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EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 14, 1908.

Great New Serial Starts To-day!

Don't Miss the Long Opening Instalment!



CLOGLAND

A Tale of the Cotton Cities.
By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE WILD SCENE IN THE SPINNING-ROOM.

“Come on!” screamed the lanky youth. “Blazes and flames! Blazes and flames!” Bang! went the crowbar, wrecking half the spindles and threads in the nearest frame.

“SEXTON BLAKE AT SCHOOL” Is Just Commencing. (See Inside.)

"Faith, and I—"
 "My only panama hat! That chap will never leave off talking—"
 "Sure—"
 "Shut up!" roared Poindexter. "Now get into your places, just inside the door, ready to collar them as soon as they pop in. Keep out of sight till they're in the study."
 "Right!"
 "Now I'll unlock the door."
 "Sure, and I—"
 "Shut up!"
 Poindexter turned back the key. The click it made as it turned in the lock was borne clearly to the ears of two juniors watching the door from a short distance up the passage.

The 3rd Chapter.

In the Hands of the Redskins.

PANKHURST nudged his chum. The Old Firm were half-hidden in a doorway very near to that of No. 4 study.
 "You heard that, Pricey?"
 "Quite—yes, rather."
 "They're coming out."
 "We'll collar them as they pass—"
 "No; better wait for them to go, and then we'll nip into the study and see what's the little secret there."
 "Good!"
 And Pankhurst and Price waited for the Combine to come out. But the door of the study did not open. Several minutes elapsed, and Pankhurst looked puzzled.
 "They're not coming!" he muttered.
 "Quite so."
 "What does it all mean?"
 "Blessed if I know."
 "I suppose they've put the things away, whatever they are, and they think it's all safe now, so they've unlocked the door."
 "Looks like it!"
 "Well, one thing's certain; if they don't come out, we shall go in," said Pankhurst determinedly.
 "Quite so!"
 Five minutes passed, during which the impatience of Pankhurst grew to boiling point. Still no movement was made from No. 4 study. Pankhurst stepped lightly along the passage to the door, signing to Price to follow.
 In a few moments the auburn-haired chums were outside No. 4 study. Pankhurst listened for a sound from within. He heard the singing of the kettle at the grate, but no other sound. His wonder and curiosity intensified.
 "I'm going in," he muttered. "Are you ready for a row?"
 "Quite so!"
 Pankhurst threw the door suddenly open, and dashed into the study with a shout. Price shouted, too, and followed him. The next moment three wild figures sprang into view, and the red-haired chums gave a howl of amazement. They had no time for more, for each was seized by a strong pair of hands and borne to the floor, while the third figure slammed the door shut again.

Pankhurst went down in a heap, with his assailant on top of him. He gazed up in terrified wonder at a dark painted face, surmounted by a feathery head-dress, and a flourishing tomahawk.
 "What the—who the—how the—" gasped Pankhurst.
 "Paleface dog!" roared a familiar voice.
 "My hat! It's Puntdodger!"
 "Dog of a paleface—"
 "Well, of all the giddy asses—"
 "You are my prisoner."
 "Rats!"
 "Paleface dog!" said the red warrior, flourishing the tomahawk. "I will slay you, and your scalp shall hang in my wigwam!"
 And he made a terrific slash at Pankhurst's head with the tomahawk.
 Pankhurst involuntarily dodged.
 The tomahawk crashed on a chair.
 "Look out!" yelled Pankhurst. "You'll brain me with that thing, you ass!"
 "Die, paleface!"
 "You utter idiot—"
 Crash!
 The tomahawk came down again—again on the chair—and the concussion was terrific.
 "Let me gerrup!" roared Pankhurst.
 "Quite so," gasped Price.
 "Wah, you are our prisoners—braves of a hostile tribe," said the Indian chief sternly, but with a slight Chicago accent. "You shall burn at the stake to amuse our squaws and papooses."
 "My hat! I didn't know you were a married man, Puntpusher," exclaimed Pankhurst.
 Poindexter coloured under his paint.
 "Silence, prisoner! We have captured you—"
 "Sure and we—"
 "Shut up, Sitting Bull!"
 "Shan't, Chingachgook! Faith and I—"
 "Shut up! I'm chief—"
 "Sure and I don't see it. As an Irishman I naturally take the lead—"
 "As a silly ass you naturally shut up; or else get your head knocked against the wall," exclaimed Chingachgook excitedly.
 "Faith, and it's meself that would like to see you or anybody else knock me head against a wall!" exclaimed Sitting Bull.
 "I guess I'll—"
 "Peace!" exclaimed the third warrior.
 "Peace, my children—"
 "Rats to you, Dick Neville!"
 "Peace—"
 "Faith, and I want Puntpainter to knock me head against the wall—"
 "Shut up—"
 "Rats—tinned rats—Chicago beef, which is saying the same thing!" cried Micky Flynn

excitedly, jumping up and forgetting all about Price in his excitement. "Sure, and I want you to knock me head against—"
 Price jumped up.
 "Buck up, Panky!" he yelled.
 Pankhurst made a tremendous effort; but Poindexter held him pinned down.
 "Collar that fellow!" he shouted. "Micky Flynn, you utter ass, collar him! Neville, do you hear?"
 "Sure, and I want you to—"
 Dick Neville seized Price, and they struggled desperately.
 "Lend me a hand, Micky," he yelled.
 "Faith, and I—"
 "Lend me a hand, you ass!"
 Micky Flynn at last lent a hand; and Price was got down again.
 Pankhurst, gasping under the weight of the American chum, gave up the struggle.
 "Got 'em!" grunted Poindexter breathlessly. "They might have got away through that utter duffer's idiocy."
 "If it's referin' to me ye are—"
 "Oh, dry up! Get the ropes out and fasten up these kids. They have to be bound before we burn them at the stake in the common-room."
 "Sure, and I'll soon have 'em fastened up."
 And Micky Flynn dragged several lengths of rope out of the cupboard.
 Pankhurst wriggled desperately.
 "Don't you dare to tie me up!" he roared.
 "Wah! The great chief of the Comanches has spoken. Bind fast the paleface dogs!"
 "The great idiot of Cliveden, you mean—"
 "Silence!"
 "Rats—canned rats! If you tie me up, Micky Flynn, I'll give you the thickest ear you ever heard of!"
 "Sure, and I'll risk it, Panky, me boy."
 "Lemme gerrup!"
 "Hould him tight, Puntbuster, darling!"
 "I've got him. Get the rope on; he's wriggling like a beastly eel."
 Micky Flynn made a loop in the cord and attempted to pass it over Pankhurst's wrists. Panky tore one hand free and hit out. Flynn reeled away with a yell. The blow had come home on his nose with a terrific thump.
 "Arrah! Ow! Arrah!"
 "Tie his hands up, Micky."
 "Wait a tick, Sure, and me nose is broken."
 "Rats! Do get a move on you."
 "Faith—"
 "Bind his wrists!" roared Poindexter. "You ass, don't waste time! We shall have the prefects down on us if this row goes on much longer."
 Micky Flynn grasped Pankhurst's wrists again, and this time succeeded in pulling them together and getting the loop over them. He knotted the cord, and then with the loose end of it he shackled Pankhurst's ankles, leaving them loose enough for the chief of the Old Firm to walk but not to kick.
 "Good!" exclaimed Poindexter, getting up as soon as Pankhurst was secure. "The paleface is a prisoner, ready to be burned at the stake—"
 "Don't be an ass, Puntbuster!" growled Pankhurst. "You know jolly well—"
 "Wah! The great chief has spoken."
 "The great ass has."
 "Tie up the other prisoner, Sitting Bull."
 "Faith, and it's me that will do it in a jiffy, Chingachgook!"
 And Price was soon rendered as helpless as his leader.
 The two prisoners were writhing with rage. Pankhurst realised how he had been trapped into entering the study, and how blindly he had run into the trap laid for him.
 Micky Flynn opened his pocket-knife and began to strop it.
 "What's that for, Micky?" asked Dick Neville.
 "Sure, and me name's Sitting Bull."
 "Well, what's that for, Sitting Bull?"
 "Sure it's to scalp the paleface prisoners."
 And Micky Flynn turned towards Pankhurst, knife in hand. He looked so realistic in his paint and feathers, and he held the knife in so business-like a way, that Pankhurst gave a shiver. He eyed the Irish redskin very nervously.
 "Keep that maniac off!" he howled. "He'll do some damage with that knife."
 "Faith, and it's a scalpin' job I'm goin' to do, Panky darling!"
 "Keep him off!"
 Poindexter winked at his chums.
 "Wah! The scalping must be done in the sight of the whole tribe!" he exclaimed. "Put up your knife for the present, Sitting Bull. Bring the prisoners along to the great council wigwam."
 Poindexter threw open the door of the study. He marched out; and after him, forcing the

shackled juniors along, came the two braves. Thus they marched into the common-room; and, needless to say, the sight of three redskins in full warpaint was quite enough to attract the juniors of Cliveden from all quarters to the spot.

The 4th Chapter.
 The Scalping of Pankhurst.
 PANKHURST and Price were red with rage. The common-room was crowded, and the Cliveden juniors laughed themselves hoarse at the sight of the Old Firm in the hands of the redskins.
 But the three red braves preserved a solemn gravity suitable to their characters. No Indian chief told of by Fenimore Cooper could have preserved a more owl-like gravity than the Combine at this moment.
 The prisoners were marched into the room, and still held by Neville and Flynn.
 Lincoln G. Poindexter addressed the curious, laughing crowd.
 "Braves of the Blackneck tribe," he exclaimed, "behold the prisoners which your chiefs have brought home to the torture!"
 "Who are you calling Blackneck?" demanded a voice.
 "I mean Blackfeet," corrected Poindexter. "Behold the prisoners—"
 "Rats!"
 "Canned rats!"
 Poindexter's eyes gleamed.
 "If the gentleman who made an allusion to canned rats will kindly step forward, I shall be pleased to wipe up the floor with him," he said.
 The gentleman did not step forward, apparently having no desire to be used as a duster; and Poindexter proceeded.
 "Behold the prisoners whom your chiefs have

tied there. Poindexter placed Panky's head so that it overhung the edge. The juniors looked on curiously.
 "Lend me your knife, Micky—I mean Sitting Bull."
 "Sure and here it is, Puntdodger."
 "Say, Chingachgook, you ass!"
 "Chingachgook, you ass!"
 There was a roar of laughter. Poindexter gave Micky a withering look, which made his painted face look absolutely ferocious. He took the knife, and began to feel the edge with his thumb.
 "This will do," he announced. "We shall want a basin to catch the blood, as we don't want to make the floor in a muck."
 "I'll get you a basin," said Green obligingly.
 "Good!"
 Poindexter whispered to Greene, who grimed and departed. In a few minutes he returned with a basin, which was half-full of water, and handed it to Neville.
 "Hold it under the prisoner's head!" directed Poindexter.
 Dick Neville obeyed. Pankhurst was wriggling uneasily in his bonds. He wondered dizzily for a moment whether he was really in the hands of Indians, and was going to be scalped, Poindexter's disguised face looked so fearfully grave and determined.
 "Are you ready, brave of the Coppertop tribe?"
 "Canned rats!" replied the brave of the Coppertop tribe.
 "Then die the death! If you survive the scalping, we will burn you at the stake. Silence, braves of the Blackneck tribe, while the prisoner is tortured! He will soon be making row enough himself!"
 The giggling of the juniors died away.
 They looked on with keen, almost breathless interest. The affair seemed to have a serious aspect now. The three warriors were as solemn as owls about it. Poindexter drew a sheet of notepaper from his pocket, keeping it carefully out of sight of Pankhurst, who was rolling his eyes wildly in the vain endeavour to see what went on over the top of his head.
 With the edge of the notepaper Poindexter drew a line along Pankhurst's forehead, just below the roots of the auburn hair. Pankhurst fully believed that it was the knife he felt, and he gave a convulsive wriggle.
 "Stop it!" he gasped. "You'll do some damage! Oh—ow! I'm bleeding!"
 There was an audible sound of dripping liquid!
 It was made by Dick Neville picking up the sponge that floated in the basin, and allowing the water to run off into it that below; but to Pankhurst's excited brain it was the dripping of blood.
 "Ow!" he roared. "Murder! Chuck it, you villains!"
 The juniors burst into an irresistible roar.
 "Stop them!" shrieked Pankhurst. "I tell you it's no joke; I shall bleed to death! I can feel my veins getting cold already."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "The scalp is not half off yet, brave of the Coppertop tribe," said Poindexter.
 "Stop it!"
 "Do you beg for mercy, and acknowledge yourself conquered by the warriors of No. 4 study?" demanded the American chum.
 "No," roared Pankhurst, "never!"
 "Quite so!" gasped Price.
 "Then off goes your scalp."
 Poindexter drew the edge of the notepaper along above Pankhurst's ears. The drip-dripping of the water was renewed. Pankhurst writhed madly.
 "Ow! I shall bleed to death like a pig!"
 "Well, you are a pig, you know!"
 "Help, help!"
 "Lemme see, I think the scalp will come off now with a jerk," said Poindexter, grasping Pankhurst's hair firmly by winding his fingers in it.
 "Now, then!"
 He gave a sharp jerk. Pankhurst yelled as though his scalp were really coming off. A junior put his head in at the door with an excited shout.
 "Cave! Here comes the captain!"
 The three Indian warriors jumped.
 "My hat!" gasped Chingachgook. "There's a row coming now!"
 "Bunk!" gasped Sitting Bull.
 They dashed to the door. Right along the passage they went with a rush. Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, gave a startled yell as the three terrible-looking figures passed him, and were gone before he could put out a hand.
 "Wh—wh—what was that?" he gasped.
 He strode into the common-room. The Cliveden redskins were gone, but the yells of laughter within warned him that something was still going on in the room.

The 5th Chapter.
 Turning the Tables.
 TREVELYAN was accustomed to some wild ways among the juniors of Cliveden, but he had never seen anything like what he now saw. The room was crammed with juniors, shrieking with laughter, and on the table were two bound figures. Below Pankhurst's head, on the floor, was the basin with the sponge floating in it.
 "What does this mean?" demanded the Cliveden captain.
 "I'm bleeding to death!" moaned Pankhurst. "My scalp is nearly off."
 "What are you talking about?"
 (Continued on the next page.)



MONSIEUR FRIQUET HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE.

"Wah! Seize the paleface master and scalp him!" grinned Poindexter. And Indians and cowboys yelled in chorus. The little Frenchman stood petrified for a moment, gazing at the wild figures; then, as they made a motion towards him, with tomahawks flourishing, he turned and fled at top speed.

