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The Boys' Herald 1d

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



No. 322, Vol. VII.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY,

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.



THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN

DON'T MISS THIS GRAND NEW SEXTON BLAKE TALE!

The Cliveden Scouts



Another of
CHARLES HAMILTON'S
Laughable, Complete
School Yarns.

The 1st Chapter.

Boy Scouts at Cliveden.

INCOLN G. POINDEXTER slapped his thigh with a sound like the report of a pistol.

A sudden idea had flashed into Poindexter's mind, which had led him to express his feelings for he was sitting on the corner of the table in No. 4 Study, and at the same table Micky Flynn was putting in the last line of a long French composition.

The sudden concussion jerked the table violently, and the report, in the silence of the study, made Micky Flynn jump.

The ink splurted off his pen in a shower of spots, and the imposition that had cost him a half-hour's solid labour assumed a sudden piebald appearance, which made it quite impossible to even think of presenting it to Monsieur Truquet.

"Arrah!" roared Micky Flynn. "Faith, and that are ye—"

"I guess I've got it!"

"Ye thundering ass! Look at my imposition!"

"I guess I've something more important than spots to think about just now," said Lincoln Poindexter. "It's struck me—"

"Arrah, and it's myself that has a jolly good mind to do the same!" said Micky Flynn, as he applied the blotting-paper to the sheet before him. "Look at that! Faith, ye've ruined it!"

"Never mind—"

"But I do mind!" howled Micky Flynn.

"Faith, and I—"

"Look here, Micky Flynn—"

"Hullo, what's the trouble?" said Dick Neville cheerfully, as he entered the study.

"My hat, Micky! Have you been writing out composition with a pepper-castor?"

"Here it was that ass Puntpusher—"

"I guess I've got the idea."

"What idea?"

"A jolly good one. If Micky Flynn is going to put a rotten impot before the rippingest idea we ever struck—"

said Poindexter severely.

"Faith, and I don't see why you couldn't strike an idea, or let an idea strike you, without blotting my impot! It will take me half an hour."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Dick Neville.

"We'll take it in turns, ten minutes each. You will never know the difference. But what is the idea, Puntdodger, and whose?"

"Mine," said Poindexter indignantly. "And all the ripping wheezes—"

"Cut the cackle, old chap, and get to the point."

"I guess you've seen those village kids in the village who've started a patrol of Boy Scouts—"

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, I was thinking," said Poindexter, "and it suddenly struck me, why shouldn't we start up the Boy Scout wheeze in the Fourth Form at Cliveden?"

"Dick Neville started.

"The idea was simple enough, but it had never struck him before. In a moment all the possibilities of fun and excitement rushed into his mind."

"My hat! What a good idea!"

"Faith, and it wasn't worth spoiling my impot—"

"Oh, ring off, Micky! I guess it's the wheeze of the season," said Lincoln G. Poindexter, with great satisfaction. "Mind, not a word in public! Pankhurst and Price would be only too glad to smell out the idea and start a rival patrol. They're not to hear of it till we're in full swing. Then they can follow our lead if they like."

"Dick Neville's eyes glistened. The forming of a patrol of Boy Scouts would indeed be one of the Cliveden Combine, and their rivals in the Fourth Form, Pankhurst and Price, would have to confess themselves outdone that

"Faith, and it's a good idea intirely!" said Micky Flynn. "But, sure, it wasn't worth spoiling my impot for."

"Oh, blow your impot! I guess it's about the loftiest idea we ever struck," said the American junior confidently. "Panky and Price will be ready to weep over it. Of course, the whole thing's to be kept a strict secret till we're in form. We three can form the nucleus—"

"Faith, and who'll form the patrol, then?"

"Ass! We shall form the nucleus of the patrol—the beginning of it, fathead! Then we can let three other fellows into the secret—only three at first—under pledge of secrecy. We can do our first drilling in secret somewhere, and arrange the signs and password, and so on. What do you think?"

"Ripping!"

"Faith, and it's a good idea intirely, but—"

"But what? Don't you think it will be a pull over the Old Firm?"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't you think scouting is ripping fun?"

"Yes, but—"

"Good fun, good exercise, and good training?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what, fathead?"

"It isn't worth spoiling my imposition for!"

Lincoln G. Poindexter made a rush towards the Irish junior, and it looked as though the Boy Scout idea would be inaugurated by a scrimmage among the nucleus, but Dick Neville rushed between, and peace was restored, and



"Shake hands on it!" said Trevelyan sternly. The rival patrol leaders looked at one another, and rubbed their damaged countenances rather ruefully. Then they shook hands, and Trevelyan wagged a warning finger at them.

Micky Flynn's imposition having been re-written by the combined labour of the three juniors, the Cliveden Combine fell to discussing the details of the scheme.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Recruits.

POINDEXTER'S idea was certainly a good one, and the determination to keep it secret for the present was carried out by the chums, but Micky Flynn could not be said to be a good keeper of secrets, even by his best friend. Micky's plan for keeping a secret was to be very mysterious about it, and to discuss it in stage whispers with his chums, and to assume very knowing looks on all occasions when especial care was required to put investigators off the scent. Besides, Micky had taken it upon himself to gain the necessary recruits for making up the first patrol. Poindexter had decided to do it himself, but Micky Flynn felt that he could manage the matter better, and he was willing to take any amount of trouble for the common cause. He turned over in his mind which of the Cliveden Fourth were most desirable as recruits for the patrol, and during morning school he commenced operations upon Gatty, who was sitting next to him in Form.

"We've got something on in No. 4, Gatty, darling!" he whispered.

Gatty looked round.

"Eh? What's that, Flynn?"

"We've got something on—"

"I suppose you have, in this weather," said Gatty. "You'd be jolly cold without."

"Faith, and I don't mean that at all, at all—"

"Mr. Lanyon's looking this way—"

"Blow Mr. Lanyon! If you like to look into the study after mornin' school we'll let you into the saycret."

"Right-ho! I'll look in."

It was one recruit, and Micky Flynn was satisfied. Fish, the fattest junior in the Fourth, was on his other side. Fish could not be called an athlete, and had never shown any keenness for outdoor sports, but Micky was hungry for recruits, and he thought that perhaps exercise at scouting would bring Fish's fat down.

"Will ye look in at No. 4 after school, Fishy?" he muttered in Fish's ear. "There's somethin' on."

Fish's eyes sparkled.

"Something on" implied a feed to his mind. He could conceive no other reason for anybody taking the trouble to look into any study.

"Good! I'll come!" he whispered.

"Mind, not a word to a soul!" said Micky cautiously. "It's a dead saycret!"

"Of course! I'm muni! Shall I bring King?"

King was a youth after Fish's own heart, and he had the next biggest appetite in the Fourth. They were kindred spirits, and usually seen together. Micky Flynn nodded.

"Good! Bring him. That's the three. Gatty's coming."

"Good! I hope there's plenty to go round."

Flynn, who did not know what was in Fish's

mind, did not quite follow, and he was beginning to ask the junior what he was driving at, when Mr. Lanyon's voice broke in.

"Flynn!"

"Yis, sorr!" said Micky, jumping.

"You were talking."

"If you plaze, sorr—"

"Do you deny that you were talking, Flynn?"

"N-n-no, sorr."

"You will stay in half an hour after morning lessons!"

Micky was crushed. Half an hour's detention in the middle of a fine spring day was overwhelming. But Mr. Lanyon was not to be argued with. Micky sat in a state of gloom for the rest of the morning lessons, and wished he had left his recruiting for the Boy Scouts till a more suitable season.

The class was dismissed at last, and filed out of the Form-room, leaving Micky Flynn alone in his glory, so to speak. The Irish junior looked after them lugubriously, and Poindexter and Neville gave him sympathetic looks as they went out.

"Hard cheese on Micky," said Neville. "We'll get the recruits together for the squad while he's detained, and we'll be all ready for business then when he comes out."

"Correct!" said Poindexter.

And the two juniors went out into the Close. Two red-headed Fourth-Formers nodded to them in the passage, and a voice inquired the price of tinned beef. The red-headed chums were Pankhurst and Price, and they looked ready for mischief. But the Combine were too busy just then for a row. Even the allusion to tinned beef did not move Poindexter, although, as a rule, he became "wrathy" at any reference to the paternal canning business in Chicago. Poindexter and Neville walked straight on with their heads in the air, and the Old Firm looked after them in surprise.

"Hullo! What's the matter with the kids?" said Pankhurst, with a whistle. "Puntpusher never said a word."

"Quite so," said Price.

"I hope they're not turning over a new leaf," said Pankhurst anxiously. "Of course, we're top study in the Fourth, but if the Combine give us best all the time, we sha'n't have the fun of licking them."

"Have you seen King, Panky?" asked Fish, coming by. "He came out before me. Did you see where he went?"

"Blessed if I did!" said Pankhurst. "I expect you'll find him somewhere where there's some grub. Look in the tuckshop!"

Fish acted upon the suggestion, and half-way to the school shop he overtook his chum. A word was sufficient to explain, and the two plump juniors hurried off to No. 4 Study. They met Gatty in the passage, bound in the same direction.

"I suppose it will be all right," Fish remarked. "Flynn is detained, but Neville or Poindexter will be there to see about the feed."

"Is it a feed?" asked Gatty.

"Yes. Are you coming, too?" asked Fish, looking at him.

"Well, Flynn told me to look in after school."

"H'm! I hope he hasn't asked all the Fourth," said King. "Here we are! There's nobody in the study."

They entered No. 4. There were no signs of a feed, and there was no one in the room. The juniors looked round, and looked at one another.

"I don't catch on," said Gatty, rather grumpily. "If the fellows are asking us to a feed, they might be here when we arrive."

"Yes. Perhaps they would like us to begin without them, though," said Fish hungrily.

"Hullo, here comes somebody!"

Greene, of the Fourth, entered the study. He looked inquiringly at the trio, and they looked inquiringly at him.

"Hullo!" he said. "You here, too?"

"We're here, certainly!" said Gatty. "Have you come to the feed?"

"Feed! Oh, is that it?" said Greene comprehensively. "Blessed if I knew what to expect. Poindexter just button-holed me in the Close, and asked me to come here and wait for him, as he had something on he wanted me to join in."

"Well, I wish they'd buck up; I'm hungry!"

A minute later the door opened again, to admit Medway, of the Fourth. He also looked at, and was looked at by, the juniors already assembled there.

"Ah, Neville said I should find you here, Greeney!" he remarked. "He didn't say anything about the others. Do you know what's on?"

"Yes; it's a feed."

"Oh! When are we going to begin?"

"Better wait for the Combine, I suppose."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Fish uneasily.

"I know I'm jolly hungry. I like a fellow who begins myself. Suppose we lay the table, and get the things out ready?"

"Well, that's a good idea."

The juniors all thought it a good idea, and they set to work. The cloth was laid, and the cutlery brought out of the table drawer; but the door of the cupboard was locked, and there was no key.

That alone was a sufficient indication that there was something good inside. The juniors seldom troubled to lock their cupboards without reason.

"Blessed if I'm going to wait any longer!" grunted Fish at last, as the Combine failed to appear. "Can you open this thing, anybody?"

"I've got a screw-driver in my pocket-knife," said Medway. "I could take that lock off easily."

"Good! It won't be much trouble for them to screw it on again."

The juniors were all getting impatient. It was a keen autumn day, and dinner was yet far off. Medway, without further waste of time, removed the little lock—the work of a few minutes. The cupboard door swung open.

The juniors looked eagerly in, and their expectations were fully realised. The Combine had of late been short of funds, and had been reduced to short commons; but a remittance from Poindexter senior had reached Lincoln G., and he had nobly expended a considerable part of it in laying in supplies for a study feed. The Combine had intended to have an extra gorgeous tea that night, with perhaps a guest or two to help them through with the good things. They had certainly not intended to let loose the gluttons of the Fourth upon the precious supply. But, as it happened, they were not consulted in the matter.

"My only hat!" said Fish, surveying the well-stocked cupboard with glistening eyes. "I must say the Combine are doing this in style. Look here! Ham patties and beef-steak pudding and rabbit-pies—"

"Puddings and pies!" said King. "And tarts! And cake!"

"And buns! And apples!"

"And cold sausages!"

"My word!"

"Ripping!"

"Let's lay the table," said Fish. "Have 'em out! Puntodger will be awfully obliged to us for saving him all this trouble!"

It did not take many seconds to lay the table with the supplies. The juniors looked at them hungrily, and at each other.

"It's bad form to begin without one's host," said Medway tentatively.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Greene. "You see, they're keeping us waiting, and it's bad form to keep a guest waiting."

"Right you are!"

"I dare say they like a fellow who begins," said Fish. "Perhaps we might take a trifle each just to start with."

"Good!"

The juniors sat down round the table. Fish took a steak-pie as a trifle to start with, and King half a dozen sausages. The rest followed suit, with trifles of like proportions. There was a clatter of knives and forks, and a champing of jaws. The Fourth-Formers were enjoying themselves.

For some minutes no other sounds broke the silence of the study. The feasters were too busy for speech. Then detached sentences became audible.

"Pass the sausages, King!"

"Hand over the rabbit-pies!"

"Certainly!"

"Ham patties this way—and tongue!"

"Here you are! Pass the pudding!"

"Well," said Fish, with his mouth full, "those chaps have their faults, but I will say this for them—they've a good eye for a feed."

"This is prime!" agreed King. "I sha'n't be able to eat any dinner!"

"Oh, I don't know about that!"

"We must leave enough for the Combine," said Greene, taking his fifth helping. "But there's plenty of bread-and-cheese, if there's nothing else left!"

"Bread-and-cheese is a nutritious and healthy diet," grinned Gatty.

"Exactly!"

The door opened.

The feasters looked round.

"Great snakes!"

Poindexter and Neville had just come in, followed by Bell, their latest recruit, and they stood and gazed at the nearly-finished feast, petrified.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

POINDEXTER was the first to recover himself.

"You—you—you giddy burglars! What—what do you mean?"

"You horrid bounders!" yelled Dick Neville.

"What do you mean by wolfing our grub?"

"It's all right!" said Gatty, with his mouth full.

"All right, is it? Of all the—"

"We thought you'd like us to begin," said Fish, helping himself to the last of the sausages.

"Rather bad form to keep us waiting, you know," Greene remarked.

"Yes," said Gatty seriously. "It's a bit off, you know, to ask fellows to a feed and then fail to turn up. You ought to be thankful that we got the cupboard open, and were able to make a start."

"Who asked you to a feed?" roared Poindexter.

"Why, you did!"

"I asked you to come and wait for me here, because I had something to let you into!"

"I—I understood—Fish said—"

"Flynn asked me!" said Fish warmly.

"Of course, I understood that you were backing him up!"

"Of course!" said King.

"He—he asked you to a feed?"

"Well, he didn't say it was a feed; he said it was something important, or words to that effect, and we naturally concluded—"

"Great snakes, they've wolfed the whole shoot!"

"Kick 'em out!"

"Here, draw it mild!" exclaimed Greene, getting up hastily. "It's only a misunderstanding, and there's no harm done!"

"What about our grub?"

"Well, of course, that's gone—"

"You—you—you—"

"If it wasn't a feed, what was it for?" demanded Greene. "I suppose you weren't recruiting us, were you?"

"We were going to form a patrol of Boy Scouts—"

"Well, why couldn't you say so?"

"I was going to tell you so here!" shouted Poindexter wrathfully. "I didn't expect you to burgle the cupboard, and—"

"Well, it was a misunderstanding—"

Micky Flynn looked in at the door. His detention was up, and he had come along at once to No. 4 Study, anxious to explain matters to his recruits. He stared at the fragments of the feed and the excited faces of the juniors in amazement.

"Faith, and what's the matter intirely?" he asked.

"You—you frabjous ass!" howled Poindexter.

"Oh, draw it mild, Puntodger!"

"You burbling duffer!"

"Hum, I think we may as well retire if there's going to be a family quarrel!" said Greene loftily; and he walked out of the study.

"Hold on—"

"Come back—"

"It's all right; I'm off—good-bye!"

And Greene walked quickly away. Fish and King, foreseeing trouble, slipped some apples into their pockets and bolted. Poindexter's wrath flowed over, and he reached out with his boot as they passed. A scientific kick behind sent Fish rolling in the passage, and King sprawled over him.

Fish gasped, and King gasped, and apples streamed out of their pockets and rolled along the passage. Bell, Medway, and Gatty made a movement to leave the study, but Poindexter slammed the door.

"Here, let's get out!" said Gatty anxiously.

"I've got an engagement," said Medway.

"I promised to play the concertina to a chap—"

"Well, you can let him off!" said Poindexter grimly. "You've scoffed the feed, and now you can enrol in the corps!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"But—"

"I'm willing to believe it was a misunderstanding," said Poindexter; "but if you don't enrol in the patrol I shall have to alter my opinion, I'm afraid."

Medway and Gatty looked at one another.

"Oh, I'm willing!" said Medway. "It will be fun!"

"Same here!" said Gatty, after a moment's pause.

"What about you, Bell?"

"I'm on!"

"Good!" said Poindexter. "That makes up the patrol!"

"Faith, and the saycret's out now!" said

Micky Flynn ruefully. "Those spalpeens will tell it to everybody in the Fourth Form!"

"I guess that can't be helped now. After all, we've formed the first patrol. Now for the rules," said Poindexter. "Never mind the feed; that's gone, and it can't be helped. Lock the door, Dick, so that nobody can get in and interrupt us—and we'll get to business."

And Neville locked the door, and the Combine got to business accordingly.

The 4th Chapter.

The Curlew Patrol.

INCOLN G. POINDEXTER had quite recovered his calmness. The feed was gone, and there was an end of it. He attended now to the business in hand. Medway and Gatty, who had had a good meal, were quite satisfied, but Bell cast longing glances towards the table, where several substantial fragments of the feast remained. Poindexter apparently did not see it. He pulled the table away into a corner of the room to leave space for the Boy Scouts.

"Now, to begin with," he said. "The patrol has to have a patrol leader."

"Of course!" agreed Gatty. "If you want me as leader—"

"I guess I don't!"

"Hardly!" agreed Medway. "A chap like me would be more like—"

"Oh, come off, Medway! I guess I'm about the size of the scout leader!"

"Faith, and it's dramin' ye are, Puntodger!" said Micky Flynn, in a tone of mild remonstrance. "It's meself—"

"Cheese it, Micky!" said Neville warmly. "If you can find a better captain than myself, I'd jolly well like to see him!"

"You can look at me if you like!" said Poindexter.

"Oh, ring off! What I say is—"

"I guess I'm skipper!" said Poindexter.

"It was my idea. I appoint Dick Neville corporal—that's second in command!"

"Well, I suppose that's all right," said Neville slowly.

"Faith, and I—"

"I guess that's settled! Now for the name of the patrol—"

"Faith, and I—"

"Shut up, Scout Flynn! I'll jolly well have you slung into the guard-room for mutiny if you talk in the ranks!" said Poindexter severely. "This patrol is going to be a well-disciplined one, or I'll know the reason why. Now, you know, all the Boy Scout patrols are named after some critter—like the Wolf Patrol, and the Rook Patrol, and so on. What about our name?"

"Faith, the Tinned Beef Patrol would be—"

"Silence in the ranks! The name I suggest is the Curlew Patrol," said Poindexter.

"The patrol signal is the cry of the curlew to whistle like the curlew."

"Faith, and I—"

"The next scout who interrupts his commanding-officer will get a dot on the nose."

Now, I've been looking out the subject of you kids the laws of the Boy Scouts, and I bring you up in the way that you should. I tell you, and obey orders without waggling. Now for the sign."

Poindexter held up his hand with the other fingers upright, and the juniors looked at it with interest.

"Very pretty!" said Medway. "What mean anything?"

"Ass! That's the Boy Scouts' salute!"

"Good! That's easy enough!"

"Faith, and ye're right! Now—"

"That" was the sound of a laugh in the passage.

Poindexter snapped his teeth.

The laugh showed him that there were interested spectators clustered round the door of the study, taking turns to look in at the first lesson of the Boy Scouts.

There was a shuffling of feet, and a champing of voices. The laugh had become irresistible.

"Of course, Greene has been talking grunted Neville. "I can hear Pankhurst out there!"

The voice of Pankhurst could not be heard.

"Keep your fat head back, Simpson! I want to have a look at the Tinned Beef Patrol!"

"Quite so!"

Poindexter's eyes gleamed vengeance.

"I'll jolly soon scatter 'em!" he muttered.

He made the scouts a sign to be silent and took a squirt from his desk. To fill it with ink was the work of a moment.

He trod on tiptoe to the door, and held down at the keyhole.

The scouts suppressed their chuckles and waited in tense silence. Poindexter didn't want to squirt the ink into anybody's eye, for fear of doing damage, but a peep through the keyhole showed him a red head, and a face coming into range.

Siz-z-z-z-z-z!

The ink went through the keyhole in a squirting stream. There was a yell in the passage.

Pankhurst caught the stream of ink just under the chin as he was lowering his head to the keyhole, and he jumped up as suddenly as if he had been shot.

There was a crash as his head met with violent contact with Price's. Price was stopping down, too, and their heads met with a concussion that made them both swim.

"Ow!"

"Ow! Oh!"

Price staggered back, and brought his head on Simpson's foot. Simpson roared, and hopped away frantically. Greene yelled with laughter.

"Ow! My head!" gasped Price.

"Oh, my napper!"

"You ass! You've nearly tasted it!"

"You fathead! You've brained me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Greene.

Pankhurst and Price were glaring at one another, and for a moment it seemed as if the firm friendship of the chums of the Fourth would not stand the strain.

But Greene's laughter came as a relief, and the Old Firm left off glaring at one another, and glared at Greene instead.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Pankhurst, rubbing his aching head.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the blessed joke?" yelled Price.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Pankhurst and Price rushed at him. Pankhurst was streaming with ink, and his head was aching, and so the matter did not seem to him as screamingly funny; nor did it seem funny to Green the next moment.

They bumped him on the floor, and he fell over with his face in the spittoon. Greene yelled; but not with laughter this time.

"Oh, you maniacs! Leggo! Ow!"

"There," panted Pankhurst. "I feel better now! I'll go and get a wash."

"Quite so!" gasped Price.

And they strode away, leaving Greene dazed and bewildered. A shout of laughter came from the study. It was the sound of the Sixth Form.

And the Combine went on with their lesson in scouting without any more interruptions from their rivals in the Fourth Form.

The 5th Chapter.

Poindexter Means Business.

THE Combine and their recruits came out of No. 4 till dawn.

Pankhurst and Price had to admit that meanwhile. Pankhurst had to admit that his Boy Scout idea was a ripping one.


But as he had not thought of it himself, he was bounden duty as head of the Fourth Form to show that the Old Firm were not to be

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LONG, COMPLETE FOOTBALL TALE WEEKLY.

Fourth—a claim that the Combine would have rather than admit.

And from the chuckles indulged in by Pankhurst and Price during dinner, it might have been guessed that the Old Firm had something in their sleeve.

Poindexter guessed it, but he maintained the solemn demeanour of a superior person. The Boy Scout wheeze was a good one, and it belonged to the Combine; there was no doubt about that. Panky and Price couldn't crawl about that, as Neville rather warmly told them when the juniors came out after dinner.

"But Pankhurst only chuckled.

"We don't want to bone your mouldy bones!" he said loftily. "Perhaps we shall take up scouting later on, and let you join our ranks."

"Quite so!" said Price.

"But at present you can go on curlewing," said Pankhurst. "My hat! You'll have a big advantage as chief scout, Puntodger. You must have picked up an extensive knowledge of animal life in the canned beef factories in Chicago. I hear that they use every kind of animal except oxen for the canned beef."

"Quite so!"

"And it's a ripping idea to call it the Canned Beef Patrol!"

"Oh, come on!" said Poindexter crossly. "Blessed if I know what we're wasting time talking to these silly chumps for!"

"Faith, and I—"

"Oh, come on! We can get in some drill before afternoon lessons."

But the Combine walked on with their noses in the air, leaving the Old Firm chuckling helplessly. In the interval between dinner and afternoon school there was plenty of time for further practice, and Poindexter believed in working the iron while it was hot.

But there was not a similar enthusiasm in the rest of the patrol. Neville and Flynn were bored enough. The idea belonged to their study, and it was "up" to them to see it through.

But Gatty and Bell and Medway were more inclined to take a little rest after dinner. The Combine lost sight of them while speaking to Panky and Price, and had to sort them out again, as Neville put it.

Gatty was in his study, looking over his stamp album, being a great philatelist in his way. The Combine looked in, and Gatty looked at them with an affable smile.

"Oh, come in, you chaps!" he said. "I haven't shown you my Mauritius, have I? It was the last one I wanted to complete the set."

"Are you ready?" asked Poindexter, coming to the point at once.

"Ready for what?"

"Training."

"Oh, yes, I'll have a turn with you after afternoon school if you like."

"It's time now."

"Oh, rot! I've got some stamps to put in the album."

"Can't help that! When the country is in danger, it's no time to stick stamps into a stamp album!"

"But the country isn't in danger!" said Gatty, looking bewildered.

"Well, it might be any minute. Nice lot of us we should look if the Kaiser landed his army on the shores of Sussex or Kent, and we weren't ready to receive him!" said Dick Neville sternly.

"But-but they wouldn't send schoolboys to meet him, anyway, and—"

"That's not to the point. You know well enough that a Boy Scout's motto is 'Be prepared,' and the only way to prepare is to be prepared."

"So hon!" said Micky Flynn.

"Don't interrupt me, Scout Flynn! Considering that a foe may land upon our shores any day, it's our duty as Britons to be ready. There's not an hour to be lost. We have formed the first Boy Scout patrol at Cliveden."

"And I guess we're going to see it through."

"Faith, and we're right! I—"

"So come along, Gatty."

"I'm going to stick these stamps in my album."

"Another word, Scout Gatty, and I'll stick the album in the fire, and you after it!" said Poindexter. "March!"

Gatty looked at the three determined juniors, and in.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "But this is getting it too far, you know. It's all very well to do the thing for fun, but—"

"It's a serious matter, ass! Come on! Have you seen Medway?"

"I believe he's gone up to the second box-room to practise his concertina."

"Then we'll jolly soon have him out; and we'll be a mercy to everybody within range of the concertina, too!"

"Yes, rather!" said Gatty. "If I'm coming, he can come."

And the four scouts proceeded in search of Medway. Weird and mysterious sounds proceeding from an upper staircase warned them that they were on the track. Trevelyan, of the Sixth, the captain of Cliveden, was coming along the passage, and he stopped at the foot of the box-room stairs in alarm.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed. "What are you grinning at, Poindexter? Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, Trevelyan; we're just going to stop his Medway's concertina."

"Well, go up and tell him to put the soft pedal on, or something," said Trevelyan. "I've never heard such an unearthly row! Tell him if he wants to play it, to play a tune, and not keep on just see-sawing with the pedals!"

Trevelyan walked on quickly, with his fingers to his ears. The scouts ascended the stairs, and opened the door of the box-room. The sound of the concertina was louder and more terrifying now.

Medway was seated on an empty trunk, practising away industriously. His study-mates had threatened him with instant death if he dared to play his instrument of torture in the study, and he had sought the box-room as a safe refuge. He looked up with a pleased expression as the juniors came in.

"Ah, you heard the concertina?" he remarked.

"I guess so."

"Good! You can stop and hear me play if you like. Sit down on those boxes, and don't make a row, or you'll put me off."

"You see, Meddy—"

"Don't jaw, or I shall go out of tune!"

"Blessed if I knew you were in tune!" said Gatty. "It doesn't sound like it. Trevelyan says if you must play the horrid thing, play a tune, and don't see-saw with it!"

Medway left off playing for a moment to fix a look upon Gatty that ought to have withered up the cheerful philatelist on the spot.

"You—you—you Philistine! You ignorant! You dunderhead! What do you think I was playing, then?"

"Were you playing anything?" asked Gatty, innocently.

"You—you—you dummy! That was the 'Broken Melody.'"

"I never knew it was as broken as all that. I—"

"Oh, get out—you don't know anything about music, I—"

"I guess it's lovely," said Poindexter, "but there's a time for all things. Now's the time to come and be trained to defend your hearths and homes against a foreign foe. Get up."

"I can't come; I'm practising."

"You—you—you tinned beef rotter, gimme my paper."

"I guess I will, when work's done," said Poindexter. "You're a Boy Scout now, and now's the time to learn to fight for your King and country."

"Gimme my HERALD."

"Rats! You come along with your commanding officer."

"Or we'll jolly soon march you off on your neck," said Gatty.

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Medway, emphatically.

And Bell, after a moment's thought, came. The Curlew Patrol went into the gym., and Poindexter, who had been through a schoolboy cadet corps in his native land, put them through their paces. A crowd of juniors soon gathered round, looking on with great interest. Pankhurst and Price were among them, and the red-headed chums made various admiring remarks, of all of which the Combine pretended to be unconscious.

The Old Firm walked away presently, and the crowd gradually followed them. Sounds of mirth were audible outside the gym., but the scouts, busy in their drill, did not at first notice it. The diminution of the spectators was received with satisfaction by the blushing heroes of the Curlew Patrol.

"I guess they'll soon get used to it," Poindexter remarked. "Chaps who take up new ideas get stared at, of course, at first. There were Crane and Cuffy, of the Fifth, grinning at us like a pair of Cheshire cats just now. But I'm jolly certain they'll take up the idea, all the same, and start a Boy Scout patrol in the Fifth."

"Faith, and I believe ye're right."

"You see, they're letting us alone, already," went on Poindexter. "Great snakes! What on earth is that yelling about in the quad?"

"Something on, I suppose."

went on with his instructions without turning his head, pretending not to be aware of their presence.

"Attention! Silence in the ranks."

"Quite so," said Price.

"You will listen carefully to what I say, and obey orders," said Pankhurst. "That's all a Boy Scout has to do. The country is in danger, and we have got to get ready to meet the Kaiser when he lands on the shores of Sussex or Warwickshire."

There was a fresh roar of laughter. The shores of Warwickshire seemed to tickle the juniors very much.

"The foreign foe may be here any minute, now," went on Pankhurst, seriously. "He's like the measles or the flu, you never really know when he's coming. You'll only know when he's here. I am forming this corps of Boy Scouts in order to save Lord Roberts and the Army Council the bother of dealing with the invader."

Fresh hilarity on the part of the crowd. Fellows were coming from all directions now to look and listen.

"A patrol has to be named after some critter," went on Pankhurst, "I propose the name of the Tinned Beef Patrol for this organisation, in honour of the originator of the scheme."

"Bravo!"

"The signal of the patrol is the cry of the animal after which it is named," said Pankhurst. "That presents somewhat of a difficulty, as it is practically impossible to tell what animal Chicago tinned beef is made of."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"But I think I can solve that difficulty. The only thing is to purchase a tin of Chicago beef, and open it in the presence of witnesses, and make a note of what kind of cry it utters as it escapes."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"And it will be a ripping exercise for the Boy Scouts to track down the tinned beef, and kill it—"

"Ha, ha, ha."

Even Micky Flynn indulged in a chuckle at that. Lincoln G. Poindexter fixed a withering glare upon him.

"What are you making that pesky row for, Flynn?"

"Faith, and it's funny."

"Blessed if I can see anything funny, except your chivvy," said Poindexter, crossly.

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Look here, Flynn, if you're going to persist in going off like a cheap German alarm clock, you'll have to resign from this patrol."

"Faith, and I won't—ha, ha, ha—laugh again—ha, ha, ha."

The thickening crowd were all laughing too, their merriment was added to when they discovered that the Curlew Patrol were indignant spectators of the ridiculous scene. The Curlews—or at least their leader—meditated a violent attack upon the sham patrol. Meanwhile, however, Pankhurst went on with almost preternatural gravity, under the circumstances.

"Attention! A Scout Patrol requires a secret sign—besides the imitation of the cry of Chicago tinned beef. This sign is made with the hand. Look at me!"

"Go it—we're looking."

Pankhurst's manner was a curious imitation of Poindexter's, when the American junior had been instructing the Curlews. But the instruction he gave was widely different.

"You raise your right hand, so," said Pankhurst.

The Tinned Beef Patrol raised their right hands solemnly.

"You place the thumb to your nose."

The patrol grinned with anticipation of what was coming, as they placed their thumbs to their noses in obedience to their chief's directions.

"Good! Now you extend your fingers as far apart as possible—"

The patrol extended their fingers as far apart as possible. Their thumbs being already to their noses, this constituted a "sign" sufficiently well-known to rude little boys; but not adopted in any code of Boy Scouts.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd simply shrieked.

The patrol were laughing so much that they could hardly keep the "sign" in position. But Pankhurst was as grave as a judge.

"This is the secret sign of the Boy Scouts of the Tinned Beef Patrol," he said. "Whenever one of you meets another, or meets any member of another Cliveden patrol, he must salute him with this sign, and he will be recognised at once as a Tinned-Beefer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Poindexter could stand it no longer. He made a rush towards Pankhurst, but Neville dragged him back.

"Hold on, Punt—"

"Leggo!" roared Poindexter. "I'm going to squash him! I'm going to rub him off the face of the earth!"

"Faith, and I—"

"Leggo!"

Pankhurst waved his hand.

"Left wheel!" he exclaimed. "March!"

The Tinned Beef Patrol wheeled and marched, Pankhurst at their head.

"Salute in passing!"

The patrol saluted the infuriated Curlews in passing them with the disrespectful sign Pankhurst had instructed them in. The crowd round shrieked with laughter, and Poindexter broke loose from Neville, and rushed straight at the mockers.

In a moment Poindexter and Pankhurst were rolling over on the ground in a deadly embrace, and both patrols rushed to the rescue.



THE RAID ON THE COMBINE'S PANTRY.

"My only hat!" said Fish, surveying the well-stocked cupboard with glistening eyes. "I must say the Combine are doing this in style. Let's lay the table." It did not take many seconds to lay the table with the supplies. The juniors looked at them hungrily, and at each other.

"Well, I like that," said Gatty, indignantly. "Where's your public spirit? Where's your giddy patriotism? Suppose the Kaiser were to land his army on the shores of Kent or Sussex next week, what would you do?"

"Oh, rats! Besides—"

"Well, Medway could play the concertina to them," said Neville, with a grin. "They'd be pretty tough if they stood that."

"Look here, Neville—"

"I guess it's time to move," said Poindexter. "Come on."

"I can't come! I—ow! Leggo!"

"Boy Scouts have to obey their patrol leader, or get dotted on the boko," Poindexter explained. "Now, I don't exactly want to stamp on that concertina, but I shall do it if you don't hustle."

Medway looked round at four stern faces, and tucked his musical instrument under his arm.

"I'm ready," he said.

"Now we've got to find Bell. The scouts who belong to the Curlew Patrol will jolly soon learn that this is something more than a joke, I guess."

They discovered Bell, after a hunt of ten minutes. He was reclining on a seat under the elms in the Close, with one leg perched over the other, and reading the latest number of THE BOYS' HERALD. Poindexter calmly jerked the HERALD away, and put it into his pocket. Bell sat up and glared at him with speechless indignation.

"I guess it doesn't matter to us. Get on with the washing."

But the Boy Scouts were very curious. There were roars of laughter coming in at the windows of the gym., and they felt instinctively that the merriment out in the Close had something to do with themselves.

"May as well have a look," said Gatty.

Poindexter hesitated.

"Oh, come on, then," he said.

The scouts hurried to the door, and looked out. The roars of laughter were redoubled as they made their appearance. And the Curlew Patrol looked on at a scene that made them turn crimson with indignation.

The 6th Chapter.
The Mockers.

ATTENTION!"

It was the voice of Pankhurst. He was addressing a squad of juniors, evidently formed in imitation of the Curlew Patrol.

A score or more of fellows, seniors as well as juniors, stood round, looking on and laughing uproariously.

Pankhurst's patrol was formed of five Fourth-Formers—Price, Greene, Fish, King, and Simpson. They were all entering heartily into the joke.

Pankhurst was quite aware that the genuine scouts were looking out of the gym, but he

The 7th Chapter.
Comrades.

"G O it, Puntdodger!"
"Buck up, Panky!"
"Arrah, thin—"
"Give 'em socks!"

Poindexter and Pankhurst hugged one another like the most affectionate of brothers as they rolled over on the ground, and Neville and Price sprawled over them, and rolled on the earth, pommelling. Micky Flynn rushed into the fray with the joyousness of a true Irishman, hitting out in all directions. Unfortunately, his friends received as much as his foes, Micky being too excited to see or care much where his blows fell. He gave Gatty a terrific right-hander that rolled him over, and then dealt Medway an upper-cut that dropped him like a cannon-shot. Luckily his next proceeding was to fall over Poindexter, and he was stopped before he had quite defeated his own party.

Owing to Micky's efforts the enemy had decidedly the best of it at the start. But, Micky being hors de combat for a time, the Curlews rallied.

Micky Flynn sprang to his feet, and danced ferociously up to the nearest junior. It was Philpot, of the Fourth, who belonged to neither patrol, and had not expected attack. In a moment Micky had Philpot's head in chancery.

"Arrah, thin, ye spalpeen, I've got ye! Buck up, my darlings!"
"Ow! I'm not one of them! I-I—Ow-ow-wow-w!"

But Micky was deaf to reason. His fighting-blood was up. The scrimmage was waxing fast and furious, and the yells of laughter from the circling crowd rang over Cliveden.

Trevelyan, of the Sixth, came racing up wrathfully. The Head had sent him to see what was the matter.

"Stop that!" roared the captain of Cliveden. "Do you hear?"

The excited scouts, like Byron's dying gladiator, "heard it, but they heeded not." They were too busily occupied. Trevelyan had a short way with recalcitrant juniors. He waded in himself, as Poindexter would have expressed it, cuffing right and left, and the hearty cuffs of the stalwart Sixth-Former soon brought the juniors to themselves.

"Faith, and—Ow-ow-wow!"
"Hold on! I guess I'm done!"
"Quite so—Ow-ow!"

"What is all this din about?" asked Trevelyan sternly, as his drastic methods restored peace at last. "What are you fighting about, you young rascals?"

"I-I guess we weren't exactly fighting," said Poindexter cautiously, as he rubbed an eye that was rapidly closing; "it was a—a sort of a tussle—"

Trevelyan smiled.
"What was it about?"

"Only—only a little argument about boy scouting," explained Pankhurst. "Point-pusher had the idea, but I improved upon it in giving instruction—"

"Quite so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"The same old game, I suppose," said Trevelyan severely. "You two sets of young scamps keep the Form in an uproar. You'll drop this!"

Poindexter looked dismayed.
"Drop the Boy Scout wheeze! Oh, Trevelyan!"

"Yes, as you can't keep from fisticuffs over it," said Trevelyan inexorably.

"But—but I say, Trevelyan, what about when the Kaiser comes, and England expects every man to do his duty?" pleaded Neville.

Trevelyan relented a little as he saw the dismay in the faces of the scouts. A glimmer of fun came into his eyes.

"Well, you can keep it up on one condition," he said slowly.
"Go it, Trev!"

"That you young rascals—both gangs of you—enter the same patrol, and keep the peace, and stand together without any more rows, as Boy Scouts should."

Poindexter started, and so did Pankhurst. The idea of the Combine and the Old Firm joining a single patrol, and going in for the thing shoulder to shoulder, was rather a startling one to them. But the rivalry of the rivals of the Fourth was all on the surface; at heart they were very good friends. And they did not need more than a few seconds to decide.

"Done!" exclaimed Poindexter.
"Done!" exclaimed Pankhurst!

"Shake on it," said Trevelyan.

They shook hands. Trevelyan wagged a warning finger at them.

"That's settled, then. Mind, boy scouting is a ripping idea, and only good can come of it if it's carried out in the proper spirit. But keep all your pommelling for the foreign foe, if he ever comes."

And the Cliveden captain walked away. The rival patrols looked at one another, and rubbed their damaged countenances rather ruefully.

"Well, it's a good wheeze!" said Poindexter.

"Yes. Curious we didn't think of it before slogging one another!" grinned Pankhurst. "Never mind; we'll pull together after this, and make the thing go."

"I guess so! And I tell you, sonnies, the Cliveden Scouts are going to make things hum!" said Lincoln G. Poindexter emphatically. And when Lincoln G. Poindexter spoke in that tone he generally meant what he said.

THE END.



A Story for Scouts and All Readers. By VESEY DEANE.

The End of a Traitor.

AT daybreak next morning a troop of weary horsemen were riding slowly along the road upon one side of which the lodge-gates stood. They were the search-party of the M.I., and from their dejected appearance they had had no success.

In front of the troop Major Waring was riding, with the two white-faced scouts by his side. Gummy and Vi were just about at the end of their strength, and sat their horses with the limp limbs of the physically exhausted.

"It's all up with Jim this time, I'm afraid," Gummy muttered, his fatigue making him lean towards the most gloomy side of the picture. "I had an idea that he was going to get into a tangle when he left us."

"For go-goodness' sake, do-don't croak!" Vi snapped, looking at his chum with red-rimmed, sleepy eyes. "If you can't find anything cheerful to say, ke-keep your mouth shut."

"Rats to you!" said Gummy heatedly.
"Boulder!" replied Vi.

"Stuttering fool!" retorted Gummy.
"Say that again, and I'll kn-knock your si-silly head off!" Walton hissed, glaring at his chum as though he were a bitter enemy.

The commandant had heard the remarks, and turned to the angry scouts with a quiet smile on his face.

He knew that it was the fatigue and exhaustion which made them both so snappy with each other, but, for the sake of peace, he decided to separate them for a little.

"You might go across and knock up the lodge-keeper over there, Hunter," he said. "Ask him if he has seen your chums."

Major Waring had little hope of any results arriving out of Gummy's inquiries. As a matter of fact, he had sent the scout off simply to divide the two lads. But he was soon to find out how fortunate his inspiration was to prove.

Gummy, with a last defiant scowl at Vi, who answered it with interest, turned away to obey his superior's commands. Riding up to the gate, he vented a little of his anger on it, drumming away for all he was worth.

Although it was not much after two o'clock in the morning, the lodge-keeper was up and stirring about inside. Hearing the noise, he threw open his bed-room window and thrust his shock head outside.

"What! Some more of you?" he cried.
"Want to get through, I expect? Well, I'm hanged if I'll let you, that's all! This ain't the King's highway."

Gummy raised his face towards the man.
"What's that you said about some more of us?" he asked eagerly.

"A couple of youngsters dressed like yourself came through here last night," said the lodge-keeper; "but that doesn't say that you'll come through."

"We'll see about that, you disagreeable old screw!" cried the scout.
Wheeling his horse, he galloped after the troop. The eager light in his face told them at once that he had discovered something.

"What is it, Gummy, old chap?" Vi asked, forgetting his enmity at once.

"Jim and Dick went through that gate last night," Gummy explained, "and the old scoundrel says he won't let any more through. We'll have to break his gate down, that's all."

The M.I. commandant wheeled his horse, smiling at the scout's high-handed suggestion.

"I don't think it will quite come to that, Hunter," he remarked. "We'll try a little gentle persuasion first."

His gentle methods proved successful. As soon as the lodgekeeper saw who it was that asked a passage, he came out at once and opened the gates.

"Hope you don't mind what I said to the youngster, sir," he said. "I didn't know that there was a troop along with him."

The commandant waved his hand.
"That's all right," he said easily; "and now, perhaps you will direct us."

The lodgekeeper handed a large key up to the officer.

"The gate at the other end is locked," he said. "Here is the key. You can leave it in the lock, sir, and I'll come along for it presently."

The troop seemed to have thrown off their fatigue now. They trotted along through the quiet avenue, chatting and laughing as they went. In a few minutes they had reached the gate and filed out to the moorland. As soon as they cleared the wall, sergeant-instructor

Parsons gave a shout, and pointed with his whip towards the line of posts.

"There are a couple of mounts over there," he cried, "and I think they belong to the youngsters."

The whole party galloped towards the posts, to two of which Jim and Cleeves had tethered their beasts. A glance was sufficient for the scouts to recognise the animals.

"Yes, these are our chums' mounts, sir!" Gummy cried excitedly. "They cannot be far off now."

Parsons and a couple of privates dismounted, and began to search round the ground. They soon found the tracks of the two scouts, and came to the steps cut in the cliff.

"They have gone down there, sir," Parsons reported, saluting the officer. "Their bootmarks are quite plain on the soft chalk."

Waring turned to the troop.
"Prepare to dismount! Dismount!" he ordered.

Every man swung himself out of his saddle, then, when the "No. 4" of each section had taken over the reins of his comrades' mounts, the major led his party down the cliff.

"There's a be-beasty stench ab-about here!" Vi said to Gummy. "Can't you sn-sniff it?"

"Yes, I do; just like Crystal Palace on a fireworks night."

"You are not far wrong, matey," said Parsons, who was next to them. "It is gunpowder fumes you smell."

When they reached the foot of the cliff the footprints of the missing scouts were easily picked out on the rough surface. As soon as the major dropped from the steps he started at once to follow the tracks, Gummy, Vi, and the sergeant-instructor following at his heels.

"By jingo, there has been some blasting going on over there!" said the commandant, pointing towards the mouth of the tunnel.

Several huge fragments of the white material of which the cliff was composed lay blocking the mouth of the tunnel, and the quantity of smaller fragments strewn all over the place proved that the major was correct in his surmise.

Parsons took a couple of paces forward, then his eyes chanced to turn to the smaller tunnel on the left. He stopped dead, and pointed towards it.

"What is that—there, in the corner?"

They followed his pointing finger. Thrust out from the darkness as though groping for light was a lean, yellow hand. The fingers were bent forward, and the palm, upturned beneath the morning light, was stained with gunpowder.

"A hand!" Gummy muttered, with a quick shudder of fear. "Is it? Can it be?"

He could not utter the name that was on his lips. Vi turned away, and covered his eyes with his hands.

The sergeant sprang forward and disappeared inside the small working. The officer followed him, leaving the two scouts alone. They heard a cry of relief sound, and Parsons called to them.

"It's not your chum!" he cried.

Immediately they both sprang for the tunnel; but Parsons came to the mouth of it, and waved them away.

"I-I wouldn't come here if I were you," he said quietly. "It might upset you."

"Who is it?"

"It looks like Marks," said the sergeant; "but—but there ain't much—you know!"

Gummy nodded. Instinctively he guessed what had happened. As they stood there thinking over the tragic end, a faint, far-off cry came to their ears.

"What was that?" Gummy cried.
"Sounded like someone crying 'Help!'" Parsons said, listening intently, "and—Listen!"

"Help—help!"

"It comes from that other tunnel!" Vi cried, springing forward to where the huge blocks of chalk lay blocking up the passage.

Gummy and Parsons pelted after him, and in a few moments they were scrambling over the white barriers at the entrance.

"Hallo—hallo!—Where are you?" Gummy shouted.

Then, to their delight, the voice of Darrell came thinly to their ears:

"Straight ahead, old chap!"

Frantic with eagerness, Gummy began to fear at the heaped-up mass which blocked the passage. Parsons turned and called out to the rest of the M.I.:

"This way, you chaps! Lend a hand to shift this muck!"

The infantrymen set to work with a will, and presently Cleeves and Darrell, peering into the light strike through the barrier.

The fresh morning air came rushing into the tunnel, driving away the clinging, heavy fumes, and the boys drew great draughts of the pure, life-giving air into their clogged lungs.

"Here we are!" shouted Cleeves, as another huge block was shifted, and a head peered over the heap at them.

"Right you are, me son!" cried the infantryman, tearing at another big wedge. "We'll have you out of it in two seconds!"

The last remaining blocks were fairly torn away, and the scouts came out of their prison, which had almost proved their tomb, blinking and powder-stained, into the light of day.

Major Waring went up to them, and shook hands with Darrell.

"You seem to have had a rough time of it," he said; "but you stuck to your man."

"I'm sorry to say we didn't sir!" Darrell exclaimed. "He fooled us at the end."

Then, noting the sudden silence which had settled on the group, he cried:

"What has happened? Is he still here?"

Waring waved his hand towards the other tunnel. Jim saw the outlines of a body lying beneath a couple of loose coats. He staggered back with a gasp of horror.

"Dead?" he cried.

"Yes," said Waring simply. "He has been hoist with his own petard. He has been fired that charge which brought your tunnel down about your heads; but, unfortunately for him, he had not inspected his own tunnel, or he would have found that it was connected with the one you were in by a narrow passage."

"The charge when it exploded beside you must have forced its way through into the other tunnel, almost into this wretched man's face!"

Jim stood for a long time in silence, staring at the limp, inert heap by the cliff. Marks had met his reward at last!

Then he turned and looked at Cleeves.

"Poor beggar!" he murmured. "Perhaps he never had a chance, you know."

The stout old commandant's eyes glistened as he heard the words. He stepped forward, and clapped Darrell on the shoulder.

"Good!" he said. "That is just what I expected you to say, Darrell. Not a word of anger or malice, only a word of regret for the poor fool who has paid dearly for his folly. By jingo, you're a boy to be proud of!"

Little more remains to be told. With the end of the sergeant's plottings came the end of the patrol's extra labours. For the rest of the manoeuvres they simply did such work as came their way in the ordinary course of events.

Darrell had a long interview with Major-General Drenfell, and told the whole history of Marks's schemes and plans. Tarrant, the engineer, was sent for, and, reassured by the officer, explained how he had destroyed the mine connections at the magazines.

It was decided then to keep the matter secret. Count von Hermann, on being interviewed was only too pleased to keep his share of the matter quiet; for, after all, Marks was a fellow-countryman, although the gallant German had repudiated his advances with scorn.

And so, when at last the Red army was victorious, and the Blue army found themselves retiring for Clacton-on-Sea again, there to re-embark and sail back to Southampton in the transports, the Fox Patrol found that their military training was at an end.

A week later the scouts stood on the platform at North Camp Station awaiting the arrival of the train which was to bear them to London. Presently the signal dropped, and the shrill treble of the approaching train came to their ears.

Corporal Black and Pug Smith, who had come down specially to see their friends off, looked up the line.

"Here she comes!" cried the trumpeter.

"I wish the puffing old beast had got into some where!" Gummy said mournfully. "We never have such times again—never—never!"

But in that he was mistaken. The Fox Patrol had plenty of adventures to go through, and the patient reader may one day be able to follow them.

THE END.

(Please let your chums know that No. 1 of "THE BOYS' REALM" Football Library will be on sale everywhere to-morrow—!)

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