## LEE OF MIDDLESEX ON CRICKET—See Page 255

# D TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 4th, 1921.



NEW BOY'S SURPRISE! Lovell stood ready and watchful. Although he felt a complete contempt for the new junior, he was not taking any chances. But his watchfulness did not avail him. Montmorency sent down an apparently easy ball, and Lovell drove at it—but the ball broke unexpectedly, and there was a yell of surprise as Arthur Edward's off-stump was whipped out of the ground!

Publishea

Every Monday



#### The 1st Chapter. In Style!

Mongmorangey!"
"Eh?"

"What?"

"Mongmorangcy!" repeated Tubby Muffin loftily. "Is that a name?" asked Arthur

Edward Lovell doubtfully. "It's the new fellow's name." "Where on earth did he pick it up,

then?" said Lovell. "Jevver hear a name like that before, Jimmy?" Jimmy Silver grinned.

"I dare say Tubby means Montmorency," he answered. "Tubby's giving it the real French pronunciation, in Muffin-French."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "His name's Mongmorangey!" insisted Tubby Muffin. "Cecil Cuthbert Mongmorangey. Sounds nobby, don't it?"

"Gorgeous!" yawned Jimmy | Silver.

"He's no end rich," continued Tubby Muffin impressively. "Belongs to a terrific big family, I believe! I wonder what study he will be put into? There's room for him in mine, if Jones or Higgs or Putty Grace would clear out. I think they might, in the circumstances."

There was a chuckle from Jimmy

Silver & Co.

Evidently Tubby Muffin was prepared to greet the new junior with the magnificent name in the most cordial and hospitable manner. Tubby was not distinguished for generous hospitality, as a rule. Possibly the fact that Cecil Cuthbert was "no end rich" had something to do with it. A fellow who was no end rich was an acquisition in any study -especially Tubby's.

"I don't care what study he's put in, so long as it's not the end study!" remarked Lovell. "No room for new pups in our quarters!"

"No fear!" assented Raby and

Newcome, in a breath.

"Oh, he wouldn't want to come into the end study!" said Tubby Muffin, with a shake of the head. wouldn't care for it!"

"How the thump do you know he wouldn't?" demanded Raby, rather warmly.

The Fistical Four did not want newcomers in the end study, certainly. But it would have been an honour to anybody to be admitted to that famous apartment. There was only one opinion on that point—in the end of fact, were only very faintly in-

"Well, you see, he's an awfully arrive at Rookwood that day. aristocratic chap," explained Tubby Muffin. "He's bound to be a bit portance in the eyes of such very imparticular whom he associates with, portant youths as the chiefs of the Don't you fellows think so?"

Four separate and distinct glares were fixed on Reginald Muffin. But | new kid should not be "shoved" Tubby, heedless of the glares, rattled

on happily: "He won't want to come into your study. I should think he'd look over the Fourth, and pick out the decentest fellow to dig with. Only there's such a crowd in my study already-"

"You fat chump!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, in measured tones. "It's very likely," continued Tubby Muffin, still unheeding, "that he's a relation of mine. The Muffins intermarried with the Montmorencies at one time-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't see anything to cackle at, you fellows! I tell you the Muffins are closely connected with the \_\_\_\_'

"Ha, ha, ha!"

morencies!" yelled Tubby. "I think very likely the chap's my relative-a sort of second cousin twice removed, Montmorency blood in me, I can tell

"More Muffin fat than Montmorency blood!" said Lovell. "Yah!" was Tubby's retort.

And the fat Classical rolled away, to seek more sympathetic hearers than the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co., as a matter | morencies, Morny?"

"Crumpets?" asked Jimmy Silver. I rolled away. And in one minute they had forgotten both Tubby Muffin and "No, you ass-with the Mont- | Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency. The match with St. Jim's, which was coming along shortly, was of more importance than all the Montor something like that. There's morencies in the universe. Valentine Mornington strolled up.

"You fellows heard?" he asked. team?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"No; about the new fellow-" | Anyhow, he won't worry us." Tubby. Are you keen on Mont-

your waistcoat and kiss him on his baby brow, if you like, Morny, but we are not going to enthuse over him! I shall punch his nose if he turns it up, I know that!"

"Easy does it!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "He hasn't turned it up yet, Lovell."

"Well, if he does-" said Lovell. "Ass! You don't want to be down on a fellow before you've seen him!' remonstrated Jimmy Silver.

"But if-" persisted Lovell. "Hallo, there's a whackin' car!" exclaimed Mornington. "I shouldn't wonder if that's the Montmorency

"Then he's coming in style!" said

Jimmy Silver.

The juniors looked at the big, handsome Rolls-Royce with some interest. It swept up the drive to the Head's house, steered by a chauffeur in livery. In the car sat two persons—a fat, middle-aged gentleman, who looked like a solicitor, and a boy of about fifteen. It was upon the latter that the juniors fixed their eyes. His well-cut, rather handsome face was quite impassive in expression; he looked neither to the right nor to the left as the car swung on to the house.

"So that's the merchant!" said

Tubby Muffin came puffing by. "He's come!" he gasped. And Tubby rushed on towards the house, to get a closer view of the

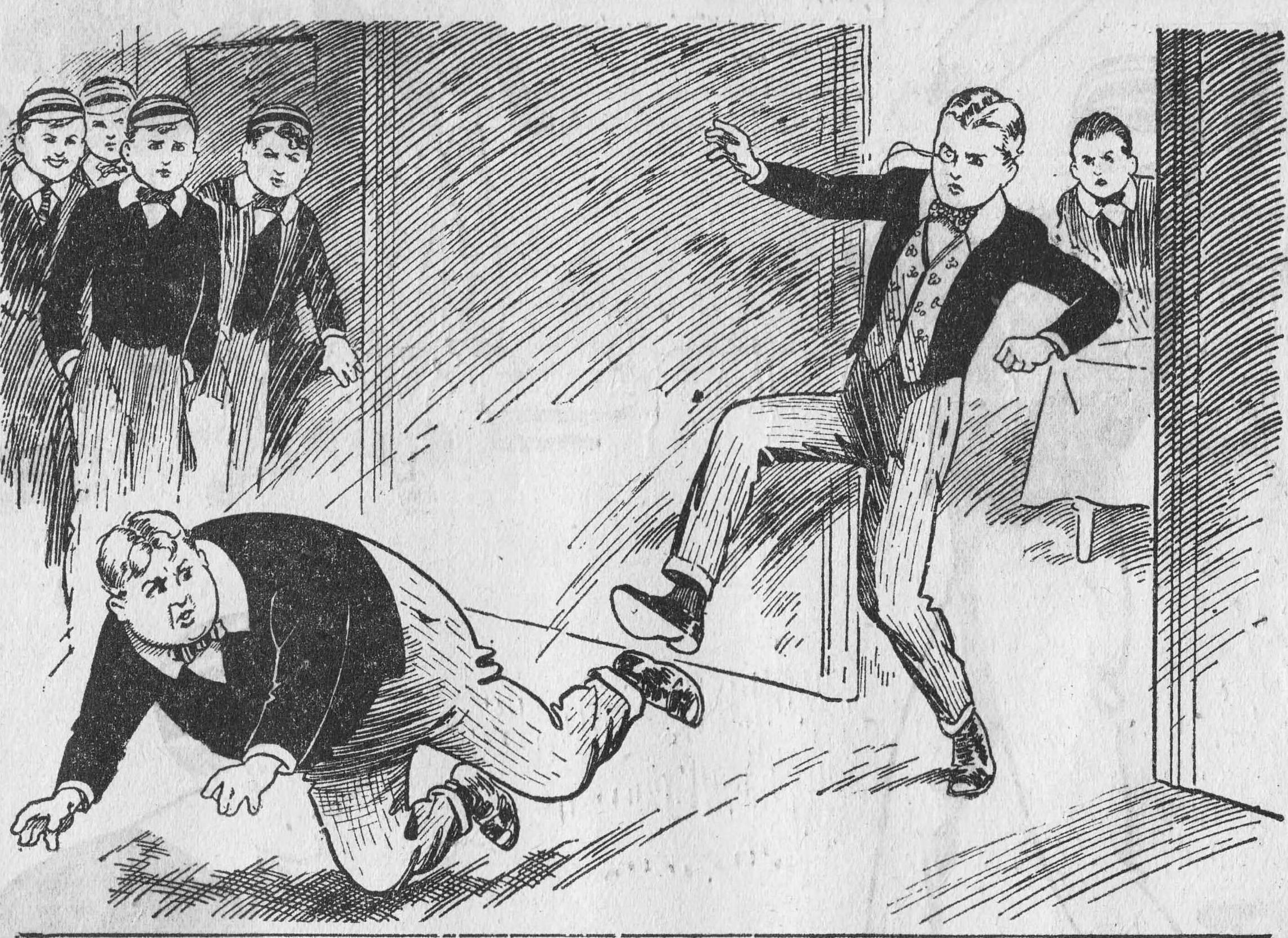
new junior when he alighted. Looks decent!" commented

Mornington. "Looks a bit of a snob, I think," said Lovell.

Arthur Edward seemed to have taken a little prejudice against the

new junior already. "Anything about the St. Jim's "Oh, rot!" said Jimmy Silver room. cheerily. "I dare say he's all right.

"Oh, bless the new fellow!" said | The car stopped and the occupants Jimmy. "We've had him from alighted. A dozen fellows in the quad had their eyes on the new



Bump! Tubby Muffin flew headlong into the passage from a hefty drive from the new boy's boot. Evidently Montmorency did not entirely agree with the fat Classical as to the alleged nearness of their relationship!

terested in the new boy, who was to

New boys were not of much im-Classical Fourth.

All they cared about was that the into their study, where there were four already-or practically five, counting Lovell's feet, as Raby had once remarked.

And the Co. were not even remotely impressed by the fact that the new fellow was named Montmorency, and that he was no end rich.

money matters than Tubby Muffin, they had no designs upon the rich youth's cash, and so the fact that he was wealthy made no difference to them at all.

They had been talking cricket when Tubby Muffin joined them to give them the latest news, and they continued to talk cricket after Muffin had I Morny laughed.

"Not in Tubby's way," he answered. "But I'm rather interested in the new fellow, all the same. If he lives up to his name he ought to be pretty decent."

Mornington was not rich, but he was connected with a third of the peerage, and he attached more importance to such distinctions than most of the Rookwood fellows.

"What's in a name?" said Jimmy. "Doesn't Shakespeare say—what does he say, now? We had it in English | Classics the other day-"

"That which we call a rose, by any Being a little more particular in other name would smell as sweet!" said Newcome.

> "That's it!" said Jimmy. "Bother Shakespeare!" answered Mornington. "He was a pretty good poet, but he was a fellow of no

family, after all." "Oh, my hat!" "Well," said Lovell sarcastically, "you can take giddy Montmorency !

He was rather tall for his age, slim in build, and exceedingly welldressed.

With a leisurely movement, he extracted a gold-rimmed monocle from his waistcoat-pocket, fixed it in his Jimmy Silver smiled slightly. eye, and turned it, with a careless scrutiny, upon the fellows in the quad. His handsome face still remained impassive.

The elderly gentleman spoke to him in a low voice, and the two disappeared together into the house.

Arthur Edward Lovell gave a grunt. "Looking us up and down," he

said. "Let him!"

"What the thump does he want a glass eye for, like that howling ass Smythe of the Shell?" Jimmy smiled.

"You can get an eyeglass for five bob," he said. "If he cares to spend his five bobs that way, why shouldn't

"Br-r-r-r-r!" said Lovell.

Evidently Lovell of the Fourth had not taken a liking to Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Cheek!

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency, was presented to the Fourth Form that afternoon. The Head brought him into the Form-room, and introduced him to Mr. Dalton, the Form-master. It seemed to the suspicious eyes of some of the juniors that the Headeven the august Head-was a little more condescending and affable to the new boy than he was accustomed to being to new boys. Apparently the Montmorency blood, or the Montmorency wealth, had made some impression on even the Head of Rook

If that was so, Mr. Dalton did not share the Head's impression. His manner to the new junior was kind, as it was to all, but there was nothing more. Mr. Dalton treated Montmorency exactly as if he had been named Huggins or Higgs. When the Head had gone, and Montmorency took his seat with the Fourth, most of the juniors turned their heads to scan him. He excited more interest than

new boys usually did. The general attention would have discomposed most new boys. New "kids" were generally shy, and sometimes sheepish, much given to

blushing when spoken to. But there was nothing of that kind about Cecil Cuthbert.

He met the curious glances of the juniors with perfect indifference, evidently not in the least discomposed thereby.

Some of the juniors grinned when he placed the gold-rimmed monocle in his eye, to glance round the Form-

Smythe of the Shell, who was given to dandyism, sported a monocle, but only out of the Form-room. He would not have ventured to "stick it in" in class, under the observation of Mr. Mooney.

Master Montmorency evidently not recognise such limitations.

Mr. Dalton's eye dwelt on him at

"Montmorency!" "Yes, sir?"

"Is your sight defective?" "No, sir."

"Then kindly remove that glass from your eye."

"A foolish custom, Montmorency,

Montmorency stared at him. "I'm accustomed to usin' monocle, sir," he answered.

if your sight does not need assistance," said Mr. Dalton. "You will not be allowed to use it in the Formroom. Put it away at once!" "Really, sir--"

"I am not accustomed to repeating my orders, Montmorency!" said Mr. Dalton, his brow darkening.

"Oh, very well, sir!" Montmorency gave a slight shrug

of his graceful shoulders, and removed the eyeglass. That shrug would not have passed unnoticed but for the fact that Montmorency was new to Rookwood. But Mr. Dalton forbore to take note of it; he did not wish to be severe with a new boy. A little to the surprise of the

Fourth, Cecil Cuthbert showed himself to be well up in the Form work. In that respect at least he was no fool, though most of the Fourth had decided that he was in other respects.

After lessons, Jimmy Silver & Co. had business on the cricket-field, and Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency passed out of their horizon. But they were reminded of his existence during cricket practice.

"There's that swankin' ass!" grunted Lovell suddenly.

Jimmy, who was watching Mornington bowl to Rawson, did not heed. "Look at him!" growled Lovell. "He's made some friends alreadyjust the sort he would make, too!"

Jimmy Silver glanced round rather impatiently. Montmorency had walked on to the

field, with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth on either side of him. Evidently Towny and Toppy, the dandies of the Fourth, had recognised a kindred spirit, and made friends with the new junior. Behind the elegant three Tubby Muffin was rolling, with an eager and dissatisfied lookleft out, apparently, but anxious to be gathered in, as it were.

Jimmy Silver smiled as he glanced at them.

"Montmorency doesn't seem to recognise Tubby as a relation," he remarked.

"Ha, ha! No." "Well done, Rawson!"

Rawson had knocked away the ball, and all Jimmy's attention was given to the cricket again. Mornington, however, was bestowing some attention on the new junior, seemingly interested in him. Newcome threw in the ball, and Morny let it drop. "Look out, Morny!" called out Jimmy Silver. "You're bowling, you know."

"Oh, all right!" said Morny. And he took the ball and bowled to

Tom Rawson again. Montmorency, Townsend, and Topham strolled along the field, Towny and Toppy evidently pointing things out to their new chum. Behind them rolled Tubby Muffin, baffled, but determined not to be shaken off. Cecil Cuthbert had his eyeglass in his eye now, and on some of the juniors that eyeglass had a rather irritating effect. There was nothing exactly to be complained of in the new fellow's manner, but undoubtedly he had a sort of lofty remarked disgustedly, he did not consider the earth quite good enough for \( \exists

Even a Montmorency was, after all, only a mortal, and there was no need for Cecil Cuthbert to elevate his nose, though it was a very well-cut and handsome nose.

him to tread on.

"I shall be punching that chap = before dorm?" Lovell confided to ≣ Jimmy Silver.

"What rot!" answered Jimmy. "I've got a feeling that I shall," said Lovell, with conviction. "He's = asking for it his first day here!" "Don't punch him hard, then," said Raby, laughing. "He looks as if he = would break, if you did."

"Let him alone!" said Jimmy = Silver severely. "I'm surprised at = you, Lovell!" "Bow-wow!"

"Shocked!" said Jimmy. "The kid's done nothing, except play the goat, and he doesn't know the ropes here yet. He will get his nonsense = knocked out of him in a few days at Rookwood."

"I'll help to knock it out!" said Arthur Edward.

"Oh, bow-wow!" said Jimmy. = "You're not going to do anything of the kind. What are you looking for E Line trouble for?"

"It won't be any trouble to punch = The his silly nose," said Lovell; "it will = be a pleasure."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Jimmy; and he let = the subject drop.

reasoned with.

and an eyeglass gleamed at them.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. Arthur Edward Lovell grunted. "Want anything here, Montmor- = most successful traps. ency?" asked Newcome politely.

morency. "Yes, rather."

studies."

lot, I think."

trace of affectation.

new boy.

"Oh, yaas!"

Jimmy Silver. I can 'yaas'!" said Lovell.

calmly.

"Well, I'd like this study," he said, after a pause.

"Go hon!" remarked Raby. "Could you fellows change out?" "Change out?" repeated Jimmy down the passage.

Silver dazedly. "Yaas!" Jimmy. "Do you think we're going | He's a spoiled kid, I should say,"

fed up with that silly ass!" he exclaimed. "Young Hopeful, there's the door. See it?" "Yaas."

"Look here, Jimmy Silver, I'm

"Get on the other side of it, then!" "You'll excuse us, Montmorency," said Jimmy Silver, "we're just going to have tea, and, as you remarked, four is rather a crowd, so five--" "You won't let me have the

THE

Published

Every Monday

"No, you ass!" "We'll let you have a boot if you ! don't travel!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell indignantly.

EXCLUSIVE TO

Montmorency shrugged his shoul-

at Rookwood. He will get woke up soon enough."

Lovell grunted as he sat down to tea. He was not quite so considerate | came out of their study, No. 5, with | towards the guileless stranger as cheery smiles for the new boy, and Jimmy was. And, indeed, if Master Montmorency was to be "woke" up, the fat Classical stuck to his guns. | Study No. 5 with Towny and Toppy, Lovell was quite ready to contribute to awakening him.

#### The 3rd Chapter. A Disowned Relation!

"Here you are, old fellow!"

Tubby Muffin pounced upon the new junior in the Fourth Form passage. It was his first chance of catching Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

Lovell made a stride towards him. The fat Classical came up with a

Tubby Muffin turned red, and and he says you're to come into our several juniors in the passage study. You'll find it all right." grinned. Townsend and Topham scornful indifference for Tubby. But Montmorency's manner was not leaving Muffin to waste his sweetness flattering, but he was too valuable a on the desert air. prize to be lost if it could be held.

"Muffin — yes," said Tubby. "We're really relations, you know!"

"What the thump do you mean?"

Townsend. "I say-" began Tubby Muffin. Somehow the new junior seemed to

be rather annoyed or disturbed by his "Nonsense!"

Montmorency gave a start.

After you have watched him de- with sufficient force to send the ball = quarters, not being able to "go the

liver the ball, note if the ball any distance. A bat raised shoulder- = pace" with his more expensive study-

talk with Tubby Muffin. But he recovered his usual impassive de-"Look here, old chap," said Tubby. meanour in a few minutes. He "You might be civil to a fellow- glanced round Study No. 5, which especially a relation. I know all was rather a pleasant room. Towny about you." and Toppy spent a good deal of their and Toppy spent a good deal of their ample pocket-money in adorning their I quarters. Tom Rawson was seated at the table, and he looked up as the way about him, as if, as Lovell 2 minimum mini dwelt on him curiously. The scholarship junior's garments contrasted

"We're glad to have you," said

But Montmorency walked into

of Towny and Toppy. "We shall be four in the study," said Townsend. "But most of the rooms have three or four, you know. ≡ That can't be helped."

every much with the elegant attire

"Is Montmorency coming here?" asked Rawson.

"Yes," answered Townsend "You're welcome," said Rawson to

the new junior. "Thanks!" drawled Montmorency. Rawson flushed a little. Taking his cue from Towny and Toppy, Montmorency was exceedingly distant to the rather shabby junior. Townsend began to clear the table of whether the bowler bowls over | bat, you will not have time to lift = for tea, and Tom Rawson quietly left the wicket or round the wicket. | your bat and bring it down again = the study. He seldom "fed" in his

pitched in line with both wickets high brought down smartly on a = mates. or not. If it was not in line, the medium-paced delivery will send it = "Who the merry dickens is that?" batsman cannot be out l.b.w. in quite a good way. Just patting away = asked Montmorency, when the any circumstances; if the ball at the blockhole, hardly ever opening \equiv scholarship junior was gone.

was in line, you have to decide out, will not get you many runs, \( \begin{array}{c} "A rank outsider," said Townsend. \\ \ext{whether it would have hit the which are what you are after.} \( \begin{array}{c} "Name's Rawson. His father's a \) wicket if not illegally impeded | When you are at practice, try this. = plumber or somethin'."

Stand at the crease without the bat, = "Oh gad!"

If the bowler is bowling over and let your bowlers bowl to you. = "Here on a schol," explained the wicket, and it is a straight We are doing without the bat be- = Topham. "Not a bad fellow in his ball, the matter invariably simpli- cause I want you to concentrate on way, but, of course, we keep him at

for tea in the study. Then they came = than any other law of cricket written to those who have not sufficiently Sometimes it comes off. But there = asked Montmorency, raising his eye-

To their surprise, the study was not = I have, with others, noticed that the ball break back to achieve his good shot as when you know it has = "Well, it's jolly odd, but he's = rather popular," said Townsend. standing by the window, looking out = way than formerly. This is not so Goodness knows what Frank Now for a little talk to that most = "Jimmy Silver thinks a lot of him, into the quadrangle. It turned as the = much because batsmen have got into | Woolley would say if he could not | courageous of cricketers, the wicket- = and Silver's captain of the Fourth, four juniors appeared in the doorway, = the habit—a bad one, I will admit— | get l.b.w. victims with his off-break! | keeper. Need I tell you that if you = you know. He'll all right in his way, of using their legs as an additional When you have a chance of seeing do your job well you get the "wind only rather surly and ill-bred. Of ≡ protection to the stumps as that | Kent, or, maybe, England, just note | up" the batsman almost, if not more, ≡ course, we never have anythin' to do

"Is this your study?" asked Mont- Eespecially, it was very difficult to get off-break to do it. The same ball If you can do this fairly close up = "I should rather think not, by = an umpire to give an l.b.w. decision over the wicket would not do the to medium bowling, you are keeping = gad!" said Montmorency. "I'm = to a bowler bowling round the trick at all, because it would be the batsman "at home," remember. ≡ dashed if I expected to meet that "I've been lookin' along the pas- wicket. Even now I hear frequent pitched off the wicket if it were going So if you want to develop as a kind of outsider at Rookwood. What sage," said the new boy. "I haven't \equiv cases of umpires who—mind you, I to hit the stumper, get into the habit of using \equiv are things comin' to, by gad! If my

"Isn't Mr. Dalton going to settle = but those who associate with small I suppose some of you by now have a good pair of gloves, catching is not = "Wasn't it your father who came that for you?" asked Raby. "New E league cricket—say that it is impos- had a few matches, and so far you hurtful if the ball is taken as it E with you this afternoon?" asked

Montmorency raised his eyebrows. Ecause they believe a man cannot be this should be so. I mention this arms give a little, to prevent jarring. E "That was our solicitor," he said

study, and without consulting you," \equiv his ball if he wants to claim an l.b.w. but apparently without good results. Impressed too much upon the field, \equiv "The pater was too busy to come, said Lovell tartly.

So I watched him, to discover it was that when throwing in from any and his health's rather delicate," said the very common fault of mistiming distance, and the chances are that if Montmorency. "I dare say he will "Yes, really!" snapped Lovell. To make myself quite clear, I will when to raise the bat to strike. The ball is caught by either the give me a look in later in the term. Now, this is a very important point bowler or the wicket-keeper the man to raise the ball is caught by either the give me a look in later in the term. Now, this is a very important point bowler or the wicket-keeper the man to raise the ball is caught by either the give me a look in later in the term.

windows; the others seem to have which in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when the time is the factor to in the opinion of the umpire A great deal depends on the pace fiable when the time **=** Townsend.

"Think so?" drawled Montmorency. "If you fellows would like = a run in the car at any time, you've = only to mention it, of course, as = we're goin' to be study-mates, an', ■ I hope, friends."

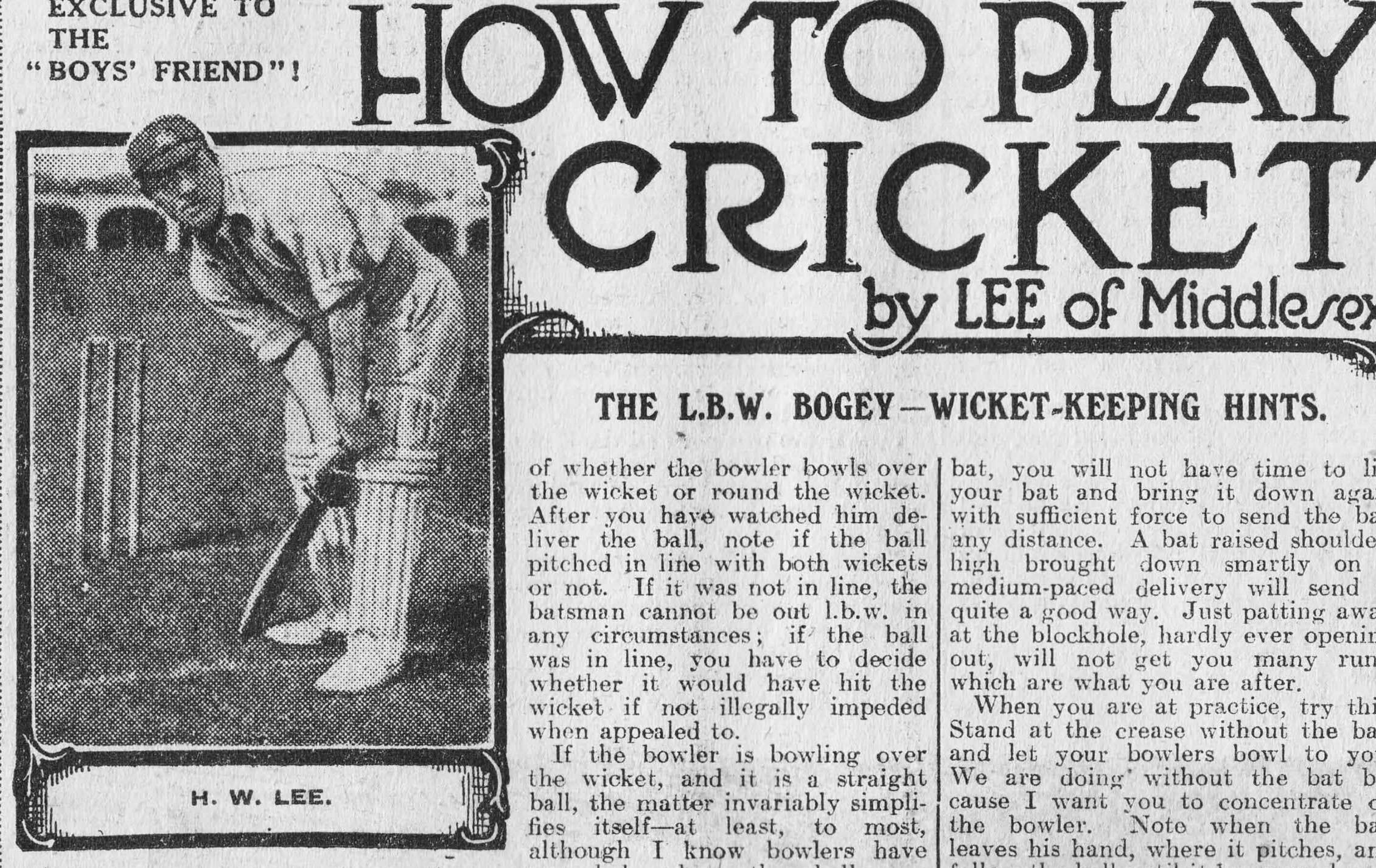
"My hat! Can you have that

"I should only have to telephone. said Montmorency negligently.

Towny and Toppy beamed on him. The new fellow was a fellow after their own heart, as his remarks on the subject of Rawson showed; and a fellow who could telephone for a "spankin" Rolls-Royce whenever he wanted to, was a fellow Towny and Toppy delighted to honour.

Towny and Toppy might have been professional waiters, by the way they looked after their new chum at the well-spread tea-table. A cheery conversation was going on in Study No. 5, when the door opened and Tubby Muffin looked in, with a beam-

I morency's. "I've asked Mr. Dalton, [Continued on col. 4, page 260.]



repaired to the tuckshop for supplies = question will lead to more controversy | wicket bowler who gives the trouble | good hitting blindly, as you all know. = "Do the fellows let him, then?" up to the end study in the Fourth. E or unwritten. studied the rule. He has got to make is nothing so sweet as bringing off a E brows.

unoccupied. An elegant figure was = there are far more men given out this purpose. = bowlers have made it one of their those few easy strides to the wicket. I than the bowler. Nor is it necessary = with him."

settled on my study yet." \(\begin{array}{l} \equiv \text{am not speaking of first-class umpires, trap of left-handed bowlers.}\) \(\text{your hands, and not your legs.}\) \(\text{With } \equiv \text{father knew--'}'\) kids don't generally select their own \equiv sible for a man to be out to such a have not quite pleased yourselves. should be—well into the palms. And \equiv Topham rather unfortunately. bowler. The impression obtains be- You can't for the life of you say why at the moment of impact let your Montmorency started at him. "I haven't consulted Mr. Dalton in = l.b.w. to a breaking ball, and a man | because quite recently a case came | Another thing-if you catch cleanly, = stiffly. the matter, so far," he answered. \ \equiv who is bowling round the wicket to my notice of a youngster who your field will trust you when aiming \equiv "Oh, sorry, of—of course!" stam-"Mr. Dalton will stick you to a = must have some check or break in spends quite a lot of time practising, in at the wicket. This cannot be = mered Topham.

calmly. "It seems to be the best in = "The batsman is out if with any bat down when the ball has pitched— be thrown to one of them. A wild = "Rolls-Royce, wasn't it?" the passage, and there are two = part of his person he stops the ball that is, if you want to hit it hard. shy at the wicket direct is only justi- = "Yaas." only one. It's the least poky of the = at the bowler's wicket shall have been of the bowler, but in a general way overcome. = pitched in a straight line from it to the bat should always be brought "Think so?" smiled Jimmy Silver. = the striker's wicket, and would have down to meet the ball, instead of the

imitating Master Montmorency's = in that part of the law which refers moment the ball is delivered, then accent, which was not without a \equiv to the ball being pitched in a straight if it is a long hop or a good length line from wicket to wicket, and you are always in the position of "Four of you in here?" asked the \equiv would have hit the stumps if not playing the ball as it should be (Another exclusive article by this \equiv whenever you want it?"

"That's rather a crowd, isn't it?" \( \frac{1}{2} \) minimum m

by the arm.

can 'yaas'!" said Lovell. "If you go to Mr. Dalton, he'll tell reciprocate his kind regards. Tubby. "But, you see——"
The new junior looked at him you what study you're to have. He fixed his monocle in his eye, "Oh, don't bother!" snapped the

Ta-ta!"

nose, Jimmy?" he demanded.

"Are you off your rocker?" asked "Oh, let his nose alone, old chap. damped, but still effusive. "I've grinned Townsend. to change out of our study to hand | said Jimmy Silver. "I dare say he's | say you know my name-Muffin?" Arthur Edward Lovell gave a snort. I thinks he is going to get the same | morency, in surprise.

fies itself-at least, to most, the bowler. Note when the ball = a distance." although I know bowlers have leaves his hand, where it pitches, and = "By Jove, I should say so!" appealed when the ball was follow the ball until it has passed you. = "You needn't mind the fellow This week I intend to deal with an | pitched in line but was breaking | To each ball you should have made = being in the study," said Townsend intensely absorbing phase of the off, and would have missed the up your mind how you would have rather anxiously. "He just does his Arthur Edward was not to be game, viz., the l.b.w. problem. stumps by many inches, and been met it. It will accustom you to this, work here—hardly ever has tea, and It matters little what class of successful with their appeal. In the too. You get into the habit of keep- = he often does his prep in another After cricket, Jimmy Silver & Co. = cricket one is engaged in, this vital best of cricket it is the round-the- ing your eye on the ball. It is no = study."

by LEE of Middlevex

THE L.B.W. BOGEY-WICKET-KEEPING HINTS.

when appealed to.

He bowls round the wicket to get to do so with a lot of antics. Merely = "Couldn't, you know," said Top-For many years—in minor cricket his victims l.b.w., and he uses an gathering the ball cleanly is enough. = ham.

would suit me," said Montmorency \( \equiv \) to note. It is no use having your | should be run out, the ball should \( \equiv \) "Spankin' car!" said Topham. "Yaas." ball merely striking the bat. To do Yaas, indeed!" said Lovell, Now, really, the whole matter lies this the bat should be raised at the ew boy.
"Yaas," grinned Lovell.

| Townsend, in astonish-ball has pitched before you raise your Boys' Friend.
| Figure 1 | Famous cricketer in next Monday's exclaimed ball has pitched before you raise your Boys' Friend.

"Cheese it, Lovell!" muttered | But Jimmy caught his excited chum friendly grin, almost bubbling over | he exclaimed angrily. "I've never

with cordiality. "Rats! If he can 'yaas,' I suppose | "Hook it, Montmorency!" he said. | Cecil Cuthbert did not seem to | "I didn't say you had," said

and took a survey of the fat and new junior.

new junior. "Why didn't you let me punch his | "Certainly, old top! I've been to?" looking for you," said Muffin, rather

found a study for you. I say, I dare | "Ha, ha, ha!"

it over to a fellow we don't know?" been made a lot of at home, and "Is that a name?" asked Mont- putting his arm through Mont- ing smile.

seen you before."

With another shrug, Montmorency | fatuous Tubby in a manner that was | "My dear chap, let a fellow walked out of the study. Lovell a trifle disconcerting even to Reginald speak," said Tubby patiently. Tubby breathed hard as he glanced after the Muffin, who was not thin-skinned. | had great patience with a fellow who elegant figure that strolled away | "Did you speak to me?" asked the was "no end rich." "What branch of the Montmorencies do you belong

"Trot in, old chap," said Topham,

"Not to the Muffin branch!"

## THE SCHOOLBOY MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

Published

(Continued from previous page.)

cheque, even though it is a mighty large one. That million pounds is as | with the sun glaring in their faces, good as in my pocket, and if the gang ever see me again it'll be jolly lucky."

Lombard Street, where Don Darrel's for lost. bank was situated, he received an unpleasant shock.

ing him with affectionate solicitude. His fingers tightened upon the cheque | cine-men." that lay in his pocket, and he bit | back a chagrined oath.

confederate, Smith, and Senora Inez | pany him, would have induced Chuta Alvarez, and they had obviously followed him, to make sure that he did not forget the old maxim of "honour among thieves" and double-cross them.

#### A Rush Through the Clouds-At the Bank!

Whilst Sammy the Kid, affecting not to have seen Inez Alvarez and his fellow-crook, Smith, waited for Don Darrel's bank to open, there were happening many things destined to have far-reaching results.

Away at Scotland Yard, a very high official, who had had the serious case of the multi-millionaire's kidnapping in hand, was eagerly reading a copy of the special edition, rushed out by the newspaper to which Sammy the Kid had told his imaginative story, posing as Don Darrel.

The official laid aside the damp news-sheet, and drew a telephone across his desk towards him.

In a few seconds he was through to the newspaper-office, and sharply questioning the news-editor who had received the diminutive crook, and been under the impression that he was the genuine schoolboy millionaire.

"Is this really correct that young Darrel called on you and is safe?" the Scotland Yard man asked.

"Sure thing," returned the editor, preening himself on the "scoop" he had made. "He slipped the gang who got him, as our paper reports, and called here not half an hour ago to tell us the whole story."

safety to the police!" he snapped. one hand, and caressed him consol-"We have been most anxious con- ingly with the other. cerning him, and half worried out of pose?"

Street man. "He was merry and bright enough. His idea of having his safety made known was to save him inconvenience. I suppose, with a fortune like his, it might be very serious for him, where investments and that sort of thing are concerned, if he were really kidnapped?"

"Thanks for confirming the phone down to his school at Eaglehurst. The headmaster there has put | earth once again into view. through three trunk-calls to us already this morning, and is almost off his head with worry." . .

He rang off, and some quarter of an hour later, Dr. Harding, who, looking white and scared, had been pacing restlessly up and down his study, had a 'phone-call from the Yard.

A cry of heartfelt relief burst from the kindly old Head as he learned that Don Darrel had escaped (as was really the case, after all) from the clutches of the gang that had abducted him. The Head, however, was more than angry when, in all good faith, Scotland Yard, assured him that Don was walking unconcernedly about London, and had called and told his story to a newspaper-office.

"It is unlike Darrel to be so thoughtless," Dr. Harding muttered, as he hung up the receiver. "He anxious about him, and ought cer- him. tainly to have wired or telephoned to the school to have let us know he was safe, before anything else."

How little the doctor dreamed of the truth.

At the moment, Don Darrel was I level, and engaged in one of the quickest journeys of his eventful young life.

They were nearing Hendon, and the aeroplane had made the journey in good time, and as smoothly as its pilot and passengers could desire.

Even Chuta was growing to like the sensation of rushing through space now, though at first he had been mightily uneasy.

His sombre eyes had dilated, as, they had began to climb, and as the half-bred Apache looked down, and saw the earth falling away from But when Sammy the Kid reached | beneath him, he had given himself up

Chuta had no little awe for aeroplanes, not understanding them, and On the other side of the road were | having a secret idea that they had a man and a woman who were watch- some connection with evil spirits he could recall being told of by "medi-

Nothing save the fact that Don Darrel was going to travel by this For they were none other than his | machine, and desired him to accomto climb into the seat he occupied now, and, loyal though he was, blindly though he would always go where his young master led, Chuta was terrified, and heartily wished himself back on terra-firma.

But to a novice the sensation of

flying is not exactly pleasant. One feels somewhat similar to the man who for the first time puts on a diver's dress, and allows himself to be lowered fathoms deep into the sea.

One's breathing is suspended, and one is inclined to wonder for the moment if it will ever commence again. But afterwards, when nervousness passes, comes rapture. When the person new to flying does breathe, it is to inhale such air as he does not dream of on the ground, and there steals over him a sensation of exhilaration and contentment.

"Waugh! Me tink not so bad," Chuta muttered, as, after they had steadily climbed to a high altitude, they raced through space, and the

clear, pure wind blew in his face. He did not realise at once that Don Darrel, who was seated by his side, could not possibly hear him above the roar of the engine.

"How long it take us, Donnie, to get to London?" he asked.

Don, who saw his lips moving, smiled, and shook his head, and the

half-caste lapsed into silence. As a matter of fact. Don had all his work cut out to hold his Irish terrier,

Like Chuta, the dog's first sensations had been those of terror, and he would have hurled himself out of The official frowned and whistled. I the swiftly-moving 'plane, and been "He ought to have reported his killed, had not Don clung to him with

At a pace double that of an express our lives. He was uninjured, I sup- | train, the aeroplane rushed through the air, the wind roaring against "Oh, yes," answered the Fleet her planes and propeller like a furious thing of life. It was no longer possible to see the world below. They had rison above fleecy, billowing clouds, and were in a

strange new world of their own. It seemed to Don Darrel that not ! more than twenty minutes could have | other customers who had now entered elapsed from their start ere the pilot | the bank should not overhear, and "Yes," agreed the man at the began to bring the plane to earth.

In a graceful volplane it dipped report in your paper. I must tele- lower and lower, passing back through the clouds, and bringing the

A few minutes later they were skimming over the grass in the Hendon aviation-ground; and, to his satisfaction, Don Darrel saw a fastlooking touring-car being driven from one of the buildings towards them.

He had asked the aerodrome manager in Essex to 'phone a firm at Hendon to have this on the aviationground, and ready for him when he landed, for there was none too much time to be wasted, if he was to reach his bank when it opened, and spring his planned surprise upon his impersonator.

Having shaken hands with their pilot, and wished him a safe return. Don and Chuta, with Snap frisking at their heels, made for the car. The terrier was delighted to find the ground once again under his paws, and it was humorous to see how he hung back when Don and the Apache must know that I have been most | entered the car, and the former called

> Snap evidently had suspicions of that car. He had had enough of being whirled above the clouds, and doubtless thought it not unlikely that this was another aeroplane.

some five thousand feet above ground | it was in a crouching crawl, with his | his way. For he was sure that his chest almost dragging upon the ground, and his tail between his legs. Then, as the lad laughingly grabbed him, and swung him on to his lap, the car leapt away, and passed swiftly from the flying-ground.

The chauffeur had been given his instructions over the telephone, and his orders were to lose no time, not

even if meant taking risks.

being whirled towards the City, the manager of Don Darrel's bank was reading an account of how his youthful and wealthy customer had been kidnapped, but had subsequently

Half an hour later, coming from his private office just as the bank's. doors were swung open to commence the day's business, he was surprised, though not unduly, to observe a person he took to be the boy millionaire sauntering towards the counter.

He came hurrying forward, and, turning his head and seeing him, Sammy the Kid-the person who looked so like Don Darrel was, of course, he-guessed whom he was by his manner and style of dress.

Just for a moment, the Kid had to himself swinging round on his heels and dashing madly from the building.

What if the manager, who probably knew Don Darrel well by sight, saw some little flaw in his "make-up" that would tell him he was an imposter? If that happened, and he were caught, it would mean years of penal servitude and----

Sammy the Kid saw the portly, well-dressed bank-manager smiling affably and extending his hand, and, all his natural nerve and coolness returning to him, Sammy the Kid grinned back and shot out his own right hand.

"This is indeed a pleasure, Master Darrel!" murmured the manager. "I have just been reading of your thrilling adventures and your fortunate escape from those scoundrels who carried you off. Doubtless, they had ideas of holding you for a colossal ransom, and will be bitterly disappointed by your regaining your freedom."

Sammy the Kid nodded easily. His education was good, and he could speak with the air and manner of a public-schoolboy when he chose.

"Rather, sir! They will be so wild they will kick themselves, I guess." he said, not forgetting the slightly American twang that was noticeable in the speech of the real Don Darrel. "Say. I want some money-rather a lot! I have come to the conclusion I am not doing as much good with my wealth as I might, and am going to make some sensible cash gifts to several charities."

He could have laughed, as he said this. He was wondering what the bank-manager would say when he eventually learned the truth, and realised that his "charities", all began at home.

"A very laudable intention, Master Darrel." the latter said. "Have you made out your cheque? How much will you require?"

Sammy the Kid passed to him the cheque the genuine Don Darrel had signed, and the manager's eyebrows went up.

"Dear me, a million!" he exclaimed, as he saw the amount; and he lowered his voice so that several perhaps be inclined to gape at his to give the fat Classical a hand up. supposed young client. "We may have to send round to our head branch before we can deal with this cheque. Master Darrel, but I take it you will not mind waiting for a few moments in my office."

"Oh. I guess not-not at all!" Sammy the Kid answered, though inwardly he fumed at the possible delay. "I'll take it in thousandpound notes, please, if you can arrange that for me."

"Certainly, sir-certainly!" manager agreed fussily. "Kindly step this way."

Sammy the Kid suppressed a grin as he followed the manager to his private office.

Hiding his impatience as pest he could, Sammy the Kid sat in the Muffin was not in attendance on manager's easy-chair and waited. A quarter of an hour, twenty minutes dragged away. Then at last the manager came to the door, and smilingly beckoned him, and the crook gave a soft little sigh of relief.

He walked to the counter, where behind this, one of the cashiers was for games. counting a huge wad of Bank of

England notes. Sammy the Kid's brain reeled as he saw them, and he was glad at the moment that neither the cashier nor But he came to Don at last, though | the manager happened to be looking | eyes must be glistening with the

innate greed that was gripping him. His fingers itched to snatch at the wads of notes, cram them into his pocket, and hurry from the bank. But he realised that it might arouse suspicion if he showed undue haste, and somehow he calmly waited whilst the last of the thousand one-thousandpound notes was counted.

Whilst the lad and Chuta were [ (Continued on page 264, col. 3.)

#### William Committee of the Committee of th MONTMORENCY OF THE FOURTH.

(Continued from page 255.)

#MINIMUM AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH No smile was bestowed on Tubby Muffin in return, however. His fascinating company did not seem to be desired.

"Cut it!" said Townsend briefly. "I've just dropped in to speak to

my cousin-,

"Chuck it, you fat duffer!" exclaimed Topham. "What the thump do you mean by calling Montmorency your cousin?"

"Second cousin, twice removed,

"You're not my relation!" exexert all his will power to prevent | claimed Montmorency. "Don't talk

"If you're a genuine Montmorency, am!" retorted Tubby Muffin. "P'r'aps you're not genuine!"

Tubby Muffin made that retort out of sheer exasperation. He was very far from anticipating its effect on the new boy.

Montmorency's handsome face became quite pale for a second, as he stared at the fat Classical. Then a crimson flush swept over it.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Whatwhat did you say? What---" He checked himself, and sprang suddenly from his chair. "You cheeky, fat rascal!"

He made an angry stride towards Tubby Mussin. Before the astonished fat junior could dodge, the new fellow had him by the collar. He shook him vigorously, almost savagely; and with a strength that few would have supposed dwelt in his slim frame.

"Grooogh!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "Yoooogggh! Chuck it! Yurrrrggh! You're chook-chook-choking me! Groooghhh!"

Montmorency swung the fat junior round in the doorway, and kicked him hard. Tubby flew headlong into the passage.

Bump! Montmorency slammed the door after him, in a manner that was not at all aristocratic. He was breathing rather hard as he returned to the tea-table and sat down. Townsend and Topham exchanged a glance, and coloured as they saw that the new junior observed it.

"The cheeky cad wanted a shakin'!" said Montmorency. "Serve him right!" agreed Town-

'He asked for it!" assented Topham.

But the two junious were perplexed, and once or twice during tea they glanced rather oddly at Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency.

#### The 4th Chapter. A Surprise for Sergeant Kettle!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming down the passage, as Tubby Muffin sprawled outside the door of Study No. 5. Jimmy good-naturedly paused Tubby Muffin was set on his feet,

gasping and spluttering. horrid "Ow! Groogh! The beast!" spluttered Tubby. awful rotter! Oh! Ow! Wow!"

"Been calling on your merry relation?" grinned Lovell. "Groogh! He says he ain't my

second cousin twice removed--" The Fistical Four went on their way, leaving Tubby Muffin still gasping and sputtering breathlessly. There was plenty of light left for cricket, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were going to improve the shining hour, with the St. Jim's match in mind.

While they were engaged thus, the chums of Study No. 5 came sauntering on the field. This time Tubby Montmorency & Co. Apparently he was "fed" with his second cousin twice removed.

Towny and Toppy were showing their new friend round; and rather to their surprise, Montmorency showed some interest in the cricket. the manager had preceded him, and, Towny and Toppy did not care much

> "You haven't seen the school shop yet," Topham remarked. "We'll give it a look-in, Monty."

"All serenc-no hurry!" answered Montmorency. "That chap-Silverbowls well."

"You play cricket?" "I'm rather keen on it," answered Montmorency.

"The sergeant closes the school shop at seven," remarked Townsend. Arthur Edward Lovell, who was standing near, looked round as Montmorency remarked that he was keen on cricket. Lovell's expression was rather scornful. The elegant new junior did not look much of a cricketer, in Lovell's eyes.

"Ever handled a bat?" asked Lovell politely.

Montmorency glanced at him.

"Know one end from another?" asked Lovell, with an air of polite interest.

"Perhaps you'd like to show us what you can do," suggested Lovell,

with deep sarcasm. "I don't mind. I'll bet you two to one in quids that I could take your wicket, bowlin', anyhow," said the

new junior coolly. Lovell grinned. "I don't bet," he answered. "But

if you take my wicket in one over, I'll give you leave to pull my nose." "Done!" said Montmorency.

"Here, hand me that bat, Rawexclaimed Lovell. "Give Montmorency the ball for a minute or two, Oswald. He's going to show us some giddy miracles!"

"Yes, let's see how he shapes, by all means," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell went to the wicket, grinning. Montmorency caught the ball Oswald tossed to him. It was rather a difficult catch, for Dick Oswald, as a matter of fact, meant to land the leather on Montmorency's chin. But the new junior made the catch easily enough, and walked to the bowler's wicket.

"Look out for fireworks!" grinned Raby.

Lovell stood ready and watchful. Although he felt a complete contempt for the new junior, he was not taking chances.

But his watchfulness did not avail Montmorency sent the ball down a seemingly easy ball, and Lovell drove at it-but he did not tcuch it. The ball broke in unexpectedly, and there was a yell from the cricketers as Lovell's off stump was whipped out of the ground.

"Ha, ha! How's that, Lovell!" Arthur Edward's face was a study as he stared down at his wrecked wicket. He had offered to have his nose pulled if Montmorency bowled him, and now he was clean bowled-there was no doubt about that.

Lovell fixed his eyes on Montmorency, who had tossed the ball back to Oswald. The new junior smiled. Lovell was ready to keep his word; but it was certain that the pulling of Arthur Edward's nose would be fellowed by a terrific "scrap" on the cricket-field. But Montmorency did not offer to hold the rash youth to his pledge.

"All serene," he said lightly. "I don't really see why you should think I can't play cricket, Lovell."

"Because you look such a lackadaisical ass!" growled Lovell. "Thanks!" said Montmorency, with

a shrug of the shoulders. "Dash it all, he can bowl!" said Jimmy Silver. "Dry up, Lovel!! Chuck it now, you fellows, and come along to the sergeant's for a ginger-

pop. You coming, Montmorency?" Jimmy was a bowler himself, and he felt quite cordial towards the new junior, after that exhibition of his powers. He recognised that there was more in Cecil Cuthbert than met the

Montmorency nodded cheerily. "Pleased!" he answered.

And when the Fistical Four repaired to Sergeant Kettle's little shop in the corner behind the beeches, Montmorency and Townsend and Topham walked with them, as well as a crowd of thirsty cricketers. Sergeant Kettle came out of his little parlour to deal with the rush of custom.

"Ginger-pop!" "Buck up, sergeant!" "Don't let us perish of thirst, sergeant!"

"'Ere you are, young gentlemen!" said Sergeant Kettle, busy behind his little counter. "'Ere, Master Silver! 'Ere. Master Lovell! 'Ere you are!" "This way, sergeant!" said Townsend.

"'Ere you are, Master Townsend, and you, Master Topham, and--' Sergeant Kettle stopped suddenly. The glass of ginger-beer he held in

his hand dropped on the counter with a crash. His eyes were fixed on Towny and

Topham's companion. The sight of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency seemed to have exercised a

magical effect on Sergeant Kettle. "My heye!" he ejaculated. "My heye! Fancy seeing you 'ere, George 'Uggins — fancy meetin'

George!" And the silence that followed was a

silence that could be felt!

(" The Mystery of Montmorency ". is a fine, long, complete yarn of Rookwood School in next Monday's Boys' Friend. There is also a long complete Rookwood tale each Friday in the "Popular.")

THE END.

#### TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST!



### The 1st Chapter. A Startling Accusation!

"Dinner's ready!" Frank Richards called out that announcement in cheery tones. It was past midday, on the Cascade

Mountains of British Columbia. The sun blazed down into the narrow, rowky gulch, and upon the glimmering creek where Frank and his "pardner," Bronze Bill, had been

working at the placer claim through the hot May days. For two or three weeks now Frank had been camped with the big miner in the locked gulch, and every day he

had turned out cheerfully to work on the placer. The deposit of golden grains in the

creek bottom was almost worked out by this time, and the little sack of gold in the shack had grown to quite respectable dimensions.

It was drawing near the time for the gold-seekers to "pull up stakes," and find their way out of the locked gulch.

The store of provisions in the camp, too, was growing very slender, though it was eked out by the game occasionally found in the thickets on the rocky slopes of the gulch.

Frank had been cooking the dinner at the camp-fire. Bronze Bill was resting in the shack after a morning out with his rifle. The big miner had now almost recovered from the wound he had received in the encounter with Le Couteau and his gang, though so far Frank had done most of the hard work on the placer.

"Dinner, Bill!" There was no answer from the shack.

Frank Richards looked round. As a rule, Bronze Bill was prompt to the call of meal-times. Frank

Richards called again. "Coming!" came a deep voice.

The bronzed miner emerged from the shack.

Frank started as he looked at him. Since the fight with the halfbreeds the two had been on the best of terms, and Frank had very willingly accepted Bronze Bill's offer to make him his "pardner" in working the claim.

He had found the big miner roughand-ready in his ways, but kind and good-humoured enough. But there was no good-humour in Bronze Bill's face now. His expression was hard and grim as he came towards the camp-fire.

"Anything up, Bill?" asked Frank.
"I guess so."

"Dinner-"

"Never mind dinner, for a shake," said Bronze Bill. "I guess you and me has got to have a talk first, Richards."

"I'm jolly hungry!"

sonny!" said the big miner grimly. Job for us to find a way out arter "This hyer bizness won't wait."

He sat on a log, and to Frank's surprise drew the big Navy revolver from his belt.

"What the dickens-" began Frank.

Bronze Bill lifted the revolver so that the muzzle bore upon his schoolboy "pard."

Frank stared at him blankly, wondering whether it was sunstroke.

"You needn't put up your hands, sonny," said Bronze Bill quietly. "But don't try any gum-games, or I reckon this hyer shooting-iron will turned and strode away towards the

"I don't understand you in the volver in hand.

least," said Frank Richards indignantly. "If you're trying to pull my

'I guess I mean cold business from the word go!" said Bronze Bill. "Look hyer, ain't I treated you fair and square since we became pards?"

"Yes," said Frank; "I've nothing to grumble at." "When you came moseying up

Dead Man's Canyon and lighted on continued Bronze Bill, reckoned you was a spy sent by Le Couteau and his gang to nose out my claim. I roped you in. Then you stood up for me like a little man when the breeds tried to jump my claim, and I calculate you saved my life. I ain't forgotten that. reckon that's the reason why I don't drop you in your tracks this pesky minute. But you ain't played fair, Richards. You oughtn't to hev gone back on the galoot what made you

his pardner fair and square." "What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Frank angrily. "How have I gone back on you?"

"I reckon you know."

"Haven't I done my share of the work on the claim?" demanded Frank. "More than my share, if you come to that, as you've been laid up with your wound."

"Correct; and you've nursed me through, too," said Bronze Bill. "I ain't denying it. Up till now you've played up like a little man; and arter what you've done, I'm going to forgive you, and let you have your share in the dust; but I ain't going to let you rob me." Frank jumped.

"Rob you!" he exclaimed.

"That's about the size of it."

"Are you mad?"

"Oh, come off!" said Bronze Bill. "I'm going to treat you fair, young Richards, though you don't deserve it arter robbing your pard. Where's the gold-sack?" "The gold-sack?" repeated Frank.

"Yep.

"In the shack, in its usual place, under the bearskin, I suppose," answered Frank Richards.

"Come off, I tell you!" exclaimed Bronze Bill impatiently. "Do you figure it out that I can't believe my own eyes?"

"Do you mean to say that it isn't there?" demanded Frank, in astonishment.

"I reckon so." "My only hat!"

"There ain't nobody in this hyer gulch excepting you an' me," said Bronze Bill. "The tunnel from the canyon is blocked up with about a hundred ton of rock, and nary a gopher could find a hole to creep through, let alone a man. No living galoot can get into this hyer gulch, "I guess you can wait a bit, and I reckon it's going to be a hefty we're done here now that the tun-Richards, and one of us has lifted the gold-sack-and it wasn't me. So it was you. Savvy?"

Bronze Bill nodded slowly.

"There ain't any way out of the gulch, anyhow, till we find one by hunting for it," he said. "I reckon you're my game, Frank Richards, if you don't hand over the dust. But you can root into the shack if you like, though it's wasting time."

Without answering, Frank Richards go off some. You get me?" | shack, Bronze Bill following him, reThe 2nd Chapter.

Bitter Blood! Frank Richards was breathing hard, and his handsome face was crimson with anger.

But he was puzzled. Bronze Bill, though rough in his ways, was honest as the day, so far as Frank Richards could judge. Frank would never have suspected him of "bagging" the proceeds of the work on the placer. But if the gold-sack was gone, there was nothing else to

Bronze Bill-driven to the same conclusion by the same circumstances -suspected him.

There was no third party to be suspected.

The gulch in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains was "locked"that is, it was shut in by inaccessible walls of rock.

Under the big bearskin on the floor was an excavation, in which the canvas gold-sack had been kept, concealed from sight.

Every evening there had been a little more to add to the store of gold in the sack. The previous evening it had been opened, as usual, and the gains of the day added. Then it had been left under the bearskin, and Frank Richards had not seen it since. There was no reason to visit the store of gold until the evening came again.

As for keeping watch on it, that had not occurred to him, knowing that he and his partner were shut up alone in the locked gulch.

He tossed the bearskin aside, and revealed the excavation in which the canvas sack had been kept.

It was empty! Evidently the gold-sack had been

removed.

Frank Richards was well aware that he had not removed it; but he looked round the shack, searching every corner.

Bronze Bill stood in the doorway, watching him with a sarcastic smile on his tanned face, the revolver still in his hand.

His look was that of a man patiently watching another going through a meaningless comedy.

Frank turned to him at last. "You ain't found it," said Bronze

Bill sardonically. " No." "I reckon you'd better mosey along

to the place where you've hidden it,"

said Bronze Bill. "I ain't waiting much longer." Frank stepped out of the shack into

the sunlight. His face was set.

"You rotter!" he said, between his

"I guess--"

"The gold-sack's gone," Frank, his eyes blazing. "Do you think you can bluff me? and only one of us can have taken it. | case, for it was pretty clear now that I did not take it. You've robbed

"What?" roared Bronze Bill. "You needn't have done it," said Frank. "The claim was yours, and it was your own offer to me to become your partner in working it. I'd have 'during the night?"

given you a fair show, Richards, and now you've got to hand over the dust!"

"Keep it up!" said Frank disdainfully. "Do you think you'll make me believe that you haven't taken the gold-sack? Who could have taken it if you haven't? There's nobody else

"You've taken it!" roared Bronze

"Liar!" "By gosh!"

For a moment it seemed that Bronze Bill would pull trigger. But he restrained his fury.

"I guess I won't drop you," he said, his tanned face red with wrath. "I want to know where the gold-sack is, and you've got to tell me, Richards; and I reckon you couldn't if I blew you out as you deserve, you scallywag! If you don't point it out instanter, I'll rope you till you do!"

"Try it!" said Frank fiercely.

Bronze Bill thrust the revolver into his belt, and started for the shack. He picked up a rope, and came back towards the schoolboy of Cedar Creek, his grim, savage look leaving no doubt of his intentions. Frank made a spring for the pick he had been using in the creek. He grasped it, and stood on his defence.

"Put down that pick!" shouted the

miner savagely.

"Hands off, then."

"I'm going to rope you till you hand over the gold-sack!" roared Bronze Bill.

Frank, keeping the pick in his hands for defence, looked at him with growing wonder.

Unless Bronze Bill was mad, there was no accounting for his actions, unless the seemingly impossible had happened, and a third party had penetrated the gulch and lifted the sack.

Impossible as that seemed, Frank It's gone, began to believe that it must be the Bronze Bill believed in his accusation, and Frank was conscious of his own innocence.

> "Hold on a minute, Bill," said Frank Richards. "Is it possible that somebody else has lifted the sack



Bronze Bill advanced upon Frank with a piece of rope, his grim, savage face leaving no doubt as to his intentions. Frank grabbed up a mining pick, and stood on his defence.

There had been a cavern-tunnel from the canyon beyond, leading into the gulch through the rocky hillside; but the tunnel had been blocked by a dynamite explosion, to keep off the nel's blocked. Only you an' me, attack of Le Couteau and his gang of "breeds."

Since then the two gold-seekers had been shut off from all communication

with the outside world. When the time came to travel, they had to find a way out over the apparently inaccessible rocks that shut in the gulch, and success was by no means certain. That task was left till the claim was worked out, and they

were ready to go. The disappearance of the gold sack, therefore, could only be imputed to

one of the partners. Frank entered the little shack.

looked after you while you were laid | up with your wound, without that. But I've put in two or three weeks of hard work on the claim, and I'm entitled to something for that. Give me ordinary miner's wages for what I've done, and keep the rest. We'll part at once."

Bronze Bill stared at him blankly. "I guess I don't make head or tail of you," he said. "I'm asking you to hand over the gold-sack you've

stole, you young scallywag!" And I'm telling you that you've taken it, and hidden it, because you want it for yourself, and you're trying to bluff me!" exclaimed Frank savagely. "And I tell you you can keep it, and be hanged to you!"

"'Nuff said!" exclaimed Bronze Bill. He raised the revolver. "I've "Pesky rubbish!"

"We slept outside the shack, as the night was hot," said Frank, "and if some other party could have been in the gulch-"

The miner laughed scornfully. "I guess I'm not swallowing a yarn like that," he said. "You'll hand over the sack, or I'll rope you till you. do. That's final. Now--"

"Keep off!" shouted Frank.

"I reckon not."

The miner rushed at him, gripping the coiled rope. Threatened as he was, Frank could not find it in his heart to strike with the pick. But he drove the head of the pick against the miner's broad chest as he came on, and Bronze Bill, with a grunt of pain, slipped and fell. The next instant (Continued overleaf.)

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springing forward, he jerked the revolver from his partner's belt. Before the bronzed miner could

rise, Frank was standing over him, the revolver aimed at his face. "Hands up!"

Bronze Bill blinked at him. "You young scallywag--" "Hands up, you fool!" shouted

Frank. pressure of his finger. He did not mean to shoot; but Bronze Bill's hands went up quickly enough as the trigger moved. He sat, panting with fury, his hands above his head.

"You young villain!" he gasped. "I oughter have dropped you instanter. I would have, only you saved my life from the breeds. Now shoot, you pesky scallywag, and keep the gold-sack!"

"You fool!" said Frank, lowering the revolver. "If I had robbed you I should shoot. Haven't you sense enough to see now that I haven't

touched the gold?" "That's a lie!"

"Oh, you haven't the brains of a prairie rabbit!" exclaimed Frank impatiently. "Keep your hands up! I'm going to take your rifle; it's too dangerous a toy for a fool like you, Bill!"

"You scallywag--" Frank picked up the rope with his left hand, the miner watching him furiously. Frank looped the rope round Bronze Bill's upraised arms.

The miner made a movement to resist, and the muzzle of the revolver was pressed to his temple.

"Quiet, you fool!" Quivering with rage, the big miner submitted. He had no doubt that Frank was ready to press the trigger. to the trail again. Bronze Bill . With one hand Frank contrived to loop the rope round the miner's arms, and draw the loop taut.

Bronze Bill was helpless now. his own belt, and lifted the rifle from | foot, and the miner overtook him at the miner's back. Then he gave a little more attention to the rope, knotting it securely, so that the miner had no chance of getting his arms loose.

rage in his tanned face.

"Now what's your game?" he asked, in a choked voice. "You may as well put a bullet through my head, you pesky rascal!"

leave you tied up while I find out came out clearly. what's become of the gold."

"You've got it." "Fool!"

Leaving the bronzed miner to him- | "Injuns! Jerusalem crickets!" self, Frank Richards walked back to the camp fire. His dinner was more growled Frank Richards. than ready, and he was more than ready for it. He sat down on a log to eat it, thinking the while, Bronze | hyer gulch," he said, "and nary Bill watching him from a short distance with burning eyes.

#### The 3rd Chanter. The Trail of the Redskin!

Frank Richards rose at last. Taking no heed of the furious looks of his partner, he went to the shack to begin his examination.

In the old days in the Thompson Valley Frank Richards had learned a great deal of woodcraft from his Canadian cousin, Bob Lawless, and the skill he had acquired stood him in good stead now.

Any "sign" that might have been left inside the shack had been destroyed by the search the miners had made. It was outside that Frank

started his examination. The ground was dry and stony, and retained no trace of footprints.

But within a dozen yards the spring bubbled and rippled, and by the spring and the creek Frank hoped to find some trace.

had come he could not guess; only he knew that the unknown thief must have descended from the rocky walls | Mebbe been watching us for days, and that shut in the gulch on all sides.

It was half-an-hour before Frank's search was rewarded. But it was rewarded at last.

In the mud by the creek a footprint showed up under his eyes; and the print was that of a moccasin, and to see that at last!" said Frank could not have been left by either Richards coldly. "You can sit in Frank or Bronze Bill, who, of course, | camp and chew on it while I'm finding wore boots.

"An Indian!" Frank Richards uttered the ex-

His suspicion was a certainty now. He raised his head and looked than any ornery schoolboy." around him. The rocky sides of the gulch, broken here and there by after threatening me with a

Frank had dropped the pick, and, patches of scrub, met his eyes, apparently untrodden by human foot. It seemed that only an elk could have obtained footing among those inaccessible rocks. But here, under Frank's eyes, was the proof that during the night a Redskin had crept into the camp, and he could only have come from beyond that rocky barrier.

Bending his head again, Frank sought for further "sign," and picked The trigger rose a little under the | it up again on the further side of the shallow creek. This was evidence that the Indian had waded through the creek to reach the shack, and was a rough indication of the direction from which he must have come.

Frank pushed on, looking for more

There was no chance that the Indian was still in the locked valley? He must have fled before dawn with the plunder he had stolen from the shack. But the trail, if it could be followed far enough, would reveal the way of escape from the gulch.

There was a shout from behind Frank in the distance. In his eagerness and excitement he had forgotten Bronze Bill.

The bound miner, sitting with his back against a boulder, had been watching him, at first in sheer fury, then in astonishment, and now with the keenest curiosity.

"Richards!" Frank turned his head.

"What do you want?" he called

"I guess I want to know what you are arter."

"The man who bagged the gold 'There ain't any galoot--"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

Frank Richards turned impatiently scrambled to his feet awkwardly, with his arms tied, and came striding towards him. Frank did not heed him.

He was progressing slowly, picking Then Frank put the revolver into up sign after sign of the moccasined

> "Now, what are you arter?" demanded Bronze Bill. Frank halted.

"Look and see for yourself," he Bronze Bill watched him with bitter snapped. "If you've got eyes in your head you can see the trail of an Indian here."

"An Injun-" "Look!" snapped Frank.

He pointed to a hollow, where rain "You deserve it for your foolery," | had left a damp patch of earth. In snapped Frank. "But I'm going to the soft soil the print of the moccasin

"Moccasin!" Bronze Bill dropped on his knees, his eyes almost starting from his head as he read the sign.

"Do you understand now?"

Bronze Bill looked dazed. "Three months I've located in this galoot came nigh till you came moseying up through Dead Man's Canyon, Richards. I never allowed there was any way over them hills." "You can see now that there must

The miner nodded slowly.

"Onless" — sudden suspicion gleamed in his eyes-"onless you've been playing a trick with an Injun moccasin to pull the wool over my eyes, you young scallywag!"

Frank Richards compressed his lips. "I'm fed up with you and your silly suspicions," he said. "You're not my partner any longer, Bronze Bill. You can stay here, and be hanged to you, while I get after the Indian."

The bronzed gold-miner seemed to waver.

"Arter all, we reckoned p'r'aps we'd find a way out," he muttered; "and if there's a way out there's a way in. Some Injun hunter, p'r'aps, lookin' for elk; and comin' into the From what direction the intruder gulch from up yonder, mebbe he spotted the light of our camp fire one night, and came spying around. we never knowed. Richards, sonny, reckon as I've made a mistake, and it wasn't you that collared the gold-sack arter all."

> The big miner spoke shamefacedly. "I'm glad you've got sense enough out where the Redskin went."

"I allow I was mistooken," mumbled Bronze Bill. "Let's go clamation, with a gleam in his eyes. this together, Richards. I calculate I'm a better hand at following a trail

"It's a bit too late to propose that,

revolver," said Frank Richards drily. "I can't trust you with your paws loose, Bronze Bill."

The big miner bit his lip. "I desarve it for suspectin' you," he confessed. "But then agin, you suspected me afore you found this were clearly seen. hyer trail, Richards."

"Well, that's so," admitted Frank. 'Seeing that we were alone here, as believed, I-I thought-"

"Same as I thought," said Bronze Bill, with a rather wry smile. "I reckon we can call it quits, Richards."

Frank hesitated.

"That's all very well," he said. "But are you satisfied now that there was a third party on the scene? If I let you loose, will you get a bee in your bonnet again, and start playing the fool?"

Bill shook his head Bronze vigorously.

"Think I can't read 'sign'?" he demanded. "I know now that there was an Injun here last night, and he sneaked into the shack and robbed us while we were snoozing under the trees. There ain't no time to waste, Richards. He's got a good start of us as it is, with all the dust we've earned. The claim's nearly worked out-we was thinking of pulling up stakes in a few days. Let's take this chance of getting clear. I reckon you can trust me; I've been a fool, I allow, but-but you can keep the shooting-irons."

Frank, without replying, cast loose the rope with which Bronze Bill's brawny arms were secured.

"That's the real white article," said Bronze Bill, stretching his arms. "Now I reckon I'll get a bite, and we'll take the trail."

"Here's your rifle," said Frank.

"Keep it, kid!" "Rot!" said Frank Richards, smiling. "I can trust you now you've come to your senses." Bronze Bill slung the rifle on his

back shamefacedly.

"Keep the revolver," he said. "You may need it if we come up with the Injun. Pack your grip while I get a feed. I reckon we're following this trail right out of the gulch."

"Right-ho!" said Frank.

And the preparations for departure were soon made, the queerly-assorted "pardners" being once more on the best of terms, now that the black cloud of mutual suspicion had passed.

#### The 4th Chapter. Tracked Down!

Bronze Bill was, as he had said, a better hand at picking up a trail than the schoolboy of Cedar Creek. He picked up the Indian "sign," and followed it faster than Frank Richards could have done.

The partners travelled "light." The mining implements were left in the shack, and they packed only the remains of the provisions in their wallets. If they ran down the Indian thief, and recovered the gold, the loss of the tools would not be a serious one to the successful miners, while, if they failed, they could always find their way back, and work out what little remained of the gold deposit in the creek. That was how Bronze Bill put it, and Frank agreed with him. It was necessary to travel light, in order not to lose time on the trail. The Indian had had at least twelve hours' start, and it would not be an easy task to run hun down

in any case. From the bottom of the gulch, the "sign" led them up the rocky slopes, by difficult paths. Here and there they had to climb with their hands, and on more than one jag of rock they discovered some torn fragments from the Redskin's moccasins or leggings. They stopped on a rough plateau of rock about a hundred feet above the level of the camp. There Bronze Bill gave a shout.

"That was what he was arter; that's what led him over the hill!" he exclaimed, pointing to a dark mass on the rocks. It was what remained

of the dead body of an elk. A black vulture rose leisurely on the wing, and fled screeching over the cliffs as the trackers came up. The skeleton of the elk had been picked almost clean. Frank turned his head from the sight; but Bronze Bill examined it with a careful eye. He nodded his head several times, as if

in confirmation of unspoken surmises. "I reckon it's fair clear," he said at last. "The Injun was arter that elk, and the brute lit it over the hill, and down on this side, the Red arter him. The Injun got him hyer, and killed him, and then I reckon he spotted our camp-fire down below. Look back, Richards, and you'll see our camp jest as if it was spread out [ to view."

from the height.

"He never knowed there was a spot," continued Bronze Bill. "Then he saw us at work-saw us take the day's gold into the shack, I reckon, and leave it there. Arter dark he came creeping down, the way we've come up. Us sleeping out of the shack gave him his chance, and he loafed in and hunted for the gold, and found it. I reckon if we'd been inside the shack, we'd have got a few inches of his hunting-knife, too. But he wouldn't risk it, as he got the gold safe without. I reckon one of us would have woke and put the cinch on him. He bagged the gold and hooked it-that's how I figger it out, Richards. And the way he followed that elk into the gulch is the way I'm going to foller him out, reckon.

"That's it," said Frank.

"Kim on!"

It was clear enough now what must have happened. The trackers pressed on, the track growing steeper and wilder under their feet. More than once Bronze Bill came to a dead halt.

But for their knowledge that an elk and a pursuing Redskin had come by that route, the partners would have given it up, more than once, in despair. But the knowledge that it had been done once was a proof that it could be done again.

In one place, baffled by a perpendicular rock that barred all further progress, they chafed and sought a way out, and half an hour was wasted. But the mystery was elucidated at last.

"I reckon he jumped it," said Bronze Bill, "an' the Injun jumped it arter him! But he had to climb back, I reckon, and where he climbed, we can climb or bu'st!"

And after a long search, a rag on a point of rock revealed where the Indian had climbed, and after several essays and failures, the partners succeeded in clambering up the perpendicular rock, and threw themselves down breathlessly to rest at the top.

Above, was a ledge little more than fifteen inches wide, and on that giddy verge they lay at full length, and rested for ten minutes or more. Below, it looked like the wall of a house that they had climbed. Above, rock rose over rock in endless disorder. The climb had been fatiguing, but after a short rest they struggled on again.

Climbing, clambering, with feet and hands, they won their way higher and higher, and still, here and there. Bronze Bill's keen eye picked up traces of the passage of the elk and the Indian hunter. They came out at last into a narrow gorge between two peaks.

"I reckon this is the top of the divide," said Bronze Bill, as he sank on a boulder to rest. "We've done the climb, Richards. I guess I could pick my way from here to Hard Pan by the sun and stars."

"Good!" gasped Frank.

The sun was sloping down in the west now, but it was still warm. Only a few minutes were allowed for rest. Bronze Bill improved the occasion by filling his pipe and lighting it. He wrinkled his brows thoughtfully as he puffed out blue clouds of smoke.

"I reckon it was about noon when he got back hyer-that Injun!" he remarked, at length. "I reckon he wanted a rest; it's hot at noon, too. He'd look back from the last point where there was a view of the gulch, and he'd see that we wasn't arter him yet, so he'd reckon he had plenty of time, even if we was able to foller him at all."

"That's so," assented Frank. "Sure! And so I reckon he never humped himself after getting this far; he'd take a rest, and he'd take it easy." said Bronze Bill. "That's all to the good, if I've figured it out correct, Richards. From this hyer p'int he won't have such a long start. But howsumdever far he leads us, I reckon I'm hangin' on the heels of that Injun till I get the dust back, and his scalp along with it. Come

Under the westering sun, the partners tramped down the gorge. They were over the highest part of their climb now; they had crossed the "divide" from the locked gulch, and their path was now perceptibly downward. Bronze Bill halted at a spot where a mountain torrent roared down the gorge.

"The Injun camped here!" he said. There were plain traces of it—the

Frank nodded as he glanced back | embers of a camp-fire by the water, and remains of elk-meat thrown care-Far below, the creek ran like a lessly away. The Indian had cooked silver ribbon in the sunlight, and the elk-meat and eaten, there, in the shack and the dying fire showed up | shadow of the rocks, and the embers I clearly by it, and the placer workings | still retained a trace of warmth. The trackers were not far behind. Close by the camp-fire embers they diswhite man near till he got to this covered a few golden grains glittering up from the rock. Frank uttered an exclamation as the golden glitter caught his eye.

"He opened the gold-sack thar, to look over what he'd stole!" said Bronze Bill sententiously. "Spilled a few grains, the careless fool! He got the dust easier than we did, I reckon, and he could afford to. reckon he took it purty easy arter getting out of the locked gulch; we ain't so far behind him now. Let me jest get a bead on him with this hyer rifle, and I guess he won't give more'n one hop. Kim on!"

They were weary to the bone by this time, but they did not stop to camp and rest as the Indian goldthief had done. Every minute was precious now, for they had to make the most of what remained of the daylight. The setting sun was flooding the hills with crimson and gold as they tramped resolutely on.

The trailers pressed on.

From the gorge they emerged into a wide green valley, restful to the eye after the expanses of barren rock they had traversed. Bronze Bill halted, his eyes fixed on the distance ahead, and Frank followed his example, though he could not see what attracted his companion's gaze.

"What is it?" he asked at last, after Bronze Bill had stared steadily for several minutes, his hand shading

his eyes. "I reckon we don't want to pick up 'sign' any longer," answered Bronze Bill. "But keep your peepers open. That there Injun has run up agin a snag."

"I don't see-" "Look! Them johnny crows-"

Frank started. Far ahead, in the distance, three or four black vultures, dots against the blue, were circling and settling.

"Johnny crow comes down for carrion!" said Bronze Bill tersely. "I reckon that Injun's dead meat."

"But who-what-" "I reckon we'll find out. Keep

your eyes peeled." Frank's heart beat fast as he hurried on after his companion. Hardly conscious of fatigue now, they broke into a run. As they drew near the spot where the vultures had gathered, they heard the screeching and squabbling of the obscene birds.

"Don't loose off at them," warned Bronze Bill, as Frank touched his revolver. "I reckon there may be trouble within hearing. Kick the brutes!"

With loud screeches and flappings. the vultures scattered as the hunters ran up. They retired only a few yards, however, watching hungrily close at hand, till they should have access to their prey again. Frank Richards shuddered as he saw what their prey had been.

On his back, on the ground, was stretched an Indian-a hunter in deerskin leggings and moccasins. He was dead; his coppery face, set in a frozen scowl of anguish and hatred, was turned like stone to the sky. Itwas evidently the Indian that Frank Richards and his partner had tracked so far, and they had found him-

Bronze Bill stood looking down upon him, with a grim brow. His hand rested on his rifle—the rifle was not needed now.

Bronze Bill pointed. The crimson was oozing through the Indian's deerskin, where a knife had struck home in his breast. Bronze Bill dropped on his knees beside the body.

"One drive, and that cooked his goose," he said coolly; "and I reckon it wasn't long ago, or the johnny crows would have gobbled him before this; it don't take them long to smell out carrion. He got this far with our gold-sack, and then he hit trouble, bad. The gold-sack's gone — the galoot what stuck him froze on to that, you bet-and now I reckon that's the galoot we've got to find. And I guess we ain't fur to look!"

"You think-" "Look!"

Frank Richards followed the direction of the miner's pointing finger. Against the gathering darkness, in the distance, a red glow leaped upthe glow of a camp-fire!

("Frank Richards Makes Good!" is the title of the long, complete Frank Richards yarn in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. Order your copy just as soon as you can!)