

Here's the Paper for Value—**SIX STUNNING LONG STORIES** Inside!

The **BOYS' FRIEND** 2d.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

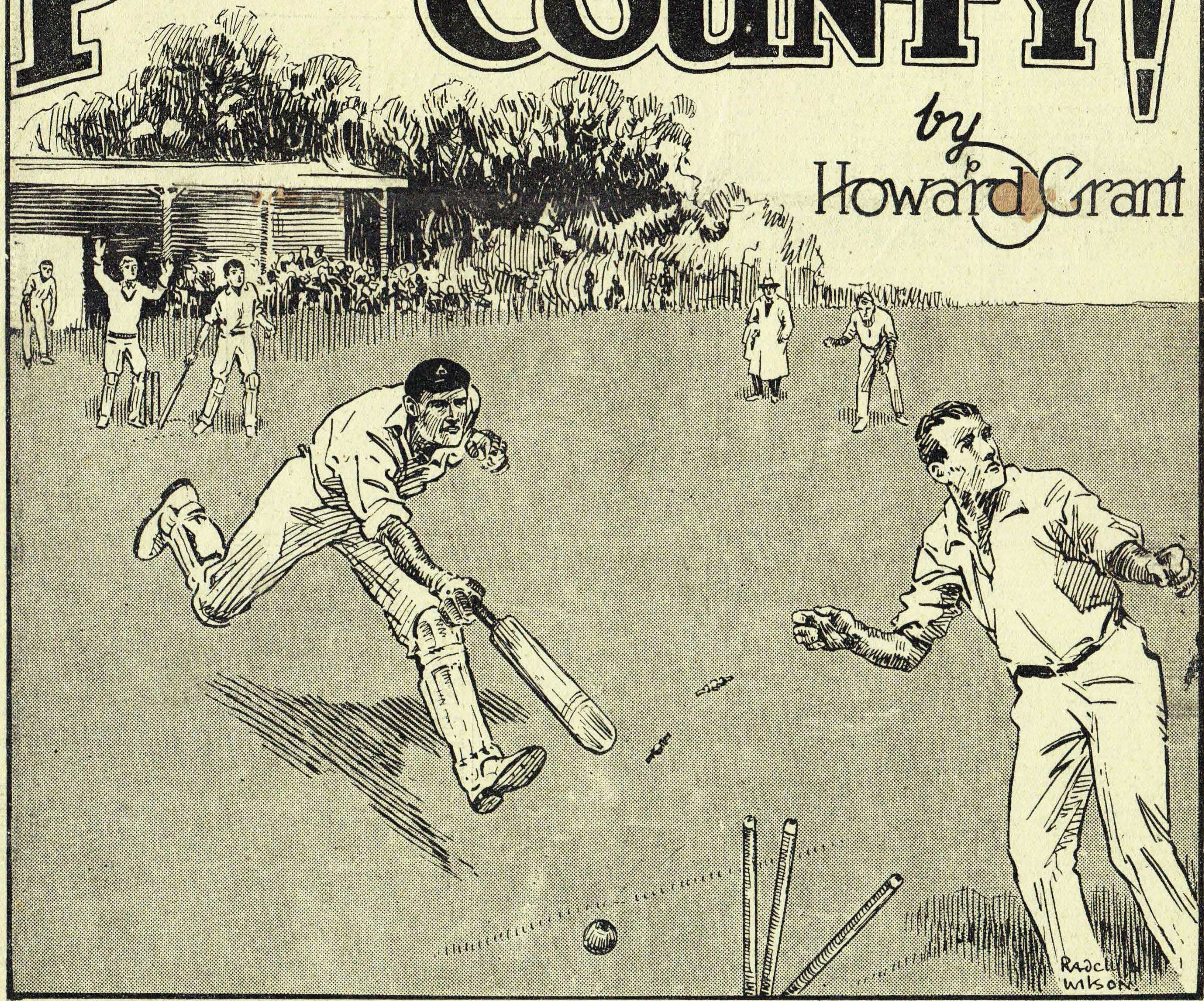
No. 1,153. Vol. XXIV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

[Week Ending July 14th, 1923.]

PICKED *for the* COUNTRY!

by
Howard Grant



IN ATTEMPTING TO LOSE DRAKE HIS WICKET, MASON IS HIMSELF RUN OUT!
(A stirring incident from the long complete cricket yarn in this great number.)

THIS STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. OUT WEST IS SIMPLY GREAT!



The Raid On The Ranch!

By Owen Conquest

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

Left on their own at the Ranch, Jimmy Silver & Co. suddenly find themselves up against a desperate foe!

The 1st Chapter. Taking the Trail!

"Us, too!"
Four voices spoke all at once—the voices of Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome. The Fistical Four of Rookwood were all of one opinion—which did not always happen.

Rancher Smedley shook his head. "Impossible!"

"But—" Four voices in chorus again.

"Can't be done."
"But—" repeated Arthur Edward Lovell.

"I can't let you risk your lives," said Hudson Smedley. "There will be hard riding, and hard shooting, I guess. You kids will stay at the ranch."

"But—" The boss of Windy River Ranch did not stay to listen to any more "buts." Outside the ranch-house there was a thudding of hoofs, a clatter and jingle of bridles and stirrups. The Windy River outfit were in the saddle, waiting for "Boss" Smedley.

Hudson Smedley strode out to his horse, which Woo Sing, the chore-boy, was holding for him. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked on glumly.

"Rotten!" growled Lovell. "Beastly!" grunted Raby. "We should be quite as useful as any of the cowpunchers, I fancy."

"More!" said Lovell. "Well, we'd try," remarked Newcome. "Still, I dare say Mr. Smedley is right. Anyhow, we've got to toe the line."

"We've got to toe the line, but he isn't right," said Lovell. "I can handle a gun as well as any of those chaps, if it comes to shooting. But we've got to stick here."
"Rotten!" said Jimmy.

The Rookwood chums could not help feeling that it was rotten. They were left out.

Boss Smedley and his outfit were going to look for a bunch of steers that had been driven off to the foothills by a new gang of rustlers who had established themselves in the section. It was quite probable that there would be shooting when the outfit came upon Spanish Kit and his gang. Naturally, Boss Smedley did not want his schoolboy guests to be on the scene when the shooting began. Possibly, too, he doubted whether they could hold out over a long and arduous prairie trail. On those points Jimmy Silver & Co. did not agree with him in the least.

But Hudson Smedley's word was law at the Windy River Ranch; and the Rookwood chums could only grumble and give in.

With a clatter and a jingle, the outfit rode off in the setting sun to the south-west, towards the distant line of the Rocky Mountains. Jimmy Silver & Co. watched them from the porch; Pete Peters, the foreman of the ranch, from his cabin; Baldy, the cook, from the door of the cookhouse. They and Woo Sing were all that remained behind.

"Rotten!" said Jimmy Silver, for about the tenth time, when the bunch of horsemen had vanished upon the prairie.

Pete Peters went to the corral for his horse. He came towards the ranch-house with the reins looped over his brawny arm.

"I guess I've got plenty to do afore dark, with all the boys away," he remarked. "You kids won't be skeered left here alone?"

"We'll try not to be," said Lovell, with deep sarcasm.

The foreman grinned. "I guess I may not be back," he explained. "I'll tell Baldy to shift his blankets into the house, if you like."

"You can tell Baldy to go and eat coke, and follow his example!" grunted Lovell.

"Waal, you 'uns had better lock up safe, and get to bed," said Pete Peters good-humouredly. "Don't you be mad about the boss not taking you; you ain't big enough yet to eat up a gang of rustlers. And I guess Spanish Kit's gang are a tough handful; they wouldn't make more than a mouthful of you 'uns. So-long!"

And the foreman mounted and rode off.

"Silly ass!" commented Lovell.

"Suppee leady!" said the soft voice of Woo Sing behind the Rookwood juniors.

"Bother supper!" grunted Lovell. Arthur Edward was exceedingly exasperated at being left behind by the outfit.

"Allee leady. Velly nicee!" murmured Woo Sing.

"Come on!" said Jimmy Silver, and the Rookwood chums went into the ranch-house.

In spite of their exasperation, they contrived to make a very good supper. After supper they walked down to the cookhouse to have a chat with Baldy before going to bed. The sun was sinking behind the Rockies, in a blaze of purple and gold. Jimmy Silver shaded his eyes with his hand and looked westward.

"They're out of sight hours ago," said Lovell.

"There's somebody!" said Jimmy.

"Peters, perhaps."

"He went towards Lone Pine. I can see a horseman, all the same. He's just sitting still on his horse and looking this way," said Jimmy.

"Blessed if I can see him!" said Lovell, staring in the same direction.

"There's a bush—"

"Just beside the bush— There! He's gone now."

Lovell smiled—the slightly superior smile that even his best chums sometimes found a little irritating.

"Only the bush," he said. "There wasn't any horseman, Jimmy."

"Fathead! I saw a Stetson hat."

"Well, I didn't," said Lovell, making that statement as if he regarded it as settling the matter beyond dispute.

Jimmy Silver restrained a strong inclination to tell his chum what he thought of him and strolled on towards the cookhouse. Baldy, with the lamps gleaming on the smooth, shiny top of his head, was washing dishes and plates. He gave the Rookwood juniors a cheery nod.

"I guess I take this kindly," said Baldy.

"Eh, what?" asked Jimmy.

"Coming in like this to help a galoot wash up."

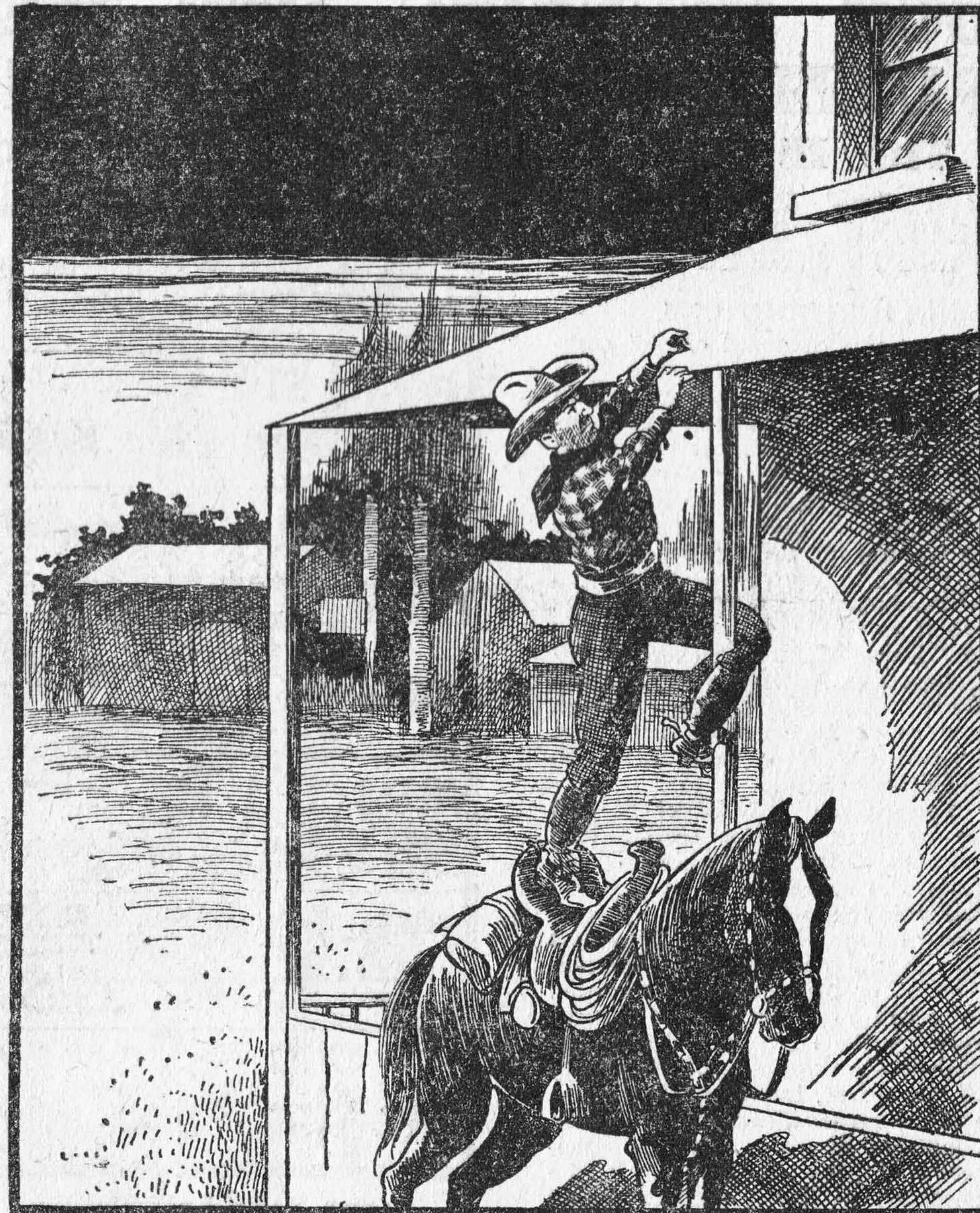
"Oh!"

"Here you are," said Baldy. "Pile in!"

Jimmy Silver laughed and piled in. The juniors had come along to chat to Baldy because there was nobody else left; but the fat cook had chosen to misunderstand. Four juniors were soon busy with washing up, and as soon as they were fairly

going Baldy sat down on a bench and filled his pipe. Baldy, the cook, sometimes got through quite a lot of work, but he never got through any if he could help it.

"I guess this is real good of you," said Baldy, as he lighted his pipe.



SEEKING AN ENTRY TO THE RANCH! Urging his horse into position close up to the veranda of the ranch-house, Cactus Bill stood up on his saddle, and, securing a firm hold on the roof, began to climb.

"The real white article, and no mistake!"

And he smoked in fat contentment.

Washing up finished, Jimmy Silver & Co. moved to the door, having had enough of Baldy's company.

"I guess if you 'uns want another job, there's a broom handy!" said Baldy.

"Guess again," said Jimmy Silver.

"Good-night, fatty."

And the juniors walked back to the ranch under the dusky sky. Baldy did not take the broom himself; he sat and smoked, and looked out of the open door of the cookhouse into the soft starlight. It was very warm in the cookhouse, and when he had finished his pipe Baldy leaned his bald head back on the wall and dozed. He did not move as there was the sound of a soft footstep, but murmured drowsily:

"Ain't you 'uns in bed yet? Time you was."

Then all of a sudden Baldy, the cook, came back to wakefulness, as a round metal rim was pressed to his fat neck. He started so violently that his bald head cracked on the lumber wall behind him, and he gave a howl of pain.

"Quiet!" said a low, menacing voice. "Put up your paws!"

And Baldy, the cook, as he blinked

at a threatening figure, revolver in hand, in the lamplight before him, promptly put up his "paws" as high towards the cookhouse roof as they would reach.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Attack on the Ranch.

"Bed!" yawned Lovell. "Locked up?" asked Raby. "Woo Sing's done that—except the front door."

Woo Sing, the chore-boy, was gone to bed already. Lovell and Raby had been playing chess, Newcome reading the last available "Holiday Annual," and Jimmy Silver was sitting on a bench in the porch, looking out at the starlit sky and thinking of home and Rookwood.

Lovell looked out at the door. "Ready for bed, Jimmy?"

"Yes."

Jimmy Silver rose, and took a last glance into the soft, starlit night before he went in. As he did so, a shadowy figure came running from the direction of the cookhouse.

For a moment Jimmy fancied it was Baldy; but almost at the same moment he noticed that the figure was too burly for Baldy's. And behind it came another, shadowy, and running.

"What—" stammered Jimmy.

He did not stay to finish the sentence, or the thought. He made a backward bound into the house,

Lovell watched these proceedings with growing amazement. It was one of Lovell's fixed beliefs that he had practically all the brains in the Rookwood party. But it had to be admitted that Lovell's brain worked rather slowly at times.

"What on earth's the game?" he asked, in amazement.

"The windows—"

"What about the windows?"

"Fathead!" hissed Jimmy Silver.

"Are they closed?"

"Yes. Woo Sing fastened the shutters before he went to bye-bye. What does it matter?"

Crash, crash, crash! came on the door.

"What are you keeping old Baldy out for, Jimmy?" asked Lovell.

Jimmy Silver did not answer that question. Raby and Newcome came out into the hall in surprise.

"What's the row?" asked Raby.

"Rustlers!" answered Jimmy Silver briefly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, don't be funny, old man!" urged Lovell. "You can't pull our leg, you know. Draw it mild."

Bang, bang! came on the door. It was a rifle-butt that was being used now.

"Rustlers here!" murmured Newcome. "Ye gods! And Mr. Smedley and all the outfit away!"

"Rot!" said Lovell. "Did you think you saw rustlers, Jimmy?"

"I saw two," said Jimmy breathlessly. "They were running across from the cookhouse, and I got the door shut only just in time. They can't be anything else—they weren't any of our crowd, and they had rifles."

Lovell grinned.

"You saw double," he suggested.

"It was Baldy, of course."

"Fathead!"

Crash, crash! came on the door.

"Does that sound like Baldy, you born idiot, Lovell?" asked Newcome.

"I dare say he wants to come in. You can't stuff me up with your rustlers, Jimmy. I'd better let Baldy in, if he wants to come," said Lovell, and he stepped towards the door.

Then he stopped as a loud, angry voice was heard from without.

"Open this door!"

Certainly that was not the voice of Baldy, the cook. The juniors all knew the voice; it was that of Spanish Kit, the rustler. They had heard that voice before.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Lovell.

Bang, bang!

"Open this door, you 'uns!" shouted another voice. "We know you're there! Let us in!"

"Go to Jericho!" was Jimmy Silver's answer.

"Do you want us to shoot, you young fool?"

"Shoot and be blown!"

"Look round at the windows, boys!" came Spanish Kit's voice again. "I know there's nobody at home excepting the tenderfeet—I watched the whole outfit ride off hours ago. The kids won't keep us long."

"So that was the man I saw!" muttered Jimmy.

There was a sound of trampling feet round the ranch-house. Blows were struck on the windows, but the defences were good. Every lower window was protected by thick shutters, which fastened and locked inside; and Woo Sing had fastened them all before going up to bed. Rifle-butts crashed on the shutters, but the stout pine held good.

"Rustlers here!" said Lovell dazedly. "My only hat! Why, they must have watched Mr. Smedley and his men clear off, you know! They reckon the coast is clear now."

"Just thought of that?" asked Raby.

"Look here—"

Jimmy Silver ran to the back of the house, to make sure that the door there was secure. He reached it as a heavy rifle-butt crashed on the outside. Woo Sing came down the staircase, with a scared look on his face, his almond eyes wide open in alarm.

"Lustlers, Mass' Jimmy!" he said.

"Looks like it, Woo Sing. They can't get in, though," said Jimmy, with more confidence than he was feeling.

"I wonder what they've done with Baldy?" said Raby.

Crash, crash, crash! Blows rained on the door of the ranch-house as the disappointed raiders gathered there again.

"They won't get that down in a hurry," muttered Jimmy Silver.

"But the upper windows! They could clamber on the veranda roof! We've got to keep them out, you chaps."

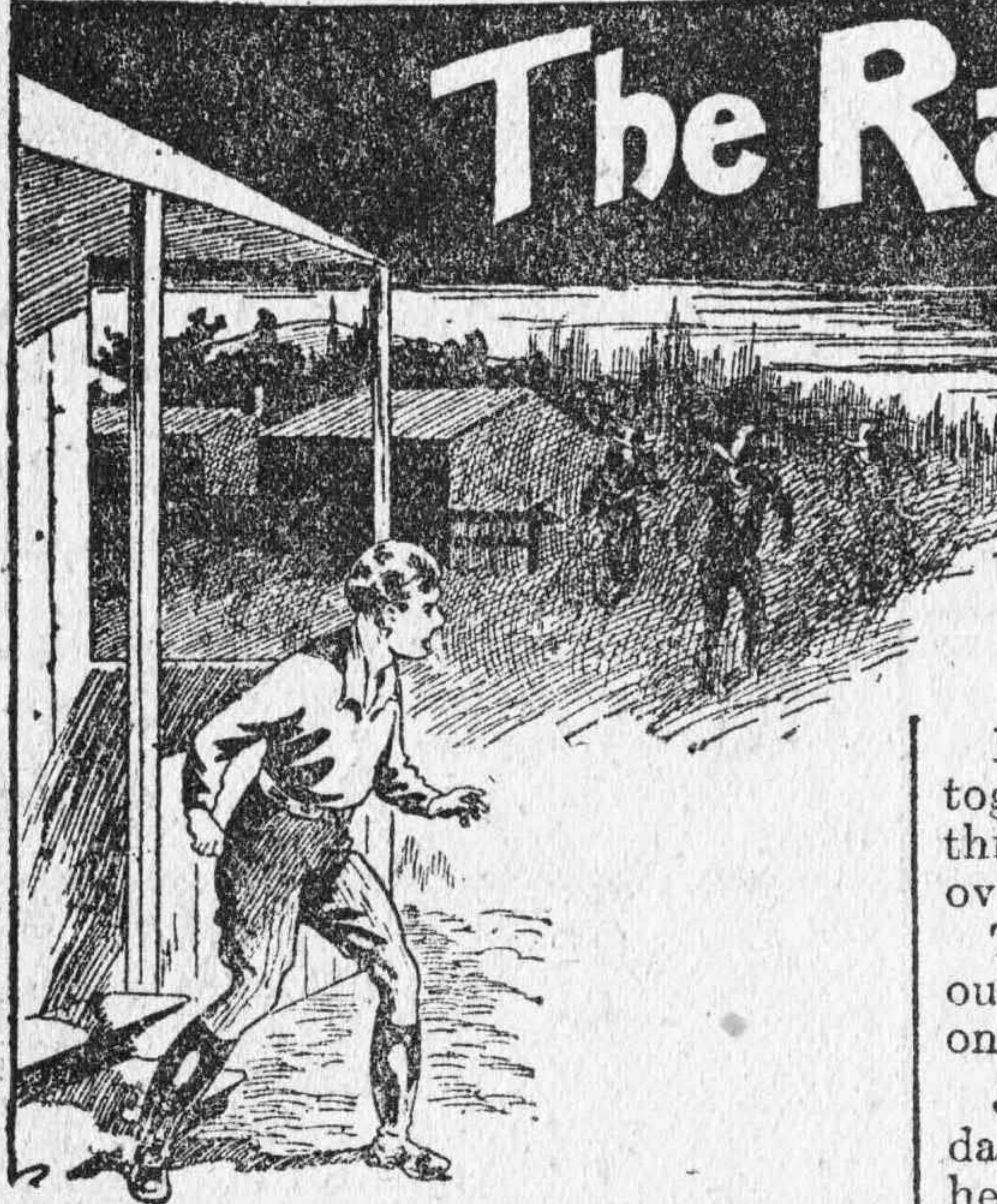
(Continued overleaf.)

There will be another thrilling story of Jimmy Silver & Co. out West entitled "Held by the Rustlers!" in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND!

The Raid On The Ranch!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from previous page.)



"You bet!" said Lovell. "We've got to get hold of something and hit out, if they tackle the windows."

"Get upstairs," said Jimmy.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome hurried to the upper rooms. Lovell had taken Woo Sing's kitchen poker; Raby and Newcome had a stick each. Jimmy ran into Mr. Smedley's room. He knew where the rancher kept a revolver locked up. It was no time to stand on ceremony, and Jimmy smashed open the drawer and took out the revolver and a box of cartridges.

He loaded the revolver hurriedly, but carefully. Then he stepped to a window.

There were three windows at the front of the upper part of the house, far out of reach of the ground but for the veranda below. By climbing on the veranda roof it was easy to reach them. In the starlight Jimmy could see that the enemy had drawn back from the porch, and were looking up. Evidently the scheme of climbing to the windows had already occurred to them. A big, burly man, whom Jimmy recognised as "Cactus Bill," once of the Coyote Creek Ranch, pushed his horse close to the veranda, and, standing up on the saddle, secured a hold and began to climb.

Jimmy Silver partly opened the window, softly and quietly. Lovell joined him, starting a little at the sight of the weapon in Jimmy's hand.

"You've got a revolver?" he muttered.

"Yes. And I shall use it if it's needed," said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"Better give it to me, old chap. I'm a better shot than you are, you know."

Jimmy Silver did not heed that remark. From the window he watched Cactus Bill. With the room dark behind him, he was invisible to the raiders below.

The burly ruffian was dragging his heavy bulk upon the veranda roof, which sloped almost up to the sills of the upper windows. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath, and called out:

"Stop!"

Cactus Bill stared round.

"I have a revolver here," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "I give you one minute to jump. After that I shall shoot!"

"I guess you don't dare!"

"You'll see—if you come on another inch!"

"Get on, Bill!" shouted Spanish Kit from below. "If he pulls the trigger we'll riddle him!"

Cactus Bill hesitated. He was a plain shot from the window. The clumsiest marksman could scarcely have missed at the range.

"I guess—" he began.

"Get on with it!" shouted half a dozen voices. "We're waiting for you to let us in."

Thus urged on Cactus Bill made another movement up the sloping roof of the veranda.

"Get back, Lovell," muttered Jimmy. "They'll shoot as soon as I do. Better keep low down."

"I'm safe enough. You look out," answered Lovell. "They're putting up their rifles."

Jimmy Silver was watching. Five or six of the raiders had lifted their rifles, aiming at the window where Jimmy Silver stood. They could not see him, but a volley would have riddled the window and torn across the room like a torrent of death.

But Jimmy did not hesitate.

He was quite determined to defend the ranch-house in his Canadian cousin's absence. He dropped on his knees, and took careful aim at the man on the veranda roof.

Crack!

The instant he had fired Jimmy ducked below the level of the window. It was only just in time.

Spanish Kit, and he rolled down the slanting roof, and crashed down in the midst of the rustlers.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Close Shave for Baldy!

Jimmy Silver's heart throbbed painfully.

He had had no choice in the matter, and he could not regret what he had done. But the cry of the Mexican as he fell rang terribly in Jimmy's ears.

"He's down!" came Raby's panting voice from the farther room.

There was a shouting among the rustlers below. The rifles poured a scattering volley at the shattered windows.

But as the firing slackened Jimmy Silver peered out in the clear starlight. He saw Spanish Kit limping. The rascal was not killed. But evidently he was hurt.

His wound was slight, but the fall from the veranda roof had hurt him. He limped painfully, and his voice was soon heard pouring out a stream of savage words in Spanish.

Crack, crack!

Jimmy Silver loosed off a couple of shots from the window, sending them close enough to startle the raiders. Pete Peters, in his place, would probably have laid a rustler dead in the grass with each bullet. But the junior

"They'll clear at dawn if they don't get in before then," said Newcome, hopefully. "They wouldn't dare to keep this up in the daylight!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

But it was long, long hours to dawn, and the gang of rustlers were not likely to allow themselves to be baffled by four schoolboys if they could help it.

There was a long silence, and Lovell offered the opinion at last that the raiders were gone.

"They're not gone!" said Jimmy quietly. "I dare say they'd like to make us think so. But they're not gone."

"I've heard a lot of horses moving," said Lovell.

"They've cleared the horses out of the corral, I think. That's what they're here for—to steal horses and cattle!" grunted Jimmy Silver. "But they won't lay hands on anything in the house so long as we can keep them out."

"No fear!"

"Hallo, here comes somebody!" said Newcome suddenly.

There was a sudden pattering of footsteps, and a shadowy figure came bolting towards the ranch-house. Two or three shots rang out.

"Shoot, Jimmy!" shouted Lovell. "Here, give me the revolver! Shoot, you ass!"

be a rush. We could never get it shut again in time. A volley and rush would settle us, with the door open. It's a trick."

"Let me in!" yelled Baldy. He hammered madly at the door. Crack! Crack! Crack!

A bullet, closer than the others, grazed Baldy's fat ear, and he let out a fearful yell.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked very uneasy. But Jimmy Silver remained as firm as iron.

It was clear to him that the raiders had let Baldy run, and were firing round him, and not at him, as a trick to get the door open—a trick that Jimmy was determined should fail.

Peering from the little window, he could catch glimpses of moving shadows, as the raiders crept nearer, to be ready for the rush if the door opened.

Jimmy Silver did not falter. It was his duty to hold the fort, if he could, till Hudson Smedley returned; and Baldy had to take his chance.

One of the creeping, shadowy figures came recklessly near, and Jimmy pushed his revolver from the window and pulled the trigger.

There was a loud yell, and the raider scuttled back.

Then there came a wild howl from Baldy, and the juniors heard a heavy fall below in the porch.

"He's got it!" muttered Lovell, white as chalk.

Jimmy's heart throbbed. There was no further sound from Baldy; no movement. The fat cook lay still in the black shadow of the porch.

Spanish Kit's voice was heard from the bunkhouse.

"You durn fools, you've plugged the cook now."

"That shows what they meant," said Jimmy. "I'm sorry for poor old Baldy. But we've got to hold the ranch."

Newcome shivered. The trick was transparent enough; but with so many bullets whizzing round the cook to frighten him one had apparently found a billet. But the juniors knew that Jimmy was right. If the door was opened the ranch was captured; and it was the duty of the garrison to hold the fort. Baldy was the only member of the Windy River outfit who would have yelled to be let in, in the circumstances. But poor Baldy was not made of stern stuff like the cowpunchers.

The voices of the raiders, muttering, came faintly through the still night. Then Spanish Kit's voice, raised in angry tones, became clearly audible to the juniors.

"We've got to get the ranch! I tell you, Boss Smedley's got thousands of dollars there—it's close on pay-day. I've got a scratch on the shoulder, and I'm going to make that kid pay for it! I tell you, we've got to get the ranch."

A growling voice answered:

"It's the rope for somebody now, now that durn cook is laid out."

"If you've got cold feet, Cactus, you can get on your hoss and ride out of the show."

"Waal, how are we getting the ranch?" growled Cactus Bill. "Chewing the rag won't do it."

Low muttering followed.

Jimmy Silver had reloaded the empty chambers of the revolver. He was prepared for a desperate rush.

He started as he felt a light touch on his elbow. He looked round and saw Woo Sing, his almond eyes glimmering in the gloom.

"Baldy, comee windee!" murmured the Chinese.

"What?"

"Fattee Baldy, tappee at backee windee. Lettee in?" asked Woo Sing.

Jimmy Silver stared at him blankly. He had been under the impression that Baldy, the cook, was lying still in the dark porch, stretched there by a chance bullet!

"Baldy?" he repeated.

"At windee. Tappee."

"Thank goodness. I suppose he was spoofing them," said Jimmy, with a deep breath of relief. "Keep watch here, you chaps, while I go down."

Jimmy followed the little Chinese down the stairs. On the shutter of the kitchen window there was a faint tapping. A voice, barely heard in its agitated whispering, reached Jimmy.

"Give a galoot a chance! Let me in."

"Him cleepee lound the house," grinned Woo Sing. "Nottee hittee—only pletend."

Jimmy hurriedly unfastened the window shutter. The raiders were all gathered at the ranch buildings

OUR STUNNING ONE - WEEK PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION—£10 IN PRIZES!

The History of the Leicestershire County Cricket Club.

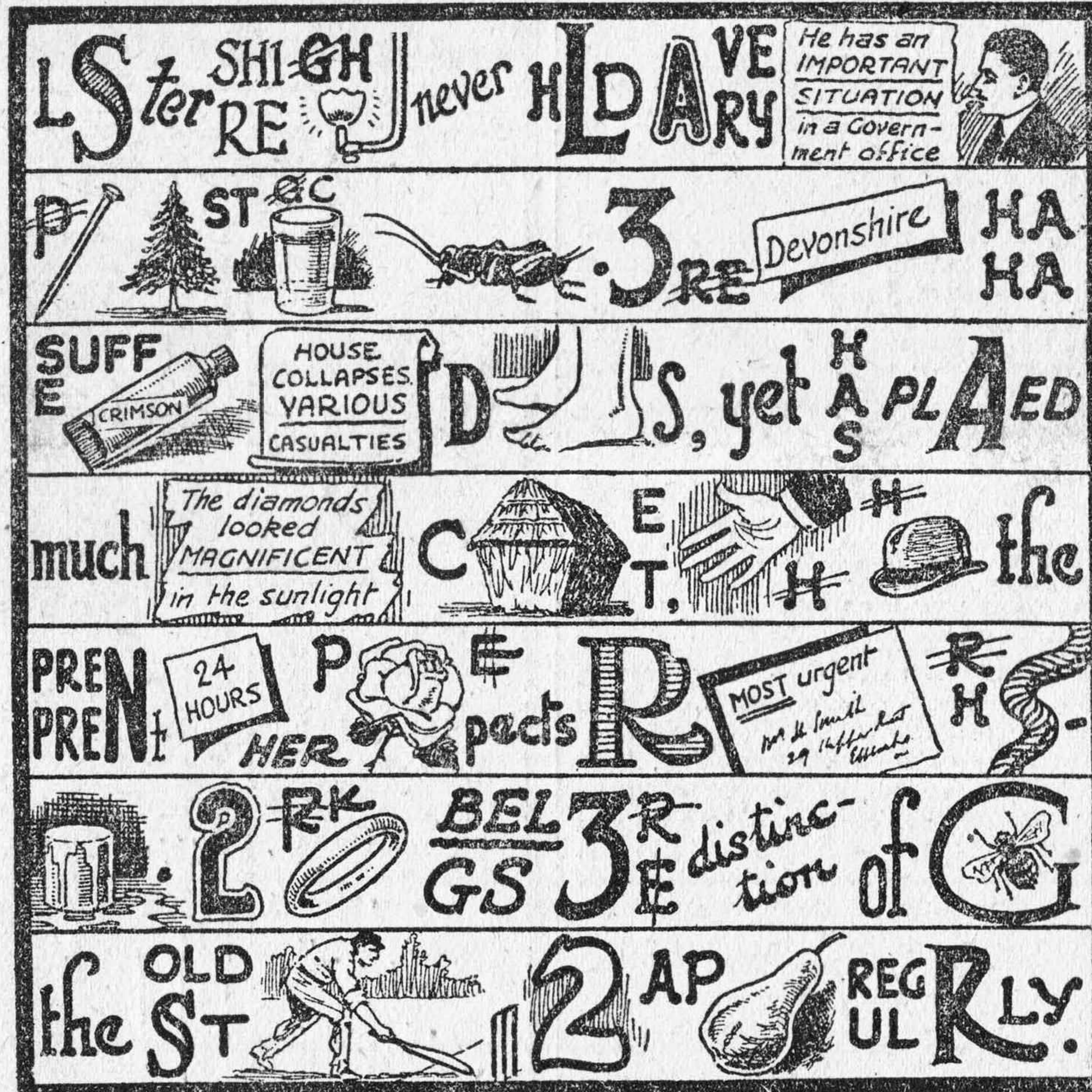
FIRST PRIZE £5.
SECOND PRIZE £2 10s.
and 10 PRIZES of 5s.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Here is a splendid cricket competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of the Leicestershire County Cricket 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 "Leicestershire Cricket Club, Competition, Boys' FRIEND Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, July 19th.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all or any of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," the "Magnet," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.



I enter "LEICESTERSHIRE CRICKET CLUB" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name.....

Address.....

B.F.

level of the shooting, and no harm was done, excepting to the windows.

"Get on with it, Bill!" shouted Spanish Kit.

"I guess—"

"You're not hurt, boob!"

"I guess it clipped my year!" howled Cactus Bill. "And I guess I've took some tumble!"

"Fool! I will do it!"

"You're welcome!" growled Cactus Bill.

Jimmy Silver heard the creak that announced that a weight was on the slanting roof outside again. He set his teeth. Every moment now a bullet tore in at the window from one of the raiders below. But Jimmy Silver had to take the risk, and he rose quietly and looked out, favoured by the darkness behind him, and keeping back from the window. The Mexican was climbing much more actively than the burly Cactus, clinging to the slanting roof like a cat. He was making for the farthest window, and his side was turned to Jimmy Silver.

A bullet sang in, missing Jimmy by a foot. He felt the wind of it as it passed. Then he fired.

There was a terrible cry from

of Rookwood was content to see the bunch of shadowy figures fall hurriedly back.

The rustlers were fully exposed where they stood to fire from the windows.

As the bullets flew close they backed away with almost ludicrous haste, Spanish Kit limping after them into the shelter of the bunkhouse and the corral fence.

"Thank goodness they're gone!" muttered Lovell. "They're not gone far, though, I fancy."

"Keep in cover!" called out Jimmy.

"You bet!"

From the rustlers, lurking out of sight now, an occasional rifle-shot rang, whizzing in at the shattered windows, or spattering on the stout timber of the walls.

But after a few minutes that ineffective fire ceased.

"What a night!" murmured Raby. The Fistical Four gathered on the landing. Here there was a little window, from which it was safer to keep watch than from the room.

"Well, we're keeping them off," said Lovell. "I haven't had a chance to use the poker yet."

"It's Baldy," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

"Oh!"

Baldy, the cook, was hammering at the door below. Round him bullets spattered on the porch. His voice came up to the juniors in a howl of terror.

"Let me in! You hear me, young Silver! Let a galoot in! They're arter me! Open the door, young Silver! Help!"

Hammer, hammer hammer!

Baldy, the cook, was almost dancing with terror as he hammered at the barred door. Every bullet that struck the timber near him brought a fresh howl from the fat cook.

Jimmy's face set hard.

"I—I say, we—we've got to let him in," muttered Lovell uneasily.

"We can't open the door."

"But—but—they're shooting—"

"If they were shooting at Baldy, he would be riddled before now," said Jimmy. "They're frightening him."

"But, I say—he's got away from them and—and—"

"Don't be an ass," said Jimmy.

"It's a trick to get the door open. If we open it for Baldy there will

in front and to the left of the ranch-house. But Jimmy kept the revolver in readiness as he opened the shutter. "Quick, Baldy!" he breathed. Baldy, the cook, did not need that injunction. Fat as he was, he slithered in at the window with the activity of a boy of ten. Jimmy jammed the shutter tight again and fastened it.

The 4th Chapter. Facing the Enemy.

Baldy, the cook, stood panting, but Jimmy heard a fat chuckle in the gloom. He hurried back to his place on the landing, and Baldy stumbled up the stairs after him. "You fat fraud," growled Lovell. "You made us believe you were shot." "I guess I made that gang believe it, too," grinned Baldy, "and I reckon I should have been drilled if I hadn't." "You weren't hit?" asked Raby. "Nary a hit," answered the cook. "Only a bit of skin off my year, and I can spare it. I reckoned I'd play possum. But you can bet that I felt awful skeered while I was creeping round the house to the back—you bet your boots on that. If they'd spotted me—"

"They weren't shooting at you," grunted Jimmy Silver. "It was only a trick to get the door open. We thought you had been hit by accident." "I guess it came near enough, accident or not," said Baldy. "They got me in the cookhouse, you know—made me put my hands up! I'd have waded in and wiped out the hull crowd, only there were a dozen of them, and I reckoned I couldn't handle more'n six."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver & Co. roared. They had not expected to have any cause for merriment during that wild night; but the fat and fatuous Baldy was rather too much for them.

The idea of Baldy, the cook, handling six of the burly raiders made them yell.

"Look hyer—" said Baldy gruffly.

"Couldn't you have managed seven?" asked Lovell, chuckling. "Or even eight? I suppose, as a matter of fact, you were too scared to move a finger till they kicked you and made you run for the house."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Even Woo Sing was grinning; and Baldy, the cook, gave it up. He was glad enough to be in the shelter of the ranch-house without damage to his fat skin. Jimmy Silver & Co. were glad enough to have him there, though he did not bring much increase of strength to the garrison. The juniors had often heard Baldy, the cook, describe deeds of "derring-do" in which he had taken a leading part, but those exploits had always occurred at a considerable distance from Windy River, and had never been witnessed by any member of the Windy River outfit. Baldy had a much more fertile imagination than was necessary to a cook.

"Isn't there a gun about for me?" asked Baldy, after a pause. "You'd better hand me that shooter, Jimmy, in case they come on."

"Get hold of a club," said Jimmy. "Better give me the shooter. I'm the only man hyer," said Baldy. "Last year, at Leaping Springs, I got into a row with a gang of half-breeds, and laid out five of them—"

"Here they come!" shouted Lovell. There was a rush outside, and Jimmy Silver promptly pulled trigger from the window and missed. Five or six burly figures reached the porch, and were out of range from the upper windows.

Crash, crash, crash!

"They've got axes!" said Raby. "Come on!" said Jimmy. "You watch from here, Lovell, in case they try the veranda roof again."

"Leave that to me!" said Lovell. Jimmy ran down the stairs followed by Raby and Newcome and Woo Sing. Baldy did not follow.

What became of Baldy just then the juniors had no time to inquire. They forgot his existence.

Crash, crash, crash! Two heavy axes were being wielded together, and the blows fell with terrible force upon the ranch-house door.

Crash, crash, crash! Stout as the door was, that fierce attack soon told upon it. Jimmy Silver & Co. stood in the darkness inside with thumping hearts. The danger was very close now.

A gleaming edge came through the door, and as it was withdrawn there was a glimmer of light from without. "That's cut through!" breathed Newcome.

Jimmy Silver waited. Crash came the axe in the same spot, and the streak of starlight was blotted out for a second. The axe was withdrawn, leaving a gash in the thick timber of the door. Jimmy Silver stepped close to it and placed the muzzle of the revolver to the narrow slit and pulled the trigger.

There was a fearful yell without. The bullet flew into the thick of the bunched figures in the porch, and it could scarcely fail to hit. Jimmy heard a fall.

"Roger's got it!" shouted Cactus Bill.

Crash, crash! came the axes again. The door trembled and shook. In two or three places the bright starlight glimmered through.

Jimmy placed the revolver again to the lowest crack and pulled trigger. Another fearful howl answered.

There was a sound of hurriedly retreating footsteps, and a heavy, dragging sound, as a wounded man dragged himself away.

The attack on the door ceased.

A burst of rifle-fire followed, and bullets spattered on the thick timber door. One of them found a slit by chance, and came whizzing through and struck on the staircase.

"You fellows stack the dining-table against the door!" whispered Jimmy Silver, and he hurried up the stairs to the landing above.

"They've gone again!" said Lovell. Raby and Newcome and Woo Sing

Hudson Smedley's revolver, in Jimmy's steady hand, had saved the ranch-house so far.

The pine trunk remained where it had fallen. The ranch-raiders kept out of sight, only an occasional bullet whizzing at the house—loosed off rather from anger than from any hope that it would damage the garrison.

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch. The night was growing old.

"Three o'clock," he said. "It's not long to daylight now, at this time of the year, Lovell. They'll chuck it at dawn, I should think."

"If we're still alive at dawn!" said Lovell. "After this, Jimmy, they'll make a clean sweep if they get in!"

"Not much doubt about that."

"Hallo! That's a flag of truce!"

Spanish Kit, with a white cloth held above his head, stepped out of the shadow of the bunkhouse and advanced towards the ranch.

The 5th Chapter. In the Shadow of Death.

"Stop!" shouted Jimmy Silver from the window.

The Mexican halted.

"If you want to talk, talk from that distance," called out Jimmy Silver. "I don't trust you, white flag or not!"

"No fear!" murmured Lovell. "I've got you covered, too!" continued Jimmy Silver. "If one of your men advances, Spanish Kit, I'll shoot you where you stand!"

"we're setting fire to the house, and you 'uns will be roasted in it. We've got a drum of kerosene in the cook-house yonder."

Jimmy Silver felt a chill.

That the desperado was desperate enough to carry out his threat he was assured. But it made no difference to his determination. Neither did he trust the rustler's words that the lives of the defenders should be spared if they surrendered. The exasperated ruffians, of whom several were severely hurt, were not likely to pay much attention to that promise—they were far more likely to shoot right and left as soon as they were within the house.

"Well, what's your answer?" called out the Mexican, as Jimmy Silver did not reply.

"We're holding the ranch!"

"Keep this in mind," said Spanish Kit savagely. "If we have to burn down the ranch, and go empty-handed, this will be the last night for you in this world. You won't get out alive!"

"We're chancing that!"

"I give you five minutes to throw the door wide open."

"I give you five seconds to get out of reach of my aim!" answered Jimmy Silver. "Better get a move on, quick!"

Spanish Kit did not neglect that warning. With a bound he was in the cover of the bunkhouse again.

Jimmy Silver stepped back from the window as firing started again.

"Jimmy!" panted Lovell. "It's all right!" Jimmy clasped his right hand in his left, his face white with pain. "The revolver was hit—Oh!"

"You're not hit?"

"No. Only the shock!" Jimmy clenched his teeth. "Pick up the revolver, Lovell! I can't use my hand for a bit; it's numbed!"

Lovell groped on the floor, and found the revolver.

"It's smashed," he said. "The cylinder's smashed!"

"Can't be helped!" muttered Jimmy, trying to speak cheerfully, though there was despair in his heart now. "I was lucky not to get that bullet in my head."

His weapon was gone; but in any case it was too late now. The rustler had reached the porch, and stacked the kerosene-soaked brushwood against the door. He threw a lighted match into it, and there was an instant rush and roar of flame.

The raider darted back—escaping unscathed now that Jimmy Silver was disarmed.

Red flames rushed and roared below, licking over the porch and the veranda. The clear starlight was blotted out by fierce illumination. Another man rushed forward with another drenched bundle, to throw on the first. There came no shot from the windows, and the rustler escaped after adding the bundle of fuel to the fire.

Almost as high as the roof the red flames soared, and the veranda caught fire, and it could not be long before door and door-jamb were burning also. The light blazed and flickered at the windows, lighting the rooms within with a ghastly, dancing glare.

"The game's up!" muttered Lovell. "Anyhow, they can't say we didn't stick it to the finish."

Raby and Newcome came up the stairs, with white faces. Woo Sing followed them, shuddering. Baldy, the cook, was not to be seen.

"This is the finish!" muttered Newcome.

"What about bolting from a back window?" asked Raby. "It might be a chance. We can't hold the ranch against that!"

As if in answer to Raby's words there came a rattle of rifles from the back of the house, and bullets spattered on the shutters and the walls. There was no need for Jimmy Silver to answer.

The disappointed rustlers, robbed of their plunder in the ranch by their own desperate action, had nothing left but revenge. Spanish Kit had strung out his men round the ranch-house, encircling it, and all escape was cut off for the defenders.

"We've done what we were bound to do," said Jimmy Silver at last. "We've got to stand the result."

"They've stopped firing!" said Lovell suddenly. "Hark! What's that?"

Above the roar of the flames there came a sound that was like thunder, but which the juniors knew to be the trample of galloping hoofs on the hard prairie.

Gallop, gallop, gallop! Then a sudden burst of wild firing.

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another, breathless. They could not speak. Was it the outfit returning? Had Hudson Smedley come back? It was impossible; they knew that could not be! And yet—

Gallop, gallop!

Wild yells from the raiders made the night hideous. Jimmy Silver sprang to the window, reckless now of flying bullets. In the glare of the flames he saw the rustlers leaping to their horses, mounting in frantic haste. Spanish Kit, with a face like a demon, threw himself on his horse and galloped frantically away into the night. Others of the gang followed, but not all were able to follow. Some of the raiders round the ranch-house were engaged in conflict; with whom, Jimmy Silver could not guess, for he knew that Hudson Smedley could not have come back. Loud yells and the cracking of revolvers made a pandemonium in the night.

"Wade in, boyees!" roared a powerful voice, and Jimmy recognised the tones of Pete Peters, the foreman of Windy River.

"It's Pete!" he shouted. "He's got help from somewhere, and come back. Hurrah!"

Pete Peters came in sight the next moment, spurring his horse towards the ranch-house. He was brandishing a revolver in his hand, and his bronzed face blazed with excitement.

But the raiders were gone—several

(Continued on page 32.)



THE RUSTLERS' REVENGE! A match was applied to the kerosene-soaked brushwood stacked against the door of the ranch-house. There was an instant rush and roar of flame and a rustler dashed forward with another drenched bundle of sticks and added it to the fire.

below dragged out the heavy pine-wood table and stacked it against the door. Jimmy Silver watched from the landing window.

In the distance he could faintly make out shadowy figures that moved, and there was a distant mutter of voices. The attack had failed, but the ranch-raiders were not finished yet.

Jimmy watched, his eyes gleaming like steel, determined that another rush should not be made without the revolver taking its toll.

The shadowy figures came nearer and clearer in the starlight. Half a dozen of the raiders were carrying a long slender pine trunk among them. Evidently it was for use as a battering-ram.

"By Jove! That looks like business," muttered Lovell. "Will the door stand that, Jimmy?"

Jimmy did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the raiders as they advanced with the pine.

As they came out clear in the starlight he took aim and fired. One of the men holding the trunk staggered and let go.

Jimmy fired again. He was not wasting a shot now. Another man yelled and let go the pine.

The heavy trunk went to the earth with a crash, and the raiders—two of them hit—scuttled back into cover like rabbits.

"That's stopped them!" said Lovell gleefully.

Jimmy Silver breathed hard. He was deeply thankful now that since coming to Windy River he had practised his shooting assiduously, and could depend upon his aim. Only

Spanish Kit stood where he was, his dark face darker with rage. He knew that the revolver at the window bore full upon him, as he stood clear in view in the starlight. But he showed no sign of fear.

"I guess I want to speak to you 'uns," he said.

"Go ahead—from that distance—and don't let your men fire, either. If there's a shot, look out!"

"We're getting the ranch," said Spanish Kit coolly. "We're having it before morning, senorito."

"I don't think!" remarked Lovell. "I'm here to give you a chance. Open the door to us, and your lives shall be spared—you shall not be harmed."

"Thank you for nothing," answered Jimmy Silver.

"If you refuse—"

"We do refuse, so you can cut that out," answered Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "You've tried to get hold of the ranch by force, and failed. Do you think you can win by wagging your chin?"

"I guess I haven't finished yet," said the rustler coolly. "We're after Hudson Smedley's dust, and other things in the ranch-house. We mean to have them. But if we don't—"

"Well, you won't!"

"If we don't," said Spanish Kit,

His face was pale now, but quite steady.

"I—I suppose the brute means that, Jimmy?" muttered Lovell.

"I think so."

"Then—"

"We've got to fight to a finish, old chap."

"I'm game!" said Lovell. Jimmy peered from the window. Shadows moved in the distance, too dim and far for a shot. The raiders were preparing to carry out the threat.

"Peters may get back," muttered Lovell. "He said he might be back before morning."

"Better if he doesn't," said Jimmy. "They would shoot him down; he couldn't do anything singlehanded against that gang."

"I—I suppose not."

A crashing volley broke out from the raiders, and bullets spattered at the windows. Jimmy Silver could guess that that heavy firing was to cover an advance; and he took the risk of peering out from a corner of the landing window. A man was running forward with a huge bundle of brushwood, and the breeze bore a scent of kerosene. Evidently the brushwood, soaked in inflammable oil, was to be lighted at the door, and the outcome of that was easy to guess.

Bullets spattered every moment at the window; but the risk had to be taken. Jimmy Silver took aim at the man with the brushwood.

Crash! The revolver spun from his hand, and clattered on the floor. Jimmy gave a sharp cry of pain.



The Raid On The Ranch!

By Owen Conquest.

(Continued from page 23.)

ness you came when you did! How did you manage it?"

"I guess I was riding home when I heard the shooting," explained Pete Peters. "I reckoned something was up, and I scouted round to see what it was. No good riding into the middle of that gang and getting drilled, that I know of."

"And then—" said Jimmy.

The foreman grinned.

"I guess I spotted Spanish Kit and his gang, and knowed that you 'uns were holding the ranch," he said. "So I cleared off, and rode to Sunset, and roused out the boys. I guess we didn't let any grass grow under our feet on the way here, nuther. I reckon we covered that distance in record time, Jimmy."

"Good for you!" said Jimmy.

"We should have been done in pretty soon if you hadn't turned up."

"I reckon you'd be gone coons, kid!" said the ranch foreman. "It was plucky of you to hold the house agin that gang! You kids are the real goods, I guess! Why, it's lucky that Boss Smedley left you behind, arter all!"

"Lucky, as it turns out!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin. "Have you bagged many of the rustlers, Pete?"

"I guess we've got six—some of them wounded. And there's two who won't ever steal a horse agin," said the foreman coolly. "But Spanish Kit has got away. I guess I'd rather have had him than all the rest of the gang. But there's a rope waiting for that greaser before long. Boss Smedley will be mad when he hears of this. You 'uns are all safe, but where's Baldy?"

"Baldy?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, remembering the existence of the fat cook. "Blessed if I know!"

"They wouldn't have hurt that fat clam, I guess! Gol-darn them if they have! He's the best cook in Alberta, though he ain't any other use!" said the foreman.

"He was in the house with us," said Raby. "I—I haven't seen him since the rustlers started attacking—"

"Then I guess he's there still and don't know we've arrived!" grinned Pete Peters. "Let's rouse him out!"

The front door was open now, and Pete strode into the ranch-house, followed by the juniors. Now that the anxiety was over, they were curious to know what had become of Baldy, the cook.

"Woo Sing, where's Baldy?"

"No savvy," answered the chore-boy. "No see Baldy."

Pete chuckled.

"Hiding somewhere and don't know it's all over! That's Baldy! Rouse him out!"

The juniors were laughing now as they hunted through the house for Baldy Bubbins.

The lower rooms were searched in vain, and Pete Peters mounted the stairs. There was no one to be seen in the bed-rooms; but Jimmy Silver, looking into Hudson Smedley's room, noticed that the bedclothes were dragged out of place so that they covered the bed to the floor all round.

He grinned, and caught hold of the blankets and dragged them up, to reveal a fat figure crouched under the bed.

There was a fearful yell from Baldy, the cook.

"Let up! I ain't here! I guess I'll do anything you want! Don't shoot! Let up, you galoots! Don't shoot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "Yank him out!" shouted the foreman.

"Oh, Jehosaphat!" gasped Baldy, as he realised that he was surrounded by friends and not by foes.

He crawled out from under the bed. Hidden there, draped round with blankets for concealment, he had seen nothing even of the fire, and remained in complete ignorance of all that had passed since he had taken cover. He blinked at Pete Peters in great relief, but with a mingling of other feelings. Baldy, the cook, realised that he had not cut an heroic figure.

"I—I guess—" he stammered.

"You pesky coyote!" growled Pete Peters. "I guess I've a mind to lay my quirt round you!"

"I—I wasn't hiding—" gasped Baldy.

"What!"

"I guess I ain't the sort to keep back when there's a fight on!" said Baldy. "I—I was jest tired, and went to sleep—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jest went to sleep and—and forgot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. Pete Peters took Baldy by the collar and propelled him down the stairs. His heavy boot helped Baldy out of the ranch-house, and Baldy went with a loud howl.

"You wade in and get breakfast for the boyees!" said Pete Peters. "Don't give us any chin-wag, Baldy! By Jehosaphat, if you wasn't the best cook in Alberta I'd take my quirt to you and wallop you all the way to Mosquito!"

Baldy, as he crawled away to the cookhouse, had real reason to be thankful that he was the best cook in Alberta!

Jimmy Silver & Co. joined the Sunset crowd at breakfast in very cheery spirits, in spite of the events of that wild night. And, quite unlike poor Baldy, they found themselves treated with considerable respect by the Sunset cowpunchers, and they realised that they were no longer looked on as "tenderfeet." They had won their spurs, as it were, by their gallant defence of Windy River Ranch.

THE END.

(Heaps of thrills in "Held by the Rustlers!"—next Monday's magnificent story of the further adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. out West. Don't miss it! Order your copy of the Boys' Friend to-day!)

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.

"HELD BY THE RUSTLERS!"

There is generally much that is good to be said for new departures. For instance, when Jimmy Silver & Co. went West in quest of big adventures, there was a chorus of general approval. It was a pioneer experiment. School yarns usually have their scenes laid at home, but in the grand new series by Owen Conquest we get all the interest attaching to the popular characters from Rookwood, and a dashing sequence of incidents in the wilds to boot. Next week's story, "Held by the Rustlers!" simply sweeps the reader on through a whirl of exciting events, which follow on after the preceding adventures of the junior leader of Rookwood. Without giving anything away, I may say that Pequod dashes into the arena again. We have heard something of Pequod le Couteau, the half-breed before. Keep an eye on the coming treat.

"UNDER FREAK RULES!"

Philip Branscombe had first-class reasons to look blank over the "Side-Step" Milligan affair. Milligan vanished into thin air, as we all know. He had urgent private reasons for making himself scarce. The chase, in which Branscombe is accompanied by "Peggy" Danvers and Arthur Gilson, turns out a long one, punctuated by some extremely curious episodes and tricky, and, as one may dub them, side-stepping details. Milligan had a long start, and he is not one of those individuals easily caught. There is snap in plenty here, and something more as well. Branscombe finds himself in the tightest corner imaginable, as you will see on Monday. The yarn will add something substantial to the reputation of Walter Edwards.

"THE WIRELESS PIRATES!"

You remember the fine story "All Ships"? It will be capped next week by the new yarn Jack Crichton has written for me. The title opens up splendid vistas of thrilling adventure, and there will be no disappointment on that score. Jim Bold, the wireless operator, makes his entry again, while the brilliant author—who is, by the way, a past-master of radio work—shows very clearly, and with magnificent realism, just a few of the possibilities of the wireless system when modern buccaneers apply it to their own particular use. This is one of the things to be watched. Read about the new peril to shipping.

"MONKEY TRICKS!"

This is a bit of good news. Peter Foy turns up on Monday with the very latest budget of humour from Danesbury School. I shall not say anything more about the new tale, except to point out that the merrily whimsical title fits the jolly theme like a glove.

OUR SERIALS.

"The Golden Buddha!" and "Don Darrel on the Turf!" continue their brilliant careers, and next Monday's instalments are of record intensity.

I must also urge you to give special attention to the follow-on of the life story of J. W. Hearne. This just shows what cricket will accomplish, and you cannot help but feel real pleasure at the whole spirit of the narrative of how a champion climbed the ladder of fame.

Of course, the Cricket Competition will figure as usual. It is a smart, a brain test as could be wished, while the money prizes are sure to come in useful this holiday time.

SOMETHING OF A MYSTERY.

It has been in the wind for weeks. A certain company of old and tried favourites are coming back. Watch this page for the latest news about this matter. All I can say for the moment is that Dick Dorrington and the Al chums of the Bombay Castle will be heard of again very shortly.

PRISONER AT THE BAR.

How do you think a man feels standing in the dock on trial for murder when he knows all the time that he is guilty? Perhaps you have often wondered what are the sensations of the guilty man. You can find out in the "Detective Magazine" by reading the article by J. A. R. Cairns, the celebrated London magistrate, entitled, "The Drama of a Murder Trial."

Mr. Cairns, writing from his long experience in dealing with criminals, gives an enthralling description of the sensations of the murderer undergoing his trial.

This issue of the "Detective Magazine" also contains nineteen splendid detective stories and articles on the romance of crime detection. Price 7d. at any newsagent or bookseller.

Your Editor.

The 6th Chapter. Where is Baldy?

Pete Peters clapped Jimmy Silver on the shoulder. The burly foreman was streaming with perspiration, blackened with smoke—burnt in two or three places, as indeed were almost all the crowd. Jimmy Silver looked, and felt, like a sweep.

"You 'uns had a pesky time, I reckon," said the foreman.

"Just a bit exciting," said Jimmy, with a sooty grin. "Thank good—"

Yours for 3^d. ONLY.

The "Big Ben" Keyless Lever Watch on THE GREATEST BARGAIN TERMS ever put before the British Public by one of LONDON'S OLDEST-ESTABLISHED MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

Free An absolutely FREE Gift of a Solid Silver English Hall-marked Double Curb Albert, with Seal attached, given FREE with every Watch.

Specification: Gents' Full-size Keyless Lever Watch, improved action: fitted patent recoil click, preventing breakage of main-spring by overwinding.

10 Years' Warranty

Sent on receipt of 3d. deposit; after approval, send 1/3 more. The balance may then be paid by 9 monthly payments of 2/- each. Cash refunded in full if dissatisfied. Send 3d. now to

J. A. DAVIS & Co.
(Dept. 87),
25 Denmark Hill,
London, S.E. 5.



1-PRICE Fine New Model Accordeon. 10 x 10 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. Piano-Finished. Metal-Bound 9-Fold Bellows. 10 Keys, Etc. Grand Organ Tone. Sent by Return Post, to approved orders, for 1/- Deposit and 1/3 Postage, and promise to send 2/- fortnightly till 15/- in all is paid 2/- Tutor Free. Cash Price, 12/6, Post Free (Elsewhere Double). Delight or Money Back FREE—Illustrated Catalogue. Big Bargains, 7d. to 77/6. Cash or 1/- Week. Accordeons, 12/6 to 42/-.—PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 9A, HASTINGS. (Est. 1889.)

ARE YOU FRIGHTENED

of meeting people, mixing in company, going to social gatherings, dances, etc? Do you lack Self-Confidence, suffer from Nervous Fears, Depression, Blushing, Timidity, or Sleeplessness? Become Self-Confident, Full of Courage, Bright and Happy by sending immediately 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

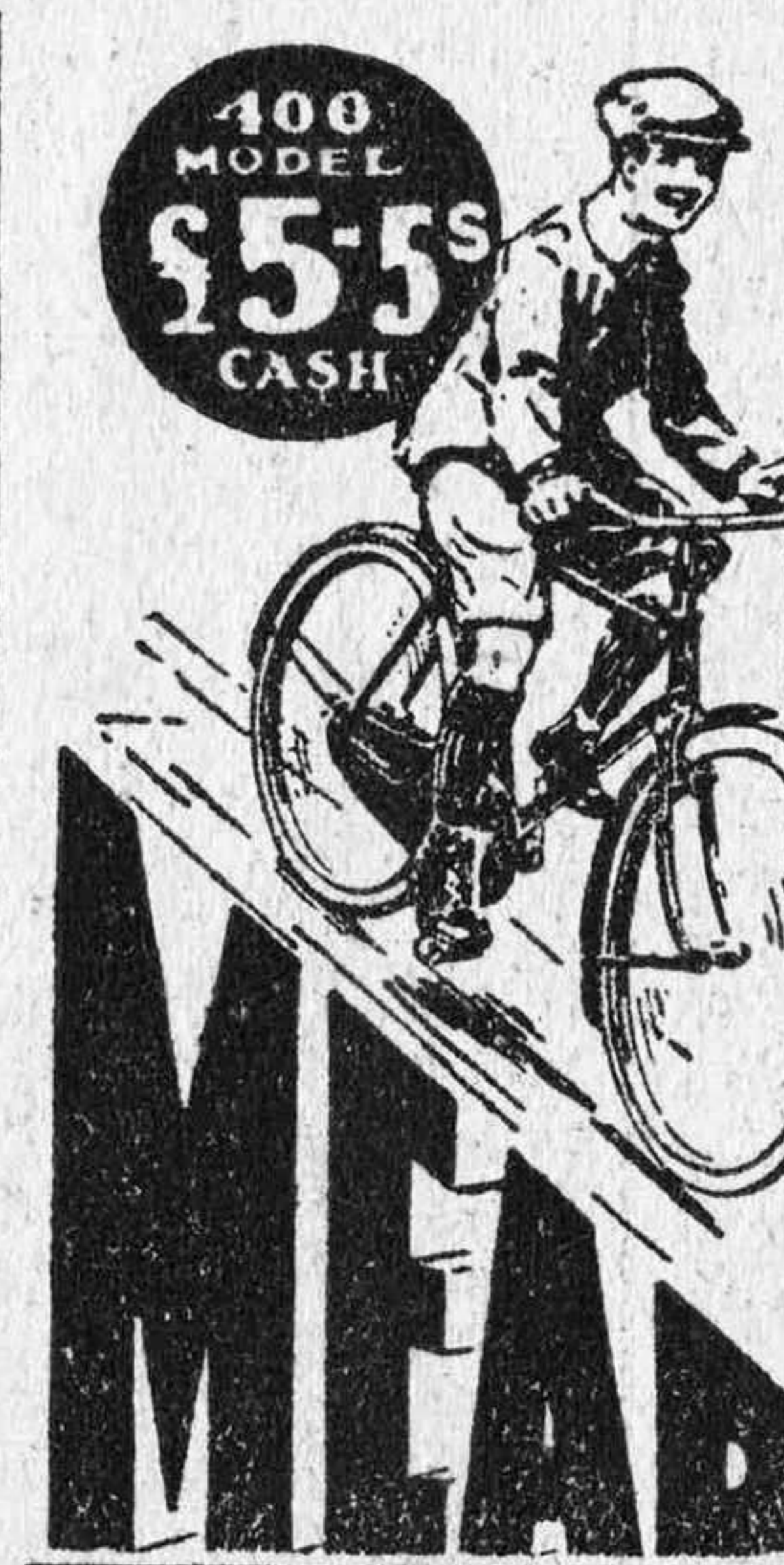
HEIGHT COUNTS

In winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.4

£2,000 Worth of Cheap Job Photographic Material, Cameras, &c. Send at once for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES. FREE—HACKETT'S WORKS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL, E.

A NEW SUIT, Raincoat, Costume, Cycles, Cut-Boots on Easy Terms from 4/- monthly. Write for Catalogue and Patterns.—MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Street, Eye

STOP STAMMERING! Cure yourself as I did. Particulars free.—FRANK B. HUGHES, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.



12⁶ a Month is all you pay for our No. 400A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled, lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Old machines exchanged. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the Factory and save pounds. Write TO DAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

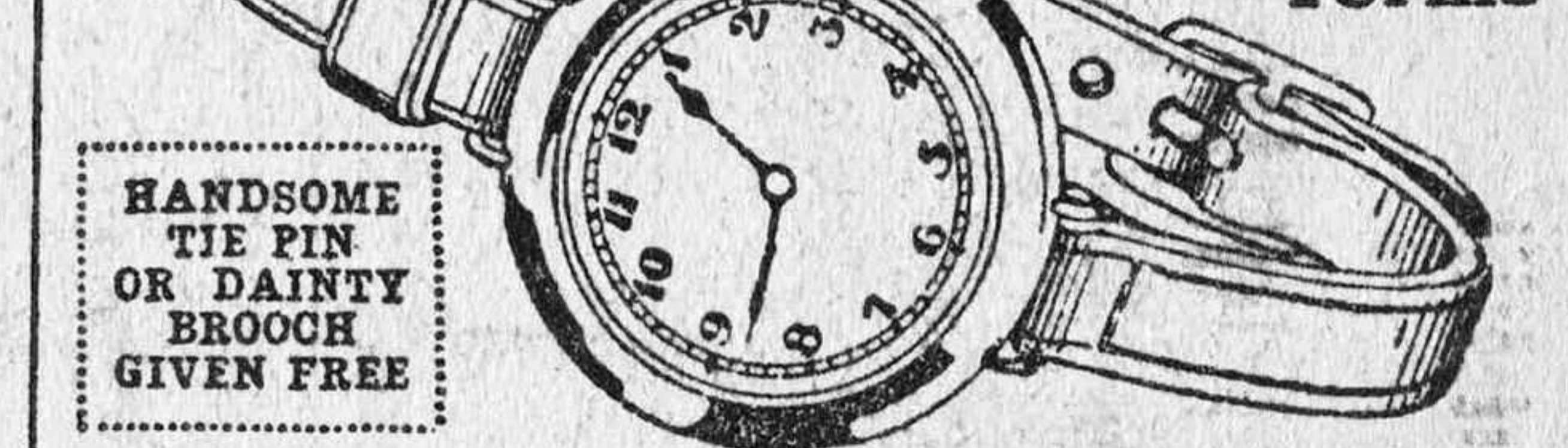
Mead Cycle Co. (Inc.) Dep. B. 635 Birmingham.

DON'T BE BULLIED Special offer. TWOILLUS. SAMPLE LESSONS from my Complete Course on JIJITSU for 4 penny stamps. Jijitsu is the best & simplest science of self defence & attack ever invented. Learn to take care of yourself under ALL circumstances and learn to protect the small and weak. SEND NOW. "YAWARA" SCHOOL (Dept. A.P.), 31, Golden Square, Regent St., W. 1.

When Answering Advertisements .. Please Mention This Paper ..

YOURS for 6^d. GENTS' or LADIES' WRIST WATCHES

offered on our unheard of Bargain Terms



HANDSOME TIE PIN OR DAINY BROOCH GIVEN FREE

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION. Gents' (Ladies' size in stock, same price) neat and handsome wrist watch. Accurately made. Highly polished, nickel silver finished case. High grade movement, carefully timed and tested. This watch is fully warranted for 10 years.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS. So sure are we that you will be satisfied that we send this splendid watch post free to BOYS' FRIEND readers upon receipt of 6d. only. AFTER receipt you send 2/- more, and the balance by instalments of 2/- per month until only 20/- is paid. Price, full cash with order, or balance within 7 days of receipt, 18/- only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send P.O. or stamps now to: SIMPSONS (BRIGHTON) LTD. (Dept. 187), 34, Queen's Road, Brighton.

BLUSHING SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY. Simple 7-day Permanent Home Cure for either sex. No Autosuggestion, drill, etc. Write at once, mention "B.F." and get full particulars quite FREE privately. U.J.D., 12, All Saints Road St. Annes-on-Sea.

50 Foreign Stamps All Genuine Varieties. Price W.A. White, 85, Dudley Rd., LYE, Stourbridge 3d.