## Harmsworth's HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA Part 1 on Sale

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Week Ending February 17th, 1923.



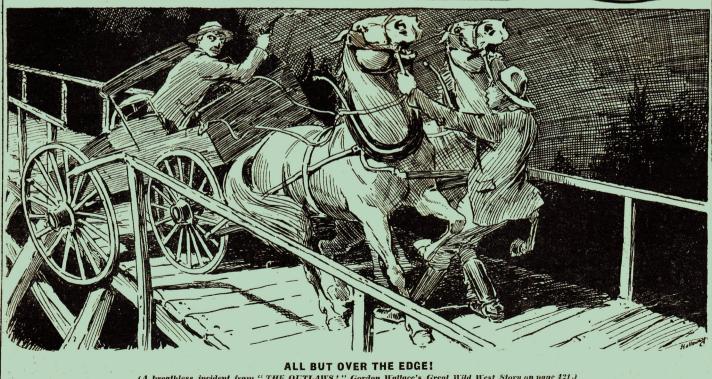
(A dramatic incident from "DEAD MAN'S GOLD!" A magnificent new yarn in this issue.)

## This Week's SPLENDID PROGRAMME

- DEAD MAN'S GOLD!" A Splendid New Story of Pirates and Buried Treasure, by EDMUND BURTON.
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(A breathless incident from "THE OUTLAWS!" Gordon Wallace's Great Wild West Story on page 121.)

THE FINEST SCHOOL YARN EVER WRITTEN!



You'll be surprised when you read

who had Trevor's missing gold

G. WODEHOUSE

bat!

#### the 1st Chapter.

The 1st Chapter.

O'Hara, an unruly Irish boy at tarrying the Mayor of Wrykyn's statue, loses a small gold bat, the property of Trevor, captain of the School Fifteen and thereby fills trevor with consternation, for should the bat be found near the scene of the outrage, he sees that he will be placed in an awkward position. About this time Trevor is experiencing some difficulty in filling the fifteenth place in his team. Rand-Brown, a likely selection, is observed to funk in a trial game, so Trevor displaces him in favour of Barry, a smaller but far more reliable three-quarter, who has hitherto played for the Third Fifteen. A mysterious League has been formed in the school by a number of fellows unknown, who intend to enforce their wishes by acts of violence. The League first wrecks the study of Mill, a prefect, and then proceeds to warn Trevor, in an anonymous letter, that its members do not desire Barry to continue to play in the First Fifteen. Trevor disregards the letter, and the League retailates by smashing up the contents of his study. Trevor tells O'Hara of the outrage, and the latter and his chum, Moriarty, search in vain for the headquarters of the mysterious League. Trevor receives another letter informing him that the gold bat is in the hands of the League Thereupon he tackles Rand-Brown in his study, and, having accused him of writing the anonymous letter, proceeds to search his study for the gold bat, and requests him to turn out his pockets. But the missing trophy is not hidden in the study, nor is it in Rand-Brown's pockets. Milton, a prefect, discovers that the anonymous letters were posted from a village called Chesterton. He visits the post-office there, armed with photographs of various fellows belonging to the school. The postmistress is unable to identify the boy, but just as the prefect is about to leave, an old man hobbles into the shop. "So, as'a last chance,' says Milton to Trevor, in relating his adventure, "I tackled him on the subject."

The 2nd Chapter.
The Mayor's Visit!
"The old fellow looked at the photographs fo about half an hour," continued Milton, "mumbling something about it not being 'thicay 'un,' or 'that 'un, c 'that 'ere tother'un,' until I began to feel I'd had enough of it. Then it came out that the real chap who had sent the letters was a 'la-ad' with light hair, not so big as me—"

me\_\_\_\_,"
"That doesn't help us much," said

"That doesn't help us much," said Trevor.
"And a prarper little gennlemun."
Sc all we've got to do is to look for some young duke of polished manners and exterior with a thatch of light hair."

hair."

"There are three hundred and sixty-seven fellows with light hair in the school," said Trevor calmly.

"Thought it was three hundred and sixty-eight myself," said Milton; "but I may be wrong. Anyhow, there you have the results of my investigations. If you can make anything out of them, you're welcome to it. Good-bye!"

"Half a second," said Trevor, as he got up. "Hald the fellow a cap of any sort?"

got up "Had the fellow a cap of any sort?"
"No. Bere-headed. You wouldn't expect him to give himself away by wearing a House cap?"
Trevor went over to the headmaster's revolving this discovery in his mind. It was not much of a clue, but the smallest clue is better than nothing. To find out that the sender of the League letters had fair hair narrowed the search down a little. It

lecared the more raven-locked members of the school, at any rate. Besides, by combining his information with Milton's, the search might be still further narrowed down. He knew that the polite letter-writer must be either in Seymour's or in Donaldson's. The number of fair-haired youths in the two Houses was not excessive. Indeed, at the moment he could not recall any, which rather complicated matters.

He arrived at the headmaster's door, and knocked. He was shown into a room at the side of the ball, near the door. The butter informed him that the headmaster was engaged at presem Trevor, who knew the butter slightly through having constantly been to see the headmaster on business via the front door, asked who was there.

"Sin Eustace Briggs," said the butter, and disappeared in the direction of his lair beyond the green baize partition at the end of the hall.

Trevor went into the room, which was a sort of stare study, and sat down, wondering what had brought the mayor of Wrykyn to see the headmaster at this advanced hour.

A quarter of an hour later the sound of voicer broke in upon his peace. The headmaster was coming down the hall with the intention of showing his visitor out. The door of Trevor's room was ajar, and he could hear distinctly what was being said. He had no particular desire to play the eavesdropper, but the part was forced upon him.

Sir Eustace seemed excited.

"It is far from being my habit," he was saying, "to make unnecessary complaint respecting the conduct of the lad under your care."

Sir Eustace Briggs had a distaste for the shorter and more colloquial forms of speech. He would have perished sooner than have substituted "complain of your boys" for the majestic formula he had used. He spoke as if he enjoyed choosing his words. He seemed to pause and think before each word. Unkind people—who were jealous of his distinguished careet—used to say that he did this because he was safraid of dropping an aitch if he relaxed his vigilance,"

"It will make a thorough inquiry. Sir Eustace," said th

The Finding of the Bat!
Trevor waited till the headmaster had gone back to his library, gave him five minutes to settle down, and then went in.

The headmaster looked up inquir-

The headmaster looked up inquiringly.

"My essay, sir," said Trevor.

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten."
Trevor opened the notebook and began to read what he had written. Ite finished the paragraph which owed its insertion to Clowes, and raced hurriedly on to the next. To his surprise the flippancy passed unnoticed, at any rate, verbally. As a rule, the headmaster preferred that quotations from back numbers of papers should be kept out of the prefects' English essays. And he generally said as much. But to-day he seemed strangely preoccu-

-12

brought into discussion. He was wondering helplessly how he was going to keep O'Hara and his midnight exploit out of the conversation when the headmaster resumed. "An unpleasant thing has happened, Trevor—" "Now we're coming to it," thought Trevor.
"It appears, Trevor, that a considerable quantity of snoking has been going on in the school."
Trevor breathed freely once more. It was only going to be a mere conventional smoking row after all. He listened with more enjoyment as the headmaster having stopped to turn down the week f the reading-lamp which stood on the table at his side, and which had begun, appropriately enough, to smoke, resumed his discourse.
"Mr. Doxton—" course.
"Mr Dexter-"

"Mr Dexter—" Of course, thought Trevor. If there ever was a row in the school, Dexter was bound to be at the bottom of it.
"Mr Dexter has just been in to see me. He reported six boys. He discovered them in the vault beneath the junior block. Two of them were boys in your House."
Trevor murmured something wordless, to show that the story interested him.

him.
"You knew nothing of this, of

No, sir."

"No, sir."
"No, of course not. It is difficult for the head of a House to know all that goes on in that House."
Was this his beastly sarcasm?
Trevor asked himself. But he came to the conclusion that it was not. After all, the head of a House is only



pied. A split infinitive in paragraph five, which at other times would have made him sit up in his chair stiff with horror, clicited no remark. The same immunity was accorded to the insertion—inspired by Clowes, as usual—of a popular catch phrase in the last few lines. Trevor finished with the feeling that luck had favoured him nobly. "Yes," said the headmaster, seemingly roused by the silence following on the conclusion of the essay. "Yes." Then, after a long pause, "Yes," again.

on the comment.
"Yes." Then, after a comment.
Trevor said nothing, but waited for the comment.

Trevor sate norms, further comment.

"Yes," said the headmaster once more, "I think that is a very fair essay. Very fair. It wants a little more—er—not quite so much—un—yes."

yes."
Trevor made a note in his mind to effect these improvements in future essays, and was getting up, when the headmaster stopped him.
"Don't go, Trevor. I wish to speak to you."

to you."
Trevor's first thought was, perhaps naturally, that the bat was going to be

human. He cannot be expected to keep an eye on the private life of every member of his House. "This must be stopped, Trevor. There is no saying how widespread the practice has become or may be-come. What I want you to do is to go straight back to your House and begin a complete search of the studies" studies."

To-night, sir?"
t seemed too late for such amuse-

It seemed too late for such amusement.
"To-night. But before you go to your House, call at Mr. Seymour's, and tell Milton I should like to see him. And, Trevor."
"Yes, sir?"
"You will understand that I am leaving this matter to you to be dealt with by you. I shall not require you to make any report to me. But if you should find tobacco in any boy's room, you must punish him well, Trevor. Punish him well, Trevor. Punish him well."
This meant that the culprit must be "touched up" before the House assembled in the dining-room. Such an event did not often occur. The

last occasion had been in Paget's first term as head of Donaldson's, when two of the senior Day-room had been discovered attempting to revive the ancient and dishonourable custom of bullying. This time, Trevor foresaw, would set up a record in all probability. There might be any number of devotees of the weed, and he meant to carry out his instructions to the full, and make the criminals more unhappy than they had been since the day of their first cigar. Trevor hated the habit of smoking at school. He was so intensely keen on the success of the Weed, and the school at games that anything which tended to damage the wind and eye filled him with loathing. That any-body should dare to smoke in a House Which was going to play in the final for the House Football Cumade him rage internally, and he proposed to make things bad and unrestful for such.

To smoke at school is to insult the divine weed. When you are obliged to smoke in odd corners, fearing every moment that you will be discovered, the whole meaning, poetry, romance of a pipe vanishes, and you become like those lost beings who knoke when they are running to catch trains. The boy who smokes at school is bound to corne to a bad end. He will degenerate gradually into a person that plays dominoes in the smoking-rooms of tea-shops with friends who wear bowler hats with frock-coats.

Much of this philosophy Trevor expounded to Clowes in energetic language when he returned to Donaldson's after calling at Seymour's to deliver the message for Milton.

Clowes became quite animate at the prospect of a real row.

"We ?" said Trevor. "We?" repeated Clowes firmly. "I am not going to be left out of this junt. I need bracing up—I'm not strong, you know—and this is just the thing to do it. Besides, you'll want a bedyguard of some sort, in case the infuriated occupant turns and rends you."

"To don't see what there is to enjoy in the business," said Trevor gloomily. "Personally, I bar this kind of thing. By the time we've finished, there won't be a chap in the Human and trend

was involved.

The next study was Ruthven's.

This fact somewhat toned down the exuberances of Clowes' demeanour.

When one particularly dishikes a person, one has a curious objection to seeming in good spirits in his presence. One feels that he may take it as a sort of compliment to himself, or,

at any rate, contribute grips of his own, which would be hateful. Clowes was as grave as Trevor when they entered the study.

Ruthven's study was like himself, overdressed and rather futile. It ran to little china ornaments in a good deal of profusion. It was more like a drawing-room than a school study. "Sorry to disturb you, Ruthven, and Trevor, "Oh, come in," said Ruthven, in a tired voice. "Please shut the door; there's a draught. Do you want any-bacey,"

We've got to have a look round,"

said

Can't you see everything there

Ruthven hated Clowes as much as lowes hated him. Trevor cut into the conversation

again.
"It's like this, Ruthven," he said.
"I'm awfully sorry, but the old man's
just told me to search the studies, in
case any of the fellows have got baccy."
Ruthven jumped up, pale with con-

stunten jumped up, pase with construction.

"You can't. I won't have you disturbing my study!"

"This is rot," said Trevor shortly.

"I've got to. It's no good making it more unpleasant for me than it is."

"But I've no tobacco. I swear I haven't." haven't."
"Then why mind us searching?"

"Come on, Ruthven," said Trevor, "chuck us over the keys. You might as well,"

as well."
"I won't!"
"Don't be an ass, man!"
"We have here," observed Clowes
in his solemn way, "a stout and
serviceable poker." He stooped, as
he spoke, to pick it up.
"Leave that poker alone!" cried
Ruthvea.
Clowes straightened by

Clowes straightened himself.
"I'll swop it for your keys," he

"Your keys," he said.
"Don't be a fool!"
"Yery well, then. We will now crack our first crib."
Ruthren sprang forward, but Clowes, handing him off in football fashion with his left hand, with his right dashed the poker against the lock of the drawer of the table by which he stood.
The lock broke with a sharp crack. It was not built with an eye to such onslaught." "Yeat for a first shot," said Clowes

It was not built with an eye to such onslaught.

"Neat for a first shot," said Clowes complacently. "Now for the Umustaphas and shag."

But as he looked into the drawer he uttered a sudden cry of excitement. He drew something out, and tossed it over to Trevor.

"Catch, Trevor." he said quietly. "Something that'll interest you."

Travor caught it neatly in one hand, and stood staring at it as if he bud never seen anything like it before And yet he had—often. For what he had caught was a little golden bat, about an inch long by an eighth of an tuch wide.

#### The League Ravealed !

"What do you think of that?" said

Clowes.
Trevor said nothing. He could not quite grasp the situation. It was not only that he had got the idea so

firmly into his head that it was Rand-Brown who had sent the letter and appropriated the bat. Even supposing he had not suspected Rand-Brown, he would never have dreamed of suspecting Ruthven. They had been friends. Not very close friends —Trevor's keenness for games and Ruthven's dislike of them prevented that—but a good deal more than acquaintances. He was so constituted that he could not grasp the frame of mind required for such an action as Ruthven's. It was something absolutely abnormal.

Clowes was equally surprised, but or a different reason. It was not so

mind required for such an action as Ruthven's. It was something absolutely abnormal.

Clowes was equally surprised, but for a different reason. It was not so much the enormity of Ruthven's proceedings that took him aback. He believed him, with that cheerful intolerance which a certain type of mind affects, capable of anything. What surprised him way the fact that Ruthven had had the ingenuity and even the daring to conduct a campaign of this description. Cribbing in examinations he would have thought the limit of his crimes. Something backboneless and underhand of that kind would not have surprised him in the least. He would have said that it was just about what he had expected all along. But that Ruthven should blossom out suddenly as quite an ingenious and capable criminal in this way, was a complete surprise.

"Well, perhaps you'll make a remark?" he said, turning to Ruthven, looking very much like a passenger on a Channel steamer who has just discovered that the motion of the vessel is affecting him unpleasantly, had fallen into a chair when Clowes had handed him off. He sat there with a look on his pasty face which was not good to see, as silent as Trevor. It seemed that whatever conversation there was going to be would have to take the form of a soliloquy from Clowes.

Clowes took a seat on the corner of the table.

"It seems to me, Ruthven," he said.

Clowes took a seat on the corner of the table.

"It seems to me, Ruthven," he said, "that you'd better say something. At present there's a lot that wants explaining. As this bat has been found lying in your drawer, I suppose we may take it that you're the impolite letter-writer?"

Ruthven found his voice at last.

"I'm not!" he cried. "I never wrote a line!"

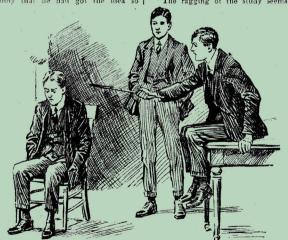
"Now we're getting at it," said Clowes. "I thought you couldn't have had it in you to carry this business through on your own. Apparently you've only been the sleeping partner in this show. Though I suppose it was you who ragged Trevor's stady? Not much sleeping about that. You took over the acting branch of the concern for that day only, I expect. Was it you who ragged the study?"

Ruthven stared into the fire, but said nothing.

"Must be polite, you know, Ruthven, and answer when you're spoken to. Was it you who ragged Trevor's study?"

"Yes," said Ruthven.

"Yes," said futuren.
"Thought so."
"Why, of course, I met you just outside!" said Trevor, speaking for the first time. "You were the chap who told me what had happened."
Ruthven said nothing.
"The ragging of the study seems



THE CULPRIT! "Milton found out that the letters were posted by a small, light-haired fellow," said Trevor. "That's him," said Olowes, pointing with the poker at Ruthven's immaculate locks!

to have been all the active work he did," remarked Clowes.
"No," said Trevor, "he posted the letters, whether he wrote them or not. Milton was telling me—you remember? I told you. No, I didn't. Milton found out that the letters were posted by a small, light-haired fellow."
"That's him," said Clowes, as regardless of grammar as the monks of

"That's him," said Clowes, as regardless of grammar as the monks of Rheims, pointing with the poker at Ruthven's immaculate locks. "Well, you ragged the study and posted the letters. That was all your share. Am I right in thinking Rand-Brown was the other partner?" Silence from Ruthven.
"Am I?" persisted Clowes.
"You may think what you like. I don't care."
"Now you're getting rude again,"

"Now you're getting rude again," complained Clowes. "Was Rand-

"Yes," said Ruthven.
"Thought so. And who else?"

Brown in this?"

"Yes," asid Ruthven.

"Yes," asid Ruthven.

"Thought so. And who else?"

"Try again."

"I tell you there was no one else! Can't you believe a word a chap says?"

"A word here and there, perhaps," said Clowes, as one making a concession, "but not many, and this isn't one of them. Have another shot."
Ruthven relapsed into silence.

"All right, then," said Clowes, we'll accept that statement. There's just a chance that it may be true. And that's about all, I think. This isn't nuy affair at all, really. It's yours, Trevor. I'm only a speciator and camp-follower. It's your business. You'll find me in my study." And putting the poker carefully in its place, Clowes left the room. He went into his study, and tried to begin some work. But the beauties of the second book of Thucydides failed to appeal to him. His mind was elsewhere. He felt too excited with what had just happened to translate Greek.

He pulled up a chair in front of the fire, and gave himself up to speculating how Trevor was getting on in the neighbouring study. He was glad he had left him to finish the business. It he had been in Trevor's place, there is nothing he would so greatly have disliked as to have someone—however familiar a friend—interfering in his wars and settling them for him. Loft to himself, Clowes would probably have ended the interview by kicking Ruthven into the nearest approach to pulp compatible with the laws relating to manslaughter. He had an uneasy suspicion that Trevor would let him down far too easily.

The handle turned. Trevor came in, and pulled up another chair in silence. He his face wore a look of dis-

laws relating to manslaughter. He had an uneasy suspicion that Trevor would let him down far too easily.

The handle turned. Trevor came in, and pulled up another chair in silence. His face wore a look of disgust. But there were no signs of combat upon him. The toe of his boot was not worn and battered, as Clowes would have liked to have seen it. Evidently he had not chosen to adopt active and physical measures for the improvement of Ruthven's moral well-being.

"Well?" said Clowes.

"My word, what a hound!" breathed Trevor, half to himself.

"My sentiments to a hair," said (lowes approvingly "But what have you done?"

"I didn't do anything."

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Did he give any explanation? What made him go in for the thing at all? What earthly motive could he have for not wanting Barry to get his colours, bar the fact that Rand-Brown didn't want him to? And why should he do what Rand-Brown told him? I never even knew they were pals. before to-day."

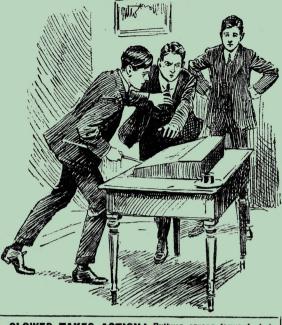
"He told me a good deal," said frevor. "It's one of the beastlest things I ever hear. They neither of them come particularly well out of the business, but Rand-Brown comesworse out of it even than Ruthven. My word, that man wants killing."

"That'll keep," said Clowes, nodding. "Whal's the yarn?"

"Do you remember about a year ago a chap named Patterson getting acked?"

acked?"
Clowes nodded again. He remembered the case well. Patterson had bad gambling transactions with a Wrykyn tradesman, had been found out, and had gone.
"You remember what a surprise it was to everybody? It wasn't one of those cases where half the school suspects what's going on. Those cases always come out sooner or later. But Patterson nobody knew about."
"Yes. Well?"
"Nobody," said Trevor, "except

"Yes, Well?"
"Nobody," said Trevor, "except
Ruthven, that is. Ruthven got to
know somehow. I believe he was a
bit of a pal of Patterson's at the
time. Anyhow, they had a row, and
Ruthven went to Dexter—Patterson



CLOWES TAKES ACTION! Ruthven eprang forward, but ball fashion with his left hand, with his right dashed the poker against the lock of the drawer of the table by which he stool!

was in Dexter's—and sneaked. Dexter promised to keep his name out of the business, and went straight to the old man, and Patterson got turfed out on the spot. Then somehow or other Rand-Brown got to know about it—I believe Ruthven must have told him by accident some time or other. After that he simply had to do everything Rand-Brown wanted him to. Otherwise he said that he would tell the chaps about the Patterson affair. That put Ruthven in a dead funk. "Of course," said Clowes. "I should imagine friend Ruthven would have got rather a bad time of it. But what made them think of starting the Lengue? It was a jolly smart idea. Rand-Brown's, of course?"

"Yes. I suppose he'd heard about it, and thought that something might be made out of it if it were revived."
"And were Ruthven and he the only two in it?"

"Ruthven swears they were, and I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't telling the truth, for once in his life. You see, everything the League's done so far could have been done by him and Rand-Brown, without anybody else's help. The only other studies that were ragged were Mill's and Milton's—both in Seymour's."

"Yes," said Clowes.

"There was a pause. Clowes put another shovelful of coal on the fire. "What are you going to do to Ruthven?"

"Nothing? Hang it, he doesn't

"What are you Ruthven?"
"Nothing."
"Nothing."
"Nothing? Hang it, he doesn't deserve to get off like that. He isn't as bad as Rand-Brown—quite—but he's pretty nearly as finished a little beast as you could find."
"Finished is just the word," said Trevor. "He's going at the end of

"Going? What, sacked?"
"Yes. The Old Man's been finding out things about him, apparently, and this smoking row has just added the finishing-touch to his discoveries. He's particularly keen against smoking just now for some reason."

"But was Ruthren in it?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? He was one of the fellows Dexter caught in the vault. There were two in this House, you remember?"

"Who was the other?"

"Who was the other?"
"That man Dashwood. Has the study next to Paget's old one. He's going, too."
"Scarcely knew him. What sort of a chap was he?"
"Outsider. No good to the House in any way. He won't be missed."
"And what are you going to do about Rand-Brown?"
"Fight him, of course. What else could I do?"
"But you're no match for him."

"Fight him, of course. What else could I do?"

"But you're no match for him."

"We'll see."

"But you aren't," persisted Clowes,
"He can give you a stone easily, and he's not a bad boxer either. Moriarty didn't beat him so very cheaply in the middle-weight this year. You wouldn't have a chance."

Trevor flared up.
"Heavens, man," he cried, "do you think I don't know all that mesself? But what on earth would you have me do? Besides, he may be a good boxer, but he's got no pluck at all. I might outstay him."

"Hope so," said Clowes.
But his tone was not hopeful.

(Will Trevor be able to stand no

(Will Trevor be able to stand un to Rand-Brown? On no account miss next Monday's instalment of this grand school story!)

## SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTE!

#### ARE YOU HANDY WITH YOUR HANDS?

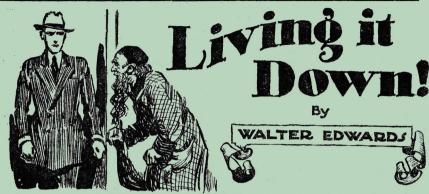
Can you make things with your hands? Are you interested in any kind of home hobby? If so, you should take in HARMSWORTH'S HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA, which was published for the first time on Thursday last, and has already scored such a big success that several reprints have had to be put through the presses.

This wonderful new illustrated book for the handyman is issued in fortnightly parts at 1/3 each, and for useful hints and diagrams on how to make, mend, and do everything for the home it is just first-rate.

It will show you a million ways of spending your spare time in profit able home hobbies, and is the only work of its kind ever put on the

The complete Encyclopedia will contain 10,000 pictures, 10,000 articles, and many COLOURED PLATES. Part 1 is now on sale, and to make sure of all future parts as they are issued a standing order should be placed with your newsagent.

#### ANOTHER STUNNING YARN FEATURING ROLLO DAYTON AND THE DUKE!



Telling how Rollo Dayton frustrated yet another of the Duke's sinister plots!

The 1st Chapter.

Or. Dagnall is Called in

416

The 1st Chapter.

Or. Dagnali is Called in:

The Hon. Rollo Dayton stifled a yawn and tossed a newspaper across the table to Dr. Dagnali, who was looking about as companionable as a surly bear.

"Some scribbler johnnie has fairly let himself go this time, old egg, drawled the fair-haired amateur, with a smile. "Talk about dipping the jolly old quill in aeid and all that sort of rot! Listen to this bit. He refers to you—Dr. Gordon Dagnall, M.D. X.Y.Z., R.S.V.P., P.T.O., and all the rest of it—as 'this inept practitioner, who will do well to stick to bandages and medicine and leave football to those who have at least a rudimentary knowledge of the game '! I like that bit about the 'inept practitioner,' don't you?"

A wave of angry colour overspread the doctor's rugged features.

"What!" he cried, snatching the paper. "Do you really mean to tell me that some ink-slinging, nib-spoiling, muthrowing little penny-a-liner has dared to say that about me? Me!"

"Everything points to it, old egg," smiled Rolle. "Personally, I think he sums matters up rather neatly if I get my hands on him!" vowed Daggers viciously. His blazing eyes found the column headed:

"SENSATIONAL DEFEAT OF

"SENSATIONAL\_DEFEAT ENGLISH ELEVEN!

Dayton and Dagnall Collapse!

SCOTLAND'S NINE TO NIL

"Nover." wrote the scribe, "has it been my bad fortune to witness such a display of sheer ineptitude. It was tragic. I wanted to weep.

"The English team set off in great style, but within half an hour it had been reduced to a state bordering upon exhaustion.

"In no department of the game did any individual shine, and the amateurs—the Hon. Rollo Dayton and Dr. Dagnall—were the worst offenders of all. They seemed to have forgotten anything they had ever known, and the former distinguished himself by missing what should have been a certain goal. He had not even Macintyre, the Scots custodian, to beat, yet his sehot, if such a spineless effort can be so described, sent the leather trickling away to the cornerfing where it was cleared by Donald McSteggle.

"Scotland's nine goals are in no way representative of the run of the play, for it looked as if they could have seored ninety-nine had they so wished, for Dayton and his men offered little or no opposition after the first thirty minutes of play, being too tired or out of condition to move at more than a snail's pace. Their efforts were pathetic.

"This match will be a blot upon the name of Soccer, for never in the whole history of the game has there been a greater travesty than to-day's display at Leeds Bromley."

There followed hot and scathing remarks about individual players,

There followed hot and scathing remarks about individual players, Rollo Dayton and Dr. Dagnall being singled out for much stinging rebuke.

singled out for much stinging rebuke.
"And there is another and more scrious aspect of this deplorable disaster," continued the sporting writer, getting his second wind.
"Many ugly rumours swept the country for a fortinght preceding the match, some mischievous person or persons having circulated the adiculous story that the English stroked his strong chin.

eleven had been bribed to lose the game to Scotland.

"Such a thing is utter nonsense, something to be dismissed with a strug, yet it is certainly extraordinary that England should have been soundly and ingloriously trounced by a very moderate Scottish side.

"Furthermore, it will give the malicious tongues another chance of wagging, especially as it is common knowledge that a certain knot of professional backers have made a small fortune out of England's unexpected reverse."

This scribe wrote nothing but the truth, for the International game had been a tragic farce.

The English eleven, led by the Hon. Rollo Dayton, had taken the field in the pink of condition. They looked like men trained to the minute.

A strenuous spell of play followed the kick-off, both sides battling like Trojans.

Then, slowly but unmistakably.

A strenuous spell of play followed the kick-off, both sides battling like Trojans.

Then, slowly but unmistakably, Rollo and his men began to slacken the pace; their "bellows" appeared to trouble them; they became slow and listless.

A goal followed, Smith scoring for Scotland, and this marked the beginning of the end. The English side became worse as the game progressed, and when the final whistle blew it scemed that the players could scarcely drag their limbs across the turf to the dressing-room.

And, though the shouting spectators did not realise the fact, Rollo and the ethers were in a very bad way, for they were suffering from a dazed feeling which robbed them of all interest in their surroundings. They were like men in a dream; yet no sooner did they have their tubs and change into their civilian clothes than the clouds diffed away from their brains, and they became normal once more, healthy, vigorous, and alert.

The metamorphosis was amazing, inexplicable, a profound mystery, yet Rollo and his men received scant sympathy from the directors of the F.A.

"They're stale, the whole lot of "me!" declared Sir John Tregamon.

F.A.

"They're stale, the whole lot of 'em!" declared Sir John Tregannon, the fire-eater. "They let Scotland score and then went all to pieces. Sheer cowardice in the face of the enemy! They should be shot! Shot, I say!"

enemy! They should be sated in the dining saloon of the London express. Many newspapers were scattered round them, and they had read countless columns dealing with the English defeat, and they found that not one scribe had been charitable enough to suggest that there might have been a reason, apart from slackness, for the tragic collapse.

from slackness, for the tragic collapse.

Every writer appeared to be fully convinced that Rollo and his men had taken the game too lightly, that they had not thought it worth while to train assiduously.

Daggers, having finished the report. tore the paper across and threw it under the table.

"What's the matter with the idiot?" he demanded hotty, glaring into Rollo Dayton's mild blue eyes. "Do they think that we lost the game for fun?"

"It's quite obvious that they think we weren't trying, old egg!" declared the fair-haired youngster.

"After all, they weren't to know that we were all groggy, and the whole thing must have looked joily fishy from the spectators' point of view, especially after the runours of bribery and corruption and all that sort of bubble!"

Daggers looked very thoughtful and stroked his stroke dim.

"The whole thing puzzles me no end," he confessed. "Our feeling dazed and groggy, I mean. After ail, we couldn't have been got at-that's the sort of thing that happens in story books—"

"Then what the dickens was the matter with us, old egg?" demanded Rollo.

Dagnall shook his head, and was about to make a reply when an attendant came hurrying along the

saloon.
"Is there a doctor present?" he asked anxiously.
Daggers rose from his chair.
"What's the trouble?" he asked crisply, becoming the Harley Street practitioner in a flash.

dozing in a bunk, with the attendant watching over him.

"Let me know immediately he wakes up," said Dagnall; and he and Rollo returned to the dining-saloon. The fair-haired youngster was looking unusually excited; the blue eye behind the gold-rimmed monocle gleamed.

"Wha's in the wind, old egg?" he asked eagerly.
"Have you got a clue, or somethin'?"

"Wha's in the wind, old egg?" he asked eagerly. "Have you got a clue, or somethin'?"
"I really believe that I have, my son," answered the medical man, with a grave, professional smile.

## The Clue!

An hour and a quarter passed be-fore the attendant made his appear-

fore the atternant management of the state of the speaking to Daggers.

"And he feels quite fit and well?" questioned the doctor "The dazed feeling has passed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the attendant. "Shall I ask him to come in and see you?"

Daggers nodded, and the fellow hur-

Daggers nodded, and the fellow hurried away, to return in a few moments with the cook, whose round face was wearing a rather sheepish grin.
"I don't know what to make of it, sir," he said. almost apologetically. "Th sure that I felt really rotten, yet now— Why, I've not even got a headache! It's a fair knock-out, sir!"
Dagnall nodded.
"As you say, it is a fair knock-out," he agreed. "Now, Timkins—"
"My name's Carter, sir," put in the chef.

"My name section of the chef.
"Quite so," smiled Daggers easily.
"Now, Carter, I'm going to put a few questions to you, and I want you to be very careful how you answer them.

Daggers, who saw that he had a diffi-cult customer to deal with. "There was no cause for complaint."
"And even if there was, sir, I don't see that I was to blame," the cook ran on in pained tones. "The gentleman in charge of your party, him what came into my kitchen, had a good look round at everything, and—"One moment!" Daggers snapped the command; a

Daggers snapped the command; a sudden light gleamed in his eyes and

sudden fight greenes, was gone "Somebody inspected the food?" he asked, speaking very quietly. The chet nodded. He was inclined to be surly under the cross-examina-

to be surly under the cross-examina-tion.

"He did!" he grunted.

Dagnall took a pound note from his waistcoat-pocket and placed it upon the table, and the expression upon the chef's round face became positively amiable.

"Now," saig the doctor impres-

chef's round face became positively amiable.

"Now," said the doctor impressively, "I want you to think very deeply. I want you to take your mind back to exactly what happened in the kitchen. What did this-ergentleman do from the moment he entered?"

Again the chef wrinkled his brow.

"Well, he came in quiet-like, and sort of surprised me, sir, because I don't allow no strangers in my kitchen in the ordinary way," said the fellow. "Of course he soon put that right by telling me who he was, the person in charge of the footballers. He asked me what was for lunch, and had a look at the fish; and then he crossed to the soup cauldron, took the lid off, and had a good snift"

"He took the lid off?" queried Daggers, wishing to make certain upon every point.

"He did, sir," returned the chef.

"Were you with him at the time? I mean, were you standing by the cauldron? I was busy cleaning the fish," came the ready answer.

I mean, were you standing by the cauldron?"

"No. sir; I was busy cleaning the fish," came the ready answer.

The doctor nodded, and shot another glance at Rollo Dayton.

"And now for the last question, Carter," he said, toying with the note. "Can you describe the gentleman you've mentioned?"

The cook began to wonder what it was all about, but the money upon the table kept him in a good humour. "He was dressed in a blue suit, sir, and wore a broad-brimmed soft hat," he said, speaking very deliberately. "But the first thing I noticed was his eyes, sir. Queer eyes they wee, sir. And his face—he was clean-chaven—was white, sir—a strange, yellowy white—and—"

"That will do, Carter," said Daggers, flicking the pound note across the table. "That's all I want to know."

Still very bewildered, the cook

know.'
Still now."

Still very bewildered, the cook icked up the money and passed down he car with the attendant, and it was to until they were out of sight that ither Rollo or Dagnall spoke.

Then their lips framed two words: "The Duke!"

## The 3rd Chapter. Dr. Otto Strohmer,

The 3rd Chapter.

Dr. Otto Strohmer,

"The whole thing's as clear as mud!" declared the Hon. Rollo Dayton, as the express tore through the night and ate up the miles to London.

"It is—up to a point," agreed Daggers thoughtfully. "It is quite obvious that the Duke doctored the soup yet I do not know of any drug or soporific which would act so strangely upon the human system. I shall take the remains of the soup and analyse it, of course."

The train ran into the cehoing terminus upon the stroke of midnight, and Rollo and Daggers parted, the former to go to his flat in the Albany and sleep the sleep of perfect health.

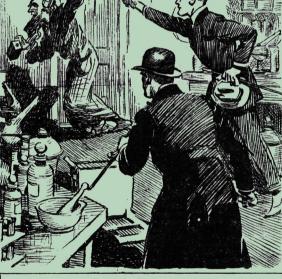
Dagnall, however, did not seek his bed, but made his way to his well-appointed laboratory. He rather prided himself upon his knowledge of drugs and poisons, and he did not mean to rest until he had solved the mystery of the Duke's doctored soup, the qualities of which baffled him.

Hour after hour passed, and the light in the laboratory was still burning, and with the passing of minutes the doctor's irritation, bewilderment, and chagrin increased. By dawn he had tried all known tests, but still the secret evaded him, and mid-day found him still hopelessly at sea.

"I'll go round and see Grinton!"

Sir Geoffrey Grinton was an eminent toxicologist and an authority upon drugs. Daggers called upon him that afternoon, and explained everything, thus getting the famous man's attention at once.

They eventually adjourned to the



DESPERATE MEASURES! Rollo Dayton snatched up a bottle from the bench and hurled it straight at Dr. Otto Strohmer. The missile caught the scientist full upon the temple and sent him staggering backwards!

"The cook's been taken ill, sir," answered the attendant breathlessly. "He seems to be wandering—dazed-like—as though he's not quite right in his nut—er—head, sir."
"Take me to him," said Daggers; and a curious light dawned in his eyes as he gave the command.

He found the cook sitting huddled up in a chait, his face white, his fore-lead moist. Dagnall touched his shoulder, but he did not move.
"Here's a doctor, Jack," said the attendant; and the cook raised his head and looked up at Daggers in a dazed, dreamy manner.
"Can you stand?" asked the doctor, placing a hand upon the man's arm. The cook tried to get to his feet, but the effort was too much for him. He dropped into the chair and groaned. "Rollo," said Daggers, glaneing over his shoulder, "we'll get this fellow into sleeping-berth. He'll be as right as rain in an hour or so; anyway, before we reach London, Nothing car be done until that dazed feeling passes."

Number one. When did you last have anything to eat?"

The man wrinkled his moist forehead in a prodigious mental effort.

The man wrinkled his moist forehead in a prodigious mental effort.

"Well, I can't swear to a minute or so, sir; but it was four hours ago, as near as makes no odds!"

"Thank you!" said Dagnall, flashing a satisfied glance at Rollo Dayton.

"And what did you cat?"

"I had a basin of soun, sir," returned the chef; and then added hastily. 'But that couldn't have done me no harm, for I made it myself!"

He looked almost truculent as he uttered the words

"I've not even made the suggestion, Carter," said the doctor, with another smile. "Now, I wonder if you had some of the soup that was left over from this morning? You cooked the English team's lunch, didn't you? I remember seeing you."

"I did that lunch, sir, and there was no complaints," returned the chef.
"As to the so.p—yes, I had a basinful that was left over; and very good stuff it was, too, sir!"

"Excellent. excellent!" agreed

aboratory, where Grinton worked steadily for two solid hours without speaking a word.

Then he looked up and fixed his shrewd old eyea upon Daggers.

"I cannot help you," he said. And it was obvious that the confession cost him much. "Like yourself, I am baffled." He forced a smile as he noticed the almost comical expression of dismay upon the younger man's tanned features. "But I have a suggestion to make. I can recommend you to the one person in all the world who will be able to help youn—a doctor, scientist, genius, and recluse."

"And who is that, sit?" asked Daggers eagerly.

"I refer to Dr. Otto Strohmer, who lives in a tumble-down old house out at Hampstead," answered Sir Geofrey. "I will give you a note of introduction."

Thus it came about that later in the

y. duction

Trey. "I will give you a note of introduction."
Thus it came about that later in the day Rollo Dayton and Daggers travelled to Hampstead, and eventually found the residence of Dr. Otto. It was a square, sombre-looking old place, neglected and desolate. A broad path leading to the crumbling stone steps was overgrown with weeds and grass.
"If'n! This is a cheerful sort of hole to live in!" grunted the doctor, peering through the bars of the rusty iron gate. All the windows were barred and shuttered, and not a wisp of smoke curled from the broken chinney-pots. "I should think the excellent Dr. Otto lives in one round of gaiety. Well, here goes!"

He turned the handle and found the gate toeked.
"This means a climb, old egg!" smiled Rollo.

"This means a climb, old egg!"
And scarcely had he said the words than he was scaling the wall. Daggers followed his example, dropping, lightly to the tangled undergrowth, and then the pair walked up to the house, and Rollo pulled the old-fashioned bell-rope.

There followed a shuffling of feet, the door opened a few inches, and a pair of small, bright eyes blinked at the visitors.

"We've come to see Dr. Otto—" began Daggers, when the old man interrupted him.

"Who sent you?"

"Sir Geoffrey Grinton," answered Dagnath.

"Sir Geoffrey Grinton," answered Dagnat!

And at the sound of the famous name the shrivelled features of the reduse twisted themselves into a toothiess grin.

"Ah, my clever friend—my clever friend!" croaked Dr. Otto Strohner. slipping the chain bott and opening the door, "Come inside, my clever boys! Come in!"

The hall was bare of everything, sare dust and cobwebs, and the two friends noticed that their host was incredibly dirty.

His hair was long and matted, and his beard—a langled affair—reached almost to his waist. His frail, bent form was covered by an old dressing-gown which reached to his sandals.

"Follow me, my clever boys!" he

gown which reached to his sandals.

"Follow me, my clever boys!" he croaked, shuffling down a flight of stairs and along a narrew corridor.

"Come inside!" he bade, opening the door of a laboratory, the appointments of which made Daggers' professional eyes sparkle.

He gazed round in speechless admiration for a couple of minutes, and then became aware of the fact that the old scientist was waiting for him to mention the nature of his errand.

that the old scientist was waiting for him to mention the nature of his errand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, flushing. "I could not help paying tribute to this wonderful place."

"Well, well, my clever boy, and what now?" croaked the old fellow; and a moment later Daggers was telling him the whole story, which seemed to armuse him.

"Tee, hee!" he tittered again and again. "Go on, my clever boy!" He was still grinning when Dagnall's voice died away. "Well, well, that is a strange story—a strange story," le rambled, peering into the receptacle containing some of the doctored soup. "Leave it to him. Come back to-morrow, and old Otto will tell you all about it! Tee, hee?"

Rollo Dayton had the greatest difficulty in repressing a shudder, and he did not breathe freely until he and Daggers passed out of the strange house, having promised to call upon him the following day.

Dr. Otto Strohmer, having bolted the front door, shuffled along the dusty passage, still chuckling to himself. He passed down the stairs and entered the laboratory, crossing to a small door.

He turned the handle with his skinny fingers.

He turned the handle with his skinny fingers.
"Hee, hee! Come out, my clever boy, come out!" he croaked,

Published Every Monday

his lined features twisting into a hideous grin. "Come out!"

The man who had been concealed in the ante-room crossed the The man who had been concealed in the ante-room crossed the threshold. He was wearing a blue suit and a wide-brimmed felt hat. His eyes were inscrutable, uncanny; his skin had an ivory pallor.

The man was the Duke!

#### The 4th Chapter, The Room of Death!

It was five o'clock on a chilly, slate-grey afternoon that the Hon. Rollo Dayton and Dr. Dagnall again mounted the moss-covered steps of the mysterious old house at Hampstead.

Neither had looked forward to the visit with enthusiasm, for there was something sinister and almost repulsive about Dr. Otto Strohmer; and the rambling old mansion, with its dust and cobwebs, seemed to strike a chill into their hearts. There was something uncanny about the place. Its heavy silence was ominous.

Rollo pulled the old-fashioned bell-rope, and a clanging sound echoed through the unfurnished hall. Then the door opened noiselessly and Dr. Otto Strohmer, who looked more wizened than usual in the failing light, grinned at them. Neither had looked forward to the

"Same here, old man!" confessed the Harley Street man.
Once inside the laboratory, however, the fascination of the place gripped him. It seemed to his admiring eyes that every instrument known to modern science and chemistry had a place in the spacious apartment, and Dr. Otto Strohmer watched the ever-changing expression upon his tanned features through half-closed eyes.
"This is nothing—nothing, my

half-closed eyes.

"This is nothing—nothing, my friend!" he croaked, with a wave of his skinny hand. "This is a mere ante-room, where old Otto plays to his heart's content. But through there "—he pointed to the door at the end of the room—"I have my beautiful laboratory, my menagerie, my museum. Tee, hee! You should see my museum! Eh, Mrs. Brimstone, shouldn't he?" He turned to the raven, who at some time or other had lost her right eye. "Shall we show them old Otto's treasures?"

them old Otto's treasures?"

The repulsive-looking bird gave a harsh, unfriendly croak, and the old man chuckled with glee.
"Good girl! Good girl!" he crooned. He grinned across at Daggers, whose professional interest had been aroused. "Would you like to see our laboratory, my friend?" he asked. to see our laboratory, asked. The Harley Street man hesitated

have cost a small fortune. The place was assuredly a scientist's paradise.
"Tee, hee! Here's old Titus come to see us, Mrs. Brimstone!" chuckled Otto Strohmer, as an enormous black cat came stalking from the farther end of the room, its tail erect, its large, green eyes wide open.

Mrs. Brimstone gray a charge great.

Mrs. Brimstone gave a sharp croak.

"All right, old girl, all right.
We'll get rid of him one day!" said
the old man soothingly; and again
Mrs. Brimstone croaked as though
satisfied with this arrangement.

Strohmer turned to Dagnall.

satisfied with this arrangement.
Strohmer turned to Dagnall:
"Have a good look at my treasures!" he bade, with, a tootheless grin. "Then we'll show you something, won't we, Mrs. Brimstone!"
The raven closed its eye.
Thoroughly interested in all he saw, Daggers wandered round the big room, halting now and again to answer Rollo Dayton's questions—for the Harley Street specialist was a scientist as well as a medical man.
Dr. Otto Strohmer, who had crossed to a bench, had his back to them.
Twenty minutes passed, when he turned his matted head and peered across at them.
"Tee, hee! Now we'll show you something!" he chuckled. "We'll show you something!" he chuckled. "We'll show you something that is going to revolutionise warfare, something that

The 5th Chapter. Bluff!

Rollo Dayton and Daggers were fully convinced that the whole thing was a nightmare, yet the sinister chuckle which broke from Dr. Otto Strohmer's thin lips was real enough. It was no dream. What they had imagined to be a phantasy had actually happened before their eyes. It was real—unpleasantly so—and Rolle began to polish his gold-rimmed monocle, at the same time keeping his mild gaze upon the amiable old gentleman with the camera of destruction.

"Er—do you know any more tricks, old egg?" he drawled, playing for

gentleman with the camera of destruction.

"Er—do you know any more tricks, old egg?" he drawled, playing for time. "Can you swallow swords, or do anything clever like that?"

"Tee, hee! You're a funny young man!" chuckled old Otto, still keeping them covered. "And it's just as well that you've got a sense of humour. You'll need it, my clever young friends. Won't they, Mrs. Brimstone?"

The raven croaked, and shot a vicious glance at the two young men. "H'm, that sounds interesting, old egg," replied Rollo, who felt anything but happy. "What is the programme?"

"Old Otto's going to try an extended."

egg, replied ... What is the programme?"

"Old Otto's going to try an experiment," grinned the scientist. "He's going to test his Steifal rays. I've destroyed many animals—cats and dogs and rabbits—but I've yet to experiment with a human being." Rollo nodded his sleek head and began to look interested.

"And you've decided to experiment on us—what?" he asked cheerfully.
"Assuredly." returned Otto. "Tee, hee! Is it not droll?"

"Yes, dashed funny!" grunted Daggers. "I can scarcely control my mirth!"

"You see" continued the old fellow, in high glee, "you saw the start of light, and, pouff! Titus was

mirth!"

"You see," continued the old fellow, in high glee, "you saw the flash of light, and, pouff! Titus was no more! And now Mrs. Brimstone and I will see a flash of light, and, pouff! you will be no more! Tee, hee!"

"That's all very well, old egg," protested Rollo patiently. "But a little of that 'pouff' business gos a bug way, y' know! Why not put this interesting experiment off until attether day? I warn you that should you kill us in cold blood we will be very cross with you!"

Aguin the sinister chuckle broke from the cruel, thin lips.
"Tee, hee! You're a funny young man," he began once more, when Daggers, who was scowling, interrupted." And you're a funny old imberiel."

"And you're a funny old imbecile!" he grunted, taking a step towards the

"And you're a funny old imbecile!" he grunted, taking a step towards the scientist.

"No, no! Stay where you are, my clever young friend." grinned Otto Strohmer, moving the camera a fraction of an inch. "I am enjoying your company." Rollo continued to smile. His expression was one of utter inanity, yet his brain was working at lightning speed, seeking for a means of defeating the designs of the homicidal maniac with the camera.

"Tee, hee! There's going to be a sensation. Oh, my friends!" chuckled Otto. "I can see the headlines!

"Mysterious Disappearance of Two Famous Footballers!" They'll search the country and drag the rivers, when all they need to do is to come to this laboratory with a dust-pan and sweep you up! It is indeed droll!"

"I shall scream with laughter in a moment," confessed Rollo, whose blue eyes were gleaming with a sudden, hopeful light. "There's one thing you've forgotten, old egg!"

The scientist ran his skinny fingers through his beard.
"And what is that, my clever young friend?" he asked, with the suspicion of a sneer; and his attitude proved that he was on the alert for a sudden rush.

"That camera gadget may be O.K. for destroying dogs and rats—"
"And cats!" put in Otto, with a should.

"And cats!" put in Otto, with a shuckle.

"And cats!" put in Otto, with a chuckle.
"Rot!" snapped Rollo derisively.
"Titus is still alive!"
Taken completely off his guard, Dr. Otto Strohner shot a lightning glance towards the basket at the end of the room; and at that instant Rollo snatched up a bottle of sodium from the bench and hurled it straight at the bearded figure across the laboratory. Even as the scientist discovered that he had been tricked, the missile caught him full upon the temple and sent him staggering backwards.

He tripped over the skirt of his dressing-gown and crashed to the stone floor, where he remained—a still, huddled heap!
(Continued overleaf.)

Unable to believe their eyes, they turned to Dr. Otto Strohmer, to find themselves covered with his diabolical machine of destruction.



MYSTERY UPON MYSTERY! Another taxi drew up and an old man, with a skull cap and a long, flowing beard, peered through the window. "What is the matter, officer?" he inquired in a thin, high-pitched voice. "I am a doctor—my name is Otto Strohmer—"What!" should the police official in astonishment.

"Ah, come in, come in, my clever boys!" he croaked effusively. "Old Otto's ready for you! Trust old Otto!"

To cross the threshold of the mysterious house needed a great physical effort, yet the two friends brushed their fears aside and passed the old

man.

A rasping croak, which caused them to give an involuntary start, brought their surprised eyes to an ugly old raven perched upon Strohmer's bowed shoulder.

bowed shoulder.

"La, Mrs, Brimstone!"
cried the old fellow, with a sideglance at the repulsive-looking creature. "These are friends of mineclever young friends!"

The raven cocked an evil eye at the visitors and gave another rasping

"Hee, hee!" chuckled Orto as he closed and bolted the door, "Mrs. Brimstone doesn't like my friends, eh? Tee, hee!"

Rollo and Daggers felt a shudder run through them as the hideous cackle echoed upon the musty air.

"Follow me, my elever boys!" bade the old man, shuffling along the dusty corridor and passing down the narrow stairs, "I sha'n't keep you long!"

"I'll jolly we'l see that you don't, old egg!" muttered Rollo. "This joyous old ruin is getting on my nerves!"

for a moment, something warning him of impending peril, yet he shook the strange feeling off and gave a light laugh. After all, what had he to fear from this doddering old

ellow?
"I shall be delighted, sir!"
eclared, with a glance at R
What do you say, old man?"

Rollo also had some misgiving upon the matter, but he did not show it. He also asked himself what they had

to lear,
"I'm with you, old egg," he said
readily. "Lead on, sir!"
Still chuckling to himself, and with
a furtive wink at Mrs. Brimstone,
Dr. Otto Strohmer led the way across
the room and opened the door.
"Follow me.

the room and opened the door.

"Follow me, my clever young friends," he croaked, shuffling along the dusty, gloomy corridor, an incline which terminated at a massive oak door. He fumbled in his ragged dressing-gown, and produced a bunch of keys; then, having fumbled with the lock for a moment or so, he swung open the heavy door.

"Come in, come in!" he cried, entering the spacious apartment. The floor was of stone, and the ceiling was low and stained. There were no windows, and the place was stuffy. Four small are lamps, which shed a restful, greenish light, were suspended from the ceiling.

Daggers scarcely noticed these

Daggers scarcely noticed these things, however, he had eyes only for the delicate instruments which must

will bring kings and governments to the feet of old Otto! I have dis-covered the secret of destruction! I can kill by Steifal rays! And this is the instrument—my child, my pet I have worked upon for so many years?"

years."

His skinny finger tapped the small, black box, which looked as harmless

black box, which looked as harmless as a camera.

"I have the secret of destruction! Away with rifles and cannon; away with bombs and shellfire! The nations of the world will come to me upon their knees, offering me honours, and fame, and wealth! Tee, hee! Old Otto rules the world! King Otto! Tee, hee!"

Otto! Tee, hee!"

Both Rollo and Daggers were at a loss to understand the meaning of this outburst; they became more and more convinced that the old fellow's brain had given way.

And he read their thoughts.

"No, no. Not mad, my clever young friends!" he cackled, lifting the camelade object, and pointing it towards Titus, the enormous cat, which was curled up in its basket at the end of the laboratory. "Look!"

There followed a blinding ray of light; and then a gasp of horror and stupefaction broke from Rollo and Daggers, for what had been a cat was now a heap of ashes!

"THE THIRD ROUND!"—that's the title of next Monday's gripping Cuptie yarn featuring the Hon. Rollo Dayton and the sinister Duke!



previous page.)

story impressed the sergeant. Then Daggers took the matter in hand, "My name is Dagnall," he said briekly. "I am a doctor. You must get this man away to the police in-timrary without delay. He must have received a worse blow than I imagined!

firmary without delay. He must have received a worse blow than I imagined."

The officer nodded.
"Very well, sir," he said. "I'll look after the old party, and you, Porter"—he spoke to the constable—"had better hang on here for the time being."

The old scientist was raised from the floor and carried out to the waiting cab, where he was made comfortable upon the seat.

"We'll walk up to the station," said Daggers, as the sergeant entered the vehicle and closed the door.

"H'm! This is a jolly rummy business all, the way round," re-

said Daggers, as the sergeaut entered the vehicle and closed the door.

"I'm! This is a jolly rummy business all: the way round," remarked Rollo, with a smile. "And even now we haven't learnt the secret of the Duke's stant!"

Discussing the mysterious affair from all angles, the two friends eventually came in sight of the police-station. The driver of the taxi was gesticulating wildly to a tall inspector.

"You could 'ave knocked me down with a 'ammer!" he was declaring excitedly, when Rollo and Daggers appeared upon the scene. 'I was driving through Rowland Place—a quiet thoroughfare—when there comes a tap at the window. I pulls up, and a feller 'ops out; but it wasn't the sergeant, and it wasn't the old chap with the whiskers. Well, I

#### The 6th Chapter. Mystery Solved !

The 6th Chapter,

A Mystery Solved!

"Good shot!" cried Daggers, leaping to the side of the motionless figure upon the floor.

Rollo looked apprehensive.

"Tve-Tve not—" he began, unable to frame the dread word.

Daggers, who was making a swift examination, shook his head.

"No, old man," he returned lightly. "He's merely stunned."

A sigh of relief escaped the fairhared youngster.

"Thank goodness!" he muttered tervently. "And what's the next move? We can't leave him here, for he's too dangerous with that little toy in his possession. I suppose we ought to report the matter to the volice."

"That's so," agreed the doctor.

"This beggar should be kept under

olice."
"That's so," agreed the doctor.
This beggar should be kept under
the and key until the authorities
we made a thorough search of this
are. Slip along to the station, will
m? There's one in the High
ond."

you? There's the in putting the Road."

Rollo lost no time in putting the matter before the police, and a sergeant and a constable accompanied him to the scientist's dilapidated

him to the science.
old house.
"I always did think there was somethin' fishy about this place," declared the sergeant, as Rollo led the way through the echoing hall.

Our character was still uncon-

Dr. Otto Strohmer was still unconscious when the trio reached the spacious laboratory. Rollo explained exactly what had happened, and the

was just goin' to ask him what his little game was when he plugs me a wallop on the jaw! Smack! Look at it!"

"Go on!" said the inspector

gruffly.

"Go on!" cried the driver, obviously hurt at receiving such scant sympathy.

"Lummy, 'e did the going, guv'nor! Talk about move! He was away before you could say 'Jack Robinson'!"

"Yes, yes!" put in the police officer testily.

"Well, I then 'ad a dekko inside the cab, and then you could 'ave knocked me down with a--with a---"

"Half a brick!" put in Rollo help-

"Half a brick!" put in Rollo helpfully...
"That's right, sir!" said the driver, with conviction. "What do you think? Eh? Well, look for yourselves!"

He swung open the door of the taxi with a dramatic gesture, and a cry of amazement broke from the little

## COMING IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME!

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knot of people who pecred into the interior. Even the grim-faced inspector gave a grunt of surprise, Lying upon the floor was the sergeant, and the red swelling upon the point of his jaw told its own story. He was out to the world.

Of Dr. Otto Strohmer there was no sign; at least, there was no sign of him in the flesh. But the ragged dressing-gown, the matted wig, and the long false beard told their own story.

Rollo and Daggers exchanged puzzled glances, and the former gave vent to a low whistle.

"But how the—" he began helplessly. And then speech failed him. Another taxi drew up with a grinding of brakes, and an old man, with a skull cap and a long, flowing beard, peered through the window.

"What is the matter, officer? What

is it?" he inquired in a thin, high-pitched voice. "I am a doctor. My name is Otto Strohmer——" "What!" The police official almost shouted the exclamation, much to the obvious alarm of the old gentleman in the

The police official almost shouted the exclamation, much to the obvious alarm of the old gentleman in the cab.

"You're—you're Dr. Strohmer, sir?" asked the inspector, wondering whether he would suddenly wake up.
"Of course I am!" snapped the old man testily. "I've just come from a lecture at the Medical Hall, where I read a paper upon— But what has that to do with you!"

He snapped the question; his small eyes blazed. He glared at the knot of people who were looking at him in wonderment.
"There's a mystery here, sir," said the police-officer soothingly; and in a few short sentences he explained the situation.

Dr. Otto Strohmer fumed.
"And this is what we pay you policemen for, is it?" he cried, his wizened face flushing. "I go outfor the first time in five years—and you allow some scoundre! to break into my house and impersonate me! It's a scandal! I'll write to the Commissioner! I'll— And you say there's a policeman in my laboratory at this very moment? I'll have him out of it! I'll— Drive on, you dolt?"

He snapped the last words at the driver, and was whirled away.
Rollo and Daggers watched the tail-lights of the cab disappear before either said a word. Then Rollo spoke. "Come and have dinner with me, old egg," he said in a low voice. "I think I've found the key to this mystery!"

Discussing the affair over their coffee, the two friends tested each link in the chain, starting with the discovery of the doctored sonp, and passing from their first visit to Otto Strohmer—when he had seemed so highly amused—to the affair of the afternoon, when they had so narrowly escaped with their lives.

"It's all as plain as—as your face, old egg!" declared Rollo, his blue eyes shining with excitement. "The Duke worked hand-in-glove with this old scoundrel, Otto; and between

them they thought out a very neat plan for getting rid of us. The scheme suited both of them down to the ground. The Duke merely wished to destroy us, whilst that homicidal old maniae saw a fine opportunity of trying one of his ghastly experiments. "The Duke, a master of disguise, took Otto's place, whilst Otto accepted a lecture engagement so that he could prove an albi should anything go wrong. It's as clear as mud!"

"And what's going to happen now?" asked Daggers. "Old Otto's still in his little wooden hut at Hampstead, and, what's more, he's still got that little toy—the camera gadget!"

"But he won't have it for long, old egg!" declared Rollo. "For Fingoing to put the whole yarn before Scotland Yard!"

True to his word, the youngster had an audience with Detective Inspector Rawson; and less than an hour after the conversation Dr. Otto Strohmer was undergoing a searching examination. He tried his and bluff, but it was all of no avail, and ultimately he broke down and gave the police a long, rambling account of his dealings with the Duke.

Strohmer did not have to face arial in the felons' dock, for he was certified insane but an hour or so after making his confession.

The story of his association with the criminal who called himself the Duke stirred the country from end to end, especially as it brought the plot against the English Soccer eleven to light.

"That the Hon. Rollo Dayton and the other victims of the Duke's

"That the Hos. Rollo Dayton and the other victims of the Duke's plot will represent their country in the next International match is a cer-tainty," wrote one sporting scribe. "and I wish them the best of luck."

And the whole sporting world lifted a voice and cried, "And so say all

THE END.

(Next Monday's Bumper Number of the Boys' FRIND will include the The Third Round!"—a ripping Footer story, featuring Rollo Dayton and the sinister Duke. Ask your newsigent to save you neopy.)



## HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by

PERCY LONGHURST.



you are in need of any information concerning health sport or general mess, write to Mr. Percy Longhurst, c/o The Editor, THE EQYS' FRINNO he Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, enclosing a stampe idressed envelope for a reply. All queries are a confidence between the confidence of the sender, and fire always answered by a personatter and never in these columns. The information is entirely free, and the latest of the

Mr. Longharst and hetter and never in these columns. In the best of Physical Training Instructors.

The Army School of Physical Training, at Aldershot, specialises in turning out men qualified to act as instructors at schools and elsewhere in drill, gymnastics, sports, and games. But a letter recently received from a correspondent has set me thinking what small encouragement is given in England to those young fellows who, not being in the Army, would like to qualify as instructors in games and physical training. There is a training school at Dunfermline, and something of the kind exists at Sheffield; but apart from these there does not exist any organisation for training young chaps to qualify for such positions should they happen to be civilians. A fellow who is interested has to pick up his knowledge and study on his own.

Having obtained a fair practical and theoretical knowledge of his subject, he may enter for one of the examinations held periodically by the British Association of Physical Training. This successfully passed, he will have to work further to enable him to pass a final examination which qualities him to describe himself as a member of the Association and a dudy certificated teacher. Without such certificate he will have but a small chance of obtaining any really well-paid post in the profession.

This information has not been given with the idea of discouraging any tellow who has a liking for the compation, but very much to the contrary. I shall at any time be pleased to send full and definite information to those readers who would like to become qualified teachers of gymnastics, etc., but hardly know how to set about the business.

I do think, however, considering the importance of the subject of national physical training, that some-thing more might be done to assist those who have a natural bent in this direction

#### Tip for Track Athletes.

Tip for Track Athletes.

If the day wher you happen to be competing is cool and wet, with a high wind blowing, don't get into your running shorts half an hour before your event and loaf about outside. Muscles get chilled and stiff. They take some time to warm up, and a muscle can't work at its best when of a low temperature.

Don't delay so as to risk keeping the starter waiting, but get into your racing kit, then slip on a pair of trousers, which is better than a dressing-gown or overcoat, taking them off

trousers, which is better than a dressing-gown or overcoat, taking them off only when the starter gives his warning to get ready. They can be left on the ground, picker up and put on again immediately the race is over. The same applies to jumpers as well. Severely working a cold muscle often results in a sprain, sometimes a snapped tendon—an injury not easily cured.

#### A Boxing Nuisance.

A Boxing Nuisance.

It is remarkable that the eyes of some boxers fill with water when a blow lands on the face. The cause is a peculiar condition of the tear glands, and little can be done to remedy the trouble, though I have known cases in which improvement has followed frequent practice of opening the eyes under water. This is best done by dipping the head in cold water, and then opening and closing the eyes several times.

(Another helpful article next week.)

(Another helpful article next week.)



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## The 1st Chapter.

The 1st Chapter.

The Dying Pirate's Story!

"Ah! Is that Boy Ralph?"
The door of the cramped little cabin, that recked with a combined odour of tar, hemp, and stale air, had opened and closed softly, admitting a well-built youth, who stepped swiftly towards a bunk on the right-hand side.
"Ay, 'tis I, father! How feel you now?"

youth, who steeped swinty towards a bank on the right-hand side.

ANY, 'tis I, rather! How feel you will had, had—main bad!" The voice of the man lying, bandaged, in the rude bed was scarce more than a hoarse whisper, and his face showed grey in the light of the lantern that swing from a cross-beam of the low ceiling overhead. 'So bad, Ralph, that I—I would speak seriously with you. Sit you down there, and listen carefully!"

Ralph obediently drew a stool over, and placed his cool paim on the other's hot brow, smoothing back the silvery locks from the forehead. Then he reached towards a shell and took down a flagon, which he placed to the invalid's lips.

"Sup a little of this ere you begin," be advised. "Twill do you good, and give you strength should what you have to say take long in the telling."

"Twill not take very long; it cannot, for the lantern we I have scant time left!" be advised. "Twill do you good, and give you strength should what you have to say take long in the telling."

"Twill not take very long; it cannot, the lantern we I have scant time left!"

"I would be seened about the light in a staph seened about the place and as taph seened about the place and striving against Fate! I am sinkin fast—I know it—so let me speak whilst I can without interruption!"

Jerony Blink—whether that was his real name, or whether it originated from the shade he were over one empty eye-socket, cannot be definitely stated—was silent for a few moments. Then he struggled with difficulty a little higher point the pillow, and turned his face towards his companion.

"You know who dealt me that knifethrust ashore?" he asked grimly.

"That's right, boy! The Sea Hawk! I fancy it sounded like."

"That's right, boy! The Sea Hawk! Ye on-

And Ralph nodded.

"Ay, I remember you spoke a name—tise 'sea Hawk,' I fancy it sounded like."

"That's right, boy! The Sea Hawk it said, an' the Sea Hawk it was!" confirmed the other. "I thought he had gone out of my life for ever, but I was wrong. However, this is the tale, so note what I say most carefully.

"In the first place, though you have learnt to call me 'father,' you are no son of mine. Ah, that startles you, yet 'tis simple enough! Some ten years ago, when crossing to the French coast in foggy weather, we ran down another boat, and you, Ralph, were the only one you were about that hip, I cannot fell. I only know that I kept you, and trained you to follow a barrier's calling ever since. You look troubled, lad. Have I not treated you with kindness?"
"Ay, sir; that you have!" Ralph replied instantly, a smile banishing the cloud which had suddenly settled on his face. "Even as my true father would have treated the. I'm ready to you! But—but—""
"Lad, I know it has been something of

have treated me, I'm ready to vow! But hin!—"
"Lad, I know it has been something of a shock, and that you would wish to learn who your people were, but I fear me that can never be told. We did not even discover what the name of the boat was, and you were the sole survivor we could find. However, 'tis another tale which I have to tell that I want you to take special mind of—— A hlight upon that bird! Cover his cape, lad; he's startin' to creak that old song of his again, an' it disturbs my peace o' mind!"
Ralph immediately rose, and threw a cloth over a large which swung from the far end of the crossbeam. It contained a bright-eyed jackdaw, which exclaimed in guttural rones as the cover shut out the lantern light.

tones as the cover shut out the lantern light:
"Bead, dead, dead! String him high!
String him up! String him high! Dead, dead, dead!"
Raiph had often beard that morbid chant, and wondered where the bird had picked it up, for it never seemed to say anything else.
A grim smile was visible on Jeremy

amything else.

A grin smile was visible on Jeremy Blink's ashen face as the lad resumed his seat on the stool.

The stool of the supprised to know the bisbory of that bird. I'll warrant, but I

have little time for au;thin' save the vital points of the story. Now, hearken!
"You have sailed with me these ten year, an' we have traded fairly for the main part. I'll admit we did some smugglin', but that was only when we were forced to do so through other cargoes being searce. But I'll vow you never guessed, Boy Ralph, what Jeremy llink was before he turned an honest seaman?"
"Nay," admitted the lad. "I never thought you were aught else."
"I'll the was hope the was "said the lad." I never thought you were aught else."
"I'll the was hope the years and I was a—a— Ralph, did you ever hear the name of Stark Jeremy mentioned, perchance?"
The lad again renied in the negative.

chance?

The lad again replied in the negative.

Well. Stark Jeremy an Jeremy Blink.

Well. Stark Jeremy an Jeremy Blink.

Well. Stark Jeremy an Jeremy Blink.

The lad again replied in the negative.

The second-in-continual to captain Amos Crake-one of the most successful, yet most humane, robbers who ever roved the seas. We never slaughtered for the seas. We never slaughterin', but took what we could in fair fight, lad, so I trust you won't judge me too harshly. We were lawkess men, but there were many worse who knew not where to cry lair.

Ralph made no comment, so his companion resumed:

"Black Howard, known as the 'Sea Hawk,' was our greatest foe-greater even than the frigates that pursued us Crake's access. He by some means learnt that our chief hold stored up a great deal of rich treasure on a certain obscure island, and he coveted it. The end of it all was that, after many indecisive battles, Crake and the Sea flawk at last met in one final encounter, ship to ship, an' man to man, and our vessel was sent to the bottom.

"Howard carried heavier pieces, and we had little chance, lad. They pounded us with ball and chain shot until our timbers were spilatered and our there masts went by the board left end of its of the base with blim, for the Sea Hawk's men poured over our bulwarks next minute and all became confusion.

"I saw their leader—that arrant knave—question our captain closely, then sace his person. But Crake langled, and struck his enemy upon the face, I know not what happened hext—our ship was sinkin 'rapidity; so, having been commanded to guard the paper well, I sought to make mine own eccape.

"Taking advantage of the confusion, I show how had happened hext—our ship was sinkin 'rapidity; so, having been commanded to guard the paper well, I sought to make mine own eccape.

"Taking advantage of the confusion, I show his happened upon the seen. The Sea Hawk's field, soon disappearing—for his vessel possessed great speed—and I was picked my."

"And is that all, sir?" asked Ralph.

"Nay, lad; not pui

hidden treasure!

Raiph nodded briefly.

"Av, sir, I think I grasp your meaning!" he said. "Pray continue!"

"But," Jeremy resumed, "tis a pity that the treasure should rot for everwhere it lies, when it could be turned to some useful account by an ionest man, especially now when the Sea Hawk has at last tracked me down, and—"
Blink smiled faintly. "Ah, lad, none of te guessed when ye arrived just in time to rescue me from that evil erew ashore.

And—and beware of the Sea Hawk! He—he—

Jeremy Blink's head suddenly sank forward on his chest, and his eyes holised. Ralph sterpted quickly towards the bunk, then drew back, regarding the translation for the feath of the head. And at that moment, from the covered when ye arrived just in time to rescue me from that evil erew ashore.

String him light! Dead, dead, dead! String him up!

for I have supplied what is missing, and—— Stay!" The invalid held up his land. "Tell Big Will Samson and Harry Drake I need them. Quickly, lad, for I have little time left!" be gaped, the weakness of his voice and the increasing greeness of his pallor at last proving to Ralph that there would indeed be seant opportunity for further speech. "They are good fellows both, an! I wish that they should understand matters."

The lad went to the cabin door, and called the men by name. They were not arraws, and came harrying in a couple of moments later—both giants, with "seading" written over every inch of their faces.

"seading" written over every inch of their faces.

"Hearken, the pair of ye," whispered Jectony Blink, pointing to Ralph, "and weigh well my last wishes! There stands your new master, whom I trust ye will serve has a wind with the will carry out to the letter. I am sure ye will likewise obey him."

Both men touched their forelocks, their faces grave as they realised how things story with their stricken captain, and the will be serve has a wind with their stricken captain, and confident here must be—but I bid ye follow Boy Ralph wherever he leads. And—and beware of the Sea Hawk! He—be—"

Jereny Blink's head suddenly sank for Je

Glossop/

"LAND-HO!" Will Samson, perched on the foremast cross-tress, suddenly uttered an exuitant shout that caused Ralph and Harry Drake to hastily join him. "Land, young master!" the big fellow cried.

what was at the bottom of the attack! It no doubt seemed to ye a case of ordinary highway robbers, but it was more than that—much more—for their leader was Black Howard himself! They wounded me sorely—fatally, I know—and succeeded in tearin half the chart from me even as ye appeared, and that is why I want you, lad, to seek the treasure. "It's either you or the Sea Hawk, so 'twere better that it rell into the hands of en honest man than into those of a knave!

"Hearken, Boy Ralph—bearken keenly, for I am near the end of my strength—an' take well to heart all I say! One-half of the chart is here "—he touched his breast—"an' it gives the location of the treasure. The other, which gives the position of the island itself, is now in possession of the Sea Hawk. He, therefore, knows where to sail, but not where to search when he arrives. You grasp my meaning? Then hand me a quilt!"

Ralph did as requested, and Jeremy Rilby hastiy serawled some ficures and

my meaning? Then hand me a quill."
Ralph did as requested, and Jeremy Blink hastily scrawled some figures and notes on the back of a roughly torn parchiment which he had drawn from somewhere beneath his ciothing. Then he gave the whole into his companion's hands, with a heartfelt sigh of relief.

'You now know all there is to know.

The 2nd Chapter. The Black Schooner-The Nocturnal

They buried the old pirate ashore— in a little graveyard nesting among the trees, on the higher ground behind the straggling port—and were about to push off from the ramshackle stone wharf, when Ralphi's attention was suddenly directed towards a tall man in searfaring garb who leaut against the low, broken wall.

wall.

He was a strongly built fellow, swarthy as a gipey, with a face tanned deeply by wind and sun. His ear-lobes displayed a pair of inhastic ear-rings, whilst his tough fingers were also heavily beringed. The lad had noticed him there when they came ashore with the captain's body, but had paid little or no attention to the man, whom he supposed to be a harmless sailor enjoying a brief stretch on land.

Vet for all his page 19.

on land.

Vet, for all his innocent appearance, the swarthy individual seemed strangely interested in their movements, for he watched them curiously, though covertly, as they re-embarked in the small boat bobbing about in the wash below the steps, and almost immediately after they had pushed off he stepped into a second boat, pulling with strong strokes for a

long, black-painted schooner anchored farther out in the little bay.

She had entered the port some three days previously, and was the only other craft of any size the place contained. But, beyond the fact that her build suggested an unusual turn of speed, she looked innocent enough—scenningly an ordinary trader waiting for a cargo, or perhaps a swift snuggler, from her long, and the second of the suggested an unusual turn of speed, she looked innocent enough—scenningly an ordinary trader waiting for a cargo, or perhaps a swift snuggler, from her long, and the second of the suggested and the suggested of the second of the suggested of the sugge

near the bows, but they heard nor saw northing, and the newcomer vanished below as swittly as he had climbed aboard.

He paused a white at the bottom of the ladder as though for the moment that the bottom of the ladder as though for the moment that the ladder as though for the moment that the ladder as though for the moment that the ladder as the ladder.

Not troubte when taken the ladder and an answering ory camp from somewhere astern ladder the ladder.

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Not troubte when taken the ladder and show the ladder.

Not troubte when taken the ladder and show the ladder and show the ladder and the ladder.

Not troubte as the ladder as the ladder and show to piece the gloom. In what direction the fellow went, or wh

side and strove to pierce the gloom. In what direction the fellow went, or where he had come from, was a mystery just them.

But had Ralph been gifted with the power of second sight he might have understood a little more of the matter—at least, he would have known why his cabin had been specially singled out. For, unsuspected by either him or Jeremy Blink, an eavesdropper, standing in a boat just hencath the open porthole, had overheard every word of the heart of the standard standard



anchor and nosed her way seaward on the top of the tide, none aboard her just then suspecting the presence of a small rowboat, which bobbed astern at the end of its towrope.

And, at about the same moment as they cleared the bay entrance, a couple of dim lights began to move directly not be the couple of dim lights began to move directly not be the couple of dim lights began to move directly not be the couple of dim lights began to move directly not be the couple of dim lights began to move directly not be the couple of the coup

tact, since see arrived nere, save he save the nor port, and is now leaving at the same term of the same here to watch us, and naught else, an' now she's leaving for the same purpose. Methinks there may be trouble close ahead, young master!

"I agree, Will," Ralph answered, "and unfortunately, as we stand now, we are not too well prepared for trouble. We have three cannon but little ammunition and only a few smaller weapons. Would that we had had a day of the same term of the s

## The 3rd Chapter.

The Srd Chapter.

Nature Intervenes.

Raiph's command was obeyed with alterity, men hastening hither and thither, until every sheet the Sealark could bear with safety in that fresh, morning breeze was "bellying" from mast and spar.

The schooner heeled over, her bown saising a creamy-white wave to either side as she tore ahead, with the other sessel still edging closer, plainly with the sole intention of barring the way.

But Raiph had taken the helm, and his stiff training beneath the one sound watchful eye of Jeremy Blink had madd was especially fond of steering, and many a run across the Channel, when the sea ran high and the wind screamed in the shrouds, had seen him at his post astern, guiding the Sealark through spindrift and stinging spray as though she were part and parcel of his own body, so complete was his control over her.

And truly, the present situation afforded ample sound to creation was now practically the order to creating and the property of the control over her.

And truly, the present situation afforded ample to be the complete the high standard the sea only practically cross their own to be supported to run along neck and neck with her rival, until such time came when the Sea Hawk would think fit to put into execution whatever plan he had formed.

But Raiph's mind was working as perfectly as his bands, and he had a

intently in another direction, had suddenly turned with a half-suppressed ejaculation.

"Wily, young master, that it may not be so had as it seems," he replied, pointing towards the land. "See! A fog is gathering yonder as the wind fails, and the breeze is now veering that way. If it does but last a space longer, but not freshen more, there may be hope..."

"Zounds!" Ralph cried, roused from his temporary feeling of pessimism as he swittly took in the other's words. "You have a great head, in more ways than one, Will Samson! I grasp your meaning. So let us trust your expectations will be a suppression of the suppression of the seed of the suppression of the suppression

the implied grim meaning of that last statement.

"Ay, that is so!" he muttered. "Therefore, we must see to it that everything possible be done to foil the fiend. Rest assured, we shall never engage him again in so ill-equipped a condition. That I swear! And now let us study our course afresh, friends, so that we may make no errors when they are least desired. Pray come below, gentlemen!"

## The 4th Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.
Ralph's Strategy.

Though Ralph's men worked like veritable slaves, it was two days later ere the Sealark was pronounced fit to embark upon her long voyage. But the work had been weil and carfully carried supply of small arms, which lachted a brace of pistols, a long cutlass, and a keen dirk, whilst adequate ammunition had also been obtained to serve, if necessary, the three cannon the schooner mounted.

All this, with the required provisioning of the food-lockers, kept the crew mighty busy; but at length it was finished, and the Sealark slipped away like a white ghost in the early dawn, long before many of that big port's people were astir. Meanwhile, it might be mentioned, the strange rowboat which the midnight in truder had tied to her stem had a second to the stranger of the strange

17/2/23

It must have been close upon ten days later when Will Samson, perhed on the foremost crosstrees, suddenly natered an exultant shoot that caused Ralph and Rarry Drake to hastly join him.

"Land, young master!" the big fellow cried. "I see land youder—an island, I'll yow, which may be the one we seek!" The sun was fast dropping into the west, yet, though the light was not so strong as earlier in the day, the air was working as earlier in the day, the air was working as earlier in the day, the air was working the light was not so strong as earlier in the day, the air was working as earlier in the day, the air was working as earlier in the day, the air was working as the light was not so strong as earlier in the day, the air was working. Ralph, clinging to the mast with one hand, shaded his eyes from the ruddy giare with the other, and pecred long and steadfastly in the direction Will had indicated, seeing the outlines of a fairly large island, surmounted by a single low hill which seemed to rise from the centre.

"Ay!" he muttered, his voice trembing. "I have no doubt that yonder is the place shown on our half of the chart. The position seems correct, and the description also. But—— Zounds! Look there, my lads—there, to the left!"

He broke off, pointing with a quivering from the ladded of it, something control on side of it, something growing gradually larger cach passing growing gradually larger cach passing growing gradually larger cach passing gradually larger cach passing gradually larger cach passing gradually larger and gradua

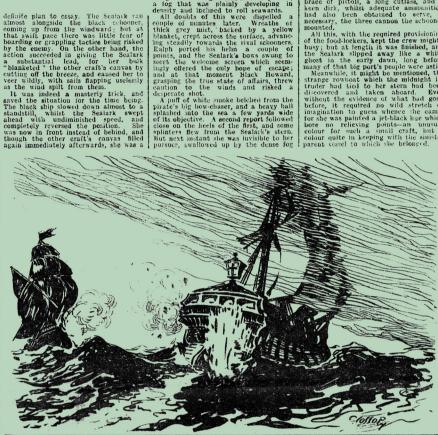
advantage. In the country state of the same work started beat down any resistance, they could offer, for not only were the pirate precess heavier and more numerous, but they possessed a much longer range. It would merely be a case of raking the Skylark fore and aft without giving her a chance of retailation, whereas Howard could choose his own time to come to close quarters when his foe was battered beyond hope of offering much resistance.

come to close quarters when his for was battered beyond hope of offering much resistance.

Samson's words also seemed to give Ralph some confidence of yet outwitting his enemy and reaching the goal first. So far, there was no doubt that those aboard the black schooner had failed to notice their approach, for otherwise twas scarcely likely that her commander would have hesitated to engage them. Instead of that, she remained as she was, anchored just to the left of the island, whilst the sun disappeared beneath the horizon's rim and darkness fell upon the ocean with the rapidity customary in those tropical regions.

"Twas then that Ralph commenced to perfect a plan which had already half formed in his mind, a plan that had first occurred to him when the black schooner entered his range of vision and hove to. "Hearken, comrades!" he said. "No doubt, as you suggested, Harry, yonder carlets intend to put of landing on the island until daylight; therefore, what is to hinder us from creeping in during darkness, and so stealing a march upon them?"

(Read hom Ralph put his daring plan into execution in the second half of this magnificent story which will appear acat Mondoy. Order your BOYS PRIEND to-doy.)



A NEAR THING! A puff of white smoke beliched from the pirate's big bow-chaser, and some her pursuer—swallowed up by the dense tog which had come so opportunely to her aid.

considerable distance in the rear by the time she had regained her topmost speed. "On my life, young master, twas well and neatly done!" exclaimed Samson admiringly as he gazed astern. "We have turned the tables on the knaves!" "Be not too sure!" Raph advised cantiously. "We may have gained a respite, but yonder craft is, at least, as speedy as we are: also, she is well manuacly although I succeeded in outwitting her just now. "We must take no further than it for the presery may drop,"

as we are; also, soe is well manufactured as although it succeeded in outwitting her just now. We must take no further inst now. He must take no further instead of the server may drop."
Harry Drake glanced at the sky with the pir of one well versed in such matters. "A blight upon it! It is dropping even now, master!"

"Then we must carry every inch we possess, at all cost!" Ralpi snapped. "All depends upon holding our own now that we have gained a lead!"

Extra sails were hoisted to counteract the lull in the breze, but the black schooner, even at that moment, followed the same tactics. A couple of iong flying-jibs and a large topsail anneared as if by magic, "bellying" at once to catch every additional pull of air.

Ralph looked anxiously astern. Ay, the other ship was surely creeping upon the distance between the pair. The content of the distance between the pair. The wind still continued to drop stendily, until the Sealark's pace was visibly diminished, and yet their rival seemed to be the least affected of the two.

Though both were three-masted schooners, the Sea Hawk's vessel was a good deal larger in build and carried an immense spread of canvas. And now he must be using every square inch she possessed, judging by the hillowing cloud of the possessed, judging by the hillowing cloud of the possessed, indiging the last few minuteed; "so had that I fear me tis but a mater of the carried and the continued of the continued of the carried and made during the last few minuteed; "so had that I fear me tis but a mater of the carried and the continued of the carried and the continued of the possessed, indiging the last few minuteed; "so had that I fear me tis but a mater of the carried and the continued of the carried and the carri

which had come so opportunely to her aid.

"Safe!" Raiph exclaimed jubilantly.
"Safe, for the moment; but the breeze has almost failed, so we have no time to lose. We dare not become becamed here. What would you advise, Big Willer, "To turn on our course whilst we can," Samson answered instantly. "Twill be what yonder knaves will least expect, and we may thus put them off our track. Tack at once, Master Raiph, I say!"

track. Tack at once, Master Raiph, 1 say!"

The lad nodded in agreement, and wanng the helm hard over. Taking advantage of what little wind remained, they beat back the way they had come, gradually edging nearer the land without seeing further sign of the enemy. It was a cunning ruse, and it had apparently met with the success it deserved.

Some hour and a half later the Scalark

enemy. It was a cunning ruse, and it thad apparently met with the success it deserved.

Some hour and a half later the Sealark nosed her way into a large fog-bound port, and moored alongside a jetty, Ralph laughing triumphantly as he glanced at his companions.

"This will suit us well," he said, "for here we shall be able to get all we require, and so be in a position to meet our friend the enemy on a more equal footing. We shall hasten matters without delay as soon as this fog clears."

"And the Sea Hawk, young master?" sked Will. "Dost think he will wait for us again, or—"
"Nay!" Ralph cut in, without hesitation. "He cannot know whither we went sitter eluding him, so twould be useless for him to delay in hope of tracking us down, when, for all he guesses, we might have hastened ahead on our quest. He will scare risk allowing us to gain the goal before him, when he also knows the position of Amos Crake's Island.

Sanson nodded his big head.
"You are doubtless right, Master Ralph," he agreed. "Of a surety he will not tarry yonder under the circumstances. Moreover, out there he can hay his cards with greater safety than here."

The lad's eyes were grave as he realised.

aere."
The lad's eyes were grave as he realised

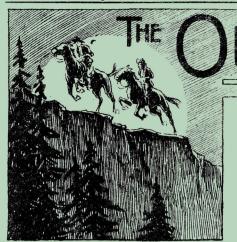
The Scalark made steady progress towards her mysterious goal, week succeeding week without any untoward event disturbing the almost monotonous peace of the voyage Good winds were seen to be a superior of the voyage Good winds were not seen as a superior of the voyage Good winds were not seen as a superior of the voyage Good winds were not seen as a superior of the voyage Good winds were not seen as a superior of the voyage Good winds were not seen as a superior of the voyage out have had control to the not the notification of the man being could have had control. He was impatient, because he well knew the substantial lead Black Howard must have secured, provided he had wasted no time scarching further for the Scalark, and this indeed seemed more than probable, for no sign of the rival vessel had been obtained since leaving port, although it was matural that the two ships must be following. But the steams black schooner had faded like a wraith into the fog that eventful morning, and nothing more had been seen of her. Plainly, therefore, Ralph's shrewd prophecy had proved to be nothing but the simple truth. Piprate, knowing the position of Crake's island, had hastened ahead to wait for his rival, where foul work could be indulged in with greater safety.

Something more than two-thirds of the estimated distance had been covered when the Scalark ran into the outer fringe of a heavy gale which was steadily moving westward. A few hours carlier, moving westward, a few hours carlier, moving westward, a few hours carlier, moving westward, a few hours carlier and headed, with their canvas in shreed.

They had passed through the thick of the storm, and less stout craft would surely have succumbed, for all the evidence pointed to a tempets of unusual severity, even for those latitudes.

But its strength was spent when the schooner arrived, and presently the sun shone out again with renewed splendour, bathing the sea in a flood of golden light from an aure sky—a sea which bore no sail save their own and the fast-animishing

#### SPLENDID SEQUEL TO "THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW!"



## By GORDON WALLACE.

HOHOWAY ST

Another grand story of Arizona Jim, and Frank Liversedge and Slim Danvers, the two young outlaws!

## The 1st Chapter.

The 1st Chapter.

A New "Pard."

The little loose at the south end of the main street at Bitter Springs Wyoming, was dark, as was every house in that little Wild Western cow-town, for the hour was very late, when all honest men were supposed to be abed.

Two mounted figures, keeping their borses to the grass that verged the road, went quietly up to this, the last house in the straggling street; and when they had reached it, one of them dismounted and banded the reins over to his companion, who took both horses around to the back of the building. If there's any trouble, Franche shepered the men who had taken charge hopered the men who had taken charge with the same if there's any trouble, Franche shepered the men who had taken charge with the same in the strength of the same in the place. He knew, for example, that he window he was looking at was never back home surseen the same paired. Often enough, when he had sneaked out at night, he had got back holes unseen through that same window, which was the window of the holes. And he knew how to get up there.

and he knew how to get up there, and he knew how to get up there, though there was mothing in the way of typ or felliswork to assist him. He had himself, a long time ago, driven a stress of short, strong nais into the himber side of the house-mails just proceeding sufficiently to give him toe-hold. Even his father, now dead, had never noticed those units.

recting sufficiently to give him toe-hold. Fiven his father, now dead, had never noticed those nails.

Now, a proscribed outlaw, accused of the marder of the man who had really killed John Liversedge, his father, Frank was glad of this way into the house. For the could not have approached the place openly in broad daylight. The sheriff lung out not a stone-sthrow from this house, and the sheriff wanted him badly. Nor could be go up to the door and knock, for that would mean probably arousing others besides his nother and sister who were asleep there. No, he was not to be a single the sheriff wanted him badly. I would not so the standard of the sheriff wanted him badly. I would be a single him to be a monkey. Frank Liversedge climbed up the smooth board wall of the house, gripping the projecting nails with fingers and toos, and at length grasped the sill of his hed-room window. They had not repaired the catch since he had fed from here three weeks ago. He had an electric-torch with him. He

shoved the window up, and worked his way inside.

He had an electric-torch with him. He cast the beams of this about the little, sparsely-furnished room. Perhaps he stayed a moment or these old associations. The he pulled he little landing, and knocked at the next door to his

own the Is that you, mother?" asked a girlish voice.
And Frank thought he detected alarm

And Frank thought he necessary in it.

"It's Frank!" he said, as loudly as he dared. "Don't scream, sis! It's all right. Let me in."

"Frank!" His sister almost disobered his warning, and her voice arore several keys. "Oh, Frank, you've come back!" "Yes: but I haven't much time," said Frank Liversedge, trying the handle of the door. "I just wanted to see you and mother for a moment, to tell you I didn't do that killing they accuse me of."

me of."

The door came open. The girl stood there in a dressing-gown, bolding a lighted candle in one hand—a hand that shook. And she gazed round-eyed at her brother for a second, then laid the candle down, and threw herself into his

arms. A moment later she was sobbing on his breast.

"We've missed you! We haven't known what to do without you!" she cried. "Oh, I must tell mother!"

"They is she?" asked Frank, with a growth of hands into his pockets and they on the hands into his pockets and hands in the hands a hand hands hands

"Got his horse, anynon, the man.

There was more hammering at the front door. Frank looked down thoughtfully for a moment, nor did the man below appear to see him.

"Just one chance!" said Frank.

He climbed on to the window-sill, pulled himself upright, then sprang outwards.

The man below yelled in some alarm as he saw the hurtling figure descending upon him. He let his hold on Crusty go. The mare gave a shrill whinly and simultaneously Frank Liversedge dropped plumb and true across her back.

At once Crusty sprang into motion. Frank leaned forward, grabbed up the reins, touched the gallant mare with the

any good The sheriff'll accuse them of harbouring me, or something that that. Ought to have taken Arizona ravice and arranged a meeting-place somewhere midway between Bitter Springs and our camp. And— Hallo!"

They were riding now up a little canyon, with steeply sloping hills at either side of them. Frank's exchanation was caused by the sudden sight of a mounted figure almost dead in iront of them.

Instinctively Frank and Slim reached for their guns But before they could get them out, the silence of the night was split, the darkness lit up, by the report and flash of a gun. Crusty started current and the sourced.

"Not this time, friend!" said Frank, and, touching Crusty with the spur, rode recklessly at the man, drawing rein the moment he was within three feet of him. And he presented his own gun right at the stranger's head.

"Hands up! And drop your gun behind you!" barked Frank.

At the same moment Slim Danvers also covered this stranger, who looked from one to the other, probably saw the expression in the outlaws' faces, and complied with a speed that, considering he had made the first move, was somewhat ludicrous.

"Who're you—a hold-up man?" asked Frank, straing into the face of the

he had made the first move, was somewhat hudicrous.

"Who're you—a hold-up man?" asked Frank, staring into the face of the stranger, who was, he found, tall, lanky, with long black hair, cadaverous features, and glowing eyes. He was dressed almost to the point of exaggeration as a cowboy, and he bestrode a good horse.

"Hold-up man-me?" said the stranger, "Gee! I'm worse'n that! I'm 'Bad' Phil Hicks, and I'm a lone wolf of the prairie! I'm hard to curry below the knees! Liv my night to how! Ow—ooh.h.!"

"This feller's sure plumb crazy!" said Frank Liversedge, grinning in spite of



FRANK TO THE RESCUE! Frank Liversedge stood up in his stirrups, hurled himself sideways, and landed in the buggy alongside the unconscious Governor!

spur, and, even as the deputy whipped out a revolver, dashed right over him and out into the street.

Northwards he galloped, not caring now about keeping the mare's footfalls silent. Crusty's hoofs fairly thundered over the hard-packed road. Sparks flew from her shoes in the darkness as she struck some stone in the road-surface.

Yet above the drumming of Crusty's hoofs Frank could hear to the left that long-drawn wolf-call. His partner was telling him where to ride in order that they might meet again. He twitched his horse's near-side rein, dashed up between two stores, found himself in open country, and then rode straight for a shadowy, mounted figure to be seen in the light east by the thin slice of moon. "Dodged 'em!" panted Frank, as he dashed up to his comrade in outlawry. "Now let's go before they can get their horses out! It was Sheriff Wynott at the door!"

Side by side they rode at top gait for a good two miles before they drew rein to breather their gallant horses Crusty and Dodger, Slim Dauers' wonderful his content of the part of the partners wonderful black.

limself. For to have a man claiming all the toughness mentioned, and yet to be sitting there on his horse with hands upheld in token of surrender was distinctly amusing to the young outlaw. Or maybe he's play-acting. Working for Sheriff Wynott—" What—mo work for a sheriff?" howled Bad Phil Hieks. "Me—when I'm just about the baddest man there his heriff! and it has been to be a sheriff! I'm just plumb bad, and I was holdin' you up jest to prove that!"

"I've heard about Ead Phil Hieks."
"I've heard about Ead Phil Hieks!" that football playing crowd getting on? You were a player for them, weren't you?" "Shore!" said Phil Hieks. "I usater."

that football-playing crowd getting on? You were a player for them, weren't you?" "Shore!" said Phil Hicks. "I useter play kickball for a crowd as went mad over the game, when a couple o' tender-feet arrove and upset the gentle tenour of our ways on the Lazy Q, down south. But, believe me, after playin' with 'em' for some time, I found I was gettin plumb respectable, and I broke loose, the badd when ye're playin' kickball every minute o' yer spare time. So I broke loose, and went on the bad-nen trail. Warn't goin' to rob yous fellers, really. But I just wanted to exercise my bad-ness. Say, from what ye said, yo ain't much friends of the sheriff in this locality. Air ye bad, too?"

Frank and Slim were laughing heartiff were and both the manner of Bad Phil Hicks. He did seem to want to be a real "bad" man.
"It's a crank he's got," said Slim, "to not the man th

think he's all he soys he is. He's as harmless as Mary's little lamb, but—"Gee! That's an meult," said Bad Phil Hicks. "Say, if you're bad men. I'd like to mix in with ye. Maybe ye could set me on to some real sensational "Let's take this nurosity with us, and have him stuffed!" roared Frank Liversedge.

"Yes, let him come: saw good pal!"

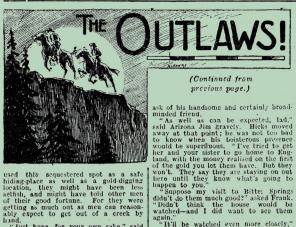
Side by side, the two gennine outlaws and the man who so badly wanted to hone rode, getting deeper into the bills at every mile they went. Kor were the followed. For the sheriff and his possessad no horses to follow with now. But as he rode swiftly along Frank, Liversedge could not bills the followed for the himself of the following to convince more fortunate following young outlaw. He hoped nebody had got hurt in that thrilling stant of Bad Phil Hicks, Because he would get the blame for it, he knew, and not Hicks, if ray deputy lost life or limb.

The 2nd Chapter.

A Chance for the Outlawe.

"I wanter say," quoth Ppil Hicks, pausing in his labouts, "as how it pais to be real bad. Now, look at me! Played kickball for a season and as good, What result? The bad again, and this is even to a line sich I never the contract of the cont

(Continued overleaf.)



used this sequestered spot as a safe hiding-place as well as a gold-digging location, they might have been less sethish, and might have told other men of their good fortune. For they were getting as much out as men can reasonably expect to get out of a creek by hand.

"Just hope, for your own sake," said Frank, with a laugh, "that you weren't seen when you did that movie stunt on the sheriff and his deputies. Because you might get sick of being bad some day, and want to go back to respectability, balls," gried Slim Danyers and.

the sheriff and his deputies. Because you might get sick of being bad some day, and want to go back to respectability."

"Hallo, hallo!" cried Slim Danvers suddenly, and stepped from the edge of the little creek where they were working to the tent in which he and Frank slept. From there he fetched a rifle.

Frank, also on his guard, followed with his eyes the course of the stream until stormed one of the walls of this deep hasin in the mountains where they had located for this stream ran right through a hill, and joined a bigger stream at the other side. There was a tunnel, a man's height and more, that the waters had, in the centuries, hewn through the rock and earth. This tunnel was their only means of exit from and entrance to this place where they lived and toiled. Nor was it known to others, save one.

For from this tunnel had come the muffled whinney of a horse, and, hearing it, the two outlaws were at once on their guard. It might be that somebody had accidentally hit upon the tunnel.

"Goin' to be any trouble?" asked Bad Phil Hicks, lugging two immense guistom holsters that dangled on his hips.

"Hope not," said Slim Danvers, cocking his rifle, and gluing his eye on the mouth of the tunnel, only a hundred yards away. But if it's the sheriff—"

He did not finish, but the way he repeated the rifle told the others that he, angway, had no intention of being taken alice. For there was a heavy price on Slim's head. He was wanded even hour cating change he heavy to a subnorties that was Frank really a continue as any new-born babe. He also was bearing a burden that had been put upon his shoulders by a man now dead. Yet he knew he would stand not an earchly chance were he to be captured and hauled before judge and hard.

not an earthy chance were he to be captured and hauled before judge and Jary.

As all three watched they saw the white-blazed head of a lors appear from the tunnel's mouth. And sight of that the tunnel's mouth. And sight of the tunnel's mouth, and sight of the tunnel's mouth of a couple of rounds into the air, then began to speed towards the tunnel. Whooping and yelling fearsomely, he dashed straight for the horse and for the man who emerged from the tunnel Immediately after.

Both man and horse stopped at the wird sight of the lanky cow-puncher.

"Come back, you gink!" shouted Frank Liversedge, the moment he saw who this visitor was. "Come back—he's a friend!"

But Bad Phil Hicks wasted some mor ammunition in the air, and, reaching the newcomer, began to dance about him, shouting out all his bad qualities. And the visitor stared at him coolly, raming a monote into his left eye, stroking a neatly-elipped moustache the while.

"It's Arizona Jim!" shouted Frank, and ran to the eide of his Indian agent friend. "Shut up, you great ow!" he roared at Phil, who ceased his dancing and gunplay, and looked a bit disappointed.

"I'm lard-boited, and my shell won't

pointed.

"I'm land-boiled, and my shell won't crack, though," Bad Phil Hicks insisted.

"I'm a lone wolf—"

"Seems to me a foolish house is the pace for you, sonny," said Arizona Jim indulgently. "And what are you doing around these parts, Hicks? Still trying to be as bad as ever? How's football?"

around these parts, Hicks? Still trying to be as bad as ever? How's football?"

"Gosh!" said Hicks, pouching his guns, "I don't seem to git no fair chance to be bad. An' how air ye, Arizona? Heard my pards here-who're not really bad—talkin' a lot about ye. Come right in. 'Light an' cat."

Arizona led his horse by the brille until he had reached the tent where these outlaw-miners dwelt. His highly-poilshed boots were wet by reason of his long walk through the tunnel. But even then they looked the smartest pair of riding-boods in the country, as perhaps they should be a special straight of the same they looked the smartest pair of riding-boods in the country, as perhaps they should be supposed to the same they looked the smartest pair of riding-boods in the country, as perhaps they should be supposed to the same they looked as spick and span as ever. Compared with the rough fellows who were dwelling here, he looked very dapper; for Frank and Slim were shabby to a degree, Frank particularly, looking as though he could have done with his mother's or sister's attention, so far as shirt and breeches were concerned.

"How's my mother, Arizona?" was the first question the younger outlaw had to Collectors please.

silenced curtly. Arizona Jim evidently had something serious to say. And yet, as he said it, there was something almost tantalisingly off-band and mysterious about him; and there was a twinkle behind his monotel.

"I suppose," he said casually, "that you know you aren't the only outlaws about these parts just now? 'King Charlie's gang is working in the county right now."

"King Charlie!" Slim Danvers or

"King Charlie!" Slim Danvers ex-claimed quickly. "Around here? Last I ever heard of them was in Montana, last

claimed quickly. "Around here? Last i ever heard of them was in Montana, last year."

"They're as tough a gang of rustlers as even you, Hicks, could want to imitate. And they're working in Wyoming. All the sheriffs would give their ears to get them over their gun-sights. Well, if you like, I can give you a chance to meet them, indeed, to frustrate them, and, perhaps, bring yourself favourably to the notice of people who really matter in this State's administration."

"Meaning?" asked Slim Danvers.

"I won't tell yon too much," said Arizona Jim. "But to-morrow night, at eleven o'clock exactly, I want you to meet me near the bridge that crosses Bitter Creek, twelve miles due south of Bitter Springs. Is that agreeable?"

"To-morrow night, at eleven," Slim Danvers repeated. "I guess we can do that."

"Goin' to give us a chance to be rale rarin' bad?" asked Phil Hicks eagerly. "Goin' to let me prove how hard-boiled I am?"

Arizona Jim turned a shoulder goodhumouredly upon him, and addressed Frank Liversedge.

"Oue thing I insist on, though, before I let you take a hand in a gane that's

Jim, with a jerky little laugh. "Now, are you going to trust me to put you on to the right thing, or are you going to spoil everything by asking questions, and by butting into things before the time is rine?"

by butting into things before the vincipe?"
"Guess I'm willing to do everything you say, Arizona," said Slim Danvers quietly, "You're our pal."
"I am, too, of course," said Frank Liversedge. "Naturally, I am a bit curious. Yes, we'll meet you where you say, twelve miles south of the home town, on Bitter Creek, where the bridge crosses."

on Bitter Crees, crosses."

"Am I in this?" asked Bad Phil eagerly. "Am I in this?" asked Bad Phil eagerly.
"Oh, yes, so long as you agree to do as
the others do," laughed Arizona Jim.
"Mind you, I'm not promising anything
definitely, but you might get a chance
to, well, to make certain people think
you're not so bad as you're painted."
"Guess I'd better be out of it, then,"
grumbled Bad Phil Hicks. "Because my
trouble is folks won't think I'm half
bad enough. And I shore am a wolf.
Hear me how!!"

## The 3rd Chapter. Frank Lends a Hand.

"What do you suppose Arizona's got up his sleeve?" Frank Liversedge asked, as he, Slim Danvers, and Bad Phil Hicks rode along side by side through the mountain passes, their horses' heads turned to a spot well south of Bitter

turned to a spot well south of Bitter Springs. "Don't know," said Slim. "And, from what we both know of Arizona, it isn't much good trying to work it out. Ari-zona Jim's always got some fresh brain wave. Bet you it's something real good, and helpful, too."

outlaw of experience, tensed suddenly and clapped a hand to his gua. He looked sharply to the right, into the deepest shadow cast by the hills.

"Who're you?" he barked; and his gua came to his hand at once.

"Why—" Frank began; then realised the state of the shadow and the state of the shadow and the state of the shadow and the shadow has been shadow and the shadow has been shad

mercy of the law-men, trusting to them to repay him by forgiving him the facting him to repay him by forgiving him the faction. anyway?

He watched the one-eyed man closely, But King Charlie never took his finger away from his trigger. And his men, too, he said, that wouldn't do. And, anyway, hadin't Arizona Jim doin him to do and the fact of the fact

"Giddap, you horses!" the watchers



THE ANTICS OF PHIL HICKS! As Bad Phil Hicks drove his horse in between the two dashed on, the two men kicking and squirming against him.

(Continued from

previous page.)

watched—and I did want to see them again."

"I'll be watched even more closely," said Arizona Jim. "But don't you think the sheriff will persecute your folks over that night's affair. He's square, if a grim man-chaser, is Bob Wynott. And if he weren't white, he wouldn't do much persecuting of women while I was about the place. "And a steely light came into the Indian agent's clear blue eyes. "You're a good pal, Arizona," said Frank huskily, "But I want to know, when's all this going to end? I'm sick of it!"

Arizona Jim patted him on the shoulder kindly. He did not remind Frank that his own hot temper was half the reason for the troubles that were the lad's now fie did not remind Frank that, but for wild words uttered in passion, there never need have been any suspicion fixed on Frank that he had shot, in the night, that thief and worse, Buil Kamiloops, who had been Frank's dead father's treacherous partner.

"I'm doing my best for you, boy," said the Indian agent, "and for Slim Danvers, too. But there's no evidence in your favour-only circumstantial evidence against you. And the laws out here are so crude, so-called justice is so swift, that you are safer to be here, even as an outlaw, than to give yourselves up. But in future don't wist littler Springs."

He took a letter from his inside breast-pocket, and handed it to the lad, the was the first message he had reserved from his invalid nother since his outlawry; and he was but a had. He was certainly to be excused if he felt his eyes prickling; and Arizona Jim, being one of Nature's gentlemen, moved off, engaged Slim Danvers and Bad Phil nelose conversation, the while Frank read and re-read the words his mother had written.

Not for half an hour did Frank rejoin his three friends. And then there was a rather proud toos of the head that he held not shown before.

"So long as those folks don't believe friends and then there was a rather proud toos of the head that he held not shown before.

"The question is, boys," said Arizona Jim, "how far would you go to get back into the law," said Blad Phil; but he was into the law," said Bad Phil; but he was

"See, guess I'd give a bit to git up agin the law," said Bad Phil; but he was

going to be played to morrow," he said, "is that you obey my orders implicitly, and my order is, don't move a step, no matter what you see, but just watch everything, until I give you the word. Now, is that a bargain?" "But—what's going to happen?" asked Frank Liversedgus "And ask no questions," said Arlzona



JIM ARIZONA

Silong as it helps me to be bad—"
Phil Hicks began.
"Oh, shott up Phil!" said Frank haifimpatiently. "I wonder if tonights
going to help put us right with the
world?"
"Might help you, boy," said Sim Danvers gravely. "But I'm too deeply in
bad with the law ever to be helped, I'm
afraid. You are only a kal, and there's
only one black mark up against you."

It had been dark an hour, for summer
had by no means come to Wyoming. The
time was, perhaps, nine o'clock. Another
hour's easy riding would take them to
the spot where they had arranged to
meet Arizona Jim at eleven oclock.
And they had ridden in a leisurely
fashion for two or three hours already.
There was no moon in the sky yet, but
the starlight was so bright that these
three comrades could, as they rode, easily
see each other's faces; and they could
see the gloomy hils that surrounded
they far great distance; silent, very
mysterious. During all their ride they
had me not a soul, for the mountains
of Wyoming are very lonely; the State
is very sparsely populated. Of all the
hill States in America. Wyoming, perhaps, is the easlest, by its very formation, for outlaws to keep hidden; the
hardest for sherills and other law-men to
track them down.
"I shouldn't like to think," said Frank
Liversedge thoughtfully, "that to-night's
work is only going to help me, Silim. I'd
hade to think you were playing the loneworl game, even if I got a pardon—pardon
for something I've never doue!

"The others never heard anything, never
saw anything—but Slim Danvers, wha
"TREEE with this week's "Mag

heard the driver of this buggy shout. And then he stood up and began—un-wisely, certainly—to use the whip. "Hallo! Going to be some pienic right here!" murmured Bad Phil Hicks.

"Hallo! Going to be some pienk right bere?" nurmured Bad Phil Hicks. "Greebshaphat!" The horses, instead of going forward in answer to the whipping they were get ings, began to back. At once there was a loud crack, followed by a slight splash, which told the watchers a great deal; the tailboard of the buggy had rammed grainst a bridge-rail, had snapped the action of the buggy had rammed in the piece of timber had dropped into the creek.

the piece of timber had dropped into the reck.

The driver of this buggy gave a shout, and began to belabour his horses framheally. But they just stood still and anorted and chivered, the while open over the edge of the bridge. With horse the case of the bridge with the bridge an inch.

"Darn these hired livery horses!" they is another the case of the bridge and the driver shout. "His giddap!" For there was another crack, another nece of timber was broken away from the bridge-and the back wheel of the bridge can the bridge can be considered the driver the case of the bridge.

"Why don't he jump out?" asked Slim Danvers.

"Why don't be jump out?" asked Slim Danvers.
"Say!" said Frank impulsively. "I've got to give a hand here!"
"Sit tight!" hissed Slim Danvers.
"What can you do?"
"Do my best," said Frank. "Take my horse!"

horse!"

He handed Crusty over to Bad Phil Highs, and serambled up out of the hollow. He ran to the bridge approach at top speed. He got on to the bridge, and raced straight to where, gradually but surely, those horses were backing the buggy and its occupant into the creek.

but surely, those borses were backing the buggy and its occupant into the steek.

There wasn't much time to think what to do, nor to do anything. But he was intermined to do something to help this onknown man—who did not appear to be a very expert driver, anyway.

The white horses saw him coming, and snorted. One backed away from him. There was a jerk as the whole of the car cud of the buggy went off the edge. For a moment the horses pawed at the vehicle from dragging them down below. And the driver ceased his belabourings of the team, hing on to the dashboard. And the driver ceased his belabourings of the team, hing on to the dashboard. Frank grabbet the hits of both horses. The animals shipped back, for their shoes would not grip timer that slivered off when they tried to grip it with their feet.

"Got a gun?" asked Frank breathlessly of the driver.

"Blaze away with it: aim into the anir?" yelled Frank. "Oh, hurry up, man! Shoot!"

The horses were panicked beyond occasion one. Frank answer.

The larged frank and was trying the driver had be for him, obeyed Frank askire took, and pulled owe the farmer.

The sudden noise behot into the air.

The sudden noise behot into the air.

thin, and pure continue to the sir.

The sudden noise behind the horses caused them both to start forward. Frank not a rather painful blow on the sire of the sire

caught a glimpse of this man's face. He recognised it at once, and started. He even began to run after the buggy. But he soon saw the futility of it, desisted, and, laughing rucefully, walked back to his comrades.

"You saved that gink from, anyway, a masty fall; and his horses would, ten to one, have been drowned," said Slin. "You couldn't do much—but you seemed to do the right thing. Did he thank you?"

"Didn't get a chance; he couldn't hold his horses," said Frank. "And they're running yet."

"See his face?" asked Slim Danvers. "Anybody you know?"

"Anybody you know?"

"Anybody for know?"

"Anybody for know?"

"Anybody for know?"

"Anybody for know?"

"See his face?" asked Slim Danvers. See his face?" asked Slim Danvers. "Anybody for know?"

"Anybody for know?"

"The might have been useful for called us if helds have been useful for called us if helds have been useful for me and thank me. For that's the man who does all the pardoning and reprieving, Slim. That man's Clayton B. Bullish, Governor of Wyoming. My hat."

## The 4th Chapter. The Round Up!

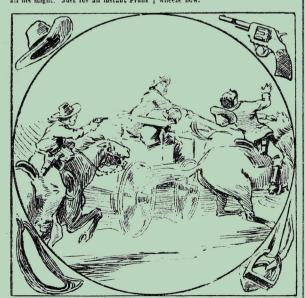
The 4th Chapter.

The Round Up:

Arizona Jim listened intently when Sim Danvers described to him Frank Liversedge's little adventure. He chaekled to himself, and patted Frank encouragingly on the shoulder.

"It shouldn't be the case," said herboard in these Wild Western states, the but in the but in the but of the but of

so, when he signalled them to halt. Frank Liversedge peeped through a bush, and found they were again close by a trail. He saw nothing else but the hard-beaten ribbon of earth. Nor did he hear anything. But he suddenly felt a hand grip his arm; felt a set of ingers "Men the other side of the trail!" whispered Sim Danvers, the hare-eared outlaw. "Beginning to get Arizona's wheeze now.



HICKS THE HERO! As King Charlie dashed up close to the buggy, Hicks fired and the outlaw threw up his arms and dropped from his saddle!

They all stood dead-silent, taking care not even to let their clothing brush against twigs or leaves. And after a wille Frank himself heard a stir across the trail; saw a man mounted on a dark horse ride out from the scrub opposite. He had not not been the sound of horses feet. The sound grew louder; came later the rathing of a buggy's wheels in the darkness. The man who had ridden out on to the trail rode back in the bushes again.

"Mind!" whispered Arizona Jim, clutching the arms of Frank and Slim. "Not a move till I give the signat!"

They heard a man's voice in the distance. He seemed to be calling to take the best of the seemed to be calling to the seemed to be seemed to be seemed to be calling to the seemed to be seem



HICKS CETS EXCITED! Bad Phil Hicks wasted some more to dance round Arizona Jim, shouting out all his bad qualities.

to dance round Arixona Jim, she
best pals from Builfish. He'll do anything he thinks to get that reprieve. And
when Clayton B.'s signed it, Clayton B.
might not feel like being dovernor any
more! See?"
"How dyou know all about this?"
Frank had to ask the Indian agent.
"I am in the position of knowing more
segings on that any series of the control of the control
sheriff why not to wold have known all
about this, only I decided I would give
you two boys a chance to get into the
Governor's favour. Now, in that camp
where king Charlie's taken Builfish, you'll
have to work your best to rescue the
Governor. Be careful; after all, a living
outlaw is better than a dead one!"
"I'll let Slim take the lead in this
show," said Frank Liversedge.
"Hore there'll he a chance to prove I'm
a wolf," said Bad Fill Bened." Because
"Hore there'll he a chance to prove I'm
a wolf," said Bad Fill Bened."
"Well, I'll leave you to it?" said
Arizona Jim. He grasped the hand of
Arizona Jim. He grasped to the country, and
the time to hand to take the
West-would be presented the presence of the country, and
the presence of the country, and
the presence

noticed, stood right beneath a squat tree from which about ten feet about the Governor's head, projected a stumpy beigh.

King Charlie and his confederates had dismounted now, and their horses were nibbling the herbage at their feet. King Charlie, they saw, was speaking, grantle, they saw, was speaking, as the control of the same that the

on his face; Frank could see it, even from where he watched.

"Get a bit closer, boys—but be careful?" whispered Slim Danvers, and, still mounted, the three friends edged their way nearer to this scene, with the result that they could hear better what was being said by this party near the blazing sam fire could hear said King Charlie.

"that of ye don't sign this yer reprieve for Dakofa Sam, I'm goin' to tell my man here to let them horses go. I've got my quit here, and I'll lift them whites such a smack as they won't stop runnful for an hour—and that'll leave you swinging. Get me?"

"You scoundrel!" shouted the Governor, squirming helpfessly in his bonds, and pathetically trying to work his double-chimned neek clear of the nose.

"King Charlie's quit tracked viciously. The whites—probably never very tractible horses—fought against the hold of the man who grabbed their bits.

"Sinn!" shouted King Charlie.

"No!" yelled the Governor.

"Can't let this go on much longer—got to do something!" Frank Liversedge whispered hoarsely. When do we move, Slim?"

"Now," whispered Slim; and Phil Hicks cave out a chuckle of delight and drew how guns from his holsters. He look did not wait for further instructions, but jabled his spurs home and rushed straight for the Governor and his buggy.

Frank Liversedge was a good second to him. But Frank did not pull out a gun, he had she wait and he whipped out his sheath-knife, and, grlpping this, rode hotly at the tail of Bad Phil Hick's horse.

Probably King Charlie and his men were too surprised at the unexpected appearance of the three friends to realise ab the moment what it meant. Before they could make up their ninds, all three palk were upon then Hicks was having his chance to be as bad as he wanted to be And he looked mad, not bad, as he dashed at King Charlie, blazing away with both guns. Slim Dauvers, too, fired a shot. But Prank Liversedge just concentrated on one thing—did not even think of his own life.

He rode up to the rocking buggy, just when the man who had been hodd

#### READ THIS RIPPING ROOKWOOD STORY RIGHT NOW!



424

The 1st Chapter. Going Through It.

"Silver! Lovell! Raby! Newcome!" Bulkeley of the Sixth called out the

names.

And the Fistical Four of the Fourth
Form at Rookwood answered in a rather wookwood mal chorus:
Yes, Bulkeley!"
You're wanted!"
What——"

What—"Make "Mr. Dalton's study—and sharp!"
"Mr. Dalton's study—and sharp!"
The great man of the Sixth walked way with that. He had no time to aste upon mere juniors.
Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.
"We're for it!" he remarked.
"We are!" murnured Arthur Edward ovell. "We is!"
George Raby rubbed his hands in naticipation.

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"We're tor it!" he remarked.

"We are!" murnured Arthur Edward Lovell. "We is!"

George Raby rubbed his hands in anticipation.

"Oh, come of said Kewcome desperately. "Let's get it over."

Sympathetic glances followed Jimmy Silver & Co. as they started for Mr. batton's study Almost all the Classical Fourth sympathised—it that was of any use. Unfortunately, it wasn't.

Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of his Form master's study.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come in!" said the deep voice of the Sixth Form. The three juniors were Lattrey. Peele, and Gower of the Fourth; the prefect was Carthew of the Sixth. Jimmy Silver & Co. had expected to see them there; they knew well enough why Mr. Dalton had sent for them. The young Form master's face was very stern, as he fixed his eyes upon the definquents.

"Silver! Carthew has made a very serious report to me."

"Has he, sir?" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Has he, sir?" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Has he, sir?" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"We we persuaded him to leave, sir."

"We with considerable violence."

"We with considerable violence."

"We with considerable violence."

"We with considerable violence."

"This is a serious matter. Lovell. It seems that you four juniors have taken possession of a study belonging to Lattrey, Peele, and Gower. So Carthew informs me.

"Carthew's offside, sir," said Raby.

"This is a serious matter. Lovell. It's our study—the end study, sir—every fellow in the Fourth knows it's down, series."

"We didn't wan Carthew in our study, will all miny Silver meekly."

"I am waiting for you to explain, sir." said simmy Silver meekly."

"You

Silver, if you have any explanation to give."

"You know, sir, that we got back late this term, owing to our being laid up with colds," said Jimmy. "We found that those cads—I—I mean, those chap—had bagged our study before we got here. So we—we took possession, sir. I don't know why Carthew butted in. He knew that it was cur study."

Mr. Dalton glanced at the Sixth-Former. "I intervened to see fair play, as I've told you, sir," said Carthew. "Peele claimed my protection, as he had been turned out of his study. It seems to be the rule that any boys can claim an unoccupied study at the beginning of term—free, is a sixth of the sixth of

"You shouldn't have butted in!" ex-slaimed Lovell. "You know jolly well that those rotters had bagged our tudy!"

'How dare you, Lovell?" exclaimed

indy

By Owen Conquest:

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

In which Jimmy Silver & Co. after many defeats are successful in winning back the end study from Peele and his pals!

Mr. Dalton. He rose to his feet, and picked up his cane. "Hold out your hand!"

picked up ms can hand!" Swish! Lovell tucked his hand under his arm and squeezed it hard. Evidently Richard Dalton was not to be trifled with. "Whatever may be your dispute with other members of your Form, Silver, you are well aware that you have no right to reist a prefect forcible," said Mr. Dalton. "I shall cane you all severely." "Oh!" "With regard to the claim to the study," confinued Mr. Dalton, "It certainly seems hard that you should tose your old quarters, but Feele and his rirends are acting strictly within their richts."

Swish, swish, swish!

The study door opened, and the Fistical Four came out. Their faces were set and grim. They did not even look at the grinning trio—they marched down the passage in silence. It was not till they reached the Fourth Form quarters, and were ensconced in their new study—Pecle's oil study—that they gave expression to their deep feelings. Then there was a paintful chorus.

THE BOYS' FRIEND

The 2nd Chapter.

The 2nd Chapter.
Lovell's Strategy!
"What's going to be done?"
Arthur Edward asked that question
a few days later, in exasperated tones.
Arthur Edward had asked it, on the
average, about seventeen times a day,
since 'the return of the Fistical Pour to
the classic shades of Rookwood School.

that they're surprised at our letting Peele knock us out!" growled Newcome. "Townsend said we were hack numbers now. I punched his nose."

"Well, what's going to be done," asked Lovell. "We've got to have our study back, I suppose. I believe you're supposed to be a sort of leader, Jimmy Sirve."

"I believe so!" assented Jimmy."

"Well, lead, then!" said Lovell. "Show us how we're to get those cads out of our study. We shall have all the fellows grinning at us. The Modern cads have been chipping me about it. I had a fight yesterday with Tommy Dodd, and another with Towle. Bad enough it it was anybody else, but to lea smoty alacking end like Peele dish us—bail!"

And Arthur Edward expressed his feelings by an emphatic snort.

"Pestina, lente!" said Jimmy screnely.

"What?"

"That means, make haste slowly!" the

"Festina lente!" said Jimmy serenely.
"What?"
"That means, make haste slowly!" the captain of the Fourth kindly explained. Another snort from Lovel!
"Do you think I want you to construe a silly Latin tag for me!" he bawled. Talk sense! What's going to be done!"
"We're going to be done!" growled Raby, "and Jimmy is going to take it lying down and tell us to keep smiling."
"The fact is, this Co. wants a new leader," said Lovel!. "Jimmy's played out. Towny's right, he's a back number. He lets himself be licked by a cad like Peele. I'd better take the matter in hand."
"And what's your programme, old chap, if you do?" asked Jimmy.
"Well, I'd give 'em a jolly good hiding all round!" said Lovel!. "That wouldn't capture the study."
"That wouldn't capture the study."
"It would be some satisfaction any-low."

how."
"Dear man!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Leave it to your Uncle James. I'm
thinking it out."
"What with?" jeered Lovell. "I'm fed
up with leaving it to you, Jimmy. You
leave it to me. I've got a plan."
Jimmy Silver smiled. His faith in the

PEELE IN A FIX! Jimmy Silver pulled the study table under the window, in which Peele was firmly fixed, and laid a sheet of impot paper before the helpies junior. "Now write as I tell you!" he said, placing a pen in the hand of the amazed Peele.

Lattrey and Gower if they would consent to return to their old quarters and allow you to have your old study," continued Mr. Dalton, with a glance at Peele &

you to have your old study," continued Mr. Daiton, with a glance at Peele & The three cads of the Fourth stood grimly silent.

Their tree cads of the Fourth stood grimly silent.

Their consent would have won them the approval of their Form master; but Mr. Daiton's approval did not tempt them to give way. They were not on the best of terms with Mr. Dalton, anyhow. Mr. Daiton was rather rough on slackers; and Peele & Co. were slackers of the first water.

Indeed, so far from desiring to gratify Mr. Daiton, Peele & Co. found some satisfaction in disappointing him.

So they stood silent.

"You do not feel disposed to do this, Peele?" asked the Fourth Form master, after a pause.

"No, sir!" answered Peele sullen!r.

"It's our study, sir," said Gower. "It's a better one than our old one. Why should we give it up?"

"Very well!" said Mr. Dalton quietly. "Silver, these boys must be allowed to retain the study, since they insist upon their strict rights in the matter. I cannot say I approve of their conduct, but I am bound to be just. Any further attempt to deprive them of the study by force will be dealt with very severely."

Oh!"

Teele & Co. left the study, and in the corridor they grinned at one another lovonsly. They had always been 'un signing the shadow of a doubt, in giving Uncle James a fail.

and "AIR GAME" in "Chuck

Peele & Co. were victorious, the Form master's decision confirmed them in their possession of the famous end study. But that, to Arthur Edward Lovell, was a trifle light as air.
Lovell's view was that the end study was his study; his Form master's decision to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Richard Dalton was master of the Fourth, and his word was law, or should have heen law. Generally it was law, to the Co.; they liked Dicky Dalton, and backed him up. On this occasion, however, they considered Mr. Dalton off-side. Lovell was the most emphatic of the four; but his chums agreed with Arthur Edward. The end study was their study; and the only doubtful point was, how to recover the stolen goods, so to speak. There was the question of prestige to be considered, as well as that of the study itself.

considered, as were as the control of tissell.

The Fistical Four were great men in the Fourth, and it was simply impossible for them to accept a defeat at the hands of a set of slacking, smoky, no-account outsiders like Peele & Co.

"We shall have Tubby Mufflu checking us next!" said Lovell bitterly.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Fellows keep on asking us If we're going to have our study back!" said Raby. "It's sickening."

"Towny and Toppy were saying to-day

ANSWERS

planning capacity of Arthur Edward was not great.

"A pretty good plan!" said Lovell.

"Look here! Suppose I give Peele a terrife hiding every day till he asks not take the study back. He's a shady of council the sain great of the study back. He's as shady of council the sain great of the study back of the sain to continue the sain of the study batton would be down on the study. But you can lick Peele every day, and he will understand in the long rub that the study's got to be handed over."

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy.

"I'll row with him about something else, see, so that he can't sneak to Dalton and say we're hammering him for the study!" said Lovell. "That's strategy."

"Oh! That's strategy, is it?" gasped Jimmy.

"Yes. I'm a pretty good strategist."

"Oh! That's strategy, is to gaspen Jimmy.
"Yes. I'm a pretty good strategist."
"Great pip!"
Lovell jumped up. He had finished tea, and having this great stratege plan in mind, he was keen to put it into opera-

mind, he was keen to put it into operation.

"But—hold on—"
"But—said Lovel.
Arthur Edward Lovel! stalked out of
the study. Jimmy Silver sighed. When
Arthur Edward Lovel to the with between
Arthur Edward Lovel to the wind to the
Arthur Edward Lovel to the wind to the
the study. Jimmy was not looking for
great results from Lovell's strategy. To
Jimmy's mind, it somewhat resembled
the strategy of a bull charging a gate.

"There'll be a row!" said Raby
dublously.
The three juniors followed Lovell.
That energetic and strenuous youth had
already found Cyril Peele in the quadrangle.

He was losing no time. A dozen juniors surrounded the two, and the "row" was already in progress.
"Sneaking, smoky, shady, slacking worm!" Lovell was saying, as his chums joined the interested circle.
"Go it, Lovell!" said Moraington. Lovell's getting eloquent! Carry ou with the giddy adjectives."
"Ha, ha, ha."
Cyril Peele shrugged his slim shoulders, and curled his lip. He was not the fellow to stand up to Arthur Edward in desperate combat; but he did not seem alarmed.

desperate combat; but he did not seem alarmed.

Perhaps some of his confidence was due to the fact that he was standing only a few yards from Mr. Dalton's study wndow, and that a row in the quad at that spot could scarcely fail to attract the Form masker's notice.

Lovell's powerful voice.

Lovell's powerful voice.

Lovell's powerful voice.

My the powerful voice.

What you want," continued Loveli, "is a hiding! You're a disgrace to the Form, Peele."

"Go hon!"

"is a hiding! You're a disgrace to the Form, Peele."

"Go hon!"

"A slacking rotter!" said Lovell. "How often do you show up at the footer!

"A slacking rotter!" said Lovell. "How often do you show up at the footer!

Only when a prefect takes you by the wind that the slacker!"

"Carry on!" said Peele cheerfully.

"Put up your hands!" roared Lovell.

"What for?" saked Peele, pleasantty.

"Are you going to fight me because I'm not keen on footer?"

There was a chuckle from the spectators.

"Lovell—" arged Jimmy.

"Dry up, Jimmy. I'm managing this!" said Lovell. "Put up your hands, Peele, or I'll dot you on the boko."

"You won't get me out of the end study that way, dear boy," grinned Peele.

"That's for your noe," said Lovell, savagely, as Peele put his hands into hispockets instead of putting them up for defence.

pockets instead defence.
Whack!
Whack!
Whack!
With cheery fortitude. He knew that
Mr. Datton was now at his study window.
The window went up with a bang.

"Lovel!!"

"Oh! Ah! Yes, sir!" gasped Lovel!,
pinning round to the window, and fluding himself face to face with Mr. Richard

"Oh! Ah! Yes, sir!" gasped Lovel!, spinning round to the window, and fluid ing himself face to face with Mr. Richard Datton.

For once, the young Form master looke! thoroughly angry.

Lavel, you have deliberately picked a quarrel with Peele, and atruck him!" the street of the property of the street of the juniors drew a little closer to the window to the door. The rest of the juniors drew a little closer to the window to street of the subsequent proceedings.

Lovell entered the study disadly. He had to be street of the subsequent proceedings. Lovell entered the study disadly. He had to be street of the subsequent proceedings. The street of the fourth. There is no doubt my mind that you have picked this quarrel with Peele, who has given no offence, solely on account of the dispute about the study."

Oh!" Suttered Lovell, wondering how on earth Mr. Datton had guessed that.

"If there should be any further fighting between you and Peele, Lovell, it shall investigate the matter with great care; and if I find that you are the aggressor, I shall report you to but the sund."

You may go!"

I wonder what Lovell expected?"

Mornington remarked. "What a brain, you know!"

"I mounder what Lovell expected?"

Mornington remarked. "What a brain, you know!"

"I wonder what Lovell expected?"

Mornington remarked. "What a brain, you know!"

"I wonder what Lovell expected?"

Mornington remarked. "What a brain, you know!"

"The sunderful plan was "off," and Arthur Edward Lovell's prep was incessantly interrupted by the necessity of rubbing his hands. On the following day lie die. The condense of the sunderful plan was "off," and Arthur Edward Lovell, for the present at least, allowed his gifts of strategy to rest.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Caught Out!

"Wake up:"
"Goooght"
"Wake up: athead:"
Lovell rubbed his eyes, and blinked at Jimmy Silver in the gloom of the dormitory.
The hour was late, and there was silence and slumber in the dormitory of the Classical Fourth. But Jimmy Silver was out of bed, shaking Lovel with one hand, and holding the other opercuation.
It was three days since the failure of Lovel's wonderful strategy. During those three days since the failure of Lovel's wonderful strategy. During those three days since the failure of Lovel's wonderful strategy. During those three days Jimmy Silver had been understudying the celebrated Brer Foxpling low and saying "nuffin." Peelek Co. were in victorious occupation of the end study, and the Classical Fourth had come to the conclusion that Jimmy Silver had accepted this defeat. They were yet to learn that the astute Unite James was only briding lis time.

"Don't make a row!" whispered Jimmy Silver. "Don't wake the whole giddy dormitory!"
Loveli grunted, and turned out. Rab and Newcome, already awakened and out.

Loveli grunted, and turned out. Raby and Newcome, already awakened and out

of bed, were dressing quietly in the dark. Lovell followed their example.
"Is it a raid on the Moderns?" whispered Lovell.
"No, ass!" is it?" grunted Lovell.
"You'll see."

"You'll see".

Lovell gave a suppressed snort. Jimmy Silver led the way silently to the door, and the Fistical Four stepped into the corridor, leaving a slumbering dormitory behind them.

"And now your leader."

And now your leader.

Arthur Edward suppressed his feelings, and the suppressed his feelings, and Jimmy Cosed the Arthur Edward Jimmy Cosed the door. Then Investigate a chuckle.

"It catch on: he said "Ragging their lovell gave a chuckle." It catch on: he said "Ragging their Jimmy Silver smiled in the darkness. "That's what you'd call "strategy, I suppose, old bean?" he remarked. "But I'm not looking for a licking from Dicky Daiton to morrow?"

"Then what the thump—— I say, the window's open!" ejeculated Lovell, all of a sudden.

"Quite so!" assented Jimmy. "If you'd looked round the dorm you'd have seen that three fellows were out or bed."

"That's it! Peele and Gower and Lattrey!" said Jimmy Silver. "The dear boys have gone out of bounds. I've been keeping an "ye on them—and that's why we're here. Strategy, old chap, but a different brand!"

"Look here—" murmured Lovell.

"They'se got a knotted rope from the way of the said of

billiards-sharper at the Bird-in-Hand.
"Where's that dashed rope?" muttered 90wer.
"In the ivy, you idiot!" was Peele's politic reply.
"I can't find it!"
"More ass you!"
"Peele groped for the rope; but he, too, failed to find it. Lattrey, staring upgard, discerned the end of the rope dangling overhead. He uttered an exclamation of affright.
"It's been pulled up!"
"Oh gad!"
Peele & Co. stared up at the rope. It was out of their reach—just out! For the moment their hearts stood still.
It's some beast found we're out, and Japing us!"
"Wha-a-a-at are we going to do?" stammered Gower.
"Climb on my shoulders and grab the rope; you can reach it."
"Oh, good!"
Gower climbed on Peele's shoulders. But as he grabbed at the rope it was terked from above, and danced out of his reach.
"Se-somebody's pulling it!" gasped

ferked from above, and danced out of bis reach.

"8-s-somebody's pulling it!" gasped Gower "I-I can't catch it!"

He jumped to the ground again.
Peele gritted his teeth savazely, his face white with rage. He had no doubt that it was a "jape" on the part of some playful junior, who had discovered the absence of the black sheep from the dormitory. But the dancer was great.
Breaking bounds after lights out was a risky business at the best of times. Every minute the black sheep lingered outside the flows added to the risk.

By this time three young rascals were

deeply repenting that they had gone out of school bounds to see "life" as seen in the smoky back-parlour of the Bird-in-Hand at Coombe.

A head and shoulders appeared over the window-sill above, and a smiling face looked down.

In the glimmer of the startight, Cyril Peele was able to recognise the captain of the Fourth.

"Jimmy Silver!" he breathed.

Peele was able to recognise the captain of the Fourth
"Jimmy Silver!" he breathed.
"Drop that rope down, Silver!" hissed
Lattrey.
Jimmy Silver let the rope fall.
"You first, Peele!" he called out.
"Hush!"
Peele clambered desperately up the knotted rope. He reached the broad window-sill of the end study, and thrust his head and shoulders in at the window. He stopped there; several pairs of hands grasping him and pinning him in that position, head and shoulders inside, and the stopped three; several pairs of will you let me in, you rotters?"
"Will you let me in, you rotters?"
"Rotters?" Jimmy Silver chuckled. "I hardly think we're the rotters present, Peele. You've been out of school bounds.—""
"Mind your own business."

"Mind your own business."
"You smell of baccy!" grunted

"You Smen Lovell.

"Let me in!" hissed Pecle,
"All in good time!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully, "I suppose it's no good telling you that we're shocked at you poult we're shocked at you beale......"

you that we're shocked at you, Peede. "Peede ground his teeth. "Serve the rotters right to shut them out!" said Newcome "My hat! What would the Head say when they were found outside the House in the morning?"

"You—you couldn't—" panted Peele. "Look here-let me in! I—I—I'll do anything you like—"
"You've got to!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "You're going to do exactly as I tell you, Peele."

"What do you want?"

"What do you want?"

Jimmy Silver drew the window-sash down gently upon Peele's back. Lovel! and Raby held him by the shoulders, Newcome by the collar. Peele, utterly helptess, could only submit to his fate.

Jimmy pulled the study table softly under the window, and laid a pad of impot paper before Peele, and dipped a pen in the last He placed the pen in the hand of the amazed Peele. Then he turnd on a glimmer of his electric torch.

"Write as I tell you." he said.

he timed on a gimmer or ma executorich.

"Write as I tell you!" he said.

"But—I—"

"Get going! 'Being out of bounds at eleven p.m.—got that!"

"I—I won's! I—"

"Theu good-night!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.

"Hold on, you—you beast! I'll write

"Hold on, you—you beast! I'll write it!"
In your usual hand, dear boy," said Jimmy Sliver. "Any tricks, and you'll simply have to write it over again. Got that? Now write—'having been to the Bird In-Hand "—-"
"'1—1— All right!"
"'1 bereby promise to turn over a new leaf, and try to become decent, on condition of being let into the House.' Got that?"

leaf, and try to become decent, on condition of being let into the House.' Got that?'

Peele scribbled desperately.

"I—I've done it! Hang you."

Jimmy scanned the paper.

"Good! Now write it all over again, in your usual handwriting," he said cheerfully.

without a word he obeyed; it was swidently useless to argue with Uncellarous of Rookwood.

"Now sim it!" said Jimmy Silver.

Peele signed the paper.

"Let him in!" said Jimmy Silver.

Peele rolled into the room. He picked himself up, and fixed a look of the deepest animosity on the Fistical Four.

It was evidently in Peele's mind to make a desperate effort to repossess himself of the paper, now that he was safe inside But Lovell's big fists were clenched ready for him, and cyril Peele thought better of it.

"Keep that dark!" he muttered thickly. "You know it?" assented Jimmy Silver.

"You can clear, Peele."

"You can clear, Peele."

"Peele left the study, sneaking back silently to the dormitory, with a heart full of race and all uncharitableness. Jimmy Silver looked down from the study window at Luttery and Gower who were staring upward in dumb dismay.

"Gower next!" called Jimmy.

"Gower next!" called Jimmy.

who were starting dismay.

"Gower next!" called Jimmy.
Gower was very quickly up the rope.
He was stopped on the windowsill, half in and half out.

"Read that paper, and sign it," said

"Read that paper, and sign it," said Jimy.

"Rook here—what—"
"Look here—what—"
"Look here—what—"
"Look but up, dear boy, and do as you're told! This is where you obey orders!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

Gower read the paper, with a white face. He signed his name helow Peele's, with a shaking hand.

"Right!" said the captain of the Pourth. "You can clear, Gower."
"I—I say—"Clear!" snepped Jimmy Silver; and Gower cleared.

Jimmy leaned from the window grain

Gower cleared.

Jimmy leaned from the window again and called to Mark Lattrey. That youth swarmed up the rope.

The process of reading and signing the paper was repeated. Lattrey realised that he had no choice in the matter, and he did not waste time in arguing.

In a couple of minutes Lattrey was on his way to the dormitory.

And the Fisitical Four returned to the Fourth Form dormitory; and a few minutes latter they were fast asleep. Sleep did not come so soon to Cyril

Peele, however. That shady and unscrupulous youth had some thinking to do; and his thoughts were not agrecable. And when he slept at last, he dreamed that he was being expelled from Rookwood by a wrathful headmaster—and in the morning, Peele of the Fourth turned out of bed in a temper that was more than Hunnish.

## The 4th Chapter.

The 4th Chapter.
Sold:

Jimmy Silver had a smiling face the following day.
So far as Jimmy was concerned, the dispute over the possession of the end study seemed to be forgotten. When Arthur Edward Lovell raised the question, for perhaps the hundredth time, tuncle James smiled, and answered:
"Keep smiling!"
But what's going to be done?"
snorted Lovell.

"Pecle!" answered Jimmy,
"I don't see it!"
"I should be jolly surprised if you did, old chap!" was Jimmy Silver's affable response.
Which was not very satisfactory to Arthur Edward Lovell. His faith in linely James was strained almost to breaking point.

Peele eyed Jimmy Silver in class that morning, and after class he seemed to breaking point.
Peele eyed Jimmy to seek him But Jimmy did not. He strolled out into the quad with his chums, apparently oblivious of Cyril Peele's unimportant existence.
Peele did not seem at ease that day. Lattrey and Gower seemed troubled. They had tea in the end study—still their study—and some fellows in the passage heard sounds of angry argument and recrimination from the room.
But when the three black sheep came out after tea, they seemed to be in some sort of sullen agreement. They

proceeded to the first study in the passage—now occupied by the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were beginning prep. Jimmy kindly suspended that occupation as the visitors looked in.

"Hallo! You fellows forgotten that you've changed studies?" he exclaimed.

"Or do you want to change back?" "We're ready to change back?" said Peele.

"Or do you "We're ready to change back," saw Peele.

"My hat!" Arthur Edward Lovell stared at them. "Mean that, Peele?" Peele scowled.

"You know we've got no choice in the matter," he snarled. "You've got that paper we signed—we'll let you have the some control of the paper we've standed—we'll let you have the paper we standed—we'll let you have the paper we've standed—we'll let you have the paper we've standed—we'll let you have the paper we've standed—we'll the paper have the paper of the paper of the you've come here to bargain, Peele, you've come to the wrong shop," he said.

"I'm not bargaining with you!"

(Continued on page 428.)

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B.F.N., 1923. .....

## FOOTER TALK BY A MAN WHO KNOWS!



Published Every Monday

The Championship of London.

This weck end sees a renewal of the three-cornered contest for what might be called the championship of London. The metropolis has three teams in the First privation of the League, and there is naturally much keenness among the players of the Spurs, the Arsenal, and Chelsea to prove that they are the best in London town. Strange to relate, the Arsenal, who finished in such a lowly position last season. came best out of the games with their local rivals, and they are hoping to do this again. At the moment the account between the Spurs and the Arsenal is all square, for each has won one of the two games played. Then the Spurs have taken three points out of Chelsea, which means that the "Pensioners" have a lot of leeway to make up if they are to prove themselves the best side in London. This week the "Pensioners" have a lot of leeway to make up if they are to prove themselves the best side in London. This week the strange is likely to be specially grim this time round, as both teams are in need of points to give them a lift in the League table. In addition to the "Derby Day" match between Chelsea and the Arsenal, there are also other big things on in the football world just now. Next Wednesday, for example, the second of the International trial matches will be played—at Leeds, between England and the North. And then on the Saturday following there is the Third Round of the Cup for those clubs forlunate enough to be "Still alive."

So far as the International trial goes, one often wonders if they are of much at the end of the sure works feet that the selectors know what they can de well enough without having them or view at a trial match.

and, thinking in this strain, it naturally follows that they do not overwork themselves in the trial

#### The International Trial Match

On the other hand, the selectors consider that the best use can only be made of the trial matches by playing the most likely England eleven first against the best players of the South and then against the best players of the South and then against the best players of the North, and I must confess that there is something to be said for this point to river. The great trouble in regard to choosing an International eleven is not following many players—that would be easy—but to find players—that would be easy—but to find



J. D.MMOCK (Tottenham Hotspur),

players from different clubs whose style will blend. Especially is this difficulty shown in the forward department, and considering that it is a difficulty, then it would seem to follow that one good way of getting over it is to give the likely England forward line several chances of playing together—and getting that necessary understanding—before the International games come along.

International games come along.

One of the side-issues of the International matches in which I am interested at the moment is whether England will, this season, play an amateur at centre-forward. Since the war was over we have tried many professionals as leaders of the attack, and it can scarcely be argued that any one of them has done either himself or his country real justice. Those who favour giving the job to an amateur player are inclined to argue that we generally had an amateur centre in the old days, and that, anyway, an amateur as leader of the attack could not very well do much worse than the professionals who have been chosen since the war.

#### Two Successful Amateurs

Two Successful Amateurs,
In connection with this question there are two names which naturally spring to the mind as being borne by amateur layers who might easily prove a success it called upon to lead England's forwards in an International match. One of these is F. N. S. Creek, the Darlington and Corinthian player, and the other is W. H. Minter, of St. Albans. Creek played in a trial match last season, but was not an unqualified success, but since then he has certainly improved in an all round sense. Minter is, offerned to the content of t

side. Is not the International selectors alone who have been worried about the centre-forward prothe have been afflicted the same way, and one of the features of the campaign up to now has been the same tapes at the same they are the same they are the same that they are the are they a

difficulty. The Arsenal had a lucky in-spiration when they placed Turnbull, previously a right full-back, as leader of the attack, and his name will worthily go down in history as the man who twice scored four goals in a First Division match inside a week.

#### From Full-Back to Centre.

Two clubs with very big resources have also been at their wits' end to find a man who satisfied as leader of the attack.



R. E, YORK (Aston Villa),

I refer to Aston Villa and Tottenham Hotspur. The Villa seem to have arrived at a possible solution by placing the outside wing man, Richard Vork, as the main cog in the forward machine. Anyway, this player, like Turnbull, was an immediate success so far as the important business of getting goals is concerned, and it remains to be seen whether either will continue to prove completely satisfactory in the other necessary qualifications which go to the make-up of the ideal leader of the attack

#### Keeping a Reputation,

Tottenham Hotspur have certainly proved that the mere fact of a man being

a good footballer does not necessarily mean that he may have the makings of a good centre-forward. Early in the present season they tried outside-left Dimmock as leader of the attack, and he also seemed to make good in the first trials, so far as mere goal-scoring was concerned. But soon it was realised that, good player though Dimmock undoubtedly is on the wing, he was not the right man for the centre-forward job. Then Grimsdell, another fine, instinctive footballer, was given the task of leading the forwards, but he met with no more success than did Dimmock.

Considering all the foregoing, and more

than did Dimmock.

Considering all the foregoing, and more which could be written on the same subject, it seems pretty clear that centre-forwards are born, not made. Another trouble is, of course, that it is far easier in these times for a centre-forward to make a reputation than to keep it

in these times for a centre-forward to make a reputation than to keep it.

The first thing which happens when a man is transferred to the centre-forward berth from some other position is that he goes through a very real test of proving whether he is a two-footed player. Most footballers can do something—a little—with hoth feet, but if the centre-forward is to carry out the whole duties of the position he must be able to use either lett or right with equal tacility. If it is necessary for the centre-forward to bring the ball from one foot to the other before shooting, the probability is that he will not get a chame to shoot at all. Nor can he, unless each foot can do its work, swing the ball out to the left and right as the necessities of the game dictate. Perhaps at centre-forward more than anywhere else is instinct required—the "nose" which tells a man where the ball is coming, and which enables him to get into the right position to receive it.



(Another interesting article next week.)

#### THE LIMIT.

Imagination and grim reality are well blended in next week's powerful story of the Duke. Hunted, defeated, rising again, never knowing when he is beaten—there you have the Duke, a champion worthy of a better cause. Look out next week for Walter Edwards' greatest story yet in this gripping series.

#### "THE THIRD ROUND!"

The title tells its own tale. It is a grand yarn, full of the tense drama in which this writer excels. Walter Edwards is a master of his craft. I shall say nothing further here, but there are a few matters in this connection on which I fully intend to touch another time.

#### A BIG DRAW.

These 12,000 word completes are winning all along the line. I have a bumper success for next Monday in a magnificent story of sport and excitement.

## "THE INTERNATIONAL'S

Don't omit to make a note of what is coming. This tale is superbly written, and it is in its right place in next Monday's extra-fine number of the "Boys' Friend."

#### A CROWD OF NOVELTIES.

A CROWD OF NOVELTIES.

Just one word about our notable serials, "Soith Seas Treasure!" and "By Order of the League!" Maurice Everard has achieved what might have been thought impossible—that is to say, he has outdone himself in the stirring romance of the South.

And we have P G. Wodehouse, amusing, fascinating as ever. This writer just nails the attention. He is quaint and irresistible, he makes his points with such ease, so it seems, his characters are alive, and you find odd turns of humour when least expected.

As for Jimmy Silver, that worthy is going strong. It is proving a fairly brisk winter at Rookwood and out of it. The funior leader of Rookwood has been shining more than ever of late. Next Monday he will be found quite in his best form.

#### "SCUND THE ETERNAL!"

Be on the qui vive for the amazing Scund You will be vastly interested in this amazing character. Scund is a mystery, and round him circle other mysteries. More of this next time.

#### "THE PHANTOM PIRATE!"

Here you have another of the big ensations which are coming in the Boys' Friend." It is simply prodigious the biggest and brainiest of yarns.

#### FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Oblige me by keeping your eye on Chat for some extra special novelties. These include something superlatively excellent in the way of Free Photographs.

### A "MAGNET" WIN.

Our Companion Paper, the "Magnet Library, is giving this week a real av-very finely-executed photo of a famo football club.

#### RESULT OF TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR COMPETITION.

this competition one competitor in a correct solution. The first of £5 has therefore been awarded

T. JOBSON, 2, Charlotte Street, Tidal Basin, E. 16.

T. JOBSON.

2. Charlotte Street.

Tidal Basin, E. 16.

The second prize of 22 10s, has been divided among the following, whose solutions contained one error each:

E. Ashworth, 736, Oldham Road, Falisworth, Manchester: Edwin Jesty, 2, Douglas Street, Birkenhead; C. J. Isherwood, 16, Bank Street, Clayton, Manchester.

The ten prizes of 5s each have been divided among the following, whose solutions contained two errors each:
Percy Ashworth, 736, Oldham Rd., Falisworth, Manchester, Mrs. Foster, 44, James St., Doneaster; Nr. Phillipson, Suggitts Lane, Cleethorpes; R. Buttery, 70, Victoria Avenue, Hull; Leonard Hayes, 4, Little Church St., Coventry, H. Knighton, 46, Wellingboro Rd., Northampton; W. G. Jeffrey, 14, Park St., Southend-on-Sea; J. A. Calvert, 2, Temperance St., Broadbottom, nr. Manchester; Leslie Varah, 10, Ainsley Rd., Crookmoor, Sheffield, John Thomson, 185, Naburn St., Glasgow, S.S.; R. Jones, 35, Cedar St., Bootte, Liverpool; W. Guyatt, 143, Queen's Rd., West Crooknow, S. Charlotte, C. C. A. E. Crooks, West St., Banwell, Soneraet; A. Butters, 245, Robert's St., Seymour Place, London, S.W. 19; Ernest Shooter, 15, Manor Road, New Villace, Askern, nr. Doneaster; Albert Earp, 163, Holland St., Newton, Manchester; H. Broadbent, 6, Kirby St., Stockton-on Trees; Arnold Harris, 30, Salisbury St., Pelawon-Tyne; A. Kichardson, 23, Newstead Rd., Lee, S.E. 12; Maurice P. Hales, 45, Artillery St., N. Colchester.

#### SOLUTION.

SOLUTION.

Tottenham Hotspur at one period had the reputation of being one of the luckiest football teams in the country. The club enjoys wonderful popularity and is very wealthy One or two of its star players have cost huge sums. The Spurs have won the English Cup twice.

## WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN ON SATURDAY.

Below will be found our expert's opinion of the probable results of the big games to be played on Saturday, February 17th. The likely winning side is printed in capitals. Where a draw is anticipated, both clubs are printed in smaller letters.

CHELSEA v. Arsenal.
ASTON VILLA v. Stoke.
LIVERPOOL v. Blackburn Rovers.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Bolton W.
Burnley v. Manchester City.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Everton.
Preston North E. v. HUDDERSFIELD T.
Oldham Athletic v. SUNDERLAND. Oldham Athletic v. SUNDERLAND.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Birmingham
NEWCASTLE U. v West Bromwich

Second Division.

BURY v. Notta County.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Crystal Palace.
Coventry City v. Braddord City.
LEEDS INTTE. The Wednesday.
LEEDS INTER. v. The Wednesday.
Fort Vale v. Southampleny.
County.
Fort Vale v. Southampleny.
South Shields v. ERICESTER CITY.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Hull City.
WEST HAM UNITED v. Barnsley.
Welly well v. Hull. City.
West HAM UNITED v. Barnsley.

First Division (Scottish League).
ABERDEEN V. Partick Thistle.
Airdricoutans v. Dunder.
Clyde V. Metonia v. Dunder.
HIBERNAS V. Alloa.
KILMARNOCK V. Hamilton Acads.
MOTHERWELL V. St. Mirren.
RAITH ROVERS V. Albion Rovers.
RANGERS V. Ayr United.
Third Lanark V. Hearts.

#### OFFERED **AGAIN** THIS WEEK! £10 THE HISTORY OF THE NOTIS COUNTY CLUB.

FIRST PRIZE £5. SECOND PRIZE £2 10s. and 10 PRIZES of 5s.

INSTRUCTIONS.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Here is a splendid footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of the Nots County Football Club in Picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve the picture, and, when you have done so write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears under the puzzle, pin it to your solution, and post it to "Notts County" Competition, Boys' Friend Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not late than THURSDAY, February 22nd.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will

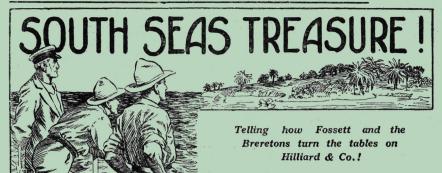
than THURSDAY, February 22nd.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who summits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the propolity of the Editor. In the event of th



I enter "NOTTS COUNTY" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.	
Name	
	Address
3,F	*

HERE'S MAURICE EVERARD'S GREATEST ADVENTURE STORY!



The 1st Chapter.

Stanton Hilliard has stolen from Sir Leonard Maynard the plans of the location of a French privateer, which, loaded with loot, sank in deep water the South Seas. Together with Schastian Marks and Otto Greenbaum, he hires John Brereton, a deep-sea diver, and his nephews, Tom and Hal, who do not suspect Hilliard of any underhand work until they have been at sea with him some time. The Breretons decide to see the thing through hoping to be able to return the treasure to its rightful owner when it has been raised. Camel Island, their goal is reached at last, and they find it is ruled by Cardross, an Englishman. John Brereton descends to the wreck, but finds that the treasure has already been raised. When he reports to Hilliard, the latter refuses to felieve him, and a fight ensues on the deck of their ship. The Breretons and Briskett, the galley boy, helped by Abimeleck Hooper, a mysterious stowavay, escape to the island where they visit the white king. Whist inspecting a native hamal, Tom Brereton is captured by cannibal natives, but his uncle and brother rescue him. They are returning to Cardross' house when they hear the sound of gun-fire on the shore. Tom swarms up a tree and reports that Hilliard and his men are besieging Cardross, with whom is Briskett, who has stayed with the white king as valet, though in reality he is on the look out for the treasure, which John Prereton believes to be in Cardross' hands. The Breretons manage to capture the beats, which Hilliard had left on the shore under a guard of two men. After rendering the other boats useless, the diver and his two menhews set out for the Glentarn they are surprised from board, and consent to turn King's evidence, and also to work the ship. The Breretons and Fossett retire to the eabin to partake of a meal. "In dire say you are all dying to know low I came aboard this vessel," says Fossett, "so you may as

## The 2nd Chapter. Fossett Gets to Business.

"You all remember that night when Sir Leonard was attacked and almost murdered in his house?" started Fossett. "We were the first to enter the house," said Hal.

"You made my acquaintance then," laughed Fossett, "but under a different name and another disguise. I was one of the detectives who motored over from Dorchester in re-sponse to the telephone call." "Were you really?" asked Brereton in amage.

in amaze.

Fosett inclined his curiously-shaped head.

"That is so. For weeks I had been on the trail of Hilliard and Marks, following the latter from Paris, where he and his chief were planning a big coup. They met in Portsmouth one night, and, unfortunately, I lost track of them. The next thing that happened was the telephone message from Maynard Court. From the scanty description you two young men gave, I recognised my wanted friends, but they had got clear away. The weeks lengthened, and nothing happened to connect them with the Maynard Court affair. Then quite by accident I heard that Hilliard was engaged in chartering a ship for some unknown destination.

"I reported the matter to the Yard, and was given instructions by Sir Everard Fulton, the Acting Chief Commissioner, to get on board the vessel and find out exactly what game the villains were up to. This could only be done by becoming a stow-away. With the connivance of one of the stores contractors, I was shipped on board in a packing-case—which explains, not only the shortage of Master Briskett's stores, but my own strange appearance days after the vessel had put to sea."

Tom came out of a breathless paze.
"But your juggling, your music, your waiting at table—how did you manage all that?"

The detective smiled,
"My boy, in his time a police-officer is called upon to play many parts. My meagre accomplishments are all part of a detective equipment. By pretending to be deaf, I obtained entry to Hilliard's cabin and the saloon when otherwise I should not have been admitted. Time and again I was able to overhear their conversations and to learn pretty well every different move on the board. They never once suspected me, and it was that which enabled me to enlist the aid of Briskett in getting you out of the locked cabin."

"Wonderful! Simply wonderful!" murmured Brereton. "But why didn't they get you to land with them?"

Fosett laughed.
"Someone had to stay behind to look after the captain. Petersen is still in his cabin, suffering from the effects of one

will be weeks again."

"And the Nordenfeldt? What were you doing with it when we arrived?" asked Hal.
Fossett winked knowingly.

"Undoing some of my own handiwork. I put that, the three-pounder, and the Maxim all out of order by working grit and fine dust into the mechanism. The result was, when they brought 'em out for use, the breech-blocks jammed in the big one, and the feeders of the Nordenfeldt and the Maxim wouldn't function. Otherwise, by now Mr. Cardross and his house would have been blown to smithereens. Help yourself to more pie, Master Tom."

Tom leaned back breathing a deen

pie, Master Tom."

Tom leaned back, breathing a deep sigh of content.

"Thanks, I've had enough; I want to get back on deck to see what is happening."

Fossett rose and brought a big box of cigars from the sideboard.

to get back on deck to see what is happening."
Fossett rose and brought a big box of cigars from the sideboard.
"No hurry, my lad—no hurry," he said quietly. "Give your uncle a chance to enjoy another of his beloved smokes. We've an hour yetagood hou—in which to make ourselves comfortable before the last round is fought. I think I can promise all of you that, with luck, the game will be ours."
"What about the treasure?" asked Hal eagerly.
"As for that," was the calm reply, "we shall have to settle with Mr. Cardross."
"Cardross."

"As for that," was the calm reply, we shall have to settle with Mr. Cardross."
"Cardross is a tough nut," Brereton remarked seriously. "He strikes me as a man without any sense of duty to his fellows. Matters of right or wrong don't trouble him He just does as he likes and leaves other people to make the best of it."
"I have "The act of it."

people to make the best of it."
"I know." The detective paced the saloon thoughtfully every now and again glancing through the open port to the beautiful island drowsing peacefully in the warmth of early morning. "Some men get like-that, especially in these out-of-the-way quarters of the globe. Of course, I don't know him, but from what you've told me I should say he's a gentleman gone wrong."
"By birth and education a rentle-

you've told me I should say he's a gentleman gone wrong."

"By birth and education a gentleman to the finger tips," agreed the diver, pulling contently at his cigar.

"And yet he gives one the feeling that he would shoot as soon as look at you. He knows we suspect he is holding the treasure, but he didn't make the slightest suggestion about parting up or even sharing."

Foesett smiled meaningly.

"You spoke a moment ago, Mr. Bereton, of right and wrong. There is such a thing as right and might. There is a combination of the two together. Believing your story as I do, in fact being in possession of most of the details, I am going to suggest that the card we play against Cardross, when the proper moment arrives, is right and might combined. The key to the whole situation lies with the Nordenfeldt gun up on deck. We are in a position to blow Mr. Cardross, his house, and his subjects into the air if we choose. I intend

to use that advantage—with your permission—to bring him to reason. Pardon me a moment, I have not yet attended to my small friends."

He disappeared in the direction of the lazarette, reappearing a few moments later with his battered birdcage. To the sound of his voice, Og, Gog, and Magog, the three white mice, responded with little squeaks. He set a plate heaped with dianties for them at the end of the table, and when he opened the wire door, the little fellows popped out one at a time, and ranged themselves round the plate, each beginning the feast by handing something to the other in his diminutive paw.

"The training of animals has always been a hobby of mine," Fossett remarked, eyeing his tiny friends affectionately. "There was a good deal of truth in what I told you that day when I emerged so ignominiously from the packing case. My father, the Great Fossett—I guess you boys have heard of Fossett's Royal Circus—was a showman, and I was brought up, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in the aroma of naphtha flares and tan. From the ring I joined the force; but I have never forgotten my early training. You've no idea how useful a thing like this can be in throwing dust into the eyes of an enemy. For two months now, I've carried on mywork right under the noses of Greenbaum and Hilliard, and they've never once suspected. Gentlemen "—moving to the porthole once more—"things seem to have settled down nicely over there. The time has come to take a hand in the game."

"I don't quite see how we can win through even with the aid of the

quick-firer," said Tom as they went

quick-firer," said Tom as they went on deck.

Fossett picked up his three legged stool, and handed it to the boy.

"D'you mind placing that in front of the gun. Hal, I'll get you to attend to the cartridge ribbons. You can hand me refills as fast as I fire. Tom, you might nip down to the store-room and bring up a red and white flag. I shall need to do a bit of semaphore work before long."

Some little time was occuned in making the necessary arrangements, but their completion found Fossett seated at the gun with open cartridge cases ranged all, round him.

"We've got ten thousand shells here, boys," he said cheerily. "The last time I handled one of these little weapons—or something similar to it—was in the trenches below Hill 60. I hope I haven't lost my skill. Mr. Brereton, will you take the glasses and act as observer? I want, first of all, to put in a little practice on the orange grove between the two houses. Five hundred shots a minute for five minutes-ought to pretty well clean it up. Hilliard will understand that we mean business when he sees everything going down before a seythe of bullets. Now."

He bent forward, released a spring, curled his foreinger round the re-

scythe of bullets. Now."

He bent forward, released a spring, curled his forefinger round the release trigger, and, glancing down at the box to make sure the belt was running in line, took careful sight. The quiet of the lagoon was shattered by a succession of reports so rapid that they merged into one continuously-rising crescendo of sound.

Beneath them the deck planking quivered, the gulls flew in countiese

(Continued overleaf.)

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white white

barrel of the Nordenfeldt moved to and fto on a restricted arc. No axemen could have felled timber more accurately than Fossett with his gun. The constant hail of bullets screaming over the water, cleared a path edged with a double line of destruction.

thousands from the reef, and above the thin pencil of blood-red flame the column: of grey-blue smoke mounted rapidly to the heavens.

Islandwards the effect was electrical. Leaves flew into the air in eddying clouds, saplings bent, broke, and fell down as though struck by a powerful magic hand Inside three minutes the orange grove was an incomplete the results of the properties of the pr

long stick. And then in sight of them all he removed the bandage from his forehead, tied it to the end of the stick, and waved it in the air as a token of surrender. The detective laughed.

The detective laughed.

"Not good enough, yet awhile. We must make sure of Briskett first. Fleischner will understand this acasily as reading a book. Stand back, boys, to give me more room. The one who has the glasses can enjoy himself watching Fleischner's face."

Then Fossett's flag wagged this message which of course took some time to transmit:

"The Brustons and Lage metaon."

time to transmit:

"The Breretons and I are masters of the Glentarn. We have the machine-gun trained on your head-quarters. At the first sign of trouble we shall knock the show to smithereens, and the whole lot of you with it. Report these facts to Stanton Hilliard, bring him into the open with you, and then, having made a couple of flags, send back answers to the instructions I shall give you."

## линининининининининининининини<u>н</u> JIMMY SILVER'S STRATEGY!

Price

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 425) 

"Let's have the paper, Silver, old chap, pleaded Gover, "L-I know you wouldn't show it to a body, but-but it to the paper, silver, old the paper, pleaded gover, and paper silver, and the paper silver silver, and the paper silver, and the pape

anyhow."
"I'd rather—"
"Never mind what you'd rather—get out!" said Uncle James. "You make me rather ill, Peele—you're a worm! Go away!"

Peele gritted his teeth and went, Gower and Lattrey following him with dismal faces. There was a discussion in the passage; but it was a discussion that could have only one conclusion. Peele & Co. proceeded to the Fourth Form master's study.

Mr. Dalton was sur; rised and pleased when the three erring youths explained

could have only one conclusion. Peele & Co. proceeded to the Fourth Form master's study.

Mr. Dalton was surprised and pleased when the three erring youths explained that they feit that Silver ought to have his study back. They would be satisfied with their old quarters—in fact, they were quite keen to change back.

"I am glad to hear this," said Mr. Dalton. "I think you have acted rightly. I will send a message to Silver, and inform him of this, and I am very pleased that the dispute has been settled so satisfactorily."

Peele & Co. drifted out of the study. Mr. Dalton visited the Fistical Four personally to inform them of the change. When he was gione, Junny Silver & Co. exchanged shiling looks. "Thur Edward." "But "perf" said arthur Edward. "What-high get our study to rights!" "The Fistical Four proceeded to the end study at once. Peele & Co. were already

taking out their personal belongings. With merry faces and lights hearts the Fistical Four installed themselves in their old quarters. The usurpers that been ejected at last; and from the point of view of Jimmy Silver & Co.lall was calin and bright.

The Fistical Four were rather late that evening in sitting itows to prep, again in the end study. And then there came an interruption. The study of the control of the control

Silver in and us that paper, Jimmy Silver it was you signed last night?" smiled Jimmy.

"Sorry, it can't be done!" "Sorry, it can't be done!" "Sorry, it can't be done!" "Sorry elee! "Goth in and it over—now?" gaspon—you won't hand it over—now?" gaspon—you won't hand it over—now?" match the standard it with a match the standard in th

cheerily.

The three black sheep jumped.

"You-you burned it!" stuttered Peele Jimmy nodded.

"Too jolly dangerous to keep about," he answered. "Enough to get you three fellows the sack if it was seen by the giddy eye of authority. Did you think I was going to keep it?"

"Mum-mum-mum-my hat!" gasped Gower.

I was going to keep it?"
"Mum-mum-num-my hat!" gasped
Gower.
"Burned it," said Lattrey, blankly
"Then-then-then it wasn't in existence
when-when we came and offered to hand
over the study for it—"
"It wasn't!" agreed Jimmy.
"And you—you let us—" howled
Peele.
"Let you—what?"
"We—we thought you still had the
paper!" hissed Peele, white with rage
and chagrin. "Do you think we'd have
given up the study if we hadn't supposed
you had a hold over us?"
"Wouldn't you?" smiled Jimmy
"No!" yelled Peele. "You know we
wouldn't!"

wouldn't!"
"Dear me!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Loyell and Raby and Newcone. The expression on Cyrr-Peele's face delighted them. "Sold!" ejaculated Gower. "Sold!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "And

"Sold!" agreeu ...
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Peele & Co, tramped out of the stud,
A roar of laughter followed them. And
the Fistical Four resumed prep, in the
end study—their own study again—and
in a mood of esuberant satisfaction that
certainly was not caused by the prep.

THE END.

Silver & Co, in ...

(Trouble for Jimmy Silver & Co. in "A Rift in the Lute!" next Monday's splendid story of Rookwood School Order your BOYS' FRIEND to-day!)

# HILLIARD & CO. SURRENDER! Fleischner removed the bandage from his head, tled it to the

empty lane in which nothing had escaped destruction.

Fossett threw back his long head and laughed.

Fossett (brew back his long head and laughed.

"Now for a second piece of fancy work," he said, tilting his eigar at an angle between his thm lips. "If you could see inside that house, you'd ind Greenbaum shaking like a jelly-fish, with his face the colour of a duck's egg. Hilliard and Marks are probably knocking their knees together, and the poor wretches who have followed them wondering what on earth has happened. There's a big cluster of ironwoods and young palms to the right. I propose felling them, then we will have a little parley by semaphore. Fill 'em up, Tom."

Again the cartridge belt began to whir, and the trees began to shake and topple one by one as the short

A pleasant surprise met them when they reached the top of the companion. On the veranda of Cardross' house a diminutive figure appeared and waved to them with a coloured bandana handkerchief.

"Thank heaven, Briskett is all right," muttered John, passing the glasses to Hal.

Hal focussed them on the solitary figure holding a rifle crooked in his right arm. Then he waved back, and Briskett disappeared like a Jackinthe-box. With a flag in each hand, Fossett waited by the bridge rail. The minutes dragged slowly by, and then they saw part of the barricade being removed from the house in which Hilliard and his crew had taken shelter, and Fleischner, the first mate, appeared.

A bloodstained rag swathed his head. In his right hand he carried a

Fleischner turned and disappeared within the house. When he reappeared, Hilliard, looking very pallid and broken up, followed him. Fosselt sent the following message: "Stanton Hilliard, the game is up. You can choose between death and surrender. For the sake of the crew, I advise you to give in. Otherwise, in five minutes there will not be aman left among you. Do you agree to accept my terms?" Fleischner, standing at the side of his master-in-crime, translated the message. Then, at Hilliard's bidding, he wagged back.

"Une matter and the same an

(Will Eossett succeed in getting Hilliard & Co. off the island? On no account should you miss next Monday's splendid installment. Order your Boys' FRIEND to-day!)

## THE OUT THE OUTLAWS!

By GORDON WALLACE.

(Continued from page 423.) Faranian managaman managaman E

a bad man, he saw Hicks fire at the man he was following, saw the latter throw up his arms, and drop from the saddle. Then Slim Danyers rode up, "Governor all right?" asked Slim quietly, as he rode up, "Hope so," said Frank, and turned towards the elderly man at his side. Then he gave a shout of dismay, for Clayton B. Budlish was lying saggingly against the back of his seat. "Guest I got King Charlie, anyhow!" howled Bad Phil Hicks, dismounting and bending over the man he had shot down. "Gee, I did feel right bad!" "Governor's wounded—perlaps dead," said Frank, in hollow tones. "Somebody's stray bullet, I expect."

"Gosh" said Slim. "What luck!"

"You'll have to be patient boys."

You'll have to be patient, boys," said Arizona Jim. later. "I guess the population are thinking a heap of you just now. They know you got King Charlie amongst you. But, unfortunately,

the Governor doesn't know; he's in a bayend of the Governor doesn't know; he's in a bayen-lash't recovered consciousness yet, and when he does he'il be too sick to remember much for a bit. So I'm afraid you'll have to lie doggo for a while longer—until we know whether the Governor is going to pardon you. Public opinion says he ought to—but there's the chance he might die—and then he can't.
"I'll let you know, just as soon as there's news about Bullishi," continued Arizona Jim. "But, for your mother's and sister's sake, keep as free as you can. Justice caught before Bullishi," continued Arizona Jim. "But, for your mother's and sister's sake, keep as free as you can. Justice caught before Bullishi," continued Arizona the sake were as you, you might have to pay the penalty."

When he left them at length, Frank and Slim, anyway, were very thoughful. They pondered the situation rabughtful. They pondered the situation rabughtful. They pondered the situation rabughtful they be and a pardon morally, they had not been granted one, nor would it be safe to leave their hiding boldly until they knew that Bullish was aware of the debt he owed them.

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