

Grand Cricket Article by Lee of Middlesex Inside!

The BOYS' FRIEND ^{1d}/₂

TWELVE PAGES!

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending May 21st, 1921.

\$1000 REWARD! BY MARTIN CLIFFORD



A BID FOR FREEDOM!

The buggy rushed on! "Stop!" yelled Mr. Scutt. "I guess not. Stand aside!" roared Frank Richards. Mr. Scutt had no time to say more. The buggy was almost upon him when he hurriedly leaped aside. Frank Richards raced on to freedom!

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The 1st Chapter. A Strange Meeting!

The Continental Hotel at Hard Pan was not crowded.

When Frank Richards, tired and dusty from the trail, dropped in to look for a cheap lunch, there was only one other guest at the hotel—a young man in a Panama hat, who was seated in the piazza, reading a newspaper and smoking a cigarette, and whom Frank rightly guessed came from the other side of the "line."

There was red dust on the trail, stirred by the spring winds, and there was plenty of it on Frank Richards, and a good deal in his mouth and nose.

He was glad to get out of the sun-blaze into the shelter of the piazza. He had been on tramp since dawn, and he was fatigued.

Just then the Continental Hotel was a haven of refuge to the wandering schoolboy of Cedar Creek.

The Continental Hotel, like many in the Far West, did not quite live up to its lofty title. It was a ramshackle lumber building of three or four rooms, and one storey; and Frank might not have guessed that it was an hotel at all but for the sign outside—a pine plank with the inscription on it in rough paint:

"CONTYNETAL OTEL."

But Frank was not looking for palatial quarters. His cash resources were reduced to the moderate sum of twenty-five cents, and he was doubtful whether this would produce him a lunch even in the lumber hotel at Hard Pan.

Anyhow, there was shade in the piazza from the hot sun, and he sank down thankfully upon an up-ended box, all the seats in the piazza being of that primitive kind.

The young man in the Panama hat glanced up from his newspaper, and fixed a keen, inquiring eye on the schoolboy.

Frank noticed, with a start, that the newspaper in the American's hand was the "Thompson Press."

He was a good distance from the Thompson Valley, and from his old home at the Lawless Ranch. The circulation of the "Press" was confined to the neighbourhood of Thompson Town, and Frank was surprised to see it so far afield.

The sight of it roused old recollections in Frank Richards' mind. In the columns of that journal his earliest literary efforts had appeared in print, and he wondered how Mr. Isaacs, the proprietor, had filled the space formerly allotted to him, for Frank's flight from his old home had brought his literary work to a sudden end.

He would have been glad to look at the paper for the sake of old times, but he did not care to ask the favour of a complete stranger.

But the stranger was not troubled by any feelings of diffidence.

He gave Frank Richards an abrupt nod, and spoke rather through his nose, which was long and sharp.

"Say, bub, stranger here, I guess!"

"Yes," answered Frank.

"Same here," said the young man; "and I reckon I'll be glad to see the last of the place. Nothing doing here. This is the Sleepy Hollow you read about, I opine. Got any folks here?"

Frank Richards smiled.

He had been long enough in the West to grow used to the peculiar American custom of inquiring into the personal affairs of strangers.

"No," he answered.

"All on your own—what?"

"Yes."

"Been tramping it, I reckon," said the young man, with a glance at

Frank's dusty clothes and well-worn boots.

"Yes."

"Down on your luck, hey?"

"A little."

"You won't find it improve in Hard Pan, stranger. I guess I haven't made sales worth a Continental red cent since I struck this section. I guess it's me for the way out," said the young man affably.

"What might be your business here?"

"It might be anything," answered Frank.

"But what is it, then?"

"I'm looking for work," said Frank.

"If you happen know of a job going here—"

"I guess you've struck the wrong patch, bub," said the young man, shaking his head. "If you was fixed

commercial traveller was called a drummer.

"Hard luck all the way," continued the drummer dispiritedly. "All the way up from the Thompson Valley, and nothing doing. Jevver hear of such luck? I guess Silas G. Scutt is going to beat it sudden. Blame me if I ever try to break up-country like this again. I s'pose—he fixed a very keen eye on Frank—"I s'pose your name ain't by any chance Frank Richards?"

Frank jumped.

"That is my name," he answered.

"I can't imagine how you can have guessed it"

"Great gophers!" ejaculated Silas G. Scutt.

He rose to his feet and stared at Frank, evidently excited.

"Then I reckon I'm glad to meet you!" said Mr. Scutt cordially, as he peered in Frank's face. "You're the very antelope I've been wanting to drop on. Put it thar!"

He held out a bony hand, and Frank, not liking to refuse it, shook the bony fingers.

"I reckon you want some lunch!" said Mr. Scutt. "This way to the grub department—come on!"

"But you told me it costs a dollar and—"

"That doesn't matter!"

"I've only got a quarter!" said Frank.

"I shall have to try somewhere else."

"I guess not!" said Mr. Scutt emphatically. "I kinder calculate I'm standing you that lunch, Richards!"

"You're very kind!" said Frank, in utter amazement. From his looks Mr. Scutt seemed about the unluckiest man in the West to stand anybody a lunch for nothing. "But—"

"Life's too short for butts!" said Mr. Scutt briskly. "Hop on!"

"But—"

"This way, Richards!"

"I'm very much obliged to you,

to Mr. Scutt, and, anyhow, he was very hungry, and a meal was welcome.

So Frank Richards gave in, and sat down in the "grub department" as the guest of Silas G. Scutt.

The 2nd Chapter. The Good Samaritan!

Mr. Scutt had lunched, but he kept Frank Richards company while the schoolboy disposed of the meal brought in by a Chinaman, and for which Mr. Scutt paid a dollar.

The fare at the Continental Hotel of Hard Pan was rough and ready; but Frank had never been fastidious, and his late experiences on tramp had made him less so than ever.

He made an excellent lunch, and felt very much better for it; while Mr. Scutt sat and smoked incessant cigarettes.

"You're looking for a job, and I reckon I can put you in the way of one," said Mr. Scutt. "No objection to a ranch?"

"None at all."

"I reckon I can fix you. I'm going to drive you there in my buggy," said Mr. Scutt.

Frank looked at him.

"You're very kind," he said. "I can't imagine why you should take so much trouble for a stranger."

Mr. Scutt smiled rather enigmatically.

"You'll know!" he said. "Never mind that now. But I calculate, Richards, I've got to be posted!"

"Posted!" said Frank.

"You've got to put me wise."

"Eh?"

"I mean, give an account of yourself!" said Mr. Scutt impatiently.

"Don't you understand plain English?"

"Oh! Yes. What do you want to know?" asked Frank, colouring a little.

He had a strong repugnance to

ain't been able to put a finger on you since?"

"That's so," said Frank.

"I reckon he wants you back, though."

"I think so," said Frank. "He believes me guilty. But he isn't willing for me to face the world on my own, and he wishes to provide for me, as my father sent me to Canada into his care."

"Then why the thunder don't you take what's going, instead of rooting around the diggings looking for a job?" demanded Mr. Scutt, evidently puzzled.

"Because I can't accept anything from him while he thinks as he does of me," answered Frank quietly.

"Oh! Then you don't want to go back to Thompson?"

"Never!"

"You wouldn't be willing to get back to the Lawless Ranch?"

"No."

"S'pose the job I was going to offer you was in the Thompson Valley?" asked Mr. Scutt, eyeing him.

"I should have to refuse it," said Frank.

"Unless my innocence is proved, I shall never go back to the Thompson Valley!"

Mr. Scutt smiled.

"Fixed on that?" he asked.

"Quite!"

The drummer seemed to muse while he smoked another cigarette.

Frank Richards looked at him very uneasily.

His hopes had been raised, but Mr. Scutt's conversation rather dashed them again.

"Is it in the Thompson section, Mr. Scutt?" he asked, at last. "If so, I'm sorry I shall have to refuse."

"Leave it to me," answered Mr. Scutt.

"I've said I'll see you through, and I guess Silas G. Scutt is a man of his word. Cut out the Thompson Valley. You leave it to your Uncle Silas."

There was a rattle of wheels and hoofs, and a half-breed stableman brought Mr. Scutt's buggy round to the front of the lumber hotel. The drummer rose to his feet.

"This is where we move!" he remarked.

"You're sure?" began Frank Richards doubtfully.

"Leave it to me. Haven't I said that I'll see you through?" exclaimed Mr. Scutt. "Hop in, Richards!"

Frank Richards, without further demur, stepped into the buggy. Mr. Scutt followed him in, and gathered up the reins. The half-breed let go the horse's head and touched his ragged hat, evidently in expectation of a gratuity. Mr. Scutt glanced at him.

"I guess you reckon that a dollar would about fix you?" he said.

The half-breed grinned and nodded.

"Then I hope that the next galoot that happens along will have a dollar to throw away for nothing," said Mr. Scutt charitably.

And he drove off, leaving the half-breed staring.

The 3rd Chapter. A Startling Discovery!

Frank Richards leaned back in the buggy and made himself comfortable. It was a much more comfortable method of travelling than that which Frank had grown accustomed to of late. Since leaving Cedar Creek, long weeks ago, Frank had spent his time chiefly on tramp, and the American drummer's buggy seemed very luxurious to him now. Mr. Scutt drove at a good rate, and the horse covered the ground in good style.

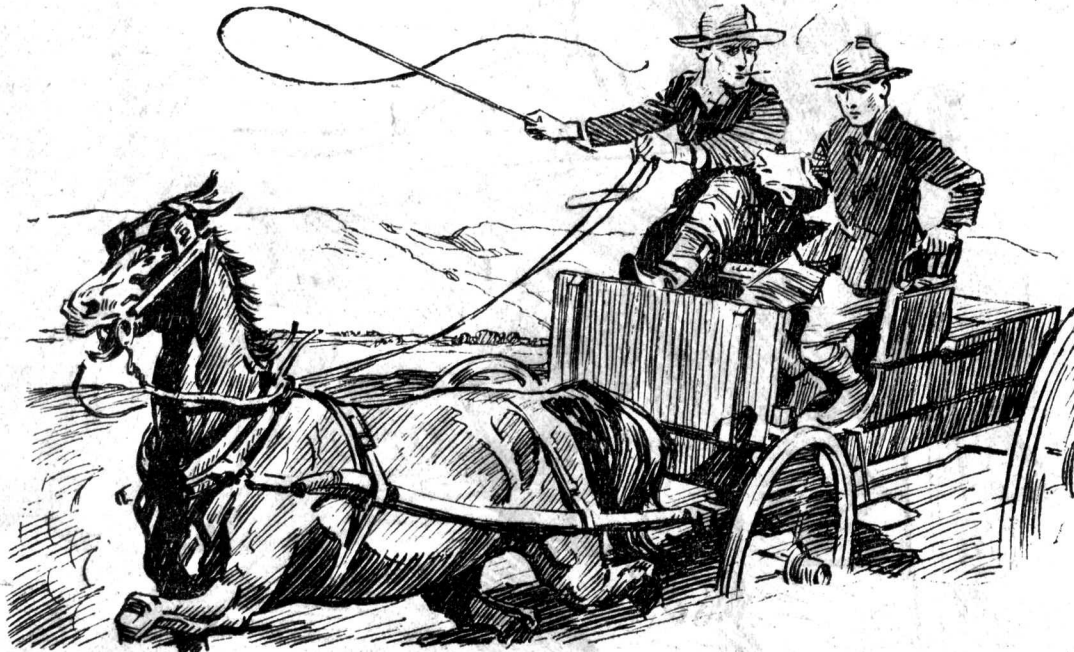
Frank was still rather puzzled as to Mr. Scutt's interest in him. Certainly, the American drummer could not hope to "make" anything out of him. He knew that Frank's cash capital amounted to only twenty-five cents.

But if Mr. Scutt was not "on the make," it was a puzzle to guess what he was "on."

Frank wanted to think as well of him as possible, as he appeared in the role of benefactor. But he could not help noting Mr. Scutt's sharp chin and long, sharp nose, and jaw that set like a vice, and close-set, shifty eyes. If Mr. Scutt was a good-natured man who delighted to confer benefits on strangers, then his looks belied him sadly.

Still, Frank reflected that, whatever Mr. Scutt's object might be, he personally, had nothing to lose—nothing but twenty-five cents. So he was quite content to rest luxuriously in the buggy, and leave the future to Mr. Silas G. Scutt.

The American talked as he drove; indeed, it was amazing that the exercise he gave his chin did not tire out that member of him. But he did not speak much about the "job" he was getting for his protégé; indeed, the



FRANK RICHARDS LEARNS THE TRUTH! So this was why Mr. Scutt was playing the Good Samaritan! He had read in the "Thompson Press" of the hundred dollars reward for Frank's capture, and he had determined to win that reward!

up for placer mining you might earn enough on the creek to keep a stray yaller dog thin on. That suit your book?"

Frank laughed, though rather ruefully.

"Not quite," he said. "I shall have a look round before I go further, though. I suppose I can get a feed here?"

"Yep, if you can pay for it, and can eat it when you've paid for it," said the young man despairingly.

"You don't look as if you was rolling in dust."

"I've got twenty-five cents."

"Oh Jerusalem!" said the young man. "You won't touch grub here under a dollar a time."

"Oh!" said Frank.

He felt discouraged.

The American still eyed him inquisitively. Evidently the young man was "bored stiff," as he would have expressed it, with Hard Pan, and he was glad of anything to occupy his mind while he smoked and rested.

"I guess I'm lighting out as soon as the heat's over," he remarked. "I never struck such a section as this, I guess, since I started drumming."

"Drumming?" repeated Frank.

"I guess I'm a drummer from over the line," explained the young man.

Frank remembered having heard that in the American language a

Mr. Scutt!" said Frank quietly.

"But I'm not asking help from strangers!"

"Strangers!" repeated Mr. Scutt, raising his eyebrows. "Ain't I known you for five minutes, and more? Talk sense, my boy! Look here, you've told me you're looking for a job?"

"That's so."

"S'pose I can find you one?" said Mr. Scutt.

"I'd be very much obliged. But if—"

"It's a cinch!" interrupted Mr. Scutt. "I like your looks, Richards. I'm goin' to see you through! We'll talk business over lunch, I reckon. Get a move on—the buggy will be round in an hour or less!"

"The buggy?" said Frank.

"I guess I travel in a buggy!" explained Mr. Scutt. "You're comin' along with me! Now get a move on! I mean business!"

He hooked a bony arm through Frank's, and led him into the lumber hotel.

The schoolboy of Cedar Creek made no further resistance. Mr. Scutt had quite taken his breath away. But the prospect of finding a job was very attractive to the wandering schoolboy, now almost at the end of his resources.

If Mr. Scutt could help him to that most desirable end, certainly Frank Richards would be very much obliged

speaking of the reasons why he had quitted his home in the Thompson Valley.

"I guess I want to be wise to the whole game," said Mr. Scutt. "You can put it plain to me, Richards. I'm your friend; I've taken a liking to you, and I'm seeing you through. You can talk to me as if I were your favourite Dutch uncle. Now, you lighted out of the Thompson Valley rather sudden, I calculate?"

Frank's colour deepened.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice.

"Why?"

Frank did not answer.

"I guess I've got to be put wise!" said Mr. Scutt. "You can give it to me in confidence, bub. It won't hurt you, I reckon!"

"I'll tell you," said Frank quietly.

He felt that, if Mr. Scutt was to find him employment, he was entitled to know the facts, and form his own judgment upon them.

"Go ahead, then!"

"I lived with my uncle at the Lawless Ranch," Frank explained. "There was a robbery at Cedar Creek School, and I was suspected."

"I reckoned it was something about that size," said Mr. Scutt. "You were innocent, of course?"

He grinned as he said this.

"Yes."

"Oh, of course!" said Mr. Scutt.

"And then you lit out, and your uncle

seemed rather to wish to keep off that subject.

The sun was setting when the buggy drove into a little frontier town a good deal lower down the hills than Hard Pan, and Mr. Scutt brought the buggy to a halt before the hotel.

"Is it here?" Frank asked. "Is what here?" asked Mr. Scutt, staring.

"The job you're getting for me." "Oh, the job!" said Mr. Scutt. "Nope. I guess we sha'n't hit that till late on to-morrow."

"It's a good way, then?" "Yep." Frank felt a momentary uneasiness. The afternoon's travelling over rough hilly trails had been in the direction of the Thompson Valley, though the Thompson River was still many miles distant.

He opened his lips, but closed them again. After Silas G. Scutt's assurances on the point it seemed rather ungracious to ask more questions, and it seemed impossible that Mr. Scutt should be deceiving him. The man, a complete stranger, could have no object in taking him to the Thompson Valley against his will, so far as Frank could see.

"Jump down," said Mr. Scutt. "We stop the night hyer." Frank Richards alighted, and looked on while Mr. Scutt had the horse and buggy put up. But he hesitated as the drummer was leading the way into the building.

"Get a move on, bub," said Mr. Scutt. "You've forgotten what I told you," said Frank. "I can't pay for a night's lodging here."

Mr. Scutt laughed. "I guess I'm footing the bill," he answered. "Haven't I said I'm seeing you through? Leave it to me."

"But I—"

"Come on. I'm hungry!" "Same here," said Frank. "But I—"

"But what?" exclaimed Mr. Scutt impatiently. "I can't have my expenses paid like this by a stranger," said Frank. "I'm much obliged to you, sir, but I can't do it."

"Oh, if that's all that's worrying you, cut it out," said Mr. Scutt. "I guess I shall see my dust back again."

"I don't see how," said Frank. "You will!" "If you mean that I can repay you out of what I earn when I get the job—"

Frank began doubtfully. "Let it go at that," said Mr. Scutt. "Now come on!"

"That's a go, then," said Frank. "It's a dead cinch, if you like," answered Mr. Scutt. And Frank followed him into the wooden hotel of Maple Bar without further demur.

But he was more and more puzzled by this persistent kindness of Silas G. Scutt, who did not look kind at all. The most unsuspecting tenderfoot would never have taken Silas for a Good Samaritan.

But if he wasn't a Good Samaritan, Frank Richards did not know what to make of him. There was a substantial supper at the Maple Bar Hotel, and after that bed. It was a plank bed with a single blanket, but Frank Richards was very glad of it. His last night or two had not been passed under a roof at all.

In the morning he was awakened at dawn by Silas G. Scutt, and after a hasty breakfast they went out to the buggy. As Mr. Scutt drove away, Frank noticed that there was a fresh horse to the vehicle.

"You've changed your horse, Mr. Scutt?" he remarked. Mr. Scutt nodded, with a smile of satisfaction. "I guess this is a better animal," he said.

"It looks it," said Frank. "There's a galoot that will remember me in Maple Bar," said Mr. Scutt casually. "Every man I ever sold a horse to remembers me. There's a difference between buying a horse and selling one. I know how to buy a horse. The galoot I sold the other critter to doesn't. But he'll learn. Buying a horse from me is valuable experience for a greenhorn."

And Mr. Scutt chuckled. Frank Richards asked no more questions. It was evident that Mr. Scutt had swindled the hapless "greenhorn" who had bought his horse, and no doubt he had driven a hard bargain with the man who had sold the new animal. That was exactly what the young man looked like. And Frank was still more puzzled to account for Mr. Scutt's behaviour towards himself.

There was a long morning's drive, and although Frank was not well acquainted with this part of the

country, he more than suspected that they were approaching the Thompson Valley.

In the afternoon he became certain of it. He recognised some landmarks that had been familiar to him in the old days, when he had taken rides with his chums, Vere Beauclerc and Bob Lawless.

He was growing more and more uneasy now.

Had Mr. Scutt been some benevolent old gentleman, Frank might have supposed that he was wasting time and money to take a runaway school-boy home to his people from sheer benevolence.

"Correct!" said Mr. Scutt. "You're getting on towards Thompson now?"

"Yep." "I'm afraid I must ask you to stop," said Frank quietly but firmly. "I told you, Mr. Scutt, that I did not want to go back to the Thompson Valley."

Mr. Scutt grinned. "I reckon I remember," he assented.

"Then what does this mean?" Frank exclaimed, beginning to get angry. "A few more miles, and we shall be passing people who used to know me. Stop the buggy at once!"

and tote you on. I guess they'll pay as much for damaged goods. If you're curious to know the game, bub, you can jerk that paper out of my pocket and look at it."

"The paper?" "The 'Thompson Press'!" grinned Mr. Scutt. "I took that copy with me when I left Thompson, but I never reckoned I should run into you in the mountains. It was a stroke of luck for Silas G. Scutt, and you can bet your bottom dollar he isn't letting up on it. No, sir!"

Frank, in utter amazement, jerked the folded newspaper from the American drummer's pocket.

Cedar Creek School, has left his home at the Lawless Ranch, and has not since been found, the above reward will be paid to anyone bringing him home, or giving information leading to his return.

"JOHN LAWLESS, Lawless Ranch, Thompson."

So that was it! That Mr. Lawless, in spite of his condemnation of his nephew, was anxious that he should return, Frank Richards had guessed. But it had not occurred to him that his uncle had offered a reward for him.

He crumpled the paper in his hand, and stared at Mr. Scutt, with a glitter in his eyes.

He fully understood Silas G. Scutt's motive in befriending him now. The "job" Mr. Scutt was to find for him was evidently a myth. The sagacious drummer had tricked him into returning to the Thompson Valley, simply in order to capture the hundred dollars reward for handing him over to his uncle.

Frank's heart beat faster as he thought of it. He was greatly inclined to dash his clenched fist into Mr. Scutt's grinning face.

"So that's your game?" he exclaimed. "You've got it!" assented Mr. Scutt.

"You were lying when you said you could find a job for me?" Frank exclaimed hotly.

"Pulling your leg!" assented Mr. Scutt cheerfully. "You see, I was bound to bring you, and it was best for you to come quietly. I didn't want to have to handle you."

Frank set his teeth. "You mightn't have found it so jolly easy to handle me," he said.

"Waal, here you are now," said Mr. Scutt. "You can't jump out, bub, and you're ticketed for home. Take it smiling."

"I'm not going home," said Frank. "I reckon you are, bub." "Stop the buggy at once, and put me down!"

"Now, talk sense!" urged Mr. Scutt. "Haven't I wasted more'n a whole day bringing you here. I guess I'm after that hundred dollars, and if uncle isn't the champion mean man I guess I shall be able to strike him for expenses, too. Anyhow, I'm on to that hundred dollars. You get me?"

"Will you stop at once?" said Frank, breathing hard. "Nope."

"I tell you I'm not going on to Thompson."

"And I tell you that you'll be in Thompson before sundown, and at your uncle's ranch soon arter," replied Mr. Scutt coolly. "No good chin-wagging, Richards. I've no use for chin-music. I dessay your uncle means you well, and if he gives you cowhide—well, you asked for cowhide when you bagged the money at school, didn't you?"

"You rotter!" shouted Frank furiously. "I told you I was innocent, and you pretended to believe me."

Silas G. Scutt chuckled. "I guess I'd have pulled your leg till the cows came home, to get you to come down quietly out of the hills," he answered. "You rascal!"

"Go it!" said Mr. Scutt encouragingly. "Hard words break no bones, and I've been called names before, especially by galoots to whom I've sold hosses. I guess you can't wind off as many tough names as I've listened to in my time. But go ahead."

"You—you rotter!" panted Frank. "Keep it up!"

With evident indifference to Frank Richards' opinion of him and his conduct, Silas G. Scutt drove on. Frank Richards glanced round him. He knew that in a few more miles Cedar Creek would be in sight. He was very near to his old home now. He was to be taken back, to face the shame and disgrace that had fallen upon his name by another's fault; to face the stern, condemning brow of the rancher, and all because this needy rascal wanted to capture the hundred dollars' reward. If any vestige of a good motive had mingled with Mr. Scutt's greed, Frank would not have felt so furious. But it was clear that Silas G. Scutt was after the dollars, and the dollars only.

But the runaway of Cedar Creek was not home yet! Mr. Scutt had been glad to get him so far quietly. It had saved the drummer a great deal of trouble en route. But he was quite prepared to use force in case of resistance.

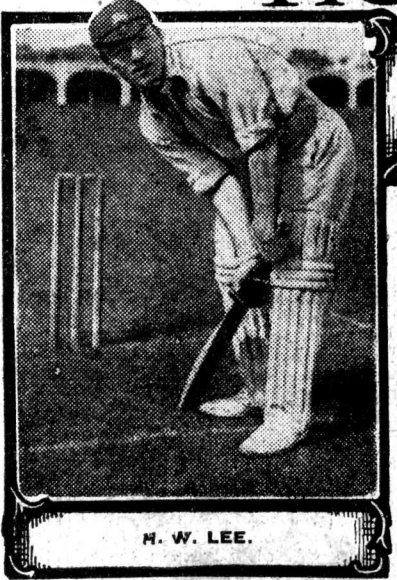
As a man against a schoolboy, Silas G. Scutt had no doubt whatever that force could be used successfully. But Frank was desperate.

In a struggle with the wiry, (Continued on col. 4, page 240.)

EXCLUSIVE TO THE BOYS' FRIEND!

HOW TO PLAY CRICKET

by LEE of Middlesex



RUN-GETTING AND RUN-SAVING.

art of running between wickets is much neglected. You simply throw your runs away by not understanding each other. What is more pathetic in cricket than to see a man well set, hopelessly run-out by being in the centre of the pitch when his partner has not moved to his call? Now, isn't it stupid?

Well, remember this, the call should be made by the striker in all cases when the ball is batted forward and in view of the striker. He is usually better able to know if he can get off the mark than the non-striker. The ball may be sufficiently far away to warrant a run in the non-striker's view, but in making the stroke the batsman may have slightly lost balance, not only physically, but mentally, in that he is not quite sure what has happened, and to call a man who is in doubt is incurring a great risk.

Generally speaking, when a man plays the ball forward he himself comes automatically forward on to his toes, he has the ball in view, therefore he is ready to spring off. If he calls both should run, and, whatever happens, having started, finish the movement. Should the ball be unexpectedly fielded, don't shout, "Go back!" because your understanding is to run when called, which you should do with all the energy you can command. And to be told to "Go back!" in those circumstances, simply gets you stuck where you haven't an "earthly" if the wicket-keeper does his job.

I know of no finer pair between wickets than Jack Hobbs and "Andy" Ducat. It is a real treat to be up against them in the field. You feel as if they are always going to give you a sporting chance. When you have two such batsmen at the wickets cricket can be the most exciting game there is.

The next phase of the combination game in cricket is the co-operation between bowlers and the field. Now, the first big essential is that the bowler must have sufficient command of his art to be able to bowl the ball he wants to. Until you can do this it is impossible to place your field. Most of you have met the fussy bowler—some would call it "swank"—who spends a deal of time placing men here and there, bringing them in or sending them out a yard or so, only to find that most of his balls are being spanked to where there are no fieldsmen. Well, I am going to assume that you do know which ball you are bowling, because I wish to explain why team-work is so necessary.

All of you will have heard of George Hirst, the great Yorkshire and England all-rounder. Not all of you

have heard of his famous square-leg trap. Oh, yes, it was a real thing, and has got the best men in the world out when well set! Now, you cannot properly set a trap unless you bowl the proper ball for it, and you must let your field know when you are going to "work" it without advertising it to the batsman. George would have his field set for his normal bowling, which was medium to fast usually, three men in the slips and one at deep-slip, with the others at various recognised positions, mostly on the off-side. Careful batsmen would always be on the look out for any change in the field when Hirst was out; yet, sure enough, down would come a long-hop on the leg-side, apparently a real bad ball simply asking for it. You hit it beautifully, you are quite pleased with yourself, when, oh horror! (some say something far more expressive) there would be David Denton—perhaps the surest catch there ever was—waiting there, with hands like a carpet-bag (the ball before he was fielding at deep-slip); or Wilfred Rhodes, who might have been fielding at very fine, short leg, certainly nowhere near where you had hit that blessed ball, and you retire. George Hirst would send the wire round, how I don't know; many have wished to know what to look for. But the field knew exactly when that ball would be bowled, and quietly placed themselves accordingly.

Remember this, too, the bowler should watch his field occasionally, for I have no doubt that Denton or Rhodes, if they found it favourable to get into position did so, and, therefore, suggested the ball to George. Be that as it may, there has been many a famous batsman pass Hirst on the way to the pavilion, with a grim smile and a "Well, brought it off again, George!" And the reply would be a cheery, "Had to, sir! We're not losing to-day, and there was no other way!" which would, of course, be a very pretty compliment.

Barnes and Parkin have all sorts of traps, which can only be brought off by playing together. There used to be an Australian who played for Middlesex just a little before my time, Albert Trott, whom, of course, I remember well, who had six traps to the over. There never was a more cunning bowler. One of his theories was, "You can get good wickets with bad balls, but the field must know when the bad balls are coming."

H. W. Lee
Middlesex

(Another fine article by this famous cricketer in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

Mr. Scutt gave the tired horse a flick with his whip, and the animal ran on faster.

"I'm going to stop here," said Frank.

"I guess not." "You're playing some game with me," exclaimed Frank. "I want to know what this means, Mr. Scutt. You're taking me to Thompson."

"Correct!"

"Well, I'm not going." "I guess you are, bub," answered Mr. Scutt cheerfully. "Don't try jumping out of the buggy. You'll break a leg at least on this hard trail, and then I should pick you up again

But it was hard to suspect Mr. Scutt of sheer benevolence.

In the cool of the afternoon they sighted the stockman's hut at White Pine, which was not more than fifteen miles from the Lawless Ranch, and they were heading on towards Thompson Town itself. Then Frank Richards made up his mind to speak out plainly at last. He was determined that, whatever Mr. Scutt's object might be, charitable or otherwise, he would go no nearer to his old home. "That's White Pine, Mr. Scutt," he said, as the buggy bowled along the dusty trail across the plain.

His mind was in a whirl, but he understood that the explanation of the mystery lay in that copy of the "Thompson Press."

The paper was folded open at a paragraph in large type, which was marked with pencil, and as Frank Richards' eyes fell upon that marked paragraph he comprehended. Silas G. Scutt had not been playing the Good Samaritan for nothing!

The 4th Chapter. A Narrow Escape!
"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!"
Whereas Frank Richards, of

A GRAND BOXING YARN WITH A PUNCH IN EVERY LINE!

SPORTSMEN LTD.

By Walter Edwards.



The Fight!

John Maynard, millionaire coal-owner of Coalham, accepted a challenge from Jackson Hooley, an American boxing promoter, the conditions being that he would find boxers to meet the American's men in the ring—and live.

All the contests were very unsatisfactory, owing to Hooley's many attempts to win by foul play. A bare-knuckled fight was arranged. It was arranged also that this should take place at John Maynard's estate, in Sussex. A number of sportsmen were gathered, and thrilled as the gong sounded and the two giants walked from their respective corners to do battle.

There was something suggestive of the savage age, of primitive passions and primordial warfare, about the two giants who, stripped to the waist, faced each other in the crude ring upon that chilly spring morning.

The American, Wild Jake Starmer, adopted a slight crouch; whilst the Englishman, Ben Briggs, stood erect, with head flung back defiantly. His muscular right arm was stretched across his deep chest, and his left was thrust out, ready to lead. Not a trace of fear or doubt showed on either rugged face, for the thought of possible defeat had not been entertained by either contestant.

Both fighters, knowing themselves to be abnormal towers of strength, had sublime confidence in themselves. Neither man had known the sours of defeat, the humiliation of having to bend the knee to the conqueror.

To lose gamely is no humiliation, of course, but to men of Ben Briggs' type to lose is to be disgraced. There can be no half-measures, no compromise, with them.

No sooner did the fighters get the word of command than they stepped from their respective corners, and Ben landed a terrific punch to his man's thick neck.

Wild Jake Starmer did not turn a hair, however. The blow that would have put the average boxer down for the count of ten might have been the caress of a butterfly's wing.

Jake did feel the tremendous power of the punch, of course, and it roused his hot blood.

A moment later he stepped forward, and the two giants were exchanging blow for blow, testing each other with sledge-hammer punches that rang out upon the still morning air.

Thud, thud!
They were fast fighters, as heavy-weights go, and the punishment each man absorbed made even the seasoned members of the Imperial Sporting Club open their eyes wide in sheer astonishment.

The men appeared to be made of oak rather than of flesh and blood.

"It's uncanny!" declared John Mills, the sporting editor, in an awed voice. He watched the fighters walk to their corners, and then ran on: "Their fists are as black and hard as ebony—they're pickled, of course—yet they don't seem a bit distressed after a hammering that would kill the average man as dead as a door-nail! Tom Sayers or Jem Mace wouldn't have stood an earthly against either of these fellows!"

John Maynard, who was in Briggs' corner, smiled into the impassive, granite-like features of the collier. "You've been pretty busy, Ben," he said.

The collier grunted. "We haven't started yet," he declared. "We shall get into each other in a minute, though. The Yank's got a beautiful right, sir!"

A beautiful right!

Ben Briggs spoke enthusiastically of the weapon which might destroy him!

The one-minute intermission was soon over, and the two gladiators advanced with deliberate steps and set lips. Both were determined to battle to the last gasp, neither asking nor giving quarter.

Both would fight whilst they were capable of standing upon their feet. Otherwise, why enter the ring at all? Such was their point of view.

The hitting of the first round had left its mark, for the collier's body showed ugly red patches, whilst the American was bleeding from the lip and had a contusion over the right eye.

They circled round each other for a few seconds—for each man had taken an accurate measure of the other, and had decided that there was little to choose between either in the matter of strength—and then Briggs suddenly darted in, gripped Wild Jake round the waist, and swung him off his feet.

contemptuous challenge in the Imperial Sporting Club.

Hooley had looked confident and exultant before the fight started, but now his contemptuous smile had vanished, and the hand that held a lighted match was unsteady.

"How do you find the guy, Jake?" he asked, blowing out a ring of fragrant cigar-smoke.

Starmer, who was getting his "bellows" into working order, did not answer for a few moments.

"He's no Rube at this game," he drawled at last, shooting a glance into the opposite corner of the ring.

"But you'll be able to get him, sure?" pressed the promoter anxiously. "A lot depends upon this circus, Jake!"

Wild Jake gave a grim smile. "I ain't no prophet, Jackson," he drawled; and Hooley had to be content with this non-committal statement.

The third round of the battle of giants was soon in progress, and the spectators saw at once that the grueling nature of the fight was telling

The collier's face was still set and stern, and the light in his eyes was one of indomitable pluck and resolution.

He gasped greedily as he sank into his chair.

John Maynard did not question his man, for he knew that there was little to choose between the fighters. It might be anybody's verdict.

He knew there would be a knock-out, and he hoped that it would come about in the next round, for there was something almost pathetic about these two men who, each possessing a heart of a lion and the will to win, stood toe to toe and smashed blows at each other, each striving to batter the other into insensibility.

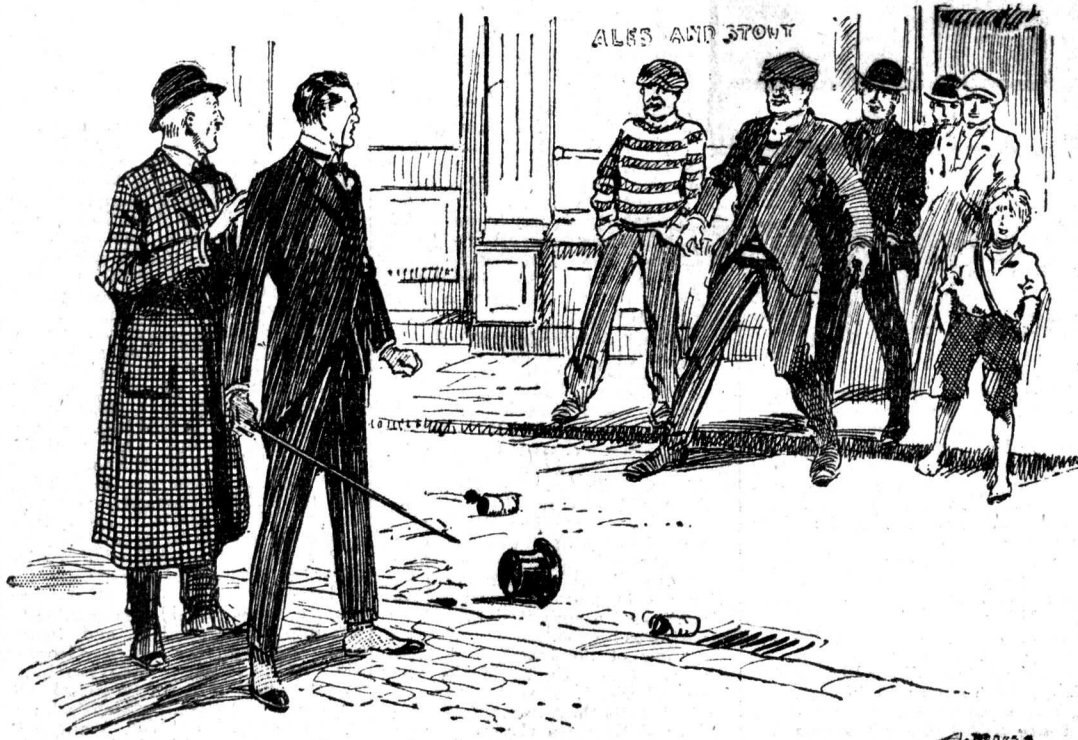
Ben Briggs guessed what was passing through his backer's mind, and the ghost of a smile twisted the swollen lips and revealed the chipped teeth.

"Don't worry, Mr. Maynard," he said in his gruff tones. "This is the sort of scrap I like; it's right after my own heart. I shall win!"

"But you both look very used up, Ben," said the millionaire surprisedly. "Maybe—maybe," said Ben in a curious voice; "but I've got a bit of strength in reserve. The Yank thinks that I'm as weak as he is, but I ain't!"

Glancing across at Wild Jake Starmer, John Maynard had to confess to himself that the collier was right in what he said.

The American was lying back in his chair, his mouth wide open and his eyes closed. His magnificent chest was heaving quickly, and his great arms, with the black, pickled hands, were lying limply along the ropes.



AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK! The roughs were determined to pick a quarrel with the dandy. To this end one of them shied a rotten potato at B.B.'s shining topper with unerring aim, knocking the latest thing in headgear into the dirty gutter.

A moment later the pair crashed to the ground, with the American underneath.

Jake knew more than a little about the wrestling side of prize-ring fighting, and, winded though he was, brought a trick into play, and managed to free himself and bound to his feet.

Ben Briggs followed suit, and a terrific bout of in-fighting, with slogging blows—rib-benders—delivered with both hands, and with speed and strength, kept the spectators upon the tiptoe of excitement. It seemed that no human being could withstand such an onslaught, yet the fighters were still hammering at each other when the referee announced the end of the round.

Ben Briggs walked steadily to his corner, although his mighty chest rose and fell quickly as he gasped the cool morning air.

Wild Jake was also breathing hard, and his face was grave as he dropped into his chair. He had so often been told that he was the greatest bare-knuckle fighter of the age that he had come to believe such to be a fact, and when he sailed for England he had not thought it remotely possible that he would be matched with a man who could last even one round against him.

Jackson Hooley had been of the same opinion, and it was for this reason that he had thrown out his

upon the iron frames and herculean strength of the combatants.

The punches were still powerful, but they lacked some of their erstwhile speed. Both men displayed the utmost caution, for any one of their blows, connecting with a vital spot, would undoubtedly have finished the fight.

They were wearing each other down, and their bodies, which were liberally marked with red bruises, bore testimony to the terrible punishment each had taken.

Wild Jake Starmer's features were cut and bruised, and a trickle of crimson dripped on to his heaving chest, and made him a fearsome figure to behold.

Halfway through the third round came another bout of in-fighting, and it seemed that the men fought in sheer desperation, each giant meaning to weaken the other by battering the strength from his body.

And the pace and force told its tale, for towards the end both fighters were in sore travail, panting and gasping.

They were heroic—grotesque!

The end of the round found them still giving and taking slow, methodical punches to head and body—punches which were reducing these abnormal men to the normal.

Jake's steps were unsteady as he made for his corner, and Ben Briggs also showed signs of being groggy.

Ben was breathing steadily at the end of the intermission, and there was a light in his eyes that told John Maynard that the fourth would be the last round of this remarkable contest.

And he was right. Ben Briggs seemed to regain his speed of the first round, and so savage was his attack—so quick and powerful were his punches to body and head—that a scared look flashed across the American's bruised features, and he was forced to retreat before the savage yet scientific onslaught of the grim-faced Englishman.

But the collier was not to be denied. He walked round after his man, hammering home blows which thudded upon Jake's thick body and resounded upon the still air.

Every punch found its mark, and the American was soon reeling drunkenly.

It must not be thought that he was beaten, however. He was collecting his wits, thinking out a plan to stall of the imminent knock-out.

Furthermore, a sudden rally, in which he exhausted his remaining strength, proved that he was still dangerous, for had one of his swings caught the collier upon the point of the jaw it would undoubtedly have sent him to the turf.

Ben, who had all the craft of a veteran, had expected the rally, and

he waited almost patiently until Starmer had spent himself in that last despairing effort to snatch a lightning victory.

The American's blows became feeble and slow, and then the collier set about his job in workmanlike fashion, using his mighty left and right in a manner which proved that his had been no idle boast when he declared that he had a reserve of strength.

Starmer's eyes were beginning to glaze, and his legs were groggy as he tried to beat off the determined, merciless attack of the collier.

Neither man had a thought of surrender; they were not that type. Starmer understood that unless a miracle happened he would get knocked out; but until that actually happened he meant to fight as best he could, hoping against hope that he might get in a lucky blow.

It was not to be, however, for Ben Briggs was too old a hand to take any chances.

He was as cool as ice as he got Starmer on the run, and he commenced to plant blows with a precision and knowledge which would bring Starmer to the turf in the shortest possible time.

His punches to the body made the American wince, and eventually Jake's guard drooped and he left his chin exposed.

Briggs had been waiting for this. He measured his man with his right, and then he brought a left over with all the remaining strength of his mighty body.

Click!
That sound—of knuckles meeting the jaw-bone—is unmistakable, and the onlookers knew that the fight with the "raw 'uns" was at an end.

Wild Jake Starmer sank to the turf, rolled over in a heap, and, his body having given a curious, convulsive twitch, he remained still. He had tasted the bitters of defeat.

A Difference of Opinion!

Bertram Bretherton flicked a speck of dust from the sleeve of his immaculate morning-coat, and then took the silk hat his man was holding for him.

This he placed on his head—the hat, not the man—and regarded his reflection in the mirrored door of his wardrobe.

A smile of complete satisfaction lit up his aristocratic features.

Bertram was a wondrous sight to behold, being the last word in fashion from the tips of his gleaming, patent-leather boots to the crown of his glossy topper.

He slipped his hands into a pair of lavender gloves, adjusted a small bloom in his buttonhole, and then relieved his man of a gold-mounted ebony walking-stick.

Having placed his monocle into position, B. B. beamed upon his valet.

"Well, are you quite satisfied, Higgins, old bean?" he asked, twirling round for a thorough inspection. "Am I not a jolly old thing of beauty and a precious old joy for ever—what?"

Higgins, whose wooden features seldom showed emotion, cocked his head to one side—he looked just like a bird when he did this—and gazed at his young master in his usual critical manner.

"I think you'll do, sir," he said, almost reluctantly. "A small pearl pin in your black tie, sir—!" He paused, and Bertram shook his fair head.

"No, you needn't worry about that, my peerless old egg!" he said. "I like to be neat but not gaudy; you know!"

Higgins' one joy in life was to see Bertram Bretherton turned out irreproachably; he felt that his young master's appearance reflected credit upon the servant. B. B. would rather have worn an old sports coat and a pair of ancient flannel "bags," but had he done so he knew that it would have caused the death of Higgins, and he did not wish to have the man's sudden demise upon his conscience.

Besides, Bertram liked Higgins; he was so useful. He kept an expert eye upon his collars and ties, and all that sort of thing.

"I think it's jolly decent of him to look after me," Bertram had been heard to remark when eulogising his man. "He's a jolly useful Johnny to have about the house!"

The fact that Higgins "plucked" him for many pounds a week did not occur to B. B., who knew less about the intricacies of an account book than he did about Greek verbs.

And he had long forgotten all he ever learnt about Greek verbs!

Bertram gave one final, approving look into the mirror, and then, with a nod to Higgins, he passed out of the room into the wide hall.

Higgins opened the door for him, and the youngster ran down the steps of the comfortable villa his uncle, John Maynard, had placed at his disposal.

B. B. hesitated upon the pavement, cogitating, and swinging his walking-stick.

"What shall I do now?" he mused. "It's always as well to go somewhere when you come out!"

He was still undecided when a tearful voice fell upon his ear.

"Excuse me, sir," said the voice, "but would you mind returning my eye? It's on the end of your walking-stick!"

Bertram turned quickly, and ceased swinging his ebony cane. He found himself looking into the funereal face of Harry Lake, the trainer.

"My dear old thing," cried Bertram, beaming down at Lake, "I'm more than delighted—"

Harry Lake silenced him with a wave of his hand.

"I know all about that, my lad," he said mournfully, "but let me tell you that that stick-swinging trick of yours is dangerous."

"But why—?" began B. B. "I know a man that did that so often that he had to go into hospital for a couple of months," continued Lake cheerfully. "It's a dangerous habit, my lad!"

B. B. looked puzzled.

"But—but, I don't understand, my precious old bean," he said. "What did this Johnny do? Strain himself or something?"

Lake shook his bald head.

"No, he hit somebody on the top of the nose with the end of the stick, and the somebody happened to be a bruiser in a bad temper," he explained dolefully. "The chap I've got in mind hasn't carried a walking-stick from that day to this. Dangerous things, walking-sticks, my lad, especially when you swing 'em!"

Bertram's face broke into a smile.

"Another of your cheerful yarns, old man," he laughed. "Whither bound, O Joyous One? Going to have a nice, bright morning reading the epitaphs in the cemetery? Or are you going to cheer yourself up by reading the obituary notices in this morning's issue of the 'Undertakers' Gazette'?"

The little trainer looked troubled.

"As a matter of fact, my lad," he said, in mournful tones, "I'm just off to see Mr. Catterpole, the chemist."

"I'm taking a course of Dr. Hither-bibble's hair drill," he said deliberately.

"A jolly good idea, old bean," said Bertram, with enthusiasm. "You can always use it as furniture polish, or it might make a decent weed-killer!"

Harry Lake thought it time to change the subject.

"Well, where are you bound for, my lad?"

"I think I'll run along and see the boys," returned Bertram. "You come my way, don't you?"

The two friends fell into step, and Harry at once began to recount stories of his imaginary ailments. It seemed that he was suffering from chilblains, water on the knee, and a few other minor troubles that Bertram had scarcely heard of.

He was quite sure that the wiry little trainer was in the pink of condition, but he lent a sympathetic ear to his tale of woe.

"This is a near out to the ground," said Harry suddenly, swinging down a narrow street.

They had not gone far when Bertram, who had been gazing round interestedly, turned to Harry Lake.

"This is a pretty beastly place for a Johnny to have to live in, isn't it?" he asked, eyeing the dingy houses and the unwashed youngsters playing with the garbage in the gutter.

"You find slums in any town, my lad," returned the little trainer. "It's a tragedy. It doesn't give the children a fair chance. But, as you know, the poor will always be with us."

"Well, I shall tell uncle about this place," declared Bertram, with indignation in his voice. "He should be able to do something in the matter, and—"

"Crips! Look wot's blown in, mates!"

The coarse voice rang through the narrow street, and Bertram knew that he was the subject of the insulting remark. He certainly did look out of place and incongruous in the squalid surroundings, but a flush of resentment mounted to his fair hair, nevertheless.

After all, even though immaculately dressed, he had a perfect right to go where he chose. He did not turn his head, for he had no desire to participate in a public brawl.

His peaceable attitude did not suit the lout who had spoken. He grinned at half a dozen young hooligans who were with him, and raised his voice again.

"What a lad, eh?" he cried raucously. "One of the knuts, eh? Mind the step, Gussy!"

Still Bertram did not take any notice, and this fact roused a spirit of mischief in the lout's breast.

"Here, give me that tater, Jim!" A rotting potato was lying in the gutter, and Jim obediently handed it to his facetious friend.

"Three shies a penny!" yelled the lout.

And the next moment he threw his missile with great force and commendable accuracy.

The potato struck Bertram's glossy topper, and sent it flying off his head. It dropped to the muddy road, and rolled into the gutter.

A cheer went up from the louts, and the blue eye behind the youngster's monocle hardened until it looked like a point of steel.

He swung round, and Harry Lake put a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Don't worry, my lad," he advised quickly. "We don't want a lot of trouble—"

Bertram shook himself free.

"Of course, if you funk a crowd of wasters—" he began impulsively.

He was little more than a boy, and he did not trouble about his choice of words.

It was the little trainer's turn to flush.

"Nobody's ever accused me of funking," he said quietly. "Lead on!"

Bertram Bretherton had already "led on," and the grinning hooligans came to meet him. It was obvious that they were out looking for trouble, and they did not anticipate having the slightest difficulty in giving the well-dressed stranger a "rough house."

Bertram ran a flashing, contemptuous eye over them.

"Who threw that potato?" he asked crisply.

The leader came closer to the aristocrat, and leered into his face.

"I did, Mr. Lardy-dar!" he said tauntingly. "What about it?"

"I order you to pick my hat out of the gutter!" said Bertram, in even tones.

And the remark caused the louts to go off into roars of laughter.

The idea of the monocled youngster ordering anybody to do anything struck them as being a huge joke.

"You want me to pick it up, sir?" asked the hooligan, who considered himself a great wag.

Bertram nodded his fair head.

"I do!" he said grimly.

The lout touched his forehead in mock deference.

"Certainly, sir!" he said, with a wink at his pals. "I'll pick it up for you at once, sir!"

He lounged across to where the glossy topper was lying, and then, with the greatest deliberation, he raised a big boot and sent the hat flying into the air.

"How's that?" he yelled.

"Goal!" cried his pals, breaking into further laughter.

"And another!" cried the lout, taking another running kick at the hat.

He raised his foot, but his kick was never delivered, for something hard—he could not even guess what it was at that moment—struck him upon the jaw, and he went reeling across the narrow road, to trip over the kerb, and fall in a heap upon the pavement.

He appeared to be stunned for the moment; then he sat up and looked round dazedly. He put a finger to his jaw, and touched it tenderly.

"Who—who threw that?" he asked at last, his face flushing with anger.

"Nobody threw anything," said Bertram quietly. "I hit you, that's all!"

The lout got slowly to his feet, a puzzled expression upon his coarse features. He ran his eyes over the immaculate youngster, and then saw the split lavender glove upon the left hand.

"You—you hit me, eh?" he snarled. "You—you laid yer paws on me—Luke Crow, the Norchester Terror! Lummy, I'm sorry for you, 'cos I'm going to smash yer!"

Bertram removed his gloves, and slipped out of his morning-coat.

"You might hold these things for a moment, Harry," he said quietly. "I've an engagement with Mr. Crow!"

And he commenced to roll up the sleeves of his silk shirt.

(Another grand, long instalment of this fine serial tale in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

Choosing a Career!



No. 8.—HOW TO BECOME A VET

In comparison with the other "protected professions"—like, for instance, medicine or the law—the monetary outlay necessary to qualify for the position of a veterinary surgeon is by no means extravagant; while the interest of the work, its importance to the community, and, last but not least, the rewards it offers, are second to none of them.

The course of training begins at sixteen, at which age the student is eligible for enrolment at a veterinary college. These institutions are five in number, and which one he elects to enter will depend largely, probably, on whereabouts his home is situated.

They are the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London; the Liverpool University School of Veterinary Medicine; the Royal Veterinary College, Edinburgh; the Glasgow Veterinary College; and the Royal Veterinary College of Ireland, Dublin.

These five colleges are affiliated to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, whose headquarters are situated in Red Lion Square, London, and they are the only institutions where training is given for qualification as a veterinary surgeon.

Before, however, a lad is accepted as a student by any of them, he must pass a qualifying examination in general knowledge. This is the same as the preliminary examination for the medical profession, and embraces the following subjects: English, Latin grammar, simple mathematics, and one modern language. It is not a difficult examination.

Thirty days' notice must be given by the intending competitor to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, London, and an examination fee of £1 must be paid. This applies to the majority of candidates resident in England. Those living north of the Tweed, or in the border counties of Northumberland and Durham, will probably prefer to sit for their preliminary at the Educational Institute of Scotland, which also conducts examinations that satisfy the requirements of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Assuming that he is successful, the next step is for the student to make formal application for admission to the dean of which ever college he may choose. He must produce a testimonial as to character, and, when admitted, he is required to subscribe his name to a declaration that he will conform to the rules and regulations governing the institution.

The course of instruction lasts for four years, and examinations are held at the end of each year, all of which must be passed in their turn. The passing of the fourth, or final one, entitles the candidate to the diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and to add the magic letters M.R.C.V.S. after his name. He is then, of course, at liberty to practise his profession.

The college fees vary between £20 and £30 per annum, but there are various scholarships and bursaries that can be won, and which materially reduce the cost of tuition.

For example, the Clement Stephenson entrance scholarships in connec-

tion with the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, two of which will be awarded in September next, are worth £80 each. Candidates for these scholarships, it may be added, must be the sons of British parents born in the United Kingdom, and must not be over eighteen years of age.

As regards the outlook for the student after having gained his diploma, this is at least as good as that in any other profession, his range of choice being an exceptionally wide one.

The doctor, for instance, devotes his attention to human beings only; but practically the whole of the animal kingdom is embraced in the vet's sphere of operations. Horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, cats, and many other dumb creatures, need his skilled assistance from time to time.

And in combating disease in the lower animals, he is also helping to improve the health of mankind. Glanders in horses, tuberculosis in cattle, and rabies in dogs—to cite but three instances—are all communicable to human beings; and the veterinary surgeon who "does his bit" towards eradicating these animal plagues, has the satisfaction of knowing that he is, at the same time, benefiting the community at large.

Coming to the question of the monetary reward he may fairly expect to receive for his services, it used to be reckoned before the war that a veterinary surgeon in private practice ought to be able to count on an assured income ranging from £400 to £800 a year. But the charges for veterinary service, like everything else, have gone up since then, and from £700 to £1,400 would probably be nearer the mark nowadays.

Aside, however, from private practice, there are open to the qualified vet a number of assured and well-paid positions, such as are offered by hardly any other profession. He is eligible, for instance, for a commission in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, or in the Indian Civil Veterinary Department. Municipal and county authorities need his services in assisting them to secure wholesome meat and milk supplies, and in combating bovine tuberculosis.

The staff of the Ministry of Agriculture also absorbs a number of veterinary surgeons, whose duties consist in the investigation and suppression of contagious diseases in animals, and numerous appointments under Colonial Governments are likewise open to members of the profession.

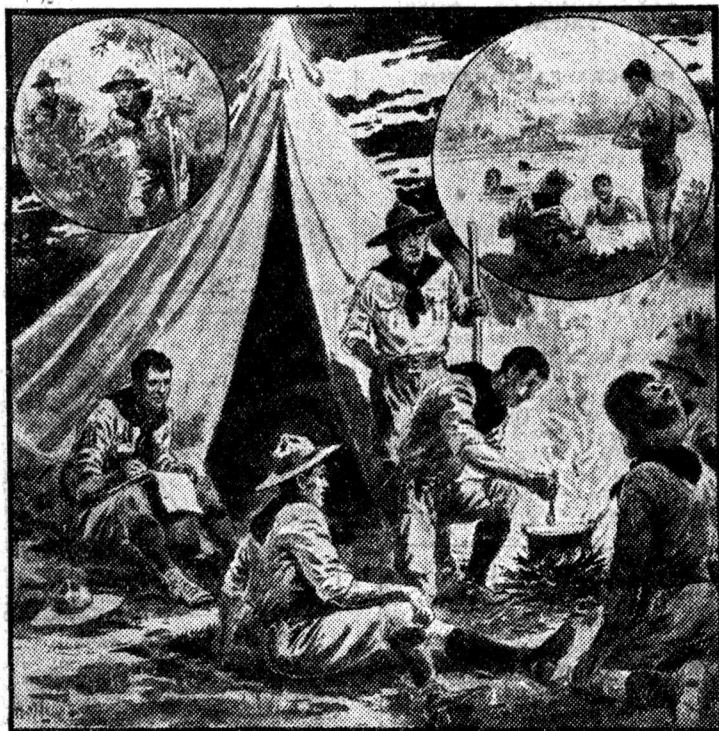
It will be seen, therefore, that a properly qualified vet has plenty of opportunities for making good, and any fairly well educated lad whose inclination lies that way, and whose parents can afford the necessary preliminary outlay—£100 to £120 spread over four years—need be under no misgivings as to the wisdom of becoming one.

(The Editor of the BOYS' FRIEND will be pleased to give further advice on this subject to readers requiring it. Letters should be addressed to "The Editor, BOYS' FRIEND, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and the envelope marked "Veterinary Surgeon" in the top left-hand corner.)

"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!"

is the title of the splendid new story which will shortly appear in the "BOYS' HERALD."

Don't miss this magnificent yarn, the scene of which is laid in the Gun-room of the Super - Dreadnought H.M.S. Thundercloud.



The above is a Reproduction of the Cover of this week's

"BOYS' HERALD."

Out To-morrow. Price 1d. Get It!

RESULT OF "BOYS' HEROES" COMPETITION No. 16.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures, and the first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to

E. A. J. CROOK,
West Street,
Banwell, Somerset.

The three prizes of a Tuck Hamper each have been awarded to the following competitors next in order of merit:

W. K. Strickland, The Homestead, Appledore, Kent; Cecil A. Smith, The Green, Stokesby, Great Yarmouth; George Heighington, 23, Dublin Street, Darlington.

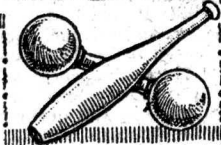
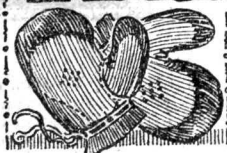
The eight prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following competitors:

Edward Rhodes, 3, Stocks Hill, Armley, Leeds, Yorks; Joe Cain, 66, Park Road, Accrington; Jessie Reid, 65, Accrington Road, Burnley, Lancs; Audrey Delamare, 59, Heidelberg Road, Southsea; Frances H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; Violet Mercer, 139, Kingston Road, Wimbledon, S.W. 19; Walter Howell, Rotherslade Villa, Rotherslade Road, Langland; R. Howell, 35, Lansdown Road, Gloucester.

Correct Solution. The Engine Driver.

To most schoolboys the engine-driver's profession seems more delightful than any other. How splendid it must be to travel swiftly through the country each day. But the engine-driver's is a most responsible job, and he has no time to enjoy country views.

Health and Exercise



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

Basket Ball.

"Why, that's a girls' game!" Sure, it is, and I've often wondered how it is that British youths should ever have permitted girls to take and keep to themselves a game that has in it such glorious possibilities, not only as a game, but as a test of muscle, endurance, skill of hand and eye, and lung power.

But I apologise. Basket ball in England is not wholly confined to girls. There's a gym I know—a man's gym—where the game is regularly played—played daily; where I have seen many a hard match fought out, and the players at the end showing evidence of having had quite as strenuous a time as though they had been playing Rugby football.

That gym is the Headquarters Gymnasium of Physical Training, Aldershot, where are gathered together some of the finest instructors in scientific physical training that Great Britain owns; the school to which officers and men are sent from every British regiment that they may become efficient in controlling the physical training of the men who make up the British Army.

Oh, yes! The "girls' game" of Basket Ball isn't too girlish for the Army P.T. instructors.

I wonder how many of those who laugh contemptuously at the "girls' game" are aware that in the gyms of the universities and colleges of the United States Basket Ball is reckoned so much of a "man's game" that a student is not allowed to take part in it until he has proved himself to the satisfaction of the director of physical training to be strong enough and healthy enough and fit enough to pass a high physical standard.

In the United States a game of Basket Ball is reckoned as a gruelling physical test as second only to football. And what kind of a rough-and-tumble game is football in the United States I dare say some of my readers are already aware.

As a gym game Basket Ball wants a lot of beating, and I do seriously suggest to such of my readers as are members of gyms that they make an effort to get their clubs to give the game a trial. I feel sure they will not regret it. From six to a dozen a side can play the game, and there's no expensive apparatus. Two 8 ft. posts, two iron hoops, and an Association football are all that are wanted. And the rules can be learned in five minutes.

If anyone is interested, I'll have more to say about the game.

The Art of Balancing. Some further Exercises.

With both hands upon hips, raise right leg until it is as nearly horizontal as you can get it, the foot pointed. Now lean backward and endeavour to maintain balance for a couple of seconds.

The same with the left leg. Then, with either leg raised sideways as high as possible, but without the body being thrown out of the upright. Then, with leg raised backwards, leaning the body forward until it and the lifted leg are in almost a straight line.

Do not hold the breath. Take same position, feet well turned out. Raise the right leg, carry it across and well round to the left (get the limb as nearly horizontal as you can), then circle away round to the right to full extent.

The same with the left leg, carrying it to right, then round to the left.

Bring right knee well up to the chest, clasp below the joint with both hands, and hop forward and backward while maintaining balance. Then the same with the left leg.

Stand upright, arms extended, raise right leg, and extend it backwards, keeping foot pointed. Let the arms and shoulders incline forward. When the leg is raised as high as it can be, bend the body forward until the chest is resting upon the left knee, and allow the toe of the rear foot to touch the ground lightly. Then raise body slowly to the original position. This is a particularly good test of balancing power.

With the arms in same position as in the exercise before, lift a foot and stretch leg forward; bend the other knee, and slowly lower the body until the heel of the advanced foot lightly rests upon the floor. Then slowly rise to original position without altering position of the advanced leg.

Then with the other leg. In addition to creating a fine balance, these movements will give good and proportionate development to the whole of the muscles below the hips.

Japanese Physical Training.

The neck is a part of the body that the ju-jitsu pupils are at great pains to strengthen, and the extent to which this development is carried is truly wonderful. I have seen ju-jitsu experts, without suffering the smallest apparent inconvenience, much less injury, allow strong men to do things to the neck which would speedily put a European out of action. Constant practice at such exercises as the following is the secret.

The two pupils stand facing each other and close enough, when both are leaning forward, heads side by side, for the necks to cross. It must be the neck, not the side of the face, and the pressure against the neck is to be maintained throughout the

movement. The parties may take hand-hold about the small of the back if liked.

Both contestants, neither resisting, bend the heads over to one side. Then the lower one endeavours to force the defender's head up and completely over to the other side. When the limit is reached a breather is taken, and the underneath one, as before, against strong resistance, forces the upper head back to the starting-point.

Let the agreed upon attacker stand in front of the other chap, but with left side turned to him. Both have feet together, toes pointed out. The attacker then leans forward and clasps the other about the neck with the left arm, taking a tight hold, but not tight enough to suggest strangulation. Then the attacker, moving around to the other's left, begins to walk slowly, forcing the defender, who is resisting strenuously, to pivot on heels.

A circle completed, the same work is done with the right arm, then a breather taken. The defender becomes attacker, first with one arm, then the other.

(The column that keeps you fit—"Health and Exercise"—every Monday in the BOYS' FRIEND.)

SPLENDID NEW COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE, £5.

THREE PRIZES OF TUCK HAMPERS. EIGHT PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

This week we introduce a splendid new competition. On this page you will find a picture-puzzle which represents six well-known British railway-stations, names of which have been taken from Bradshaw's Railway Guide.

You are invited to solve the puzzle, and when you have done so you should write beneath the picture the name of the railway-station which you consider the picture represents.

The splendid PRIZE OF £5 will be awarded to the reader who sends in a solution to the puzzle which exactly corresponds to the one in the Editor's possession.

If no one succeeds in correctly naming all the railway-stations depicted, the prize will go to the competitor, or competitors, who sends in the greatest number of correct solutions.

The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The right to add together the value of any or all of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded.

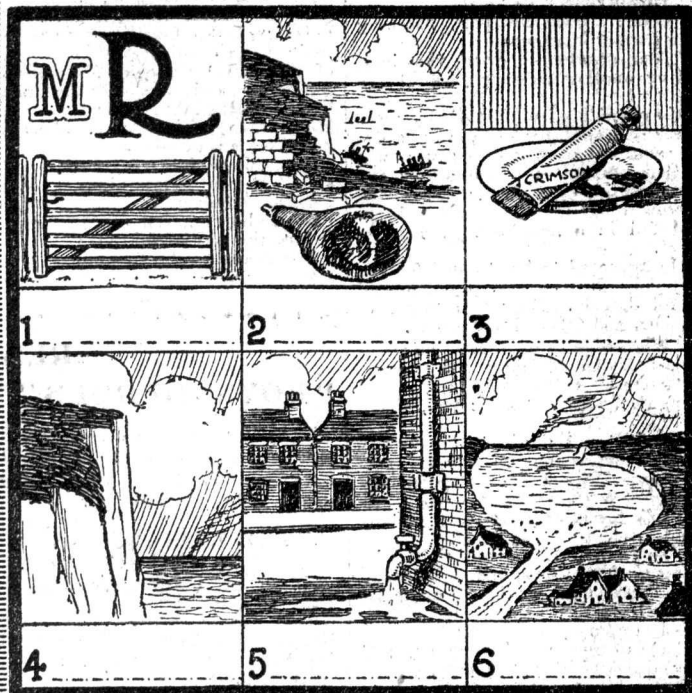
When you have solved the puzzle to your satisfaction, write your name and address on the coupon provided beneath the pictures, place in an envelope, and address to:

PICTURE COMPETITION No. 1, BOYS' FRIEND and "Boys' Herald" Offices, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4.

so as to reach that address on or before Wednesday, May 25th. This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Herald," and readers of that journal are invited to compete.

Altered or mutilated efforts will be disqualified. The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final in all matters concerning this competition, and entries are only admitted on that distinct understanding.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.



I enter this competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name.....
Address.....

CLOSING DATE OF COMPETITION, MAY 25th.



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

NEXT MONDAY'S ISSUE will

as usual, be full of amusing and interesting things. Among the foremost are the following:

A grand long instalment of our new boxing yarn, entitled

"SPORTSMEN, Ltd!"

By Walter Edwards.

Despite the fact that this yarn has been running only a short while, it has literally made itself known everywhere, and letters arrive every day in praise of this, Mr. Edwards' best and latest story.

The third of our great new series of cricket articles, entitled

"HOW TO PLAY CRICKET!"

specially written and signed for the BOYS' FRIEND by H. W. Lee, of Middlesex, will be well to the fore, and will be received, I am sure, with much acclamation.

The Rookwood School complete yarn is entitled

"CARTHEW'S GREAT CATCH!"

By Owen Conquest.

and will help you to spend an extremely mirthful hour or so.

The next of the new series of Backwoods yarns is entitled,

"DEAD MAN'S CANYON!"

and is one of Martin Clifford's best. I know all my chums love reading of the adventures of a hero of about their own age, and this series, dealing with Frank Richards' life "on tramp," are sure to appeal to all.

Whilst on the topic of next Monday's issue, I must not forget to mention the splendid series of helpful articles on

"CHOOSING A CAREER!"

Next Monday's article will deal with the

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING TRADES,

and I am positive that many of my readers who are thinking of taking their first step into the world could not do better than consider entering one of the many branches of engineering. If this is the case, the above-mentioned little article will be of the greatest help.

There will be, of course, many other fine stories, articles, etc., too numerous to mention here, and I will conclude this programme with a piece of the very best advice—buy

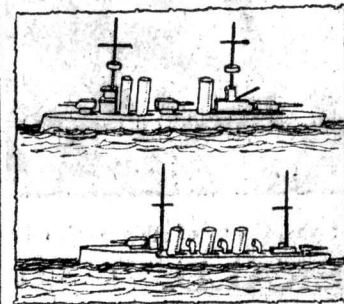
NEXT MONDAY'S "BOYS' FRIEND!"

READERS' PARAGRAPHS.

Here is a splendid little article sent in by R. Bagg, Penwith, Old Road, E. Cowes, Isle of Wight, for which I am awarding a cash prize of 5s.

Model Ships.

I find the making of model ships a grand pastime. I have made a whole fleet, including cruisers, destroyers, hospital-ships, submarines, and transports. The hull of the boat is made of wood, filed and sandpapered till it is quite smooth, and exactly the right shape. The average length of the boats is about four inches. The masts are pins with the heads cut off. The funnels are round pieces of wood sandpapered quite smooth. Empty .22 cartridge cases, such as are used for target-rifles, serve as funnels for the cruisers. The guns on the destroyers and sub-



Battle-Cruiser and Destroyer.

marines are very fine pieces of copper-wire bent to the required shape, and then cut to size. These are then mounted on very small pieces of wood. On the cruisers the pointed part of a pin serves for the guns, fixed to a semi-circular piece of wood. The boats are then painted grey. They are, of course, flat-bottomed, but they float well.

This is not an expensive hobby, the only things required being a small file, sandpaper, penknife, glue, fine wire, and pins, and, of course, wood.

Many of my readers will read the following paragraph with much interest.

Invisible Inks.

Here are some recipes for making invisible inks.

1. Write on paper with ordinary water in which rice has been soaked. To make the writing reappear, brush over lightly with tincture of iodine.

2. Use milk instead of ink. Upon rubbing with a dirty finger the writing will reappear. Paper without any gloss or shine is the best.

3. An ink which has the property of becoming invisible in four days is made as follows: Take ten grains of arrowroot, boil it in one gill of water, and then when cold add twenty-five drops of tincture of iodine. The writing cannot be made to reappear.

4. Mix one drachm of chloride of cobalt, one drachm of gum-arabic in one ounce of water. To make the writing appear, gradually heat over a lamp.

ANSWERS

EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2

A Tip for Handyboys.

When removing screws of long-standing from a piece of wood, one sometimes finds a difficulty in turning them. To those in this predicament the following tips may be useful. Take your screwdriver and heat it well in the fire, being careful not to overheat it. Now try to turn the screw, and it will turn quite easily. Another method is that of putting the screwdriver in position for turning the screw, and giving the handle a couple of sharp taps with the mallet; the screw will then turn quite easily. Both methods are simple, but effective.

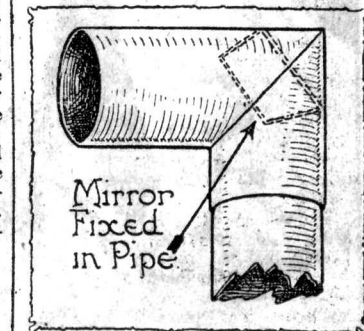
The above tips were sent me by A. J. Woolf, 2, Beechwood Terrace Green Lanes, Ilford, and I have awarded my contributor a cash prize of 5s.

Below I publish a useful little article on how to make

A Periscope,

which has been sent me by R. A. Maund, 33, High West Street, Dorchester, Dorset, and for which I am awarding my contributor a cash prize of 5s.

Get a piece of ordinary water-piping about two feet in length, with a right-angle connection at one end.

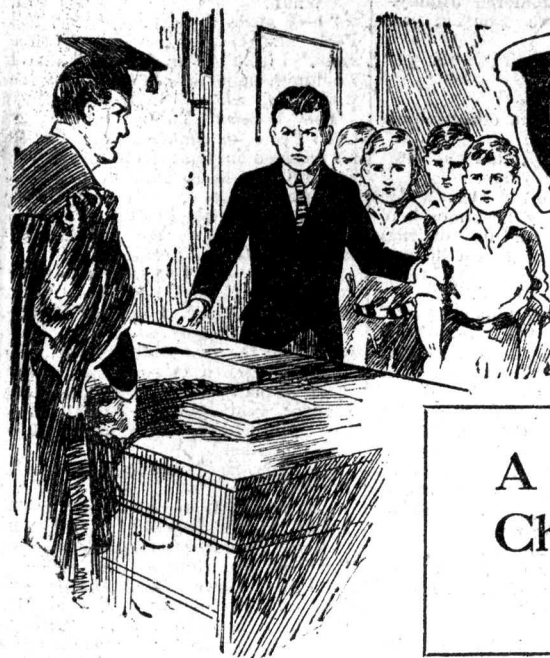


The Finished Periscopes.

Now procure a small piece of looking-glass. Unscrew the right-angle connection from the pipe, and cement the looking-glass inside with sealing-wax, as shown in the accompanying diagram. Replace the right-angle piece, and you have the periscope complete.

Your Editor.

A GRAND COMPLETE YARN OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. By OWEN CONQUEST



Wrongfully Accused!

A Fine Tale of the Chums of Rookwood School.

The 1st Chapter.

Cricket First!

"Better go in!" said Jimmy Silver judiciously. Arthur Edward Lovell gave an impatient snort. Raby and Newcome hesitated. The words of "Uncle James" of Rookwood were words of wisdom. For the Fistical Four of the Fourth had lines to do—a hundred lines each—and those lines had to be handed in by tea-time. And it was Carthew of the Sixth to whom the lines had to be handed, and Carthew was a prefect who was not to be trifled with. So undoubtedly Jimmy Silver's advice was good.

But—there was a but! For the sun was shining down most pleasantly on the green cricket-field, dotted with white-clad figures, and Lovell & Co. didn't want to go into a stuffy study and write lines. They did not want to one little bit. On the other hand, they wanted to play cricket.

"Better go in!" repeated Jimmy Silver, with serene wisdom. "You see, we've got the lines to do—"

"You can please yourself," said Lovell. "I'm playing cricket! It would be a sin and a shame to waste weather like this sticking indoors. Come on!"

Lovell stalked away, and Raby and Newcome looked doubtfully at their study-leader.

"May as well stick it out, if Lovell does!" said Raby.

"Can't desert him," remarked Newcome. "One in, all in!"

Jimmy Silver gave a grunt.

"Chance it, then," he said.

"After all, Carthew can only double the lines. Let's stick to the cricket."

"Hear, hear!"

And the Fistical Four, dismissing Carthew of the Sixth from their minds—for the present, at least—joined Mornington and Erroll and the rest of the cricketers, and were soon enjoying themselves in their own way. Peele and Gower of the Fourth, who were loafing idly about the cricket-field without any desire to handle bat or ball, exchanged a grin. They had heard the discussion of the Fistical Four.

"Those silly asses are booked for a row!" Gower remarked. "Carthew never loses a chance of being down on them, and now they're asking for trouble."

Cyril Peele nodded, with a smile. He was not displeased at the idea of trouble falling upon the chums of the end study.

"I hope they'll get all they ask for!" he remarked charitably.

"Silver collared my cigarettes the other day, and shoved them down the back of my neck—"

"Cheeky oad!" said Gower.

"I'd have licked him for his con-founded cheek, only—only—"

"Only you couldn't!" suggested Gower sweetly.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Peele.

There was a shout from the pavilion.

"Peele! Gower!" It was Jimmy Silver's voice.

The two slackers looked round.

"Hallo!" called back Peele.

"Playing cricket?"

"Rats! No!"

"We're making up sides for a little

game before tea," said Jimmy Silver, coming towards them. "Play up, you fellows, we're short. Lots of the chaps are out of gates!"

Peele sneered.

"You never ask me to play when it's a question of a match!" he said.

"Naturally, as you can't play for toffee!" answered Jimmy Silver.

"Well, if I can't play for toffee, you don't want me now," said Peele sourly.

"Quite different, old bird!" said Jimmy good-humouredly. "Any fellow can play in a pick-up game. Come on, now!"

"Rats!"

"Sha'n't!" said Gower.

The 2nd Chapter.

Something like a Scheme!

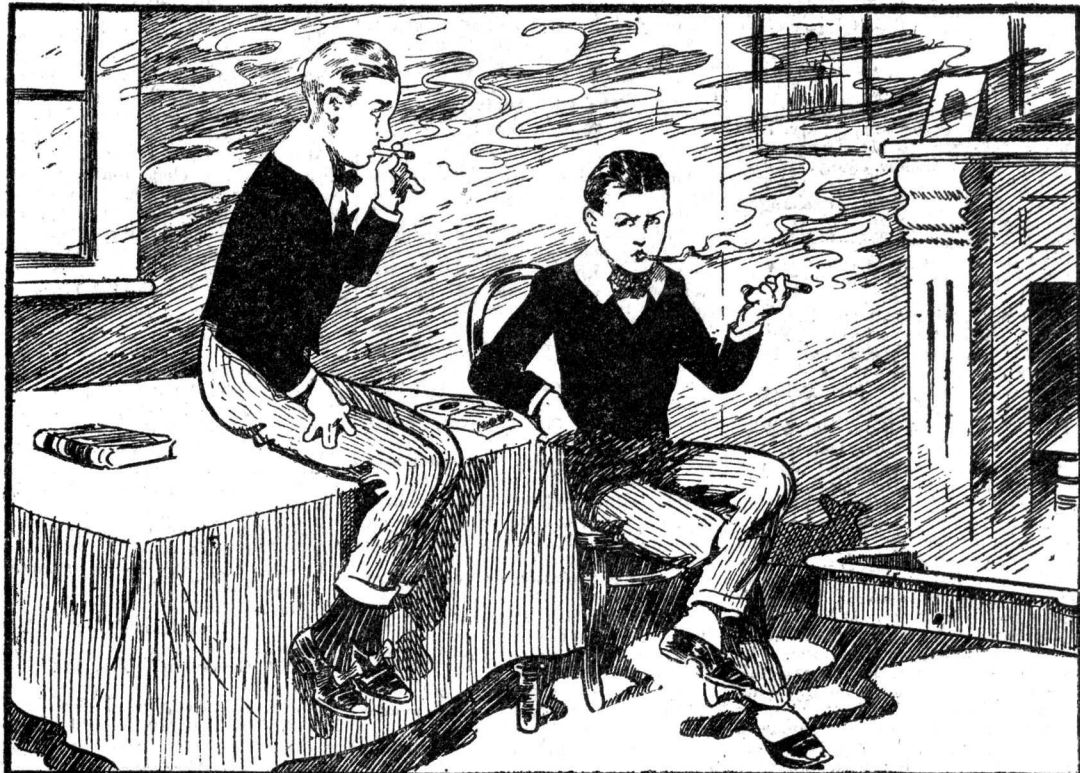
"Stop!"

"After them!"

"Hook it!" muttered Peele desperately.

Two flying figures were racing away from the cricket-field before the "pick-up" game had been in progress a quarter of an hour.

Peele and Gower were "fed," in fact, more than fed. They had only been looking for a chance to bolt, and now they had found it, and they were bolting. They started off at a run together at the same moment, and they put on a burst of speed that really did them credit.



THE GREAT PLOT! The two "Giddy Goats" smoked away industriously. They wanted to make it seem quite clear that the owners of the study, Jimmy Silver & Co., had been indulging in a regular smoking concert, and it certainly looked as if they would succeed.

"Oh, kick those slackers off the field!" exclaimed Lovell. "We don't want them lounging through the game!"

Jimmy Silver eyed the two black sheep of the Fourth.

"Try to please me this time," he said sweetly. "For instance, if you don't play, I shall take you by the nose like this—"

"Yurrrggh!"

"And squeeze it—like this—"

"Groooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the cricketers, as Cyril Peele danced, with Jimmy Silver's finger and thumb gripping his nose. Even Gower grinned.

"Leggo!" shrieked Peele.

"Will you play now?"

"Yow-ow! Yes!"

"Good man!" said Jimmy Silver approvingly. "Come on!"

And Peele came on—and played. But, judging from the expression on his face, he was not enjoying that game of cricket.

Jimmy Silver was at the wicket, and Morny was bowling to him, and they were too busy to heed. But three or four fieldsmen started after the fugitives.

Peele and Gower headed direct for the School House. The pursuers did not follow them far, however. Their shouts were intended chiefly to scare the two slackers, and they had that effect. Peele and Gower came pelting into the House at breathless speed, and they crashed into Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, who was coming towards the door.

Mr. Dalton staggered back.

"What—" he ejaculated.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

The young Form-master gripped the juniors each by the collar, and steadied them. He frowned down upon the breathless pair, looking greatly inclined to knock their heads together.

"What do you mean by rushing

into me like that?" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"Ow! They're after us!" spluttered Gower.

"Those beasts!" panted Peele.

"It's a rag!"

"Who are after you?" snapped Mr. Dalton.

Peele jerked his head towards the open doorway. Mr. Dalton looked out. In the distance two or three juniors could be seen strolling in a leisurely way back to the cricket-field. They had not followed the terrified slackers within fifty yards of the School House.

Peele gritted his teeth with rage.

"I—I thought they were after us!" he stammered.

"Pah!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

He released the two gasping juniors.

"You will take fifty lines each!" he said. "Go to your study and write them out at once!"

"Ow! Yes, sir!"

The two juniors escaped upstairs.

They went breathlessly into the first study, and Peele threw himself into a chair. He groped in his pocket for a cigarette, to comfort himself—Peele being in the habit of comforting himself in that manner.

"Chuck that, you ass!" grunted Gower. "You'll make the study smell of smoke!"

"Who cares?" growled Peele.

"Well, I do! If Dalton comes nosing in, and smells the smoke—"

"Hang Dalton!"

"He's a good deal more wide-eyed than old Bootles was," said Gower. "I'm not taking any chances with him!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Peele.

He smoked his cigarette through sullenly, but he did not light another. The black sheep of the Fourth had already found that it was a risky business to smoke in the studies since their new Form-master had taken control. Gower, with an angry face, waved a newspaper to clear off the rings of blue smoke.

Cyril Peele uttered a sudden exclamation.

"My hat!"

"What on earth for?" demanded Gower.

"For a smoke, of course!"

"You utter ass! Jimmy Silver would scalp you if he found you smoking in his quarters!"

"He won't find me!" said Peele, with an evil grin. "He's too jolly busy at cricket, and everybody's out of doors. It's as safe as houses. Carthew is goin' to find their study reekin' with smoke and strewn with cigarette-ends. Catch on?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Gower.

He burst into a chuckle.

"I'm game! Come on!"

The two young rascals emerged from the study. The Fourth Form passage was clear; the summer weather had tempted all, or nearly all, of the Classical Fourth out of doors after lessons. In a minute or less Peele and Gower had scuttled along to the end study.

Peele threw the door open.

The study, sacred to the Fistical Four, was vacant. Jimmy Silver & Co. were busy at cricket, and likely to remain so for some time to come. It was, as Peele had said, as safe as houses.

The two slackers stepped in, and Peele closed the door.

A minute more, and two cigarettes were going strong, and the two young rascals grinned at one another through the smoke.

Peele had twenty cigarettes in his packet, which was quite a good supply, and which was more than the two Giddy Goats could negotiate, although Peele stated that he was "dying" for a smoke.

They smoked away industriously.

In a short time the study was drifting with cigarette-smoke, and cigarette-ends adorned the carpet and the fender.

By that time it certainly looked as if the owners of the study had been indulging lately in a very orgy of smoking, strictly forbidden by all the rules of Rookwood School.

At his fourth cigarette, however, Cuthbert Gower seemed to "hang fire." Peele pushed the box towards him, but Gower hesitated.

"No good overdoin' it," he remarked.

Peele sniffed.

"Be a man!" he said scornfully.

Gower felt more like being sick, but he was not proof against the taunt. He lighted a fifth cigarette, with many inward misgivings. Peele was already at his sixth.

Gower was a long time smoking that cigarette. He had a curious feeling, as though the foundations of the universe were shifting a little.

"Like 'em?" asked Peele.

"Oh, rippin'!" gasped Gower.

"Groooh!"

"What's the matter?"

"N-u-nothin'."

"Have another!"

"I—I—I haven't finished this yet."

Peele threw down his sixth cigarette-end, and lighted a seventh. He was tougher inside than his chum, and had had more practice at this peculiar pastime. But he was beginning to feel some qualms. He was smoking fast, and Gower was smoking slowly, when the study door suddenly opened, and the two young rascals jumped to their feet in dire alarm. For a moment they thought that they were caught by the sudden return of the Fistical Four. They could have cried with relief when they saw that the new arrival was only Tubby Muffin.

The fat Classical coughed as he put his head into the study and caught the thick smoke.

"Gug-gug-gug!" spluttered Tubby. He blinked through the smoke at Peele and Gower.

"My hat! You fellows smoking here!" he ejaculated. "What'll Jimmy Silver say?"

"You sying fat brute!" hissed Gower. "What do you want?"

"I came in to see if Jimmy Silver was in to tea yet," answered Tubby. "I suppose I can come in if I like, Gower."

"You fat rotter—"

Peele made his chum a sign to be silent. The two schemers were at the mercy of Reginald Muffin's tongue now.

"Come in and have a smoke, Muffin, old chap!" said Peele smoothly.

"I—I say, Jimmy will kick up a row—"

Muffin hesitated.

"He won't know. He's at cricket, and won't be in yet."

"Oh, all right!" said Tubby.

He rolled into the study and closed the door, and cheerfully accepted a smoke from Peele's packet.

He winked cheerfully at the other two juniors. Tubby rather fancied himself as a "dog" and a "goer," though it was not often that he was admitted to the honourable society of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood.

(Continued overleaf.)

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Prime, ain't they?" he remarked. "Glad you like 'em!" said Peele affably.

He would gladly have kicked Reginald Muffin the whole length of the Fourth Form passage. But evidently that was not feasible. Tubby Muffin knew too much, and he had to be conciliated.

"Have another, Gower."
"No, I won't!" said Gower, whose complexion was assuming a very curious shade in art greens. "I—I—I'm off!"

"Oh, stick it out!"

"Grooogh!"
Gower left the study hastily. It really looked as if Cuthbert Gower had not, after all, enjoyed his smoke.

Peele finished his cigarette and threw away the end, and put the remainder of the packet into his pocket. Tubby Muffin blinked at him.

"Oh, don't give in yet, Peele, old bean!" he said. "I'm just beginning to enjoy this."

"Better cut before Silver comes in, fathead!" answered Peele. "Come on!"

He piloted Muffin out of the study and closed the door.

"Keep this dark, Muffin!" he said impressively. "If Silver knew you'd been smoking in his study he'd raise your scalp! Not a word, mind!"

"Not a syllable!" chuckled Muffin. And he rolled away, feeling every inch a "goer" and a "dog." Peele walked away to his study, satisfied in his mind, though not quite at ease inside. He grinned at Gower as he went in.

"All serene!" he remarked.

"Groooh."

"Feeling bad?"

"Ooocooch! You silly idiot!" moaned Gower. "I—I'd wring your neck, only I—I'm afraid to move. Grooogh! Ooocooch!"

Undoubtedly Cuthbert Gower had not enjoyed his smoke!

The 3rd Chapter. Accused!

A crowd of ruddy and cheery youths came rather noisily up the staircase, in great spirits. Jimmy Silver & Co. had finished cricket, and they were ready for tea—quite ready. As for Carthew of the Sixth, they had forgotten all about him; there were so many more important matters than Carthew to be thought of.

But they were reminded of his existence as they came up the stairs. A sharp, unpleasant voice was heard calling.

"Silver! Lovell!"

"Hallo, there's Carthew tooting after you, Jimmy!" said Conroy.

"Let him tootle!" answered Jimmy cheerily.

And, turning a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, he went on with his chums to the end study.

"Silver!" bawled Carthew from the lower hall.

Still the Fistical Four were deaf. They wanted their tea; and they wanted to leave Carthew till afterwards. But Carthew of the Sixth was not to be left.

He came up the big staircase in pursuit, with a wrathful face. Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the end study.

"Oh, my hat!" he ejaculated, as the atmosphere smote him almost like a blow in the face.

The window was shut, and the door had been shut, so there was still plenty of tobacco-smoke about. And there were at least a dozen cigarette-ends in full view.

Jimmy Silver stared round the study.

"What on earth—" he exclaimed. "Some rotter's been smoking here!" ejaculated Arthur Edward Lovell in great wrath.

"Awful cheek!" exclaimed Raby.

"By Jove!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I'll find out the merry smoker who's been turning our study into a tap-room—"

Putty Grace called from the passage:

"Carthew's coming, you fellows!"

"Oh, let him come!" sighed Jimmy Silver. "Carthew seems like the giddy poor—always with us."

There was a heavy footstep outside, and Mark Carthew of the Sixth loomed up in the doorway.

"Silver! Your lines were to be handed in by tea-time— Why, what—what— You young rascals!"

Carthew sniffed.

He sniffed, he snorted, and he stared. And a gleam of unholy joy came into his narrow eyes.

He had caught his old enemies of

the Fourth at last! The study was reeking with smoke—evidence strong enough to convince the most doubting. True, Carthew, although eager to "catch out" the end study at all times, had never really suspected them of bad habits like this. The discovery was a surprise to him as well as a pleasure. But there could be no doubt about it now—he had the evidence of his eyes, not to mention his nose.

"You horrid, dissipated young rascals!" he exclaimed. "Precious fine goings-on in this study, and found out by chance, too! If I hadn't come here for your lines, I should never have known!"

"Never have known what?" demanded Jimmy Silver, not for a moment realising that he and his chums were already found guilty of the smoke.

Carthew waved his hand. "This!" he replied. "Smoking, you young scoundrels!"

Jimmy's eyes flashed.

"We've not smoked—"

"What do you take us for?" roared Lovell indignantly. "We've just found out that some rotter's been smoking in this study while we were at the cricket."

Carthew laughed.

"I rather think that's a little too thin!" he remarked. "You may as well own up now you're found out!"

"I tell you—"

"That's enough!" interrupted Carthew. "You've been smoking, the whole crowd of you, and a regular orgy you must have made of it. Cigarette-ends all over the place—"

"There's a dozen fellows can prove that we've been at the cricket for the last hour!" howled Raby.

"And what were you doing before that?" sneered Carthew.

"We were in the study after lessons," said Jimmy Silver. "Only for a little while—"

"Long enough to make beasts of yourselves with smoking, apparently," said Carthew, with great enjoyment.

"We haven't—"

"If you're going on telling lies, you can tell them to Mr. Dalton, not to me," said Carthew coolly. "Follow me."

The Fistical Four exchanged glances of dismay.

"I tell you, Carthew—" began Jimmy Silver.

"You needn't tell me any lies, Silver!"

"I'm not telling you any lies, you cad!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver fiercely. "Nobody here has been smoking. Some cad—"

"Keep all that for Mr. Dalton," said Carthew gloatingly.

It was really the chance of a lifetime for Carthew. Mr. Dalton, the new master of the Fourth, did not like him, and had spoken quite plainly on the subject of Carthew's bullying proclivities. Many a report taken to the Form-master by Carthew, had been pooh-poohed by Mr. Dalton, who had no desire whatever to make mountains out of molehills. But this time, Carthew felt, Mr. Dalton would be bound to "sit up and take notice."

In Carthew's sour opinion, he favoured the Fistical Four; and this time he would have to be down on his favourites. For there was no denying the evidence of the smoke in the study, and Jimmy Silver's explanation was much too lame.

"Follow me!" snapped Carthew. "I shall take you to your Form-master at once! I fancy you won't get off so easily as usual, this time."

He strode from the study.

"Oh, my hat!" groaned Lovell.

"I—I say, Jimmy, who could have done this dirty trick? This will land us into hot water with Dicky Dalton! He—he mayn't believe us—"

"It's rotten!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

"Are you coming?" shouted Carthew, from the passage.

"Oh, we're coming!" snapped Jimmy.

And the Fistical Four followed the bully of the Sixth, in a very dismal mood. Carthew felt that he had them on the hip; and Jimmy Silver & Co. could not help feeling so, too. They were very doubtful indeed about Mr. Dalton's reception of their explanation; and kind as Dicky always was, there was no doubt that if he believed them guilty he would come down on them with a heavy hand. Mr. Dalton was kind, but he had a very strict sense of duty.

Carthew, with four hapless juniors at his heels, tapped at the door of the Fourth Form master's study.

"Come in!" said the deep voice of Mr. Richard Dalton.

Carthew composed his grinning face into an expression of gravity suited to the serious occasion, and entered. Jimmy Silver & Co. followed him in in dismal silence.

Mr. Dalton appeared to be busy with a mass of papers, but he turned from his task and fixed his eyes upon his visitors.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"I have to report these juniors, sir—" began Carthew.

A momentary frown appeared on Mr. Dalton's face. It indicated that he was getting a little tired of Carthew and his unending reports. Carthew noted it, and smiled inwardly.

"It is a very serious matter, sir," he pursued. "I have just been to their study to ask for lines which have not been handed in, and I found the room reeking—simply reeking—with tobacco-smoke. It is a wonder, indeed, that the disgusting young rascals are not ill from the excessive amount they must have smoked."

"They do not look ill!" said Mr. Dalton sharply.

Carthew realised that he had not made a good point there, and he went on rather hastily:

"The study reeks with smoke, sir, and cigarette-ends and matches are scattered all over the room. Perhaps you would care to step there, sir, and see for yourself."

"I shall certainly do so," said Mr. Dalton drily. "But I will question these boys first. What have you to say, Silver?"

"We haven't been smoking, sir," answered Jimmy.

"Never have, sir!" chorused the Co.

"They would lie, of course!" remarked Carthew parenthetically.

Mr. Dalton gave him a cold look.

"I see no reason to suppose that these boys would lie, Carthew," he said. "On the contrary, I have always found them extremely truthful and straightforward. However, I shall undoubtedly investigate the matter, and will proceed to the study at once. Follow me, my boys!"

And Carthew and his victims marched back to the end study at the heels of the master of the Fourth.

The 4th Chapter. Dicky's Way!

"Shocking!"

That was Mr. Dalton's exclamation as he put his head into the end study in the Fourth.

Half a dozen juniors were gathered round the doorway, staring into the room, surprised and curious at the state of it. They made way respectfully for the Form-master.

Mr. Dalton's face set very grimly. His look did not comfort the Fistical Four.

"Very shocking, sir!" said Carthew. "I was shocked when I found it out. I may say, however, that I have always suspected these boys of something of the sort. My opinion of them has always been a low one."

Mr. Dalton did not seem to hear that observation. He fixed his eyes, with a very penetrating look, upon Jimmy Silver & Co.

"What explanation do you give of this, Silver?" he asked quietly.

"You have denied smoking here, yet it is plain that several persons, at least, have been smoking in this room this afternoon."

"We've been down at cricket, sir," said Jimmy. "There was no smoke in the study when we left it."

"Then you state that some other persons have been smoking here during your absence?"

"Yes, sir, that's the only explanation."

Carthew sneered. He did not believe a word of that explanation, but Mr. Dalton looked very thoughtful.

"That some boys in my Form are addicted to smoking in secret I have already learned," he said. "But I fail to see why anyone should smoke in your study, Silver, without your knowledge or permission. If they did not care to do so in their own rooms, safer quarters than this might easily be found."

The Co. were silent.

It seemed to them that they read condemnation in Mr. Dalton's look and tone, and they had a feeling of being caught in the toils.

"Have you any idea of who may have smoked here, Silver?"

Jimmy opened his lips, but closed them again. His thoughts ran at once to Peele and Gower. But it was only a suspicion, and, in any case, he could not have spoken. Even to save himself, he did not feel disposed to act the part of a "sneak."

"You have a suspicion, Silver?" asked Mr. Dalton; whose keen eyes

read a good deal more in Jimmy's face than the junior supposed.

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Jimmy.

"How long were you at the cricket?"

"About an hour, sir; we'd just come in—"

"You can prove this?"

"There were a dozen other fellows on the ground."

"Lots of us, sir," called out Mornington, from the passage.

"Very good!" said Mr. Dalton. He gave a slight sniff at the atmosphere of the study. "I should imagine that the smoking was more recent than an hour ago."

Carthew's eyes glittered.

"I should hardly think so, sir," he ventured. "It seems pretty plain that they were smoking here before they went down to the cricket. You see, the window was closed, and—"

"I see," said Mr. Dalton quietly.

"If it proves, Silver, that I have been deceived in you, and that you are addicted to breaking the strict rules of the school, I shall report you to the Head for a flogging. But we shall see. Mornington!"

"Yes, sir," said Morny.

"Kindly go along the passage, and call the whole of the Classical Fourth out of their studies."

"Certainly, sir."

Carthew knitted his brows. He could see no object in this at all; but he had a suspicion that Mr. Dalton had some idea of letting his "favourites" off. In a few minutes all the Classical Fourth were in the passage, with two exceptions. Mr. Dalton's keen eye ran over them.

"Where are Gower and Muffin?" he asked.

"Gower's in my study, sir," mumbled Peele reluctantly. "He—he's not feeling very well just now, sir."

Mr. Dalton smiled grimly.

"Well or ill, I require Gower here," he said. "Mornington, bring Gower here immediately."

"Yes, sir."

"Grace, you will fetch Muffin; he belongs to your study."

"Certainly, sir."

The juniors waited in silence and wonder. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances. That "Dicky" was driving at something, they knew; but they could not guess what it was. But their hopes were rising.

Mornington came along the passage with Gower. That unhappy youth was looking very pale. He seemed to have a strong disinclination, too, to meet his Form-master's eye.

"You do not seem well, Gower," said Mr. Dalton.

"Nunno, sir," mumbled Gower.

"Have you been smoking?"

Gower jumped.

"S-s-smoking! Nunno, sir! Never smoked in my life, sir."

"Grooogh! Yarooogh! Leggo! Rotter! Yooop! Ooocooch!"

Terrific yells came from Study No. 2, from the doorway of which Putty Grace was propelling Reginald Muffin, with a grip on his collar. Muffin was resisting feebly.

"Grooogh! Don't I keep on telling you I can't move?" he wailed.

"I shall be ill in a minute—grooocooch—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Muffin!"

"Ow! Grooogh! Yes, sir!"

"Are you ill?"

"Yes, sir! Awfully! I—I feel very bad, sir," gasped Muffin. "I—I hope you'll excuse me from lessons tomorrow, sir. Ooocooch!"

"Have you been smoking?"

"Oh, no, sir! I never do; don't like it, sir!"

"Then why is there a smell of tobacco about your clothes, Muffin?" asked the Form-master, in a grinding voice.

"Oh dear! Is there?" moaned Muffin. "I—I never thought of that, sir."

"And why is there a smell of tobacco about your clothes, Gower?"

Gower groaned. He was in no state to undergo a strict examination, when his unhappy inside was in a state similar to that of Vesuvius in its most active moments.

"It is perfectly plain to me that both of you have been smoking," said Mr. Dalton sternly.

"Oh dear, no, sir," gasped Tubby Muffin. "and—and please, sir, I'm not ill."

"What?"

"I—I don't feel ill at all, sir," gasped Muffin eagerly. "Quite all right, sir; fresh as a fiddle—I mean fit as a fiddle, strong as a lion, sir! Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think I've been smoking,

you're quite mistaken, sir," pursued Tubby. "I wish I hadn't now—"

"What?"

"I—I mean I never did, sir, and Peele and Gower can tell you the same. I told them distinctly that I wouldn't—not in Jimmy Silver's study, sir. Didn't I, Peele?"

The hopeful Tubby blinked at Cyril Peele for confirmation. But all he received in reply from Peele, was a scowl like unto that of a demon in a pantomime.

"So you smoked with Peele and Gower in Silver's study, Muffin?" said Mr. Dalton sternly.

"Nunno, sir, I—I'm just telling you I didn't!" gasped Muffin. "Quite the contrary, sir! I said to Peele—"

"What will Jimmy say?" I simply went into the end study to tea, sir—I mean to see if the chaps had come in—I—I really mean to say, sir, that I never went into the end study at all. I wouldn't, of course, without being invited."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classical Fourth.

"M-m-may I go now, sir?" asked Tubby Muffin hopefully.

"I—I'm feeling a bit queer, sir—that is to say, I'm feeling as right as rain, sir—"

"Peele, Gower, and Muffin will follow me to my study!" said Mr. Dalton, in a deep voice. "Silver, you and your friends are completely exonerated by Muffin's confession and—"

"But I haven't confessed anything, sir," yelled Muffin, in alarm. "I'm denying the whole thing, sir; from start to finish."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Carthew, you will see now that you have made a mistake," said Mr. Dalton drily. "Peele, Gower, Muffin, follow me!"

Mr. Dalton strode away down the passage; and the three hapless smokers followed him, in the lowest possible spirits. Jimmy Silver turned a beaming smile upon his chums.

"Isn't he a corker?" he exclaimed. "Isn't old Dicky the real goods? Fancy his nosing it all out like that, and bagging them! Good old Dicky!"

In great spirits the Fistical Four went into their study. Carthew of the Sixth seemed rooted to the floor. The innocence of the Fistical Four was clear enough; and Carthew, as a dutiful prefect ought to have been pleased that justice was done, but did not seem pleased somehow. He seemed quite the reverse, in fact, as he strode after the Fistical Four.

"You've got off this time!" he said bitterly. "Mr. Dalton's screened you, as usual. I might have expected that—"

"Why, you know as well as we do, now, that we never smoked here," exclaimed Jimmy Silver angrily. "You—"

"Wait till I catch you again!" said Carthew, between his teeth. "I won't take you to Dalton next time. I'll take you to the Head! Just wait!"

And with that Carthew strode savagely from the study, and slammed the door after him.

"His nibs seems to be waxy!" yawned Lovell. "Now, what about tea? I wonder how Peele & Co. are getting on with Dicky? Enjoying the interview—I rather don't, think!"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful as he sat down to tea. There was a gleam in his eyes, under his knitted brows; a gleam his chums knew well in the eyes of Uncle James.

"Well, what is it?" asked Lovell.

"Carthew's going to bowl us out again, if he can, in wicked, dissipated ways, and take us to the Head!" said Jimmy, with a chuckle.

"He won't have any luck!" grinned Lovell. "Ha, ha! Poor old Carthew never does have much luck with this study."

"I think dear old Carthew will keep an eagle eye on us, and that it will be as easy as falling off a form to pull dear old Carthew's leg!" said Jimmy Silver. "And if I don't make dear old Carthew wish he'd never heard of this study, you can use my head for a footer. I'm going to have a big think—"

"And I'm going to have a big tea," said Lovell. "Pass the sardines."

And the Fistical Four settled down cheerily to tea, while downstairs three unhappy youths limped out of Mr. Dalton's study, wringing their hands; having made once more the ancient discovery that the way of the transgressor is hard!

THE END.

"Carthew's Great Catch" is the title of the complete Rookwood School yarn in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.)

A STUPENDOUS YARN OF THE RICHEST SCHOOLBOY IN THE WORLD!



Burying the Hatchet!

Don Darrel, a lad of fifteen, inherited the stupendous sum of fifty millions from a stranger whose life he saved out on his ranch in Mexico. He came to England to school, with his dog, Snap, and his half-caste servant, Chuta. He, with his three special chums—Frank Philips, South, and Losely—are the leaders of the junior portion of Eaglehurst School.

There is a gang of crooks who are out "to get" Don. The Boy with Fifty Millions bought a motor-launch, and while out picnicing with his chums they met a General Pepper.

The general invited them to stay with him for the night. There was a perpetual state of "war" between the general and his neighbour, Admiral Biffen, over a large oak in the latter's garden. At dead of night the boys and General Pepper invaded the admiral's garden and cut the tree down. They were interrupted by the arrival of the gang of crooks, who forced them at the revolver's point into the general's house. Admiral Biffen's daughter, Elsie, had, however, seen the progress of events, and determined to reach the police by means of Don's motor-launch.

The gang took to flight, taking Don Darrel with them. Before they left they found cause to shoot Chuta, and General Pepper, the admiral, and Don's chums believed him to be dead. At last, however, the half-breed showed feeble signs of life.

South was right.

Chuta had stirred feebly, and now he moaned in a low key.

Without a moment's delay the admiral dropped upon his knees beside him, gently turned him over, and raised his head. To his satisfaction, Chuta's sombre eyes opened, and he stared up dazedly into the old man's face.

A trickle of blood ran from a wound upon the half-breed Apache's temple, but that was only skin-deep, and unless the second bullet that had been fired at him had struck him more seriously, he was far from being the dead man they had thought him.

"Where are you hurt, my good fellow?" asked the admiral.

"Here," Chuta muttered weakly, indicating his head. "But it's only a scratch, an' me be all right in no times."

"Then the other bullet missed? Thank Heaven!" Grierson cried fervently.

"It was a narrow shave, though. It must have been," put in Philips, his boyish face very grave. "I could have sworn that neither shot could have done anything else but hit you, Chuta."

As though memory, full memory, had suddenly rushed into his brain, Chuta struggled into a sitting posture, thence to his feet.

"Donnie—my Donnie!" he cried, with a wail of anguish. "Dey got him! Dey take him away! Me go after dem and kill dem, or get killed tryin' to save him!"

And with this he attempted to stagger towards the windows, but it was only to collapse in a huddled heap. He was still half-stunned from the effects of the bullet grazing his temple, and as yet his brain was spinning, and a blood-red mist seemed to swim before his eyes.

"You can't go yet, old chap," Losely said, going to him, helping him to rise, and leading him to the couch. "Besides, they'll not get far. The admiral has telephoned to the police, and—"

"But I haven't!" Admiral Biffen objected, with an angry imprecation. "The scoundrels must have severed the wires. I could get no reply from the Exchange."

"Great pip, and they've got Don Darrel!" Philips said, in dismal tones. "They've got him, and there seems no means of getting them stopped before they clear right out of the

THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

BY VICTOR NELSON.

neighbourhood with him. And they'll kill him, more than likely."

"Don Darrel!" the admiral exclaimed. "I seem to have heard that name somewhere."

"Of course you have, sir," South agreed. "He has been talked of no end in the newspapers since he came to England and went to our school—Eaglehurst. He is the richest boy on earth—the Boy with Fifty Millions."

A cry of understanding broke from Admiral Biffen. He knew now why the lad's name had seemed so familiar to him.

"Oh, they'll not harm him, then!" he declared, with conviction. "It will be a ransom they will be after, the confounded scoundrels! It may cost a lot to get him back safely, but—"

"You don't understand, sir," Philips interrupted, his face very white and scared. "Don has met this gang before, as have I. We were responsible for making them abandon the sch—er—a certain secret retreat they used to frequent. Though they may try to get some of his fortune from him, it is revenge they want,

slipping off in the craft to bring help."

"My hat! She's some pluck, sir!" Philips declared. "I hope they didn't hit her when they fired after her."

"I hope so, too, my lad," the old man returned very gravely. "Ah, see! Pepper is coming to."

The general was certainly stirring. The boys remembered now his predicament, and, after taking the gag from between his clenched teeth, they cut the cords from his hands, arms, and ankles.

He presently uttered a quivering sigh, his lids flickered, and he opened his eyes. For a moment he stared about him without understanding.

"Why, what the thunder—!" he began. "Tch, tch, tch! I remember now. The scoundrels! The dyed gallows-birds! What happened? Why didn't the snake bite me? Why am I not dead?"

"You're not dead because of the bravery of my daughter, sir!" the admiral snorted, glaring at him and puffing out his cheeks. "She stole from my house and got away in young Darrel's launch to bring help. The crooks heard her go, gave chase

cut down my tree, and smash my greenhouse, and ruin thousands of pounds-worth of orchids and—"

"Confound your greenhouse—!" "And confound your jewels and your stupid life, sir!" roared the admiral aggressively.

"You don't understand me, Biffen."

"I understand that—"

"Tch, tch, tch! Shut up—"

"Shut up? Did I hear you order me to shut up, you impertinent rascal? How dare you! I will certainly not shut up for as long as I choose to speak!"

The general shook his head wearily, showing none of his usual quickness of temper. If the truth be told, he was realising all that Elsie Biffen's bravery meant to him. If the girl had not alarmed the gang by making her dash in the launch to obtain aid, it was next to certain that Inez Alvarez and her dastardly followers would have taken steps to bring him back to his senses, and continued his torture of suspense with the deadly swamp-adder.

The general suppressed another shudder. Ay, they would have doubtless have continued his torment until the strip of hide had stretched sufficiently for the reptile to fasten its fang into his hand and inject its fatal poison into his veins, unless he had given in and told them where his jewels were to be found.

"Biffen," he said, a trifle huskily. "You misunderstand me. I don't want to anger you, and I give you my word that I am grateful for what your little girl has done. I can't put your infernal—er—your tree up again, but I can pay for the damage it did when it fell, and I'll compensate you,

of the path outside the windows, and an inspector of police, a sergeant, and three constables hastened into the room. Behind them was a slender, girlish figure, the sight of which brought a glad cry from the admiral's lips.

"Elsie! Thank Heaven, you are safe!" he cried, kissing the girl, as she flung her arms about his neck. "Then you got away and brought help?"

"Yes, daddy; but it was only by luck," answered Elsie, who was still very pale, and obviously a little shaken, though out of sheer pluck she tried to conceal the fact. "They almost succeeded in shooting me when they rushed after me along the river bank."

"And Don Darrel?" the admiral asked, turning to the policemen.

The inspector raised his brows inquiringly.

"Don Darrel?" he queried. "I don't quite understand."

Quickly the admiral explained, and the police-inspector uttered a cry of dismay.

"The Boy with Fifty Millions, and they've carried him off!" he fairly shouted. "This is serious, sir—more serious than anything I dreamed of when the young lady came to our station at Riverbridge and reported what was happening here!"

"You mean that the dastardly scoundrels have not been caught, then?" the general put in, as concerned as his neighbour.

"No," the inspector confessed grimly. "And I am afraid they are not likely to be. You see, though we've taken it they are a gang who probably use motor-cars, and I've given the word for them to be looked out for, we've virtually nothing to go on—no definite descriptions of them or the cars they are travelling in. Your daughter, admiral, could only say that they were masked, and that there was a woman among them."

"This is awful!" Philips groaned. "They'll get all they can out of him, and then take his life. I feel it—I know it! That woman swore she would have revenge on him, and she'll show him no mercy. Poor old Don! We shall never see him alive again, you chaps!"

"But surely," General Pepper cried in excitement, "you have put into operation machinery that will put every police-constable on the look-out for them for a radius of miles around?"

"Certainly I have, sir; and large numbers of police are working their way here," the inspector answered. "But I must again impress upon you that lack of descriptions of these crooks and their cars tie our hands. We cannot pull up and cross-question every motorist on the road until we drop on these people who have the boy. I shall report the affair to Scotland Yard at the first opportunity, and do my utmost, however, on that you may rely. This will cause almost a world-sensation!"

"Where are you going, Chuta?" Philips asked, as the half-caste rose unsteadily to his feet and moved towards the windows.

Chuta turned, a dogged look on his red-brown face, and a terrible anger smouldered in his eyes.

"Me go find Donnie," he answered, throwing up his head. "Me take Snap, an' search till me do find him. Then—suddenly his anger burst into flame, and he raised his clenched fist and shook it above his head—

"me revenge him! Chuta has spoken!"



The Boy with Fifty Millions, after making sure that the crook was still unconscious, rose from the ground and, with a mighty heave, sent the candlestick, with the attached appeal for help, crashing through the window!

DON DARREL'S BID FOR LIBERTY!

too, and whilst he remains in their power his life isn't worth a moment's purchase!"

The admiral looked concerned now, as well he might.

"We must lose no time in communicating with the authorities, somehow," he said. "But who was it that alarmed the villains so by going off in the launch belonging to one of you, I wonder?"

"That was Darrel's boat, sir," Losely answered.

The admiral started and frowned. "By James!" he exclaimed, bringing his clenched fist thudding down into the palm of his other hand. "I've an idea who it was took the boat off. Try to bring the general to his senses, and wait here for me. I want to see if my idea is correct."

He went to the windows, and, with caution, lest any of the gang still remained in the vicinity, and were inclined to fire at him, passed out into the night.

He was not absent long—five minutes at the most—and when he came back, with a dressing-gown flung on over his pyjamas, there was a proud light in his eyes.

"It was my daughter, boys, who went rushing away in that launch," he said quietly. "She must have seen the scoundrels from her window when they first held us up, and hit on

for a few seconds, and fired after her, as a matter of fact. But she must have got away, for they left her hurriedly, sparing both your confounded life and your jewels."

"Ah, thank Heaven my jewels are safe!" the old soldier muttered.

"Hang your jewels, you selfish scoundrel! What about my greenhouse, my priceless bulbs, my grapes?" the admiral spluttered now, remembering the awful smash made by the falling tree, and working himself up into a towering rage.

"Jewels! Bah! You will have to sell every one of 'em, sir, to pay the damages I shall claim against you—claim and get, sir! Understand me?"

"You say it was through your daughter they went—went and took that terrible reptile away from me?" General Pepper asked in a changed voice.

"It was, sir!" the admiral assured him, proudly sticking out his chest. "Elsie's a girl in a thousand—too good to risk her life for the likes of you!"

The general held up a protesting hand.

"Biffen," he said, "don't you think this feud between us has gone far enough?"

"It has gone too far, Pepper—far too far when you go against the law,

if I have to sell every jewel in my collection!"

The admiral's expression changed. Slowly he put out his hand, and the one-time staunch old friends gripped.

They looked particularly dignified at first, then both grinned sheepishly, and, even though his anxiety for his kidnapped chum was making his heart lead-like, Philips could not help the ghost of a smile fitting across his face.

"As for paying, once rescue Don Darrel, and that question need not be troubled about between you, sirs," he said, with conviction. "It was all Don Darrel's fun—the urging of the general to let us cut down the tree. It was done to cause ructions between you, and he'll cheerfully pay for whatever damage has been done, no matter if it runs into half-a-giddy-crown or thousands of pounds!"

The two elderly gentlemen turned and stared at him. For the moment both looked inclined to be angry, then the general laughed.

"Tch, tch, tch!" he snorted. "I see it all now! We've been two silly old idiots, Biffen! That confounded young scamp has been playing us off against one another! Tch, tch, tch! Shake hands again, you fiery-tempered old sinner!"

Footsteps sounded in the garden. Heavy boots crunched upon the gravel

Don Darrel's Bid for Life!

The police stared curiously after the grim-faced Redskin as he strode through the French windows into the garden.

They did not take him seriously; but Don Darrel's chums, knowing the doglike devotion Chuta possessed for his young friend and master, saw in him what he was—a relentless fate that sooner or later would overtake Inez Alvarez and her gang of evil-doers, and when that hour dawned it would be for them an unfortunate one.

Whether Chuta would come up with the gang before its members could enact their vengeance upon the boy millionaire, however, was quite another matter, and their hearts remained heavy with suspense.

Chuta went to the garage where Snap had been chained, and, releasing the dog, ordered him to follow him in a curt, grave tone Snap failed entirely to understand.

By the door of a stable the half-caste Apache paused. A whinny had floated out to him, and he determined to ascertain whether the horse responsible for the sound was worth taking with him on his hunt for his master.

A glance at it convinced Chuta that it would be a valuable asset to him.

It was a sprightly chestnut colt, which was young, and looked exceedingly speedy. The half-breed did not consider it necessary to delay to ask the general's permission to make use of it, and, leading it from the stable, he walked it down the sloping garden towards the riverside.

Something that glittered in the moonlight as it lay partially hidden in the midst of some stocklike plants caught Chuta's eye, and, as he stopped and investigated it, he found, to his satisfaction, that it was his tomahawk.

With a grunt, he picked it up and thrust it into his belt, and a dangerous gleam crept again into his black eyes.

More than one of the gang should feel the weight of the weapon if, when he came up with them, they had harmed Don Darrel.

In a road quite near the general's house Chuta came upon what he had hoped from the first to find—the tracks left by the tyres of the criminals' motor-cars.

A recent rather heavy summer shower had left the ground damp, and to the eyes of Chuta, trained to pick up far more difficult trails than this, it was easy to follow where the cars—there had been two—had been backed and turned when their owners had regained them after their raid. And, in examining the tracks, Chuta noticed something about one set that brought a very satisfied grunt from his thin lips.

One of the rear tyres of the car that had left them had three of its studs missing, so that its impressions could be unmistakably identified.

With his face even more grimly set and determined, Chuta sprang from where he had been kneeling in the road and hurried to the horse, which he had hobbled and left with Snap by the hedge.

The animal reared as he made to mount, seeming to take exception to a stranger attempting to ride it. But a man who had broken in bucking broncos was not to be set at defiance by a common or garden English horse, and Chuta was on its back and had shown it convincingly that he was master within two or three minutes.

Then, with Snap running at his steed's heels, the half-bred Apache went racing at a dashing pace along the hedge-bordered road, following the direction in which Don Darrel's kidnappers had gone in the cars.

All through the remainder of the night Chuta kept up the chase, only pausing when he came to some turning or cross-roads to inspect the ground and make sure he was still on the track of the car with the slightly-defaced tyre.

He found himself on the fringe of a village when daylight had come, and as his horse was panting and foam-flecked, he was half inclined to pull up and make an attempt to change it. But only an early farm-hand or two seemed astir, so Chuta pressed on through the next and the next town, until it wanted only a few minutes to eight o'clock.

His horse was almost dropping from fatigue now, and the half-bred Redskin knew that to urge it much farther would not only be sheer, inhuman cruelty, but useless, as it could not last for any appreciable distance.

Accordingly, at an inn advertising "stabling," he drew rein and sought the landlord.

Fortunately, Don Darrel believed in allowing his faithful friend and servant ample funds, and Chuta had a large sum in Bank of England notes in a wallet in his belt.

He was covered with mud, and haggard-eyed and panting, and the landlord stared at him open-mouthed at first. But his money was good, and it was not long ere General Pepper's exhausted chestnut was housed in the inn's stable and another and fresh mount—a restive bay—was being led out in exchange.

Children on their way to school laughed and jeered at the tired and dishevelled red man who knelt in the road and stared anxiously into the mud, little dreaming of the aching anxiety that was tearing at his heart.

Chuta paid no heed to them, and, having made sure that his quarry had not swung off round a branch lane, he leapt into the saddle and urged his new steed at a fast gallop through the village and onwards, onwards until the salt twang of the sea caught at his dilated nostrils and he tasted the salt of it on his lips. Although he was panting hard, Snap was still clinging to the horse's heels. The dog would have followed Don Darrel or Chuta until he collapsed.

And in the meantime Don Darrel had been whirled to the coast in one of the two cars the gang had brought with them in their abortive raid.

It had still been dark when the car had stopped, and Don had been lifted between two of its occupants and carried into the garden of what appeared to be a large house. But the boy had caught a glimpse of a drive and an ill-kept garden as the front door had been opened and a shaft of light had streamed out.

It was only a glimpse, however, for he was speedily carried into the hall and up the stairs to a room on the first floor, which, he judged, was in the front of the house.

It was devoid of furniture, and illuminated only by a single gas-jet. Here the two masked men who had conveyed him from the car thrust a gag into his mouth and secured it with vicious knots at the back of his head. Then Don Darrel's heart sank, brave lad though he was, for their next action was to carry him over to the far wall, where a chain fitted with an iron circle hung, and the latter they padlocked about one of his ankles.

The hope he had had that he might be able to work his bonds free and escape seemed entirely swept away.

One of the men laughed sneeringly as he saw the dismay that was in the boy's eyes, but he made no remark; and, after his companion had turned out the gas, Don heard them both quit the room and shoot a bolt on the opposite side of the door.

He leant back against the wall, biting hard into his gag in mortification and semi-despair. Rack his brain as he might, he could see no possible chance of slipping out of his enemies' clutches now.

For some minutes Don sat with his back against the wall, thinking, thinking. Then abruptly he started, and but for the gag he would have cried out in new hope.

His fingers had touched something protruding from the wainscoting, and, as he touched it, for the second time he realised that it was an old and rusted nail. What if he could chafe his bonds upon it and thus in time part the cords and free his hands?

"Shucks! I shall at least stand a better chance against them than I do now!" he thought, as he began to put his theory into energetic practice.

Backwards and forwards went the lad's hands, and his teeth clenched in his gag as ever and again the flesh of his wrists were gashed by the nail.

But he stuck to his task, and worked with a dogged determination, with a result that at last he felt the cords weakening and slackening.

With a mighty wrench he snapped them, and his hands were free. He tore the gag from between his teeth, and drew in a long, relieved breath. But he had little time to ponder upon his next move, for he heard footfalls outside on the landing, and the sound of a bolt being drawn.

With feverish haste, Don Darrel picked up the discarded gag, and thrust it back into his mouth. Then, as the door opened and he heard the scraping of a match, he just had time to thrust his hands behind him as though they were still bound.

He could have gasped with amazement when he saw the individual who had entered, holding a heavy metal candlestick and lighted candle above his head. At first sight, the school-boy multi-millionaire mistook him for a lad of about his own age.

He was of about Don's height and build, and his colourings were strikingly similar. He wore an Eton suit and a wide Eton collar, and it was only when he guffawed in a Jeep, rasping key that the young millionaire realised that he was no boy, but a diminutive man.

"I've come up to take a look at you, Master Don Darrel," he sneered, approaching Don, and holding the candle so that the light fell upon his face. "Makes you stare, don't it? You can't have read of Sammy, the Kid Crook—eh?"

Don understood now. He had read several times, as a matter of fact, of an expert crackman, who was so dwarfed in stature and young of countenance, that he worked in the guise of a schoolboy. In one case, he had been caught red-handed in a country mansion, in an attempt to ransack it of some valuable plate; but so plausible had been the excuse he had made—that he was a schoolboy on holiday, had meant to give "his uncle" a surprise, but had mistaken the house—that he had been allowed to go.

"The gang had an idea that I might impersonate you and cash a cheque signed and written by you for a million," he said coolly. "And I believe I could do it, too. I am not unlike you, and, with a little touching-up of my chivvy with grease-paint

and lining-in pencils, we could be as alike as two peas."

He laughed again, appearing to read Don's thoughts.

"Supposing you refuse to sign the cheque? That's what you are thinking—eh? It will be sign it or die, my lad!" he snarled, with another exultant laugh. "The queen don't stick at trifles when she's out for a haul, and you'll make it out and sign it right enough."

Don Darrel shrewdly suspected that in any case his life would be taken by the unscrupulous woman and the gang whose enmity he had gained, though they would make a pretence that he would be spared if he allowed them to rob him heavily. That was, unless he could escape, or contrive to let the police know he was imprisoned here and bring them to the house to rescue him.

His brain was working like lightning for a means to outwit the gang, and suddenly a scheme flashed into it, and, at almost the same moment, the dwarf-like man before him played into his hands.

Sammy the Kid had been closely studying Don's face, and now, to obtain a better idea of the millionaire's features, he knelt before him, and made to hold the candle near.

Quick as thought, Don acted. His hands shot out from behind him, and gripped the diminutive scoundrel by the throat, choking back the cry of surprise he would have uttered had he been given the chance.

Don Darrel's life out on the rolling plains of Mexico had made his fingers steel-like in their strength, and, with his own life trembling in the balance, he showed the dwarf no mercy.

The candlestick had fallen from Sammy the Kid's hand, and the candle had gone out, and in the darkness the savage blows the criminal aimed at the boy went wide. Lower and lower Don forced him, clinging to his windpipe like grim death, and pressing, pressing, until the dismayed scoundrel began to experience all the agonies of asphyxiation.

Abruptly, Don rolled him over and knelt upon his chest, and now he had him completely at his mercy. The man's hands continued to beat up at him for some moments, but they grew weaker and weaker, and finally Don Darrel felt the fellow's body relax as insensibility claimed him.

Knowing there might not be a moment to lose, Don started to search Sammy the Kid's pockets. He found matches, and struck one. The candle and candlestick were within reach, and the millionaire quickly had a light to help him.

His next find was a stump of pencil, and this gave him an idea that caused his heart to beat hard with hope.

He tore one of the cuffs from the Kid's shirt, and on it hastily scrawled a message:

"I, Don Darrel, known as the Boy with Fifty Millions, am imprisoned in the house near where this is found, and in deadly peril. This was what he wrote. "I will give whosoever finds this five thousand pounds if they take it to the nearest police-station and state where they found same."

"(Signed) DON DARREL."

With fingers that shook with eagerness, Don Darrel knotted together several short pieces of the cord that had been used to bind his wrists, and with them he securely tied the shirt-cuff to the heavy candlestick, after removing the candle and standing it upon the floor.

He glanced at the dwarf and smiled grimly. The man was lying upon his back, his eyes closed, and the breath coming laboriously through his wide-parted lips. There was no fear of interruption from him.

Now Don fixed his eyes upon the window of the room, and took careful aim. Then, next instant, with a mighty throw, he sent the candlestick and the attached S.O.S. crashing through the glass.

With tensely-strained ears, he listened, and a triumphant thrill shot through him as the sound of the missile's fall made him almost certain that it had carried past the drive of the house, and fallen in the open road.

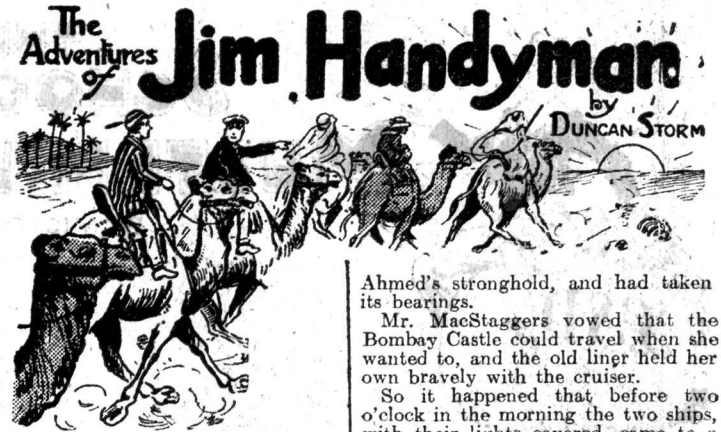
Breathing quickly, he lay back against the wall for a brief spell of rest, hoping against hope that the message would be quickly found and understood.

But would it be? That was the question—the slender chance on which his very life probably hung suspended!

Would his desperate cry for aid reach the police, and would they, in their turn, reach him before whatever terrible death Inez Alvarez had planned for him overtook him?

(Another instalment of this gripping yarn in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.)

A Tale of Adventure in All Parts of the World.



Routing the Enemy!

The Bombay Castle, with Dick Dorrington & Co., Dr. Crabhunter, Scorchers Wilkinson, and other masters and boys, put in at Gibraltar on one of her famous voyages. The boys were arrested on a charge of being involved in a smuggling affair. They escaped, however, and on rejoining their ship had drastic revenge on Kidd & Co., a gang of bullies, for wrecking their cabin. The ship then steamed into Tangier.

The boys went ashore, and drove into the desert on camels. They were captured by a gang of Arabs, and imprisoned in an old Moorish castle. There they meet four British seamen under similar circumstances. Jim Handyman escaped, and set sail for Gibraltar in a cutter.

With the aid of some Spanish sailors he captured the head of the gang of crooks, and also the purchase-money of his own head, and turned up safe and sound on the Bombay Castle. Captain Handyman decided to set sail immediately to the rescue of Jim's chums.

And a few seconds later the mast-head signal of the Bombay Castle started winking violently to H.M.S. Mischief.

Whistles shrilled along the decks of the Bombay Castle, and the watch turned out hurriedly.

In five minutes the captain of H.M.S. Mischief had departed for his own ship on a fast-steaming launch, with the unhappy Chinese prisoner bound and closely guarded. The first officer was on the fore'st-head of the Bombay Castle, the lighters were cast off, and the winches were heaving up the anchor.

The padrone had decided to stop on board and see the fun.

In another five minutes the Bombay Castle was off. Down in her stokeholds the stokers were firing up for all they were worth. They knew that they had got a few minutes' start on H.M.S. Mischief, and that they were off on an errand of just vengeance.

And, down in the engine-room, Mr. MacStaggers, chief engineer of the Bombay Castle, watched his gauges, determined to make the old Bombay Castle walk along as she had never walked before.

Captain Handyman was on the bridge with Jim, taking a sight of his leading lights and making Jim tell his story over and over again.

Over the African mountains an occasional flash of lightning lit the clouds. But there was no wind, save that which the Bombay Castle herself created as her stamping engines worked up to their highest speed.

For Mr. MacStaggers was burning his picked coal, a bunker reserved for emergencies, and the Bombay Castle was almost holding her own with the spangle of lights which showed H.M.S. Mischief racing after her.

Soon the warship came abreast, and took the lead of the Bombay Castle, signalling her to keep station. Then all her lights snapped out, save a tiny glimmer of a stern-light.

The lights of the Bombay Castle were shut down. And, on the dark decks, the boys, aroused by this sudden move, were gathered in little groups, wondering what was happening.

They knew that Dick Dorrington and the rest of the Glory Hole Gang had been captured by bandits ashore. But this was all they knew. Now, full of excitement, they waited on deck, for the rumour had buzzed round the cabins that Jim Handyman had returned, and that the ship was off to rescue his companions.

The two ships raced along in company, Captain Handyman keeping astern of his naval consort, and steering by her stern-light.

He knew that Captain Roberts was well aware of the position of Sidi Bu

Ahmed's stronghold, and had taken its bearings.

Mr. MacStaggers vowed that the Bombay Castle could travel when she wanted to, and the old liner held her own bravely with the cruiser.

So it happened that before two o'clock in the morning the two ships, with their lights covered, came to a standstill about two miles off the shore.

Three boats were cleared on the Bombay Castle, and Captain Handyman called for volunteers for the surprise of Sidi Bu Ahmed's stronghold.

He was answered by the whole of the whites in the engineers' and the stewards' department, and he picked his men—fifty in number—from both of these.

Captain Handyman's white crews were all picked men, in any case. They were boxers and footballers, and had all seen much service in the Great War. The heavy-weight champions of Limehouse and Blackwall were there. Famous sluggers from Plymouth, Portsmouth, and South Shields lined up on the deck to receive their arms from the armory in the chart-room. And soon all was in readiness.

A picket-boat from the Mischief came across, towing two large cutters, full of armed bluejackets.

Jim Handyman's heart was beating fast now.

Was he to be in this excursion, or would his father insist on leaving him aboard?

Captain Handyman was not long in answering the question.

"I don't want to take you ashore into this, Jim," said he. "But you've seen the place in daylight, and what you have seen in daylight you won't forget at night. And it's a matter of duty. So you come along. Here, take this rook-rifle. You understand that better than a full-size gun, and it will stop your nigger just as quick as any other weapon."

So, greatly to his delight, Jim found himself sitting alongside his father in one of the boats.

Cecil was there, too, for Captain Handyman had his own plans.

If Cecil had climbed down from the dizzy height of the tower, Cecil could climb up again with a fine line round his waist.

With this line a stouter rope could be hauled up, and coiled away in the stern-sheets of the boat, was a knotted Manila rope, soft, and as pliable as silk.

Watches were compared with the captain of H.M.S. Mischief, and due time allowance was made for the execution of Captain Handyman's plan before the general operation of drawing a cordon round Sidi Bu Ahmed's stronghold was carried out.

Then off they went for the shore, the picket-boat making no sound as she rippled through the smooth sea with her tow of boats behind her.

The night had turned dark and close, and here near in to the land the clouds were hanging low.

Now and then there was a slight flash of sheet lightning, above in the mountains, but it only showed a faint glimmer under the mighty crags that here rose from the coast.

At a quarter of a mile from the shore, oars were slipped softly into muffled rowlocks, and the picket-boat slipped her tow. Then the boats divided. The Navy craft made for a cove to the eastward of Sidi Bu Ahmed's stronghold, but Captain Handyman steered his boat straight in for the beach under the silent old tower, the other two-boats, under the second mate, making for a cove to the westward.

Very softly the keel of the boat grated on the sand, the crew, wearing rubber shoes, slipped out and dragged her up till she was only half awash.

Cecil slid out of the boat like a shadow, and the padrone followed, carrying the big coil of climbing-rope.

Soon they were in the deep shadow of the cliff, and Jim looked upward at the towering square wall of the tower.

Then he gave a great sigh of relief.

High up in the air he could hear the sounds of song. The imprisoned boys of the Bombay Castle were keeping up their spirits by a sing-song, and it

seemed as though spirits of the air were singing, "I'm For Ever Blowing Bubbles," as they sailed round the haunted old castle on the night wind. Cecil seemed to know what was required of him as a belt was made fast round his waist and a fine lead line was made fast to it.

"Up you go, Cecil, old chap!" whispered Jim.

"Cecil needed no second bidding. He took a hold of the rock face of the cliff in his mighty paws, and started to climb.

The group of men at the foot of the cliff watched the bulky form of the orang sticking to the rock face like a bluebottle, and marvelled as he climbed steadily upwards, till he could be seen no longer.

But the lead-line kept steadily running off from its coil—a sure sign that Cecil was going steadily up. Now and then it would tug a bit across and across, which told Jim that the orang was finding his way up the face of the tower wherever he could find foot and hand hold.

And, finally, it was hauled up fast, and the song above changed to a "chorus" of "We are coming, Sister Mary"—a sure sign that Cecil had climbed in at that little window two hundred feet above, carrying with him the line.

A sharp jerk on the line in a code of signals told that the middies had got hold of it. The climbing-rope was made fast to it, and hauled up rapidly. Then the boat's crew held it steady below, feeling by its movements that someone was coming down.

Soon a dark shape showed above their heads. It was Master Derek Dare who slid first into their arms. "Well done, Jim!" he whispered, as he saw the boat's crew there. "The other chaps are coming down one by one!"

And down they came, Captain Handyman checking each boy as he reached the ground. Then came the four sailors of the Star of Hope, and finally Cecil shinned down from the dizzy height.

Captain Handyman looked at the luminous dial of his watch.

"Bravo, Cecil!" he whispered. "We are a quarter of an hour in hand. The London Fire Brigade couldn't have done it better!"

The escaped prisoners crowded into the boat in silence, and not a word was spoken as she shoved off from the shore, and made her way westward to join up with the other two boats of the Bombay Castle.

All was dead silent round the stronghold of Sidi Bu Ahmed.

"They are all asleep!" whispered Master Derek Dare. "We've been kicking up no end of a row, and no one has come near us."

The boat rowed half a mile along the rugged coast, and presently a signal-light flashed close down on the water. It was the entrance to the cove where the other two boats had made their landing.

As they pulled in, a vivid flash of lightning showed them huge beetling crags and great rocks, covered with seaweed, wet and shining, whilst, up at the head of the cove, on a strip of sandy beach, the landing-party stood by their boats.

Greatly to their disappointment the boys were told that, with the exception of Jim and the three middies, they must stay by the boats.

"The young gentlemen from the Mischief will join the landing-party," said Captain Handyman. "They are naval officers, and that is part of their duty. But I'm not going to have you young rascals running all over the country, and, maybe, getting a shot for your pains! The four men from the Star of Hope can come with us. They know the lie of the land. Give that man a pair of trousers!"

And Captain Handyman pointed to Harry Dark, who, now that he was in civilised company again, was blushing for his waistcloth.

A pair of dungarees were fished out of one of the boats and given to him, a pair of braces being hastily contrived from a hank of twine.

Then the landing-party set off, climbing up the rugged little gorge which ran down to the cove.

It was pitch-black, and as close as the inside of a cupboard.

"You keep by me, Jim!" whispered Harry Dark. "We'll have a bit of our own back from old Sid. I know a thing or two about this place. Learned it when I was carrying water for his house. Crikey!"

This last exclamation was called forth by a blue flare of lightning, followed close by a tremendous clap of thunder, which crashed and roared and echoed amongst the hills, like the cannonade of a great battle.

"That'll wake 'em up!" whispered Jim.

"Not they!" replied Harry Dark. "They think that's the jinn and the efreets and the evil spirits, and they'll lie low in their old tower. And, after all, no one in his senses would be out on a night like this!"

Harry Dark spoke the truth, for that tremendous clap of thunder seemed to shake the rain out of the low clouds that were hanging above.

It came down as rain comes down in the straits of Gibraltar—by the bucket, pouring and lashing on the rocks, till every runnel was bubbling full and a regular stream of water was racing down the gullies.

Flash, flash!

Bang! Crash! Bang!

Never had Jim seen such a night. The heavens split with dazzling lightnings, and the rain fairly smoked down as they marched steadily up the gorge.

Not a soul was to be seen. They came upon sangars and breastworks under Harry Dark's guidance. But these were not occupied. Sidi Bu Ahmed was apparently not expecting an attack to-night.

Indeed, any attack that he might have looked for would have come from the direction of Tangier, and doubtless he had this road well guarded by his scouts and pickets.

But the landing-parties had taken their ground inside his chains of look-outs, who were hidden away in caves and crevices of the hills. And these on such a night would be crouching under their hoods saying their prayers against the evil spirits that must be abroad in such wild weather.

Harry Dark was leading the column cautiously.

"Look out here!" he whispered to Jim, with a flourish of a length of lead pipe, with which he had armed himself. "Maybe there is a wasp or two in this 'ere sentry-box!"

A flash of lightning revealed to Jim a rough shelter of piled stone, covered with turf. Then he saw the red glow of a charcoal fire.

"Leave this to me!" said Harry Dark. "I can see them, an' 'one of 'em is the nigger what stole my trahsers! I'll learn him to steal my trahsers!"

Soft as a leopard he padded forward to the entrance of the rude sentry-box.

"Come aht of it, Jim Crow!" said he.

With a yell of fear the nigger he called upon put his turbaned head out at the narrow door of the shelter.

The lead pipe whistled through the air, and fell, with a crashing blow, on the nigger's turban.

A nigger has a thick head, and the head of this nigger was a particularly thick one. But Harry Dark's application of the cosh of lead pipe felled him like an ox.

A yellow-faced Moor was the second sentry in the box, but his quarters were so confined that he had no room to handle his long gas-pipe jezail when Harry Dark leaped into the box and grabbed him by the throat, throttling his cry of warning. In another second a sock was jammed in his mouth, and he was gagged, whilst Mr. Dark, with great satisfaction, clapped handcuffs on both his prisoners, fastening their hands behind them.

"There you are, me beauties!" he muttered. "I warned you what would 'appen to them as ill treats pore wrecked sailormen! An' I bet ole Coffee Cooler will 'ave a bit of an 'eadache when he wakes up! Good ole gas-pipe!"

The prisoners were handed over to a guard, with instruction to take them back to the boat as soon as the nigger had come out of the trance into which Harry Dark had fanned him with his lead pipe.

Then a few seconds later a low whistle sounded in the darkness. The parties had joined, and the cordon was drawn round the stronghold of Sidi Bu Ahmed.

Then slowly the circle closed in on the silent fortress.

By some magic or other the naval party had brought a couple of guns ashore with them, and in the darkest ten minutes before



PITCHED BATTLE! Crash! There was a spurt of flame from one of the hidden guns, a puff of dust, and flying stones, and a large section of the wall opened out like a fan!

the dawn these were dug in, their ammunition-boxes placed ready, and their muzzles directed on to the iron-studded door of the castle.

All was in readiness for the waking of Sidi Bu Ahmed from his evil dreams.

Jim was very happy and contented as he sat behind a rock with Harry Dark waiting for the dawn.

It came at last. The ragged sky parted overhead in big masses of rugged coppery cloud, and the shape of the great tower showed huge and looming through the last of the rain showers and the dim light of the dawn.

But not a sign of life showed about the place. Nor was a sign of the attacking-party to be seen, so well had it taken cover.

Then a whistle sounded. It was the sign for a knock on the door of Sidi Bu Ahmed.

Crash! There was a spurt of flame from one of the hidden guns, and its shell sped true for the massive masonry at the hinges of the great gates.

There was a puff of dust and flying stone, and a large section of the wall opened out like a fan as the second crash of the bursting shell echoed away amongst the hills.

The great doors rocked, and fell outwards, their hinges blown away by the blast of the shell.

Then the whole place buzzed like a hornets' nest.

Shouts and yells of anger rent the air as the shabby mud buildings that were clustered round the base of the old tower poured out Sidi Bu Ahmed's ragged soldiery.

They could not see their assailants in the grey dawn-light, but they started a hot fire from all sorts of weapons. Remingtons cracked sharply, and the long matchlocks barked and coughed, and soon there were more bullets flying about than were at all pleasant.

Jim could hear them smacking on the rocks all round them.

He wanted to put up his head and fire his rook rifle.

He thought he could see his old enemy, Ali El Kooos, dancing about like a madman before the high wall of the tower. But Harry Dark pulled him down.

But now a rattling volley sounded from the British side, followed by the scream of a couple of shells through the air, which burst with blinding flashes on the wall of the old tower, bringing down an avalanche of stones and rubble and old Roman bricks.

This was too much for Sidi Bu Ahmed's undisciplined soldiery. They knew they were surrounded, and they bolted back into the cover of their buildings, starting a dropping, sniping fire.

Then the guns turned on the buildings, and a shell hit a mud barn. It went up in a great mushroom-shaped puff of dust, and the sniping ceased.

Then up went a white flag.

The followers of Sidi Bu Ahmed had discovered that this was no rabble harka of the Sultan out against them, rag-tag and bob-tail like themselves, but a well-disciplined body of European fighting-men armed with guns.

And they did not like the guns.

A few minutes passed, and not a shot was fired.

Then a doleful procession came out from the buildings, forming up in front of the tower, each laying down his weapon ostentatiously, till there was quite a pile of rifles and matchlocks and jagged-looking knives heaped before that great gap in the gate of the tower.

Then a party of armed bluejackets advanced, covered by the guns, and assisted in the disarming.

Jim saw Boub amongst this motley crush, as, leaden colour with fear, he threw down an ancient matchlock. But there was no sign of the bandit chief, Sidi Bu Ahmed.

Jim had given a full description of the fat bandit, and the four sailors of the wrecked Star of Hope knew him only too well.

But there was none answering to the description of the wanted man in the doleful, sullen crowd who were assembled under the armed guard.

His house was broken into, and he was not there.

It was Harry Dark who led the search.

"You mark my words, Master Jim," said he. "He's not far away, and I know where to find him. But I don't want to find him with anybody else there. I want to be paid for my silver watch an' a new pair o' trahsers."

And Harry Dark winked significantly.

He had abandoned his length of lead pipe for a rifle now.

"I'm going to draw my unemployment money orf 'im, for me and my mates!" said he. "I'm goin' to 'ave a bit orf 'im, too, for livin' on bill-sticker's paste. And you shall have your share, Master Jim, as you helped to save us. If it hadn't been for you we might have stopped in this 'ole for years an' years!"

Jim wondered what Harry Dark was hinting at. But he was not to be left mystified for long.

Harry Dark seemed to know his way about the back of the ramshackle, wandering premises of Bu Ahmed's house with ease.

"Carried water for 'em, I did!" he explained, as he crept cautiously through a number of small alleys at the rear of the house, holding his rifle at the ready. "No water laid on 'ere,

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Keep your eyes open, Master Jim. This is a proper place for getting sniped. Here we are, round at the back of the camel stables. This is old Bu's private Zoo, this is, where he keeps the lion that we used to 'ave to doss with. Listen to 'im! He's stirred up by the firin'!

A deep, grating roar sounded from behind a tall gate which Harry Dark kicked open with his foot.

It gave entrance to a white, mud-walled courtyard, on one side of which an archway was barred off with strong iron gratings.

"'Ere we are!" exclaimed Harry Dark. "'Ere's ole Bu, like Dan' in the lion's den. I thought as much!"

In one corner of the great cage crouched a black-maned Numidian lion, yellow of tooth, and full of rheumatism.

But he was lashing his tail, and in no good mood. The guns of H.M.S. Mischief had aroused him from his morning nap.

And in the far corner of the cage, wrestling with a crowbar at a flagstone which he had half raised, yellow-faced and evil, was Sidi Bu Ahmed himself.

"I thought you kep' your money-box there, ole chap!" called Harry Dark amiably, as Sidi Bu Ahmed turned on them with an evil snarl.

"That's why you took us out o' the lion's cage. You was afraid we'd play 'ot butter beans an' bacon wiv your investments!"

For answer, Sidi Bu Ahmed, rendered desperate by this sudden surprise of his secret, snatched up the rifle, and, hardly taking aim, fired.

That bullet would have been fatal to Harry Dark had it not grazed one of the iron bars of the cage, which, deflecting it, sent it chirrupping over the adjoining roofs.

And the shot itself was to prove fatal to Sidi Bu Ahmed, for the old lion, long guardian of his treasure, crouched, with a sudden snarl, and leaped across the cage at his old master.

Sidi Bu Ahmed gave a yell, and fired point-blank into the lion's mouth as it made its spring.

But the space was too confined for him to dodge his doom.

With a crash, the paw of the dying beast struck him, and lion and man rolled over together.

Jim stood horrified.

Harry Dark stood there, rubbing his chin and looking through the bars of the cage.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "that clout was the end o' Sidi Bu Ahmed. It don't make much difference. 'E'd been 'anged in a few weeks, in any case. So per'aps it's just as well that the ole lion's put 'is light out. But I'm glad the lion didn't take on that way when we used to be put in this 'ere cage to sleep."

"Are they dead?" asked Jim in a strained voice.

"Both as dead as Joolius Cæsar!" replied Harry Dark. "There's no need for you to go into the cage, Master Jim. I'll fetch out the bodder."

Opening the iron grating, Harry Dark stepped into the cage, and wrestled with the crowbar that was lodged under the heavy stone flag.

He heaved this stone up on end, with a mighty effort. Then he peeped down into the square, hollow chamber beneath.

"This is all right, Master Jim," said he. "This is where we come in. Ole Bu hasn't made a will, so we are 'is heirs an' executors."

And, reaching down into the chamber, he brought up leather bag after leather bag, all of which sounded with a musical chink. There were also two iron boxes.

"Always carry a bit of string with you, Master Jim," said Harry Dark, "for you never know when you want it."

And, taking a length of stout line from his waist, he lashed up the leather bags and boxes into two parcels.

He fairly staggered under their weight as he came out of the cage. And Jim found that his share of the ill-gotten treasure of Sidi Bu Ahmed was as much as he could carry.

"Now, this is where I begin to feel afraid," said Harry Dark, as they marched out of the gloomy yard.

"Ten minutes ago it didn't matter if I was shot by any loafin' sniper. But now I'm a man of means and property. There's the price of streets of house property in these bags. So

keep your eye open, Master Jim, and your gun ready. Don't stop to ask questions. Shoot!"

But no one fired at them. The narrow alleys and courts were empty, and Harry Dark, wearying of his load, turned in at a doorway, and came out leading a sturdy donkey, with two large panniers on his back.

The treasure was dumped into these panniers, and, leading the donkey, they made their way to the front of the tower, where the prisoners, surrounded by a powerful guard, were ready to be marched down to the boats.

Harry Dark had taken the precaution to stuff a load of straw over the treasure, and loud laughter greeted him as he came forward, leading the donkey, to make his report.

"Way-o, 'Arry," called the sailors, "where'd you steal that donkey? Go in' to start a barrer'!"

But Harry Dark took no notice of these jests. He reported that Sidi Bu Ahmed, taking refuge in the lion's cage, had been killed by the lion. And he led an officer off to confirm this statement, leaving Jim to look after the donkey.

There was great amusement about the donkey, and Jim was received with much chaffing. But Jim held his peace, and watched the bluejackets as they marched into the tower with several suspicious-looking cases, to which were attached long lengths of insulated wire, which was run off long reels.

Then the prisoners were marched down the gorge to the shore, Jim driving his donkey with them, whilst a party of bluejackets uncoiled those suspicious wires.

It was broad daylight now, and great was the laughter when Jim brought his donkey to the beach.

"Going to take him to sea with you, mate?" demanded the sailors.

But Jim only grinned as he helped Harry Dark to lift the heavy panniers and placed them in the boat, turning the donkey loose.

The picket-boat had come inshore, and away they went in tow of it, the insulated wire paying out till they were far from the shore. There the little flotilla stopped, and the ends of the coils were passed to the picket-boat.

What magic went on there was unseen. But those looking ashore saw the tower of Sidi Bu Ahmed do a sudden lift and jump.

Then, as a shattering roar sounded across the sea, the whole mass of masonry opened out and poured over the cliff in a cloud of dust.

And that was the end of Sidi Bu Ahmed, who had come up against the boys of the Bombay Castle, and of his tower, which had been their prison.

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

\$100 REWARD!

(Continued from page 23L.)

muscular Mr. Scutt he had only a poor chance. But he was determined that he would never be taken back to the Lawless Ranch, and he was determined that the cunning Silas should not have the satisfaction of fingering the hundred dollars reward.

"Will you stop?" he asked again, between his teeth.

"I guess not, bub!" Frank Richards wasted no more time in words.

He threw himself recklessly on his companion, grasped him by the collar with both hands, and dragged him over bodily in the buggy.

Mr. Scutt let out a terrific yell. He had to release the reins, and the horse dashed on uncontrolled.

Fortunately, the animal was tired with the long day's journey, or the result might have been serious.

After a wild clatter on the trail for a few minutes, the horse dropped into a walk, while Frank Richards and Mr. Scutt were struggling furiously in the buggy.

Mr. Scutt's amiability had quite vanished now. He swore savagely as he struggled with the schoolboy.

"Let up, you young scallywag!" he howled. "I guess I'll smash you! I'll break my whip over your back for this! Let up! You hear me yalp?"

Frank struggled on fiercely. But the drummer was too strong for him, and at last Frank lay breathless in the bottom of the vehicle, and Mr. Scutt struggled up. He panted for breath, and glared down at the still-defiant face of the schoolboy.

"I guess I'll warm you for this some!" he gasped.

"You rotter!" panted Frank. "You shall never take me back."

"We'll see, you young scallywag!" Mr. Scutt groped savagely for the loose reins. Frank's eyes flashed, and he pulled himself up for a last effort. As Mr. Scutt groped, Frank gave him a heavy shove from behind, and the drummer went pitching over on the horse's back.

Bump! From the horse's back Mr. Scutt alighted in the trail, on his hands and knees, with a concussion that shook him severely.

He rolled over, gasping and spluttering. The horse moved on, and the buggy passed Mr. Scutt, sprawling in the trail.

Frank Richards, panting, caught up the whip Mr. Scutt had dropped in the buggy, and gave the horse a lash. The animal jumped forward, and trotted again.

"Stop!" roared Mr. Scutt. He was on his feet again now, and

running after the buggy. His Panama hat lay in a prickly bush, and he was covered with dust. And the expression on his sharp face was positively ferocious.

"Stop, you young scallywag! Stop!"

Frank Richards glanced back. Mr. Scutt was running at top speed, but he was scarcely keeping pace with the buggy. Frank succeeded in gathering up the reins, and he drove on, whip in hand. As soon as he had the horse well under control, he turned the buggy, and faced round. Thompson Town and Cedar Creek lay behind him now, but Mr. Scutt was in front.

Frank waved the whip at him. "Keep your distance!" he called out.

And he drove back along the trail, right at the infuriated drummer.

Silas G. Scutt stood in the middle of the trail, as if determined to stop the horse at all risks.

Frank set his teeth hard. If Mr. Scutt chose to take the risk that was his business. Frank did not mean to stop.

The buggy rushed on. "Stop!" shrieked Mr. Scutt. "Stand aside!"

"I guess not! I—"

Mr. Scutt had no time to finish. He had to leap hurriedly aside to escape the rushing horse. His nerve had not been equal to the test.

"Stop!" he raved.

Frank Richards looked back at the furious man in raging pursuit. In his fury, Mr. Scutt gained a little on the buggy, though it was clear that he could not keep up the race for very long.

"Good-bye!" called out Frank Richards.

"Stop, you scallywag! You're stealing my buggy!" raved Mr. Scutt. "Gimme my buggy, then! Stop, I tell you!"

Frank laughed breathlessly. "You've brought me here in the buggy," he said. "I'm going back in it. I'll leave it for you at Hard Pan."

Without another glance back Frank Richards drove on, and the falling shades of night soon hid him from Mr. Scutt. That hapless gentleman sat in the trail, gasping, for some time. When he picked himself up at last Frank Richards was out of sight.

THE END.

"Dead Man's Canyon" is the title of the long, complete Frank Richards' yarn in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND.)

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