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No. 1,145. Vol. XXIII.—New Series.]

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[Week Ending May 19th, 1923.]



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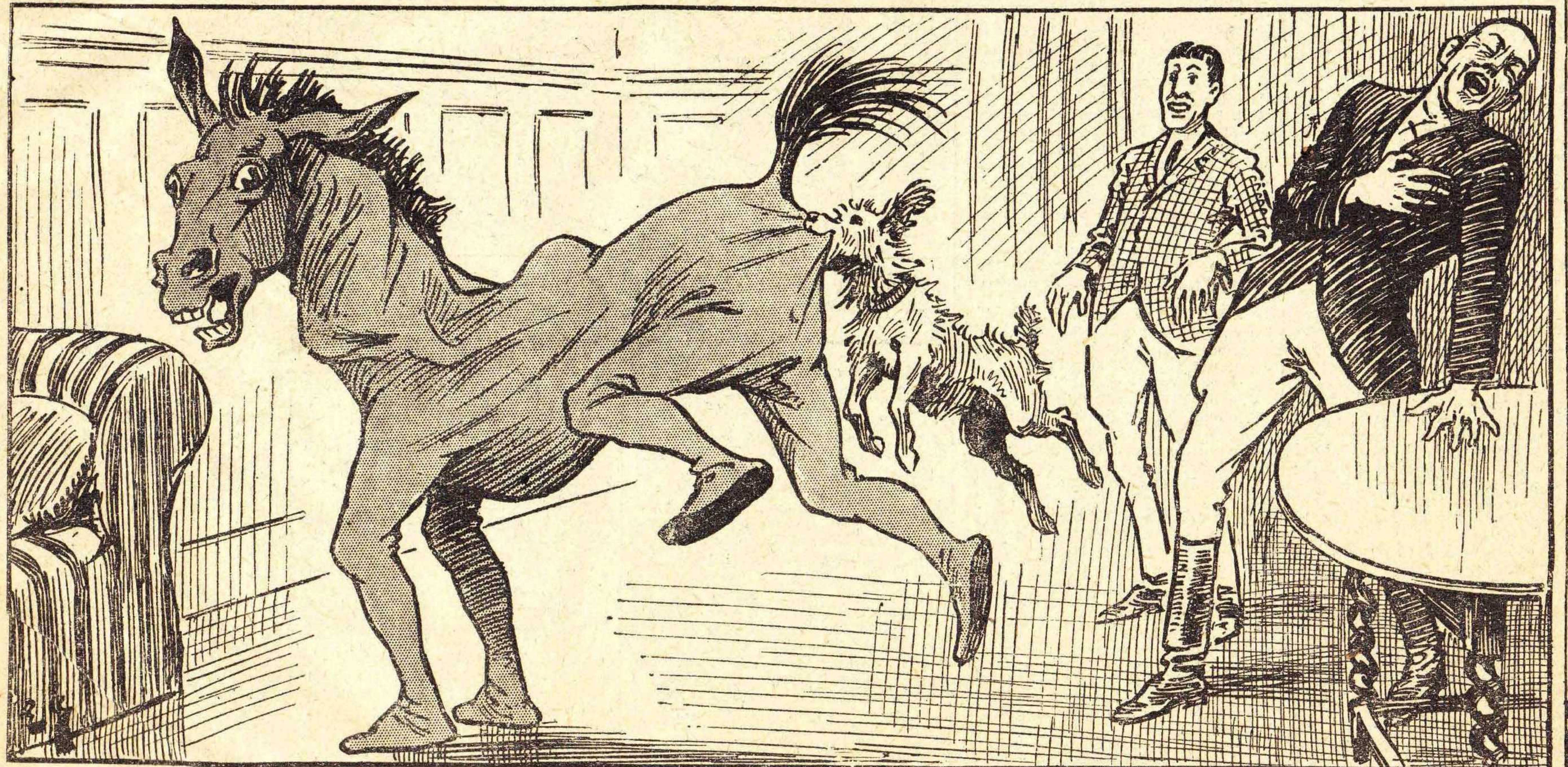
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Jimmy Silver's Enemy!

By Owen Conquest.

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

The way of the transgressor is hard—Kentuck finds out the truth of the saying when his dastardly scheme to be revenged on Jimmy Silver is nipped in the bud!

The 1st Chapter.

Pequod's Vengeance!

"M'sieur!" Jimmy Silver started a little, and looked round.

It was a low, soft, almost hissing voice that fell upon his ears. Jimmy had come out of the veranda of the Windy River ranch-house, and was strolling away towards the river, by the bunk-house, when he was called.

Close by the bunk-house stood a little cabin, generally used for stores. It was being used for quite another purpose now.

The door was barred on the outside, and the little window had been secured by several bars of pine, strongly screwed into the wooden frame.

From the barred window a face was looking—a swarthy, hard-featured face, with glittering black eyes under thick brows.

"M'sieur!"

"It was the prisoner in the barred cabin who had called to Jimmy Silver. The Rookwood junior glanced at him and hesitated. He did not want any talk with Pequod, the half-breed horse-thief, who was shut up in the cabin waiting for the Mounted Police to come for him.

Since the day when Jimmy Silver & Co. had captured him the "breed" had been a prisoner at the ranch. His well-known desperate character had caused Boss Smedley to take the greatest care of him. Word had been sent to Red Deer, where there was a post of the Mounted Police; but as yet the desperado had not been sent for. In the meantime, he was a prisoner in the barred cabin, and escape was impossible. Jimmy Silver had almost forgotten his existence.

Jimmy came up to the cabin window at last. The man inside was a desperate ruffian; but he was a prisoner, and there was the penitentiary ahead of him, and Jimmy was not unwilling to give him a civil word.

"You called me, Pequod!" he said. "What is it?"

The eyes glittered at Jimmy through the bars of the window. Pequod le Couteau had not forgotten to whom he owed his capture.

But his manner was calm as he answered the Rookwood junior. Only the glitter of his black eyes betrayed his feelings.

"I have been long here, m'sieu," said the half-breed. "Will you tell me when I am to be taken away?"

"I believe to-morrow," said Jimmy. "To-morrow? Then the Mounted Police are coming?"

"Mr. Smedley told me that he expected a trooper to ride in from Red Deer to-morrow," answered Jimmy. "He will take you away either to-morrow or the next day, I expect."

"And then—prison!" said the half-breed.

"I suppose so," said Jimmy Silver. "You will have a fair trial, Pequod."

The half-breed laughed. Jimmy Silver was turning away. He had an appointment to keep—rather an important appointment—on the bank of the Windy River, and his chums, Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome, were already there. But the half-breed called to him.

"One moment, mon petit."

Jimmy turned back.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I have something to tell you, m'sieur," said the half-breed, sinking his voice. "Come closer."

Jimmy Silver unsuspectingly came nearer to the barred window. There was no glass in the window; only the

wooden bars separated him from the breed.

What followed took Jimmy quite by surprise, though he knew enough of Pequod to have been on his guard against treachery.

The swarthy hand of the half-breed came between the bars with the swiftness of lightning, and before Jimmy could dodge back—before he knew what had happened, in fact—the sinewy fingers had grasped his throat.

Jimmy gave a choked gasp. The grasp of the half-breed's fingers was like the grip of steel. As Jimmy choked in it the other hand of the desperado whipped out and seized him.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Oooooooh!"

He clutched at the ruffian's wrists with his hands, striving to drag the deadly grip from his throat.

But it was in vain. The half-breed's grasp dragged him closer to the window, close up to the wooden wall and the bars, and through the interstices his black eyes glittered at the junior with savage triumph and ferocity.

His grip on the schoolboy's throat compressed harder and harder, and Jimmy struggled in vain.

His breath came short, and his eyes almost started from his head. He could not utter a cry; only a faint gurgling came from his throat.

Harder and harder the vengeful breed gripped. He had tricked the junior within his reach, and vengeance was in his hands now.

Had there been no help, Jimmy Silver would have hung lifeless from the dusky hands in a couple of minutes. But a loud exclamation reached his dizzy ears.

"You varmint!"

A tall, burly figure came tearing up from the direction of the bunk-house. Pete Peters, the foreman of the ranch, had witnessed the desperate attempt of the savage half-breed, and he was running to the rescue.

He came none too soon. "Let up!" he roared.

The half-breed's black eyes glittered at him, and he snarled like a wild animal, but he did not loose his grip. Jimmy Silver was almost senseless now, and he scarcely breathed under the cruel grip on his throat. The foreman of the Windy River Ranch seized the breed's dusky wrists and wrenched at them.

Strong as Pequod's grasp was, the foreman of the ranch was stronger.

The dusky hands were fairly torn away from Jimmy Silver, and the junior staggered back, panting.

"Morbleu!"

Pequod le Couteau dragged his hands back through the bars, muttering savagely. Pete Peters turned to Jimmy Silver and took him by the shoulder to steady him.

"You young jay!" he said.

"Didn't you know better than to trust that wildcat an inch. Lucky I spotted his game from the window yonder!"

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy, rubbing his aching throat. "Oh! I—I never thought—never suspected—oh—"

"I guess you'll keep your eyes open another time," grinned Mr. Peters. "You was nearly a gone coon, I reckon."

Jimmy gasped for breath.

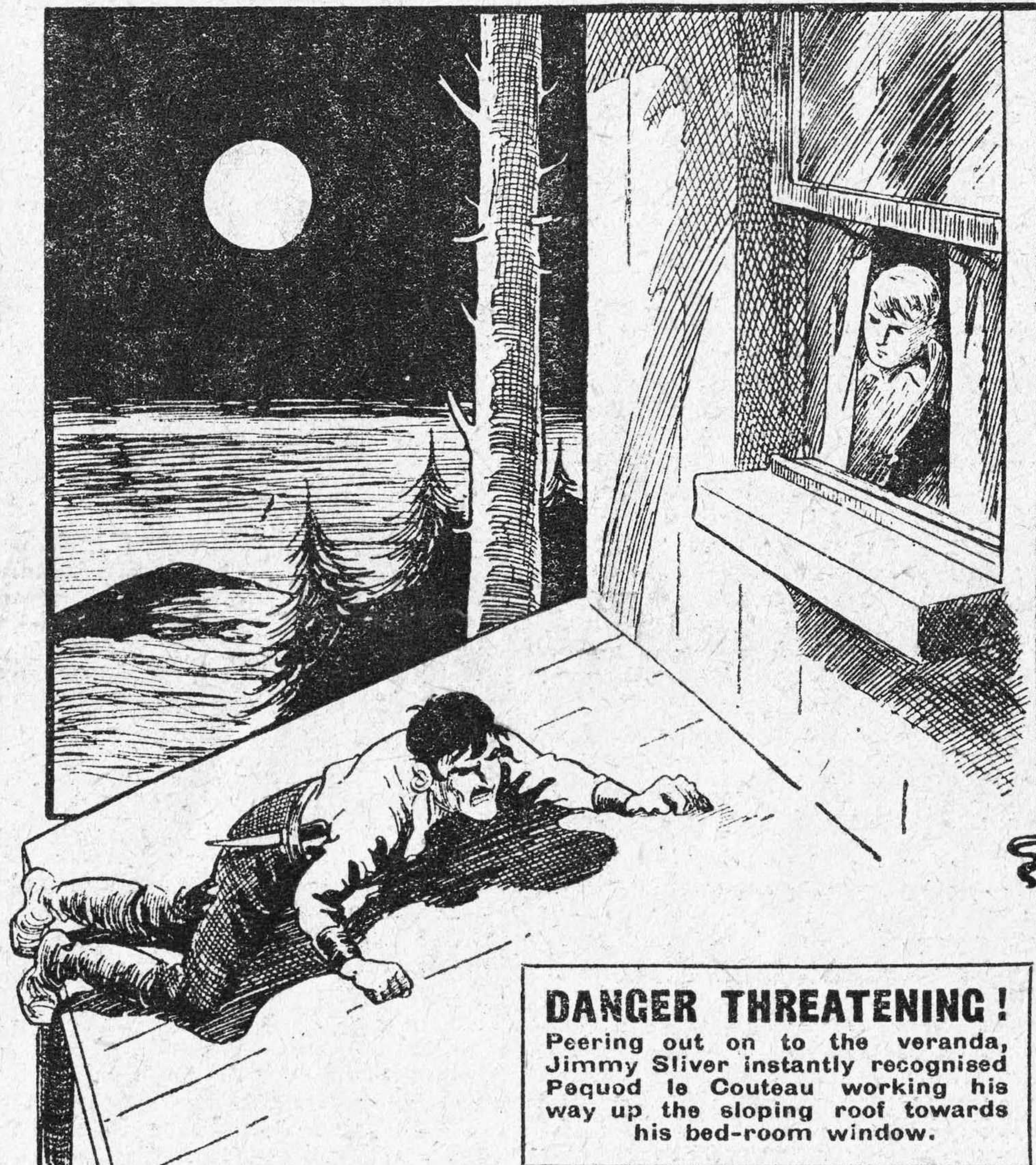
"I—I think you've saved my life, Mr. Peters," he gasped. "That brute—he's just a wild animal!"

"And I guess," said Mr. Peters, taking a grip on his quirt, "that I'm going to teach him a lesson." He moved towards the door of the cabin.

"Hold on," said Jimmy. "It's all right, Mr. Peters. The police are taking the brute away to-morrow. Don't thrash him on my account."

"I guess I'm going to quirt him on his own," answered the foreman. "I guess he wants it bad. Hyer. Skitter Dick, Spike, come hyer."

Two of the ranch hands were



DANGER THREATENING! Peering out on to the veranda, Jimmy Silver instantly recognised Pequod le Couteau working his way up the sloping roof towards his bed-room window.

coming up. They removed the bars from the door and opened it, standing ready to stop the half-breed should he make a desperate attempt to escape. The burly foreman strode into the cabin, gripping his heavy cattle-whip.

Jimmy Silver did not stay to see what followed. Pete Peters was giving the savage ruffian the hiding of his life, and as Jimmy hurried away he heard the crashing blows of the quirt and the furious yells of the horse-thief squirming under the castigation.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Fight!

"Here you are, Jimmy!"

"You're a bit late, old bean."

Lovell, and Raby, and Newcome were waiting for Jimmy on the river bank at a spot where it was screened by a belt of trees. The sun was sinking towards the great range of the Rocky Mountains in the west, and the Windy River ran red in the sunset.

"What's happened?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, looking curiously at his chum.

"I've had a narrow escape," answered Jimmy breathlessly. He sat on a log and explained what had happened.

"The savage brute!" said Lovell. "You were an ass to get within his reach, Jimmy."

"I know that—now!" said Jimmy Silver ruefully.

"You're fit?" asked Lovell anxiously. "You've got to be at your best to tackle Kentuck, you know."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Jimmy cheerfully. "The brute hasn't hurt me much, though he meant to kill me. Where's Kentuck?"

"Not arrived yet," said Newcome. "Well, I'll rest a bit."

Jimmy Silver rested on the log, leaning back against the trunk of a big cedar. He rubbed his throat tenderly. The savage fingers of the half-breed had left deep marks there, and Jimmy still had a choked feeling. He was glad of the rest before he tackled the Kentuckian.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome watched the path through the trees that led to the ranch.

The meeting on the bank of the Windy River was for the purpose of a "scrap." As Jimmy was the cousin and guest of the rancher, his trouble with Kentuck, the cowboy, placed him in rather an awkward position. So long as possible Jimmy had tried to avoid the fellow, and avert further trouble; but Kentuck's malicious enmity made that impossible. The American was the only cowpuncher on the ranch with whom Jimmy was not on the best of terms. Kentuck had taken a dislike to the tenderfoot, and twice he had made his enmity felt, and Jimmy Silver was "fed up." So this meeting was the result.

Mr. Hudson Smedley had been told nothing about it. There was no need for the rancher to learn anything of

tuck. "I guess there'll be marks on young Silver that could be seen a mile off."

"Tain't fair play, Silver," said Red Alf. "Kentuck's too big for you, and you're a jay to take him on."

"The tenderfoot can back out if he likes," said Kentuck with a sneer. "I guess I shall get fired from the ranch for mauling him; but, by gum, I'm going to give him blazes if he has the grit to stand up and take it."

Jimmy Silver eyed his adversary coolly and contemptuously.

It was true enough that Kentuck was big for him to tackle, and the task would not be an easy one. But Jimmy had confidence in himself, and, in any case, he would not have backed out.

"We're wasting time," said Jimmy. "Let's get to it."

"Give the boys a chance to get here," grinned Kentuck. "I've told them there's going to be a show."

"Oh, I don't mind."

Jimmy Silver waited cheerfully enough. The Kentuckian, fully anticipating an easy victory over the English schoolboy, wanted as many witnesses as possible to Jimmy's humiliation. It was impossible for the fight to take place in public, for Mr. Hudson Smedley would have put down an authoritative foot at once. But in that quiet spot, screened by the cedars and larches, the cowpunchers could gather unnoticed—as many of them as could leave the ranch without drawing attention to what was on.

Skitter Dick came through the trees at last, followed by Spike Thompson, and then by Baldy, the cook. All three of them were looking grave, and evidently did not approve of the proceedings.

"Now we'll get on," drawled Kentuck.

"Look hyer," said Skitter Dick. "you want to have some more horse-sense, young Silver. You ain't cut out to tackle a man that size. You let up on this, and—"

"And I guess I'll let him off, after twisting his ear for his cheek," grinned Kentuck.

"You won't!" said Skitter Dick. "You'll have my hands on you if you do so, so quick you won't know what happened."

Kentuck scowled. "If the son of Johnny Bull is afraid—"

"Oh, let up on that," interrupted the cowpuncher. "We're all sons of Johnny Bull here, excepting yourself, and you're a throw-out from over the line, and nobody would miss you, I guess, if you lit out for Kentucky agin."

"It's all serene, Skitter," said Jimmy with a smile. "I'm not backing out, and I'm going to do my best to knock some of the swank out of the American."

"Waal, you ain't big enough for the job, but you're a good plucked 'un," said Skitter Dick. "Go ahead, and we'll see fair play, anyhow—and you want somebody to see fair play with Kentuck around."

Jimmy Silver threw off his jacket and pushed back his sleeves. Kentuck tossed his Stetson hat to the foot of a tree, but made no other preparations for the combat. Lovell opened a bag and took from it a couple of pairs of boxing-gloves, which had accompanied the juniors from Rookwood to Canada.

"What're they?" demanded Kentuck derisively.

"The gloves," snapped Lovell. "You're going to fight with gloves, I suppose."

"I guess not," sneered Kentuck. "If the kid's afraid of getting hurt, he should keep off the grass. I'm not tying my hands in that rubbish."

"Put them away, Lovell," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "If the rotter prefers bare knuckles, I don't mind." "We didn't come here for a dashed prize-fight," growled Lovell.

"It's all right, old chap."

Rookwood customs did not exist on the Alberta ranch. "Scraps" were not uncommon there, but when a cowpuncher scrapped he depended on Nature's weapons unadorned. Lovell jammed the gloves back into the bag discontentedly.

"Well, I suppose there are going to be rounds and rests," he said. "Who's keeping time?"

"I guess we don't go much on your rules here," said Red Alf with a grin. Lovell grunted.

"I'm ready, Kentuck!" said Jimmy Silver. "It's all right, Lovell—as fair for one as for the other. Stand clear!"

Jimmy Silver stepped up to his adversary. A moment more, and the fight began—a wild and whirling fight.

(Continued overleaf.)



The 3rd Chapter.
Knocked Out!

Kentuck started the attack with a savage rush at the schoolboy, his big fists thrashing out like flails. Jimmy Silver did not even attempt to stand up to that rush, in which the weight and strength of his bigger adversary would have overborne him hopelessly. Jimmy was quick on his feet, as nimble as a squirrel, and he had a great knowledge of boxing. He backed, side-stepped, twisted and turned, and kept the cowboy almost at arm's length, though in the first fury of the attack that task was far from easy.

Kentuck was strong—bigger and stronger than Jimmy Silver. He followed up the junior, striving to beat down his defence and get him cornered. It was easy to see that he had little or no science—he relied wholly on brute force and strength. But Jimmy's activity stood him in good stead, and he guarded or eluded the battering attack all the time.

As there were no gloves, one savage drive from Kentuck's hefty fist would have done considerable damage had it reached home. But Jimmy was taking the best of care that it did not reach home. The fight followed no rule; there were no rounds, no rests, and Jimmy intended to make that an advantage to him if he could. Kentuck's furious attack was bound to wind him sooner or later, and then would come the Rookwooder's chance.

For a full five minutes Kentuck was pushing the attack savagely, with unabated vigour, and in that time he drove Jimmy Silver before him. He tried to pen him against the trees, and then against the river; but each time that he thought he had the junior cornered Jimmy slipped easily out of the trap. And then Kentuck paused for breath, scowling and glaring savagely at his elusive adversary.

And as he paused there came a sudden change of Jimmy tactics.

His retreat was converted into an attack with lightning swiftness. Before Kentuck knew that he was within reach, Jimmy's right landed on the cowboy's nose with a terrific crash, followed up by his left under Kentuck's chin.

Crash!
The cowboy went down as if a bullet had struck him.

There was a gasp from the on-lookers. Kentuck sprawled in the grass, dazed and dizzy, with the blood streaming from his nose.

"By gum!" yelled Skitter Dick. "The kid can scrap!"

"Well hit!" roared Lovell. "Bravo, Jimmy!"

"I guess that was some whack!" remarked Red Alf sentimentally. "I reely guess that was a sock-dolager!"

Kentuck sat up dizzily. He hardly knew how he had gone down, but down he was.

Jimmy Silver stood waiting for him to rise. Jimmy was quite confident now. So long as he could keep his bulky enemy from cornering him, he felt certain of the result.

The Kentuckian staggered to his feet at last.

As he put up his hands, Jimmy Silver came for him with a rush. He did not intend to give his enemy time to recover.

Kentuck, feebly defending himself, staggered back and back under a rain of blows.

A minute's rest would have been everything to him; but it was by his own wish that there were no "rules." He had expected to knock out the schoolboy without giving him a chance; and, as it turned out, it was himself that needed chances.

One of his eyes was closed by a powerful drive, and the crimson was streaming from his nose and mouth. The cowpunchers looked on in wonder. They had never dreamed that the schoolboy could handle the Kentuckian like this.

Kentuck went down again, and was in no hurry to rise. He lay in the grass and rested.

Jimmy Silver's Enemy!

By Owen Conquest

(Continued from previous page.)

"I guess you are some scrapper, young Silver!" said Skitter Dick, in great admiration. "Are you done, Kentuck?"

"No!" yelled Kentuck.

"Then git up and finish!"

"As there aren't any rules," said Arthur Edward Lovell sarcastically, "I can't count you out, Kentuck. Are you going to lie there till sundown?"

Kentuck muttered savagely, and scrambled to his feet. Jimmy Silver was at him again at once; but the cowboy had recovered a little, and he met the schoolboy with a fierce counter-attack. There was a spurt of red from Jimmy's nose as a blow came home, and he changed his tactics at once. He had no chance if the cowboy was able to bring his superior weight and strength to bear, and Jimmy returned to the defensive immediately. Kentuck, gritting his teeth, followed him up with savage animosity. Heedless of a rain of blows, he succeeded in closing with Jimmy, and grasping him in his powerful arms.

"Break away!" shouted Lovell.

Kentuck did not heed.

His arms were thrown round Jimmy Silver, grasping him as with the hug of a bear.

His savage, bruised face looked into Jimmy's, and he showed his teeth in a grin. He had the advantage now.

"Break away!"

Kentuck had no intention of breaking away. He grasped his hardest, striving to bend Jimmy Silver over, to hurl him crashing on the earth. Jimmy Silver was not equal to the bulky Kentuckian in strength, and at last Kentuck fancied that the junior was at his mercy.

He discovered his mistake, however, as something that felt like a lump of iron jarred on his chin. Jimmy had put in an upper-cut that to Kentuck seemed almost to lift his head from his shoulders.

He relaxed his grasp, staggering for a second, too dazed either to attack or to defend.

Crash, crash, crash! Jimmy's blows came home faster than the eye could follow them. Kentuck staggered back, almost tottering, and Jimmy followed him up, hitting with all his strength.

Crash!

Kentuck was down again.

"Well done!" roared Red Alf.

Jimmy stood breathing deep and hard. He was ready to go on; but Kentuck was not ready. He lay in the grass, groaning. And when Skitter Dick lifted him at last Kentuck stood leaning helplessly on the Skitter. His face was black with bruises, his eyes almost closed, and his nose had lost its shape.

"I guess he's done," remarked Skitter Dick. "Are you going on, Kentuck?"

A groan was the only answer.

Lovell picked up Jimmy's jacket, and helped him on with it. The fight was over.

Jimmy showed a good many marks, and he was tired; but he could have gone on. Kentuck was thoroughly done.

He moved away from Skitter Dick, and stood leaning against a tree for some minutes, gasping for breath and groaning. Jimmy Silver cast a glance at his disfigured face with some compunction.

"I'm sorry for this, Kentuck," he said. "I wanted the gloves, you know."

"And Kentuck didn't!" grinned Spike Thompson. "I reckon now that he wishes he had."

"Sure!" chuckled Baldy.

Jimmy Silver hesitated a minute or two, and then came towards the hapless Kentuck. He held out his hand.

"It's all over," he said. "Give us your fist, Kentuck, and let's forget all about it!"

Kentuck gave him a bitter, savage look with his half-closed eyes. He did not take the extended hand.

"I'll make you pay for this!" he muttered thickly.

And he moved away and went unsteadily through the trees. Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders and rejoined his chums.

The Rookwood juniors returned to the ranch, where Jimmy Silver bathed his face and attended as well

as he could to his swollen nose. In the bunk-house Kentuck was similarly occupied. But he had much more extensive damages to care for. And he was surrounded by a grinning crowd of cowpunchers, whose comments on the fight were "frequent and painful and free." The Windy River crowd were, as Skitter Dick expressed it, "tickled to death" by the result of the fight, in which Kentuck had bitten off so much more than he could chew. There was much more of mockery than of sympathy for the defeated champion, and Kentuck, as he nursed his injuries and listened to the gibes of his comrades, breathed threats of vengeance on the victor.

The 4th Chapter.

In the Dead of Night!

Hudson Smedley glanced at his cousin Jimmy, at the supper-table, with a rather grim expression. Undoubtedly he noted the swollen nose, and one or two other signs of the combat. But he made no remark on the subject, much to Jimmy Silver's relief. Having already seen Kentuck, the rancher had no doubt of what had occurred, but he wisely let the matter pass unmentioned. Now that the fight was over, Jimmy hoped that the whole episode had come to an end, and that he would have nothing more to do with the Kentuckian.

That hope was very ill-founded. It was not like Jimmy to bear malice after a "scrap," and he judged his adversary by himself. But the Kentuckian was cast in a very different mould.

The chipping of the cowpunchers was the last straw. Kentuck, as he lay in his bunk in the cowmen's quarters, brooded savagely over his defeat, his pains and aches adding to his revengeful fury. Both his eyes had blackened, his nose looked twice its usual size, and one or two of his teeth were loose. All that, and more, he had intended to do to Jimmy Silver; but he had failed, and he had been the receiver instead of the giver. The boxing-gloves would have saved him from the worst of his damages; and he had rejected the gloves, with the savage intention of marking Jimmy "for keeps." As he lay, a groan every now and then escaped him. Every now and then, too, a cowpuncher would lounge along and look at him, with a grin.

Kentuck's scorn and contempt for the "tenderfoot" from the old country had been so loudly expressed that there was something comic in his complete and utter downfall at the hands of the tenderfoot. It added to his chagrin to know that Jimmy's victory was popular in the bunk-house—the whole Windy River crowd liked the cheery schoolboy.

Kentuck lay and brooded; and when the rest of the crowd turned in, in the long, double row of bunks, the Kentuckian did not sleep. His aches and pains were more than sufficient to keep him wakeful; and his thoughts of revenge were more disturbing still. It was close on midnight when Kentuck raised his head and looked out of his bunk, and then quietly stepped out of it and moved to the door.

Quiet as he was, Skitter Dick heard him—the Skitter being one of those wary gentlemen who sleep with one ear open.

"Hallo! Who's moving?" called out Skitter Dick from his bunk, and he lifted his head and looked round.

"You, Kentuck?"

Kentuck gritted his teeth.

"I guess I'm going out for some air," he said. "I can't sleep."

The Skitter chuckled.

"You've had enough to keep you from snoozing, I calculate," he assented. "Next time you wake up a prairie rabbit, mind that he doesn't turn out to be a painter."

Kentuck answered with a savage exclamation, and slouched out of the bunk-house. The Skitter chuckled sleepily and settled down.

Outside the bunk-house, a cool breeze blew from the Rocky Mountains, a cool, west wind. There was a faint glimmer of the moon through banks of dark clouds. Kentuck stood for some time in silence, looking round him as he leaned on the bunk-house wall.

The ranch was dark and silent; the bunk-house buried in slumber; the cookhouse closed and dark. From the corrals came a faint sound of many horses; from out on the plains, faint sounds told of the cattle. Out in the darkness, two or three men were in the saddle; but near the ranch there was no one to observe the movements of the Kentuckian.

Pete Peters, the foreman, had a cabin to himself. It was dark like the

rest, and Peters was in the land of dreams.

Kentuck cast several stealthy glances round him, and was satisfied at last. Leaving the bunk-house, and moving quietly, he approached the barred cabin where the half-breed was kept a prisoner. He reached it, and listened at the door; and in the silence of the night he could distinguish the deep breathing of the prisoner within.

He hesitated long; once or twice raising his hand to the bars, and then dropping it again. Kentuck had business with the half-breed—but he was well aware of the man's desperate and reckless character. He did not care to venture into the prison-cabin.

He moved round at last to the window, and peered in at the bars. The interior of the cabin was quite dark. He could not make out the half-breed there, but the sound of his breathing was distinct.

He whispered cautiously in at the window at last.

"Pequod!"

There was a faint sound of movement. The half-breed slept like a cat. The whisper, faint as it was, had awakened him. A deeper shadow moved in the shadows of the barred cabin.

"Qui va?" came a whisper back.

"You're awake, Pequod?"

The half-breed came close up to the window. His black eyes caught a glint of the moonlight, and Kentuck started back a little from their ferocious gleam.

"Why do you wake me?" Pequod spoke in a whisper, realising that the cowboy had some secret purpose to serve. The ruffian had no friend in the Windy River crowd, and could not have expected aid, but probably Kentuck's whispering secrecy awoke hope in his breast.

"You want to get out of this, I guess," muttered Kentuck, keeping back from the bars. He had heard of the desperado's savage attempt upon Jimmy Silver.

"Are you here to help me out?" sneered the half-breed.

"Perhaps."

The black eyes shone.

"Morbleu! I can make it worth your while," whispered Pequod. "I have nothing here—but in the mountains I have plenty. A hundred dollars—"

"Keep your dollars, you thieving breed," growled Kentuck. "I guess I wouldn't save you from hanging for a thousand dollars."

"What is it, then?" muttered the half-breed.

Kentuck was silent for some minutes, the breed watching him through the bars with eyes that scintillated like diamonds.

The cowman spoke at last.

"The trooper's coming for you tomorrow. You're for Red Deer, and the sheriff. You know what that means, I guess."

"Have you woke me to tell me that?"

"You know who brought you here, tied to a horse like a sack of Indian corn."

Pequod's eyes blazed.

"You'd like to get level with him, and clear?" muttered Kentuck.

"Give me a chance," said the half-breed. His glittering eyes scanned the Kentuckian's bruised and battered face, and he grinned. "Is he your enemy, too? I understand. Loose me from this cabin, and give me my couteau—he will never trouble you again. If the path lay open, I would not go without dealing with that boy."

"He sleeps in the ranch-house," whispered Kentuck. "His room is on the second floor, the middle one over the veranda."

"I shall remember."

"After—"

Kentuck paused.

"After—you'll grab a horse from the corral, and light out for the hills."

"That is easy."

"I guess it's a cinch, then."

Kentuck came closer to the window and put his hand between the bars.

From his hand, the half-breed seized a hunting-knife.

"Now, the door—" he breathed.

Kentuck shook his head.

"They'd know," he said.

"But—" The half-breed's dusky face blazed with eagerness. His sinewy fingers closed almost convulsively on the hunting-knife.

"I guess you can hack away a bar with that knife," whispered Kentuck. "They will fancy you had it hidden about you—it's all I dare do. The boys would lynch me if they knew."

"Ca va!" muttered the breed.

Kentuck did not linger. He moved away stealthily in the shadows, and a few minutes later was again on his mattress in the bunk-house—not to sleep. With tense nerves, he listened

for the alarm that must come—as soon as the half-breed got to work.

With the keen knife in his hand, Pequod le Couteau was busy now. The keen blade hacked at the wooden bars at the window, cutting them away in great splinters. It was slow and laborious work—but the sinewy arm of the breed was tireless. The moon was behind a cloud, and all was dark, when the desperado forced the fragments of the bars, and drew his little form through the window. He stood outside—in freedom—listening for some moments. Then, with the stealthy tread of the panther, he crept towards the ranch-house.

The 5th Chapter. A Struggle for Life!

Jimmy Silver was not sleeping so soundly as usual that night. As a rule, Jimmy seldom opened his eyes, after placing his head upon the pillow, till it was time to rise. But the fight with Kentuck, on the bank of the Windy River, had had its effect on him. There was a lasting pain in his damaged nose, and the reaction after exertion had left him in a state of less than his usual serenity. Many times that night Jimmy had awakened, and turned over to seek slumber again. More than once he looked towards the window of his room, hoping to see the dawn. But it was only the glimmer of the moonlight that met his eyes.

The window was half-open; the night was warm, and Jimmy was used to open windows and fresh air. Once, as he looked towards the glimmering window, he heard a faint sound from without, and listened. Below his window was the roof of the wooden veranda that stretched along the front of the ranch-house. There was no enemy to be feared on the peaceful plains of Alberta; but the thought crossed Jimmy's mind that an active animal might climb the veranda and penetrate to the house—it was not so very long since the panther and the lynx had been fairly common in that part of Alberta.

But he smiled at the thought as it came into his mind. A panther was not likely to venture within the precincts of the ranch.

But as he laid his head on the pillow again he started a little, as a faint but unmistakable sound came from the direction of the window. It was a creak of wood under weight. He knew it. He sat up in bed and listened intently.

It was impossible—at least, very improbable—that any wild beast of the woods had penetrated to the ranch-house. But unless his ears were deceiving him, something, or somebody, was climbing the veranda roof under his window.

With all his senses on the alert now, Jimmy Silver listened. The sound was repeated and repeated again. It was faint, almost imperceptible, but it was indubitable.

Even then Jimmy did not sense danger. But he resolved to see what was "up," and he stepped quietly from his bed and approached the window.

Keeping in the shadow of the curtain that flapped gently in the breeze from without, Jimmy Silver looked. A gleam of moonlight fell on the open space before the ranch-house, and glimmered on the sloping roof of the veranda.

Jimmy's heart gave a sudden throb.

Clinging like a cat to the sloping roof, a sinuous form was working its way towards his window.

Dim as the light was, Jimmy Silver recognised the half-breed; Pequod le Couteau, the dusky horse-thief whom he and his chums had roped in and brought a prisoner to the ranch.

He knew the swarthy face, the thick black hair, the gleaming eyeballs of the half-savage breed. The glimmer of bare teeth caught his eye, too; it was the gleam of a hunting-knife stuck in the breed's belt.

Jimmy's heart beat hard.

He could not mistake the ruffian's intention. He had somehow emerged from the prison cabin, and was thinking of revenge before escape. Had Jimmy been sleeping when he reached the window—

The Rookwood junior shuddered at that thought.

As he stood in deep shadow, looking out, the half-breed was not more than six or seven feet from him.

Jimmy Silver backed silently away from the window.

There were some minutes yet before the vengeful breed could get in at the window. Lithe and active as he was, Pequod had a difficult task to negotiate the sloping roof.

Jimmy opened his door and stepped

out on to the landing. His first impulse was to give the alarm, but he checked it. The alarm given, Pequod le Couteau would have abandoned his attempt and fled, and it would have been easy for him to secure a horse from the corral and dash away on the plains.

That was not good enough. Jimmy was thinking not only of baffling the ruffian, but of securing him.

He stepped into the next room, which was tenanted by Arthur Edward Lovell. He shook Lovell by the shoulder, at the same time placing a hand over his mouth.

Arthur Edward came out of the land of dreams with a jump, and certainly would have uttered a startling exclamation but for the restraining hand. As it was, all he uttered was: "Mmmmmmm!"

"Quiet!" breathed Jimmy Silver. "Danger, old chap! Not a word!"

He removed his hand, and Lovell sat up.

"What on earth—" whispered Arthur Edward.

Jimmy hurriedly whispered an explanation. Lovell suppressed a whistle of astonishment, and turned out of bed at once.

"We can handle him between us," whispered Jimmy. "You're game? There's no time to wake the other chaps."

"Of course I'm game, fathead!"

"Get hold of something to knock him with—"

"I've got my riding-whip here; the butt's metal."

"Good!"

Silently the two juniors crept into Jimmy Silver's room. Jimmy would have been glad to call Raby and Newcome on the scene, but he knew that there was no time for that.

Already the dark shadow of the half-breed was blotting the moonlight at the window over the veranda.

Lovell set his teeth as he saw it, and gripped the riding-whip. Jimmy Silver had caught up a stout hickory stick.

At the window the black silhouette of the breed remained motionless. He was watching and listening.

The moonlight without was faint; the interior of the room was in deep darkness. The half-breed could see nothing, and the juniors were too silent for his keen ears to tell him anything.

They waited, breathing softly, making no movement lest the watchful half-breed should take the alarm.

Pequod was satisfied at last. His lithe form was insinuated in at the window, with the agility of a serpent.

Jimmy touched Lovell's arm as they stood close together in the doorway of the room.

He did not venture to speak, but a gesture indicated what was in his mind, and Lovell nodded.

They waited in tense silence.

Slowly, with the cautious patience of his Redskin ancestors, the half-breed worked his way in at the window till he was more than half-in, his finger-tips resting on the floor of the room. He made scarcely a sound. A few moments more and Le Couteau would have been in the room, but the time had come to act.

Jimmy Silver made a sudden rush towards the window, the hickory in his grasp.

Lovell was at his heels.

Pequod gave a sudden start, and raised his fierce face to glare before him; but he had no time to advance or retreat. Even as he saw Jimmy rushing down on him, the hickory swept through the air and crashed on the back of his head.

It was a terrific blow. The half-breed gave a stifled yell and pitched headlong into the room.

But he was very far from disabled. He touched the floor, and left it again with a spring like a cat, leaping to his feet and clutching at the knife in his belt, before Jimmy had recovered the stick for a second blow.

But Lovell was there. The heavy metal butt of the riding-whip crashed full in Pequod's face as he gained his feet, and sent him spinning back to the window.

"At him!" roared Lovell breathlessly.

Jimmy Silver struck again, and the hickory crashed on the breed's arm, and the knife went to the floor. With his left hand Pequod clutched the stick and caught hold of it. He dragged it away with a strength Jimmy could not resist. But he had no time to use it. The metal butt crashed on his head again, and he fell to the floor. Even as he fell he clutched at Jimmy Silver and dragged him down in a desperate grip.

"Help!" panted Jimmy, as he struggled with the half-stunned but still desperate half-breed.

Lovell grasped the ruffian at once.

There was a shout as Raby and Newcome came rushing into the room. The din of the struggle had roused them, and, indeed, the whole ranch. Mr. Smedley's deep voice was heard calling. Woo Sing, the Chinese chore-boy, started into the room, and yelled with alarm.

"Help!" roared Lovell.

The half-breed was severely hurt; but, even so, he was almost a match for the two juniors. They struggled with him desperately. Raby and Newcome rushed into the fray, and their help was timely. In the grasp of the four juniors, Pequod le Couteau was borne to the floor, but still he struggled.

There was a heavy tread as Boss Smedley came into the room, with a revolver in one hand and a lamp in the other.

One glance was enough for the rancher.

He placed the lamp on a table, and levelled the revolver at the struggling figures on the floor.

"Pequod, by the holy smoke! Let him go, boys. I've got him covered!"

The juniors tore themselves away from the half-breed.

Le Couteau staggered to his feet. His wild glance went to the knife on the floor, but he did not attempt to reach it. The rancher's revolver bore full upon him.

"Hands up!" rapped out Hudson Smedley.

said Pete Peters, shaking his head. "I reckon he must have had it hid about him somewhere."

"He was searched!"

"Sure! But these breeds are pizen cunning."

"That's not good enough," said the rancher tersely. "I reckon Pequod had help in getting loose. Bring him along to his quarters."

Pete gave the sullen prisoner a shake.

"Git moving!" he rapped out.

He marched the breed out of the ranch-house, still gripping him by the collar. Boss Smedley followed with the Rookwood juniors. The cowpunchers gathered round, and the whole party approached the barred cabin.

"I guess the door's still fast!" said Skitter Dick.

"The window—" said Spike.

"So that's where he got out," said the rancher, fixing his eyes on the hacked and broken bars. "He got the knife and cut his way loose. Who handed you that knife, Pequod?"

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders and curled his dusky lip, but made no other response. It was evident that he did not intend to speak. Pete Peters made a motion with his revolver.

"I guess I'll make the galoot talk, if you give the word, boss," he said.

"Lemme blow off one of his years,

traitor in this crowd, and we've got to find him!"

"I guess Kentuck was up for a spell," said Skitter Dick. "Kentuck might have seen somebody—"

"Where's Kentuck?"

"He ain't turned out."

"Call him!" said the rancher.

Skitter Dick put his head into the doorway of the bunk-house, and shouted:

"Kentuck! Rouse out, Kentuck! You're wanted!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged a startled look. At the mention of Kentuck it was borne in upon their minds to whom that attempt on Jimmy's life was due. It was the vengeful Kentuckian who had released the half-breed—for vengeance on Jimmy Silver. The Rookwood chums were sure of it, and they wondered whether the same suspicion was in the mind of Hudson Smedley.

Kentuck came slowly out of the bunk-house. He was half-dressed, and rubbing his eyes as if aroused from sleep.

He realised his danger clearly enough. Had the half-breed executed his purpose, and stolen a horse and fled, he would have had little to fear—nothing could have been known. But with Pequod in the hands of the cowpunchers, the matter had taken a very different turn. If the ruffian chose to betray him—

With all his nerve Kentuck could

answered Pete, examining the knife.

"This hyer is yourn, Kentuck!"

"Mine?" stammered the Kentuckian.

"Sure! I've seen it afore."

"And I guess I have," said Skitter Dick, with a grim look at the Kentuckian. "That knife is yourn, Kentuck. You pizen varmint, that was why you sneaked out of the bunk-house."

Kentuck's face was deathly pale now. He cast a hunted look round him, and backed away.

But the cowpunchers, with a deep growl of anger, closed round him. The traitor was not to escape so easily.

"I guess you can own up, Kentuck," said Skitter Dick. "You let that breed loose to stick the tender-foot, because he licked you down by the Windy River to-day. You pizen rat—"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Kentuck.

"You awful rascal!" burst out Lovell savagely. "You jolly well ought to be lynched!"

"So that's the truth, Kentuck?"

said Boss Smedley, with his grim eyes fixed on the Kentuckian.

"I—I guess I never meant—"

muttered the Kentuckian. "I—I never meant—"

"That's enough. Peters, shove the breed into the cabin, and let him stay tied up till morning, for security. Baldy can nail some boards over the window."

"You bet, boss."

The sullen half-breed was marched into the prison-hut again, and the door barred on him. With his arms still secured with ropes, he threw himself on his blankets to sleep, with the sullen indifference of his race. He had no further hope in Kentuck now; the rascal could not help him again, and indeed was in need of help himself.

The cowpunchers had closed round the traitor, with grim looks that struck terror to his very soul. He yelled to Hudson Smedley as the rancher was turning away.

"Boss! Boss Smedley! Get me out of this! I own up—"

The rancher looked at him.

"I guess I've never trusted you, Kentuck," he said. "But I wouldn't fire a man without a good reason. You're known in your true colours now, you scoundrel. You're fired from this ranch; take your horse and go. If you're here at dawn I'll give you my quirt to remember me by."

"I guess I'm ready to go," snarled Kentuck. "I reckon there's some here that will hear of me again, too."

"What he wants is a rope and a branch," said Spike Thompson.

"You leave him to us, boss."

The rancher shook his head.

"There's going to be no lynching on this ranch," he said. "The galoot deserves it; but we're in Canada, not Kentucky. Kick him off our land, and let him go."

"Then we'll ride him on a rail out of the ranch," exclaimed Skitter Dick.

"As you like about that!"

"Keep them off, boss!" yelled Kentuck, as Boss Smedley turned away again. But the rancher did not heed. He knew that his order would be obeyed, and that there would be no lynching. What else the indignant cowpunchers chose to do to the traitor was a matter of no moment. Hudson Smedley returned to the ranch-house, leaving the Kentuckian to his fate.

Kentuck eyed the cowpunchers with well-grounded apprehension as they grimly closed round him.

"Boys," said Pete Peters, in his deep voice, "that pizen rat has brought disgrace on this hyer ranch. There ain't a straighter crowd in Alberta than the Windy River crowd, and that rat is the only one hyer with a yellow streak to him. Down in his own country they'd lynch the likes of him; but we'll give the critter something to remember the Windy River Ranch by. Git a rail, Skitter."

"You bet!" chuckled Skitter.

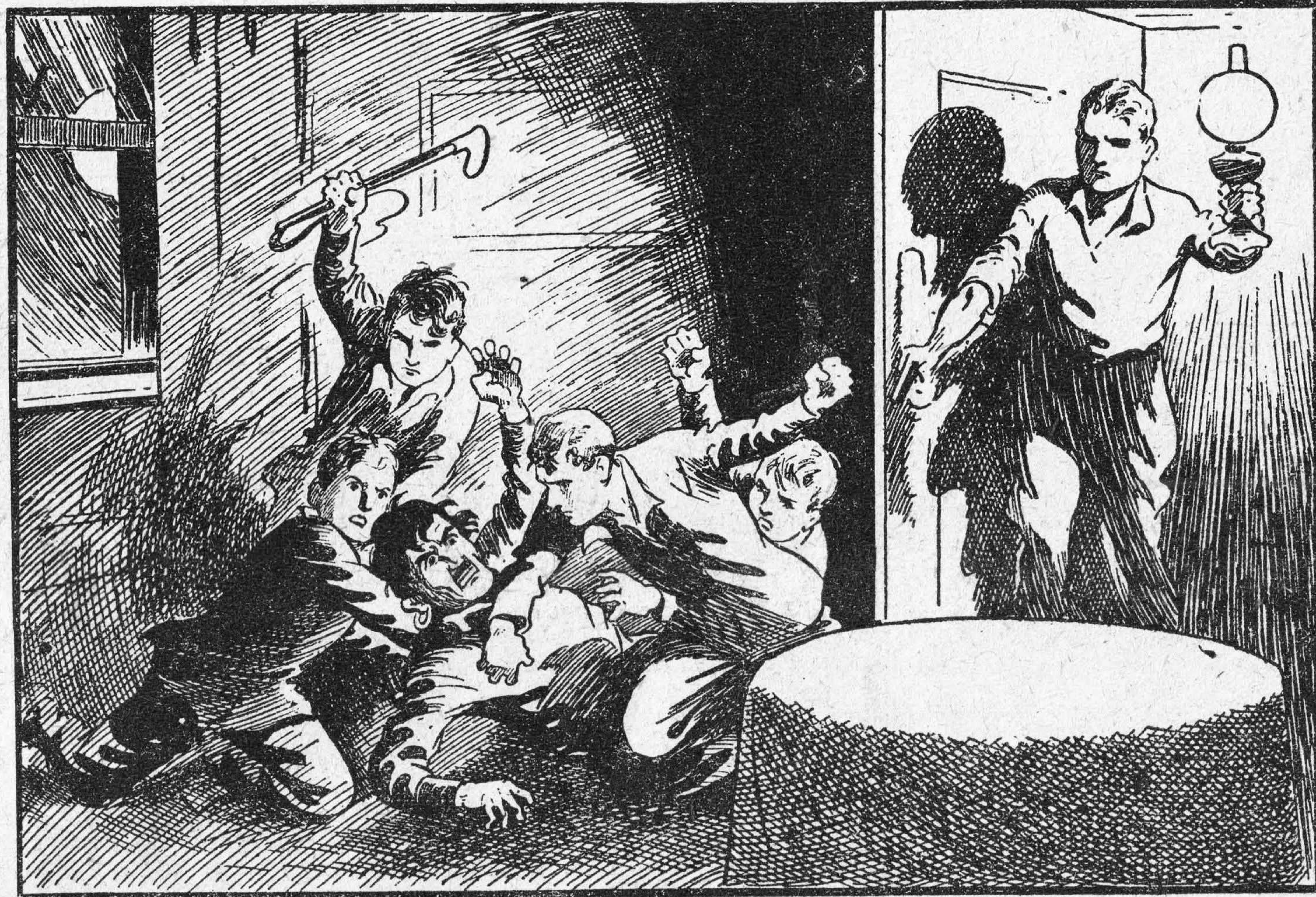
"Give me my boss, and let me go!" panted Kentuck.

"You got ten minutes to pack your traps and put them on your boss," said Pete Peters. "Then you're for the rail. Git moving!"

Kentuck, gritting his teeth, went into the bunk-house to pack his few possessions in a "grip." He came out again, and found his horse ready for him; Spike Thompson had "cut it out" in the corral, and led it round to the bunk-house. Kentuck saddled and bridled the horse, and hung the bag on the saddle. Gladly enough he would have mounted and fled; but that was not permitted.

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood looking

(Continued on page 636.)



A GRIM STRUGGLE! As Pequod le Couteau was borne to the floor by the four Rookwood juniors, Boss Smedley came into the room, with a revolver in one hand and a lamp in the other.

A second more, and the bullet would have sped. The half-breed's hands went up as if by magic.

"That's better," said the rancher grimly. "Keep your paws there, my man. I guess I'd rather plug you than not."

He called to the chore-boy.

"Woo Sing! Bring a trail rope here and tie up that galoot."

"Yes, Mass' Smedley."

Woo Sing—grinning now—came up with a rope, and under cover of the rancher's revolver the hands of the half-breed were tied behind his back.

The 6th Chapter.

"Fired!"

"I guess this wants looking into."

The rancher spoke with a frowning brow. Lights were gleaming now in the ranch-house and in the bunk-house—the alarm was general. All the cowpunchers had turned out. Pete Peters was already in the ranch-house, and the half-breed was in his charge. The long-legged foreman had a revolver in one hand, and the other fastened in the collar of the prisoner.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had dressed themselves, still in a state of great excitement. Outside the open porch of the ranch-house most of the cowpunchers were gathered, half-dressed. There was a buzz of excited voices. Rancher Smedley came downstairs fully dressed and with a grim expression on his bronzed face.

"This wants looking into. How did that galoot get out of his calaboose, and where did he get that knife?"

"You've got me guessing, boss,"

and I'll guess he'll talk fast enough afore I blow off the other!"

The rancher laughed.

"Leave his ears alone, Pete. The galoot's a wild beast; but we can't use his own methods on him. Will you answer me, Pequod?"

"Bah! I will tell you nothing!"

snarled the half-breed. "And I will yet have the life of that boy!"

"Not in your lifetime, old bean," said Jimmy Silver, with a smile.

The breed gave him a deadly look, and was silent.

"I guess some of his copper-coloured pals sneaked round and helped him in the dark, boss," said Red Alf.

"That's not it; they'd have unbarred the door. He must have been an hour or more hacking a way out at the window," said the rancher.

"He got that knife given him near enough at hand. We've got to find out who handed it to him."

"Jerusalem, boss!" ejaculated Pete Peters. "You don't figure it out that one of our crowd helped that pizen varmint?"

"It looks like it."

"Waal, carry me home to die!" ejaculated the ranch foreman. It was a new thought to him.

"Has anyone been awake during the night?" asked the rancher, looking round at the grim faces of the cowpunchers. "Boys, there's a

scarce keep his knees from knocking together as he came out of the bunk-house.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, as carelessly as he could. "By gum, how did the breed get out?"

His eyes turned on the half-breed, but the latter gave no sign. It was not faith or loyalty that kept Pequod le Couteau silent; but doubtless he hoped for another chance of help from the Kentuckian. That would be the price of his continued silence if Kentuck escaped suspicion now. The Kentuckian understood that, and breathed more freely.

"We're going to find out how he got loose, Kentuck," said the rancher grimly. "It seems that you were up in the night?"

Kentuck nodded.

"I guess I took a turn in the open air," he said.

"Did you see anything of this?"

"Sure, no, boss. I guess I'd have stopped the galoot fast enough if I'd seen anything going on."

The rancher held up the hunting-knife which Pequod had dropped in Jimmy Silver's room.

"Have you seen this before, Kentuck?"

"Never, boss," answered the cowman, but his voice faltered. He had never expected to see that hunting-knife again; but it remained as a witness against him.

Boss Smedley handed the knife to Pete.

"Look at it, and hand it round to the boys, Pete," he said. "I guess we want to find the owner of that knife."

"I calculate we ain't fur to look,"

ANSWERS
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beat on the door, calling him loudly by name.

There came a sound of muttering from within, then the door swung open, and one of Wanembo's wives looked out. She uttered a cry of alarm that brought to the door the king himself.

Wanembo was astounded to see Lance. The king had wondered what had become of the white boys, but had not troubled himself much. So long as they were not killed at his kraal it was no concern of his.

But now here was one back! And the king was angry at being disturbed. Loudly he roared for a man who could speak the English tongue.

As soon as one arrived, and men came running up from all sides, Lance told his tale.

"King Wanembo," he said, "your son Dingaan is at his kraal. Karanja is with him and many soldiers. He says he is now king. He intends to dethrone you, and then attack the whites."

Lance was careful to point out that Wanembo was also in danger. He thought perhaps the king would not be so anxious to save the whites as his own ebony skin.

As soon as Wanembo had grasped the news his rage was great.

"Who comes with the king to crush his rebellious son," he bellowed, "and the snake of a witch-doctor?"

He did not wait for cries and protestations of loyalty, but turned on the captain of the guard.

"Go, summon the impis!" he thundered. "Say that the witch-doctor shall be stamped flat, and the rebel Dingaan with them!"

"Bayete!" cried the captain, and ran to carry out his orders.

There were plenty who hated the witch-doctors, who had followed Karanja to a man, and quite as many who mistrusted the chances of Dingaan's success.

So shortly the royal kraal was teeming with soldiers, for Wanembo kept the pick of the seasoned troops at Ulundi. All hardened warriors these, covered with scars of a hundred fights, not hot-headed youths, like those of Dingaan.

The flaming torches lit up the savage scene with a ruddy glow, and Lance watched the preparations with joy as he snatched a hasty meal.

"Ah, Dingaan!" he muttered to himself. "Dingaan's rebellion may be Dingaan's end!"

At last all was ready, and line upon line the impis swung out of the kraal. At the head of the main body went the old king. Now thoroughly roused, he marched like a youngster. Beside him strode Lance, perfectly happy, for he had recovered his rifle, and looked forward to meeting Karanja again.

None of the Zulus seemed to bear Lance ill-will. They had long suffered themselves from the tricks of the witch-doctors, and knew that most of the "smelling-out" was done to get rid of private enemies.

At about three in the morning the king's army drew near to Dingaan's kraal, and Wanembo called a halt.

"Take the white youth with you and half the men," he said to the captain, "and march round to the back of the kraal. When you are there, let the white youth fire with his fire-stick. At that signal I will fall on the rebels from this side—you from that."

Saluting the captain withdrew

with his men, beckoning to Lance to follow.

The flaring light of torches came from within the kraal, but the occupants were far too busy to notice the numerous black shadows in the bush, creeping round the flimsy stockade like ghosts.

Lance could see inside. Dingaan's men were leaping like demons, piling up brushwood as if for a great beacon. He set his teeth grimly, knowing what they were at.

But quickly the captain's men reached the back of the kraal, and their leader signalled to Lance to shoot.

Raising his rifle, Lance fired straight into the yelling horde inside.

Instantly there came a roar from all sides, and the rush of a thousand feet.

Down went the weak stockade with a crash as Wanembo's men swarmed into the kraal.

Taken completely by surprise, Dingaan's men did not know whence came the attack.

In a moment the king's men were amongst them, howling like a pack of wolves, cutting and stabbing, while the torches gleamed redly.

When the fight was at its fiercest, Lance suddenly saw a figure driving down at him.

"Hurrah! The pirate!" he cried, as Karanja came on, brandishing an assegai.

Lance let him come. To shoot, he felt, would not square the account between them. When the witch-doctor was almost upon him, Lance drove the butt of his rifle full in the ruffian's face.

Down went Karanja with a shattered jaw. It was a passing warrior who ended him, with a thrust through his black heart.

Lance made quickly for the hut where he had been confined with Sid. He met the latter as he came running out. The guards had just been slain.

"Grand work, Lance! Gorgeous!" cried Sid. "A little longer, and I'd have been roast meat!"

He nodded towards the pile of brushwood, now level with the ground.

But now rose a tremendous shout from Wanembo's men.

"They run!" was the cry. "The rebels run!"

Through the dust of conflict the boys could just see to the far end of the kraal.

Dingaan, surrounded by a few of his best men, was hewing his way out. In a moment he was gone, a few of the king's soldiers in pursuit.

The sound of fighting died down; Wanembo's men proceeding to search for stragglers.

Lance coolly propped himself up against the door of the hut, his hat on the back of his head, and whistled cheerfully.

"Well," observed Sid, "that's the end of the rising. I always thought Din—"

Lance broke off whistling and grunted. He knew what was coming.

But Sid persisted, determined to finish what he had to say.

"Dingaan was at the bottom of it all," he ended.

THE END.

(You will like "All Ships!"—the magnificent long complete story of wireless and adventure appearing in next week's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. Order in advance and save disappointment!)

JIMMY SILVER'S ENEMY!

(Continued from page 627.)

on curiously at what followed. They did not take a hand in the proceedings, but they watched with interest. Skitter Dick brought the long pine rail, which was mounted upon his shoulder at one end, and upon Spike's brawny shoulder at the other. On that rail Kentuck had to sit to take his departure; which was the peculiar Western punishment of being "ridden on a rail."

"Get mounted, Kentuck!" growled Pete Peters.

With a face like a demon, Kentuck clambered awkwardly on the rail, and sat astride of it. He clutched it with both hands to keep his balance. The cowpunchers gathered round, laughing and shouting and cracking their long whips.

"Git moving!" commanded Peters. Spike Thompson and Skitter Dick started, with the hapless Kentuckian clinging like a cat to the rail between them. They moved out on the plain, in the light of the moon, with the whole crowd following round them, amid a cracking of whips like the discharge of pistol-shots.

Jimmy Silver & Co. followed. Red Alf was leading the Kentuckian's horse. Out over the moonlit prairie went the shouting crowd, the whips cracking, and sometimes curling round the legs of the yelling rascal on the rail. Kentuck lost his balance, and swept over to one side, hanging on to the rail with hands and knees. In that position he was rushed on, yelling with rage and terror as he went. "Crack! Crack!" rang the whips. The Rookwood juniors halted at last, staring after the strange procession that moved on out on the wide prairie.

"There he goes!" exclaimed Raby. Kentuck had pitched off the rail at last, and landed with a bump on the rough ground. The chums heard his yell as he landed. He squirmed in the grass, yelling.

"Let up, boys!" said Pete Peters. "You can vamoose the ranch, Kentuck; and if you're ever seen on the Windy River again, look out for bad trouble."

The outcast cowboy staggered to his feet, and, with muttered exclamations, scrambled upon his horse. The quirts lashed and cracked, and Kentuck urged his steed to a gallop. At a little distance he turned in the saddle and shook a furious fist at the Windy River outfit. Then he drove on his horse again, and disappeared from sight in the moonlit distance.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked back to the ranch, and they were in their rooms when they heard the cowpunchers come whooping back from the prairie. The chums of Rookwood returned to bed, and, in spite of the exciting experiences of the night, they slept soundly enough till morning; while in the dark hours the solitary outcast rode on his lonely way over the prairie, farther and farther from the ranch, where he would never dare to show his face again.

THE END.

(Packed with breathless incident—"The Peril of the Prairie!"—next week's stunning story of Jimmy Silver & Co. out West. Order your copy of the Boys' FRIEND in advance and make certain of reading it!)

In Your Editor's Den



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers upon any subject. Address your letters to: Editor, "Boys' Friend," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"THE PERIL OF THE PRAIRIE!"

Next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND will contain a brilliant yarn of Jimmy Silver & Co. in the Far West. Look out for it. You will be thrilled from the start with the adventures of the Rookwooders and the description of a certain arrest. The story is a corker, full of bulldog pluck, and, what's more, it just goes to show how a spirited action alters a situation. The part played by the half-breed in this tale is noteworthy, and you are left with a wish to get some more, when the curtain rings down.

"ALL SHIPS!"

I must go straight on from this point and tell you about Jack Crichton's fine story for next week. It is a tip-top yarn of Bolsheviki Russia, written by a man who knew plenty about the dreaded Red Guards when the Russian Revolution first threw the great empire into a ferment. Of course, the wireless comes in for its share in a series of amazing happenings. These events are so stupendous that you will be disposed to say right off they are impossible. But just wait a moment. The tale has the ring of truth in it. We know plenty from the whispers of the tragic happenings in Russia what has taken place behind the sealed frontiers. All I can say is, watch out for this magnificent account of Russia as she is. The author speaks with certain knowledge of the grim and fantastic nightmare of horror which has appalled the civilised world. For Red Ruin and what came of it, see next week's BOYS' FRIEND. You will not be disappointed. All you will want is to hear more from the well-informed and admirable Crichton.

"EASY MONEY!"

Just a word now concerning Walter Edwards, who will turn up next Monday with a rousing yarn of the boxing world. It shows all the preparations, underhand and above-board, for a record-making fight. A "bossy" American champion comes along, and, as you can guess, he wants things all his own way, for this person possesses a mighty peculiar temperament. He likes draws, and double money, and that sort of thing. The upshot is fascinating. Nobody like "W.E." is an exponent of the noble art!

"DON DARREL ON THE TURF!"

One of the most important items of news comes late on, but that's not because it is not ultra-important. Any story by Victor Nelson is important, and the coming instalment of "Don Darrel on the Turf!" is simply top-hole. There will be no disappointment, either in connection with our sensational serial, "The Phantom

Pirate!" while the Cricket Competition will be as usual—right up to the knocker.

If you just glance through next Monday's bill you will see that the BOYS' FRIEND forgets nothing. It is right on the line as regards adventure, sport, and school tales, and you will not get finer, not if you look the world over. Each Monday that swings round sees the old "Green Un" holding its own, and a bit more. It just gets there. While on this subject, let me thank my chums who have sent me congratulations.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND!

It is a strange thing that, according to some people, the gay old summer-time is less a period for thought, and more the time for action. That is not altogether true. I believe myself—and my letter-bag proves the truth of the contention—that fellows think harder in the long days, and are more alive to everything that is passing in the world. And that's why the big effort of the winter to make the BOYS' FRIEND the grandest paper on the market is redoubled at this season. I have a mighty array of new features coming, and you will find that our old paper is surpassing all former triumphs.

THE RESULT OF THE "LUTON" COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the picture. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution contained one error:

WILLIAM SCOTT, 424, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following nine competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

W. A. Wood, 16, Elcho St., Peebles, N.B.; L. H. Shilcock, 104, Ivor Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham; E. C. Higgs, The House, Globe Works, Chatsworth Rd., Clapton Park, E. 5; E. A. J. Crook, West St., Banwell, Somerset; C. Joyce, 1, Hallett's Gardens, Huish, Yeovil, Somerset; Clarice Ogden, 41, Nugget St., Oldham; S. Ogden, 41, Nugget St., Oldham; Arthur Diver, jun., 55, Rutland Rd., South Hackney, E. 9; Charles H. Morton, 7, Eyre St., Pallion, Sunderland.

Twenty-three competitors, with three errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prizewinners can be obtained on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

Football was played in Luton a long time before the Luton Club was formed. The town put into the field the first professional eleven that the south of England had ever known. The pay of each footballer was two-and-six a week. During the past few years Luton has not shone brightly.

Your Editor.

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