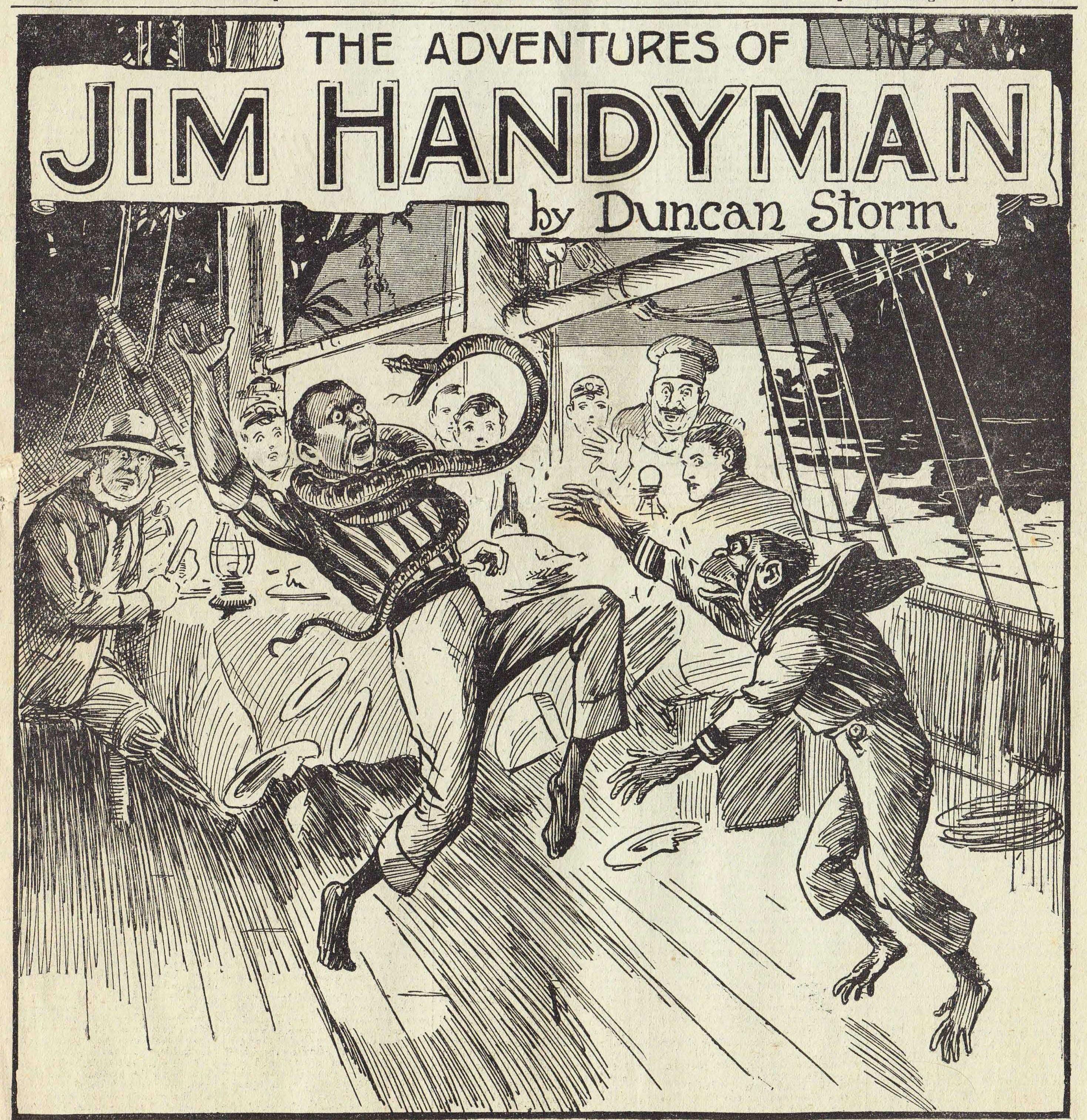
# GREAT SUMMER BUMPER NUMBER-OUT NEXT MONDAY!

# TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

No. 1,046. Vol. XXI. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 25th, 1921.



THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE!

No sooner was the warning out of Captain Lee's mouth than there was a slithering sound from the darkness, and a huge black snake fell around Sleepy's shoulders. The negro gave a yell of terror as the deadly reptile tightened its coils about his neck and, lifting its ugly black, hissing head, prepared to strike at his forehead!

## A LONG COMPLETE ROOKWOOD SCHOOL TALE BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Published

Every Monday



### The 1st Chapter. Calling on Huggins!

"Hi, young feller!" Jimmy Silver looked round.

Jimmy was not used to being addressed as "young feller," or to answering to the salutation of "Hi!" But Jimmy was always polite, and he looked round with great urbanity.

He was leaning on one of the big stone pillars of the gateway at Rookwood, waiting for his chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, who had gone to the village. The Co. had just come in sight, when Jimmy was hailed by the stranger on the road.

looked at him-not admiringly.

He was a young man, of slovenly looks, with a discoloured bowler-hat set rakishly on the back of his head. His eyes had red rims, and there was an aroma of mingled rum and tobacco about him that did not strike the Rookwood junior pleasantly.

He looked like a tramp, and a rather unpleasant variety of a tramp, and Jimmy was glad that he had not met him alone in a dark lane. "Well?" said Jimmy.

"This 'ere's Rookwood School, ain't it?"

The red-eyed man removed cigarette from his mouth with a dirty finger and thumb, and jerked it towards the grey old buildings. Jimmy nodded.

"This is Rookwood!" he assented.

"You belong 'ere?" "Yes," said Jimmy Silver politely, "I belong here. Anything further

that you'd care to know?" "Know young Huggins?" In the quadrangle, at some distance,

Montmorency of the Fourth was sauntering elegantly with his friends Townsend and Topham.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome came up while Mr. Lurchey was talk-

They stopped.

Jimmy Silver glanced at his chums rather uneasily, and Lovell gave a grunt, and Raby and Newcome coughed. All the Fistical Four knew that Mr. Lurchey was alluding to Mentmorency of the Fourth, whom he evidently knew, as Mr. Kettle had known him—as George Huggins.

"Nobody here goes by the name of Huggins," said Raby awkwardly. "I seen him!" said Mr. Lurchey calmly. "I know he's here, but he don't want to see an old friend. Up | face. in the world he is now-always a bit swanky George was, even when he was a boy in buttons at the 'All!"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated Lovell. "If he doesn't want to see you, what the thump have you come to see | the ground, as if Mr. Lurchey had him for?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver

hastily.

He felt he was hearing too much on the subject of Huggins.

Mr. Lurchy winked.

"He's up, and I'm down!" he explained. "Why shouldn't he give a 'elping 'and to an old friend what's struck. down on his luck? I wouldn't 'ave come and seen me. But if he's going | Monty's explanation that Sergeant | long as I dashed well choose!" to do the ikey, and decline to recker- | Kettle had been deceived by his nize an old pal, I'm goin' to roll chance resemblance to some person 'im off his perch a bit—see? I'm of the name of Huggins. As Montarter George-Gentleman George we | morency was entered on the school used to call 'im."

Jimmy Silver frowned.

me off-what?" asked Mr. Lurchey, sergeant had uttered no word on the with an unpleasant sneer. "Bless | subject since. But here was another your little 'eart, 'Orace Lurchey ain't | individual addressing Monty as Hugshooed off so easy as all that! 'Orace gins. And Monty evidently knew is a sticker! If you won't give my him, and was scared out of his wits message to young George, I'm at the sight of him. Towny and coming in to see 'im!"

Toppy had much food for thought

Jimmy Silver exchanged a look now. with his chums.

Montmorency was nothing to him; on the arm.

the Fourth, whose uppish ways had asked uneasily. "You don't know irritated even the equable temper of that horrid blighter, do you?" "Uncle James" of Rookwood. But "George!" roared Mr. Lurchey. he felt called upon to stand between the junior and this dingy rascal.
"You won't come in!" he said

curtly. "Won't exclaimed "Who's going to stop

"Little me!" said Jimmy Silver. "Look 'ere--"

"Put your hoof inside this gateway," said Jimmy, coolly, "and you'll go back into the road on your neck! That's a tip!"

Mr. Lurchey glared at him. Lovell and Raby and Newcome, grinning, lined up beside Jimmy Silver. The Fistical Four were quite prepared to give Horace Lurchey all he wanted, and a little over.

Just then Montmorency, strolling along with Towny and Toppy, came in sight from where Mr. Lurchey stood outside the gates. The eye of Mr. Lurchey was on him at once.

"Why, there's Huggins!" he ejaculated. "You tell me Huggins ain't at this 'ere school, and there morency. "Let's get out of this! he is, as large as life!"

Old Mack came out of his lodge to | close quarters." close the gates. He gave the dingy | Monty was evidently quite himself Mr. Lurchey a look of grim dis- again now. approval, and shook his head at the Fistical Four.

"I'm s'prised at you, Master Silver, torkin' to tramps at the school gates!" he said severely. "What would Mr. Dalton say? 'Ere, you travel, you wagrant!"

"I've called 'ere to see a friend!' exclaimed Mr. Lurchey indignantly. "Young 'Uggins-"

"No sich name 'ere!" said Mack. "Git off the grass, afore I help with my boot!"

'Huggins!" roared Mr. Lurchey. In the distance Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency spun round as that raucous shout reached his ears, and his startled eyes glanced towards the

"I've called to see you, George!" roared Mr. Lurchey.

Montmorency's handsome face became deadly pale.

Old Mack gave Mr. Lurchey a shove, to move him out of the way of the gate, and clanged it shut. "Now cut, you rotter!" said

Jimmy Silver between the bars. But Mr. Lurchey was not inclined to cut. Horace, as he had said, was a sticker. He put his stubbly face close to the metal bars, and roared:

'George Huggins! Hi, George! Don't you know your old pal 'Orace? Aren't you going to see your old pal 'Orace?"

### The 2nd Chapter. The Order of the Boot!

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency was staring towards the gates, with a pallor as of death in his handsome

His eyeglass had dropped from his eye; he was quite able to see Mr. Lurchey without the aid of his celebrated monocle.

The hapless youth seemed rooted to been some grisly spectre that had started up suddenly under his eyes.

Townsend and Topham stared towards the loafer, and then looked at Cecil Cuthbert, and then at one another.

Towny and Toppy were thunder-

They had pooh-poohed the Hugbooks as Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency, the explanation carried "You're standing by 'im to shoo sufficient weight, especially as the

Townsend touched Montmorency

"Look 'ere, you clear off, you ruffian!" exclaimed old Mac. "I'll come out and shift you if you stand yellin' there!"

"Hi, George!" yelled Mr. Lurchey. "George Huggins! Gentleman George!"

"Monty!" exclaimed Topham. Montmorency pulled himself to-

He fumbled for his eyeglass with a trembling hand, and turned it upon the dingy figure pressed to the bars of the gate.

"By gad!" His voice was not quite assured, but he was recovering control of himself. "What a merchant! Know who he is, you fellows?"

"Don't you know?" asked Townsend suspiciously.

"I don't know him from Adam, of course!"

"Hi, George!"

"By gad, he's got an unpleasant voice, whoever he is!" yawned Mont-The lower classes aren't pleasant at

He turned and strolled away, and Towny and Toppy went with him. Monty's aristocratic saunter was changed for a rather quick walk, however, which soon took him out of Mr. Lurchey's range of vision.

"George!" yelled Mr. Lurchey. "Hi, George! Don't you know your old pal 'Orace, what used to clean the boots at the 'All where you was in buttons?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell. "Open the gate again, Mack," said Jimmy Silver. "We'll jolly soon clear that blackguard off!" "Who's he torkin' to " inquired

the bewildered Mack. "There ain't nobody 'ere named 'Uggins.' "Didn't I see 'im?" roared Mr.

Lurchey. "That young covey with the eyeglass, that was 'Uggins." "You silly owl!" said Mack. 'That's Master Montmorency."

"Wot?" "Montmorency!" said Mack crush-

ingly. "Now clear hoff!" "Montmorency!" exclaimed Mr. Lurchey. "My eye! So he ain't called 'Uggins 'ere! 'Ow was a feller to know that?"

"No, I ain't going!" retorted Mr. Lurchey. "I've called 'ere to see young 'Uggins, and I don't care whether he calls hisself Montmorency or Montgomery or Marjoribanks, or any other blessed name; I'm goin' to see 'im! I can tell you 'Orace is a sticker."

Bulkeley of the Sixth came along, his attention drawn by this extraordinary wrangle at the school gates. "What's the trouble, Mack?" he

asked quietly. "This 'ere ruffian won't go!" said the porter. "He's calling names at Master Montmorency!"

"Open the gate!" Mack flung back the bronze gate with a grin. The stalwart captain of Rookwood was likely to make short work of Mr. Horace Lurchey if he declined to get a move on.

Bulkeley stepped out. "Time for you to go, my man!" he Mr. Lurchey gave him a glare of

defiance.

come if he'd answered the letter, and gins story, and had fully accepted he sneered. "I'm staying 'ere as of Rookwood was chatting cheerily Bulkeley pushed back his cuffs.

> "I give you two seconds!" he said. "You lay a 'and on me-" began Horace Lurchey threateningly. Bulkeley laid two hands upon him.

Mr. Lurchey struck out furiously, and Bulkeley knocked his fist up. Then he swung the dingy loafer round, and planted a heavy boot behind him.

Horace Lurchey fairly flew. "Goal!" yelled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

with a loud roar.

but you can't kick up rows at the school gates. Get along!"

"You young 'ound-" "Are you going?" exclaimed Bulkeley impatiently.

"Yah! You cheeky young 'ound!" gasped Mr. Lurchey. "Ow! Yow! Yooop! Leave off kicking a bloke! I'm going, ain't I?" And Mr. Lurchey went.

He departed down the road to Coombe at a trot, anxious to get out of reach of Bulkeley's boot.

Bulkeley turned back into the gateway, and the gates were closed again. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away to the School House, but the captain of Rookwood stopped to speak to Mack for a few minutes, apparently interested in the amazing visit of Mr. remarks.

There was a very thoughtful look on Bulkeley's face as he strode away to the School House. He glanced round the quad, but Montmorency and his companions had disappeared. The Rookwood captain went up at once to the Fourth Form passage, and stopped at Study No. 5.

He tapped at the door and entered. Montmorency & Co. were in their quarters, chatting, Monty having at the gate-I heard every word! recovered himself completely by this time. Rawson was working quietly at a corner of the table, unheeded by his nutty study-mates.

"Never seen the man before," Montmorency was yawning, as the Rookwood captain stepped on. "Extraordinary incident."

"Very!" murmured Topham. "Hallo, Bulkeley!"

"I want a word with you, Montmorency," said Bulkeley, kindly enough. "Do you know anything of that blackguard who was yelling at the gates a few minutes ago?" "Nothin', Bulkeley."

Tom Rawson glanced up from his work for a second, but immediately dropped his eyes again. morency did not look at him.

"You've never seen the man?" asked Bulkeley. "Never that I remember."

"Why the dickens, then, did he come to see you, and call you by another name?" said Bulkeley. "It's very odd."

Montmorency shook his head. "Very odd, and no mistake," he assented calmly. "He addressed me as Higgins, I think-"

"Huggins," said Townsend. "Oh, Huggins, was it?" drawled Montmorency. "Yes; same as the sergeant did the

day you came, you know," said Townsend. Bulkeley started. "Sergeant Kettle did?" he ex-

claimed. For an instant there was a savage flash in Montmorency's eyes, as Towny "butted in" with that unfortunate remark.

'But your name is Montmorency!" said Bulkeley. "I don't understand

"Sergeant Kettle thought I looked "Are you going?" snapped Jimmy like somebody he knew named Huggins," Montmorency explained, with an air of boredom. "Apparently this man at the gate knows the same chap, an' took me for him. It's not very flatterin' to me-I really don't like lookin' like a fellow named Huggins." "Oh, don't be a young ass!" said Bulkeley. "It's rather unfortunate, though. That dingy rascal plainly thought he knew you, and we can't have him hanging round Rookwood yelling through the gates. Perhaps it would be best to speak to the

village policeman on the subject." Montmorency's lip quivered for a moment.

"I don't suppose he'll turn up again," he remarked. "Just a tramp passin' along the road, I imaginemost likely he'll be miles away tomorrow."

"It's possible," assented Bulkeley thoughtfully. "If he turns up again he can be dealt with."

The Rookwood captain quitted the study. Then Montmorency glanced at Rawson—the junior who knew his secret. But Rawson kept his eyes on "This 'ere road belong to you?" | his book. In a few minutes the dandy as before, and Townsend and Topham felt their lingering doubts and mis-

givings dissolving. But when, a little later, Montmorency lounged out of the study, and the door shut him off from the sight of his chums, the easy indifference dropped from his handsome face like a cloak thrown aside.

That handsome, aristocratic face looked worn, almost haggard, and the eyes had a hunted look.

"What infernal luck!" He muttered the words low. "Kettle knows, Mr. Lurchey came down on his and Rawson knows, and now that hands and knees in the dusty road, | brute Lurchey!" He gritted his teeth. "But I'll beat them all! I'll "Now travel!" admonished Bulke- | play the game out! But-but if they

could tell them—" At the thought a feeling almost of physical sickness came over the pretender. He leaned on the wall, his face pale, his brow moody.

Tubby Muffin came along the passage. There was no fellow at Rookwood who had been more thoroughly snubbed by the snob of the Fourth than Tubby. But Tubby was prepared to forgive everything at a moment's notice. He paused to

speak, with a friendly grin. "Hallo! Feelin' down, old chap?" he asked sympathetically.

Instantly Montmorency was the cold, impassive, scornful dandy again. He had learned to play his part until it was second nature to him. Or perhaps it was his real nature, for he Lurchey, and his still more amazing had been haughty and scornful in the days when, as a page-boy in buttons, his life's ambition had been to become a butler some day.

He turned his eyeglass on Muffin.

contemptuously. "I think I've asked you before not to address me, Muffin," he said distinctly. "Do you want to be

kicked?" "Yah!" snorted Tubby Muffin indignantly. "Yah! I heard that chap

| Yah! Huggins!" And the fat Classical fled just in time to escape a drive from Cecil Cuthbert's elegant boot.

### The 3rd Chapter. The Only Way!

"Come in!" sang out Jimmy

Silver. The Fistical Four were at prep in the end study, when a tap came at the door. It was Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency who lounged elegantly

Lovell grunted, and went on with his work. He did not like the snob of Rookwood, and made no secret of the fact. Raby and Newcome looked up, and looked down again. But Jimmy Silver, constrained by polite-

ness, gave Cecil Cuthbert a nod. "Interruptin' you?" asked Montmorency, with a lofty manner that indicated that he did not care whether he was interrupting the juniors or

"Well, yes," said Jimmy. "Prep, you know. But cut in if there's anything you want to say."

"I won't keep you long," said Montmorency, leaning in an elegant attitude on the mantelpiece. seems that you had some talk with that extraordinary loafer who kicked up a row at the gates an hour or two

"He talked to us," said Jimmy

shortly. "It's rather odd, isn't it?"

"Very!" said Jimmy. "Most unfortunate for me to happen to look like some cad named Huggins," drawled Montmorency. "I suppose it might happen to any

"I suppose it might." Jimmy's manner was dry. Ever since the snob of Rookwood had refused to play in the same team with Rawson, the scholarship junior, Jimmy had not taken the trouble to conceal his contempt for the great Monty. And the possibility that the snob was also a pretender of an origin more humble than Rawson's added to

his contempt. "But, to come to business," pursued Montmorency. "It's awkward for me, and I'm thinkin' of takin' measures. That loafer can't be allowed to bother a gentleman like this. I'm thinkin' of speakin' to the police at Coombe about it."

Lovell looked up. "You can't have a man run in for calling you Huggins," he said, "and you might have to explain why he called you Huggins, if you could."

Montmorency did not heed that remark. "Have you any idea where the man is to be found, Silver?" he asked. "Is he stoppin' in Coombe, do you

know?" "I should think he was staying at the Bird-in-Hand."

"Where on earth's that?" "It's the pub you pass as you go

into the village." "Oh, yaas; I think I've noticed it -just the place where such a loafer would put up, I dare say. The police will be able to find him there, and warn him, no doubt."

"No doubt!" assented Jimmy.

"Thanks." Montmorency contrived to drawl the word "thanks" in a tone that implied that he was not thankful in the least, and sauntered out of the study. Arthur Edward Lovell kicked the door shut after him.

"That fellow gives me a bad taste in the mouth!" he grunted. "I can't stand him! Fancy his hurting poor in fact, he did not like the snob of I "What's the matter, Monty?" he ley. "I don't want to handle you, knew what Lurchey old Rawson's feelings as he did, and

if turns out that he's a sort of a manservant himself!" "It's not proved," murmured

Jimmy. Snort from Lovell.

"That ruffian knew what he was talking about! It's as plain as anything that the Hugginses have got money from somewhere, and changed their name to Montmorency. Not an uncommon thing these days," added Lovell, with another snort. "The sergeant knew him as soon as he clapped eyes on him, and now there's Lurchey."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "Well, it's legal for a chap to change his name if he pays the fee and has it done in order," he re-

marked. "I know that! But he's no right to swank, and out-Herod Herod with his dashed uppishness!" grunted Lovell. "Swank from a real Montmorency would be dashed bad form, but from a rotten upstart—pah!"

To which Jimmy Silver made no rejoinder. As a matter of fact, he shared the sentiments of his emphatic

chum.

Indifferent to the opinion of the end study-outwardly, at least-Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency sauntered down the passage and down the stairs. He exchanged nods with several fellows he was friendly with-Mornington, and Townsend, and Topham, and Smythe of the Shell, and Tracy and Howard-but he did not stop to speak to any of them. The clear summer moonlight in the quadrangle seemed to attract him, and he sauntered out of the house.

Once out of sight of the other fellows, however, he did not saunter. He broke into a run and reached the school wall. There he pulled a cap out from under his jacket and clapped it on his head. After a quick glance round into the dusky shadows, he clambered over the wall.

It was a rather serious matter for a Rookwood junior to break bounds after lock-up, but Montmorency did not seem to give that a thought. From calling-over to bed-time he was not likely to be missed. And even if his excursion was to be discovered, its object was not likely to be guessedby the Head or the masters, at least.

walked away very quickly. Keeping in the shadow of the trees by the lane, he hurried on towards

He dropped into the road, and

the village. In a short time he was in sight of the Bird-in-Hand, the dingy-looking inn that lay back a little from the road on the outskirts of Coombe. It was a place not unknown to some of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood; but Montmorency so far had not shared in the escapades of Peele & Co., and the Bird-in-Hand was new territory to him.

Lights were gleaming from the low windows, and the sound of a raucous chorus came from within. Montmorency looked at the place with a black and gloomy brow. He had come there to see Mr. Lurchey-he had to see him. But to penetrate into the dingy, disreputable place was not only distasteful, but dangerous for a Rookwood fellow. He could not enter openly and ask for the man he sought, but he had to see him. That was imperative, if Horace Lurchey was not to pay another visit to Rookwood, which might have more disastrous results for the pretender.

For a long time he stood, pondering anxiously, and at last he entered the side path that ran by the inn. From some talk he had heard among Peele & Co., he knew of that path, and of a veranda at the back of the house by way of which the Giddy Goats paid their surreptitious visits. He found himself at the back, and looked up anxiously at a lighted window that glimmered on the shabby veranda.

"Hallo! What are you doin' 'ere?" came a gruff voice, and a heavy hand fell upon Montmorency's shoulder.

He started, his heart throbbing. It was a stableman who had come suddenly upon him, and was evidently suspicious at finding someone lurking in the dark at the back of the inn. He held Montmorency's shoulder tightly and peered into his face.

"It's all right, my man!" breathed Montmorency.

"Is it? Looking for what you can lay your 'ands on?" "I-I've called to see a man stay-

ing here," said Montmorency hurriedly. "I-I want to go in quietly." The stableman grinned. By this time he had discerned that Monmorency was a well-dressed schoolboy, and he thought he understood. He had seen Peele and Smythe about

the place before. There was a glimmer of silver, and the man's manner became respectful at once as a couple of half-crowns

were slipped into his hand. "I catch on, sir," he grinned. "I

understand. It's all right, sir, jest as you say. Who might you want to see, sir—Mr. 'Ook?"

"No, no; a man named Lurchey. Can you take me in quietly to see him?" whispered Montmorency. ". -I mustn't be seen here, you know." "I know, sir. You foller me."

With a beating heart, Montmorency followed the stableman into the veranda, where a door was tapped and opened. Montmorency blinked into the light of a smoky room.

"Young gentleman to see you, Lurchey," said the man; and he grinned, pushed Montmorency inside, and closed the door after him.

### The 4th Chapter, An Old Pal!

Montmorency caught his breath in the tobacco-laden atmosphere of the room. There had been a time when such an atmosphere was familiar to him, and such dens as the Bird-in-Hand not unfamiliar. But that was | in the days before new-found wealth had turned Huggins into Mont-

morency. Horace Lurchey was seated at a table, smoking, and playing cards | turnin' up your nose, even in them with a fat, red-faced man-Mr. Hook, the bookmaker, though Montmorency | though my job was as good as

did not know him. and burst into a laugh as he saw the | to gettin' a job as under-footman-ha, | them by-what? By assuming a pale-faced junior on the threshold.

jovially. "Come to see your old pal, I turning out like this 'ere? Was I bluest blood, and was ludicrous, as

post-office," said Montmorency. "The name of Huggins is not known at the school."

"So I found out to-day," assented the grinning rascal. "It's Montmorency now. Ha, ha! You took a whopper while you was about it, George."

"It was my uncle, of course. My uncle's name is Montmorency." "'Ow much did it cost him?"

Montmorency set his teeth hard. He was longing to plant his clenched fist full in the grinning, insolent face. But he dared not. A few words from Horace Lurchey would have torn to tatters the fabric of pretence and falsehood in which the wretched upstart was clothed as in a garment.

The rascal knew his power, and he was enjoying the situation.

"Who'd have thought it, George?" he went on. "In them days when you was page at Goby Hall-"

"Hold your tongue!" hissed Montmorency fiercely.

"Page in buttons you was," pursued Lurchey, unheeding. "And very handsome and nobby you looked in them buttons. You was always days-lookin' down on me, too,

yourn. When old Goby sacked me,

He shuddered. "My uncle has adopted me," he said at last, in a low voice. "I have

taken his name." "His name? Ha, ha!"

"His legal name now, at any rate," said Montmorency fiercely. "You had better be careful, Lurchey. You were kicked out of Goby Hall for stealing, you scoundrel!"

"I served my three months," said Lurchey coolly, "and now I can't get another job without a character, I've dropped on an old pal who's playing the grand duke at a big school. Wot luck for 'Orace! 'Ow much do you owe me, George?"

"I owe you nothin', you hound!" "You want me to drop in at Rookwood, and mention certain things about boys in buttons and servants'halls?" grinned Lurchey. "Is there a covey there that would speak to you, arter they knew?"

"Plenty!" said Montmorency savagely. "Plenty, if they'd known all along, and I hadn't taken them in. Plenty, if-if-"

He broke off. It was in his mind that Jimmy Silver & Co., at least, would have thought none the worse of him for his origin, if he had played a straightforward and manly part. That was all they would have Lurchey rose to his feet, startled, | you was still there, lookin' forward | cared about. But he had alienated ha!—when you growed up a bit. 'Ow | snobbish pride that would have been "Hallo, George!" he exclaimed on earth did it appen, George—you contemptible in a grandee of the

"Do you think I'm made of money, you fool? exclaimed Montmorency

shrilly. "You look as if you was," answered Mr. Lurchey calmly.

"That clobber and gold watchchain never did you in for less'n fifty quid. You're rolling in it, George. You must 'ave been telling the truth at Goby Hall about a rich uncle, when we all thought you was swanking as usual. A fiver a week will keep your old pal a mile off Rookwood."

"I - I'll write to my - my

"Oh, do!" said Lurchey. "Write to him as much as you like. Until he answers, keep up the fiver every week, unless you want me to drop in at Rookwood and tell 'em about the 'aughty Montmorency washin' plates and touching his 'at at Goby 'All. Remember the time when old Sir Gilbert twisted your ear, George, for tellin' lies-"

"Silence!" hissed Montmorency. "You used to say 'Stow it!' in them days," grinned Lurchey. "I haven't seen the colour of the fiver yet, George."

Montmorency glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece and started. It was nearly ten-bed-time for the juniors at Rookwood. He took out a handsome Russia-leather pocketbook, and extracted a five-pound note, which he tossed across the table to the grinning rogue opposite.

"I'll see what's to be done!" he muttered. "Meanwhile, you keep away and hold your tongue!"

"Done-till the next fiver's due!" Without replying to that, Montmorency turned and hurried from the room, and as he groped his way out of the dark veranda, he heardwithout answering—the mocking farewell of Mr. Lurchey:

"Good-night, George! Good-bye, Gentleman George!"

### The 5th Chapter. Painful Prospects!

"Montmorency!"

Mr. Dalton spoke very sharply as a breathless junior came into the School House at Rookwood at a quarter past

"Yes, sir?"

"What does this mean, Montmorency?" exclaimed the master of the Fourth. "You have been out of gates after lock-up and have remained till after bed-time." "Yaas."

Two or three of the Sixth were near, and they glanced curiously at Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency as he answered his Form-master. There was a cool, quiet impertinence in Montmorency's manner—as if he recognised, and wished to emphasise, the difference in social standing between a Montmorency and a mere Form-master at a school.

Certainly, no one at that moment could have guessed that the lofty and impertinent youth who "cheeked" his Form-master, had been addressed only a short time before on equal terms by a character like Mr. Lurchey.

Mr. Dalton coloured a little. "Where have you been, Montmorency?" he asked very quietly. "I felt inclined for a stroll, sir."

"Is that all?" "Naturally. I'm sorry I'm late for dorm," added Montmorency, his tone-as usual-implying that his "sorrow" was only a matter of polite form.

"I shall punish you severely for this breach of discipline, Montmorency," said Mr. Dalton. "Follow me to my study."

In Mr. Dalton's study the lofty Cecil Cuthbert received four cuts, well laid on, and was dismissed to his dormitory. There was a buzz of voices from a dozen beds as he came into the dorm and turned on the

"Here he is!" "Been to see Lurchey, Huggins?" squeaked Tubby Muffin.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Shut up!" said Jimmy Silver, glancing at Montmorency's set face. "Can't you see he's been through it? He's been licked. Shut up, all of

"Uncle James" word was law, and Montmorency was suffered to go to bed in peace. But it was a long time before his eyes closed in slumber. He had staved off exposure -for the present, at least-but he had a thorny path to tread at Rockwood;

the future was full of uncertainty for "Gentleman George."

THE END.

("Living a Lie!" is a long complete Rookwood story in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. There is also a long complete Jimmy Silver yarn in the "Popular" each week. Order next Friday's copy TO-DAY!)



"Silence!" hissed Montmorency fiercely. "You used to say 'Stow it!' in them days at the 'All, George," grinned Lurchey. "I 'aven't seen the colour of that fiver yet." The junior extracted a five-pound note from his pocket-book and tossed it across the table to the grinning rogue opposite.

arter all? Didn't want me to call tomorrer--what?"

"I-I want a word with you," said Montmorency, almost appealingly, and he made a gesture towards Joey Hook.

That fat and ruddy gentleman rose. "You'll skuse us for a bit, 'Ook?" said Mr. Lurchey. "I've got some business with this young gent."

"If the young gent ever wants to do a bit of business in my line," said Mr. Hook graciously, "I'll be 'appy to oblige him."

And the fat bookmaker quitted the

Mr. Lurchey lighted a fresh cigarette, and then stood, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, regarding Montmorency with an insolent grin. "'Ave a smoke, George?" he asked.

"No, no!" "Given it up?" asked Mr. Lurchey. "You used to 'ave a fag on now and then when you was below stairs at the 'All."

Montmorency winced. The coarse familiarity of the loafer cut him like a whip, as well as the reminder of early days he would fain have forgotten.

Horace Lurchey chuckled.

"Fancy meeting you up in the world like this 'ere!" he said. "When I saw you in a car with two young gents, you could 'ave knocked me down with a feather. You could reely! 'This is a bit of orlright for me, I says to myself. George is goin' strong,' I says, 'and he won't refuse to 'and out a little to an old pal,' I says. I wrote to you-"

"The letter was sent back to the

The Favourite ALL-Story Paper. Out on Wed., June 22nd.

there some truth in the yarns you used to spin in the servants'-hall about your rich uncle?"

Montmorency bit his lip till the blood almost came.

If Rookwood fellows should hear the rascal talking like this-if they should learn that Montmorency's haughty manners had first been displayed among the footmen in old Sir Gilbert Goby's mansion—that he had been the dandy of the servants'-hall!



The greatest heart-interest story for boys ever written-a grand drama of schoolboy life at Millford College. Make sure you read the opening chapters this week in



well as contemptible, in the presumptuous upstart. "If!" mimicked Lurchey. "Why, I know 'ow you has carried on, jest

as if I'd seen you at the game. You look like a gentleman, George, but you ain't one by long chalks. They called you Gentleman George at Goby Hall-downstairs. But you was proud in a way that a gentleman ain't; and I'll bet you've made 'arf the fellers hate you by puttin' on airs; and if there's any poor beggar down on his luck, you've rubbed it into him-what? Don't I know you?"

The wretched junior winced again, Lurchey indeed did know him. "Well, what's the figure?" asked

Lurchey. "I ain't keen on making visits where I ain't wanted. If I'd known as you hadn't got my letter, I wouldn't 'ave walked up to Rookwood to-day. I'd have given you a chance. You're a snob and a purseproud upstart, George, but I don't want to 'urt you-not if you treat me decent. What's the figure?"

"A fiver, if you'll clear out and not come back," said Montmorency huskily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Horace Lurchey fairly laid back his head and roared. Montmorency watched him angrily till he had had his laugh out.

"Never knowed you was such a funny cove, George!" gasped Mr. Lurchey, wiping his eyes. "Look here-"

"Make it a fiver now," said Mr. Lurchey, "and the same every week, and we'll see."

# A LONCOMPLETE TALE OF FRANK RICHARDS IN THE GREAT NORTH WEST

Published

Every Monday



### The 1st Chapter. Startling News!

The moon at intervals gleamed out through dark ridges of cloud. Incessantly a fine, drizzling rain came down on the trail-soft, silent, but incessant.

Frank Richards was muffled to the ears in a long waterproof cloak, with a sou'-wester pulled down over his ears and forehead. Little more than his nose was visible as he peered ahead on the shadowy trail, guiding

his horse with a sure hand. Frank half regretted that he had not stopped for the night at Dusty "I guess you did-just a few! Bar. Fine, clear moonlight had tempted him to push forward on the trail down the mountains. He was three or four miles out of Dusty when

the rain came on. Now he was in for it, and he rode on as cheerfully as he could at a moderate pace, for the rain made the

rocks slippery. Several times during the last few minutes he had thought that he heard a sound of hoof-beats ahead. He was not very anxious to meet a fellow-traveller on that lonely trail.

With four hundred dollars in his belt,

he needed to be wary. Clatter, clatter!

The hoof-beats were unmistakable now, and they were coming towards him.

It was evidently a reckless rider who was galloping at such a pace on the slippery trail.

Frank pulled in his horse to wait for the stranger to pass him. Under his black waterproof his hand rested on the butt of the revolver in his belt. His late adventures in the Cascade Mountains had taught him to be on his guard.

watery light fell on the trail and the weeping larches that bounded it on either side.

A horseman leaped suddenly, as it were, out of the shadow as the moon shone within ten yards of Frank.

He was coming on at a gallop, but at the sight of the black-cloaked figure sitting the horse in the trail he stopped.

To Frank's astonishment, the horse in a great hurry, so suddenly | funeral, ain't it?" that the animal almost slipped over. The next moment the man's hands went up over his head.

"Let up!" he shouted. Frank stared at him blankly.

For the moment he did not comprehend the actions of the stranger, and then it suddenly dawned upon his mind that the man had mistaken him for a "rustler"—a robber of the trail.

Without waiting for the expected "Hands up!" the man had put up his hands in token of surrender.

Frank burst into a laugh.

"Don't shoot, pard!" went on the man, keeping his hands elevated above his head. "Let up, old man. I'm durned if I knew the trail was watched this end. I guess I wouldn't have lit out if I'd known. You've got me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank, greatly tickled by the peculiar situa-

tion. "What do you take me for?" The man blinked at him. "Ain't you one of the Black

Sacks?" he asked. "The what?"

"The Black Sack Gang."

"Oh!" said Frank. He remembered now that he had of in Dusty Bar, though he had not paid much heed.

"No," said Frank, laughing, "nothing of the kind. I'm a traveller, going down the mountain to Gold

"Jerusalem!" The stranger dropped his hands, with a gasp of relief, and rode closer to the schoolboy of Cedar Creek, peering at him.

"I guess I took you for one of the gang watching the trail," he said. "You look the part, stranger."

"I'm sorry I startled you," said Frank.

You're from Dusty, I reckon?"

"You'd better turn round and hustle back to Dusty," said the horseman. "I'm going thar, if the hoss holds out. The Black Sacks are out on the trail between here and Gold Brick, and it ain't safe, I guess. They held us up and roped in the boss, and I reckon I had a close call getting away-a bullet through my hat, by gum! Coming on?"

"Hold on!" said Frank. "Who the thump are the Black Sack Gang?"

guess they're rustlers, but nobody knows who they are, as they cover their heads with black sacks when they're on the trail. That's why I took you for one of them in that rig."

"And they held you up?" asked Frank.

"They sure did."

"And your boss?" "They got him, I reckon. I saw him yanked off'n his horse."

"And you left him?" "I guess I wasn't stopping to argue. I guess his nibs was paying Sam Slick The moon emerged once more, and to guide him, not to scrap with rustlers," answered the man coolly. "I reckon they won't hurt him. They only want his spondulics. He's a big prize for the Black Sacks-a real Jimdandy from the Old Country." Sam Slick chuckled. "I reckoned I warned him this was dangerous country, but he only blinked at me through a glass eye, and said, 'Really!' I guess they'll make his lordship pay through the nose afore stranger dragged in his panting they let him go. Waal, it's his

"His lordship?" asked Frank. "A real old high-stepper," said Mr.

Slick. "Lord St. Austells, from the Old Country, doing the sights of Canada! I guess he'd have done better to stick to the railroad. The Black Sack Gang will squeeze him

Frank Richards gave a start. "Lord St. Austells!" he repeated. "Sure."

Sam Slick glanced back along the

There was no sound to be heard, save the dropping of the rain from the firs and larches.

"I guess I'm clear," he remarked. "But I'm going on. You'd better do the same, stranger."

With that, Mr. Slick set his horse in motion again, and galloped on towards Dusty Bar.

But Frank Richards did not follow

He sat his horse in the trail in the rain, thinking hard. For Lord St. Austells was the uncle of his old by the darkness. chum, Vere Beauclerc, of Cedar Creek School, the brother of Vere's father, the remittance-man.

heard of the Black Sack Gang spoken | as he knew, his lordship had never | been in Canada. His younger son, Algernon, had paid a visit to Cedar | pated.

"Ain't you?" persisted the horse- | Creek, and Frank remembered him

His lordship had fallen into the hands of the Black Sack Gang, and his guide, who evidently believed that discretion was the better part of valour, had left him there.

Frank Richards thought hard. It did not seem likely that he could do much to help a man in the hands of a gang of desperate rustlers, but it went against the grain to ride away without an effort to help his chum's relation.

His mind was made up at last. Mr. Slick, urging on his weary

by the trail.

The next gleam of the moon would have revealed him to the approaching horsemen, and already there was a vestige of silver among the clouds.

He pushed into cover with his horse, and, standing among the trees, with his hand over the horse's muzzle, he watched the trail breathlessly.

The horsemen were proceeding at a walk; he heard the slow hoof-beats, and a jingle of bridle and bit.

Through the darkness came a glimmer of silver light, strengthening as the moon sailed out from the banks of cloud.

For a few minutes the trail was revealed for a good distance in either direction.

Keeping well in cover, Frank watched.

Six horsemen came in sudden sight, riding in single file up the wet, rocky

trail. Five of them were disguised in a strange, bizarre way-black sacks being drawn down over their heads as low as their belts.

The sacks were drawn in a little to the neck, and slits were cut for eyes and mouth.

Frank needed no further evidence that he had fallen in with the Black Sack Gang.

After a glance at the rustlers his eyes were fixed upon the horseman who wore no disguise-evidently the prisoner who had been deserted by Sam Slick.

He saw a rather handsome man, with a white moustache, in ridingclothes of a very elegant cut. The prisoner's feet were tied loosely under his horse, and his hands were secured to his sides. His horse was led by a trail-rope, held by the rustler who rode in front of him.

Frank slipped from his horse, and abandoning his chum's uncle in the led the animal into a thicket of firs hands of the rustlers.

Whether it would be possible to make some desperate attempt to rescue the prisoner, he did not know; his present thought was to keep the rascals in sight.

With a thumping heart, but a cool head, Frank Richards rode in the wake of the Black Sack Gang, one hand on the revolver in his belt.

He breathed hard, as the moon glimmered among the clouds again. The rain had almost ceased.

In the faint light, on the trail barred by the shadows of the tall larches, there was little to distinguish him in looks from the rest of the file of horsemen, who rode several yards apart.

But as the moon glimmered out, the last rustler in the file turned his head. staring back along the trail through the eyeholes in the sack.

Frank Richards was six or seven yards behind him.

The man stared through the eyeholes, and called out something that Frank did not catch; but just then his horse slipped on the wet rocks, and he had to give all his attention to

the animal. The trail ahead was widening, and only two rustlers were in sight of

Frank Richards as the moon shone. Frank's heart was throbbing, but his hand was firm on his revolver.

He knew that the last rustler had heard his horse, and had been surprised by the sound, as he had supposed himself last in the line.

But Frank's look, in the dim light, was enough to reassure him-added to the fact that his horse needed care on the slippery trail.

That a stranger, in appearance like the Black Sacks themselves, had joined the file on the lonely trail, was too improbable for the rustler to suspect it.



Frank Richards bent over the senseless rustler and loosened the black sack that disguised him. It was his intention to become a "Black Sack" himself, for a time at least, for it was necessary for the successful working of the plan upon which he had hit and upon which so much depended.

horse, had vanished up the trail, and his horse's hoof-beats had long died

Instead of following him, Frank Richards resumed his former route, following the shadowy trail down the mountain.

He knew that he was riding into deadly peril, but he did not hesitate. With a beating heart, he rode down the trail, his eyes keenly on the lookout for the rustlers.

### The 2nd Chapter. The Black Sacks!

Frank Richards drew rein sud-

The moon was hidden, and the trail was black, and through the blackness there came to his ears the sound of hoofs approaching him. He listened intently.

Five or six horsemen were coming up the trail, hidden from him as yet

Frank felt a thrill.

It was close upon midnight, and at that hour of a rainy night it was un-Frank had never seen him. So far | likely enough that travellers would be on the trail. He had come upon the rustlers sooner than he had antici-

- The file of riders passed within six | yards of the schoolboy watching from the thicket.

They rode in complete silence. Not a sound, save the tread of the horses and jingle of harness, reached Frank, as he stood, silent and breathless.

They had not quite passed him when deep shadow fell on the trail again as the moon disappeared.

Only the jingle a few yards from him told him that they were there. Frank did not need telling that the rascals were heading for some den in the foothills, where their valuable prisoner was to be placed in security.

and where, probably, their plunder

was stored or divided after a raid. Frank did not stop to think now. He mounted his horse, and pushed out of the thicket, falling into the trail behind the rustlers, making a last in the file.

He knew that he would be revealed as soon as the moon shone again; but in his black cloak and sou-wester, he was very like, in appearance, to the rustlers themselves, as Sam Slick's mistake had shown.

That was the thought, or, rather, intuition, upon which he acted. It was a desperate step; but there

was no alternative between that and

Evidently he had concluded that one of his comrades, whom he had supposed to be in front, was bringing up the rear. It was this that Frank had hoped,

and fortune had favoured him-as it is said to favour the brave.

The rustler who had looked back little dreamed of the narrow escape he had had-for had he ridden back to investigate, a revolver was ready under Frank's rain-cloak to greet him.

Fortunately, he was satisfied, and rode on, and Frank followed him. And in silence, save for the faint jingle of harness, and the horses' tread, the strange file wound on into the foothills.

### The 3rd Chapter. In the Rustlers' Retreat!

"Halt!"

The order came from the leader of the file half an hour later. The riders had quitted the well-marked trail that ran between Gold Brick and Dusty Bar, turning into apparently untrodden wilds, through dim gulches and ravines. But the Black Sacks evidently knew the way well, for they rode on without a pause—and behind

(Continued overleaf.)

them rode Frank Richards. An occasional glimpse of the moon showed him wild rocks and boulders, firs and larches and gaunt pines, but no trace of a trail. But the dark clouds had been massing over the moon, and the glimpses of faint light were now few and far between.

The order to halt came at last from the leader, and the horsemen drew rein, Frank Richards following the

example of the rest. In the gloom he could see little. The Black Sack Gang were only faintly moving shadows to his eyes.

The cavalcade had reached the end of a blind ravine. So far as Frank could make out there was no egress. Ahead of them loomed up a dark wall of rock.

"Hank!" rapped out the leader.

"Hallo, cap'n!"

"Get in first with the prisoner!" "Sure."

Frank Richards waited, with beating heart. It was difficult to distinguish the rustlers from the shadows and the nodding trees by the cliff; he could not pick out the prisoner now, or the leader, or the man addressed as "Hank." But he heard a sound of horses pushing on, and then, suddenly, startlingly, came the sound of a ringing bell.

The sound, in such a place, was startling enough. But it did not seem to surprise the rustlers; none of them spoke.

Clang!

It was a second stroke of the bell. It dawned upon Frank's mind that this was some signal at the entrance to the rustlers' retreat, and his heart sank a little. He had hoped to push in unsuspected in the darkness, but

the clang of the bell evidently gave

warning as each horseman passed. But it was too late now for retreat, even if Frank had thought of retreat. He was no longer the last of a line. The horsemen were in a bunch under the great cliff; one of them

was only a yard from Frank. Frank determined to make the nearest man his guide, for in the gloom he could see nothing but the towering cliff. But he understood now that there was some opening through which the rustlers passed.

Clang! The ball sounded a third time, as a third horseman passed through the narrow opening in the cliff.

The man next to Frank pushed his horse on, and Frank followed just contriving to keep the shadowy figure in sight.

Clang! Frank understood now as he drew

closer.

There was a rift in the great cliff, scarcely two feet wide, and into this the horsemen were pushing, one after another. Hank and the prisoner had gone in first, two of the rustlers had followed, and now Frank Richards was to be the fifth to enter.

As his horse stepped into the narrow opening, his heart throbbed again. He could see nothing but a faint shadow of the rustler ahead of him, and two dim walls of rock that closed him in on either side.

There was a sudden sinking under his horse for a second.

Clang!

The bell rang a fifth time.

Frank Richards realised that in one spot the rocky floor of the gully had been excavated, the pit being covered by a wooden planking.

Under the planking the bell swung, and it was so adjusted as to ring when there was a tread on the plank above. It was a cunning signal to warn the rustlers of any approach of an

enemy to their hidden retreat. Frank Richards rode on down the narrow gully, against the walls of which his stirrups brushed as he rode. Clang!

The bell rang behind him as another rustler came in, riding after Frank Richards.

Retreat was more than ever impossible now, for a horse could not have turned in the passage, and the way behind was blocked by the incoming rustlers. Frank could only ride on, knowing that when the bell rang for a seventh time the rascals would learn that a stranger had joined their ranks.

Clang! From the darkness somewhere came

a startled voice. "What's that? The bell again!"

"That's seven-" From behind came an oath.

"Who's that-who-stand back,

"It's me!"

""You, cap'n!"

prisoner-that's six. But the bell went seven!"

"Oh Jerusalem! But how

"What does it matter how—the bell tells the truth, you fool! Keep your gun handy, while I close up the rock. There's a stranger in the gulch, and he's not to get out alive, I guess!' "Sure, cap'n!"

Frank Richards heard every savage word behind him as he rode on through the winding, narrow rift.

There was a crash, and he realised that a heavy boulder had been rolled out of some opening in the rocky wall to close up the passage.

Then hoofs came on behind him

again.

Publishea

Every Monday

He rode on, with beating heart. The narrow passage ended at last, opening out into a gulch, hemmed in by steep cliffs. A red light gleamed through the darkness from a stove burning in a log cabin.

Three or four rough shacks stood by the side of a tiny rippling stream in the gulch.

The outlaws were gathering at that spot; but Frank Richards did not follow them there. As soon as he was in the open

gulch he turned off into the open to keep as clear of the rustlers as he But the gulch was narrow; scarcely

twenty yards separated the steeplysloping sides of rock, patched here and there by pines and firs.

There was little room for hiding. The rest of the rustlers came out of the narrow passage into the gulch, and Frank heard a buzzing of excited voices.

He halted, and looked round. In the glow of light from a cabin he saw the prisoner taken from his horse and led in.

Then the "Black Sacks" gathered in an excited group. Above the muttering he heard the sharp, rapping tones of the captain.

"The bell can't lie, you foolsthere's a stranger in the gulch! The passage is closed, and he can't get out. Search for him, and shoot

on sight!" "You bet, cap'n!"

One of the rustlers emerged from a shack with a blazing pinewood A moment more, and the were spread about the ruffians narrow gulch, searching for the intruder.

Frank Richards slipped from his horse, tethering the animal in a

patch of thicket. The flare of the blazing torch lit up the darkness, only a short distance from him.

The schoolboy of Cedar Creek was almost cornered; there was no escape by the way he had come. And, instead of aiding the prisoner, it was clear now that he had to fight for his life.

With his revolver gripped in his hand, he stepped out of the thicket, his eyes turned upon the rustlers.

There was a sudden shout. The red flare of the torch showed him up against the dark rocks, and for a moment he was full in view. And, in the sudden light, the rustlers could see that he was not in the black sack disguise worn by the rest of the gang. His garb had passed without notice in the dim glimpses of the moon; but, in the torchlight, it was a different matter.

"Thar he is!" "Shoot!" yelled the captain.

Frank Richards turned and scrambled away among the rocks, with bullets spattering behind him as he

The 4th Chapter. Frank Richards to the Rescue!

With loud shouts to one another, the Black Sack Gang hunted among the rocks for the intruder. In the darkness, among the broken boulders and patches of thicket, Frank Richards dodged and wound, and for a time he eluded the search. But he knew that it could not last. The rustlers knew now that he was there—that he was clad differently from themselves, and it was only a question of time-probably of minutes-before they sighted him again. Frank's brain worked quickly.

In his cloak and sou'-wester he was easily recognisable if the torchlight fell on him again, and a desperate plan had already formed in his mind.

He stopped his flight at last, and crouched silently in a crevice of the cliff, waiting, with throbbing heart. The rustlers were trampling among the rocks, shouting and calling to one "Hold your tongue, Bocus Bill, another, sometimes in twos, someyou fool!" came a savage voice. times widely separated, as they searched for the stranger. The torch was flaring a score of yards away, "Yes; I guess I'm the last! And when a ruffian came trampling, there's a stranger among us—the bell revolver in hand, within a yard of rang seven times. Five of us and a I Frank's hiding-place.

Whether he would have passed the schoolboy unseen in the darkness, Frank did not know; but he did not give the ruffian time to pass.

As he came opposite the crevice Frank sprang out on him, his revolver clubbed by the barrel.

Before the ruffian knew he was at hand, the clubbed revolver came down with a crash.

With all the strength of Frank Richards' strong arm, it crashed on the rustler's head.

The man gave a low gasp, and there was a thud as he dropped senseless on the ground.

Frank Richards bent over him, his weapon ready for another blow; but it was not needed; the ruffian was stunned.

He lay like a log without a movement. Frank looked up. The torch | that's got into the gulch," he said, was flaring further off—the rustler's comrades had seen nothing. Frank picked the revolver from the fallen the passage through the cliff, durn man's hand, rose, and hurled it | through the air with all his strength. It fell with a clatter among the rocks out a cool ten thousand dollars." at a distance. The rustlers shouted, and rushed in the direction of the sound.

"There he is!" came a howl. The ruffians were on a false scent for the moment, at least. It gave the hunted schoolboy breathing-space.

He bent over the senseless rustler again, loosened the black sack that disguised him, and jerked it off. In a minute or less he had drawn

it over his head and shoulders, and fastened it on. That was the plan he had formed, and it had been successful, so far. He rolled the senseless rustler into

the crevice, as deep into the shadow as possible. There was a footstep a few yards away. Frank turned, to see a dark

"Seen him?" It was one of the rustlers. He flashed a lantern on Frank, but the

familiar black sack reassured him. Not a suspicion crossed his mind that the black sack concealed the stranger who had penetrated into the Oh!" outlaws' retreat.

"Not here!" muttered Frank gruffly.

"Durn him, where has he got to?" growled the man.

form close at hand.

Frank passed him, moving towards the group of shacks by the stream. There were slits in the sides of the sack to give free play to the arms; under the sack, he gripped his revolver. The ruffian with the torch came tramping by him, without a glance of suspicion. With savage oaths, the rascals continued the

search, while Frank approached the deserted shacks. He glanced in at the open doorway of the cabin in which the stove

burned and glowed. Near the stove, on the earthen floor, sat the prisoner, his hands bound to his sides.

He glanced up as Frank entered. Frank looked at Lord St. Austells with some curiosity. He saw a pale, handsome face, very like Vere Beauclerc's in feature. There was an expression of cold scorn on Lord St. Austells' face. He was a helpless prisoner in the hands of the Black Sack Gang, but it was evident from his look that his spirit was not

subdued. "Lord St. Austells!" said Frank

hurriedly.

The prisoner eyed him. "You can safely untie my hands, I think," he said. "You have me fairly safely here. Or you may put a bullet through my head, as you please. I assure you, on my word of honour, that you will obtain no ransom for my release. I will remain here the rest of my life before I pay a single shilling to such a gang of scoundrels."

There was a quiet determination in the earl's look and voice, which showed that he meant every word he

uttered. "You are mistaken," said Frank, in a low voice. "No time for talk now; but I'm here to save you."

The earl shrugged his shoulders. "Listen to me," said Frank hurriedly. "You may have heard of my name—I am the friend of your out, and his sack gone. The galoot nephew, Vere Beauclerc, of Cedar Creek School in the Thompson Valley-if you are Lord St. Austells."

"I am Lord St. Austells, but my nephew Vere has no friends among a gang of lawless outcasts."

"I am Frank Richards." The earl started. "I have heard that name," he said.

"My brother has mentioned it in his letters. But-" "I am here to save you. I have stunned one of those scoundrels, and taken his outfit," whispered Frank.

"You understand now?" "Good heavens!"
"Hush!"

the leader of the Black Sack Gang strode into the cabin.

Frank knew his voice as soon as he spoke.

What the thunder are you doing here?" he exclaimed, evidently taking Frank for one of the gang. "Why ain't you searching with the rest? Get a move on, you pesky fool!"

Frank quitted the cabin without a word. But he did not go far. He strode

away noisily a few yards, and then crept back on tiptoe.

The rustler captain had seated himself on a bench, with his boots stretched to the stove, cursing volubly as he did so. He turned a savage glare upon Lord St. Austells, evidently irritated by the coldly scornful expression on his prisoner's face.

with a curse. "But he won't get out alive. I've got a man on watch in you! You won't see the outside of this gulch again till you've handed

Lord St. Austells curled his lip. "I shall pay you nothing!" he said

contemptuously. "I reckon you'll sing a different tune when there's a rope twisted round your neck," said the rustler coolly. "You're the biggest prize that's ever come our way, and reckon we've been watching for you for a week or more, ever since you came up into the mountains, like the durn tenderfoot you are! You're

good for ten thousand dollars, and I

guess it's pay or pass in your checks.' "I have said my last word."

The ruffian uttered an oath. "You'll write a letter before you're an hour older, giving instructions for the cash to be paid!" he said threateningly.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!"

"Take that for a start." The ruffian leaped to his feet, and kicked the bound man brutally in the ribs with his heavy cowhide boot.

"I guess that will bring you to order!" he jeered. "And I reckon-

He broke off with a gasping cry, as the butt of a revolver crashed on the back of his head, and he dropped like a log to the floor.

### The 5th Chapter. By Luck and Pluck!

Frank Richards had struck the blow, and the leader of the Black Sack Gang lay stunned at his feet. Frank had not dealt lightly with him; he cared little, at that moment, whether the lawless rascal recovered or not. Lord St. Austells scrambled with difficulty to his feet.

"Is it—is it?" he panted. To his eyes, Frank's aspect was that of the Black Sacks, though his action told a different tale.

"It is I!" panted Frank. He drew the hunting-knife from his belt, and slashed through the rope that bound the prisoner's arms. "There's not a moment to lose; those scoundrels will be back here when they give up the search." He dragged the black sack from the rustler at his feet. "Get into this; it's a chance, at least—

"But-" Frank Richards gave an anxious

look from the doorway.

In the distance there was a loud shouting. Three of the rustlers were keeping up the search, and the shouting told that they had discovered their comrade, whose disguise Frank had borrowed.

Frank turned back quickly. "Come-quick! They've found out what I've done, and they may be back

here any minute. Quick!" Lord St. Austells, like a man in a dream, allowed the schoolboy to throw the black sack over his head.

He fastened it on mechanically. Frank grasped the rustler captain, and rolled him to the side of the cabin, and threw over him the bearskin that lay on the floor. Then, catching Lord St. Austells'

arm, he led him from the cabin. "Look out, cap'n!" The man with the torch came racing up. out! We've found Hank knocked we're looking for has taken it and rigged himself up. I guess he's rigged up as one of us, and he-"

The rustler broke off, sudden suspicion dawning upon his mind that it might be the very "galoot" he was speaking of, that he was speaking to.

He grasped his revolver. "I guess—" he began.

Crack! Frank Richards fired from under his sack before the ruffian could get farther, and there was a yell as the man went down with his knee shattered by the bullet.

"Help, boys! He's here!" yelled There was a footstep outside, and the rustler, as he rolled over. The FRIEND.)

torch fell, and blazed on the ground.

Frank Richards caught itb. Without the light, it was ficult to find his way to the rift inhe cliff that gave egress from the hidden gulch. He ran on, callin breath-

lessly to his companion to flow. From the darkness two ustlers came running.

"Is that you, cap'n-"
"What-"

"This way!" shouted rank. "They're escaping!"

Loud oaths answered him, at the two rustlers followed on, as lank, with the torch uplifted, ran tdards the rift.

The torchlight showed up the narrow split in the great cliff, and Frank and Lord St. Austells pluged "I guess it's some friend of yours | into it, with the two rustlers allost at their heels, but evidently thinkng that they were following the leadof their own comrades.

A lantern gleamed in the rift a dark face and a levelled rifle greetd Frank Richards, and he halted. Fe remembered the captain's words, the a watch was set in the passage+ doubtless the member of the gan who had been on guard in the retreat during the absence of the Black

Sacks on their raid. The sentry lowered his rifle, however, as his lantern gleamed on the black sacks that hid the faces of Frank Richards and Lord St. Austells.

he ejaculated. "Oh, you!" reckoned--" He had no time for more. Lord St. Austells was close on him, and he struck out with clenched fist, and

the man sprawled at his feet. "Well, hit!" gasped Frank. Lord St. Austells caught up the rifle as it clattered from the fallen ruffian's hand. He turned on the two Black Sacks who were following up the rift, and pulled trigger without a word. There was a yell of surprise and rage from the rustlers as they

"Come on!" gasped Frank. "Now's our chance." They ran up the winding rift, leaving the half-stunned sentry sprawling

turned and fled back into the gulch.

on the ground, dazed and helpless. Frank held up the torch as he ran. From behind came a confused shouting, but there was no pursuit for the moment. In five minutes more Frank stopped as a great boulder blocked the rift ahead. It was the rock the captain had rolled from a cave in the rocky wall, to close the passage after his entrance.

"Lend a hand!" panted Frank. They grasped the boulder, and rolled it back, and the way to free-

dom lay open before them. There were footsteps in the distance behind them now, echoing in the winding rift, and Frank Richards turned and blazed away with his revolver. The bullets chipped and rang on the rocky walls, without even reaching the rustlers; but the foot-

steps stopped. They won't hurry on if they think we're waiting here for them," said

Frank. "Come on!" Once on the open hillside they tossed aside the disguising black sacks. Lord St. Austells drew nearer to his young companion, and peered at him, as a glimmer of moonlight

showed through the clouds. "And you are Frank Richards?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frank. "My nephew's friend, whom my brother has often mentioned in his letters. But what can you possibly be doing here, alone in these wild mountains, a hundred miles from your home?"

Frank bit his lip. Lord St. Austells gave him a quick, searching look; but he nodded, and asked no further questions.

And without further words they started down the rocky hillside, plunging through thickets and tangled rocks and boulders, and the dawn was glittering on the Cascade Mountains by the time they found the trail to Gold Brick Camp.

Weary and footsore, Frank Richards and his companion limped into Gold Brick under the blaze of a noonday sun. Before they sought rest their story was told to the sheriff of Gold Brick, and in a short time a dozen armed men were riding for the retreat of the Black Sack Gang. They found the retreat, but the rustlers had fled in time. The rascals were still free; and Frank Richards, ere he looked his last on the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, was destined to

see the Black Sacks again. THE END.

("Frank Richards' Trust" is the title of the long complete tale of the schoolboy of the great North-West appearing in next Monday's Bumper Number of the Boys!