr. Penrose proposed to turn in early, and Frank assented. Two plank-beds in an unfurnished room supplied their accommodation. Frank stretched himself on his primitive bed, and was quickly asleep. But his

hapless partner remained awake, listening to the sound of a raucous chorus from the bar-room below. As the night wore on Mr. Penrose's thirst became more and more imperative, until it was something like torture.

At last the wretched man could bear it no longer, and he sat up. He turned a guilty eye upon his partner.

Mr. Penrose softly crept from his bed. With the stealthiness of a Red Indian he crept towards Frank Richards.

The bare boards of the floor creaked under his feet, and he almost trembled. A glimmer of starlight fell into the room through chinks of the shutters. Frank Richards' eyes opened, but his face was in shadow. His eyes, as they opened, fell upon the crouching figure of his partner, creeping stealthily towards him.

Frank breathed hard. His first impulse was to speak; but he checked it. With grim expression on his face he closed his eyes again, and lay quite quiet as Mr. Penrose approached.

"You asleep?"

The man's voice was husky with eagerness and alarm. Frank remained silent.

Mr. Penrose's hand groped in his jacket for the inside pocket where he had seen Frank place his money.

Then a surprising thing happened. From the supposed sleeper a clenched fist suddenly drove out like a hammer, and smote Mr. Penrose full upon his red and bulbous nose.

Crash!

With a yell Mr. Penrose went over backwards on the floor.

Frank Richards sat up.

He struck a match and lighted his candle. The light glimmered on Mr. Penrose sprawling on the floor, dazedly rubbing his nose and blinking.

Frank Richards eyed him grimly.

"Well?" he said.

"You pesky young varmint!" roared Mr. Penrose. "Whatter you mean by landing out at a galoot and knocking him over, say?"

"Do you want any more?" asked Frank coolly. "If you do, you'd better try again to bag my dollars, Mr. Penrose."

"I—I guess I—I wasn't—"

"Rats! Listen to me!" said Frank. "You won't have a red cent out of me for drink, and if you try that game again I'll turn my back on you, and leave you on your own. Now get out of the room! I'm going to bolt the door on you before I go to sleep again."

"Where am I to sleep, then?" blustered Mr. Penrose.

"Where you like! Either you get out, or I do—and if I do I'm going to have nothing more to do with you."

Mr. Penrose scrambled limply to his feet.

"Jest one dollar, Richards, to get one little drink!" he pleaded.

"There's plenty of water—"

"Groooh!"

"Not a red cent! Are you going?"

"Oh Jerusalem!" groaned Mr. Penrose.

He limped out of the room, and Frank bolted the door before he returned to his plank-bed. He was not disturbed again till morning.

After breakfast they joined the supply waggon for Siskoo, and started up the trail into the mountains.

Mr. Penrose, with a sort of hopeless expression on his face, lent a hand at unloading the baggage when they reached the cabin. While Frank was getting things to rights in the room used as an office, Mr. Penrose hung about the cabin dolefully. He quitted it at last, when the sun set, and limped away up the trail to the camp, doubtless with the forlorn hope of picking up a stray drink from some hospitable lumberman at the Golden West Hotel. Apparently he was successful, for when he returned it was nearly midnight, and he was singing in a cracked voice as he came down the trail.

Frank looked out of the window. Mr. Penrose was holding on to a tree. He blinked gravely at Frank.

"Ain't you letting me in?" he stammered.

"No. Not till you're sober."

"Shober as judgsh!" stuttered Mr. Penrose.

"Go and eat coke!"

Heedless of the thumping on the door, Frank went to sleep. The hammering continued for some time, till Mr. Penrose gave it up as a bad job, and departed in search of other quarters, possibly not wholly satisfied with his new state of affairs as Frank Richards' partner!

THE END.

(You MUST read "Frank Richards—Rolling Stone," a grand, long, complete tale of the great North-west in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)



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