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The **Boys' Herald** 1d

EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.



No. 229, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 7, 1907.

SIDNEY DREW'S GREATEST SUCCESS!



T. W. HOLMES.

Purple Star had fired his last cartridge, the rifle slipped from his hands, and he fell from his horse. The gallant steed picked him up and bore him away, the thunders of applause stifling the baffled howls of the pursuers. Derek Grey's presence of mind and quickness of wit had saved the situation. (A stirring incident from this week's grand chapters.)

The Cliveden Paper-chase



A STIRRING STORY,
TELLING
HOW PANKHURST
AND PRICE
WERE
"DONE" AGAIN.

The 1st Chapter.

Poindexter Proposes a Paper-chase.

Lincoln G. Poindexter suddenly smacked his thigh with a report like a pistol shot. Dick Neville and Micky Flynn, who were busily at work at the table in No. 4 study, at Cliveden, started simultaneously, and there was a spattering of blots over their foolscap sheets.

Dick Neville jumped up wrathfully. "You howling ass!" he cried. "Look what you've made me do!"

"Ye blithering lunatic!" howled Micky Flynn. "Look at my exercise! What on earth did you do that for?"

"Ha, ha—I mean, sorry!" said Poindexter.

"I'll sorry you. We—"

"I guess it's no good getting excited about it," said Poindexter, with a pacific wave of the hand. "It can't be helped. You shouldn't be so clumsy."

"Clumsy! Why you—"

"Peace, my infants. I thought of something suddenly, and—"

"No need to make us jump out of our beastly skins if you did."

Poindexter grinned.

"Sorry, kids. But I say, it's a ripping idea, you know. We're going to get up a football match in the Fourth against a team captained by Pankhurst or Price—"

"We know that."

"And we've been doing a lot of sprinting lately, to get into form—"

"That's no news."

"And it occurred to me—"

"It's occurred to me that if you make me jump like that again there'll be a dead American found in this study."

"It's occurred to me," said Poindexter, unheeding, "that a paper-chase would be about the proper caper."

"H'm!" said Dick Neville thoughtfully.

"I suppose you know what a paper-chase is—"

"Yes, I think so," said Neville sarcastically. "I fancy I have some faint idea. We have 'em pretty often at Cliveden. I've run in paper-chases before you were born—at any rate, before you came to Cliveden. We were having runs here while you were living on the family tinned beef in Chicago—"

"Oh, give the tinned beef a rest," grinned Poindexter. "Anyway, you haven't had a paper-chase since I've been at Cliveden. What do you think of it?"

"Jolly good idea," said Micky Flynn. "I sha'n't be able to run, though, after that twist I gave my ankle in the practice match yesterday. But I'll meet you coming home and kill the fatted calf for you."

"It's a good idea," said Neville with a nod. "We shall get the practice and test our form in a long run across country, and there will be plenty of fun in it, too. Pankhurst and Price will have to be in it, too."

"That's the idea—the whole of the Fourth Form; at least, all the members of the two elevens," said Poindexter. "If any of the Shell care to join the pack they can. As the heads of the Fourth Form, we shall get up the affair."

"Ha, ha! You won't get Pankhurst and Price to admit that."

"Anyway, the idea's ours, and they can come into it or stay out, as they like. I'll go along to No. 10 and propose it to them, while you write out that stuff over again. No good taking that kind of thing to the Form master."

"You horrid bounder, you ought to write it out, as you—"

"Oh, rats! I'll trot along to No. 10."

And Lincoln G. Poindexter trotted along, leaving his chums to re-write the spoiled papers. This they did good-humouredly enough, for although warm words might be used in No. 4 study the cordiality of the Cliveden Combine was never really ruffled.

Poindexter whistled cheerfully as he strode

along the passage to No. 10 study. There dwelt Pankhurst and Price, the Combine's great rivals in the Fourth Form at Cliveden. Pankhurst and Price called themselves the Old Firm, and they kept their end up with great energy against the Combine.

The door of No. 10 was open, and Poindexter gave it a kick to open it further, and strode into the study. The next moment he staggered back with a sharp exclamation. Some heavy round object had flown through the air and "biffed" upon the American boy's nose with a heavy "biff."

"Ow!" roared Poindexter. "What the—who the—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Pankhurst and Price. The two red-headed youths who constituted the Old Firm were doubled up with merriment at Poindexter's expression as he rubbed his damaged nose.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Poindexter's eyes gleamed. He left off rubbing his nose and went for Pankhurst. In a moment he had that youth's red head in chancery, and was damaging Pankhurst's nose. The head of the Old Firm wriggled and roared.

"Leggo! Price, pull the beast off! Oh! Leggo!"

Price rushed gallantly to the rescue. He grasped Poindexter by his back hair and dragged him off. The boy from Chicago turned round, and one of the famous Poindexter left-handers laid Price on the carpet.

But before he could turn to Pankhurst again, that youth had collared him and twisted him over, and he sat down quickly, and Pankhurst sat on him.

"Pointpusher, you ass—"

"I guess—"

"What do you mean by going for us like a howling lunatic?" demanded Pankhurst. "It

would serve you right if we wiped up the floor with you."

"I guess I'm not going to have things heaved at my nose," said Poindexter.

"Ha, ha! It was an accident."

"Accident be hanged! I—"

"You stopped my devil with your nose," explained Pankhurst, grinning.

"Your what?"

"My devil! We were playing diablo, and I was passing to Price."

"Oh, I see! I guess you'd better be a bit more careful with your pesky devils," said Poindexter, as he rose to his feet, Pankhurst kindly getting off his chest. "I came here to propose to you fellows—"

"Better ask mamma," said Pankhurst. "I'm so young."

"Oh, don't rot. I came to propose a paper-chase. We are getting one up for the next half-holiday, and Neville and I are going to be the hares—"

"Price and I could do the trick better."

"If you can run I guess you'll have your chance," said Poindexter. "If you can catch us we'll admit that you are up to our form—but I guess that won't happen."

"Won't it?" exclaimed Pankhurst and Price together.

"Waal, are you going to try?" asked Poindexter. "It's for Wednesday afternoon, and most of the Form will be in it."

"Oh yes, we'll run you down if you like," said Pankhurst. "Let me give you a little advice, Pointpusher. Take care of your diet if you're going to run, and don't devour any of the paternal tinned beef."

"Oh, rats!" said Poindexter, and he quitted the study, leaving Pankhurst and Price laughing.

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The 2nd Chapter.

Grahame the Prefect Looks for Trouble.

The suggestion of the paper-chase caught on, and nearly the whole of the Fourth Form at Cliveden joined willingly in it. A good many fellows of the Shell, and some of the Third, also announced their intention of joining the pack. It was settled that Dick Neville and Lincoln G. Poindexter were to be the hares. They had settled it themselves in advance, and rival claimants for the honour would probably have found a fistical encounter upon their hands.

Pankhurst and Price having agreed, there was no more to be said. And certainly Dick and



Right through the farm-yard ran Dick and Poindexter, and there was a wild clattering and scattering of ducks and geese and fowls. A burly farmer jumped into their path with a long cart-whip in his hand. "Stop, you young varmin'ts!" he shouted. "Sorry we've no time," gasped Dick; "we'll come in to tea another day, thank you!"

Lincoln G. were ideal hares. Dick Neville had always been one of the finest sprinters in the form, and Lincoln G. Poindexter, with his slim, wiry form and sound wind, his keen sight and iron determination, was about the best companion Neville could have had for the run.

It was upon a Monday that Lincoln G. had proposed the paper-chase, and after school that day he and Dick took a little run over the proposed course, to get the lay of the land well into their minds. The run was to be a ten-mile one, five miles out and five home, and the course would be a varied and somewhat difficult one. But as Poindexter said, the harder the work the greater the fun. Those who could not "stick it out," could give it up, and the fewer in at the death the more honour for the hares.

And on Tuesday there was a terrific tearing up of paper, newspapers, magazines, old exercise books, anything and everything, for the "scent."

"We shall want two big bags full of the scent," Dick Neville remarked. "It's surprising how much old paper you can use up when you tear it small. We haven't enough, and we shall have to get some more from somewhere."

"There's the pictures on the wall in No. 10," suggested Micky Flynn.

"Ha, ha! I wonder what Panky and Price would say!"

"We must scare up some from somewhere," said Poindexter. "We—hallo, Grahame! Come in, old chap. Tea's just over or we'd ask you to have a cup."

Grahame the prefect came in scowling. Grahame was the worst-tempered prefect at Cliveden, and he was down upon No. 4 study with a tremendous "down." And especially was he down upon the cool youth from Chicago, whose nerve was very irritating to the bully of the Sixth.

"You young villains!"

"Ain't he polite?" said Dick Neville. "You'd always know Grahame by his nice way of speaking. He's understudying Lord Chesterfield, you know, and—"

Grahame came nearer to the juniors. His right hand was behind him.

"Who's been scattering torn paper in the passages?" he exclaimed. "The doctor has spoken about the place being littered with torn paper, and I've got to look into it. I needn't ask who it was, though. You three, of course."

"No, it wasn't," said Poindexter. "We've been tearing up a lot of paper, but we've only been doing it in the study here."

"Don't tell lies," snapped out Grahame. "You—"

Poindexter's eyes blazed.

"I guess a chap must be a pretty mean kind of a skunk to think a fellow is telling lies," he remarked, with his usual drawl. "And I guess—"

What Poindexter guessed was never known, for, at that moment, Grahame's hand came out from behind him, and revealed the fact that there was a cane in it. The cane descended upon Poindexter's shoulders with a sounding thwack, and the boy from Chicago jumped up with a yell.

"Thwack! Thwack!"

Dick and Micky received a sharp cut each before they knew what was coming. In a moment the three juniors were on their feet, glaring at the prefect, half-minded to rush at him and down him, prefect as he was, and risk the consequences. If Grahame had struck again, there would certainly have been retaliation, but although he had intended to, their savage looks made him think better of it. He lowered the cane.

"That's a lesson for you," he exclaimed. "Mind, all that paper's got to be picked up in the corridor, or I'll report you to your Form master, and you'll get something warmer than I've given you."

And Grahame walked out of the study and slammed the door. Dick Neville rubbed his shoulder ruefully.

"That's what I call nice," he remarked. "What is home without a prefect?"

"We shall have to pick up all that paper that some silly ass has dropped about," growled Micky Flynn. "We shouldn't be listened to if a prefect reported us. I'm getting fed up with that baste, Grahame. I—"

Poindexter smacked his thigh with a ringing smack.

"Hallo, at it again!" exclaimed Neville. "What's biting you this time?"

"I've got an idea."

"You seem to be getting 'em thick an' fast," said Dick Neville. "Get it off your shirtfront, my son."

"We're in want of more paper for the scent—"

"I know that. Get on."

"And we owe Grahame a one—a very big one—suppose we kill two birds with one stone."

"Eh? I suppose you're not going to propose that we tear Grahame up to use him for scent in the paper-chase?" demanded Dick.

Poindexter grinned.

"Not exactly. But you know that Grahame is what he calls a sporting chap—that is, he makes bets with some blackguards in Clivedale on the races—which the Head would expel him for if he knew—"

"And a pity he doesn't."

"I guess so. But as I was saying, Grahame is a sporting ass, and he keeps a file of sporting papers in his study. I've seen them, because I've fagged for him, you see. He's got a lot of them: he keeps them so as to refer to them, you know, about the form of the horses he puts his money on, and they're the apple of his eye. When I fagged for him last, it occurred to me that it would be a jolly good thing if I shoved them into the fire."

"So it would, and no mistake."

"You see, he's in bad ways, and that would help to cure him. It would be a good deed, and might save him from being expelled some day."

"Quite likely. But—"

