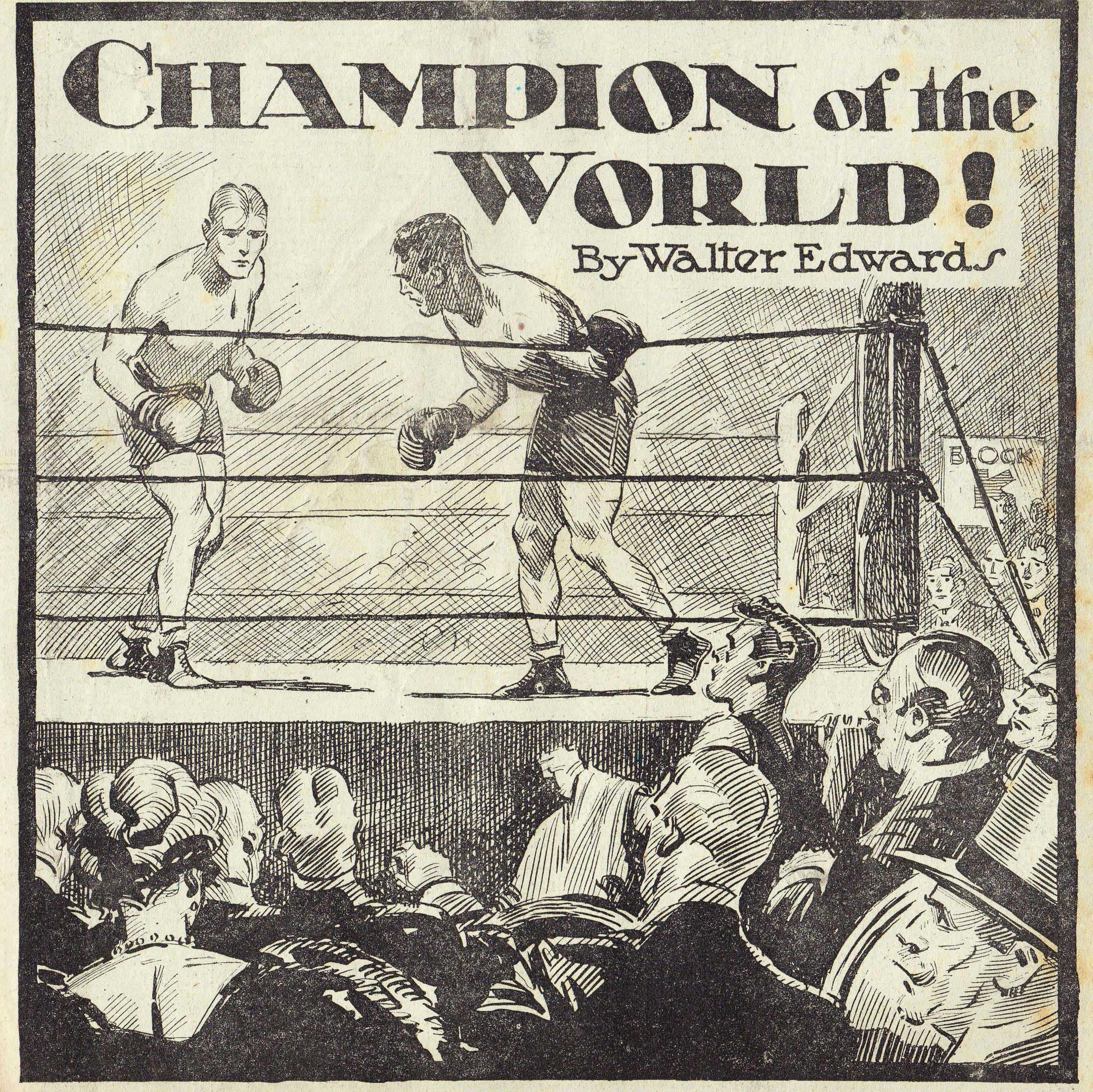
THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL" OUT THIS WEEK!



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THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

. [Week Ending September 2nd, 1922.



NEARING THE END OF THE GREAT GLOVE FIGHT!

Two-punch Kerrigan and Doss McClure fight each other to a standstill in the gruelling contest for the Heavy-Weight Championship! (A dramatic incident from the magnificent boxing story complete in this issue.)



The 1st Chapter. Lovell Does It!

"Where are we?"

80

"I believe," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully, "that we're about ten miles or so from Reigate-more or less."

"Where's the Reigate road?"

"Goodness knows!" Snort from Arthur Edward Lovell. It was close on midnight. And the Rookwood holiday tramps were rather in

a difficulty. They had had to break camp hurriedly -very hurriedly. They had restartedalso hurriedly—as darkness was falling. That they were somewhere in Surrey they felt fairly certain. But exactly where they were was a deep mystery

to Jimmy Silver & Co. There was no moon. On such an occasion, as Lovell remarked, there was bound to be no moon! There were stars in the sky, beautiful to look at, but just then the Rookwooders would have given them

all in exchange for one good street-lamp. The baggage-cart had halted. Trotsky. the pony, had halted with great readiness. The juniors could only hope that he would display equal readiness when it was necessary to move on again. Five rather irritated juniors blinked round them in the deep summer night.

Four roads-or, rather, lanes-met at this point. Any one of them might have led anywhere. In the middle, where the lanes met, was a scrubby patch of grass. and in the middle of that an ancient signpost with a very ancient sign on the top of it. In the starlight it was impossible to read the sign. The juniors struck matches by the dozen and held them up, and still they could not read the sign.

The fact was that that sign needed repainting, and had needed repainting before Jimmy Silver & Co. were born. Wind and weather had done their worst upon it.

"But for that thumping ass Morny-" said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Eleven!" said Putty Grace. Lovell stared at Putty of the Fourth. "What do you mean-eleven?" he demanded.

"I'm counting."

"Counting what, you ass?" "Your remarks on Morny! That's the eleventh!"

"You silly owl!" snorted Lovell. "But for that silly chump Mornington-"

"Twelve!" said Putty "Look here--" roared Lovell. It really

looked as if Arthur Edward was losing his temper. "If we've stopped to hear Lovell blowing off steam," remarked Raby, "I'll take

a rest in the grass! Wake me up when he's done!" "Good!" assented Newcome. "If we wait till Lovell's tired his chin, that

means staying here till morning! Then we can read the sign!" Arthur Edward Lovell breathed hard.

"We'd camped." he said-"we were fixed for the night! Then that blithering ass Morny---"

"Thirteen!" said Putty Grace.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell pushed back his cuffs, and made a stride towards Putty of the Fourth. Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm just in time.

"Don't be an ass, old chap!" said Jimmy soothingly. "Shut up, Putty! his teeth and extracted a match. The There's a time to be funny and a time | rest was simple. He had only to draw to be serious! We're all jolly tired, and we want a rest-"

"But for that chump Morny-", Fourteen!"

Jimmy had to jerk Lovell back again. Lovell's remarks on the subject of Valentine Mornington were, in his own opinion, just and well-founded. It was irritating for Putty to count them in this way, as if there were something funny in Lovell's righteous wrath.

"If that silly ass doesn't shut up-" breathed Lovell.

"We've got a choice of four roads," said Jimmy Silver. "Any one of them might lead anywhere or nowhere. We don't know where we are, and we can't spot a prace for a camp. Chance it and keep straight on."

"Best thing to do." agreed Putty. "Rot!" said Lovell. "I'll read the sign, somehow. I'll climb the post."

"Looks a rather rotten old post to

Druids!" "Oh, that's all right! It will bear there came a loud howl.

my weight."

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

"Better take your boots off, then!" said Putty. "I can climb in my boots!" snorted Lovell.

"I was thinking of the weight-" "You silly ass!" roared Lovell. "I'll

jolly well---, He jerked himself away from Jimmy Silver, and Putty dedged round the baggage-cart just in time to prevent a serious case of assault and battery.

"I'll climb the post and strike a match, and then I can read the sign," said Lovell, breathing hard. "We want to. know where we are May be going back the way we came, for all we know, after winding about in these dashed lanes!"

"Well, go ahead!" said Jimmy. Arthur Edward Lovell clutched the signpost and climbed. His comrades of them looked angry and bitter. stood round and watched. Putty suggested holding a blanket for Lovell to fall into. And Lovell turned his head to glare at him for the suggestion, then

he climbed on again. slant in it, and that slant grew more pronounced as Lovell climbed. But he I ful sous followed him. reached the strip of board which projected from it at the top. He peered at the board and blinked at it, but in the dim light he could not read the ington calmly.

The 2nd Chapter. Into the Night!

Valentine Mornington, once of the Fourth Form at Rookwood School, stood at an open French window in Stacpoole Lodge and looked out into the drive. There was a rather mocking glimmer in his eyes as he watched three figures coming up to the house from the gate on the road.

His guardian, Sir Rupert Stacpoole, came striding up the gravel drive, his brows knitted, his eyes glittering under his bushy grey eyebrows. It did not need a second glance to discern that the old gentleman was in a towering rage.

Behind him came Morny's cousins, Augustus and Aubrey Stacpoole. Both

"Looks as if the merry expedition hasn't been a howlin' success!" murmured Mornington.

The baronet, on his way to the door, There was no doubt that it was a very | French windows. black against the ancient post. It creaked under Lovell's electric light within. He changed his window where Morny stood. His hope-

"Valentine!" gasped the old baronet. "You-" "Anythin' wrong, uncle?" asked Morn-

almost obliterated letters on it. But he | "I have been to the paddock!"

coolly. "They asked for it, and they got

Sir Rupert's fingers closed almost convulsively on the riding-whip he held in his hand, which had apparently been intended for the benefit of Jimmy Silver & Co. He looked for a moment as if he would lay it about his nephew's shoulders.

"Those young ruffians whom you claim as your friends assaulted my sons on my own land, and that is how you speak of it!" he gasped.

"That is how it was, sir," answered

"Enough! Is it not enough, Valentine, that you have brought disgrace upon me and all your relations by being expelled from your school? And must you add personal insolence to your offences?" gasped Sir Rupert. "I warn you that if you do not mend your ways, my house cannot be much longer a home for you! As for those young rascals whom you declare to be friends of yours at Rookwood, they shall not escape the punishment of their ruffianly audacity! They shall be followed and punished! I shall see to that!"

"Good!" ejaculated Augustus.

"That's the stuff!" murmured Aubrey. "You will go to your room, Valentine! have already ordered you to do so, and instead of obeying me you have left I the house to warn those trespassing young rascals that I was coming to the paddock! Disobey me again, and my door will close behind you for ever!"

Mornington drew a deep breath. His handsome face was a little pale. He opened his lips to speak, but he checked the words. For once, he was not really deserving of his uncle's anger; saw the figure of his nephew at the but often and often he had deserved it, and he knew it. He had never been any-I thing but a trial to Sir Rupert, and the weight and seemed to sway. It had a course and came striding up to the culmination of his offences had come when he had been expelled from Rookwood School. He would have been silent, but he caught the sneering grins on the faces of his Stacpoole cousins, and his pale face flushed with anger, and the reckless words were blurted out.

"That's enough, uncle! You don't want

He dropped the fragment of the sign. and Putty picked it up. By the light of a match he read:

"-TT'S END."

The first letters of the word were on the fragment of the board still adhering to the signpost.

"Sold again!" said Putty. "Ow!" said Lovell. "Oooooh! Wow!" "There's another board on the left."

said Putty, glancing up. "If Lovell likes to go up again-"

"I'm not going up again!" said Lovell. breathing fury. "But if you want a prize nose. Putty--"

"I want to turn in," said Putty placidly. "We've still got a choice of four roads, you fellows. Or shall we camp here on this patch? I'm tired enough to sleep anywhere!" "Can't put up the tent here," said

"Blow the tent! Too jolly tired to stick the tent up again to-night, anyhow! And it's fine. Let's root out the

blankets and camp in the grass!" "Not a bad idea!" said Jimmy Silver, with a nod. "We had supper in the camp before--"

"If that ass Morny---"

"Fifteen!" said Putty. "Oh, cheese it, old chap! It wasn't Morny's fault," said Jimmy Silver. "He could have got us leave to camp in his uncle's paddock if those two cads hadn't bumped in and rowed with us. Anyhow, it can't be helped now. I'm dog tired.

Let's camp." "Trotsky's camped already!" grinned Newcome.

The pony, still in harness, had squatted in the grass. He had settled the matter for himself.

"It's a rotten place for a camp!" grunted Lovell. "Any port in a storm!" said Jimmy

Silver cheerily. "Keep smiling!" And the Rookwooders, fed-up with their night march after a long day on the road, proceeded to camp where they were. Trotsky was taken out and tethered to the signpost, ground-sheets and blankets jerked out of the baggagecart, and the juniors stretched themselves in the grass under the stars. They had had their supper in the camp in Sir Rupert Stacpoole's paddock, and now all they wanted was sleep. But they wanted that badly.

About a minute after they were rolled in their blankets they were fast in slumber.

It was about an hour later that Jimmy Silver awoke suddenly. He sat up in his blanket and blinked round him. The starlight fell upon the schoolboy camp; round him his comrades were sleeping. Jimmy Silver wondered what had awakened him. The night was calm and silent; only from the distance, in the dusky fields, came the "moo" of a waking cow. Then he gave a sudden jump as he saw a rather elegant figure leaning on the signpost, regarding the camp with a whimsical smile.

"Morny!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

"Little me!" Jimmy jumped to his feet. He was amazed at the sight of Valentine Moruington standing there, and wondered for a second whether he was dreaming. It was past one o'clock in the morning. He stood and stared at the one-time dandy of the Rookwood Fourth.

"You here, Morny!" "Surprised you-what?"

"Well, yes, rather," said Jimmy Silver. "What on earth are you doing out of bed at this time of night?" The other fellows, awakened by the

voices close at hand, opened their eyes and looked up. There was surprise in every face. "I thought I'd stroll after you," said Mornington coolly. "Lucky you camped

in the middle of the road. I hardly thought I should drop on you so easily." "But why?" asked Putty." "You wouldn't care for my company

for a day or two on the road?" asked Mornington. "Of course we'd be glad to have you,

if you care to come along," said Jimmy Silver. "But your uncle-" "Leave nunky out of it!" said Morn. ington tersely. "Never mind nunky! I

suppose you fellows are fairly fagged?" "Fairly!" assented Jimmy. "You don't feel disposed to break camp now?"

"No jolly fear!" said Arthur Edward Lovell emphatically. "You'd rather have a scrap on your

hands?" "A scrap! With whom?" asked New-

come. "Who the thump is coming along scrapping in the middle of the night?" Mornington looked back along the dark road. Faintly, from somewhere in the deep silence of the night, came an echo of gailoping hoofs.

"I fancy that's the lot," he said. "I'm sorry, but, you see, nunky's in a blue rage. Your pony nearly ran over him, then you chucked his two bonny boys out of your camp, and cleared before he could get at you. He's on the

war-path!" "You don't mean to say that Sir Rupert Stacpoole is following us, looking for trouble?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"I'm not sure whether nunky's in the party." said Mornington. "I'm not posted in their plans. But I'm fairly certain that my beloved cousins---"

"They won't give us much trouble!" grunted Lovell. "For which excellent reason they

wouldn't come alone," said Mornington. "I fancy they'll bring the two keepers with them."

"That the lot?" asked Lovell. "Unless they rope in the stableman,

"We'll handle them," said Lovell. "I'm jolly well not going to get on the march before morning if every keeper in Surrey was on the giddy war-path!"

"But are you sure. Morny?" asked Jimmy Silver doubtingly.

camp and cheeked them, and got chucked achc-several aches, in fact. And his out on their necks," said Mornington temper was brimming over.



Jimmy Silver awoke suddenly, and, sitting up in his blanket, he saw an elegant figure leaning against the signpost. "Morny!" he ejaculated. "Little me!" smiled Wornington pleasantly.

was prepared for that. A match struck and held close to the board would reveal the secret.

Striking a match, with both his hands engaged in holding on, was a matter of some difficulty. But Lovell was not to be beaten, especially with the Co. standing round below watching him.

He threw one arm over the projecting board, and hung on while he sorted the matchbox out of his pocket with the other hand. He stuck the matchbox in the match along the box held in his teeth, and the light would flare right on the sign. Only it unfortunately happened that Lovell's weight thrown on the ancient board was a little too much for

"Look out!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

It was not of much use for Lovell to "look out." The board broke off short under his weight, and Lovell came down. As he no longer had any visible means of support, the law of gravitation did the rest.

Under the irresistible influence of the law of gravitation Arthur Edward Lovell shot towards the centre of the earth. Fortunately, he did not have to travel so far as that. The surface of the earth stopped him.

Lovell sat in the grass, with a fragment climb," said Jimmy Silver. "Looks as of a wayside sign under his arm and an if it's been here since the time of the expression of great astonishment on his face. And from Jimmy Silver & Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

rascals who assaulted Augustus and Aubrey have fled!" "Cleared off, have they?" asked Morn-

"I took the village policeman with me to give them in charge for trespass!" shouted the angry old gentleman. "They were gone!"

Morny shrugged his graceful shoulders. "Could it be done?" he asked softly. "You see, I gave my friends permission to camp in the paddock." "You had no right to do so!"

could be charged with trespass, as

did," said Mornington. "Just as well that you didn't let the bobby loose on them, uncle. The man couldn't have done anythin', you know." "Valentine, I have had enough of your

insolence-"And I can tell you that I'm fed-up have any right to command me." He with it!" exclaimed Augustus Stacpoole stepped back. "I don't blame you,

goodness knows. It was my own fault gang of rotters if they hadn't been warned to clear in time!" "Morny warned them!" said Aubrey Stacpoole. "He can't deny it!"

Mornington's lip curled. "I'm not thinkin' of denyin' it," he answered. "As soon as I knew there was goin' to be a row I cut off and warned the Rookwood chaps to clear."

"Is that the case, Valentine?"

"You young rascal!" gasped his uncle. "They'd done no harm---' "They assaulted my sons!" thundered Sir Rupert.

"My dear cousins butted into their

exclaimed the baronet. "The young | me here! My cousins will be glad to see the last of me! Well, I'll go!" "You will go to your room!" "I have no room here now, uncle," said

> Mornington coolly. "I've eaten the bread of charity long enough." "Quite long enough!" murmured

Augustus. But Mornington caught the words. "Quite!" he said bitterly. "That's

finished! I'm goin'!"

chair beside him, and stepped out of the French window. Sir Rupert Stacpoole "Quite so. But I hardly think they stared at him angrily and incredulously. "Go to your room, Valentine!" he said. "I am quite aware of your intention—to seek those young ruffians and warn them

He picked up his straw hat from a

that they are followed! Go to your room! I command you!" "Excuse me, sir," said Mornington. "As you have cast me off, you no longer savagely. "We should have bagged the | uncle. I've given you trouble enough,

that I was sacked from Rookwood, and

couldn't expect you to stand it. Good-

He turned away. "Valentine!" thundered the old baronet. "Go to your room at once!" But it was towards the gate that Valentine Mornington went, and in another minute he was lost in the night.

The 3rd Chapter. Run Down!

"We can read it now," remarked Putty. Lovell picked himself up. He had an

the waist and hung on.

The whip came down with a crash on

Jimmy Silver grabbed the bridle, and

held the horse. There was a crash as

Augustus came out of the saddle, and

appeared from sight in the distance.

The keepers staggered up, gasping and

groaning, and looking inclined for any-

thing but a renewal of the scrap. They

had had a sample of the Rookwood

chest. Keeping the wriggling youth pinned down, he glanced round.

"Kick those rotters out," he said,

"Don't you drive away my horse, you

blackguards!" yelled Augustus Stacpoole.

The horses, scared by the struggle and

noise, were pawing and backing, ready

to take to flight. The keepers

approached them, but the Rookwood

"Keep off, unless you want some

"and drive the horses the other way!

They can walk home."

"Good!" roared Lovell.

juniors crowded in the way.

Mornington set a knee on Augustus'

quality, and the sample was enough.

Aubrey Stacpoole had already dis-

rolled in the grass with Mornington.

Morny, but he did not heed. He hung

"Quite!" said Morny lightly. "But what's their game, if they find

"Nunky said you were to be punished. It's a serious offence to lay lawless hands on Gus and Aubrey, you know. | land--" 've done it in my time, so I know. As you can't be run in, I fancy you're going to be thrashed."

"Are we?" roared Lovell belligerently. | two!" said Augustus Stacpoole. "We'll jolly well see about that, Morn-

that the erring footsteps of Trotsky, same applies now." about the last thing Jimmy desired.

He gave his chums a worried look. "We don't want trouble," he said. better, Gus!" remarked Putty. "What about clearing off, and keeping | Augustus Stacpoole gritted his teeth. clear of the silly asses?"

another punch or two!"

"Hear, hear!" said Raby and Newcome and Putty in chorus.

Jimmy Silver, with his pacific inclinations, was evidently in a minority of one. The Rookwooders were all on their feet now; and they no longer seemed sleepy. They were wrathful, and ready for a "scrap," if it came to that. And Jimmy himself, disinclined as he was for trouble with Morny's people, was little disposed to flee from the wrath to come. Sir Rupert Stacpoole doubtless had some cause for anger; but his high-handed proceedings put up the back of Uncle James of Rookwood.

"Well, I agree with you fellows," said Jimmy at last. "We'll see it through, if they come up., You'd better keep out of it, Morny—you don't want a scrap with

your cousins " "Just what I do want!" answered Mornington coolly. "I'm standin' by

"Good man!" said Lovell approvingly. "I don't want to run your people down, Morny; but those cousins of yours are a pair of sneaking, sniffing, pink-eyed blighters!"

Valentine Mornington laughed. "All that and more!" he said. "Well, to:if you've decided on battle, you'd better get hold of some stumps or somethin', for I fancy that here they come!"

Thud, thud! The hoof-beats on the hard road rang more loudly, nearer at hand. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked down the lane in the direction of the sound. In the dusk of the loomed into view. With a rattle of bridle and stirrup and a clatter of hoofs, they came sweeping by the patch of grass in the centre of the crossroads-five of them. And then one of the party caught sight of the halted baggage-cart and the tethered pony. "Here they are!"

It was the voice of Augustus Stacpoole. And the horsemen clattered to a halt.

The 4th Chapter. The Fight!

Five horsemen drew up in the grass within a couple of yards of the group of Rookwooders.

Jimmy Silver & Co. recognised Augustus and Aubrey at once. The other three were men whom they had never seen before-two of them had the look ! of keepers, and one undoubtedly was a stableman. The juniors were glad to see that Sir Rupert Stacpoole was not in the party. Perhaps the baronet, angry and incensed as he was, felt that his age did not permit him to go careering the high-roads at midnight. Evidently he had left the affair in the hands of his hopeful sons—with a strong backing of grown men to see them through. Jimmy Silver & Co. were glad of it. They would not have hesitated to defend themselves; but it would have gone very much against their grain to lay hands on a gentleman of Sir Rupert's age.

Doubtless the testy old baronet had considered his three men more than a to look on the thrashing of the hapless | horses in pursuit and see that no Rookmatch for a party of schoolboys. Rookwooders as more or less of a joke. Augustus and Aubrey had ridden with Probably, too, they were in expectation them to see that the punishment was duly carried out, and to enjoy witnessing its infliction, and to take a hand in It was not probable that they served that as rocks and met the rush. it under safe circumstances. The Rook- | fascinating young gentleman from attachwooders had learned in their previous encounter that Augustus and Aubrey were not cast in heroic mould.

faction as they stared at the Rookwooders over their horses' ears, and caught up a stump and joined the recognised Jimmy Silver & Co. in the dimness of the stars. Augustus & Co. had been riding for some time in search of the party, and they looked on the discovery of the camp at the crossroads as a very happy chance.

"It's the same gang!" said Aubrey Stacpoole. "That's the lot!" assented Augustus.

"I'd know their hangdog faces anywhere!" "Why, there's Morny!" shouted Aubrey, catching sight of Valentine Mornington leaning idly on the signpost,

with his hands in his pockets. Augustus Stacpoole gave his cousin a bitter look.

"So you found the rotters before we did. Morny!" he said between his teeth. "You came to warn them, just as the

pater thought!" Mornington nodded. "Well, you came a bit too late, anyhow, as they haven't had time to

skedaddle!" sneered Augustus. "You cheeky rotter!" roared Lovell. "We had lots of time, but who the thump do you think would skedaddle

from you?" "You've butted into our camp a second

time," said Jimmy Silver mildly. you tell us what you want?"

Published

Every Monday

Augustus gripped his riding-whip hard. "Yes, I'll tell you, you young blackguard! You've trespassed on my father's

"And when we came to turn you out of the paddock you attacked us-five to

"We chucked you out," said Jimmy. "But if you were looking for a fight you Jimmy Silver looked worried. He i could have had it, one to one, and the wished from the bottom of his heart rest would have seen fair play. The

the pony, had never led him anywhere | "Get off that horse, and chuck up your | "Collar them!" added Augustus to his down in the grass bellowing. near Stacpoole Lodge. He was glad to whip and put up your hands!" bellowed have seen Mornington again. But Arthur Edward Lovell. "Give me a each with your whips, and my cousin | "Give em jip!" yelled Lovell. trouble with Morny's relations was chance, that's all, and I'll alter your | Mornington the same if he takes a hand!" | So far from an easy victory for features for you!"

"Any alteration would be for the horses to give their "army" room to

"I'm not lookin' for a fight with rowdy | Jimmy Silver very quietly. - In a few minutes the two keepers and | "Rot!" snorted Lovell. "Catch me | tramps!" he said bitterly. "You cleared | "Better take it quietly, young 'un!" | the stableman were all sprawling on the clearing off because two dashed tailor's off before you could be given into custody my word for that!"

"I'm in it up to the neck," answered

Morny coolly. by those scoundrels!"

old bean."

"So you say!" sneered Augustus Stacpoole. "You came home when you were stunned by a terrific swipe from Lovell. kicked out of your school, and you'll The other backed off, defending himself come home again fast enough to sponge | with his whip against three lunging and on your relations!"

followers. "Give them a good dozen

And Augustus and Aubrey backed their

advance in front. "I warn you fellows to keep off," said | they pushed the enemy hard.

said the stableman. "We're going to ground, yelling for quarter as the stumps dummies are after me! Why, I want | for trespass and assault! But you're not | carry out orders! You shouldn't trespass, | rained lashes on them. to see 'em again! I want to give 'em | gettin' away without punishment, take | or cheek Master Augustus! Now, put | "Back up, Gus!" exclaimed Aubrey down them stumps!"

It was not in the least what they had | closed in on him, and gripped him round expected.

"You'll get it pretty hot when you Three slashing riding-whips certainly did come back to the Lodge if you stand | much execution, and there were loud yells from the juniors. But cricket-stumps | on grimly to his affectionate cousin. "I'm not comin back to the Lodge, in determined hands retaliated with great

One of the keepers rolled over half slashing stumps.

Mornington's face crimsoned. It was | The stableman was collared by Putty the bitterest taunt he ever heard from and Raby, what time he received a slash his cousins, and he heard it often enough. | across the head from Morny, and he went

"Ow, ow! 'Elp!"

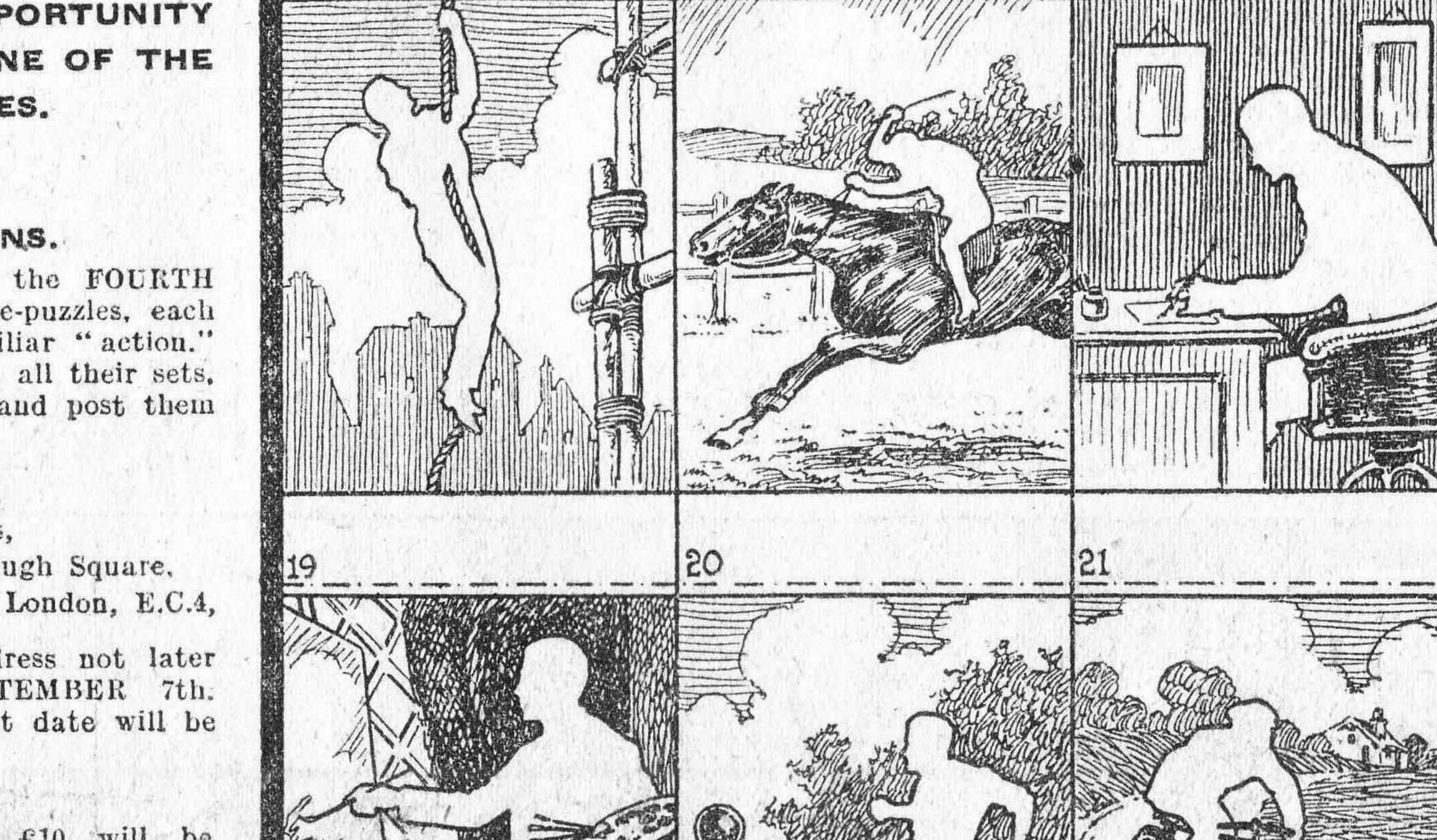
Augustus & Co. and a thrashing all round for the Rookwooders, the schoolboys were getting the better of it, and

Stacpoole.

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decision as final and binding. Address

Augustus turned to his followers.

"You've got Sir Rupert's orders!" he said brusquely. "These young tramps have got to be thrashed! It's the simplest way of dealing with them, and will be a warnin' to them not to trespass, or cheek their betters! Give them the hiding of their lives!"

The horsemen dismounted, grinning. They were burly fellows, and they seemed of a handsome tip from the lofty Augustus for carrying out his instructions.

Jimmy Silver & Co. drew together, stumps in hand. The horsemen had l The two Stacpooles grinned with satis- riding-whips, which they evidently intended to use. Valentine Mornington Rookwooders.

ment merely.

"Better keep out of this. Cousin Val!" called out Aubrey Stacpoole.

"Come and make us put them down!" bawled Arthur Edward Lovell.

of the keepers. And the three men rushed at the juniors, brandishing their whips.

They expected the group of schoolboys to break up before that heavy rush, and they expected to follow on, laying their and Aubrey were ready to spur their wooder escaped unwhipped.

But those expectations were not realised. Instead of breaking and running, Jimmy Silver & Co. stood as firm

There was a heavy collision as the two parties met, and as the riding-whips lashed down the stumps retaliated.

Crash! Crack! Slash! Crack! "Oh! Ow! Ooooop!"

"Give 'em socks!" roared Lovell. "Play up, Rookwood!"

"Oh gad!" gasped Augustus Stacpoole. staring at the scene in astonishment. "My word!" murmured Aubrey.

Augustus nodded, and gripped his whip. The two riders urged their horses "We'll do that fast enough!" said one | forward at the Rookwooders, recklessly riding them down and slashing out.

The 5th Chapter. Not Nice for Augustus!

Jimmy Silver & Co. had to scatter from whips on fleeing backs. And Augustus | the rush of the horses, and they received some severe lashes as they scattered. Augustus and Aubrey rode victorious, while their hapless followers sprawled and roared. But it was only for a moment.

The juniors rallied to the attack at once. A lash from a stump on his flank sent Aubrey's horse careering down the road at top speed, and the rider dragged at the reins in vain to stop him. The last glimpse the Rookwooders had of Aubrey Stacpoole, that youth was clinging to his horse's neck, and going strong.

Augustus Stacpoole was not so lucky. He made his horse prance to keep the juniors off, while he lashed out with the whip. But Valentine Mornington

"Give us our 'orses, and we'll go!" "You'll go without!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "A walk home will do you good, and you can hunt for your gee-gees to-morrow!" "Look 'ere--"

"Enough said! Go for them, you

more!" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

The juniors, stumps in hand, advanced on the three in warlike array. The trio exchanged glances, and backed off. The odds were against them, and they had had enough of the stumps. They had a dozen bruises each already, and did not seem to want any more.

Jimmy Silver started the horses, and they trotted down one of the crossroads into a field. The advancing juniors drove Augustus' followers before them, down another of the cross-roads. The three men backed away, and, as the stumps came to closer quarters, they fairly took to their heels and ran for it. Jimmy Silver & Co. returned to the camp victorious.

Mornington, with a grin, removed his knee from Augustus Stacpoole's chest, and allowed that ruffled and rumpled youth to rise.

"You'll pay for this!" said Augustus. between his teeth. "What do you expect father to say to this?" Mornington shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever dear old nunky says, I sha'n't be there to hear it," he answered. "Go home, dear boy, and be happy; you won't see me at Stacpoole Lodge again. But before you go, by gad, I'm goin' to give you the hidin of your life!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Lovell. "Put up your hands, Gus, dear boy!"

said Valentine Mornington, pushing back his cuffs, and advancing upon Augustus. Augustus Stacpoole, with a livid face, cast a desperate look round him. His brother had long vanished, and his followers were out of sight now. Stacpoole backed away, Mornington following him up, with glittering eyes and cleuched fists.

Augustus caught his foot in a root as he backed, and fell. The next moment he sprang up, turned his back to Mornington, and ran. Morny's boot shot out. and landed-and Augustus, with a fearful yell, plunged forward on his hands and knees.

"Goal!" roared Lovell. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Augustus Stacpoole bounded up, and ran on breathlessly, without a glance behind.

Mornington drove his hands into his pockets, with a careless laugh.

"Our win, you fellows!" he remarked. "Three cheers for little us!" chortled

"If they come back." said Raby, with a glance down the road—"if they come back with some more-"

"They won't come back," said Mornington. "They've got a long way to hoof it home, and then they couldn't be back here before mornin'. Lend me a blanket, and turn in."

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver.

"But what, old bean?" "This means an awful row with your uncle, I'm afraid, Morny."

"It doesn't!" "You're not going back?" asked

"But-" said Jimmy. "My dear man, that's settled!" said Mornington. "Not your fault, nor mine -not even old Sir Rupert's. We can't hit it off-incompatibility of temper, you know. I've said a fond farewell to Stacpoole Lodge: Nothin' to worry

"But what are you going to do?" asked Jimmy Silver blankly.

"Camp with you fellows." "Yes; but after---"

"Sufficient for the day is the jolly old evil thereof!" said Mornington nonchalantly. "I'm sleepy-what price turnin' in?"

Jimmy Silver had a good deal more to say, but he did not say it. The Rookwooders turned in, and they were not disturbed again that night. The enemy, wearily "hoofing it" home, had had enough. And in the sunny summer morning, when the Rookwood outfit took the road, Valentine Mornington marched with the Rookwooders.

(The Rookwood tramps are still on the road, and in next Monday's story, "Mornington's Resolve!" they have some thrilling adventures with a bull! See that you get your copy of the Boys' Friend by ordering it in advance.)

THE END.

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