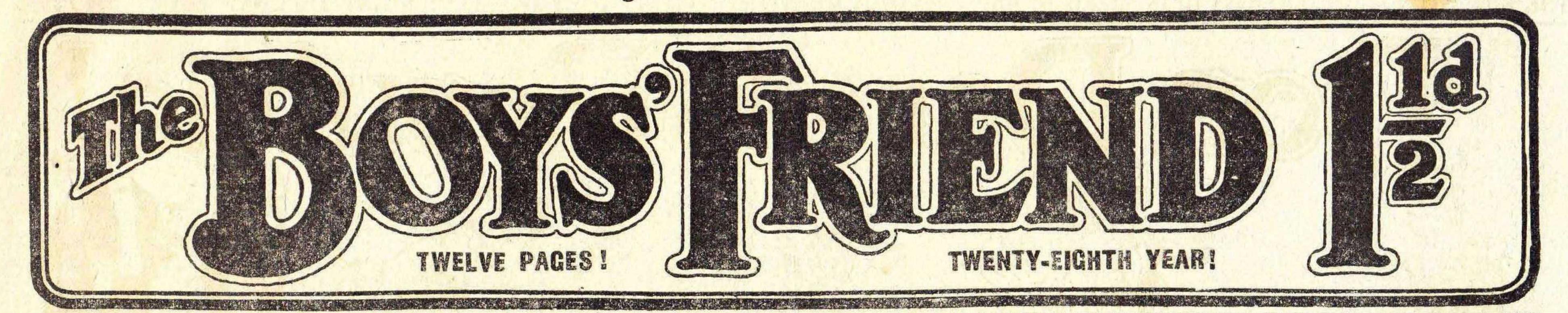
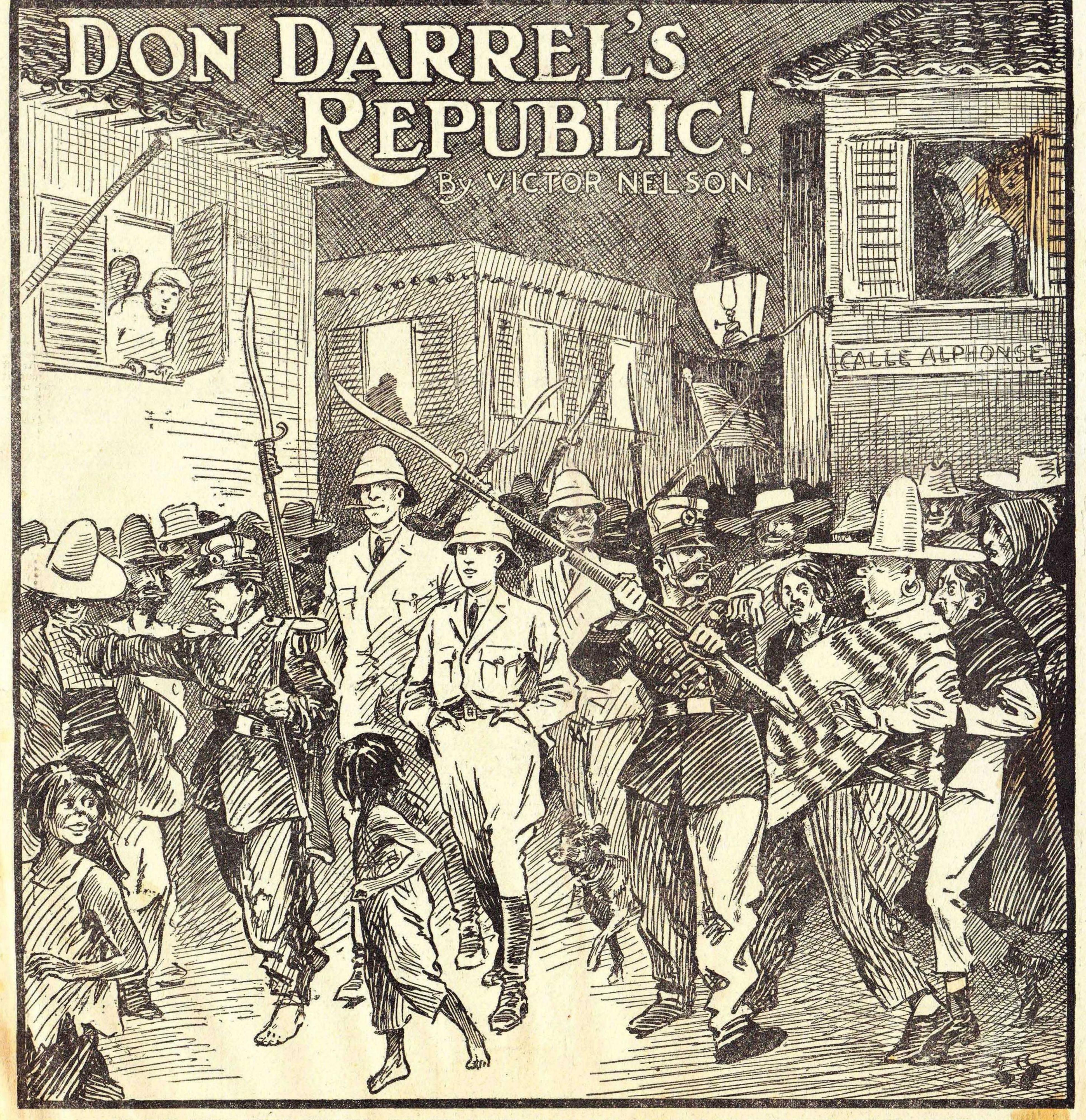
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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending February 25th, 1922



THE END OF THE GREAT REBELLION AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

By Owen Conquest.

Published

Every Monday



The 1st Chapter. Up Against It!

"We're in for it!"

Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark in rather dismal tones. Jimmy Silver nodded.

"We are!" he agreed. "We is!" There really was no doubt.

Jimmy Silver, whose motto was "Keep smiling," was looking very grave. Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked graver. Even the reckless Mornington was serious. And some of the Rookwood rebels were quite dismayed, and made no secret of the fact.

Rookwood School was buzzing with excitement.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and there were crowds of fellows in the quadrangle, gathering in groups and excitedly discussing what was going on in the School House.

Only the Fourth Form were not represented in the groups in the quad. The Fourth Form, Classical and Modern, were holding the fort on the dormitory staircase in the School House, barricaded with bedsteads, washstands, chairs, and other articles

of furniture. Hitherto, Jimmy Silver & Co.'s barring-out had been a great success. Fellows in other Forms had thought of joining them; the barring-out offering greater attractions than the usual grind in the Form-rooms. And Mr. Manders was as unpopular with other Forms as with the Fourth.

But matters had reached a climax. The rebels of Rookwood were "in for it," beyond the shadow of a

Jimmy Silver looked over the barricade, which had been defended with great success against several assaults. On the lower landing, a bulky, muscular man sat rubbing a bruised head. It was Bill Harker, the bargee of Latcham. Mr. Harker looked up, and caught Jimmy's eye, and scowled.

"You wait a bit!" he called out. "You wait till my mates come along, you young rip! You jest wait!"

"Bow-wow!" answered Jimmy Silver.

And Mr. Harker scowled again, and betook himself to rubbing his bruises, which were numerous and extensive.

Mr. Manders, the Modern master, temporary Head of Rookwood in the absence of Dr. Chisholm, appeared on the lower stairs.

He was not looking happy.

The present state of affairs worried him quite as much as it worried the rebellious Fourth.

The whole school was against the Rookwood tyrant, though only the Fourth were in active rebellion. The

prefects had refused their aid; the staff were scarcely on speaking terms with him. Somehow, Mr. Manders had to crush the rebellion his tyranny had provoked. He had adopted a rather desperate resource, in hiring three hefty bargees to come along to the school and deal with the barricaded rebels. Certainly he had expected them to carry all before them; after which he would have got rid of them as quickly as possible.

But it had turned out quite differently. Bill Harker & Co. had been beaten in the tussle; the only one of the bargees who had got over the barricade had been captured, and was now tied up in the dormitory, a prisoner of war. Bill Harker had sent off his other comrade for reinforcements; Mr. Harker having now made Mr. Manders and his wishes.

the rebels on the other, Roger Manders was not a happy man that afternoon.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came up to him in the lower corridor. The Rookwood captain was looking very serious.

"Mr. Manders! Is it a fact that you have sent for a gang of hooligans from the Latcham wharves---"

Mr. Manders raised his hand. "Kindly mind your own business, Bulkeley!" he snapped. "I do not care to discuss the matter with you."

He walked away. Mr. Greely, the master of the Fifth, met him in the doorway. The portly Form-master planted himself directly in Mr. Manders' way, and the lean gentleman had to stop.

"Mr. Manders," rumbled the Fifth Form master, "this cannot go on."

"Enough, sir!" "You have brought hooligans into the school to deal with the Fourth Form boys. Can you imagine for one moment that Dr. Chisholm would approve of any such proceeding?"

"Dr. Chisholm left me in control here!" snapped Mr. Manders. desire no criticism from my subordinates, Mr. Greely."

"I have consulted with my colleagues," said Mr. Greely. "Mr. Bohun, Mr. Wiggins, Mr. Flinders, are all of my opinion. This cannot be allowed to go on. You have dismissed the Fourth Form master. You cannot deal with the Fourth. We have decided to send for Mr. Dalton, and ask him to come back to the school to save further disaster."

"What?" stuttered Mr. Manders. "The juniors will obey their Formmaster. I trust that you will see that this is the only thing to be done."

said Mr. Greely.

tered Mr. Manders. The Fifth Form master shrugged his shoulders.

fully, and requesting him to return | serted their posis. here for the sake of the school."

Manders gasped. "I shall refuse to allow Mr. Dalton to set a foot within the precincts of Rookwood. I never approved of the Head engaging him in the first place; a man who has figured in the boxing-ring is not a fit person to take charge of a Form at Rookwood. I decline to allow him to return, Mr. Greely."

"You will not be consulted, sir." "What? What?"

"This has gone too far, sir. As for Mr. Dalton having been an amateur boxer before he came to Rookwood. that is no affair of yours. I expect him, sir, to respond to my urgent appeal, and to arrive here. He will have the support of the whole staff in resuming his duties. Dr. Chisholm. I am sure, will approve, when he knows the facts. So I request you, sir, to save further trouble by dismissing, at once, your very extraordinary auxiliaries," said Mr. Greely. with a great deal of dignity.

There was a sudden yell from the quadrangle.

"'Ere we are, Bill!"

The bargees had arrived!

Mr. Manders looked out of the big doorway. George, the bargeman, had returned, and with him came five other muscular fellows, looking in a very hilarious mood. Apparently the bargees regarded their expedition to Roodwood as a sort of "spree." They came tramping across the quad, stared at on all sides by the Rookwood crowd.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Greely. "Mr. Manders, order these men to-

to depart at once!" Mr. Manders gave him a bitter

"They will deal with the rebellious young rascals, and with Mr. Dalton if he should venture to return here." "They-they shall be-be ejected

"Eject them!" sneered Mr. Manders.

But that was a task far beyond Mr. Greely's powers. The portly gentleman, sniffing with indignation, retired it a personal matter, irrespective of | hastily to his study, as the hilarious | Ir. Manders and his wishes.

Between his allies on one side, and School House.

bargees came tramping into the EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2:

"Here they come!"

"Look out now!"

"We're up against it, and no giddy

The barricade on the dormitory lined with faces. staircase was Cricket-bats and stumps and chairlegs were flourished. Jimmy Silver & Co., in a rather desperate mood, manned their defences, determined to resist to the last, though even Jimmy Silver had little hope of holding the fort against a force like this.

Bill Harker, with a malicious grin, put himself at the head of his reinforcements. His heavy boots rang on the dormitory staircase.

anxious eyes. He could see that the | sleeve. juniors intended to resist, and what might come of the struggle he could |

not guess. Certainly there would be damage impatiently. done-much damage. Bill Harker had been hurt, and he was in a "I order you to leave Rookwood at speak. But undoubtedly Bill Harker savage and vengeful mood, and it once, Mr. Dalton-" was pretty certain that the rest of the gang would share his feelings as soon as the cricket-bats had begun to rap on their heads.

But they were fairly certain to rush the barricade successfully, and then the juniors would be knocked right and left once the muscular bargees

were at close quarters.

That would have been very satisfactory to Mr. Manders in one way, but not in another. He had to give an account of his stewardship when the Head returned, and such items as missing front teeth or smashed noses would have looked very awkward in the account.

But Mr. Manders could not have controlled his allies if he had wanted to. Bill Harker & Co. had taken the matter is the way hands, and Mr. "If you dare to take such a step, | Harker was thinking only of revenge | sir, I-I will dismiss you also!" splut- | for his injuries, not of the money he | resounding cracks. had been promised in payment of his grasped the big bargee by the shoulservices.

The seven hargemen came tramp-"I am prepared to answer for it to ling up the domnitory staircase in forthe Head, when he returns!" he | midable array, headed by Bill Harker. answered. "I shall not answer to Behind the barricade Jimmy Silver you, Mr. Manders. I have already I & Co. faced them grimly, though sent a message to Mr. Dalton, at the | Peele and Lattrey, Gower and Towny Coombe Arms, explaining the matter I and Toppy had already basely de-

But Tommy Dodd & Co., of the "This - this insolence--" Mr. Modern Fourth, backed up Jimmy Silver heartily, and the defenders were very numerous. Jimmy held up his hand in warning as the assailants advanced.

"Keep off!" he called out. "There'll be broken heads if you come on, I warn you!"

"Come on!" roared Bill Harker. And the bargees made a rush.

"Back up!" roared Lovell. "Give 'em socks!"

The scene that followed was a wild

and whirling one. Jimmy Silver & Co. struck forcibly at every head that came within reach. and there were loud yells from the assailants as bats and stumps landed

on heads and shoulders. But the bargees came on resolutely. and three or four of them gripped hold of the stacked bedsteads, and dragged and pulled and wrenched with great effect. A bedstead was wrenched out of the barricade, and then the whole barrier reeled and

trembled Two of the assailants went rolling down the stairs yelling, and one of them staggered against the wall, clasping his damaged head with both hands and gasping.

But the rest came fiercely on, and | years ago." Bill Harker plunged through the broken barricade, crashing the bedsteads away on either side of him, heedless of the hefty blows he received on all sides.

Crash, crash! A bedstead went rolling over the stairs, and crashed down from step to step, and reached the lower landing, Mr. Manders jumping out of its way with the activity of a kan-

"Give 'em socks!" roared Bill Harker. "Back up!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my hat

"Pile in! Keep the brutes off!" panted Lovell. A drive from Mr. Harker's brawny fist at close quarters sent Arthur

Edward Lovell spinning along the dormitory passage. Three or four juniors fastened desperately on to Bill Harker, and were tossed aside like so many infants by the big bargee.

"Come on!" roared Bill Harker. "We've got 'em now! Knock 'em

"We're arter you, Bill!"

"Help!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "Police! Oh dear! Help!"

The barricade was fairly broken through now. Bill Harker was through it, and George was close behind, and two or three assailants were clambering over the wreck. Jimmy Silver & Co. still resisted desperately, but they were fighting a losing game.

Then suddenly from the lower stairs a deep, clear voice rang out in the tones of command:

"Stop!"

A handsome, athletic young man had entered the School House, and he was coming up the stairs three at a

He passed Mr. Manders on the Mr. Manders, on the landing be- landing without heeding him. But hind them, watched them with Mr. Manders caught him by the

> "Mr. Dalton, how dare you return here-"

Richard Dalton shook off his hand

"Hold your foolish tongue, sir!" snapped the master of the Fourth.

"What? What?" "I shall resume charge of my Form, sir, with or without your consent, and answer to the Head when he returns!"

"I command you--"

"Nonsense!" Shaking off Mr. Manders' grabbing hand again, Mr. Dalton ran up the dormitary staircase.

There was a yell of delight from Raby, who spotted him first. "It's Dicky! Old Dicky's come.

"Mr. Dalton! Hurrah!" "Sock it to 'em!" Bill Harker

Bill had grasped Mornington and Erroll by their collars, and was knocking their heads together with der and swung him round. Athletic as "Dicky" Dalton was, he looked a mere slip beside the powerful barge-

But there was the strength of iron in his grip. Bill Harker spun round in his grasp like a humming-top.

"'Ere, wot--' he ejaculated. "Stop this at once!"

"Wot? Who are you?" roared Harker. "By gum, I'll knock your teeth down your throat if you chip

"Let those boys go at once!"

Bill Harker let the dazed juniors go, to turn upon the young man who had intervened. His brawny fists were raised. There was a shout from George, the bargeman,

"'Old on, Bill! It's young Dalton. Don't 'ammer 'im! 'Old on. I tell

And George pushed the excited Mr. Harker back. The struggle on the landing ceased now-for the moment at least. Mr. Dalton's arrival had had the effect of stilling the combat. The juniors stood panting, and the bargemen gathered round leader, Mr. Dalton facing the group of them coolly and unflinchingly.

Harker glared at his pal George. "You know this 'ere bloke?" he

"Know him, said George. "] believe you!" He touched his forelock to Mr. Dalton. "I was in your battalion, sir. You remember George 'Addick, what you carried on your back out of No Man's Land, with a bullet in his leg. Ain't seen you, sir, since I was sent down the line four

Mr. Dalton nodded and smiled.

hall hover; that's what I'm a-goin' to

"You're not!" said Mr. Dalton crisply. "You're going out of Rookwood as fast as you can walk, my friend!"

Bill Harker laughed derisively. "Who's going to make me?" he in-

"I am." "Oh lor'!" said Bill Harker. "Old me while I larf, somebody!"

"You chuck it. Bill!" said George sagely. "Mr. Dalton was the best ! boxer in the regiment---"

"You shut up. George! If you time for you o go." know the bloke. I'll give him leave to "Not afor I've smashed your front clear off, if he goes quick. But if he teeth in," aid Bill Harker. "Not

don't. I'll pitch him down them stairs on his neck, and mighty sudden!"

first!" said Harker.

"Look 'ere--" "You jest watch him go, 'ead

And he made a rush at Mr. Dalton. What happened next was a surprise to William Harker. Mr. Dalton did not go down the stairs head first. It was Mr. Harker who crashed to the floor on his broad back, with a feeling in his stubbly chin as if a mule had kicked him there.

"Oh, well hit!" gasped Lovell.

The 2nd Chapter. Dicky Dalton Takes a Hand!

Jimmy Silver & Co. gathered round eagerly on the broad landing. The sight of Mr. Dalton at Rookwood again delighted them. Not only because "Dicky" Dalton was very popular with his Form, and because his return was a defiance of the tyrant of Rookwood, but because he came at a critical moment as a muchneeded ally. There was no master at Rookwood who could have stood up to the bargemen, but Mr. Dalton was quite different from Mr. Greely and Mr. Wiggins and the rest. They were gentlemen of great scholastic attainments. At Greek or Latin or the higher mathematics they could have "Go!" thundered Mr. Manders. | played Bill Harker's head off, so to could have taken them in his brawny hands and knocked their learned heads together with ease. But Mr. Dalton was an entirely different proposition. Well did the Fistical Four remember how they had seen him box in the Bunbury Ring before he became a master at Rookwood. They had seen him knock the Bunbury Pet into a cocked hat. And they were confident that he could knock Mr. Harker into another cocked hat, though Bill was a much heftier gentleman than the Bunbury Pet.

"Go it, Dicky!" sang out Arthur Edward Lovell, and there was a laugh and a cheer from the rebels of Rook-

Mr. Dalton gave them a rather grim look. Bill Harker raised himself on one elbow, blinking. George Haddick, grinning, knelt down to help his pal. The other bargees looked on. It was obviously going to be a light between Bill Harker and that handsome, athletic young master, and the muscular river men rather looked forward to seeing it, and they were prepared to see fair play. Rough though they were, there was no doubt about that. But every one of them had seen service in the war, and they had the British instinct of fair play. Not a hand was raised to touch Mr. Richard Dalton after he had knocked Harker down.

"Jolly glad to see you again, Mr. Dalton!" said Jimmy Silver, catching the young Form-master's rather stern

"Welcome home, sir!" said Mornington.

"Good old Dicky!" bawled Lovell. "Silence!" rapped out Mr. Dalton. "Wha-a-at?"

"This mutiny in the school must cease at once!" said Mr. Dalton. "I am going to resume charge of my Form, and leave the decision to the Head when he returns-" "Hurrah!"

"No more Manders!" shouted Newcome.

"Mr. Manders will not be suffered to interfere in the Fourth Form room again," said Mr. Dalton quietly. "But I shall not allow him, or any master at Rookwood, to be spoken of disrespectfully. Remember that!"

"Oh, my hat!" "Look here--" began Lovell. "Silence, Lovell!"

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked rather rebellious. Certainly he was a great admirer of Dicky Dalton, and "I remember you, Haddick," he he was glad to see him at Rookwood again. But, as a matter of fact, the "Look 'ere!" roared Bill Harker. | riot of the past few days had done a "That's all very well, but that young | good deal of harm. Some of the feller ain't going to interfere 'ere. Juniors were unprepared now to I'm going to wallop every young submit to just authority. Lovell was blighter 'ere till he's black and blue | ready to greet Mr. Dalton rather as/ an ally than as a master; and it was quite clear that Mr. Dalton was not thinking of anything of the sort.

> Before anything more could be said, Bill Harker staggered to his feet. He looked a little groggy, and he was rather breathless The expression on his rugged free was positively ferocious, but it was mingled with a new respect. Bill Harker could respect a man who was able to knock him spinning like a skittle.

Mr. Dalton me his savage stare

"Now, my frend." he said, "it's

afore I've knocked your eyes back into your 'ead."

"Come on, Bill!" murmured George Haddick. "It's been a spree, and now let's 'ook it. Some of you kids go and let Alf loose, and we'll

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver. And he cut into the dormitory to release the prisoner of war. Alf, the bargeman, looked very cross as he emerged from the dormitory, and

joined his comrades.

But George Haddick's remonstrances were lost on Mr. Harker. That worthy gentleman slowly and deliberately peeled off his coat, and rolled back his sleeves. He had been knocked down, and nothing but vengeance was good enough for him. And of all the bargees only George was peaceably disposed. The rest urged Mr. Harker to "go it."

"You refuse to go in peace?" asked Mr. Dalton.

"Jest a few!" said Bill Harker

satirically. "Old Longlegs owes us 'arf-a-quid each!" growled Alf. "I reckon as jaw!"

'ow I've earned my little bit." "No doubt Mr. Manders will pay you what he owes," said Richard Dalton. "But you must really leave Rookwood at once!"

"Are you ready, young cockchafer?" asked Bill Harker.

"Certainly, if you insist upon trouble!" said Mr. Dalton quietly. "We will step downstairs, and your friends and mine will see fair play." "That we will, sir!" said George Haddick heartily. "Fair play's a jewel. Come on, Bill!"

Bill Harker nodded surlily, and tramped down the stairs with George. The bargees followed with heavy tramp, and Mr. Dalton went with them. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

"The game's up, so far as the barring-out goes!" remarked Valentine Mornington.

"We've won our point," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Mr. Dalton takes control again, and he's going to keep Manders off the grass. That's what we went on strike for."

"In fact, we've won!" said Raby.

"Yes, rather!" "That's all very well," said Arthur Edward Lovell warmly. "But I don't see even Dicky riding the high horse--"

"Fathead!" "We've downed Manders, and we could down Dalton, if it came to that!" exclaimed Lovell belligerently.

"My dear chap, if you whisper a whisp against Dicky, I'll bang your head on the wall till you see stars!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Enough's as good as a feast! We've

won the game, and now the cue is to play up like little men, and show what really nice chaps we are-"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes. but-" "Bother your buts! Come on and see Dicky wallop the bargeman!" said the captain of the Fourth.

the staircase. They were keenly interested in the conflict that was inevitable between Richard Dalton and the big bargeman. And they were not the only ones interested. Nearly all Rookwood gathered in the quadrangle breathlessly to look on. As Jimmy Silver & Co. were crowding out of the School House they passed Mr. Manders, and that gentleman shouted to them. The barring-out was over. That was clear. And Mr. Manders was under the impressiona mistaken one—that he was victorious, and monarch of all he surveved.

"Boys! Into your Form-room at

once!" he shouted. Lovell glanced round.

Still burbling, old scout?" he asked pleasantly. "Go into your Form-room-"

"Rats!" "Go and eat coke. Manders!" Mr. Manders had a cane in his

hand. He strode at the Fistical Four, gripping it hard. "Bump him!" yelled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Help!" shouted Mr. Manders, as the juniors closed round "Harker-Haddick-help-oh! Ah! Ooooooop!"

In the grasp of a dozen pairs of hands, Mr. Manders was swept off his

feet. Bump!

It was the first time in the history of Rookwood School that a master had been "bumped" by Lower

School boys. But it happened now! Mr. Manders sat down on the hard. unsympathetic floor with a heavy concussion and a loud yell. He sat and roared-and busy hands stuffed his mortar-board down the back of his neck, and then the juniors left | quadrangle, leaving Mr. Manders gasping and spluttering wildly.

The 3rd Chapter. A Fight to a Finish!

The fight was already beginning. Jimmy Silver & Co. had to shove and elbow a way through a crowded ring to get a view, and there were loud and wrathful protests. The Sixth Form were there to a manand Bulkeley had already told Mr. Dalton that they were ready to help him clear the invaders out of Rookwood, if he gave the word-Manders or no Manders. But Mr. Dalton shook his head. He did not want a free fight in the Rookwood quad. From the window of the Masters' Common-room, Mr. Greely and the rest of the staff looked on at the scene with bated breath.

"Now, then, come on, you blinking whipper-snapper!" said Bill Harker, squaring up to the master of the brawny fist crashed into his handsome George's helping hand. He gave a Fourth.

"One moment," said Mr. Dalton; "I am quite willing to give you any satisfaction you desire, Mr. Harker,

"Come on, then, and not so much

"But I want it made clear that, when I have done so, you and your friends leave Rookwood at once."

Bill Harker laughed gruffly. "You lick me, and I'll walk away like a lamb, and my friends with He was on his feet with a spring,

police, and he hardly flinched from the blows, hard as they were. The Form-master boxer had a foeman worthy of his steel in William Harker.

Round the combatants the crowd was thick, and the prefects kept them back to give room for the fight.

There were no rounds in that fight; it was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish. Bill Harker was not accustomed to boxing by rules.

enormous strength, and plenty of tion. bulldog pluck. Dicky Dalton was a | For several minutes there was hard

dealing out punishment; but he did straight "on the mark." not have it all his own way. A from some of the onlookers. The young master went staggering, and Bill Harker followed up the attack fiercely, and a heavy body-blow laid Richard Dalton on the ground.

Bill Harker stood and panted. "Pick 'im up!" he grinned.

But Mr. Dalton did not need picking up. His nose and mouth were streaming red, and his cheek was cut; but he did not seem to feel pain.

regiment---"

"Shut up, George! I'm going to smash him!"

And Bill Harker staggered to the attack again, looking extremely dick came towards him. Mr. Dalton was looking groggy. rather "used-up" too, but he was evidently in much better condition than his bulky foe. He met the He had little science, but he had groggy attack with cool determina-

master of the boxing art-and his and close fighting, in which hard skill stood him in good stead now. | punishment was given and taken, and | Again and again he eluded his then Bill Harker went to the ground bulky adversary, at the same time again, spinning from a hefty drive

This time he did not rise to face at last, and there was a gasp | deep groan as Haddick bent over him. "Going on, Bill?" asked George.

> "Ow! Wow! Gow! Yow!" Mr. Harker sat up at last, faintly and feebly. With his one half-open eye he blinked round him. The sea of faces danced before his dazed vision. Mr. Dalton stood, breathing | called out Bill Harker. hard, waiting for him.

the bargemen nodded. It was evident that Bill had "got it."

"Ow, ow! Wow!" said Mr.

"Chuck it, Bill!" murmured Mr. Manders had looked on at the George. "Don't I keep on telling fight, with gathering wrath and bityou he was the best boxer in the terness. He had hoped to see the Fourth Form master completely knocked out by the burly bargeman. That hope had been disappointed. He scowled blackly as George Had-

"You owe us 'arf-a-quid each, sirthree of us," said George-"Bill, Alf, and me! We've done our job 'ere!" "You will receive nothing from me unless you turn that man out of the school!" snapped Mr. Manders savagely.

"We've done our job--" "Turn that man out!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, pointing to the master

of the Fourth. "That wasn't in the contrack," said George, "and he's a bit too hefty for us, even if we wanted to-which we don't! Ain't he fought it out fair and square with Bill, and ain't fair play a jewel? You and out the quids, as promised---'

"Not a shilling—not a penny—un-

"Take it out of his 'ide, then!"

"That I will, if he don't square!" "Bill's got it!" remarked Alf, and | said George indignantly. "We ain't come 'ere to be swindled by a skinny schoolmaster. You paying up, old bag o' bones?" And George exme," he said. "It's up to you! I'll I eluding the rush of the bargee, and I Harker. "Oh, my heye! Oh, my hibited a grimy set of knuckles under Mr. Manders' long nose, and the Modern master jumped back.

"I-I-I-" Mr. Manders stuttered. "I-I-I will certainly-certainly pay the sum agreed. I-I--" "Pay up, then, and not so much chinwag!" growled George.

And Mr. Manders paid up, as amiably as he could, lest worse should befall him. Then the bargemen started for the gates. Bulkeley and the Sixth had gathered round Mr. Dalton, lest there should be further trouble. But there was no sign of it The champion had been beaten, and the bargees abided by the bargain they had made. They went peaceably with the much-damaged Mr. Harker in their midst. And the Rookwooders were very glad and relieved to see them go. Even Mr. Roger Manders was glad to see the backs of his extraordinary allies. And when they had tramped out into the road, old Mack popped out of his lodge like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle, and hurriedly closed and locked the gates.

"Good old Dicky!" chortled Arthur Edward Lovell. "Some fightwhat?" "Hurrah!"

Mr. Greely came out of the School House and shook hands with the master of the Fourth.

"Glad to see you back, Dalton," he said effusively. "Order will be restored now, I think. The whole staff will support you, if necessary, against any interference from Mr. Manders." "Thank you!" said Mr. Dalton.

He turned to the crowd of juniors. "My boys, I am in control again now, until the Head returns. I expect you all to return to your duty immediately."

"Certainly, sir!" said Jimmy "Yes, rather, Mr. Dalton!" said

Arthur Edward Lovell. Mr. Manders bustled forward.

"Mr. Dalton, I forbid your presence in this school. I forbid your interference with these boys! Boys, you will go into the Form-room at once! You are detained for the afternoon!"

"It is a half-holiday to-day!" said Mr. Dalton. "Boys, you will not go into the Form-room. I request you to restore order in your dormitory, and remove as far as possible all traces of the damage done on the staircase. After that you are free to do as you

"Certainly, sir!" The once rebellious Fourth were as

meek as lambs-to their own popular Harker blinked at him, and hesi- Form-master. Of Mr. Manders they Silver & Co. walked off, heedless of "You're a gentleman, sir!" he said. | Mr. Manders' shouted command to go All the into the Form-room at once.

Mr. Manders fixed a furious look on the Fourth Form master.

"Once more, Richard Dalton, I order you to leave Rookwood!" he

Without troubling to reply, Mr. Dalton turned his back on the Modern master. Roger Manders was left standing, trembling with rage and chagrin. His rule was over at Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co.'s barringout had been, after all, a complete success, and in a merry mood the rebels of Rookwood celebrated their victory.

- THE END. .

("Backing Up Dicky Dalton!" is the title of the great Rookwood tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. appearing in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND.)

go if I've got to go. That's me! I in a second more he was fighting I nose! That's some blooming prize-The Fourth-Formers crowded down Otherwise, I'm going to wallop all again. There was a roar of cheering fighter, that bloke is. Oow! Wow them cheeky young blighters till their from the Rookwood crowd. own mammies won't know them. "Bravo, Dalton!" Catch on to that?" "Good old Dicky!" roared Arthur

"Very good!" said Mr. Dalton Edward Lovell. Hammer-and-tongs the combatants quietly. Mr. Manders came whisking out of went it now, and Rookwooders and

and take your gruel!"

for further words.

And Bill Harker advanced to the

Mr. Dalton met him coolly.

the School House, dishevelled and bargemen looked on breathlessly. breathless. "Ain't he a daisy?" ejaculated "Harker!" he shouted.

Arthur Edward Lovell. "Ain't he a "You stand off -- I'm busy!" real bewt? Let me hear any of you snapped Bill Harker. say a word against Dicky after this! "Put that man out of the gates!" Just a word!" exclaimed Mr. Manders, pointing a "Nobody has, excepting you!"

skinny finger at Mr. Dalton. grinned Mornington. "Right you are, old son of a gun-Crash! I'll do that!" said Mr. Harker. Bill Harker went to grass, under "Now, then, young pippin, come on

a terrific drive from the Form-master boxer. He lay on his back and gasped. attack, giving his adversary no time

The bargee crashed to the floor on his back with a feeling in his stubby chin as if a mule had kicked him there. "Oh, well hit!" gasped Lovell.

"Man down!" gasped Lovell. "Good old Dicky!" "Pick him up!" grinned New-

The bargeman's attack was fierce | come.

and pressing, and the Form-master George Haddick helped his friend hist. had to give ground a little. He side- | up. Bill Harker leaned on him, and stepped quickly, and avoided the spluttered for breath. His rugged ugly rush, and closed in again much | face was not pleasant to look at now | more quickly than Bill Harker antici--there were half a dozen cuts, and pated. His right and left came bruises were forming all over it. One rattling on the bargeman. But Bill of his eyes was quite closed; the was accustomed to taking severe other blinked feebly and painfully. punishment in his frequent "rows" And his nose had almost lost all with other bargees, and with the resemblance to a nose.

'Elp me up, George, and don't stand grinning there like a blessed monkey!

The big bargeman was helped to his feet. But he did not seek to renew the contest. He stood leaning heavily on his pal George.

blinked feebly at Richard Dalton.

"You ready to go on?" he asked. "Certainly!"

"Well," said Mr. Harker, "I ain't You're too good for me, and I don't care who knows it! I'm goin', sir, as soon as I get my blooming breath. Ow! Three peelers couldn't have 'andled me like that! Ow!"

Mr. Dalton smiled, and held out his

"You've put up a good fight, my friend," he said. "No malice on either side, I hope? Give me your

tated. Then he put out his huge | took not the slightest notice. Jimmy hand.

"Sorry we've 'ad trouble. fault of old Longlegs there! Well. I'm goin'! Come on, boys!"

"'Old on!" said George. "Longlegs ain't squared yet!"

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