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# The Boys' Herald 1<sup>d</sup>

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

No. 232, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 28, 1907.

## CORNISH GRIT

By HERBERT MAXWELL



Stirring Scenes from the Opening  
Chapters of Our Grand New  
Tin-Mining Serial Story.



**The Cliveden Waxworks.**

(Continued from the previous page).

too much of any man, and you know I'm not strong."

Pankhurst looked daggers at him. Poindexter hurried on.

"Kaiser Wilhelm will suit Price."

"Quite so!" said Price promptly. "Hippip for the Mailed Fist!"

"Micky Flynn can represent an Irish moonlighter."

"Faith, Puntpusher, it's jokin' ye are!"

"No, I'm not. With a beard and a shock of hair and a shillelagh, you'll look the part to the life. We shall want two more figures, and I think Simpson and Gatty will do. Simpson can make up as Nelson, and Gatty as General Bobs."

"Good idea. But about the costumes?"

"We can hire the props at the costumier's in Clivebank."

"And the paint?"

"Same place. They sell it, and they'll tell us what we want besides. We shall have to get a little practice at making up, of course."

"And when is it coming off?" asked Pankhurst.

"Oh, you'll wash it off with hot water after the exhibition!"

"Ass! I mean, when is the exhibition coming off?"

"Why couldn't you say so, then? Lemme see, the Sixth are giving their rotten dramatic show on Wednesday evening. The Head has allowed them the hall to give it in, and the charge for the admission of the public is a shilling a head. The Fifth have bespoke the hall for Thursday, to give their rotten conjuring stuff. We shall have to give our exhibition on Friday, I suppose. That will give us time to get ready. The fund closes on Saturday, so we shall be just in time."

"Good! And we'll only charge a shilling for admission, and then we shall get a lot in, and half-price to the lower Forms."

"I guess so. It's a go, then?"

"Rather!"

And the five juniors shook hands upon it solemnly.

**The 3rd Chapter.**

**Crane and Cuffy Make Inquiries, with Unpleasant Results to Themselves.**

WEDNESDAY afternoon was a half-holiday at Cliveden, and the fellows were all pretty busy that afternoon. The chums of the Fourth had their theatrical "props" to get in for the proposed waxwork exhibition. The Sixth had a last rehearsal of King John to give—only one act—and it was a full-dress rehearsal, and other fellows were admitted to see it. The Fifth had the conjuring entertainment to think about, which they were giving on the morrow.

The Vicar of Clivebank took a lively interest in all the proceedings, as was natural. It was probable that the school would be able to contribute a considerable sum towards the repairing fund, as the result of the entertainments. Nobody was to be admitted on the "nod"; every spectator would have to pay, and the whole of the takings were to go to the fund. And it was, of course, a point of honour with every Cliveden fellow to take a ticket. Then all who chose to come from the village and the surrounding parts were welcome, and Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, had inserted a notice in the local paper which had brought quite a brisk demand for tickets.

The Vicar of Clivebank, a fat, comfortable-looking old gentleman, with white hair, and a red face, came into the school that afternoon with Dr. Rayne, and stopped to look at the school notice-board.

"Ha," exclaimed the Head of Cliveden, "there is something new here!"

The vicar stroked his fat chin, and read the notices.

The most prominent was that of the Sixth

**NOW ON SALE.**

THE

**SPLENDID CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER**

OF THE

**"MARVEL,"**

Containing a

Triple-Length Tale of

**JACK, SAM, & PETE,**

By S. CLARKE HOOK.

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Form, written in Trevelyan's hand. It ran as follows:

"On Wednesday, at 8 p.m. precisely, the 4th Act of King John will be represented by the Sixth Form Dramatic Society, in the lecture hall of the College, by the kind permission of the Principal. Admission, 1s.; reserved seats for the masters, 2s.. All takings will be handed over to the Clivebank Church Restoration Fund.

(Signed), H. TREVELYAN."

The next notice was written by Crane, of the Fifth, and it was worded thusly:

"Notice!—On Thursday, at 8 p.m. precisely, will be given in the lecture hall of the College, by kind permission of the Principal, a Grand and Unique Conjuring Entertainment, followed by recitations by the Fifth Form. Admission, 1s. Come in your thousands! All proceeds to be handed over to the Clivebank Church Restoration Fund.

(Signed), H. CRANE."

Then came the notice posted up by the Fourth, in the handwriting of Lincoln G. Poindexter:

"Take Notice!—On Friday evening will be held at Cliveden, in the lecture hall, by kind permission of the Principal, an exhibition of the Famous Cliveden Waxworks, under the management of Lincoln G. Poindexter, of Chicago. These wonderful waxworks move and look like human beings, and cannot be told from the originals. Come and see! Ad-

Relations had been strained for a long time, owing to the claim of the Fifth to fag the Fourth, a claim which was so fiercely contested by the Combine and the Old Firm, that the Fifth had dropped it.

Crane and Cuffy marched off to No. 4 Study, to see Lincoln G. Poindexter about that waxwork exhibition. Crane kicked the door open, and the Fifth Formers entered.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Crane, in astonishment. He gazed at the scene before him in amazement. The study was littered with theatrical costumes. Dick Neville, before a glass, was making-up his face with grease-paint. Micky Flynn was affixing a huge, bushy moustache to his upper lip. Poindexter was dabbing a flesh tint on the countenance of Pankhurst.

"What the dickens does this mean?" exclaimed Crane.

"Get out!"

"Rats! What are you kids up to?"

"Travel!"

"Bosh! What's that rot on the notice-board about waxworks?"

"Shunt!"

"I'm not going till I—"

Poindexter jumped up.

"If we're going to have the trouble of kicking you out—"

"You couldn't kick out one half of us!"

"Come on, kids!" shouted Poindexter. "We'll teach these rotters to come poking into our study without knocking!"

Never was a call to arms more promptly obeyed. Crane and Cuffy hit out as the Fourth-

Harrison of the Fifth, outside; and there was a sound of footsteps scudding away down the passage.

"Outside with them!" said Poindexter. "I guess their friends can have them now. Will you come into a gentleman's room without knocking again, Craney?"

"I'll—I'll wring your beastly neck, you tinned-beef beast!"

"Ha, ha! Shove 'em out!"

The door was unlocked, and the two Fifth-Formers bundled into the passage. Then the door was slammed and locked again, and the chums of the Fourth, chuckling, continued their work.

**The 4th Chapter.**

**A Scene by the Sixth!**

CRANE and Cuffy staggered to their feet. Crane was as red as a beetroot, Cuffy as pale as a sheet. They looked at each other in speechless wrath.

"Come on!" yelled the voice of Harrison in the distance. And there was a rush of feet, and a crowd of Fifth-Formers came pouring up the passage towards No. 4 Study. "Come on! Those young rascals have got— Great Scott!"

Harrison stopped in amazement as he caught sight of Crane and Cuffy.

"My only hat! What have you done to your faces?" he gasped.

The Fifth-Formers stared, and an irresistible roar of laughter rang through the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Crane gritted his teeth.

"You cackling idiots—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sight of the beetroot-coloured face working as Crane talked was excruciatingly comical. The Fifth-Formers roared with laughter.

"You silly asses!" roared Cuffy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, come along!" growled Crane. "Let's get this off. Cackle away, you silly duffers, till you get a crick in the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chiefs of the Fifth stalked away in wrath.

A little fat gentleman was coming up the stairs, and he stopped and held up his hands in amazed alarm.

"Mon blue! Vat is zat? Mon ceil!"

Crane and Cuffy did not deign to reply. They stalked on, leaving Monsieur Friquet staring after them with his eyes almost starting from his head.

Crane was making a beeline for the nearest lavatory to get cleaned, but it unfortunately happened that the vicar and Dr. Rayne had just looked in at Trevelyan's study to see how matters were going on, and, coming away, they met the two Fifth-Formers face to face.

The vicar adjusted his glasses and stared.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "How excessively peculiar! Surely those cannot be the natural complexions of those lads, doctor?"

The doctor's brows contracted.

"What does this masquerade mean?" he demanded sternly. "Who are you? I cannot recognise you."

"If you please, sir, I'm Crane—"

"And I'm Cuffy—"

"Of the Fifth. We—"

"We have been—"

"Painted—or—"

"We are sorry—"

"I should think you were. What does this mean?" thundered the doctor.

Crane and Cuffy looked helplessly at one another. Of course, it was impossible to "peach" on the juniors.

But a light dawned upon the vicar's mind.

"Ah, I understand!" he exclaimed, rubbing his fat hands comprehensively. "These youths have been making up for the representation! Ha, ha!"

"I did not know that—"

"It's—it's something to do with the entertainment, you see, sir," said Crane eagerly.

That was strictly true; it was entirely owing to the properties for the entertainment being in No. 4 Study that the chums of the Fifth had been made up so artistically. "We—we've just been made-up like this—"

"You must not go about the passages with make-up on your faces," said Dr. Rayne sternly. "Don't let this happen again!"

The two old gentlemen walked on, and Crane and Cuffy gasped with relief.

"Thought that was going to be serious," gasped Crane. "We're well out of it. Let's get this horrible stuff cleaned off, for mercy's sake!"

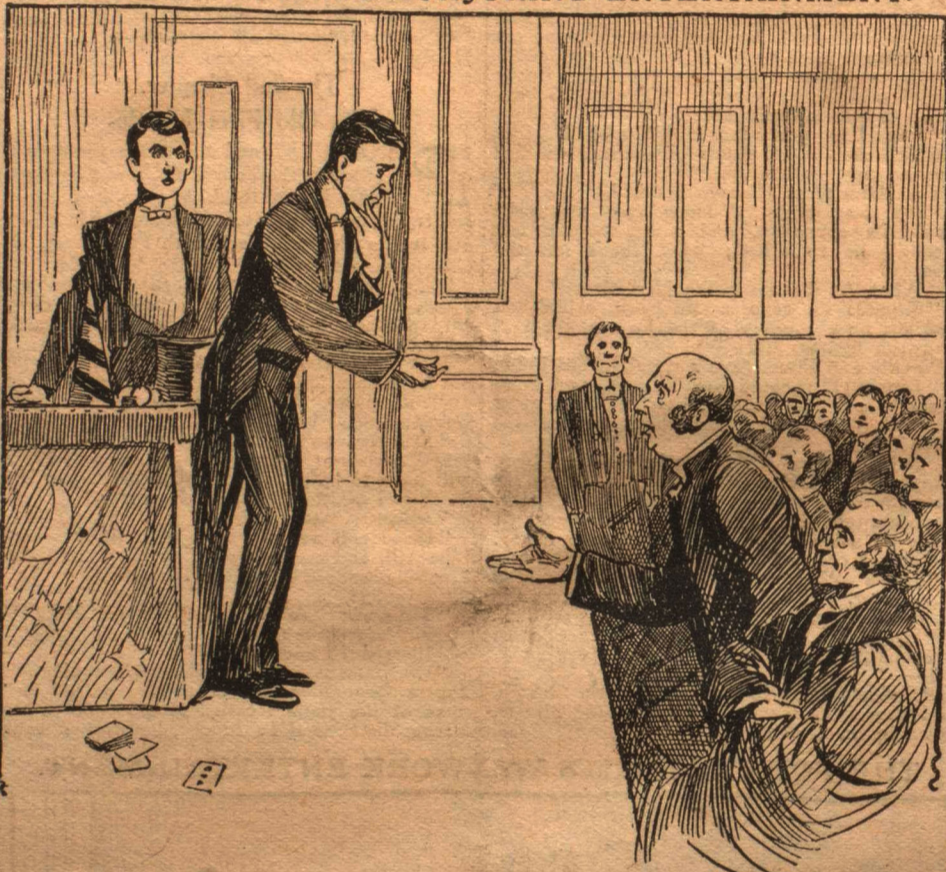
And they lost no time about it. When they had resumed their normal appearance, they repaired with a chosen party of the Fifth to No. 4 Study. There they attacked the door vigorously, but it was locked and bolted on the inside, and defied all their efforts. They did not desist till Graham the prefect came up from below, and then they fled for their lives, and No. 4 Study was left in peace.

Taking no notice of the hammering at the door, the chums of the Fourth worked on. They were trying their hands with the costumes and paint, and really their efforts were very successful. Neville made an excellent Napoleon, and Pankhurst left little to be desired as Julius Caesar. Micky Flynn looked the moonlighter to the life, and as for Price, any loyal German would have recognised him at once as the Kaiser.

"Jolly good!" said Poindexter, at last. "I think it will be a ripping success. Now get all that stuff off and let's have tea."

In the absorbing interest of their occupation

**THE FIFTH FORM'S CONJURING ENTERTAINMENT.**



Crane smashed up the Vicar's watch and turned almost cold when he discovered what he had done. "And now, gentlemen, Mr. Crane will restore the watch to its owner," piped Cuffy. The Vicar rose, but as he caught sight of Crane's expression the smile died away. He put the broken watch back in his pocket. "Wonderful!" he said sarcastically.

mission, 1s., and 6d. to boys of Forms lower than the Fourth. Come in your millions. Elevating and entertaining, instructive and amusing. Any boy can safely bring his parents to this exhibition.

(Signed), LINCOLN G. POINDEXTER."

"Dear me!" said the vicar. "The boys are really taking the matter up in a good spirit. I feel very grateful, Dr. Rayne."

The doctor nodded.

"I really don't know about these waxworks," he remarked. "I have given the Fourth Form permission to use the hall on Friday evening, but I did not know the kind of entertainment they proposed to give. I would not willingly damp their enthusiasm in so good a cause—"

"Quite right, quite right!"

"But, really, I do not see where they can have obtained waxworks."

"Perhaps they have hired some," said the vicar. "In any case, let them have their way, my dear doctor. It can do no harm."

And the Head of Cliveden assented.

The two old gentlemen walked on, and a few minutes later Crane and Cuffy of the Fifth came by, and stopped to read the Fourth Form notice.

"What rot!" exclaimed Crane. "Do you see that, Cuffy? Waxworks! It's a hoax, of course!"

"Must be," said Cuffy.

"Where could they get waxworks from?"

"They couldn't get 'em from anywhere."

"It's a hoax!"

"A rank swindle!"

"Anyway, we'll go and see them," said Crane. "There's no telling what those young rascals may be getting up to any time. They'd like to take the shine out of our conjuring business if they could."

The feeling between the Fifth and the Fourth at Cliveden was not of the best,

Formers rushed upon them, but five to two were long odds. In a twinkling Crane and Cuffy were on the floor, and pinned there by the victorious juniors.

"Rescue, Fifth!" bawled Crane.

Poindexter slammed the door and turned the key in the lock.

"No rescue this time," he remarked. "Hold them tight, kids! They've come poking into our dressing-room, and they can take the consequences. What kind of a complexion do you prefer, Crane?"

"If you dare to put that stuff on my face—"

"Here you are," said Poindexter, dabbing rouge on the furious countenance of the Fifth-Former. "Hold the brute, chaps! He's wriggling like an eel!"

Crane wriggled like an eel, and fought like a tiger, but it was no good. The red was dabbed all over his face till he was glowing from his forehead to his chin.

"Good," said Poindexter, surveying him with much satisfaction—"good, very good! You would pass very well for Flourishing Tomahawk, the great red chief of the Pinkfoot Indians. Now for the other rotter!"

"Lemme alone!" roared Cuffy. "I'm not going to— Gr-r-r-r!"

He did "g-r-r-r-r" as Poindexter stuck the grease-paint into his open mouth, and thus effectually silenced his remonstrances. His face was done up in white, and the effect was simply ghastly. The juniors yelled with laughter.

There was a loud thumping on the door.

"Are you in here, Craney?"

"Yes. Help!"

"Open the door, you young scoundrels!"

"Rats!"

"But it in!" yelled Crane.

"Wait a tick, Crane, I'll get help!" shouted



the chums had forgotten teatime, and they suddenly made the discovery that they were ravenously hungry. Poindexter made the tea and laid the table while the others removed the rig-out.

"I say, Poin, do you think Crane and Cuffy tumbled to the wheeze?" said Neville, as he started on the sardines.

Poindexter shook his head. "I think not. They thought we were just making up, that's all. The idea of palming off live fellows as waxworks is rather deep, you know."

"A lot of the fellows will tumble when the exhibition comes off."

"Very likely; but they'll keep mum, and the outsiders won't know any better. There will be a lot in from the village, and the farms round about. I'm putting a notice in the local paper, you know, which comes out to-morrow. We shall have a crowd, and if any of our fellows tumble, they'll keep it dark."

"I say," remarked Pankhurst, rather nervously, "I hope the kids won't stick pins into me to see if I'm real."

"Ha, ha! I'll make them keep their distance."

"Mind you do! A sudden howl from one of us, for instance, would give the show away."

"Oh, I'd pass it off as ventriloquism!" grinned Poindexter. "Buck up with your tea, or we shall be late for the Sixth Form Piffle Society's dramatic representation. Luckily, we're excused prep for to-night."

The chums of the Fourth came into the hall in pretty good time for the theatricals. The school lecture-hall was pretty well filled. The dais at the end was used as a stage, and part of it partitioned off with scenes. There had been some difficulty with the curtain, but it had been arranged, and the boys, as they poured into the hall, had a view of a more or less artistic picture of Naiads bathing in a sylvan stream.

The masters were not there yet, the seats being reserved; but the unreserved seats were filling fast. The five found places, and as eight o'clock struck, the masters came in, then the curtain went up.

At all events, it started to go up, but it went up at only one side, the other remaining down, so that the audience had only a partial view of the stage.

"My hat!" murmured Pankhurst. "Something gone wrong with the works!"

Desperate efforts were made to drag the rest of the curtain up. It was done at last, only the corner hanging down in a rumpled condition.

The scene shown was that of Prince Arthur's prison, in the 4th Act of King John. Trevelyan, as Hubert de Burgh, and Courtland, as Prince Arthur, looked very well; but the murderers were easily recognised as Hammond and Higgs, of the Sixth.

It is not our intention to give a description of the Sixth Form dramatic performance. It must have been good, because all the Sixth in the front seats clapped and cheered most heartily, and Dr. Rayne and the vicar applauded.

But for those circumstances, some of the audience might have thought that it was bad. The Combine and the Old Firm applauded, too, but, as Poindexter remarked, they were not applauding the acting.

"These chaps don't know how to do things," Poindexter remarked. "But we ought to encourage them, and they'll make greater efforts in the future. They don't do things in our style, of course. But we ought to encourage the Sixth."

"Good!" grinned Pankhurst. "I'd like them to hear you say so! But it's quite true. Let's applaud for all we're worth. But, I say, did you ever see anything in all your natural so absolutely rotten?"

"No, I don't think I ever did." "It beats Chicago tinned beef for sheer rot." "Trevelyan's good," said Neville. "The rest are silly cuckoos. Let's cheer the asses!"

The Fourth-Formers cheered the asses for the good of the cause. The scene finally ended amid a scene of enthusiasm. The vicar clapped because the fund was being raised for his church. The masters clapped because the cause was a noble one. The Sixth clapped because the actors belonged to the Sixth. The Lower Form boys clapped because the Sixth clapped. And the outsiders clapped because everybody else did, and they thought the vicar must surely know whether the performance ought to be clapped or not. Consequently, there never was such a clapping heard before within the walls of Cliveden, and the blushing actors came many times before the curtain to receive their calls.

"Awful piffle," said Poindexter, as the chums went out of the hall with the crowd. "I guess our waxworks will give that stuff the giddy knock."

### The 5th Chapter.

#### The Fifth Form Entertainment.

THE next day the Sixth Form Dramatic Society carried their heads very high. The scene from King John had been done to unbounded applause, and the Sixth were not likely to inquire too closely into the reasons for that applause.

They went about, as Poindexter remarked, looking as if they were a Seventh or Eighth Form instead of a common or garden Sixth. The chums sniffed at their cheek, and the Fifth Form joined heartily in the sniffing.

Crane and Cuffy seldom agreed with the chums of the Fourth in anything, but they did

agree that the airs the Sixth put on over that dramatic performance were simply idiotic.

"It's brought in the ducats," Poindexter remarked. "I hear that the fund has got in about five pounds over that piffle last night."

"Possibly," said Neville. "All the same, it was rot."

"Rot!" chimed in Crane, who was standing near, forgetting his enmity towards No. 4 Study in his excitement on the subject. "Rot! I should say so! We cheered, of course, to help the poor rotters out. But wait till we give our entertainment this evening, and we'll show Cliveden what an entertainment is."

"Wait till you see our waxworks."

"Your waxworks! Rubbish!"

"They'll beat your rotten conjuring."

"You haven't got any waxworks, and if you had, they wouldn't come anything near our show," said Crane warmly. "You're talking out of the back of your head."

"Rats! We'll come to-night, just to encourage you."

"If you're looking for a thick ear, Neville—"

"If you're looking for another coat of paint, Craney—"

Crane looked round, and saw that the odds were against him, so he swallowed his wrath and strode away. Poindexter chuckled.

"I guess his show will be awful rot," he remarked. "It remains for the Fourth Form to show what the school can do in the entertaining line. Let 'em wait."

Prompt to time that evening the chums of the Fourth were in the hall for the Fifth Form show.

There was no curtain to worry the performers this evening, the stage being open to the view. Crane and Cuffy, in evening-dress, were there to give their conjuring tricks, and the hall was very full. All Cliveden had come, and many from Clivebank and the countryside. The vicar was there, of course, and he had brought his wife and daughter. The per-

formance died away. He held out his hand. Crane, turning quite pale, placed the smashed watch in it. The vicar's face was a study.

"This—this—is my watch!" he murmured.

"Ye-e-e-es, sir," said Crane. "Something went wrong. I—I think I—"

The vicar's feelings when he saw the wreck of the family timepiece may be imagined. But he proved himself an old sport, as Crane said afterwards. He put the broken watch quickly in his pocket, and worked up a smile.

"Wonderful!" he said.

The audience did not see the broken watch, or detect the sarcastic inflection in the vicar's voice. Only a few near the vicar knew the truth. Crane's ears were burning as he listened to the applause and clapping.

Fortunately the entertainment improved as the conjurers regained their nerve. It ended amid cheers, and then the recitations began. The conjuring, the chums of the Fourth had decided, was rot. They came to the conclusion that the recitations were the same, only more so.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," recited by a fellow who forgot half the words, and "Kissing Cup's Race," by a Fifth-Former, who forgot three-quarters of it, did not have an exhilarating effect upon the audience.

They began to melt away. When Harrison gave "Casabianca," the hall was half empty. When he finished it, only a dozen people remained.

Then Crane came on to give "The Women of Mumbles' Head," and the doctor and the vicar retreated quietly. Crane finished, and awoke to the fact that only the Combine and the Old Firm remained in the hall.

"Go on!" said Pankhurst encouragingly.

"We're going to stick it out to the end, if it kills us!"

"Keep it going," said Poindexter. "They've all gone but us, but we're game."

It was Cuff's turn next, with "The Heroic

youngsters did very well. Poindexter promised to keep the audience as far away from them as he could, but it was certain that most of the spectators would want to see the waxworks close at hand.

"You must simply stick it out," said Poindexter. "Do your best, that's all. Mind you don't forget what my signals mean when I make them. You look ripping in that giddy toga, Panky—you do, really!"

Pankhurst drew up his draped figure. He rather fancied himself as Julius Caesar.

"And you're all right as Nap," said Poindexter, turning to Neville. "Remember about the fist in the coat. Don't sneeze if you can help it."

"Right you are."

"You'll have to put on cloaks to get down to the hall without being spotted," said the American chum. "We'll get into the hall by the entrance at the upper end, from the passage, so we're not likely to be spotted. It's getting near the time."

Young Trimble tapped at the door, and came in.

"Ready, Poindexter?"

"Yes. Have you got the rattle?"

"Here you are," said Trimble, producing it. "I know what I've got to do. I say, you've made up their faces wonderfully. Anybody would think they were wax."

Trimble spoke truly. The make-up and the costumes were equally good, and Poindexter was pardonably proud of his work.

"Are they going into the hall, Trimble?" asked the American chum.

Trimble grinned.

"Rather! They're going in in crowds. There are a lot of people from Clivebank, and some from the town. All the school will be there, too."

"Good! We'll give them a good show."

"Most of the fellows don't believe there are any waxworks," said Trimble. "Of course, I've kept mum. They'll soon see for themselves."

Trimble was right there. Scepticism as to the reality of the waxworks was very rife in the school. Some of the fellows even declared that the whole thing was a gigantic hoax of No. 4 Study, but others pointed to the fact that Poindexter had certainly obtained the Head's permission to use the lecture-hall, and that the notice could hardly have been put upon the board if the Fourth-Formers intended nothing to come of it.

There was a great deal of curiosity on the subject, and quite a scramble for seats. The hall was filled by a quarter to eight, and fellows were still dropping in. A good many people had to stand. It was pretty clear that, from the financial point of view at least, the waxwork exhibition would be a success.

The audience watched the clock. The curtain was down upon the stage. Poindexter was too businesslike to keep his audience waiting a minute after the appointed time.

Promptly as the school clock rang out the hour of eight the curtain went up. The curtain worked well this time. It went up without a hitch, and the scene prepared by the chums of the Fourth was disclosed.

There was a murmur of admiration in the hall. The scene was really a striking one. Poindexter, in evening-dress, with a gorgeous waistcoat, and a rose in his button-hole, stood as cool as a cucumber. The boy from Chicago had never been known to lose his nerve, and he was "all there" now.

Young Trimble stood at the back of the stage, looking rather self-conscious. Set out in a row facing the audience were the waxworks.

"Good!" exclaimed a score of voices.

They were really good. There was Napoleon, in coat and cocked hat, his arms folded, his features bearing a striking resemblance to the portraits of the great Corsican. There was Julius Caesar, in toga complete, with severe features and a wreathed brow, looking as natural as life. There were Nelson and Lord Roberts, Kaiser William of Germany, and an Irish moonlighter. Six waxwork figures, all of the best.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lincoln G. Poindexter, advancing to the front of the stage, "you here behold the famous Cliveden waxworks, the pride and glory of this ancient college, which have performed—I mean, been exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe and America—"

"How many crowned heads in America?" sang out Crane's voice from the body of the hall.

Poindexter ignored the frivolous question.

"They are now exhibited, positively for this night only, for the benefit of the fund with whose object you are all acquainted," said Poindexter.

"Hear, hear!"

"You will understand," went on the showman, "that these are not common or garden waxworks. When wound up they move like real human beings, and by the aid of my wonderful gift of ventriloquism—ahem!—I can make them speak in voices that sound perfectly natural."

"Bravo!"

"Rats!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Bunkum!"

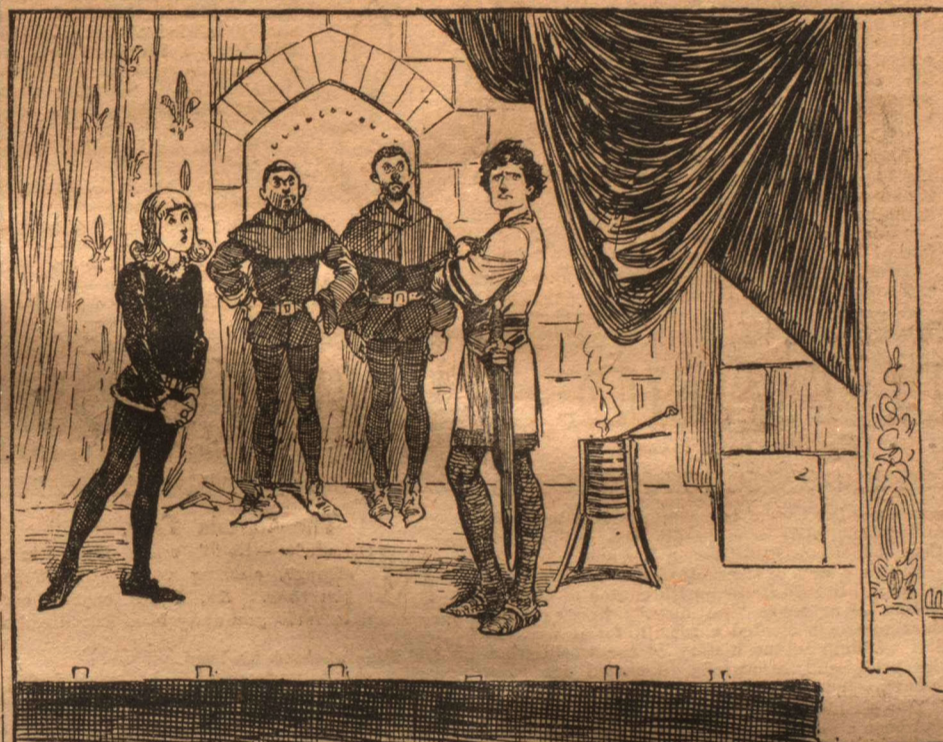
"I shall be pleased to put it to the proof for the satisfaction of the audience," said Poindexter. "Any gentleman who doubts the reality of the exhibition has only to get up on his hind legs, and look, I guess."

A fat, country lad rose from his seat.

"May Oi come on and look at them close, measter?" he inquired.

Poindexter frowned.

### THE SIXTH FORM'S DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.



The curtain went up at last, only one corner hanging down in a rumpled condition. The scene shown was that of Prince Arthur's prison in the fourth act of "King John." Trevelyan, as Rupert de Burgh, and Courtland, as Prince Arthur, looked very well, but the murderers were easily recognised as Hammond and Higgs of the Sixth.

formers had nothing to complain of in their audience, a numerous one, and quite ready to applaud whatever was done on the stage, good, bad, or indifferent.

But the conjurers were nervous. Crane asked for a watch to perform the ancient trick of smashing it up, and then restoring it intact to the owner.

The vicar, with an expansive smile, handed up an enormous silver watch. It was a watch which, to judge from its bulk and appearance, had been in the vicar's family for years, if not for generations. Crane took it with a bow, and the trick proceeded.

Something went wrong. Afterwards, Crane could not quite explain how it was. He blamed Cuffy. But as Cuffy blamed Crane as much as Crane blamed Cuffy, it was impossible to tell which was in fault. But certainly something went wrong, for Crane did not smash up a bogus watch and then restore the vicar's timepiece with the usual flourish. He smashed up the vicar's watch, and turned almost cold when he discovered what he had done. He went on smashing mechanically, wondering what on earth he should do, and the audience clapped. He had so evidently broken up the vicar's watch, that even the chums of the Fourth were impressed.

"Well, that's cute of Craney," said Poindexter. "I guess he would have taken me in. I'd swear that was the real watch he was smashing."

"And now, gentlemen, Mr. Crane will restore the watch to its owner," piped Cuffy.

The vicar rose with a smile still on his face. But as he caught sight of Crane's expression,

Fireman." The comrades stood it out manfully, and waited for the next. Bingham was the next on the programme, with "King Robert of Sicily." The chums of the Fourth waited, but he did not appear. They shouted for him, but he did not come.

"My hat!" said Pankhurst. "They're gone."

The Fifth were indeed gone. When even their own Form-fellows could not stand it, they felt it would not do to go on. The rest of the recitations remained unrecited, and the chums of the Fourth marched out of the hall.

"Waal," said Poindexter, "I guess we shall knock that show, kids."

And the others "guessed" the same.

### The 6th Chapter.

#### The Waxworks.

THE following day was a busy one for the chums of the Fourth. The waxworks were to appear at eight in the evening, and most of the work fell upon Poindexter, as manager and master of the ceremonies. Simpson and Gatty had to be driven to constant rehearsals of their parts in the intervals between school work, and, of course, the hardest part was to make them stand still in the style of living pictures.

All the juniors found that hard. One would shift, or twist, or sniff, or sneeze every few moments. They were almost the despair of Poindexter, but he stuck to it.

And, indeed, after some practice, the



"I am afraid you will obstruct the view of the audience—"

"No, he won't!" said Crane and Cuffy, who sat just behind the country youth. "Let him come on! Why shouldn't he? Go on, kid!"

"Certainly, if you like."

Poindexter had to consent. The country youth advanced upon the dais, looking very red, but quite resolved to examine the waxworks closely, and satisfy himself.

He looked at Napoleon. Napoleon kept an absolutely unmoved face, staring straight before him at the audience, and the country youth was satisfied.

He passed on to Julius Caesar, and thought he detected a slight twitch of the Roman's eyelid. His hand went closer to the waxwork, with a pin in it. The next moment there was a terrific yell that nearly made the countryman jump out of his boots.

He stared at the figure. Pankhurst had recovered his coolness in a second, and he was still staring straight before him, his hand half raised as if to address the Senate.

"Who, he be—"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Poindexter blandly, "you see there the wonderful ventriloquism of which I told you. I ask you candidly whether that howl did not sound as if it proceeded from the throat of the waxwork figure?"

"It did indeed!" said Dr. Rayne, smiling.

"Wonderful!" gasped the vicar. "This is indeed marvellous. Such skill in the difficult art of ventriloquism is exceedingly rare in a lad so very young."

The doctor smiled, but did not reply.

"Bravo!" shouted the audience.

"But, measter," began the country youth, gaping at Poindexter—"but—"

Poindexter hustled him off.

"You are interrupting the proceedings!" he said severely. "You've satisfied yourself, and now sit down, and don't obstruct the view."

And the country youth subsided.

"They be real flesh and blood, feyther, I believe!" he confided to an old farmer sitting next to him.

The farmer sniffed the sniff of superior knowledge.

"Thee beest a vool, Garge!" he replied.

"Did thee ever see a humming being with such a face as that? It's very good, for a waxwork, but it's nothin' like a real humming face, my boy."

Julius Caesar heard the remark, and he looked daggers at his frank critic.

The farmer gasped as he saw it.

"The thing's bewitched!" he muttered.

"I'll swear I saw it's face move!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Crane and Cuffy.

"Good old waxworks! There's a lot of hanky-panky about them, I fancy."

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

"You've said that before."

"The exhibition of the wonderful mechanical waxworks will now proceed—"

"Let her rip!"

"Boy!" Trimble did not move. "Boy! Wind the waxworks!"

"Are you talking to me, Poindexter?"

"Yes. Wind the waxworks."

"What do you mean by calling me boy? I'm in the same form as you are, and—"

"Wind the waxworks!" hissed Poindexter.

And Trimble rather sulkily obeyed.

### The 7th Chapter.

#### The Fourth Form Takes the Cake.

THE audience looked on with deep and intense interest as Poindexter gave his instructions to Trimble. The latter moved behind the waxworks, starting with Napoleon. He made a noise with the rattle, keeping the latter well out of sight of the audience.

There was a gasp of amazement from the people in front.

Napoleon withdrew his hand slowly from the breast of his coat, and raised it as if to screen his eyes from the light, in the well-known Napoleonic attitude.

"Wonderful!"

"Bravo!"

"Splendid!"

Most of the Cliveden fellows in the hall looked sceptical. They smelt a rat, so to speak. But they were too loyal to give the game away. They cheered, and the rest of the audience took it all in good faith. There were over a hundred strangers present, and to them the waxworks were waxworks, whatever they were to the boys of Cliveden.

"Boy! Wind up the next figure!" said Poindexter, with a wave of the hand.

Trimble stepped behind Julius Caesar, and the rattle rattled again. The spectators watched with great interest.

Julius Caesar lowered his oratorical right hand, and gripped his sword, and slowly and solemnly drew it from the scabbard.

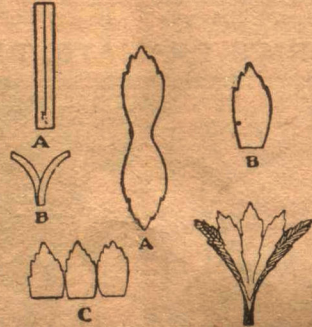
"Wonderful!"

Napoleon was standing shading his eyes, Julius Caesar with his sword in the air, motionless as statues—or waxworks!

"Boy, wind up the next figure!"

Trimble went to Lord Roberts "Flowers grown while you wait." I—

and wound him up, Bobs raised



(See our Conjuring Article.)

his hand in salute to the audience, who cheered again.

So on with Kaiser William, and Nelson. Kaiser William raised a fist in the air, upon which was an enormous steel gauntlet, and the people laughed. Nelson put his telescope to his blind eye, and they cheered.

Then Trimble came to the Irish moonlighter. He gave an extra loud rattle, and the moonlighter was observed to give a start. Poindexter looked daggers at him, and then, to the amazement of the spectators, the moonlighter spoke apologetically.

"Sure, and it's sorry I am, Puntpusher, but the baste startled me intirely, so he did!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crane. "Good old Micky Flynn!"

"Sure, and it's sorry I am—"

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Poindexter, forgetting himself for a moment. "You utter ass—"

"Who are you calling an ass—"

"Silence!"

"That's all very well—"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Poindexter hurriedly, "this is the climax of the show, the dialogue between myself and the waxwork figure, conducted by means of my ventriloquism."

"Arrah, and sure—"

"Hold your tongue, you silly fathead!"

whispered Kaiser William, bending a little towards the moonlighter. "Don't you—"

"Sure, and I'm not going to be called a fathead by any kid in No. 10 Study! What do ye mane by it intirely!"

"Shut up—"

"Rats to you! Who are you talking to?"

"You silly ass!" whispered Julius Caesar.

"Arrah, and are ye startin' too, intirely! Sure and—"

Poindexter gripped the unruly waxwork by the shoulder.

The audience were nearly in convulsions by this time, Micky's unguarded speeches had completely given the show away. They rolled in their seats, and simply howled at the sight of Poindexter's frantic efforts to still keep up appearances.

"Dear me!" said the vicar.

"They are living persons after all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Crane and Cuffy.

Poindexter shook the obstinate moonlighter violently.

"Will you shut up!" he panted.

"Can't you see—"

"Sure, and I can't see why

Kaiser William brought down

the gauntlet with a thump upon Micky's chest, and stopped him.

"Will you shut up?"

Micky Flynn staggered for a moment, and then he went for Kaiser William. The gauntlet went with a crash to the floor, and the moonlighter's shillelagh followed it. Then the audience had the unexpected treat of beholding the Emperor of Germany in close combat with an Irish moonlighter.

"Buck up, Tipperary!"

"Let him have it, Bill!"

Kaiser William hurled the moonlighter down, and sat on his chest. That was more than Dick Neville could stand. The hilarity of the audience was increased by the sight of Napoleon Bonaparte seizing Kaiser William by the shoulders to drag him off. It was time for the other member of the Old Firm to chip in, and Pankhurst lost no time about it. He collared Dick Neville, and Napoleon and Julius Caesar went rolling on the floor together.

Poindexter looked on in utter dismay, so did Nelson and Lord Roberts. The noise was terrible. The long-suppressed rivalry between the two parties in the Fourth had broken out again, more furiously than ever, and there was no stopping the combat. Poindexter rang down the curtain, and the scene was shut off from view at last.

The audience were almost in hysterics.

Even the Head was laughing, even the vicar was cackling away, and the tears were running down almost every face. Crane and Cuffy were screaming, and throughout the hall rose wave on wave of laughter.

The show was over; nothing more was to be seen, though sounds of strife could still be heard behind the scenes. The audience dispersed; and utterly as the waxwork show had been given away, they all agreed that the Fourth Form entertainment had knocked the previous ones completely—though in rather an unexpected manner.

"It was all through joining with those kids in No. 10 Study," said Neville afterwards, as he wiped off the grease-paint and bathed a black eye. "We might have known that they would muck it all up!"

"Sure, and we might intirely!" said Micky Flynn, who was far from admitting that he was the cause of the disaster.

"Never mind," grinned Pankhurst. "Everybody says it's the best show they've seen for a long time, and so long as it was a success one way or another, we needn't grumble. We've taken the cake, and that's enough, I guess!"

And the other members of the Combine "guessed" likewise.

THE END.

("Philpot's Plot"—another Cliveden story—next week.)

## THE IRON HAND.

A Story of Nelson Lee - - - By Maxwell Scott.

### Conclusion.

BACK! A revolver barked—it was Nelson Lee's—and a bullet struck Herman on the right wrist, shattering the bone.

With a piercing shriek Herman dropped the revolver and staggered to his feet; but even as the detective rushed towards him, with the object of securing him, Paul Herman swiftly stooped down, picked up the revolver with his left hand, and clapped the muzzle to his own temple.

Like an arrow from a bow, Nelson Lee leaped forward. But he was too late. Ere he could reach Paul Herman's side the latter's finger pressed the trigger, and the next instant a lifeless form, lying at Nelson Lee's feet, was all that remained of the former chief of the League of the Iron Hand.

The rest is soon told. The breakdown of the gunboat's engines had proved to be a very trifling matter, and as soon as the storm had abated the damage had been quickly repaired. The Radium had then put back to the island—past which she had drifted in the gale—and had anchored off the south coast. Nelson Lee and Donald, accompanied by a squad of bluejackets, had then rowed ashore, and had been on their way to Paul Herman's house—which they had sighted from the gunboat's deck—when they had heard the four shots which Nipper had fired in the wood.

What happened after that the reader already knows, and it only remains to add that after Nipper had told the story of his escape and his subsequent adventures, a move was made for the house.

By that time Vera had recovered from her faint, and had told the servants what Nipper had told her, namely that "Dom Jose da Silva" was Paul Herman. The result was that the servants received the detective and his companions with open arms, declaring—which was quite true—that they would have denounced their master long ago if they had known who he was.

Over the meeting between Vera and Donald we will draw a veil, since such reunions are too sacred to be described in cold print. Let it suffice to say that when the Radium returned to England, five days later, the reception which

was accorded to the two young lovers by Press and public alike was hardly less enthusiastic than that accorded to Nelson Lee and Nipper.

Within a week of their return they were married by special license in the parish church of Moscar, Nelson Lee acting as "best man." In one respect their marriage created a record, for it was the first wedding in the history of the world when the bride and bridegroom departed for their honeymoon in an airship.

The airship, of course, was Donald's, which had been stolen by the League of the Iron Hand and recovered, after many adventures, by Nelson Lee and Nipper. As everybody knows, the airship was afterwards purchased by the British Government, and will shortly be reinforced by a second vessel, of similar construction, on which Donald is now engaged, and which is rapidly approaching completion.

"And with these two airships at her command," as the Prime Minister said in a speech which he delivered only a day or two before these lines were written, "Great Britain will be as indisputably mistress of the air as she is now mistress of the sea."

Donald and his wife, together with a baby son who bears the names of "Nelson Derrick Mackenzie Stuart," now live at Moscar Grange, Nelson Lee and Nipper are frequent and welcome visitors there, and whenever they go to the Grange, they invariably pay a visit to the village churchyard, where two graves nestle side by side, one bearing the inscription "Colin Mackenzie" and the other "Derrick O'Brien."

"Two of the best and bravest men I ever knew," says Nelson Lee, to Nipper, as they stand with bared heads beside the graves. "Whenever you are tempted to feel conceited—whenever men flatter you for the part you played in bringing Paul Herman to justice—whenever you hear them praising me for my share in breaking up the League of the Iron Hand—think of these two graves in this quiet churchyard, and remember that it is to these two men, who sacrificed their lives on the altar of duty, that the greater portion of the glory is due."

Which, if not quite true, is eminently characteristic of the modesty and self-humility of the greatest detective of modern times.

THE END.

(Now turn to our New Serial Story, entitled "Cornish Grit," which is commencing to-day, and which Your Editor is certain you will thoroughly enjoy.)

## THE COSTER KING.

A Rousing Story of the East End and Detective Life.

### The Curtain Falls.

NO, uncle—no!" cried Hetty in a strange, choking voice. "Not the last time. No, I am coming here once again to fetch you away from this dreadful place."

Old Higgins shook his head.

"She don't understand," he said faintly.

"Tell her, some 'un, please—I can't. She don't understand, poor gel."

"No, it's you who don't understand, uncle!"

Hetty interrupted. "You are saved—saved! Reprieved!"

But Higgins still shook his head and looked pained and alarmed. Plainly, he thought that grief had partially crazed the girl. Even the old chaplain seemed astounded and distressed.

Then Sexton Blake stepped into the light, a look of calm joy upon his features.

"Yes; it is quite true," he said. "You are reprieved, Mr. Higgins, and you may be sure that your release will speedily follow."

The old coster stared at him in blank wonder, and the detective hastened to add:

"The real murderer of Inspector Salt—John Roker, otherwise Dirk the Butcher—has fully confessed, and that with his last breath, for he is already beyond reach of earthly justice."

This was quite true. Dirk the Butcher had died that very afternoon, but not without full confession of both his greatest crimes—the murders of Inspector Salt and of Nathan Flint. Blake and Forsyth made prompt use of this confession to obtain an instant reprieve for the condemned man, afterwards hurrying post-haste to the prison with the joyful news.

It was at the very gates they met Hetty Merton and her two companions.

There is very little more to add before we ring down the curtain upon this drama of real-life.

The King's pardon speedily set Henry Higgins free. But he did not return to coster life. In a quiet country cottage he now passes a peaceful happy life.

Hetty Merton at present shares his home, but the day is not far distant when she will be leaving it to become the wife of the Honourable Bertie Chillingham. Mrs. Mawker, who, in spite of all her faults and blunders, was still tenderly attached to Hetty, is to be their housekeeper.

Of course, Dirk the Butcher's confession at once disposed of the charge against Jess Flint, and she was at once released.

She was never quite the same girl again, and could be called "Fighting Jess" no more, for

she became quiet, gentle, and subdued. But Shanksy, whom she married not long ago, finds her an excellent wife, and we hear they are doing well in the greengrocery line.

Portland Bill and his son, Huckey the Toad, did not get the reward for which they so basely schemed, but the Government generously gave them something else a little later in their careers.

Both being convicted of burglary, the elder ruffian got seven years in that excellent establishment from which he derived his nickname.

Huckey was sent to a reformatory, where it is to be hoped he will develop into better stuff than he did amid the squalid scenes of the East End.

Hetty Merton came into her inheritance under Sir Charles Merton's will in due course, and "Coster's Mile" is now part of her East End property.

The costers have long been back on their old pitch, for with the death of Josiah Pounce the opposition of the borough council entirely collapsed.

Thus, Sexton Blake and Tinker's work in the East End was done, and well done.

But they both made one more appearance in Costerland before making their final exit from the scene of their long labours.

This was at the grand banquet given to his coster friends by Jerry Stubbs to celebrate the opening of the new Moke and Barrow, entirely rebuilt by Hetty Merton at her own cost.

The banquet was a big success.

Sam Hawkins was in the chair with 'Addicks as vice. Tinker occupied a prominent place at the table.

Sexton Blake made a telling little speech in real coster lingo, and then, for the first time, disclosed his true identity.

The costers were thunderstruck. Jerry Stubbs was the first to recover. He got upon his feet, and in a neat, if homely, speech called upon the assembly for a hearty vote of thanks to the great detective for his splendid work amongst them.

This was responded to by an outburst of cheers. Sexton Blake's health was drunk, then Tinker came in for the honours.

Then 'Addicks again called for silence. Turning to the detective, he said, not without a suspicion of moisture in his eyes:

"Mate, the world kin call you Sexton Blake if it wants to; but down here, an' among us, you'll be known, an' kep' in mind, as Sam 'Awkins, the Coster King!"

THE END.

(Some Grand New Serial Stories will be commencing shortly.)