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WEDNESDAY

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No. 11. Vol. 1.

Week ending August 3, 1912.

36 pages, One Penny.



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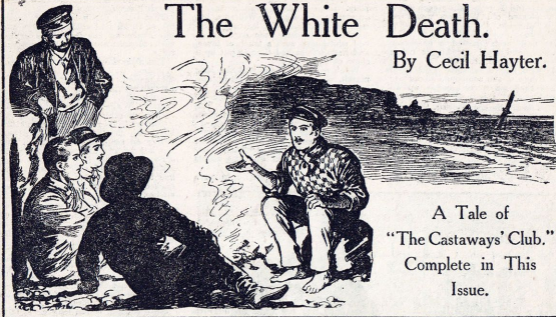
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# The White Death.

By Cecil Hayter.



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An empty sea, and an empty, limitless, blue sky, and not a sound to be heard but the low, monotonous rumble of the heavy ground swells as they surged up from the south, and the occasional hoarse screaming of the seabirds.

Tommy Young, lying prone on his stomach on the rock, was busy with a bit of charcoal taken from the fire and a tattered piece of salt-water stained paper. He was trying his 'prentice hand as a ship designer.

The drawing in front of him, rough scrawl though it was, represented the building up of a raft from the drift-wood which was littered all round the big cliffs, and a goodly quantity of which had already been painfully collected and stored.

"You see," he said, glancing up from his handiwork at the faces of the men gathered round him, "we can get plenty of iron spikes to fasten the thing together. The driftwood is full of 'em, and we can worry 'em out of the shorter and useless pieces with the boat-axes.

"She'll be slow and unhandy, of course, but with luck she should be reasonably safe. Our chief difficulty, to my mind, will be food, and water—especially the last. We can take along any amount of hard-boiled eggs and seaweed spinach, cooked before we start; but we've only two small water-breakers, and, as you know, even on short commons they will barely last the crowd five days. Still, we've got to risk a whole lot if we go, and that's merely one extra risk thrown in.

"Now, what I propose is this," he went on: "We'll have a show of hands of those in favour of going. Those who are against it needn't come along unless they like. If the raft makes land or is picked up, then those on her will, of course, see that help is sent to those left behind. If she founders,

then those who stay will be no worse off than they are now. How does that strike you?"

There was a low hum of approval.

"Right you are, then! Those in favour of going, hold up their hands!"

All but four signified that they meant going and chancing their luck.

"All right!" said Tommy. "We start building to-morrow as soon as it's light enough to see, and now I think we've deserved a spell."

The men, worn out with hauling heavy timber and wreckage all day, assented eagerly. They had collected enough material for the greater portion of the work, and an unexpected find of a couple of big wooden ship's gratings had lent an element of success to the day's toil.

They stretched themselves round the fire in various attitudes, and the man called Repton, who had promised to tell them of a slave-raiding expedition, propped his back against a boulder, and began:

I don't know whether any of you chaps know anything about the hinterlands of the West Coast (he said)—the bits that lie at the back of beyond, I mean. But they're a whole heap interesting and considerable unhealthy, not because of the climate, which is like the parson's egg—good in patches—but because of the Arabs.

You see, the Arabs still do a whole heap of traffic in slaves—make a precious good thing out of it, too, by the way—and they come swooping down out of the north, and sweep along the back edges of the hinterlands, killing everything that won't make a slave and burning the villages after they've carried off all the likely inhabitants as captives.

They're the cruellest beasts I know, and the worst of the crowd was the

man I'm goin' to tell you about—the White Death, as he was called.

He was a light-skinned Arab, a big sheik, and tremendously wealthy, and though he was only a bit over forty his hair and beard were snow white.

There were three of us running a business out in the back blocks at the time, trading in nuts and oil and ivory—mostly ivory, when we could get it—me, a chap called Sargent, who had been in a crack regiment and gone broke, and Williams, who had been on the Gold Coast—and we were doing pretty well.

We paid fair prices in brass rods and beads and calicoes for everything brought in, we gave our own men good wages and grub, and the Arabs had left us undisturbed.

At the end of the big rains Sargent and I and a handful of men and bearers had gone down by water to the nearest port when the result of six months' trade. We got bills for a good fat amount, which we forwarded to our agents, loaded up again with Brummagem notions and the little cheap-jack, tawdy things the niggers like so much, and a few European luxuries for ourselves. Also we took plenty of ammunition, for that we never allowed ourselves to run short of.

At the last moment some impulse induced me to trade for half a dozen old cast-off Hausa uniforms. I got 'em for a mere song, and my idea was to dress up our headmen and overseers in 'em, to give tone to the show.

A nigger with a uniform is as pleased as a dog with two tails, and wouldn't call the Queen his aunt.

We made good time back to headquarters; the last march we made through the night by the light of a big, soft moon.

The bearers were croaking some sort of a song to themselves as they swung along, our small escort was chattering

## THE WHITE DEATH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

stripped to the waist, lashed up to the post, and a big Nubian was standing by with a chicotte, ready to lay on when the White Death gave the word.

We marched pretty well up to the fire before the crowd noticed us, for we kept in shadow as long as we could.

The White Death made a sign, and the Nubian raised his arm.

So did Sargent. There was a crack from his revolver, and the Nubian spun round and collapsed with a shriek.

The White Death sprang to his feet, and found himself covered by five rifles and our two revolvers.

"If you move hand or foot you die!" cried Sargent, in dialect. "It's no use attempting resistance. I've more men outside. If you show fight every man will be shot down!"

The White Death looked mighty sick at the sight of those uniforms.

"You lie!" he snarled.

"Listen, fool!" said Sargent sternly. He gave a curt order, and one of our Bengi sounded a call on the bugle.

Instantly from outside came an answering call.

"Let every man stay in his place, or he dies!" said Sargent. "You," he said to the White Death, "come forward. Release that man there! If you harm him I'll blow your brains out!"

The Arab advanced, scowling, and did as he was bidden.

"Brave words!" he sneered. "If you dared face me man to man I'd give you a lesson that tone, senhor!" And he tapped the sword at his belt.

Sargent's eyes flashed. He was wearing his own old Service sword, in case it might have proved handy at close quarters in a scrimmage, and he was thirsting for a fight.

Williams, shaken with fever, and dazed at the sight of the Hausa uniforms, came up and gripped hands.

Sargent stepped forward.

"Listen, all!" he said, raising his voice. "I will fight this man, and I will kill him, because he has dared to lay hands on a white senhor and has stolen his property—for that you will all suffer later. Also, for the present, if any man dare interfere, my troops will shoot him down."

"Don't do it!" I whispered, trying to hold him back.

"Leave go!" said Sargent harshly. "I can take care of myself; and I mean to make the brute pay for those murdered people of ours!"

He drew his sword, and stepped forward into the light. The Arab did the same, with an evil grin. He was a fine swordsman, and expected to have an easy victory.

"When I have won, senhor—what then?" he asked, with a leer.

"Your life shall be spared, unless you resist," said Sargent—"if you win. Now, enough talk! Begin!"

The White Death came at him like a whirlwind. He was undoubtedly a good fighter and a plucky one; but he didn't know that Sargent had been the finest swordsman in the Army.

The latter, his eyes grim and watchful, never budged an inch; but fought purely on the defensive for perhaps half of a minute, and then a little trickle of blood showed on his forearm—it was only a graze from a late parry.

The White Death saw it, and laughed; but the next instant he leapt backwards for his life. Sargent had sprung to the attack, using the point—always the point, and nothing but the point—and the White Death was driven back and back until he was between that flickering, darting point and the fire.

He tried to escape, but it was hopeless; the sweat burst out on his forehead. He knew in himself that Sargent could have killed him half a dozen times had he wished.

And then the end came swiftly. His heels were almost amongst the embers. He gasped. The point caught him full in the throat.

With a gurgling cry he lurched backwards on to the fire.

Sargent wiped his sword gravely, and beckoned to two slaves to drag the body away.

When they had done so he bade them release the captives, whilst the Hausas crowded the crowd.

Had they had the sense to make a rush we might have accounted for a dozen, but they would have wiped us out in no time. As it was, they were cowed by the death of their leader, and they fully believed that there was at least a company of soldiers outside.

Every man will pass in front of me one by one, and pile his arms here," said Sargent; "after which he will line up with his back turned yonder."

The first man, who appeared to be the second-in-command, hesitated; but the sight of his revolver and Sargent's, and the Bengi's rifles, brought him to his senses and he obeyed scowlingly; and after he had set the example the tension was over, and the pile of arms grew. It was a nice haul for us.

Then came the question of fines for burning down our station. We found a nice little stack of ivory-picked tusks, most of them—and we annexed those, and turned on our own people who had been released to pick them into loads.

We were in a bit of a fix what to do with our prisoners.

Finally I hit on the idea of ironing them up in the slave calaboose; and I and two of the Bengis did it—eighty-four of 'em all told, in a row, ironed by the neck and ankles to rails, as they had ironed many poor wretches before.

We camped there till daybreak, turned our people loose to burn and pull down the stockade, and released two of their chief captains to carry Williams, who was still sick with fever. The rest we left to release themselves as best they could.

It was the biggest bluff I've ever known, but it came off.

We left eighty-two of the brutes sitting cooped up like so many hens to meditate on the sinfulness of meddling with a white man; the other two we kicked out ten miles from our station; and we netted—ivory, weapons, and all—nearer six thousand pounds damages than five.

We were officially thanked by the authorities down on the Coast for having broken up the White Death; and, though the three of us carried on business round there for five years more, there wasn't a raid made within a hundred miles of us.

After that we put an agent in at the station, and came home to spend our pile.

(Another of these fascinating adventure yarns, by Cecil Huxley, in next Wednesday's CHEER BOYS' CHEER.)

## HOLIDAYS AT HOME.

A Practical Article for the Lad who is unable to go away for the Summer Holidays.

Those of my readers who find themselves kept at home this holiday season need not despair of having a good time.

Walking may not appeal to many of you; but you can go out into the country, and thus get a change of air. Your mother will, I am sure, make you up a nice packet of sandwiches to take with you for your lunch, and also have a good dinner ready when you get home.

When you get tired of walking in the sun you can sit down beneath a big tree and read your copy of CHEER BOYS' CHEER, or any other paper that you may have with you.

### PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.

Then those of you who are lucky enough to possess bicycles should make good use of them during your holiday. You can go out for a day's spin, and get at least twenty miles from home. In this way you will get a change of air, and also see the beauties of the countryside.

How many of you play cricket? A good number, no doubt. "Oh, but I can't play by myself!" I can hear some of my friends saying. No, certainly you can't; but during the month of August the schools are closed, and if you have a younger brother you will be able to play with him and some of his friends. This is good exercise, and the practice will probably enable you to take more wickets and make more runs in your next match.

If you have a county cricket ground within a few miles of your home you should go there one day and watch a match between two of the counties. You will be well out in the open, and you can easily chum up with someone there, and so the time will not hang on your hands.

Most boys are fond of picnics. Well, if you have any sisters or brothers, go with them into the forest for a day. Take a hamper of food with you, and also a cricket-bat and ball, and you will have an enjoyable day.

If you have a garden you can do a little work in it during your holiday. Just go over it, pull out all the weeds, tie up any flowers that are hanging loose, and if the weather is dry give the garden a good watering.

As most of you are, no doubt, keen on swimming you will be able to spend a good time in the lake or local swimming-baths during your time at home.

### WHEN THE WEATHER IS WET.

Probably a good many of you will wonder what you can do when the weather is too wet for you to go out. Personally, I think you can do more in your own house than you could do were you away at the seaside. Nearly all of you have hobbies, and so you can make use of them. Go through your stamp-album, do a little fretwork, or anything else you take interest in, and the state of the weather will not trouble you much.

Don't, however, stay indoors unnecessarily. Get out in the fresh air as much as possible, and you will go back to work feeling as fit as the fellow who has been lucky enough to be able to go to the seaside or country.

and grinning like monkeys, and Sargent and I were telling each other how pleased old Williams would be with the trade.

Everyone was in high feather. The boys had been flashed a handsome present, and we'd got bigger prices than we'd dared dream of.

It wasn't until we came right up to the fringe of the compound round our place that we were brought up all standing with a jolt.

Our house, the store-rooms, the boys' lines of huts had been razed off the face of the earth, stamped flat, and the ruins were still smouldering!

The only human being in sight was an old man who had been Williams' bodyservant, and he lay on the fringe of the clearing, with his head swept clean off his shoulders by a back-

The surprise had evidently been complete. We made a frantic search everywhere for signs of Williams, but without success. We learned afterwards that he had been captured in bed while sick with a touch of fever, and hadn't even had time to put up a show of fight.

What with the shock and the long march, we were pretty well all in, and we slept on our arms where we lay till the first chill of dawn. Then we had food and made our plans. The bearers were no use as fighting-men, so we sent them into the woods to guard our supplies and fend for themselves; all except two Askari—that is, who came of a fighting stock, and were brave sparmen and excellent scouts and trackers.

Our escort of six Bengi men were

We guessed that would be the White Death himself.

That was a pretty tall proposition—too of us all told against eighty—and the Arabs we knew were all armed with Manklichers and other modern rifles.

The Askari could find no trace of Williams' trail amongst the rest, and that made us uneasy; but in a swampy patch they found that there was a bearer-party, and that one man, presumably Williams, was being carried in a hammock slung on poles.

The trail, they said, was about ten hours old, and that the pace of it was telling on some of the prisoners. Of this last we soon had proof enough, for a couple of miles further on we came upon the body of a poor wretch who had been dragged out of the line and hacked down with a couple of sword slashes.

After that we came across others at intervals. The White Death liked to travel fast, and didn't mind sacrificing a prisoner or two if they couldn't be whipped up to keeping pace.

By dusk the ground began to slant downwards and get swampy again, and we moved cautiously, for we knew we must be nearing a river or creek, and as like as not the White Death would have made camp there, and have dhow and boats to meet him.

Sure enough, before long we sighted the glare of camp-fires—the man was too powerful to bother about taking precautions—and soon we came up with a stout wooden stockade surrounded by a deep, sluggish-looking moat. The stockade was well built, and evidently a permanent one, which had been used before on similar occasions.

Sargent, I, and the Askari went forward to scout. The stockade was entirely surrounded by the moat, except on the river side, where, sure enough, there were some ugly-looking craft lying; but we found a drawbridge on the south side, with an entrance-gate beyond, and the two Askari swam across to inspect, carrying their spears in their teeth.

There were a couple of sentries on the inside, it seemed; but they weren't over-vigilant, and the Askari, swarming the stockade like cats, dropped down on them and had quieted each of them with a spear-thrust before they could even squeal. Then they let down the crazy drawbridge, unbarred the entrance, and left it ajar, and crossed back to us.

They reported that the prisoners were chained in one long shed on the riverside, and that the White Death himself and his officers were having an orgy round a big camp-fire, and that Williams was linked to a post near by, but seemed unhurt.

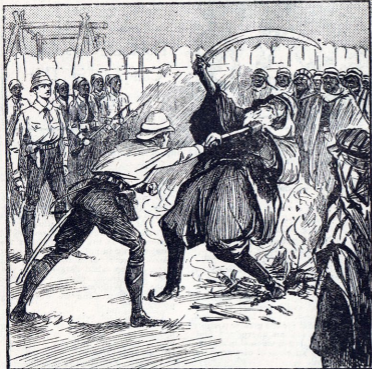
Sargent and I did a bit of quick thinking, and resolved on a big bluff as our only chance.

Two of our Bengis carried bugles, which ordinarily we used for dinner-horns to call in the hands to grub, and similar purposes.

One Bengi with a bugle and the two Askaris we arranged to leave outside—the Askari would have given the show away, you see. The other five, with the second bugle, we took with us as escort. The beggars were well drilled, and looked as smart as you could wish.

We went over that drawbridge and through the entrance as bold as brass—and we were only in the nick of time, too.

The White Death had had Williams



The Britisher's sword caught the White Death full in the throat. He gave a gasp and toppled back into the fire. The thrilling duel was over!

handed blow from a heavy, keen-edged sword or a machete.

I felt mighty queer and sick for the moment, and Sargent, who was usually a quiet chap, said things that fairly made my blood curdle.

It was Arab work, that was clear enough, and they'd done it with sickening thoroughness. Every step we advanced showed that. All around the lines where the hands lived there were bodies strewn everywhere—old men and women shot, butchered, hacked uselessly. Yes, and the children, too, those that were too young to keep up with the march. I came across the body of one, a merry little, round-tummed beggar he used to be, whom everybody used to fool with. I won't tell you what they'd done to him, but then and there Sargent and I swore we'd make the brutes pay, or burst in the attempt.

A few of the younger men had died fighting, but the rest had been taken,

home-trained and drilled, as brave little beggars as ever lived, rather of the Gurkha type of hillmen. Sargent had taught 'em to shoot, and the way they could handle the curved machetes they carried in their belts was a picture. Also, they were keen as mustard.

As soon as we'd had grub and there was light enough, we made ready to start; and we were just moving off when an idea struck me.

A Hausa uniform is official and carries weight, and it is heartily leathed and feared by all evildoers right away down the coast. So I made our Bengis put on the uniforms I had bought, and you should have seen the little beggars grin with pride.

Then we hit the trail. It was as broad as a roadway, and a blind man could have followed it. The Askaris led the way, and said that there must have been at least eighty of the raiding party, and that one man was mounted on a mule.



When in trouble or in doubt, write to me to help you out.

## NEXT WEEK'S GREAT NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL.

I have the keenest pleasure in announcing that next Wednesday's issue of **CHEER BOYS CHEER** will positively contain the first grand, long, opening instalment of our new adventure serial—

### "IN SEARCH OF THE CITY OF GOLD." By CECIL HAYTER.

Mr. Cecil Hayter's work is well known to you, my chums, and I scarcely need to say that this new serial of his, specially written for **CHEER BOYS CHEER**, will be absolutely enthralling from start to finish.

Chapter I plunges us into a thrilling mystery, leading up to the most desperate adventures any author has ever handled. Mr. Hayter takes us to one of the wildest parts of the world, where men carry their lives in their own hands every moment of the day and night. As the story progresses the different scenes become more and more absorbing, and I can assure you that every line of this thrilling adventure serial is full of breathless excitement.

I am going to give you a special long opening instalment of this exciting story in next Wednesday's **CHEER BOYS CHEER**. I may also tell you that, as this serial is one of a special kind, I am extensively advertising it, and this will mean a still greater demand for **CHEER BOYS CHEER**. Now, although I shall welcome thousands of new readers, I shall be very disappointed if any of my old friends fail to get a copy. Let me urge you, therefore, not to delay in the matter, but to

### ORDER AT ONCE

your own copy of next Wednesday's **CHEER BOYS CHEER**, containing the first instalment of Cecil Hayter's splendid new adventure serial, "In Search of the City of Gold."

### DO YOU BUY YOUR OWN COPY?

A good many readers of **CHEER BOYS CHEER** are kind enough to let their friends read a borrowed copy of the paper. This is very nice of them, and I am sure any fellow whose attention is drawn to **CHEER BOYS CHEER** is really grateful. At the same time, lending your copy of **CHEER BOYS CHEER** may have its disadvantages.

The paper is not a pennyworth of C.B.C.—No. 11.

clap-trap, to be skimmed through in an hour and then thrown away. In addition to all the splendid serials and complete stories, it contains every week a carefully-selected budget of helpful articles. You may want to read some of these over again by-and-by, to refresh your memory, and you might also want to re-read some of the best stories. Therefore, I would like to feel that every reader of **CHEER BOYS CHEER** keeps his copy of the paper each week.

But you cannot do this if it is only a borrowed copy. If you have been content to read the paper on loan from a chum, I strongly advise you to do better by buying your own copy each Wednesday. It costs only a penny, and no other boys' paper is giving better value for the money.

### TEACHING PETS TO TALK.

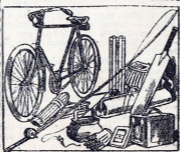
I learn from one of my readers that he has a young magpie, and he wishes to teach it to talk. He asks me whether it is necessary to cut the tongue of the bird.

No, my friend. This cruel practice is utterly useless, and only causes great suffering to the pet. I have kept magpies, jackdaws, and a raven myself, and these pets of mine were able, after patient and simple training, to repeat words they had picked up, and their tongues had never been interfered with in any way whatever.

Those boys who have birds they hope to get to talk should train them, by gentle and constant tuition, to pick up little phrases.

I may mention that the words most easily learned by a talking bird are those containing the letter "r." I must add, too, that some birds, although they belong to the talking family, seem unable to acquire any power of speech.

### \$100 IN CASH AND PRIZES.



Full Particulars on page 36.

### HE WANTS A ROOM TO HIMSELF.

Here is a fellow of seventeen writing to me in great trouble. He is one of a large family, and he has to share a room at home with two other brothers. Their tastes are not the same as his, and he often finds that their presence interferes with his studies. As he is a studious fellow, he feels that his parents ought to get apart a room where he can study by himself.

And no doubt they would do so, my chum, if such a room were available. But unless your parents are well-off and live in a big house, this, of course, is impossible. I take it that you live in a rather humble way, and therefore it is unreasonable of you to expect a room to yourself. My advice to you is to make the best of things, as you will have to do all through life.

Especially should you be prepared to make sacrifices of comfort where your own family is concerned.

Home life is a very precious thing, my chums, and I hope every one of you does his best to preserve peace. It is not always an easy thing to do, I know—all the more honour and credit to you if you succeed.

### OUR £100 PICTURE CONTEST.

New readers who wish to enter for our great Picture Puzzle Competition, in connection with which £100 in cash and prizes is being awarded, may still enter for it by obtaining back numbers containing the pictures already published. But new competitors must not delay, as this competition is shortly closing.

Full particulars appear on page 36.

### MORE NEW SERIALS.

The serials at present running in **CHEER BOYS CHEER** have been so immensely popular that I have not needed to start fresh ones. However, I believe in variety, and so at an early date I mean to introduce some new serials that will be worthy followers of those we started with.

I have a really splendid school serial ready for publication, and then there is a serial of a rather special type, which will take you by storm. Next week, in the number containing the first instalment of Cecil Hayter's great new adventure serial, I shall have more to say about these other new stories which are coming along.

YOUR EDITOR.



# Are you going to Emigrate?



The following article has been specially written for CHEER BOYS CHEER by an Emigrant to Canada. It is based on his own personal experiences, and deals with many important points not usually touched upon by writers on this subject.

The hour is close upon midnight, the scene is the London terminus of one of our Northern railways.

On a certain platform a great crowd has mustered, waiting for the departure of the train that is to carry them to Liverpool, prior to their embarkation on the Canadian mail steamer, billed to sail the following evening.

The midnight hour strikes slowly; the last stroke dies away, the guards of the departing train shout, "All aboard!" and one feels that the moment of acute anguish to a great many has arrived.

Unless you have gone through the ordeal yourself, you cannot imagine the feeling that strikes the heart as the train pulls slowly out of the station.

## AT LIVERPOOL.

Nothing of any account happens usually on the journey to Liverpool, at which place the travellers arrive about 6 a.m. This crowd is composed of the greater portion of the "third class" or "steerage" passengers for the steamer on which they are booked to sail.

On arrival at the station at the port of embarkation, these people have all their baggage looked after by the railway company free of charge, and are able to get breakfast at the dining-room provided by the steamship company at a very moderate rate.

They then make their way to the steamship company's offices, at which place they are allotted the cabin and berth they are to occupy.

After this business has been finally settled, the passengers board the boat, either whilst in the dock, or by tender whilst the steamer is in mid-stream off the landing-stage.

Once aboard, they have the opportunity of claiming their "wanted" baggage, which has been brought aboard earlier in the day, after which they hunt up their cabin and berth.

The passengers are then free to do as they please.

Much there is to see. Deck hands making ready with hawsers, lines, etc. For once the third class are aboard, the boat draws alongside the landing-stage, and awaits the "special" train bringing the first and second class passengers. This train generally arrives an hour or two before the steamer sails.

As soon as the boat is alongside, everything is hustle and bustle. Donkey-engines start their swirl, derricks are swung into position, and once more the holds receive the baggage and effects of the intending settlers of the vast Dominion.

The business over, one looks at the timepiece on the Royal Liner Buildings, the new palatial offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and finds it denotes the hour timed for the sailing of the boat—viz., 5 p.m. The passengers have a feeling of loneliness once more as they see the landing-stage receding, and the city of Liverpool disappearing behind the grey mist of the evening twilight. Then, turning their gaze from the city, they find they are already heading for the sea, and so settle down in the knowledge that a week at sea awaits them, and a new life across the ocean.

## "VACCINATION EXAMINATION."

After two or three days out of port the third-class passengers pass the ship's doctor for the "vaccination examination." This is done by showing the marks of vaccination.

The women and children are done first by themselves, then the men folk undergo their examination. If the doctor thinks it advisable to vaccinate any of the passengers this is done in the hospital on board. But it is seldom that any are vaccinated at all.

The boat, if not delayed by storms or fog, should reach her first port of call within five or six days from the date of her departure from Liverpool.

In winter the first port of call for the majority of the steamers is Halifax,

and in the summer season Quebec is called at first.

When the steamer calls at Quebec all the third-class passengers disembark, and continue the journey by rail, after passing the immigration official. When, however, Halifax is the port of call, as is the case from the end of November to the beginning of May, then the third class have to disembark to pass the immigration officers. But should they wish to continue their journey to St. John, N.B., by the steamer, and providing their rail ticket order allows this course to be taken, they can do so, but only after they have passed the officer's examination.

## HOW IMMIGRANTS ARE EXAMINED.

Immediately on landing, the passengers proceed to the large hall set aside for their comfort, and seat themselves.

Whilst they await the officials, various chaplains of the different religious denominations ask each person his or her religion, and the representative of their said religion waits on them, and gives him or her a note of introduction to the clergyman of the parish or district to which the emigrant is going.

This often means much to the recipient of the letter of introduction, not only spiritually, but from a business point of view also, for should the person holding the note not have a place of business to go to on arrival, the minister, in a large number of cases, may be the means of getting him or her into remunerative employment. Now, intending immigrants should bear this in mind, and take care of the note given them. Many fellows laugh at these men behind their backs, and throw the introductory card away, little knowing that that act may be the one and only hindrance to their success in the land of their adoption.

(To be continued.)



# He Would Go to School.

Our Rollicking New School Serial. Full of Fun  
and Excitement!

By Robert Murray.

(Author of "The Factory Footballers," etc., etc.)



## FOR THE NEW READER.

DICK HOPE is in capital spirits when he starts on the journey to Culloden College.

All his life Dick has been kept pumpered at home by his father, the wealthy proprietor of "Hope's Soap." But at last, after many protests and violent scenes, he is going to a school where he can mix with other fellows, play their games, share their lapes, and have a grand time all round.

Before the train has travelled far, Dick chimes up with another boy who is bound for Culloden College. This is young Wiggleshaw, son of a Lancashire millionaire. Wiggleshaw is a bit of a dandy to look at, but just the right sort. He and Dick are firm friends in a few minutes, and they are not at all depressed by the fact that Culloden College is a school for refractory boys.

## The Great Rebellion.

Arrived at Culloden College, the two chums find that the Headmaster, Dr. Muttonby, is a brutal tyrant.

A rebellion breaks out, and led by Dick Hope and Wiggleshaw, a great number of boys provide themselves with provisions, and make for the fat roof of the school. Here they encamp.

The rebels are joined by Peters, the school porter, whose attempts at cookery cause a great deal of fun.

Realising that the Head means to starve them into submission, the rebels decide to post invitations to their parents, asking them to come to the school on a certain day. The idea is that when the parents turn up the Head will have to give in, to save exposure of his tyranny.

Dick and Wiggleshaw slip off down town, with Peters, to get the invitations posted. The two chums return in advance of Peters, and when they climb on to the roof they fall into the hands of the Head and his bullying son, Simon.

All the other rebels have vanished. What has become of them?

(Now read this week's thrilling instalment.)

## Dr. Muttonby gets the Upper Hand.

Never in all his life had Dick Hope experienced such a stunning shock as he did at that moment. Helpless in Dr. Muttonby's iron grasp, he stood staring around almost incredulously.

What had become of the other boys? What had become of Rawson, Mellor, Chater, and the rest of the rebels? Not one of them was to be seen. The roof was as bare as the palm of his hands, save for himself, Wiggleshaw, and the headmaster and his son.

Dr. Muttonby seemed to thoroughly enjoy the lad's evident amazement. His black eyes were snapping like polished jet, and his thin lips were wreathed in a smile of sardonic triumph.

"Well, Hope," he said, at last, breaking the long silence, "so you have come back. Ah, I fancy you find things

a bit different than when you went away. You didn't expect to find me here to welcome you, eh?"

And he dug his fingers savagely into the lad's shoulder.

Dick ground his teeth to keep back the exclamation of pain that rose to his lips; but didn't utter a word. He deemed a silent tongue the better policy at that moment.

Wiggleshaw evidently held other views.

With a splutter he suddenly managed to rid himself of the gag that was stuffed into his mouth and commenced to heave and struggle like a madman to rid himself of the burly form of Simon Muttonby, which was seated astride his shoulders.

"Let me oop—let me oop, or, by goom, Ah'll give thee summat to remember me by!" he bellowed. "That great, lumbering elephant! Get off my back!"

With a superhuman effort he sent the headmaster's son flying over his head, and, purple with fury, scrambled to his feet, his fists clenched, and his stubby hair standing straight up on end.

"Take me by surprise, will you!" he roared. "Attack me from behind. You dirty cads! Coom on, Ah ain't frightened o' thee! Ah'll take 't two o' you on!"

Simon Muttonby hung back nervously, awestruck by the headmaster's ferocious aspect; but the headmaster was made of sterner stuff.

With a deep-throated snarl of rage, he flung Dick roughly to one side, and sprang at Wiggleshaw like a wild beast.

"Defy me, will you, you cubs!" he hissed. "Do you dare to speak to me like that. By thunder, I'll show you who's master here!"

One lean hand closed like a vice around Wiggleshaw's throat, and, clenching his right fist, he drove it once, twice, into the lad's face with savage force.

Wiggleshaw reeled back, half-stunned, a trickle of blood running down his chin, and blind with fury, Dr. Muttonby lifted him clean off his feet, and shook him as a dog shakes a rat.

This was more than Dick Hope could stand. Such brutal treatment of his chum made the very blood boil in his veins, and, reckless to the consequences, he sprang to his feet, and charged forward.

"Stop it! Leave him alone, you cowardly bully!" he cried. "Don't you dare strike him again!"

But Dick had forgotten all about Simon Muttonby, and before he had taken three steps, a pair of great arms were flung around him from behind, pinning his hands to his sides, and a

bony knee was screwed viciously into his back.

"It's all right, father. I've got him!" shrielled the headmaster's son. "I've got him! He can't get away! I'll settle the little beast!"

Dr. Muttonby nodded his head in grim satisfaction, and dealt Wiggleshaw a final cuff on the side of the head that must have knocked half the senses out of him.

"Defy me, will you?" he shouted. "Set my authority at naught, eh? By heavens, I've got a reckoning to settle with you, my lad, and it'll be paid in full before many more hours are up!"

Wiggleshaw's face was as white as a sheet, and he made no further resistance as the headmaster propelled him savagely across the roof towards the trap-door, which was now open, and completely cleared of the barricade of mattresses that the rebels had piled upon it.

Dick brought up the rear, helpless in Simon Muttonby's grasp, and inwardly raging at his own impotence.

What did it all mean? he wondered, puzzled to himself. What had become of all the boys? Why had they vanished—the roof? Everything had vanished—all the bedding, cooking utensils, and provisions; not a solitary article remained.

It was a stunning surprise, and Dick was at a loss to make head or tail of it.

One thing he realised to the full. Dr. Muttonby had got the upper hand again, and Dick wondered with a sense of alarm and dismay, what steps he would take to avenge all he had put up with during the past few days.

Roughly he was hustled down the ladder into the passage below, where Mr. Pipford was waiting in a state of nervous excitement.

"Ah, so you have got them, sir!" he shrielled eagerly. "You have caught the miscreants—the ringleaders of this disgraceful uprising, now happily at an end! Miserable youths, are you not thoroughly ashamed of yourselves? Do you not quail and tremble at thought of the just punishment that so rightfully awaits you?"

And Mr. Pipford shook his head in grave reproach, and rolled his eyes in mock horror.

"Yes, we have caught the young scoundrels!" rumbled Dr. Muttonby triumphantly. "They walked straight into the trap we had laid for them. As you say, Pipford, the uprising is over—so far as the boys are concerned; but not so far as I am concerned!"

And the headmaster grinned meaningly in a manner that caused Dick's heart to sink in his chest.

For the time being I think we might as well place them along with



the others," went on Dr. Muttonby; "at least, until I decide upon a more definite course of action."

As he spoke the Head dragged Wiggleshaw roughly down the corridor, Dick and Simon Muttonby following behind.

The little procession came to a halt outside the door of the Fifth Form dormitory. The door was heavily bolted with a padlock, and, seated on a chair to one side, in an attitude of grim watchfulness was a burly-looking man, with a pronounced squint, a bulldog jaw, and a mouthful of jagged, yellow teeth which he exposed in a horrible grin as he rose and touched his forehead to Dr. Muttonby.

"Well, Grimes, all right?" said the headmaster.

"Yus, hallright, gov'nor!" replied the man, in a husky voice. "There's bin a lot o' chin-wag goin' on inside, but nothing helso."

"Ah! Hope and Wiggleshaw, this is Mr. Grimes, my new porter," said Dr.

#### Peters Comes Back.

The key grated harshly in the lock, and the footsteps of Dr. Muttonby and his son could be heard retreating down the corridor.

Dick swept a quick glance around the dormitory, and a little cry of mingled surprise and delight burst from him, as he did so.

Here were the missing boys, every one of them. Rawson, Mellor, Chater, and the rest, lounging about on the beds, and talking gloomily to one another. Piled on the floor were the cooking utensils, and the pillow-slips full of food they had taken from the kitchen and the larder, and the mattresses and clothes had all been placed back on the beds.

Dick and Wiggleshaw stared in blank amazement, and then gradually became aware of an unpleasant tenseness in the atmosphere. Not a single boy made any attempt to greet them, and nothing but lowering, ominous glances were cast in their direction.

"Hallo! What is the matter now?" muttered Wiggleshaw puzzledly. "They don't seem very glad to see us!"

"My hat, there's something wrong!" grunted Dick. "They all look as though they'd like to bite our heads off. What have we done, I'd like to know!"

Rawson was the first to break the long silence as he sat up, and scowled threateningly at the newcomers.

"Here they are!" he cried sneeringly. "Here are the dirty sneaks and backsliders. Look at 'em. Decent sort of rotters, ain't they?"

"Bo-o-o-oh! Hi-s-s-s!"

"Yah! Cowards! Funks!"

"Rotters!"

A perfect storm of hisses and boos swept from end to end of the dormitory. Fists were shaken, and yells of anger went up. A cake of soap whizzed past Wiggleshaw's head, and struck the wall behind him with a thud.

The two boys stared at one another in speechless amazement. What on earth did it mean? What had they done to deserve this scornful reception at the hands of their schoolfellows? Had they gone mad, or what?

Dick turned first white, then red with anger, and stepped forward boldly, his eyes flashing with indignation.

"Look here, you chaps!" he cried, in a ringing voice. "What in the name of sense does this mean? Have you gone off your heads?"

A yell of derision went up.

"Hark at him—injured innocence!" sneered Rawson bitterly. "So old Muttonby collared you and brought you back, did he? You didn't get very far then! Sneaking backsliders! I hope he takes it out of you!"

"By jingo, Rawson, I'll not stand that sort of talk from you or anybody else!" cried Dick hotly. "I don't know what you're talking about. You must be clean crazy. Sneaks and backsliders, are we. You'll either give me an explanation, or I'll knock one out of you!"

And he stepped forward, his fists raised threateningly.

There was a ring of truth and conviction in Dick's voice, and a puzzled look crept across Rawson's freckled face.

"You—you know quite well what I mean, Hope," he said hesitatingly.

"Didn't you and Wiggleshaw fake up some excuse, and sneak off, and leave us in the lurch to face the music. Call

that a sporting thing to do? I call it downright rotten, so there!"

"Hear, hear," chorused the other boys. "Booh, dirty cads!"

Dick and Wiggleshaw glared at each other in utter bewilderment.

"Ah reckon you chaps are well qualified for a lunatic asylum," said the Lancashire lad pityingly. "You know jolly well what Hope and Ah went down to t' village for. We went to have those cards printed and posted, an' we did it. Then we returned to find old Muttonby waiting on the roof to collar us, an' you lot penned up down here. Ah reckon you're the backsliders and cowards."

It was now the other boy's turn to look bewildered, and Rawson ran his fingers through his red hair in evident astonishment.

"Here, I say, I—I don't quite understand this," he muttered. "What are you driving at? If you two chaps meant to come back, what did you chuck that note up for—eh? If it was



"Swindler!" yelled Rawson. "Open this door at once, or else give me back my five bob!"

Muttonby, with a little smile playing around the corners of his mouth. "I do not think you will find him so easy to get on with as you did that ruffian Peters. Grimes is a man who will stand no nonsense of any kind. You can make what use you please of that information."

A little thrill of dismay shot through Dick at these words. So Dr. Muttonby had got a new porter, and therefore, the services of bluff, good-hearted old Peters would not be required any more. "Poor Peters!" muttered the lad to himself. "He's lost his job, and all through us. What on earth'll he say when he comes back."

Little did Dick realise under what circumstances Peters would return, and what he would say and do when he did come back.

Meanwhile, Mr. Grimes produced a ponderous key from his pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door of the Fifth Form dormitory. The next instant Dick and Wiggleshaw were hustled roughly through, and the door slammed hollowly behind them.

C.B.C.—No. 11.



"Keep your hair on!" answered Mr. Grimes. "There's plenty of time, Dr. Muttonby will be along soon!"

meant for a joke, it was a pretty rotten one. I can tell you that!"

"Note! I didn't throw any note up!" gasped Dick blankly. "What note are you talking about?"

"This note!" snapped Rawson triumphantly. "Perhaps you'll say you didn't write it, and that that isn't your signature."

And with a flourish he drew a sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to Dick.

Wiggleshaw and Dick read it through in speechless amazement.

It ran as follows:

"Wiggleshaw and I have decided to do a bolt. There's no use holding out any longer. The Head's sure to get the better of us in the end. Sorry to leave you chaps in the lurch. You'd better give in and make the most of it. (Signed) Dick Hope."

Dick's eyes almost started out of his head, and his face turned crimson with fury, as he swung round on Rawson.

"Do you think I wrote this!" he roared indignantly. "Do you mean to

## HE WOULD GO TO SCHOOL.

(Continued from previous page.)

say you thought I was big enough cad to do a thing like that?"

Rawson flushed nervously, and wriggled uncomfortably.

"Ye-yes, of course we thought you wrote it," he stammered. "It-it's got your signature at the bottom."

"I don't care what it's got!" cried Dick. "I never wrote it. I knew nothing whatever about it. Where did you get it?"

It was thrown up on to the roof, wrapped around a stone, just after you and Wiggleshaw left. And I can tell you it gave us a bit of a shock when we read it.

"And then, about ten minutes afterwards, old Muttonby came out in the quad, and said he'd give us one more chance to give in and come down, and that he'd let us off with a dozen apiece. So we—we—well, we decided to accept his terms, and here we are. You say you never wrote that at all?"

"Write it? Of course I didn't write it!" snapped Dick, in a scornful tone. "Of all the fat-headed scoundrels, I reckon you take the cake, Rawson! It was all a hove. You've been duddled, spoofed, taken in by a trick that a two-year-old kid could have seen through!"

"Taken in—spoofed? What d'you mean?" gasped Rawson.

"Why—old Muttonby must have written this note himself!" snorted Dick. "He probably saw Wiggleshaw and I leave the school, and, knowing what a lot of chumps you were, buzzed this note up."

"He probably thought that if you believed we had done a guy you'd give in, in order to save your own skins. And you swallowed it at once, and crawled down with your tails between your legs. My hat, you've giddy well spoilt everything!"

Rawson gave a groan. "My maiden aunt, what a fool I am!" he raved. "Of course, I see everything now! I deserve to be booted from one end of the village to the other!"

"I reckon you do!" grunted Wiggleshaw gravely. "Of all t' blasted idiots, Ah reckon you take t' cake!"

The other boys were all staring at one another in dismay and disgust. They realised now how easily they had been taken in—how Dr. Muttonby even at that moment was probably chuckling over the cunning ruse by aid of which he had brought the rebellion to an untimely and ignominious end.

"Hope, I owe you an apology. And you as well, Wiggleshaw," said Rawson gloomily, rising, and extending his hand. "I must have been giddy well off my rocker to have thought you'd ever do such a thing! I—I'm sorry! I'm an absolute ass! I've made a mess of the whole blessed thing!"

"It's all right! It's too late to grumble now," grinned Dick cheerfully. "Back up, Rawson, old son! We all make mistakes sometimes!"

"Bravo! Good old Hope! Three cheers for Hope!"

"Good old Wiggleshaw! Bravo, Wiggleshaw!"

The other boys, anxious to make amends for the error of judgment they had made, let fly with a cheer that made the very ceiling ring.

C. B. C.—No. 11.

Scarcely had it died away than there came a thunderous knocking at the door, and the hoarse voice of Mr. Grimes, the new porter, came through the thick panels:

"Nah, then, you young rips in there, stop that noise, or, by jimmie, I'll come in an' give you something to yell about! I'm not standing no nonsense, I'm not!"

"Heathly sort of brute, ain't he?" grunted Rawson disgustedly. "Looks like a hooligan or a housebreaker! Wonder if it's any use trying to get round him? Hi, you!" he went on, raising his voice. "Do you want to earn five bob?"

It didn't take Mr. Grimes long to make up his mind.

"Five bob!" he replied. "Ha, now ye're talking business! H'm! Always out for the spondulicks, I am. We'll do the time!"

"I'll give you five bob if you'll open this door," went on Rawson eagerly.

"I'm yer man!" answered the new porter, with alacrity. "Money in advance is my motto. Push the five bob under the door, and open she comes!"

Rawson turned and winked delightedly at his chums.

"What do you think of that!" he whispered proudly. "Trust me to manage these sort of chaps! There's nothing like a knowledge of human nature, you know. I've only got half-a-crown. Fork out, Chater. You've got some tin!"

Somewhat reluctantly Chater produced the required coin; and, adding it to his own, Rawson pushed the two under the door.

"Stand by, you chaps!" he whispered. "The moment it opens, out we go, and back to the roof again. We'll teach old Muttonby to get the better of us by a trick!"

Several minutes passed, but still the door remained firmly closed. Mr. Grimes could be heard chinking his five shillings contentedly in his pocket.

"Hurry up!" called Rawson. "When are you going to open this door?"

"Keep your 'air on!" murmured Mr. Grimes consolingly. "Plenty o' time! Old Muttonby'll be along pretty soon. I can't hopen the door till 'e comes. Special orders, you know!"

Rawson uttered a howl of rage. "You cad! You swindler!" he yelled furiously. "Open this door at once, or else give me back my five bob!"

"I don't think, ducky! I've told yer 'I'll open the door when the boss comes along."

## NEXT WEEK!

You will have the grand, long, opening instalment of

## IN SEARCH OF THE CITY OF GOLD.

By Cecil Hayter.

PLEASE ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

And Mr. Grimes commenced to whistle a little tune to himself, turning a deaf ear to Rawson's ravings and vain threats.

"You frabjous idiot! Where's my half-crown?" wailed Chater. "Never struck such a fool as you in all my life, Rawson!"

"Done again!" grinned Wiggleshaw. "Ah reckon your knowledge of human nature is somewhat at fault, Rawson. My hat, you do throw your money about!"

Boiling over with rage and chagrin, Rawson commenced to batter and kick frenziedly at the door, until a savage threat from the new porter, to the effect that "if 'e didn't chuck that there rowl 'e'd come in an' knock sparks off the end of his nose!" caused him to hurriedly desist.

It was now well past nine o'clock, and quite dark in the dormitory; and as time went on it became evident that Dr. Muttonby was not going to visit them again that night.

"Mr. Grimes breathed a cheery "Good-night!" to them through the keyhole before settling down for a snooze in his chair; and by mutual assent, the boys commenced to turn into their beds.

"What's going to happen to-morrow? That's what I'd like to know!" muttered Rawson gloomily. "You can beat your boots old Muttonby's got something up his sleeve for us! I don't like this fooling about; it gets on my nerves!"

"Wait until he gets the replies to those cards we had sent off!" grinned Dick. "Then the band'll begin to play with a vengeance! Goodness, only knows how it's all going to end! If only we could have stuck it out on the roof for a couple more days, we should have won through with flying colours!"

Wearily the boys clambered into their beds; and it must have been a half-hour later that Mellor suddenly sat bolt upright.

"What's that?" he said nervously. "D'you hear that, you chaps? There's someone knocking about in the yard! I swear there is! Listen! Sounds like a whacking great dog or an elephant or something!"

There certainly was somebody or something moving about in the quadrangle beneath the dormitory window. Crash! Bang! Clatter!

The din was terrific, and added to it there was a snorting and a puffing like some huge animal suffering with asthma.

"Hallo!" muttered Rawson. "Who's banging about out there at this time of night?"

Someone suddenly commenced to trill out an old sea chanty in a very husky and untuneful voice. The song came to a stop, and the singer broke out into a grumbling tirade.

"Ere, where's that there rope? 'Oo's pinched that there rope? Think I'm a-going to walk round 'ere all night, looking for that 'ere rope? Hi, you up there on the roof! D'you 'ear? Sling down that there rope! It's me! I've come back! Belay, there! Ahoy!"

"My giddy aunt, it's old Peters!" gasped Wiggleshaw, springing out of bed as though he had been shot.

(That will dear old Peters do when he finds a new porter in his place! Don't miss the next instalment in next Wednesday's "C. B. C.," which will also contain the opening chapters of Cecil Hayter's thrilling new adventure serial.)

# "All Alive-O!"

A Very Funny Complete Tale of the Merry Caravanners, in which Mr. Gumsedge, the Tutor, Scores a Triumph.

By Sidney Drew.



## PLEASE NOTE.

Reggie Rignold and his two chums, Fred Fairford and Victor Mayes, are on tour in a caravan. They have with them Mr. Gumsedge, a tutor, and Mr. Gorp, a manservant.

Mr. Gumsedge has a genius for getting into trouble; but in this week's laughable story he scores very neatly.

## Victor Mayes Catches an Eel and a Tartar.

"Well, if the beauties ain't born weary," remarked Master Victor Mayes.

Victor and Wun-hi, the dog, were not afraid of sunburn, and had braved the heat to obtain a quart of milk. It was a sweltering afternoon, too hot for driving in comfort, and they had arranged to stop here until after night-fall.

Victor and Wun-hi viewed a scene of utter laziness. The caravan stood in the shade of a clump of trees beside a pond. Reg and Fred Fairford were supposed to be fishing. Their fishing-rods were beside them and their floats were in the water. But instead of attending to their business, the two anglers snored in their chairs, and behind them in another chair, his chin sunk upon his breast, snored Mr. Gumsedge.

Mr. Gorp alone had not succumbed to the drowsy influence of the afternoon. Perched on a camp-stool, Gorp had been steadily catching roach and bream, while the floats of Reg and Fred remained obstinately motionless.

"Phew! Nice weather for skating, ain't it, Gorp?" said Victor. "The fish ought to be ready boiled when you haul 'em out."

At that very moment Fairford's float went down as if someone had hit it with a mallet. Victor made a dive for the fishing-rod, and jerked it upwards with a ten-horse power jerk. There was a sharp crack, and some dark, writhing object shot through the air over Victor's head. Line and rod top had alike snapped. Mr. Gumsedge, who was dreaming happy dreams, and

snoring placidly, suddenly felt a blow on the chest, and opened his eyes.

Then Mr. Gumsedge opened his eyes wider, and also his mouth. He was startled, as any gentleman would be who awakes from a pleasant dream, and found a very lively snake on his lap trying to tie itself into knots. It was only an eel, but Mr. Gumsedge took it for an adder, at least, and bounded out of the chair with alacrity.

"Help!" he shrieked. "I am attacked by a snake! Gracious! The hideous thing may have bitten me!"

Mr. Gumsedge grasped the folding-chair, and swung it above his head. As he smote, the chair shut up with a snap, and hurt his fingers. Jumping into the air, Mr. Gumsedge struck downwards with all his might. He hit the ground beautifully, but he missed the eel, for, to his horror, it jumped when he did, for the simple reason that the hook was still in its mouth, and the end of the broken line had got twisted round Mr. Gumsedge's ankle.

"Marvellous!" said Mr. Gorp, with one eye on the float, and another on Mr. Gumsedge. "Don't mutilate that 'ere heel, sir! He's a fine 'un, and I wants him for my supper. Oh, marvellous!"

Again Mr. Gumsedge bounded into the air, grasping the chair with both hands, and again the eel jumped towards him. It was a terrific blow, but it did not hurt the eel a scrap. Dropping the chair, the horrified tutor retreated, and the wriggling thing followed.

"Murder! It is pursuing me!" cried Mr. Gumsedge. "Kill it! Slay it! Kill it, Gorp; kill it!"

Mr. Gorp's float disappeared, and he hooked a nice large fish. Gorp did not intend to lose the fish for the sake of Mr. Gumsedge. Reg and Fred Fairford woke up just as Mr. Gumsedge sprang backwards, and Victor made a blind swipe at the eel with the butt-end of the fishing-rod. The eel would certainly have suffered from that tired feél-

ing if Victor had hit it, but Victor missed, and the eel, not because it wanted to, but because it had to, bounded after Mr. Gumsedge with a blood-thirsty determination that was absolutely horrifying.

"How's that for six?" yelled Victor. He hit the eel this time. Mr. Gumsedge had made still another backward jump, and Victor caught the eel in mid-air. By rights, Victor ought to have been caught out, for he drove the ball—the eel, that is—straight at Mr. Gumsedge. Mr. Gumsedge did not catch it, but he stopped it with his chest.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed. "Ow! What—Dear, dear, dear! What—what am I doing?"

Mr. Gorp had just time to utter one smothered, but frantic yell, as Mr. Gumsedge lurched violently against him, and shot him off his camp stool clear into the pond. Only for Reg, the bewildered tutor would have followed.

"The—the—the snake!" gasped the tutor, gazing at the ground, and hopping up and down as if the grass was red hot. "Whose—where is the—the snake? Have—have you killed it?"

The three boys roared with laughter as Mr. Gorp's head and shoulders rose amid the bubbles. Mr. Gorp reached for his hat that was floating close by, and put it on. Then he winked the muddy water out of his eyes. The float bobbed up, and disappeared, and for the first time in their lives the boys saw a look of pure joy light up the manservant's wooden features. Gorp grasped his fishing-rod as it was being towed away.

"Hurro!" he shouted gleefully. "Marvellous! He's still on. If it don't weigh three pound I'll eat me straw 'at!"

"Bravo! You're a sport, Gorp!" laughed Reg, picking up the landing-net. "It's nice and cool in there, isn't it? You're not getting your socks wet, are you, you naughty boy? You'll get an awful cold if you wet your feet. Stand on your head, and keep them dry, silly fellow! Ha, ha! Come out, Gorp! Bashing ain't allowed!"

Their laughter did not disturb Mr. Gorp. He sat in the mud, and played the fish. It turned out to be a fine bream, and not until he had it safely in the landing-net did he rise to his feet, his back all covered with yellow clay, to thug, thug, and splash his way to the bank. It was a surprisingly good fish to come out of such a pond.

"Marvellous!" cried the angler gleefully. "Fancy a big 'un like that. I shall get a prize from my fishin' club. I'm goin' to weigh him, and send him up by train. Ha, ha! Marvellous!"

There was some excuse for Mr. Gumsedge's slight mistake. He had discovered his error. Without apologising

for having so rudely pushed Gorp into the pond, he went into the caravan to sponge some of the slime off his garments.

The impact with the eel had made him rather short of breath. Reg was scooping buckets of water out of the pond, and slinging them over Gorp to remove the clinging mud.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Gumsedge. "I wonder."

He cast a distrustful glance over his shoulder at Mayes. Mr. Gumsedge had been rather suspicious of that merry young gentleman for some time. Perhaps the eel had not found its way into his lap by mere accident. In his gloe, Victor had forgotten to be cautious. He was still shaking with laughter.

"My stars!" he grinned. "That happened quick, Fred. I'm a snake charmer, I am. I twiggled the float go down, and pulled like wildfire. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I suppose you're the beauty who busted my rod?" said Reg, putting down the bucket.

"Couldn't help it, dear boy. You were snoozing, and flop went your float. Of course, I thought it was a shark trying to pinch your bait, and I yanked. Would I stand by and see you robbed, Reg? Could I, now? I just yanked. I must have abused my terrific strength, for I yanked out this elongated merchant slap into Gummy. Ha, ha, ha! Then the band played. You should have seen him jump—just like this! And yell—what-ho! Why didn't you wake up, kids? Murder! I am pertacked by a snook! Slay it! Ger-acious! It may have bitten me, and I shall die of des, or wow! You should have seen him jump. You—Wor-on!"

"Shut up! He may hear you, you jurgins!" said Fred. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"You missed half of it," said Victor. "You saw me nearly score that boundary, but you didn't see the giddy athletics. It staggered me for a second to know why the eel jumped. Gentlemen, with your kind attention, I will now give you a scene from my new drama, 'Gumsedge and the Slimy One.' It ain't a real drama, but a sort of song and dance. They both dance, but the slimy one doesn't sing, having left his voice in the pond. It's a lovely chorus; in fact, it's all chorus. It goes like this."

Victor dangled the battered eel on the line, and jumped up and down like a doll on a piece of elastic.

"A snook! Wow!" he warbled. "A poisonous snook! Murder! The snook is pursuing me! Hel-lap! It is a poisonous snook with a sting in its tail. Tut-tut! Take it away! I am not insured against snook-bites. Horrors! It wants to kiss me. Bah-hoo! It chases me. Kill it! Slew it! Tread on its tail! Wallop it!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Reg and Fred fairly.

Victor was a clever mimic. He had not given Mr. Gumsedge a thought, and he had allowed Fred's warning to go unheeded. As a rule, after being violently agitated, Mr. Gumsedge took a brisk walk to calm himself. On this occasion he was not calming his agitation by walking exercise. With thunder on his brow, and a forced and dangerous smile on his lips, Mr. Gumsedge cautiously emerged from the caravan.

"Very, very spirited!" muttered Mr. Gumsedge, "and very mirth-provoking. Ha, ha!"

Mr. Gumsedge's laugh was not a mirthful one. He picked up the broken top of Reg's fishing-rod. Reg and Fred saw him coming, but Victor was too busy. Mr. Gumsedge caught Victor in mid-air, just as Victor had caught the eel, but the tutor got in three blows instead of one.

"Slow it, Reg!" howled the victim. "Wotcher mean? Cheese it!"

Then Master Victor's jaw dropped as he spun round, and confronted Mr. Gumsedge.

"It is not a— a snook, Victor," said Mr. Gumsedge, getting in another stinging cut; "it is a cane—a cane with a poisonous sting in it. It is pursuing you, Victor." Mr. Gumsedge smote again. "It wants to kiss you. It chases you, my dear boy. And it sings, my dear fellow, while you dance. Thank you, Victor; you are a magnificent actor!"

Mr. Gumsedge made the rod-top sing for the last time, flung it down, and strode away across the meadow. Victor Mayes gazed after him with an expres-



"More cets, dear boy!" said Mr. Gumsedge, emptying the whole sackful over Victor's head; and then a loud howl of misery rent the night air.

Victor groaned rather tiredly, and rubbed himself again.

"M'yes," he said; "that song and dance is laid up for repairs. I didn't think Gummy had it in him. He knows how to lay it on. Stop gigglin', can't you? Wow! I'm a wounded warrior. Why didn't you tell me he sometimes broke out like this, and went on the warpath. He's a cruel boy-torturer, that's what Gummy is. I shall walk all the way home, and fetch my big brother to him. Say, Reg, when he gets a fit like this, does it stick in his crop, or is it just a flare up with him, and then all over?"

"Oh, don't fret, he's not a bad sort, kid," said Reg. "You'll hear no more about it."

"But Gummy will!" sighed Victor, feeling himself tenderly. "His number is up. Revenge, like treacle, is sweet."

#### Mr. Gumsedge Scores a Second Time.

It was a very charming drive in the moonlight. Mr. Gumsedge was so overcome by the beauties of the night as he sat in the front of the caravan beside Reg that he felt a longing to write poetry about it. He went to sleep instead, and nearly fell off the caravan. They had arranged their camping place at Lorney Mill, and when Reg drove up the miller was there with a lantern to admit them to his paddock, and offer them all the assistance they required.

"It's a rare pretty place this, sir," said the miller to Mr. Gumsedge, "and plenty for young gentlemen to amoose 'em. The brook fair teams 'v' fish, and there's birds and butterflies, if you collect such things, and photographs to be took. You're quite welcome to my boat, and I does a bit 'o' farmin', so your heggs and milk and butter will be as fresh as daisies."

"Thank you—thank you!" said Mr. Gumsedge. "We were told what a delightful spot it was, and that is why I wrote to you to ask permission to camp here. Can you—er—tell me whether there are antiques in the vicinity?"

Mr. Gose, the miller, scratched his head with a puzzled air, and reflected deeply.

"No," he answered, at last. "It ain't the time 'o' year for 'em. You want to come in September to find them things."

The miller appeared to think that antiques were some peculiar species of mushroom, and Mr. Gumsedge gave him up.

He was a good-natured fellow, and after helping Gorp to erect the tent, he invited the handyman into the mill cottage for a smoke and a glass of beer. As the night was more glorious than ever after the intolerable heat of the day, Mr. Gumsedge brought out a chair, and sat gazing up into the perfect sky, while the bats wheeled round him.

Mr. Gumsedge had been quite polite to Victor, and Victor had been equally polite to Mr. Gumsedge.

"I think, boys," said Mr. Gumsedge, "that a cup of tea would not keep us awake to-night. At least, I fancy a cup of tea myself, but I am really too idle to make one. Perhaps you will oblige? Victor, my dear boy, you make very nice tea."

"I hope it'll keep you awake for a month," thought Mayes, for, although he did not bear any real malice, the caning he received was not forgotten. "All right, sir," he added briskly. "I'll put the kettle on at once!"

Mr. Gumsedge accepted the tea with a grateful smile. Reg and Fred had gone to look at the mill dam, and

"I was thinking, Victor," said Mr. Gumsedge, "that only England, by which, of course, I mean the British Isles, could produce such a majestic summer night as this. I wish you would form a habit of reading good poetry, Victor. Poetry enchants the mind, and fills it with beautiful thoughts and imaginations. You would simply describe the moon as the moon, Victor. A poet would describe her in noble language as the argent orb that rules the pathless sky, or something like that."

"If any long-haired poet called the poor old moon that when I was about," thought Victor, "I'd hit him with a shovel."

Then he fled. He had had quite enough of Mr. Gumsedge for one day. A cheery light streamed out from the

open door of the mill cottage. There sat Mr. Gorp and the miller, smoking long clay pipes.

"Speakin' of eels," remarked the miller, "we swarn wi' eels. I ain't took my traps up yet. I'll lay there's a 'undredweight of the beggars in them big butts o' mine."

"Where are they?" asked Victor, with sudden interest.

"Why, fixed below the dam there, sir," answered the miller.

"I'll buy a bushel of them. I want 'em to-night, and they must be all alive and kicking," said Victor. "I'm starting a stewed eel shop."

"Bill," cried the miller, to some invisible person in the scullery, "fetch 'alf a sack of eels, and bring 'em round!"

Mr. Gumsedge was standing near the dam when the miller's man arrived. With some curiosity he watched the man empty the slimy captives out of one of the traps into the sack. Ten minutes later Mr. Gumsedge caught sight of

Master Victor Mayes emerging from the mill cottage, carrying a dripping and bulging sack.

"Aha!" muttered Mr. Gumsedge. "What is this?"

Victor hid the sack under the caravan.

"Wait till he comes back, and sits down to star-gaze," grinned Victor.

"I'll stick the sack behind him, and let all the wrigglers out! My hat! He'll think he's seeing fifty million snakes."

Victor thought he might as well leave the sack behind the chair, for Mr. Gumsedge would never notice it. He had only to cut the string, and the eels would do the rest. In a second Mr. Gumsedge grasped the whole plot.

Taking out his pocket-knife, Mr. Gumsedge crawled forward, while Victor sat down, chuckling.

"Kids," he grinned, as Reg and Victor came up. "If Gummy don't get a straight to bed 'I've got the merriest wheezo you ever struck. Not one miserable eel, but eels and eels and—"

"More eels, Victor?" said Mr. Gumsedge. "More eels, dear boy!"

He sprang up from behind the chair, grasping the sack by the corners, and shook out the whole writhing, wriggling, slimy contents over the author of the merry jest.


Victor's horrified yell echoed far through the night, followed by shrieks of laughter from Reg and Fred Fairford.

Next day the merry caravanners turned back for home. Their holiday was not yet over. Plenty of fun and excitement still awaited them. But here, for the present at any rate, we will bid them "Good-bye!"

Mr. Gumsedge, Mr. Gorp, and last, but not least, the devoted Wun-ih—we may meet them all again some day. And if we do we are pretty sure there will be as lively doings as ever happened during their Holiday on Wheels.


THE END.

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# Trade or Office —Which?

Here is a Special Article by "The Business Man" in which this important question of a choice of career is fully discussed.



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At this time of the year a great number of lads have "broken up" for the last time. School days are behind them. They are on the threshold of the workaday world. The problem of the moment is, "What shall I be?" And believe me, boys, that problem is best settled at once and for ever, if you are to make much out of life.

Do you want to go into an office, or do you want to learn a trade? If you have any strong inclination one way or the other, I certainly think you had better follow it. But supposing you are quite undecided, and want to know which of the two callings is likely to prove the better from all points of view—what then?

#### YOUR FATHER'S CALLING.

Well, boys, I will tell you my opinion in a few words. I have always held—and experience has confirmed this view—that if you have a father in some flourishing trade, it is best to follow in his footsteps. And, generally, the same rule applies where the father is in an office.

I will give you my reasons. There is a certain "knack" about every calling, and a good workman or a good clerk often hands down some of his special ability to his sons. Also, from their earliest days, sons are "in the know" about their father's business, and so the whole thing comes more naturally to them when they take it up for a living.

But I must utter a word of warning. These are days when trades are liable to sudden extinction by new inventions and new fashions.

If your father is in a trade that is likely to be suddenly swept away, take heed before you go into it for a living.

Can the son of a clerical man be successful in a clerical calling? Of

course he can. If your father happens to be a bricklayer, and you work at school has shown you to have a head for business, then learn as much as you can, and get into business somehow—and may good fortune attend your ambitious efforts.

You have this fact to spur you on. Some of the greatest men in the commercial world have been the sons of working men.

And now, what about the well-educated son of a fairly well-to-do man in the City? Is such a fellow wise to enter a trade? My answer is, certainly, if he shows special aptitude for it.

#### "TRADE" IS NOT "COMMON."

For goodness' sake 'don't be deterred by anybody's snobbish remarks about "trade." There is nothing finer than honest toil, and, personally, I often regret the fact that I was unable to do a bit of grossy overalls, and get my living at the lathe or the bench.

The "kid-glove" fellow had better steer clear of trade. He isn't wanted, even as an apprentice. But a hard-working, brainy chap, whatever he is by birth or education, will do well in any workshop. It means long hours and roughened hands; but the first will not hurt you, and there's no disgrace in the latter.

A man who is thoroughly good at his trade can, except in times of acute trade depression, when we all suffer, earn a good living. This is not nearly so much the case with the office worker or the fellow following some precarious occupation with the pen.

Many a linotype operator earns more than a hard-working journalist, and the same comparison can be made between other trades and professions.

So you will see from all this, my chums, that I am strongly in favour of trade.

But I don't want to alarm any of you who are already started on clerical careers. Having started, go through with it.

It is only the chap who turns back who never gets anywhere. There are plenty of ways a clerk can get on, as I have shown in a previous article. But I will not deny that I am anxious to see more of you stick to trade.

This Empire of ours is built up on trade. The British workman has always been the finest in the world, and thousands of you have inherited his splendid abilities. Don't waste them. So long as we are a nation at all, we shall be a nation of shopkeepers—and workmen!

The "working classes"—I do not use the term slightly, far from it—the working classes are the backbone of this country, and you may be proud to belong to them. Only be sure that you will really like the trade you think of joining, and I am sure you will never regret following it.

#### AS YOUR OWN MASTER.

There is just one other point I must touch upon, in conclusion. Here again I am going to say a word for trade, in preference to office life. By-and-by some of you may have the means of starting on your own. Now, if you have learned a useful trade, you can hope to do very well as your own master. So may the clerk, of course; but his opportunities are not so numerous, and, as a rule, he requires more money at his back than the working man needs.

Which is it to be, then—office or trade?

I say trade!

(Our Editor invites the views of his readers on this important question. Any letters deemed worthy of special notice will be dealt with in "C.B.C.")

C.B.C.—No. 11.



# SHUNNED BY THE VILLAGE

Our Dramatic New, True-to Life Serial Story.

## By Henry St. John.

(Author of "The Days of Dashing Drake," "The Boys of St. Basil's,"  
"Shunned by the School," etc.)

### THE CURTAIN RISES.

Jim Hollis has just returned to his native village of Plumfield, after three months in prison for a theft he never committed. He finds the whole village means to shun him; he is an outcast amongst them, a "thief" who has "done time."

Only two people seem to pity him. One is John Gale, the curate; the other is pretty Dulcie Warrington, the squire's daughter. But by doing a chivalrous act to the girl, Jim wins the good opinion of the squire himself, and gets work at the Manor House.

### A Villain's Plot.

This angers the squire's son, Giles, one of Jim's bitterest persecutors. The lad resolves to ruin Jim, and uses a rogue named Bilson as an accomplice. Bilson has been in prison with Jim.

As a result of a deep-laid plot, Jim, on passing the Manor House late one evening, sees a man coming out of the library window with a bag of stolen articles. The lad attempts to capture the thief, but Bilson—for it is he—gets away, and Jim is captured instead.

He protests his innocence, but the facts are against him, and next day he is arrested and taken to Castleford, where he is to be brought up before the magistrates.

The squire is doubtful about Jim's guilt, and resolves to go to the court.

He refuses to let Dulcie be mixed up in the case, but having evidence to give in favour of Jim, the girl goes to the Court against her father's orders.

Jim is discharged by the magistrates, the evidence being insufficient to commit him; but it is evident that the stigma of guilt rests upon his name.

(Now read this week's thrilling instalment.)

### Trouble for Dulcie.

Giles Warrington dug his nails into the palms of his hands.

The brute had escaped, after all! After all his carefully-laid plans, Jim Hollis had escaped, thanks to Dulcie.

"A jolly good thrashing is what she wants," Giles muttered. "Her presence disgraced us all, father," he said.

"What do you mean?" the squire asked.

"I mean, Dulcie coming to the police-court. We'll have everyone talking about it. To think of her saying we had ordered her not to come—just as if we wanted that fellow to be unjustly sentenced. That's what everyone is saying, anyhow. I heard a dozen people say the same thing."

"What thing?"

"Why, that you wanted to get that brute Hollis committed, and that you ordered Dulcie to keep away, in case her evidence went in his favour. In fact, they accuse you of underhand dealing."

"Who—who accuses me?" shouted the squire. "Show 'em to me!"

"I can't. I don't know who they were. Anyhow, it isn't one or two—it's scores who are saying the same thing."

"By George!" shouted the squire. "I'd teach 'em! Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

It was at this unlucky moment that Dulcie approached her father.

"What have you to say for yourself?" the squire demanded. "You disobeyed my orders!"

"I had to, father. Your orders weren't fair. You wouldn't ever have given them if it hadn't been for Giles and the rector."

"I—I wouldn't, wouldn't I, miss! You shall see! I'm your father, and I insist on obedience. Those who disobey me suffer for it."

"But you know that I—"

"I know that I gave you strict orders, which you have disobeyed. You have not only disobeyed me, but by your statements you have aroused suspicion against me—a suspicion that I wished to defeat the ends of justice. Good George, it is unbearable!"

The squire stamped and raved.

"Unbearable! And I shall take—"

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

It was Mr. Gale who had interrupted.

"Well?" shouted the squire.

"I wish to say that Miss Dulcie is not the person mainly responsible for this."

"Who the dickens is, then?" cried the squire.

"I am, sir. I felt that she had some definite knowledge of this case, and it was only right and fair to Hollis that her statement should be heard. I therefore assisted her to come here; in fact, I counselled her to do so."

"You—you you did!" gasped the squire.

"Really, Mr. Gale, I can scarcely believe my ears," said the rector, who had come up at this moment. "Do you definitely state that, knowing Mr. Warrington had given his daughter orders not to do a certain thing, you encouraged her to wilfully disobey her parent?"

"I did," said Mr. Gale quietly, "in the course of justice."

"Then—then—then, sir," stammered the Reverend Ponsoby, in a passion, "I shall deal with you myself. I have long had serious complaint to make against you. You have acted in a manner unbecoming a clergyman, and—and I shall take immediate steps, sir—immediate steps!"

Mr. Gale bowed.

"I acted in the cause of justice," he said, "and I consider that the end justified the means."

"I repeat that I consider you have acted in a manner unbecoming a clergyman," said the rector angrily, "and I shall deal with you, sir, be sure of that."

Mr. Gale bowed again, and turned away.

"I hope, in dealing with Miss Dulcie, sir," he said to the squire, "you will remember that her one idea was to save an innocent lad from unmerited punishment and disgrace—a very noble desire on her part. And the fact that the case against Hollis was dismissed proves that her evidence was of great value."

He lifted his hat, and strode away, a tall, dusky figure, with a torn coat. And the squire stood, looking after him.

"The brute ought to be kicked out of the Church," said Giles viciously.

"Ha, ha! I quite agree," said the rector. "And we shall see, Master Giles, what we can do in the matter."

"Neither of you," said Dulcie passionately, "are fit to touch the ground he walks on. He's a gentleman!" She flung her head back, her pretty face white with anger. "A gentleman, and no one could accuse either of you of being that."

"Mr. Warrington!" cried the rector. "I heard," said the squire. "Dulcie, you're mad; you don't know what you are saying. You shall apologise to the rector!"

"I won't!" she cried. "I hate him—a mean, silly beast! I hate—"

"Giles, take your sister home!" shouted the squire. "You hear me, sir? There's the carriage. Take her home, and lock her in her room till I return!"

Giles gripped Dulcie by the arm. "Get in, you little beast!" he muttered between his teeth. "Get in. I'll settle with you presently."

Meanwhile, Jim Hollis, free, but with a blacker cloud of disgrace than ever before hanging heavily over his head, was striding homeward along the dusty road.

Bitter thoughts crowded into his brain. He was the sport of ill-fortune, the victim of injustice—free, but disgraced!

How could he go on facing life, when it was so bitter, and so unjust? He heard the sound of carriage wheels behind him, and stepped aside. The carriage came up the hill, and passed him slowly, and he heard a cry—the cry of the girl who had saved him. Jim had a fleeting vision of a white face, of the back of a young man, whose arm was upraised to strike.

"You coward—oh, you coward!" the girl cried. And that was all Jim heard.

With a rua and a spring he gained the step of the carriage, and wrenched the door open.

One for Giles.

The carriage had not stopped before Jim managed to wrench open the door. Another instant, and he had seized Giles by the collar, and was shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat.

Passion had gained the upper hand of him; he was absolutely forgetful of consequences.

Giles, utterly taken by surprise, yelled in abject terror. Dulcie uttered a startled cry.

At that moment the horses were reined in, and the footman sprang down, and went to the rescue of Giles.

"It—it's a robber!" Giles gasped. "He's a confounded highwayman, that's what he is!"

Jim laughed harshly. The coachman had also descended, and the two servants had seized the lad.

"What had we best do with him, sir?" one asked.

"Take him back!" Giles raved. "Hang him! Well, take him back to Castleford, and hand him over to the police. He's a highwayman, nothing less."

"If you'll listen to me for a moment," Jim said quietly. "I saw as the carriage was passing, that this cur was going to strike his sister. I couldn't stand that, and I jumped in and prevented him; that's all. Take me back, if you like; I'm perfectly willing to go."

"It's quite true," Dulcie said. "My brother was going to strike me, and Jim Hollis prevented him."

The two men looked at one another. They worshipped Dulcie, and they detested Giles.

"If this 'ere is true, Mister Giles," the coachman said, "I think p'raps we'd best not do anything further in this case."

"It's a lie! My sister always sides with this brute. It was she who got him off. If it hadn't been for her, he'd have been remanded to the assizes today."

"And that was just the reason why you were going to hit me, Giles, in your vile temper. It's quite true what Hollis says, Stevens; he saved me from my brother."

"It's a lie!" said Giles furiously.

"It's none of my business, sir," said Stevens, the coachman. "Only if I might make so bold as to give advice, I think the best thing you can do is to drop it, and let young Hollis go."

"I'm quite willing to face the consequences of what I did," Jim said. "In fact, I prefer to. It isn't safe for her to be with the cad, without anyone to protect her."

"It's a lie—a lie!" Giles shouted again.

"Look 'ere, Mister Giles," said Stevens. "I'm only a servant, sir, and I know how to keep my place; but if you or anyone was to lift a hand against Miss Dulcie, I'd thrash you, I would, cost me my place though it might!"

Giles glared at him.

"You—you'll answer for this," he said.

"I'm quite willing to, sir. I'll speak

to the squire about it myself," said Stevens.

Giles changed colour. He went from red to a pasty white. He knew how his father would deal with him if Stevens carried out his promise.

"It was all a joke!" he stammered.

"I pretended to hit her. I expect that brute must have seen, and thought I meant it. You're quite right, Stevens. I'm glad to think my sister would have someone to protect her, and I am sure my father would agree with me. The whole thing is a mistake."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Stevens drily.

"We'll get on, if you please, at once," Giles said.

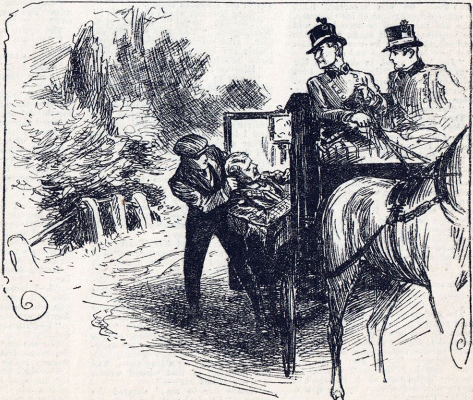
"And as Jim Hollis is going the same way as we are," Dulcie said, "I'd like him to ride in the carriage with us—in case my brother tried to be funny again," she added.

"I won't have him!" Giles cried. "I won't have a chap like that, a rotten convict, in the same carriage with us, not if I know it."

"Just as you like," Dulcie said. "In that case, let George ride inside with us, and Jim Hollis can take his place beside Stevens."

"I think that's the best plan, miss," said Stevens. "Now, then," he said to Hollis, "get up in front. You George, stop here."

(Continued on the next page.)



Wrenching open the carriage door. Jim pounced upon the bully and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

## SHUNNED BY THE VILLAGE.

HENRY ST. JOHN'S New Serial.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"It's a piece of confounded impertinence!" Giles raved.

"It's nothing of the sort, sir. Miss Dulcie don't care being left alone with you, and I can quite understand why not. George, you stop here."

"If he does he'll get the sack as soon as we get home," Giles cried.

"I'll risk that, sir," said George the footman.

Giles flung himself back into the seat with a sullen scowl.

Jim Hollis mounted to the box seat beside Stevens, and the carriage went on.

There was a surprise in store for the villagers, as the squire's carriage rolled into the village street.

They had confidently expected that Jim Hollis would be safe in prison by this time; but here he was, back again, and not only back again, but riding in something like triumph in the squire's own carriage.

Stevens pulled up before Mrs. Hollis's cottage, and Jim jumped down. Then, lifting his hat to Dulcie, he turned into the cottage as the carriage went on its way again.

"Jim—Jim! Oh, my son!" Mrs. Hollis rushed out, with tears of joy running down her face. She had spent hours of anguish and agony. She had pictured to herself the whole scene—her boy accused of the crime of which she knew he was innocent, lying tongues stripping him of his character.

She had not dared to hope he would be acquitted, and it might be months and months before he was free again. But here he was, free and safe.

"Jim," she cried, as she threw her arm about him. "Oh, my dear, I am so happy!" She broke down, crying.

"So happy, Jim! You are innocent, dear. Your innocence was proved—"

"Not quite, mother dear," he said. "They could not prove that I was guilty; but—but they are not satisfied that I am innocent. At any rate, though, I am free, and so I suppose I ought to be glad!"

The charge against him had been dismissed, because the evidence had not been strong enough. It was a very different thing to having his innocence proved. Jim realised it, but his mother could not. Her boy was free, therefore he must be innocent. If they had even thought him guilty, they would have sent him to the Assizes.

He owed his liberty to Dulcie's intervention on his behalf; he knew that, and it gave him a thrilling pride and joy to realise that it was she, by her pluck and courage, who had saved him.

### G o n e !

The squire, good-natured, easy-going man as he was, had a very bad temper when it was aroused. It had been aroused to-day. Dulcie had been very rude to the rector; she had carried her championship of Jim Hollis too far. She had disobeyed orders, by coming to the court at all, and she had aggravated her offence by her speech to Mr. Ponsoby.

The squire had a very great idea of the respect due to a clergyman. Dulcie

had shocked him by her outburst. He had lunched, after the last scene, with the Reverend Ponsoby, and the Reverend Ponsoby had taken advantage of the opportunity to goad the father's anger against his daughter to a greater degree.

"The child is getting unruly and rude, my dear Warrington!" he said. "She is very young, and we must not take too much notice of it. I am afraid that your own weakness, in allowing that wretched young ruffian, Hollis, in your house, and permitting her to associate with such a scamp, has much to do with it. The best thing that can be done is to remove her at once from the evil influences of that wicked young villain."

"I'm afraid you are right; it is my own fault," the squire said.

"To a certain degree, yes. But there is another evil influence at work. I deeply regret to find that Mr. Gale, holding the position he does, should have encouraged her to wilfully disobey you, as she did this morning. I shall deal with Mr. Gale. I have long been extremely dissatisfied with him."

"He struck me as being a decent, manly fellow," said the squire.

"Perfectly unfitted to hold his holy office!" said the rector. "And, believe me, he shall not hold it much longer."

The squire went home in a bad temper. He was met in the hall by Giles.

"Here's the key, sir," said Giles.

"The key?"

"The key of Dulcie's room. I locked her in, sir, as you ordered!"

"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure! Quite right!" The squire took the key.

He found his wife in tears, and the one thing he hated more than another was to see a woman crying.

"Good heavens, what's the matter?"

"The—the matter!" sobbed Mrs. Warrington. "You may well ask me that, after—after the—disgrace Dulcie has brought on us all!" She burst into fresh weeping.

"Disgrace! What disgrace?"

"Going to the police-court, making such a terrible scene there!" cried Mrs. Warrington. "Oh, John, what can we do, what can we do with the child? She is getting quite beyond the authority of Miss Crane and myself. And I fear that it is your fault—your—your weakness in dealing with her, and the encouragement you gave that wretched, wicked boy!"

"Hang the boy!" shouted the squire. "I don't seem to have a moment's peace, with all these upsets. By George, I believe, on my soul I do, that a good whipping would be the best thing for Dulcie. She was rude to Ponsoby—abominably rude! It took my breath away!"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mrs. Warrington, bursting into fresh weeping. "Will the wretched child never mend? Is she indeed hopeless?"

"Hopeless! We'll see!" shouted the squire. "Hang it, if she was a boy I'd know what to do with her—"

"She is so different to dear, dear Giles!" said Mrs. Warrington.

"I fear," said Miss Crane, "that Miss Dulcie needs correction, such a correction as she will have cause to remember. I have been greatly displeased with her for a long time. The evil influence of that wicked wretch of a boy Hollis has—"

"Leave her to me!" shouted the squire. "I'll deal with her!"

He stamped up the stairs in a furious rage. He loved peace and

quietude, and they seemed to be the very things that were denied him. His wife was weeping, Miss Crane's nose was very red, which proved that she had been weeping, too. The house was upside-down. The rector had been insulted.

"If she had been a boy!" the squire muttered; "and—and confound it, why shouldn't she be treated as if she was a boy—eh? Why not? By George, I—I!"

He was too angry to consider the matter reasonably. Dulcie had disobeyed him, and for disobedience there was only one punishment. If a dog disobeyed him, he whipped it until it mended his manners. Children were like dogs.

"Share the rod and spoil the child!" he muttered.

The saying appealed to him at the moment. There was, he remembered, a light riding-whip in his wife's room. He went to the room and found it.

Still in a towering rage, and with the whip in his hand, he made his way to Dulcie's room.

"Well, Miss, what have you to say for yourself?"

Dulcie looked at her father. His face was red and furious. He held the whip in his hand. Surely—surely he was not going to—

Dulcie stared at him.

"Answer me, will you?" he shouted. "You've set the whole house by the ears; your mother is crying downstairs; you've disobeyed my orders; you've insulted the rector, good man that he is! You have insulted the cloth that he wears—"

"He has no right to wear it, because he has no charity, or mercy, or good-feeling at all!" Dulcie cried.

"Don't—don't dare answer me, miss! You propose to insult me, too—eh?"

The squire hesitated.

"Are—are you sorry?" he demanded.

"Sorry! What for?"

"Sorry! Confound it, for all you've done—for disobeying me, and—and the rest!"

"I had to go; it was unjust of you to order me not to go. I was a witness for the defence," Dulcie cried, "and it was not fair or right to order me not to go and tell the truth!"

"You dare!" the squire cried. "You dare insinuate that I acted unfairly! I—I—" He spluttered in his rage. "It is time you were properly corrected!" he cried. "I do it again, my will, but it is for your own good!"

He raised the slender riding-whip, and brought it down across her shoulders—once, twice, three times!

Dulcie stood like a statue, her face white, her hands clenched. She uttered no sound; there were no signs of tears in her eyes.

Half a dozen lashes the squire gave her.

"I—I hope," he stammered, "that this will be a lesson—something that you will remember. I hope you will mend your ways!"

"I—I shall remember!" the girl said quietly.

The squire turned and went out of the room. His brain was whirling. He scarcely realised what he had done.

Thrashed her, Dulcie, his daughter, the apple of his eye! Thrashed her with a whip! Had he been mad?

Giles was out in the passage; there was a grin of amusement on his face.

(Continued on page 22.)





# The Malay Guide.



An Extra-Long Complete Story of Thrilling Adventure in the Wilds of Borneo

## By Norman Greaves.

(Author of "The Stowaway's Quest," etc., etc.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Lonely Bungalow—Off to the Interior—The Waterfall.

"Hallo! Who's this?" inquired Barry Mason, shading his eyes from the glaring sunlight and looking steadily down the valley.

He spoke to nobody in particular, for he was alone. A young fellow, of about fifteen, attired in white drill, he looked the very picture of health. Yet his surroundings were far from healthy, for he was standing upon one of the most humid spots in the whole of Borneo.

Gently sloping down before him was a wide valley, with a faint track running down to a wide river, which flowed smoothly along its course a mile away. The picture was one of intense green and blue—luxuriant vegetation and a perfectly cloudless sky.

Barry Mason's attention was riveted upon a dark-skinned Dyak, who had just appeared from behind a clump of vegetation. Barry turned, and glanced towards a roughly-built bungalow which nestled in a little clearing some hundred yards to his rear.

"I say, Hal!" he called.

"Hallo! Want me?" exclaimed Harold Mason, Barry's younger brother by a year, appearing at the door of the bungalow with a frying-pan in one hand and a scrub-brush in the other.

"Yes; we're being honoured by a visitor," replied Barry, nodding towards the Dyak, who was still some distance away. Hal threw down his frying-pan and brush and joined his brother.

"My hat, yes!" he cried, looking down the trail. "I wonder if the fellow's bringing news of dad? We haven't heard anything for a fortnight, you know, and it's about time something happened. Let's go down and meet him."

"Right you are!"

"And the brothers, setting their sun-helmets straight, strolled down towards the approaching native. Both were strong, well-set-up youngsters, and their skins were well tanned, showing that they had resided out in the tropics for some time.

Their father owned a small tobacco-plantation and was getting on splendidly, his business increasing yearly. Some little time ago, however, a friend of Mr. Mason's had sent word that gold had been discovered near the river thirty miles inland. The tobacco-planter had decided to make investigations, and had set out with several of his native servants for the spot, leaving Barry and Hal in charge of the plantation.

A fortnight since Mr. Mason had sent word that he had discovered no gold, but had hopes of doing so. For this reason the youngsters thought it

highly probable that the Dyak was now bringing some sort of news.

And they were right in their surmise, for the wiry native informed them that he had just descended the river in his canoe, bringing a letter from Mr. Mason.

Barry took it eagerly, and the Dyak, without waiting, left the two boys alone.

"Rip it open!" said Hal expectantly. His brother wasted no time. Inside the envelope was a short note from their father, and the youngsters' eyes danced with excitement and anticipation as they saw the words which were written.

"Dear Boys," Barry read out breathlessly. "Luck at last! I had begun to think my quest was useless, but yesterday a veritable pocket of gold was discovered. The metal is absolutely pure, and simply has to be sifted. One nugget weighs at least twelve pounds, and by all appearances our fortunes are made. I thought you'd like to be in the swim, so come up here as soon as you like. The plantation can take care of itself for a little while. I don't mind you leaving it now that I know I'm not on a wild goose chase. Kabanka will pilot you up the river.—Your affectionate

"Dad."

Barry ceased reading, and he and his brother looked at one another for a minute in silence. Then Hal ripped off his pith helmet and flung it high in the air. Somehow the action seemed to relieve his excited feelings.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "It's come true! We're going to be rich after all. Let's buzz round and find old Kabanka. We'll jolly well start straight away!"

"Rather!" agreed Barry. "It's only just mid-day, and we can easily get to the camp by this evening. Thank goodness the waterfall is only four miles from the spot where father is!"

The place where Mr. Mason had encamped was thirty miles up the river; but after twenty-six miles of paddling the two British boys and their guide were forced to land, owing to a gigantic waterfall which barred their path. It was impossible to carry the canoe through the forest and place it in the river again above the falls, so the remainder of the journey had to be accomplished on foot.

Kabanka, a wrinkled old Malay, had readily consented to take the boys on their journey. He had been with Mr. Mason for years, so Barry had not hesitated to show him the letter. Kabanka had evinced no interest in it, but stolidly set about making preparations.

Now the greater part of their journey was accomplished. They stood on the

bank for a moment, making the canoe fast. The river was narrow here, and the current ran strongly. On either bank grew abundant vegetation, and forest palms being the most prominent variety of trees. Lower down the river the travellers had spotted an alligator or two, but at this point the current was too strong for them.

"You've been this way before, haven't you, Kabanka?" inquired Hal, as the old Malay led the way along a faintly-defined path through the forest. Kabanka grinned, showing his irregular teeth.

"One—two—three hundred times," he answered, in indifferent English. "It all plenty stango to the young sahibs, but me been here all same many time. Me know where to lead you heap quick!"

"What do you mean, Kabanka?" asked Barry.

"Me know a quick way though," replied the Malay, with a knowing nod. "Me know way which save one-two mile. We get to sahib Mason's camp all same heap faster. Leave it to me."

"Right you are!" agreed Barry. "If you know a quicker way than the usual, all the better. Here, I say, we've left the path, you know!"

But Kabanka only nodded and grinned. The trio had left the faintly-discernible pathway, and were forcing their way through the jungle.

Presently the ground became rough and rocky, and the boys found themselves following Kabanka up a jagged and steep way through the rocks. Strange trees grew here, and suddenly, on turning an abrupt corner, Barry gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said, looking before him with wide-open eyes. "The waterfall! Where the dickens have you brought us, Kabanka?" he added, turning to the smiling old Malay.

"You will see one time, sahib," answered Kabanka complacently.

Three minutes later the wondering boys found themselves walking gingerly along a narrow ledge, with a rising cliff on one side and a sheer drop of eighty feet on the other. They passed into the opening of a tunnel, remained in inky darkness for a moment or two, then a pale, greeny light seemed to fill the place. Kabanka stopped and looked at his young companions with an amused glint in his half-closed eyes.

"The young sahibs must be heap careful. Me know one-two in a killed here!"

"By Jingo! How?" asked Hal. "And where's all this beastly spray coming from? I'm simply getting soaked— Great Scott!" he broke off, with a gasp. "Look, Barry! That green light is the waterfall!"

The truth had struck Barry at the



The two lads were being swept towards the deadly rapids. It was now or never, if they were to escape with their lives. Barry saw an overhanging branch and made a wild leap for it.

same second, and he was too surprised to answer.

The place where they were standing was a continuation of the ledge, and the rock was wet and slippery; fine, powdery spray dashed into the travellers' faces. The wall on the left-hand side was composed of rock, but the other was nothing more nor less than the inside of the waterfall itself!

The boys were standing on a ledge behind the solid mass of water which for ever flung itself to the whirlpool below.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### The Underground River—Over the Swinging Bridge—Swept to—What?

Kabanka moved forward again.

"The young sahibs much plenty surprised?" he chuckled over his shoulder. "I lead the way, and you come after me one time careful. We leach ground again, and we cut off two mile of foist."

From one of the pockets of his loose cotton garment the Malay produced a little torch. This he ignited; then, holding the light high up, he proceeded into a black tunnel running at right-angles with the fall. Cautiously Barry and Hal followed, their hearts beating fast. They had never undergone an experience exactly like this before.

Kabanka strode onwards, and presently the path sloped steeply down-

wards, and became rough and precarious. The brothers were feeling curious as to where the old Malay was leading them. Evidently he knew a short cut, and was intent upon taking his young companions to their father's camp as quickly as possible.

Presently Kabanka stopped and held the torch high above, so that its flickering light radiated well ahead. The Malay turned his head and smiled.

"The young sahibs not expect this?" he said. "All safe. The bidge not look plenty safe, but it velly strong; bear weight light enough. Savvy?"

"Great Scott, it would be suicide to cross that affair!"

Barry uttered the words. He had pushed forward, and could see that Kabanka had paused, with one foot resting on the end of a bridge. The Malay still held his torch aloft, and the light revealed a black chasm which yawned at his very feet.

Below, fully twenty feet, the dark waters of a swiftly-flowing underground river eerily reflected the light. Beyond, on a level with the wondering boys, the opposite ledge could just be discerned. And, stretching right across the chasm, was the bridge.

But what a bridge!

It was nothing but a frail rope-and-hide affair, seemingly incapable of bearing even the weight of a child.

It swung gently sideways as Kabanka set foot upon it. About four feet above it a single rope was stretched, to be used as a support to steady the crossing traveller.

"The bidge plenty strong," said the Malay, smiling at Barry. "See! Mo go across alone."

He stepped on to the bridge.

"Will it really bear?" panted Hal. "You see one time. Me go to oder side an' hol' light; then you cross together, and sabs one anoder if slip. Bidge no bleak."

And Kabanka swung himself outwards and commenced to make his way to the other side of the chasm.

Barry and Hal watched, fascinated. The weak-looking arrangement swayed alarmingly as the Malay guide progressed, but he seemed quite unperturbed, and the boys felt easier. At last Kabanka stood on solid rock again. He faced about and peered across the black space.

"It bear one man, two man heap easy," he announced. "Come across together. You hold one anoder up if slip."

Hal grinned cheerfully, and Barry stepped out. Both the bridge and the supporting rope swayed and jerked disconcertingly, and progress was by no means easy, especially as this was Barry's first experience of anything like it.

"Come on, Hal," he muttered, "and go jolly easy!"

"You bet!" said Hal.

A moment later and he was on the heels of his brother.

Cautiously they made their way across. A slip or a sudden jerk would have sent them shooting down into the dark waters below, and they fully realised the peril of their position.

So engrossed were they in keeping their feet to the precarious bridge, that they had no time to look at Kabanka. Had they done so they would have seen that the old Malay's genial smile had vanished.

It is place was a triumphant leer. His eyes glittered evilly, transforming him almost into another being. Intently he watched the lads' progress until both Barry and Hal were near the centre of the channel. Then he drew himself up, and a fiendish chuckle escaped his lips.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, in a voice which seemed harsh with malice.

Barry and Hal paused. They turned their startled eyes upon the guide. They knew instantly that something was wrong, for the tone of Kabanka's voice was unmistakable.

"You stop there?" hissed the Malay.

"You thought I take you safely to Sahib Mason's camp—eh? I not such heap fool! You British puppies, I leave you here, an' go myself to kill your father and take his gold! Savvy?"

And Kabanka leered evilly into the darkness, the flickering light from his torch revealing his dark face with startling distinctness.

Barry gave a quick glance round at his brother, then faced the native.

"Don't be an ass, Kabanka!" he said, with a rather nervous laugh. "Jokes are all very well in their place, but it's a rotten trick to—"

Kabanka laughed harshly.

"Me blought you here so that you die plenty quick! This liver flow into middle of earth—down, down! Me no joke!"

"Good heavens," gasped Hal, "he means it, Barry! He's rounded on us, the traitor! What a couple of silly

idiots we were to tell him about the gold! We might have known! he'd play some dirty trick. Quick! Rush him!"

Barry needed no urging. Already he was working his way across the swaying bridge at a dangerous rate. Kabanka watched amusedly, drawing his deadly kris at the same time.

"You waste breath," he exclaimed. "I send you to die!"

And as he spoke he bent down quickly.

Splash! The razor-like edge of the kris cut through the ropes of the bridge as though they had been cotton. Both the boys involuntarily cried aloud in horror as the bridge parted in two.

Down they went—down into the blackness.

Splash! Within a yard of one another they struck the swiftly-flowing waters of the underground stream. It was icy-cold, and the boys gasped. One glimpse they had, as they bobbed to the surface, of Kabanka. The treacherous Malay was still holding his torch aloft, bending over the chasm. Then came darkness—black, stygian darkness.

The current was strong and carried the brothers along at a terrifying pace. With the greatest difficulty they managed to keep their heads above water.

Onwards they were swept. Now and again they felt the rough sides of the tunnel, and once the roof scraped their heads. For the brief moment Barry thought it was all over, but the tunnel grew bigger, and they still raced onwards.

Both youngsters were swimmers, otherwise the end would have been swift and terrible. Doggedly they kept their heads above the surface, although both of them despaired of ever seeing daylight again.

How could they possibly hope to get out of their awful predicament? Sooner or later they would be forced to give up the fight—already the icy-cold water was chilling their blood and numbing their limbs!

Then, suddenly they were whirled round a sharp bend, and there, not a hundred yards ahead, a dazzling patch of daylight lit up the blackness of the tunnel!

"Oh, Hal, there's a chance for us!" panted Barry excitedly.

How welcome that light seemed!

Eagerly the two lads looked towards it. They had completely forgotten the intense cold—they had completely forgotten the fact that the rascally Kabanka was hastening to their father's camp intent upon murder. A chance of escape lay before them. Once they were out of that terrible river—

"Keep your eyes skinned, old man!" exclaimed Barry breathlessly.

Before Hal could answer he and his brother were borne swiftly into the open. The light dazzled them for a moment, although it was subdued by thick green foliage which almost hid the sky. The place was a kind of rocky gully; probably, at some remote period, the roof of the tunnel had caved in, for fifty feet further on the river again disappeared into a black opening.

And the youngsters could hear a dull, ominous roar. Somewhere in that further tunnel the water was rushing down a series of rapids with the speed of a mill-race. If they didn't escape now, their doom was sealed.

"Grab hold of me!" ejaculated

Barry. "Grab hold of me, Hal! I'll— Ah, quick!"

He broke off abruptly, and made a rapid despairing leap, half rising out of the water. Overhead a great gnarled tree-branch overhung the water; it was the one object which could be held on to.

"Got it!" gasped Barry excitedly.

"Hang on!" cried Hal.

He was clinging to his brother like grim death. Being in the rear it was the only thing he could do. Furiously the water raced below them, endeavouring to drag them downwards; it seemed angry at being deflected of its prey. In vain it tried to drag the boys from

branch. The rest was easy. In one minute both the youngsters were sitting astride the branch, facing one another, regaining their breath.

Below them the river raced along, and the dull roar of the waters in the tunnel made them realise how extremely narrow had been their escape.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Barry fervently.

"I—I thought—" began Hal.

"Never mind what you thought," interrupted the elder boy briskly. "We shall simply have to fly! The brute Kabanka is making for dad's camp!"

Barry remembered the Malay's words. He was going to kill Mr.



The rescuers burst into the open just in time to see Kabanka and his villainous band sweeping down on the lonely encampment. In a flash the two men had their revolvers out and were firing rapidly.

their hold. But Barry, with the certain knowledge if he left go it would mean certain death, clung to the branch with all his strength.

"Can you do it?" whispered Hal hoarsely.

"I—I think so! Climb up me, and grab hold yourself. Then we can edge ourselves towards the bank. Don't worry about me—I shan't let go!"

Frantically Hal commenced to do as his brother advised. It was a perilous undertaking, for the whole of Hal's weight was added to Barry's task. Yet it was the only thing which could be done, so Barry set his teeth hard and determined not to be beaten.

Inch by inch Hal struggled upwards, and at last he too was clinging to the

Mason. Their father was in peril! The boys became as active as live wires in a second, and commenced scrambling towards the right-hand shore. Three minutes later, considerably scratched, they stood on solid earth, too agitated with thoughts of their father to express gladness at their own safety.

"This way, Barry!"

Hal plunged through some thick undergrowth. For ten minutes the lads climbed upwards, over rough rocks and treacherous patches of loose stones. But at last they stood upon level ground, with the deep gully behind them.

The sun lay low in the west, and cast long shadows. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees,

## THE MALAY GUIDE.

By Norman Greaves.

(Continued from the previous page.)

and the buzzing of insects filled the air. Straight before the boys lay a thick forest.

"We'd better make through it and trust to luck," said Barry. "Coming down that blessed underground river has made us lose all our bearing. I know which is west though, by the sun, and if we cut straight through the forest it ought to lead us out somewhere not far from the camp."

Their clothes were drying rapidly; although neither of them gave a thought to such an unimportant thing as possible fever. Their father was in danger of his life—and that was everything. To get to him, and warn him, was their one determination. For, as Barry pointed out, Kabanka would have no difficulty in collecting round him a score of Malays every bit as treacherous and murderous as himself.

The brothers made their way through the jungle. Fortunately it was not thick, and their progress was consequently fairly fast. For ten minutes they pushed on, their anxiety growing more and more acute.

"It's no good, Barry," groaned Hal miserably. "We shall never get out of this forest! And even if it was not thick, and their progress was consequently fairly fast. For ten minutes they pushed on, their anxiety growing more and more acute.

"At that moment Barry came to an abrupt halt, and grabbed his companion's arm. A look of excitement was in his eyes; his voice trembled when he spoke.

"Did you hear them, Hal?" he whispered—"did you hear them?"

Hal stared.

"Hear what?" he said.

"Voices! English voices, too—There, what's that?"

They stood perfectly still, their eyes averted with expectation, their heads bobbing time like mallets. And through the trees, quite distinctly in the still air, came the sound of a drawing British voice.

"Hang it all," exclaimed the voice, "you can't expect a fellow to subsist on cigarettes and water, Jimmy! I want some grub this very minute. Why on earth can't we stop here and camp?"

"Oh, well, if you particularly wish it—"

The boys didn't wait another second. They crashed through the undergrowth at breakneck speed in the direction of the voices.

Suddenly they came upon a clearing—the route of a well-defined track—and saw a couple of Britishers staring at them with levelled revolvers. Behind were a dozen natives, all armed.

"It's all right!" cried Barry breathlessly. "We're Britishers! We've just escaped from an underground river, and our father's being attacked by a crowd of murderous blacks—"

"Here, steady on, young'un, steady on!" exclaimed the man with the drawing voice. "Let's hear our thing at a time. Who in the name of goodness are you, anyhow? And what are you doing wandering about the Borneo Forest in this manner?"

Before Barry could reply, Hal let out a whoop of excitement.

"It's the path, Barry!" he cried. "The path which leads to the camp!

There's him of dad's marker on that tree over there! He told us in one of his letters that he'd marked some of the trees!"

"My hat, yes!" ejaculated Barry. "What on earth are you talking about?" said one of the strangers curiously.

Barry forced himself to be calm. Then, in a few quick sentences, he told the two wondering white men what had happened to them; how Kabanka had been told of the gold-find, how he had betrayed them, and how they had just managed to escape death by the skin of their teeth.

"Well," said one of the Britishers, "it strikes me you were born lucky!"

The two men were prospectors—well-to-do Englishmen who were doing it for the adventure of it. Their names were Richard West and James Dunhill, and what was more to the point, they had only just taken their leave from Mr. Mason's camp, where they had been staying for a day. The youngsters were hugely excited when they heard this item of news.

"Then you know dad?" cried Barry.

"Rather!" replied West. "But there's not a second to lose. It seems your help on your journey by that underground river, rather than retarded. The Malay, Kabanka, is bound to have taken some little time to collect his helpers—and probably doesn't intend to make an attack until darkness has fallen. He takes it for granted you are out of the way."

"But we'd better get to the camp right away," cried Hal.

"Of course—we'll hurry there at express speed," replied Dunhill, a tall, clean-shaven man. "Don't worry, my boys; I shouldn't think Mr. Mason has been attacked yet."

Five minutes later the party were hastening down the forest track, Barry and West leading. Even the carriers seemed excited, and conversed among themselves in low whispers.

On they hastened. The atmosphere was close, and they streamed with perspiration. The boys' clothes had long since dried on them. Suddenly, on turning a corner in the path, an opening in the forest revealed itself—and, down in a little valley, quite distinct, could be seen an encampment. It was about a mile away, and in the gathering mist looked hazy and unreal. The figures could scarcely be distinguished moving about.

"It's dad's camp," cried Hal, pushing forward.

"Yes, my boy, it is," replied Dunhill, "and everything seems—By Jove—"

"What is it?" asked West quickly.

"Those murderous Malays! Look, there's a whole party of them creeping down upon the camp!"

Dunhill pointed. Quite plain to them all—although invisible to Mr. Mason and his men—a full score of dirty natives were slowly making their way across a bare stretch of ground.

At their head was a cotton-bred figure which Barry and Hal instantly recognised as Kabanka.

In five minutes they would swoop down upon Mr. Mason and his little party of men, the latter, being prepared, would assuredly be wiped out.

"We can't do it!" gasped Barry in agony. "Dad will be murdered before—"

"Nonsense!" put in West briskly.

In a moment he had rapped out some orders, and the party dashed forward at a sharp run. The carriers had thrown

their packages down, and were as eager as anybody. The boys were out considerably, and they increased their speed. It was a race to save a life!

"We shall do it!" muttered West—"we shall do it, lads!"

Barry and Hal were too breathless to answer. They ran on, their faces set and their feet steady. They saw themselves the danger, their father was threatened with, and it caused them to feel almost sick with apprehension.

Then clear and distinct on the still atmosphere came the sound of many shouts. Despite Barry's heated condition, his face went pale and leaden; he realised in a second what those shouts portended.

The attack had commenced!

"Good heavens!" he cried in agony, "we're too late!"

West and Dunhill, putting forth every ounce of strength, forged ahead.

Their revolvers were out, and they meant business. A minute's hard run, and they burst out of the forest into the open. There, bearing down upon the little encampment, was Kabanka and his villainous band.

Crack! Crack!

The youngsters spoke sharply, and the attackers paused in their triumphant advance. They turned, in some consternation, and cries of fear arose when they saw that they were trapped!

Again the revolvers cracked out, and Kabanka, with a shriek, threw up his arms and fled to the ground. Instantly his party, thrown into dire confusion, broke and fled in all directions.

"Hurrah!" yelled Hal, his voice hoarse with exertion and excitement. "We've done 'em. Hurrah! Dad—"

The brothers raced ahead as they saw their father, smoking rifle in hand, coming towards them. Mr. Mason looked amazed.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "What on earth—"

"Kabanka!" He tried to kill us and then rob you!" panted Barry. "We escaped by the skin of our teeth and run across these gentlemen. Thank goodness we're in time!"

Mr. Mason was thunderstruck when he had heard all.

He could scarcely believe that Kabanka, the old Malay he had so implicitly trusted, had turned out to be a traitor. One glance at the wounded scoundrel, however, convinced him. Kabanka was shot through the left leg, and the look of hatred and rage he bestowed upon the boys was proof of his black treachery. His wound was dressed, and he was placed under guard to be conveyed next day to the nearest settlement.

"And to think of your escaping from that underground river!" said Mr. Mason incredulously, as he sat in camp with his sons—the friendly Britishers had taken their departure. "You're a couple of winners, my boys! It was providential your running into Dunhill and West."

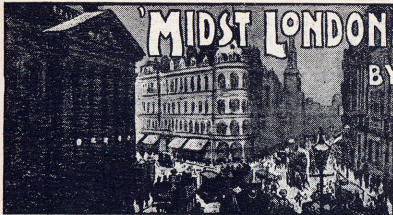
"If we hadn't we could never have saved you," said Barry seriously.

"No, you're right there. They're two of the very best, and behaved like real winners, my boys!"

"Rather, dad," agreed the youngsters, "but about the—the gold?"

Mr. Mason's eyes twinkled.

"The gold, eh?" he repeated. "I've struck it rich, lads, and I reckon we're about the luckiest trio in the whole of Borneo!"



# MIDST LONDON'S MILLIONS.

## BY ANDREW GRAY.

(Author of "Falls of London," "Rogues of the Raccourse," etc.)

A THRILLING NEW  
STORY OF LONDON'S  
UNDERWORLD.

### IN THE DEPTHS.

It was midnight. A horse and trap stopped at a squalid dwelling-house in Windmill Alley, and out of it clambered two men.

One was a crafty villain known as Coski; the other was his partner in many a lawless deed, burly Jerry Noakes. From the cart the couple now lifted a boy and girl. The boy—Dickie they called him—had been reared as Jerry's son, but only that night his ailing "mother" had told him that he was no relative; he had been stolen as a child.

### Kidnapped!

And to-night Coski and Jerry had brought off another case of kidnapping. For the little girl, who was really Lady Phyllis Hanford, had been stolen from her father only a few hours since and handed to the rogues on the borders of Epping Forest. And now what is her fate to be?

Dickie is in fear for the girl's safety, and seizing the first opportunity, he escapes with her from Coski's clutches.

After wandering through the dark streets the boy and girl are befriended by

### the "Tuppenny Doctor,"

who takes them home with him to his East End surgery.

Coski's spies find out Dickie and Sissie, and the Master-thief at length recaptures the girl.

The Doctor, Dickie, and a lad named Spike, who was formerly in Coski's clutches, resolve to rescue the kidnapped girl. They decide to track down Coski, who has left the East End; and Dickie, whilst hanging about the Old Bailey, where Jerry Noakes is on trial, sees Coski inside a tea-shop.

Here is Dickie's chance, and he means to make the best of it!

(Now read this week's enthralling instalment.)

### The Swell Mobsman.

How Dickie managed to escape being seen by Coski was more than he knew. But he did, and the hunchback came from the shop as if there were no such things as splits in the world, and picked his way across the crowded street to a "tube" station opposite.

Dickie did not discover that it was a railway-station at all until he got inside. But he saw the hunchback plank down three pennies at a pigeon-hole window and disappear through a door which promptly closed on them with a snap.

Driven to despair by the thought of losing his quarry again, Dickie also planked down three pennies, received a ticket, and darted in pursuit. Another door opened as if by magic to receive him, and he was hustled in with the crowd.

It was a "tube" lift he was in, of course. Dickie wondered where on earth he was tumbling to before he reached the bottom. There was no time to think, however. A train was already at the platform; the crowd whirled him along, he was shoved on board by a porter, the gates clanged,

and the next station was Chancery Lane, as he heard the guard shout.

But where the hunchback was all this time, and whether he was on the train at all, Dickie no more knew than Adam. Until, as the passengers began to thin and he could get a glimpse through the long corridor carriages beyond, he suddenly caught sight of the Master-thief comfortably ensconced in a corner seat, reading a paper through gold-rimmed spectacles, and smoking a cigar, of all bewildering luxuries!

Dickie sat breathless with terror. Fortunately a passenger alighting just then left an evening paper behind him, and the boy was able to bury himself behind this.

And there on the very first page he set eyes on, was the account of Jerry Noakes's trial.

"Seven years' penal servitude!" gasped Dickie, as he read the sentence. There was just that and little else; no scene in court, no denunciations of the ruffian who had first tempted him to a life of crime, then betrayed him.

Terror of this fiend, seated there so close to Dickie, had held even a ruffian like Jerry dumb, while by turning King's evidence he might almost have saved his skin.

Small wonder, then, that Dickie eyed the brute with real fear. Yet now he had got on the villain's trail he meant to stick to him.

"Wood Lane—Exhibition! All change here! All change!" rose the cry of the guards, and every passenger jumped to his feet. Dickie allowed the hunchback to get well in front before he dared alight.

Outside the station a gorgeous building confronted him. It was the main entrance of the White City Exhibition, and it looked like the gate of fairyland to this waif of the London slums.

The hunchback passed straight through, carrying himself with an easy swagger, looking as unlike the ragged, shambling figure Dickie had known before as chalk to cheese. Now he was gone.

Dickie watched him disappear with eyes filled with despair. Then he thought of Sissie and of what Spike would do if he were there and had the Master-thief in sight. So he dashed across the road and hurried after him.

A shilling to pay! It was the last of Dickie's small store except twopenny. Nevertheless he paid it at the turnstile, and did not regret it. The sight within was more like fairyland than ever; the snowy buildings gay with myriad lights so dazzled him that he could scarcely keep his eyes on the chase.

Coski, though, looking as if the place belonged to him, strolled on through courts and gardens.

"I must be dreaming. I shall wake up in a minute and find myself I don't know where!" Dickie kept telling himself, pinching himself to see if this was not the case.

At last they came to the most wonderful scene of all to Dickie—the big central gardens carpeted with bloom, where a handstand nestles in a wondrous hollow, with the most magnificent snow-white buildings all round.

Here the Master-thief looked like coming to a halt. Now he actually came strolling back, so that the boy had to skip for his life and take cover on a bridge over a miniature canal along which motor-boats glided like swans.

Coski's eyes, however, were fixed only on the groups of swells in evening-dress, seated in a lawn enclosure hedged off from the common crowd. This was the club. His hawklike glance ran from face to face until suddenly he halted with a jerk.

Before he was aware of it he had come face to face with the man he was seeking. There he was immaculately attired, seated in a big cane chair close to the low hedge, while beside him was a queer basket thing on wheels, like an invalid's carriage.

That is just what it was, as a matter of fact. Beneath a low hood Coski could catch a glimpse of a man lying motionless as a log.

He drew in his breath with a sharp hiss of surprise. At that instant the younger man looked up and met his glance. Dickie recognised him instantly.

It was Captain Neish!

At sight of the hunchback he leapt to his feet.

"You bound!" he hissed, in a low voice, for people were passing all around them. "What are you doing here, spying on me like this?"

With a quick pace he thrust himself between the invalid carriage and Coski, so that as to obscure all view of the hunchback from the man within.

"Spying! Vot you mean, spying?" sneered the Master-thief. "Dis is a public exhibition, ain't it, vare peoples can walk vot pays their pobs?"

"I know that. Don't waste time trying that talk on me. You've found out somehow that I was to be seen here often, dancing attendance on this old fool, and you've come here to talk business, is that it?"

"Old vool!" chuckled Coski, amused to hear him talk thus of a man within a yard of his elbow. "Is dot vot you gail 'im, den?"

"Call him, yes, and worse!" snarled Neish. "He can neither hear nor speak, fortunately, but he has got eyes still, so stand out of sight, can't you, or he may recognize you."

"Und vos if 'o did? Vot could 'a do?" Dickie heard the hunchback ask. "Oh, nothing when it comes to that. The doctors say he can never recover, and will only get worse. A few months will see him dead, and good riddance!"

Dickie's eyes began to open slowly at this. The figure lying there so straight and still must be Lord Danford, Sissie's dad, of whom she seemed so much afraid that she was ready to endure almost anything rather than return to him.

The captain now was explaining how before his uncle became completely paralysed he had expressed a wish to be taken often to this place, where the sight of the passing crowds and the myriad lights would cheer him.

"Anyway, the doctors have ordered it, and I can't wriggle out of it," snarled Neish. "The worst of it is that I dare trust nobody with the old fool but myself! Still," he added, with a shrug of disgust, "let's get to business. What have you come to talk to me about? It's the girl, I suppose. You're still keeping her up your sleeve to—"

He halted with a snap of the teeth, turning to bestow a scowl on the paralysed figure behind him. It would be wiser, perhaps, even if his uncle was no better than a dead man, not to discuss his own child's fate so openly before him.

So Captain Neish signed to Cook to go round to the gate of the club, where he would meet him.

Whether to follow or what to do, Dickie did not know. The thought of the poor creature lying so helpless there, while his villain of a nephew insulted him to his face, melted the boy's heart with pity. He crept closer to get a nearer view of him.

The corner where he lay was right away from the busiest crowds. Dickie drew close to the hedge and looked over.

To his consternation he found himself staring straight down into the invalid's face. He would have darted back again, only the burning eyes fastening on him held him spellbound.

And then a sudden look of recognition leapt in their depths. It was as if the stricken man knew him. The head moved, which struck Dickie as strange after all the captain had said about his helplessness.

Nor was this the only staggering surprise awaiting him. The lips moved, too.

"Boy, come closer!" they commanded in a whisper. "Who in mercy's name are you? Surely you are the boy I saw insensible by the overturned trap that night when my child was stolen."

"Speak!" he pleaded piteously, seeing how scared Dickie was looking. "Don't be so frightened because you hear me talk, who am supposed to be deaf and dumb and helpless as a log. I am helpless," he went on fiercely, "but I can still use my lips and ears; and so can he and listen to these scoundrels and all their black treachery, waiting for one single honest soul to come along whom I can trust."

"And you are that one, I know," he continued, for even now Dickie had not found his tongue. "I have heard them cursing you for your gallant efforts to rescue my little lass from their clutches.

Tell me, is she alive? Is she safe still?"

"Dickie had to shake his head. "So far as we know she is," he answered sadly.

"Well, Who do you mean by that?"

"Why, Spike, and me, and the Tuppenny Doctor," answered Dickie.

"We've all three took a vow—"

The rest of the sentence froze on his lips. For away across the lawn enclosure he had suddenly caught a glimpse of the Master-thief slinking along towards them as if to surprise him. He knew full well, from his cat-like approach, that he had been spotted.

Swiftly he ducked his head down, and was just starting to scuttle away for his life, when a man a few yards from him made a dash to intercept him.

It was Captain Neish. "You little spy!" he grated, gripping Dickie by the collar. "What are you doing prowling about here—eh, you young rat?"

But Dickie's thoughts were more on the Master-thief than on his actual captor. Terror of falling into the hunchback's murderous clutches again,



Captain Neish, the villain who is trying to cheat little Lady Phyllis Danford out of a fortune.

even amidst that well-dressed crowd, drove him frantic.

Making a swift lunge at his enemy's spotless waistcoat, the boy suddenly wriggled clean out of his jacket and ran for his life.

The captain was left dumfounded, holding the empty garment like a fool. Then, realising all in a flash what a rich prize he was thus allowing to let slip through his fingers, he raised a furious cry of "Stop, thief!"

"Stop thief!" It was as if a bombshell had descended from the skies into the midst of the White City. For a moment there was a dead, awful silence, everyone in the crowd halting where he stood to listen and look.

And then, as Dickie was seen fleeing like a hunted thing, hatless and jacketless, steecplechasing over flower-beds, and dodging for dear life, a thousand voices caught up the cry.

"There he goes! I see him! After him! Trip him up, someone! Stop, thief!"

#### Treachery!

Through the illuminated grounds of the White City, Dickie fled like a hunted hare, the hue and cry at his heels.

He had got a good start of his pursuers, but there were crowds all round watching the chase, and he was in his shirt sleeves.

Captain Neish had got his jacket as he wriggled free. He had quickly

given up the pursuit, but the cruel cry of "stop thief," which he had raised, rolled on.

Straight across the laid-out flower-beds in the central gardens, Dickie steecplechased, heading he knew not where. The band was still playing merrily through all the commotion. Behind him the "flip-flap" reared its gigantic arms to the night sky.

A terrace confronted the fugitive, with a crowd six deep, craning over to watch the hunt. A broad flight of steps led up to this, also thronged with people. There was no alternative but to try and dodge his way up and through.

Surely these folk would know he was innocent and help him? He gained the steps, the cry for aid ready on his lips, when suddenly the crowd at the top parted, and two uniformed policemen made a downward dart to meet him.

Dickie's legs almost gave way under him at that, but the thought of what would happen if the hunchback and Captain Neish ever got their clutches on him again, lent him new courage. He turned and twisted away like an eel, punching out blindly at two men who looked as if they meant to stop him.

They tripped up and their fall capized the bobbies, so that Dickie gained a new lease of liberty.

Still, the chase could not last long. An ornamental canal now barred his path. It looked like the end. But plunging into it desperately he floundered to the other side, and so managed to gain a substantial lead. For the chase made for the bridge.

"Stop thief! I see him. There he goes—to the left now," he heard the shout roll on. This struck the boy as rather queer, because he was round a corner to the right actually, in a deserted corner behind one of the exhibition buildings.

Then, just as he was wondering which way to turn next, a figure suddenly stepped out upon him round a corner, and with a tremendous shove sent him headlong into a clump of bushes.

"Steady, you young fool, it's all right," hissed a voice as he was about to scramble to his feet for a last struggle. "I'm your friend. I saw it all and will help you to get free. Lie where you are."

Only too thankful for a chance to snatch his breath, Dickie lay close as a rabbit in his cover. A few of his pursuers came leaping round the corner a second later, for the shout that he had gone to the left had thrown the majority off the true scent on.

"Hallo!" cried Dickie's good Samaritan meeting them. "Who are you chasing? A young pickpocket in shirt sleeves?"

"Yes. Have you seen him. Which way did he go?" was the breathless response.

"Straight ahead and to the right. The young scoundrel charged into me and knocked me flying," was the prompt reply.

So taking fresh breath the mob of exhibition attendants and amateur thief-takers went streaming on, leaving Dickie's rescuer brushing imaginary dirt off his knees.

"There now," he laughed softly, coming closer to the boy's hiding-place.

"I told you I'd help you, didn't I? Just put this coat of mine on, and when you see me pass this way again, step out smartly and join me as if you were

C.B.C.—No. 11.

my friend. I promise you I'll wait till the coast is clear."

He threw the garment into the bushes and strolled away. Dickie asked no questions, but took it thankfully. It was a smart light overcoat which fortunately reached nearly down to his heels, for his own clothes were sopped.

By and by the gentleman came strolling back, and true to his instructions, Dickie stopped swiftly out and joined him. A moment later they were mingling with the crowds again, as if nothing had happened.

At first Dickie felt ready to drop with fright, but his protector only laughed at his fears.

"Why, my dear boy, no one could possibly recognise you like this!"

It was just then, however, that Dickie caught a glimpse of two familiar figures not many yards ahead, and

"Then how on earth did you manage to get mixed up with him?"

Dickie was on the point of blurting out the whole story, when the memory of his stolen conversation with Lord Danford made him beware.

"You don't wish to tell me, eh?" said his kindly escort. "Well, you're quite right to be cautious. I am a stranger to you I know. Shall I say, though, where it was I have seen you once already to-day. Why this morning standing outside the Old Bailey."

"You did," gasped Dickie, taken aback.

"Yes, I am a lawyer as it happens. I was there to defend a prisoner of the name of Jerry Noakes."

"Jerry Noakes. Why sir, he's my —" Dickie got no further. He was going to say that Jerry was his father, but that wasn't true of course.

here and there, as his guide pointed out, an ill-lit side street showed that they were on the borderland of poverty.

Coming at last to a corner house, which looked like a mansion to Dickie after the hovels in Windmill Alley, his new friend took out a latch key and led the way in.

A touch of an electric light switch lit up the handsome hall-way, and a sumptuously-fitted room beyond.

"Walk straight in, my lad. You'll find a fire there and you'll be able to dry yourself," laughed his guide, as if pleased to see the look of wonder in Dickie's eyes.

Dickie passed through to find the room empty as it seemed. But as he moved forward to the fire, the sight of a man's boots peeping round a corner showed him that he was wrong. Someone was seated in the high backed arm-



"Stop thief!" It was as if a bombshell had fallen amongst the crowd of pleasure-seekers. For a moment there was startled silence; then, as Dickie flew past, like a hunted animal, hundreds of voices took up the cry, "Stop thief—stop him!"

round he twisted to take to his heels again. The other was too quick for him.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "What's scared you now? Steady; for if you bolt like that with my property, I shall have to thank you are what they say."

"A pickpocket you mean," said Dickie indignantly. "I'm no pickpocket. Only those men over there are the ones who are trying to get me. It was the tall one who shouted 'stop thief' and set the crowd after me."

"The dickens it was?" said the gentleman. "Why, it's Captain Neish!"

"You know him then, sir?" exclaimed Dickie in amazement.

"Rather, who doesn't," was the prompt reply. "He passes for a gentleman, but he's a scoundrel all the same."

"You're right, he is," agreed Dickie fervently.

"You seem to know him too, then," said the gentleman. "Well that only shows how small the world is. I defended him—though unsuccessfully, poor fellow; for I swear he has been more sinned against than sinning."

It did the boy's heart good to hear him say this. They were making their way now to the Uxbridge Road entrance of the Exhibition.

The lawyer told him that he lived not very far away from there and would show Dickie, if he liked, the petition he was drafting to send to the Home Secretary to get Jerry's sentence reduced.

The boy was all eagerness at once. They turned to the left after leaving the gates and going up Notting Hill turned to the left again round a sweeping crescent.

They passed through many roads filled with good enough houses, though

chair turned to the blaze—someone he could not see.

He halted dead, a feeling of sudden dread beginning to steal over him. It flashed upon him that perhaps he had been a fool to come here like that.

Who was this man, anyway, and why should he go out of his way to befriend him in this fashion?

And then slowly, round the back of the chair, a face began to appear—a hooked nose at first, then a pair of eyes keen and cruel as needles. Dickie reeled back in terror. It was the signal for a jeering laugh from the passage where he had left his guide, then the door slammed with a leaden thud.

*(Is Dickie caught in a trap? Don't miss the particularly thrilling instalment of this grand serial in next Wednesday's CHEER BOYS CHEER. You are urged to order your copy to-day.)*

# The Bungalow Mystery.

A Thrilling Complete Tale of Clive Derring, Detective, at the Seaside.

## CHAPTER I.

The Telegram—The Seashore Bungalow—The First Hint.

"Urgently request you catch 12.20 train down. Matter of grave importance. Please wire if can't come.—Arkell, Seaview Bungalow, Felixmouth."

Clive Derring read the telegram through twice, then glanced at his watch.

"H'm, doesn't leave me much time!" he muttered.

"Still, I think I'll go." So, when the 12.20 train steamed out of Liverpool Street, bound for the East Coast, the famous London detective was aboard. He had not been particularly busy, and had left Barry, his assistant, in charge of the Temple rooms.

"Hallo," murmured Derring, as he turned back his early evening paper, "what's this? Mr. Reginald Arkell, of Felixmouth, seriously injured!"

He read the short paragraph with interest. It was headed "A Bungalow Mystery," and went on to state that a Mr. Reginald Arkell's seashore bungalow had been entered the previous night, and its owner stabbed in the region of the heart. No explanation of the mystery had been arrived at, and the police were investigating.

Felixmouth was no great distance from London, and when the train steamed into the station Clive Derring found a horse and trap waiting for him, with Stephen Arkell, the injured man's son, in attendance. He was looking pale and serious; although, when he shook hands with Derring, a glad smile lit up his face.

"I'm glad you've come, Mr. Derring," he said thankfully. "This affair, on the outside, doesn't appear to be much, but it is, Mr. Derring—it is."

"So I guessed," Derring said quietly.

Soon the houses were left behind, and the trap was bowling across a green common. There were no cliffs at Felixmouth, but broad, flat sands, and at frequent intervals there were picturesque bungalows dotted about. Some were mere modest little affairs, but others were buildings of some pretensions. It was to one of the larger ones that the trap drove.

Five minutes later Clive Derring was in the building, listening to Stephen Arkell's story. The young man hardly knew how to commence, and Derring could see that he was agitated. This seemed rather curious to the detective, for it almost appeared as though the son was fearing another attack upon his father.

"The thing's devilish, Mr. Derring," he burst out, at length. "When you hear all I've got to say, you'll agree with me—you can't do anything else but agree with me. Of course, you've heard about idol's eyes, and that sort of thing, being stolen from Indian Temples, and of people in England being murdered by Hindoos who had tracked them down."

Clive Derring smiled slightly.

"That sort of thing is rather after

the style of a sensational story than true facts," he said.

"Well, it's true in this case," declared Stephen Arkell. "I wish to Heaven it was only fiction! For ten years my father lived in India, having a business in one of the small provincial towns. While there a sacred Hindoo temple was burnt down, and my father, while walking through the ruins, discovered a large diamond. It was cut very peculiarly, and its setting had been half melted away by the heat. My father took the thing, and said nothing to a soul. All this happened six years ago, just before my father returned to England. He brought the diamond with him, and it seems that the Hindoos have tracked him down, and kept their word—with the exception that they failed to kill their victim."

"You mean to imply, then, that the man, or man, who broke into this house last night were Hindoos?"

"That is my firm conviction," said the young man.

"What makes you think so?"

"The chief reason is that the diamond has vanished. It was kept in my father's bureau in his little smoking-den. An ordinary burglar would have taken it, and made off, whereas my father's room was entered, and he received a terrible knife-wound in the back, which even yet might prove fatal."

"I see your reasoning," replied Clive Derring slowly; "but those facts alone do not prove the case to be as you say. Were there any other valuables taken?"

Young Arkell bent forward.

"Not one," he said, "and that's another proof that my suspicions are correct. There were twenty pounds in gold, and a hundred and fifty pounds in banknotes, in the same bureau. Yet they were untouched. The silver ornaments on the mantelpiece were also left alone. It must be as I say, Mr. Derring, and I feel almost terror-stricken when I realise it."

"But my dear fellow, there's no need to be," said Clive Derring gravely.

"There is need—there is need!" panted Stephen Arkell anxiously.

"You don't know the Indians as I do, Mr. Derring. I was only a boy when I was out there, but my father had talked to me for hours on end, and I know that once they swear to do a thing they are not content until it has been accomplished. Before they leave England they will return here, and kill my father!"

"Nonsense!" said Derring sharply.

"It's the truth!" persisted the other. "They will come back to-night, perhaps! I shall not be satisfied until my father has been moved right away from Felixmouth. Yet the doctor says that he must not be touched—that he will be unable to move from his bed for weeks."

"Your father is unconscious, I presume?"

"Yes. He lost a terrible amount of blood, and the doctor told me that he may not recover consciousness for two days."

"What time did the affair happen?"

"About half-past two—just before it got light."

"And who was aroused?" continued Derring.

"Only my father and myself. I sleep in the next room to my father, and this building, being lightly constructed, the dividing wall is merely a partition. I was awakened by a cry of alarm, and after hurriedly slipping on my dressing-gown I rushed into my father's room to find him lying upon the floor in a pool of blood. He always sleeps with the top window open; but the lower sash was completely up, and the night wind blew the curtains to and fro."

"I knelt by my father, and he momentarily opened his eyes. 'Doctor—quick!' he gasped, and then lost consciousness. Since that moment he has not spoken a word. I dressed like lightning, and rushed off to Dr. Ringham, who lives just out of the town. He has been a friend of my father's for years, and he came back with me post-haste."

"And that is all?"

"That is everything, I think, Mr. Derring, with the exception that the doctor and I thought we saw some footprints beneath my father's window. But our inexperienced eyes could make nothing of them. Perhaps you—"

Young Arkell paused, as there came a ring at the bell.

"Dr. Ringham," he said, rising. "I told him I was sending for you, and asked him to come round. Perhaps you would like to look over my father's room now."

"I should," said Derring. "Dr. Ringham entered. He was a small, dapper little man, clean shaven, and wiry, with a pair of twinkling grey eyes. He shook hands with Clive Derring cordially, then turned to Arkell.

"We've got him!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction.

"What?" cried the other. "You're not serious?"

"Never more so in my life. An hour ago the police arrested a shabbily-dressed Hindoo, who took lodgings in a second-rate boarding-house two days ago. He protested his innocence, of course, but he's the chap right enough."

"And the diamond?" asked Derring.

"That article can't be found anywhere, so far," said the doctor. "The fellow is absolutely unable to prove an alibi, for he sleeps in a lower room the window of which looks out upon a bare stretch of land. The Hindu went to bed at ten o'clock last night, and could have got in and out of the window a dozen times, if necessary." Ringham turned to Arkell. "You said something about us keeping watch to-night in case the scoundrel came again. Of course there's no need for that now."

"There is need," declared the young man firmly. "How do we know this Indian hasn't got companions?"

"But, my dear boy, a watch would be mere waste of time."

"I think you are right, doctor," interrupted Clive Derring. "There is no need to remain on guard." Mr. Arkell, calm your fears. I am confident that all danger has passed."



A few minutes later Derring was quietly walking about the sick-room. Mr. Arkell senior lay in the bed breathing steadily, although his face was pale, and now and again he groaned.

Derring examined the window-ledge, curtains, and the carpet. While he was doing so the doctor was preparing a dose of medicine for his patient. Stephen Arkell, near the window, was examining something intently. Suddenly he looked up.

"I can see some peculiar marks on the handle of this thing," he said.

Both the men looked up, and saw that he was handling the knife, which had so seriously wounded his father.

Clive Derring stepped forward quickly.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### The Indian Knife—Clive Derring's Ruse—The Struggle—Captured:

But the doctor had taken the knife before Derring reached the window, and was examining it. He handed it to Derring.

"I can't see any peculiar marks on it myself," he said, looking at Arkell curiously. "What did you mean, Steve?"

"Why, the smears on the handle."

The detective laid the wicked-looking dagger on the table.

"Merely a few dirt marks," he said carelessly. "There's no information in that." He looked at Arkell. "Well, so far as I can see, there's really no need for me to remain. Since the would-be murderer is captured—"

"But there may be others, Mr. Derring," Arkell put in quickly.

"There may be, certainly, but I think it is highly improbable. One Hindu alone is noticeable in a town like this. Two or three would positively attract attention."

"You're right there, Mr. Derring—you're right," said Dr. Ringham, looking up from his medicine-case.

"I have told our young friend not to worry yourself, but he seems quite unnerved. I don't wonder at it, poor boy! But I really think there is no need for serious alarm. Mr. Arkell is strong, and, unless some unlooked-for complications set in, will pull through."

Ten minutes later the famous detective was walking thoughtfully along the sands, the tiny waves breaking almost at his feet. He had almost forgotten that he was at the seaside, and continued his walk without even lighting the pipe which he had just filled.

"I don't like it," he told himself firmly. "To my mind there's an ugly look about the whole business. These Hindu fellows are, as young Arkell said, as tenacious as leeches. Personally, I believe— But what's the good of surmising? I'll wait till to-night, and if possible, be sure."

For, although Clive Derring had so

readily agreed with Dr. Ringham that no watch was necessary, he did not mean to let the house go unguarded. Ringham was an easy-going doctor, and evidently careless. The detective wished to keep watch alone, without the company of either Arkell or Ringham. He felt that the result would be more satisfactory.

At about seven o'clock in the evening Barry marched into Clive Derring's apartments in the hotel where he had put up. The detective had wired for him during the afternoon, and now he proceeded to put his young assistant into possession of the facts. When he had heard all, Barry whistled softly.

"Oh, so that's how the land lies, is it, sir?" he said, in surprise. "Well, I'm with you right to the very end, and hope there'll be a bit of excitement. I haven't been in at the finish of a case for weeks, sir."

Clive Derring smiled.

"I think you'll be in at the finish of this one, young 'un," he replied.

project. The stars were almost hidden behind fleecy clouds, and as there was no moon the night was very dark.

"I think we shall be highly successful, Barry," said Derring. "On the whole, I don't think I've ever known a case to go quite so smoothly before. Neither Arkell nor Ringham suspect the real truth, and I imagine it will come as a surprise to them."

Barry chuckled.

"A surprise—eh, sir?" he grinned. "Well, rather! But you'd better keep your revolver handy, sir. You never know what these heathen johnnies will be up to. I, for one, don't want a knife between my ribs!"

They continued their walk, and, at last, came within sight of Seaview Bungalow. All the windows were dark, except those belonging to the sick room and the bed-room of young Arkell. A mere glimmer was in the sick-room, but it was evident the young man had not yet retired, for the light here was brilliant.



In one bound Derring and his assistant flung themselves upon the brown-skinned man. Next moment he was swept off his feet and the dagger was torn from his grasp.

"But first, before we think about the finish of the case, we must do some preparatory work. Now, listen, and I'll give you your full instructions."

Barry listened attentively while his master told him what to do. Then, everything being clear, the pair of them sallied out. At ten o'clock they returned, and partook of a hearty supper, after which they settled their bill, and departed, presumably to catch the night train back to London. But they did not approach the station at all.

On the contrary, they sauntered up and down the brilliantly-lighted promenade, and listened to the conclusion of an open-air pierrot performance. Then, the time getting late, Clive Derring announced his intention of going for a long stroll on the sands.

It was not until they had left all habitation behind, and were strolling along on the firm beach that the detective made any remark concerning their

"Now for a waiting game," whispered Derring. He and his young assistant silently crept around the garden pathway. "There are some thick bushes here, which will serve to shield us admirably."

And the pair, like a couple of shadows, silently merged themselves into the thick laurels which grew near the path. Had anyone been in the garden then it would have been utterly impossible to ascertain that it was already occupied by two individuals, who were exceedingly wide awake.

Twelve o'clock struck over at Felixmouth Church, and, like an echo, an old grandfather's clock within the bungalow repeated the strokes. The night was so still and calm, in fact, that the two silent watchers distinctly heard eight bells struck aboard a passing coasting steamer.

Half an hour passed by slowly, tediously, for it was quite out of the

question for them to talk, or, as a matter of fact, shift their position.

And then, quite suddenly, an indistinct shadow appeared against the skylight. It disappeared for a time, then came into view again, revealing itself as a man. Derring, from his coign of vantage, had a distinct view of him as he clambered over the low fence, and the detective gave no indication of surprise when he saw that the intruder was a brown-skinned man. He wore a loose cotton costume, and a turban was upon his head.

He moved forward silently, cautiously, pausing every now and again, and listening. But he heard nothing suspicious. Stephen Arkell's light had been put out long since, and the old bungalow was wrapped in silence and darkness.

Step by step the dark-skinned man slid onwards, making no sound whatever. He passed within a yard of Barry, and the young assistant had his heart in his mouth more than once lest his breathing should be heard. But the danger passed, the man approaching the window utterly unconscious of the fact that four eyes were watching his every movement.

Finally, he came to a halt before the window of the sick-room. For a little while he stood there, and Derring clearly saw him produce a long-bladed knife, and fasten it securely between his teeth. Then he placed both hands upon the lower sash of the window, and proceeded to push it upwards.

Derring leaned towards his assistant. "Now," he breathed, almost inaudibly. "Go for his legs, Barry; leave the knife to me!"

Almost in one bound the pair leapt to their feet, and flung themselves at the curiously-clothed individual. But before they reached him he had swung round like lightning, a cry of alarm and fury escaping his lips.

"Trip him, Barry!" cried Derring. But the youngster had already thrown himself at the brown-skinned man's legs. The force of his rush alone was enough to carry the fellow off his feet, and as he fell Derring caught his hand, and wrenched the murderous-looking dagger from it.

"Now we can talk," said Clive Derring calmly.

But the other seemed in no way inclined to talk, for he sprang to his feet with the agility of a monkey, and endeavoured to break away.

But the detective was not so easily foiled. At the precise moment a light blazed up in Stephen Arkell's room, his fist crashed on the jaw of the would-be murderer. There was a groan of pain, and then the fellow crumpled up, and lay face upwards on the pathway. The window of Arkell's room was pushed hastily up.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "What on earth is the matter?"

Clive Derring stepped forward.

"Derring!"

"Quite so!" exclaimed the detective evenly. "I and my assistant have been keeping watch here for an hour past, Mr. Arkell, and I am pleased to say that we have succeeded in laying the thief by the heels. He was paying the visit to-night with the intention of completing his foul work."

Arkell, in his pyjamas, leapt out on to the pathway.

"Thank Heaven you have been successful!" he exclaimed fervently. "A Hindoo, as I live!"

Clive Derring laughed shortly. "Look again!" he said, with a curious note in his voice.

Arkell bent close down over the still form. Then he straightened up like a released bow, and an exclamation of sheer amazement left his lips.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Dr. Ringham!"

"Precisely!" murmured Clive Derring calmly.

"Taking everything into consideration," said the famous detective, some little time later, "I don't think I've ever met a more solid-bodied scoundrel than the excellent Dr. Ringham."

"I can't grasp it, Mr. Derring," said Stephen Arkell incredulously. "I—I never had a suspicion against him! If you had not come here he would have succeeded in his foul project!"

"I believe he would," said Derring. "There is not a shadow of doubt about it. And the Hindoos? Were there none?"

"Not a single one," replied Derring coolly. "The poor fellow who is now at the police-station will be released first thing to-morrow. It was just chance his being in Feltham."

"Ringham conceived the whole scheme after hearing from your father and yourself the story of the Indian temple, and the valuable diamond. He saw no reason why he should not have the stone for himself. Presumably he tried to enter the house by the smoking-room window, but could not do so. Your father, however, sleeps with his window a good way open, and it was an easy matter to gain access. But, having secured the diamond, Ringham had to leave the bungalow, and while passing through your father's room had an encounter with him. Evidently Mr. Arkell recognised his assailant, for when you bent over him he said, 'Doctor—quick!' meaning that you should give chase."

"By Jove!" ejaculated the young man.

"Ringham thought he had killed your father, and was greatly surprised and alarmed when he found, on his

professional visit, that he had not done so. For if Mr. Arkell recovered consciousness he would instantly give the doctor away."

"But there were no clues," protested young Arkell. "How in the world did you get on the track, Mr. Derring?"

"It was not so very difficult," smiled the detective. "The first clue I got was the look in Dr. Ringham's eyes when he shook hands with me. Although he smiled, I could see quite plainly that he hated my presence in the house. The next clue was the fact that his finger-nails were dirty."

"What the—"

"One moment, and I will explain. The marks on the knife were nothing more nor less than traces of burnt cork, and no Hindoo that ever lived had a complexion of burnt cork. Which proved conclusively that the thief had been a make-belief Indian. The matter under Ringham's nails was also burnt cork. A doctor almost invariably deals about with dirty nails. But the stuff is difficult to get out, and he was careless. Another point which struck me was his anxiety that no watch should be kept to-night. Obviously he wanted the way clear for him to return and re-enter the sick-room. I naturally divided you to keep no watch, so that he would be bluffed!"

"You're a marvel, Mr. Derring!"

"No; merely a man who observes the little details," smiled the detective. "In a very short time I had a whole network of suspicion round Dr. Ringham. You see, the whole trouble arose through the doctor having failed to kill his victim the first time. But this evening I and my assistant succeeded in obtaining convincing proof."

"How?" inquired Arkell curiously.

"Barry pretended to have a fit outside the doctor's gate, while I, disguised, was inside, being attended. The ruse succeeded perfectly, for Ringham rushed out in answer to the call, and I was left alone for a few minutes. I hurried upstairs, found the Hindoo clothes in the doctor's bed-room cupboard, and swiftly descended to the consulting-room again."

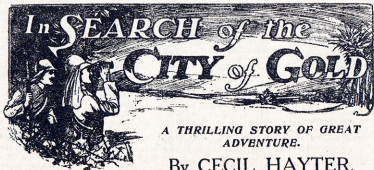
"Another piece of proof," he concluded, "was the fact of Ringham giving your father a dose of medicine. In other words, a concoction to keep him unconscious until to-night. There, my dear fellow, I don't think you need any further explanation. Your father is out of danger now, and will, I feel positive, recover rapidly."

"Thanks to you, Mr. Derring—thanks to you entirely!"

And Stephen Arkell caught the detective's hand, and gripped it hard.

(Next week: "The Aeroplane Spy," a thrilling story of Clive Derring, Detective.)

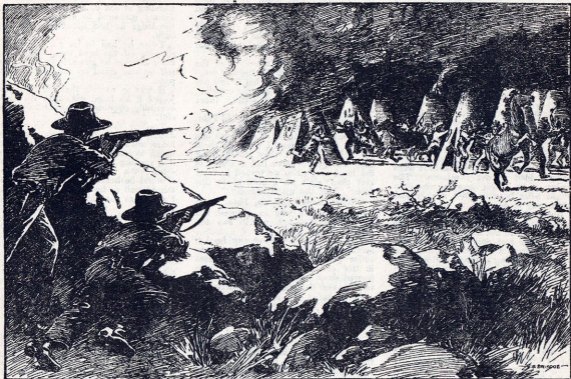
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# Trapped in the Rockies!

A Thrilling Complete Story of the Redskin Trail.



At the first shot the startled redskins awoke in terror. Other shots added to the confusion, and there followed a wild stampede.

The emigrant train—a string of laden waggons and mounted men—was toiling across the sea-like prairie.

Night was coming on, and the plainsmen who were conveying the emigrants through this dangerous part of the country, where the fierce tribe of the Arrapahoes still roamed unsubdued, were anxious to reach the safety of cover and a spring before dark.

The party was a small one, numbering only seventeen souls all told, and the escorting scouts were only nine strong. No more men could be spared from the last station, but the scouts had plenty of pluck, and each of them was inclined to think himself equal to at least half a dozen copper-faces.

They had passed three days of the dangerous journey already without mishap, and to-morrow should see them at the next fort.

"It's all very well shouting that we are outer the wood!" granted Peto Dodson, the leader of the escort—Old Peto, as he was generally called. "But I shall feel heaps more comfortable when I clap my peepers on the tough hide of Bronco Buster Bill, over to Fort Wilson."

"You sound sort of skeery this trip, Peto!" said Rick Adams, another of the scouts. "What will you bet thar ain't a blessed brownskin within a couple of days' ride of us—eh, old boss?"

"Old Peto don't bet, nor any rick

foolishnesses," said Peto, suddenly reining up and pointing to the left. "By thunder, I wish I could hev took you! Look thar! Injuns—and Arrapahoes, by the leanness of 'em. Hi, hi! Whip 'em up! Whip 'em up! Git along, you thar', ef you don't want to be chewed up before you can blink! To the offside—into the canon!"

As Old Peto spoke, a wild, blood-curdling yell burst from the band of mounted Indians who had just emerged from the cover of a belt of trees a quarter of a mile away on the left of the track.

The savages were coming along like a whirlwind, the hoofs of their wry ponies raising a cloud of smoke-dust that seemed to be travelling as fast as an express train.

Their object was to attack the emigrants before the latter could reach any sort of cover, or put themselves into a position to resist the onslaught.

The plainsmen were old hands at that game, however, and were not to be rushed.

In less time than an outsider would have thought possible, they had headed the train for the opening of a narrow, dark canon on the right hand—a deep ravine that appeared to lead straight into the bare slope of the Rockies.

One man rode ahead, to see if there were any way through the hills; the rest formed a line in rear of the emigrants as the latter unspanned the

bullocks and drew the waggons across the entrance to the ravine.

Bauked of their surprise and the stampede, the Indians hedged off at an angle to the firing-line of the scouts, and replied to the steady salute of the rifles by a desultory fire from behind the backs of their mustangs. Each red man, as he came within effective range, disappeared behind his horse, hanging on to the saddle and shooting as he rode past.

As an exhibition of horsemanship and skill it was pretty and wonderful, but it didn't worry the scouts. They brought down three of the red men without losing a man themselves, and then had the pleasure of seeing their assailants, not relishing the peril of a direct attack, draw off and rein up out of range.

"Bally for us, so far!" said Rick Adams. "Now to find out how we stand for a cump. It's sartin we can't go on whilst those galoots are hanging around."

"And especially as thar' air another party of 'em a-coming," said Old Peto. "I seen the dust of another lot, and by the look of it a bigger lot than this gang, over yonder. We shall hev to stop here, as yow say, Rick; but I don't like that, either. Seems to me, judging by the lay of the land, that the canon is a dead ender. And if that's so, we air like being deaders before a week."

## TRAPPED IN THE ROCKIES.

(Continued from the previous page.)

And when the man who had ridden on up the deep ravine came slowly back and told his tale, it was admitted that the seasoned plainsman was right.

"It's all-fired bad luck that the Injuns rushed us just here, pard," retorted the man. "That ain't no way outer this gully, nary a place where a man could creep up the rocks. A fly might git out, that's all. And that ain't no sign of water, either, which is worse. Looks to me we air catched sure enough."

A short, narrow gully behind them, with no way out; in front of them, now picketed right across the opening, a camp of Indians, whose numbers were being added to every minute. The emigrants and their escort of nine men might have been excused if they had given way to despair.

But they were all frontier dwellers, who carried their lives in their hands daily, and were not the folks to sit down whilst they had anything else to do. They at once set about making the position as strong as they could in order to ward off any surprise attack.

There was always the chance that the Arraphoes would tire of the siege if vigilance was maintained; or perhaps a search party of the military might be sent out from Fort Wilson if they did not arrive a day or so after time. The worst thing they had to fear was the want of water. In that arid atmosphere one day's need of the refreshing liquid would be enough to reduce the party to misery.

"And the Injuns know it, that's the worst," said Pete, to his young friend, Jimmy Holland, whose father had put the lad into the plainsman's keeping whilst he went away on a trapping expedition in the Alleghenies.

"We shall have to fight them, sooner or later, Pete," said the boy. "And I'm big enough to do my share. Since that night you saved me from the Cheyennes I've practised every day with the gun father gave me, and I can hit a bullseye eleven times out of every twelve shots. We might get through, if we took them by surprise."

The old plainsman shook his head. He knew too well how heavy were the odds.

"Some of us might," he answered, "but not the women and you and the other kids. No, lad we'll give 'em a chance to git tired first."

Of this there was so sign, however. The Arraphoes drew their pickets closer in, made bold by their increasing force, and though the night passed off quietly, they made an attack, with much whooping and yelling and rifle-firing, just before the dawn.

The scouts were too much on the alert to be caught napping, and the Indians were beaten off. The average rodkin prefers to do his fighting from behind safe cover instead of being potted at as he advanced in the open. Many a white man owed his life in those days more to the Indian's caution and fear of ambush than to his own skill or prowess.

It was after this attack was over, and the scouts, who had been forced back

up the canon to the cover of the bush, crept down to investigate, that the true purpose of the Indians was revealed.

The horses, tethered in the wider part of the ravine because there was no room for them on the sloping higher ground, had been stolen during the fight, and the two brave sentries who had stuck to their posts were dead. It had been impossible to help them, or to try and rescue the animals.

And still worse, as daylight crept over the edges of the canon, the beleaguered men saw a curl of smoke rising from the waggon's!

The steady fire of a couple of the scouts had prevented the Indians dragging away the waggons, but it had not prevented some of the savages crawling in amongst them and setting them ablaze.

"The vampires!" muttered Old Pete. "They don't leave us a fighting chance! If I could only git out myself with one or two more, I guess I could fix them air Injuns good that they would think they was goners—I've had the idee in my head ever since we turned in here. But that ain't no gitting outer this cache. Not the ghost, Jimmy!"

"What would you do, Pete?"

"Show me a way to git past the coyotes and I'll tell yew," was the gruff answer.

The day passed without any further hostilities, but the besieged began to suffer greatly from thirst. The heat in the canon, as the shadeless sun poured down upon them at noon, was terrific, and the suspense was dreadful.

By nightfall the men had searched every inch of the cliff walls of the canon, and had been forced to give up all hopes of escaping from the ravine. It was a terrible position, and death seemed to be the only way out of it.

The western-sinking sun had already thrown the ravine into deep shadow when Jimmy Holland drew Old Pete aside excitedly.

"I think there is a way up there, Pete," he said, pointing to the rocks. "There is a ledge running round the cliff, right out to the side overlooking the prairie. If we could get up there, we might find a way down out of sight of the redskins. You couldn't climb it, nor any of the men, but I think I could—I'm light, and pretty sure on my feet."

"It's a dangerous business, boye!" grunted Pete.

"But it must be done, Pete!" cried Jimmy. "If one or two of you give me a lift up on your shoulders I could get on the ledge. I should take up a rope and make it fast somewhere, and then you could help me others up even if the path wasn't big enough for you to walk on without. As to the Indians, we should have to trust to the night to hide us. There needn't be more than two or three of us, you said, to give the Indians a fright, Pete."

The veteran scout gazed steadily at the lad's face.

"You ain't no the man to stop yew having a try," he said. "I'll give yew a hand, Jimmy. It will be late enough in a couple of hours more, so we had better be getting ready. I shall take Rick and two others along, and we must have our lariats knotted up to make a decent long rope. If we can only pull it off, boye, we shall give them our Arraphoes the scare of their lives!"

Some of the other men tried to persuade the boy not to venture, for the attempt looked nothing less than madness, but Old Pete was firm, and Jimmy

was determined, so at last everybody agreed to help in the veteran's plan.

The night turned out very dull and oppressive, with a bank of black cloud creeping up from the east—a cloud that threatened one of the fierce thunderstorms so frequent on the slopes of the Rockies.

Hoisted on Pete's shoulders, and standing at last on the old man's head, Jimmy managed to get hand-hold on the ledge he had noticed in the daylight.

Twice he had to let go, his fingers slipping on the hard rock, but at the third attempt he was able to draw himself up and stand on the narrow foot-path.

It was so narrow that his toes projected if he faced outwards, his heels overhanging emptiness if he turned to the cliff.

Trailing the lariats rope after him, Jimmy carefully felt his way along the ledge until he found a sharp spur on which to secure it. That done, he gave it a shaking as agreed on for a signal—for not a word must be spoken, not a sound be heard—and, steadying himself as well as he could, began to help Pete up as the old man scrambled up to him.

It seemed an age before it was accomplished, but at last Pete stood beside him.

Rick followed, and then two more men.

The first step on their perilous way was gained. The worst was to follow. Jimmy leading, going very slowly, they had to feel their way along the face of the cliff, making certain of each foot-step. At any moment the ledge might come to an abrupt end, and all their labour and danger be wasted.

The dizzy ledge wound right round the cliff, as Pete said it would, until the five climbers were looking giddily out over the wide prairie, looking at the smoking camp-fires of the besieging Indians.

If this path takes us another mile along, and then lets us git down," whispered Pete in Jimmy's ear, "we are clear of the akunks. It seems to be looking downwards. I don't like the look of them clouds, though. We air a-going to hev a storm this minute, and then they'll see us. Here it comes! Down, all of yew, and lie as still as logs!"

No fear of being heard now. The lightning flashed across the murky sky in floods of brilliance, and after it came the heavy roll of thunder. Yet not a drop of rain fell; it was a dry storm. They were on the fringe of the real electrical disturbance, but the sheet lightning was bad enough. The swiftly-succeeding flashes seemed to bathe the mountain side in a glow of silver, in which every object stood out in pitiless clearness.

Had the Indian scouts been looking up at the cliff whilst that display of vivid luminance lasted, the five men clinging to the rock-face like limpets must have been discovered. But the Indians were not suspicious of anything of the nature of an attempt on the part of their foes to break out. They were not seen; no sign came from the camp, and when the storm passed, the climbers resumed their journey in a deeper darkness than before.

At length the ledge came to an end. Jimmy felt his foot rest on nothing as he placed it down, and with difficulty saved himself from a fall.

It was now so dark that even his keen, young eyes could not pierce the

depth below the end of the ledge. There was nothing to do but to let the lariat down and try to plumb the distance to the prairie. Pete's rifle was tied to the rope and lowered.

"Though the boy, held by Pete, hung as far over as he dared, the rifle did not touch bottom.

The men growled in their throats. They were done.

"The bottom cannot be far below," said Jimmy. "The ledge has been going down for a long time. You must let me down at the end of the rope; I'm longer than the rifle. I'll whistle if it's a safe drop."

Even the hardened plainsmen hesitated, but there seemed nothing else to be done. Jimmy was quickly tied and was being lowered. He was soon at the end, the lariat stretched taut, and his feet kicked about in air.

Looking down, he fancied he could see the ground, but he was not sure, so dense was the darkness of the cloudy night.

Jimmy gritted his teeth, untied the rope, and slid down it till only the least bit remained in his fingers. And then he let go.

"If I don't come to grieve the others won't," he thought.

The boy braced himself to stand the shock of a big fall. Instead of that the ground seemed to jump out and hit him. He did not fall more than five feet. He scrambled up, and, with wild exultation in his heart, gave a long, low whistle.

Old Pete came down next, and was considerably astonished to find himself not on firm ground when at the end of the rope.

"Let go," said Jimmy. "It didn't kill me!"

"Snakes!" ejaculated Pete, on gaining his feet. "Yew air a plucked one, boyee! I darn't hev done that drop in the dark. We should hev been stuck up ther' till daylight if yew hadn't tried it. Now, to scare the Arraphoes some."

The men were now quickly on the ground, the last man finding a place to tie the upper end of the lariat on, and then Pete once more detailed his plan.

Rick and the two other men were to make a wide detour round the Indian camp until they arrived on the opposite side of it, and then, in answer to a rifle-shot from Pete, were to fire rapidly into the camp from what cover they could find. Pete and Jimmy on their part were to signal them by also firing into the camp, and then they were to set the short prairie grass ablaze, and so stampede the redskins' animals.

At the same signal, the emigrants left in the canon were to sally out and attack the camp from their side, seize the first horses they could find, and ride off.

"The attack from three sides will give the Arraphoes the jumps, certain!" chuckled Pete. "I seen the trick tried before. They will only be half awake, and what with the shots and the horses breaking loose at the fire—it's only short grass, and won't really do much harm—they will run all ways. I'm not saying they couldn't scalp the lot of us then if we stayed to oblige, but we shall be mounted and making the running for Fort Wilson by the time they see daylight."

At the first shot, quickly answered from the other side of the camp, and then from the mouth of the canon, the redskins woke up in yelling, terror-stricken confusion.

When the grass fire swept down upon them, and the animals rushed through the camp in panic, the braves ran in all directions, many of them being hit by the bullets that the plainsmen pumped into them from cover.

The Indians thought they were being attacked by a large force, and in less than ten minutes the emigrants and the scouts were in their camp, had captured some of the horses, and each man had seized a covered waterkin.

Ten minutes later still, everybody mounted, the whites were in full flight across the prairie.

The dawn broke as they rode away, and revealed to the disgusted redskins the weakness of their foes. With wild cries of rage, the braves caught their scared steeds and came in hurried pursuit, but their prey had escaped them this time.

The pursuit lasted until the smoke of Fort Wilson topped the horizon, and then the beaten Arraphoes turned about and vanished into the brown haze upon the plain.

"You're behind time, pard!" said a man lounging outside the shack that was called a fort. "The boys was thinking of coming to fetch yew in soon. Been among the Injuns?"

"Yew kin put that down," said Old Pete. "And yew kin put it down as well that if it hadn't been for this lad here, we'd hev been doing without our scalps at this very moment. He's grit all through."

"Shucks!" said Jimmy. "If it hadn't been for Old Pete, I guess you would have found us deaders when you came along!"

"What modest fellers!" chuckled Rick Adams.

THE END.

*("Cheating the Comanches" is the title of next week's thrilling Redskin yarn. Don't miss it!)*

## OUR HOBBY CORNER.

A Regular Feature for the Lad who is a Hobbyist.

### To Prevent Punctures.

Now that the cycling season is in full swing, and the roads are becoming gritty, no doubt a good many of the cycling readers of CHEER BOYS CHEER will be glad to hear of a way of preventing punctures. The following tip will probably prove useful.

First of all, procure about two and a half yards of common calico, and cut it into strips of an inch and a half to two inches wide.

Then, after carefully covering the strips with rubber solution, place them inside the covers. Care must, of course, be taken to see that the strips are placed exactly in the middle of the outer tyres.

Before replacing the inner tubes the inside of the tyres should be sprinkled with powdered French chalk. This is to prevent small spots of solution being left on the tyres, and so causing the inner tubes to stick to the covers.

If this was not done, and the inner tube were pulled out suddenly, it would, without doubt, prove disastrous to the tube.



Our special series of articles for the boy who is fond of pets.

### This Week: Poultry for Boys.

At heart every boy has a love for live-stock; and every boy, too, has a longing to be "in business" on his own.

By keeping fowls, strictly "on their own," of course, boys may take up a hobby that is not only interesting but profitable as well. Some people keep fowls; others make fowls help to keep them. Boys should join the latter class, and it can be easily done if only the young fancier is painstaking and keen.

#### A PROFITABLE HOBBY.

More money is to be made from eggs than from table poultry. When you sell eggs you keep your stock; when you sell table birds you don't. Then again you want to have eggs for sale when other fanciers have none to offer, and this can only be done by sheer good management. You don't want your birds to be like those of the old farmer in the song that "laid like smoke when eggs was cheap, but stopped when eggs was dear."

#### START NOW!

Now is the time to start poultry-keeping. Get your birds at once, look after them well, and you will have eggs at Christmas, when they will be worth 2½d. each.

Let your first consideration be good birds. If you have to buy fewer hens in consequence, let your initial stock be of the best. In towns, I advise boys to go in for Anconas. They are small, hardy birds, excellent foragers, splendid layers and pretty into the bargain. Next to them for town life I put Black Leghorns, and then Buff Orpingtons.

Out in the country it is different. There you can have that best laying strain of all, the White Wyandotte, but white stock in cities soon becomes blackened and then looks miserable.

#### CHOICE OF STOCK.

Five pullets and a good cock would set up a boy fancier admirably. The male bird is not necessary for egg production, and need not be kept at all if the poultry keeper does not propose breeding young stock in the spring. March or April-hatched pullets matched with a 1911 rooster is the best combination, but five such birds would be cheap at £1.

On the other hand, five 1911 hens matched with a cockerel of this year's hatching would probably do very well, and their cost would only be from 12s. 6d. to 15s. Either of these arrangements would prove satisfactory, but the former is obviously the better.

Far more depends upon quarters than the average amateur supposes. Kept in damp, cold runs, hens will seldom lay before February. On the other hand, in warm, cosy shelters, Christmas eggs may be expected.

(Next week I shall continue this article, with some valuable hints on the right accommodation and the right way to feed your stock.)



### In the Mutineers' Cave.

"If we succeed in lifting the Sultan's jewels," said Captain Barry, "we'll have to wait until some passing vessel perceives our signals, and takes us off."

"That sounds all right," said Nipper. "But you're forgetting Monsieur Julien. Suppose the Arabelle returns before we've time to fish up the jewels?"

"She can't return until the weather moderates, and as soon as the weather moderates we shall launch the boat and secure the jewels, so she can't return before we've got them."

"Well, suppose she returns a few hours after we have got the jewels?"

"She probably will. But as soon as we have landed the jewels we'll hide them somewhere—bury them in the sand, or conceal them in one of the caves. Then, when the Arabelle arrives, all we've got to do is to keep out of sight until she goes away."

Nipper shook his head.

"Monsieur Julien will never go away without the jewels," he said.

"He'll have to," said Captain Barry. "What else will he be able to do? Suppose we get the jewels, and hide them. Suppose the Arabelle arrives a few hours later. Suppose Monsieur Julien dons his diving-suit, and descends at the spot marked on the plan. What then? He'll find that the jewels have disappeared. But he won't know who has taken them away, and he won't know when they were taken away. It will certainly never occur to him to suspect that you and I have got them, and have hidden them. Neither will he suspect that you and I are hiding in the neighbourhood. So what else will he be able to do, except admit that he is beaten, and go away?"

Nipper was only half-convinced, but there was nothing to be gained by discussing a situation which might never arise. Instead of pursuing the subject farther, therefore, he contented himself with watching the Arabs, who by this time had struck their camp, and were marching along the beach in the direction of the ravine down which they had descended the day before.

When the last of the Arabs had disappeared into the ravine, Nipper suggested that they should now set to work to hunt for the mutineers' boat and stores. But Captain Barry counselled caution, and it was not until the Arabs had emerged from the upper end of the ravine, and had struck out across the sandy plain beyond, and had become mere specks in the distance, that he rose

# Nipper's First Case.

This Grand New Serial Deals with the Adventures and Clever Detective Work of Nelson Lee's Young Assistant, Nipper. Full of Excitement and Mystery!

By Maxwell Scott.

to his feet, and led the way down to the beach.

As already explained, the northern horn of the little bay was formed by a lofty cliff, on the summit of which stood the ruined tower. At the base of this cliff were three or four caves, the mouths of which overlooked the beach. And it was in one of these caves that Captain Barry suspected the mutineers had housed their stores.

The first two caves which he and Nipper explored proved to be empty, and showed no sign of recent occupation. At one side of the mouth of the third cave—which was bigger than the others—a line of massive boulders, half-embedded in the sand, ran down to the water's edge, and formed a sort of natural breakwater. And as Nipper and Captain Barry were clambering over these boulders, they suddenly perceived the mutineers' boat.

The boat had been drawn up on the beach, and fixed in position by means of a rope and an anchor. It lay close beside the line of boulders already mentioned, and had therefore been hidden from the view of Nipper and Captain Barry until they were almost on it.

"Hurrah! Here's the boat!" cried Nipper. "Now we shan't be long. This is probably the cave which the mutineers made their headquarters."

Before they went into the cave they examined the boat. It was perfectly sound and seaworthy, but everything—mast, sail, oars, rudder, and so forth, had been taken out.

"We shall find them in the cave, no doubt," said Captain Barry.

He was right. On entering the cave, they saw the mast, oars, and rudder reared up in one corner, with the sail, baler, compass, and other nautical instruments lying beside them.

Near by stood the narrow wooden chest, which contained the diver's suit, and other appliances which Captain Barry had purchased for the purpose of raising the safe containing the Sultan's jewels.

In another corner there was a heap of firewood, and just outside the entrance to the cave were the remnants of a fire. Scattered about the floor of the cave were several broken egg-shells, the remains of some shell-fish, and two or three empty tins. But no trace was to be seen of the provisions which the mutineers had brought away from the sinking *Zodiac*.

"They can't have eaten all the stuff in this short time," growled Nipper. "They must have hidden them somewhere. Where can it be?"

As he spoke, his glance fell on some-

thing which he had not observed before.

At the back of the cave, about eight feet from the ground, there was a narrow arch-shaped opening in the rugged, rocky wall. It was exactly like the mouth of a small tunnel, and appeared to lead either into another cave, or into an underground passage.

"Perhaps there's another cave up there," said Nipper, pointing out this opening to Captain Barry. "Maybe they stowed the grub in there. Let's see."

He climbed up to the opening—an easy task—and found that it gave admittance to a tiny cave, if such it can be called, about the size of a four-wheeled cab.

"Yes, here's the grub right enough," he called out. "Two bags of biscuits, some tins of corned beef and condensed milk, and several other things. Shall I bring some down with me?"

Captain Barry replied in the affirmative, and after he and Nipper had kindled a fire, they sat down to the first decent meal they had eaten since leaving the *Zodiac*.

"And now," said Captain Barry, when they had finished their meal, "we've got everything here that we require for raising the Sultan's jewels. What we have got to do now is to pray for fine weather."

They slept that night in the cave. During the night the wind and sea went down, and at breakfast-time next morning the captain ventured to express the opinion that, with a bit of luck, they would be able to make their attempt to recover the jewels later in the day.

They unpacked the diving apparatus, and got everything ready for launching the boat as soon as Captain Barry considered it safe to do so. But, alas! the weather had only flattered to deceive. It grew worse and worse as the day advanced, and all thought of launching the boat had to be abandoned.

It was then the thirtieth of March. For the whole of the following week—that is to say from March 31 to April 6—the stormy weather continued, rendering it impossible for Nipper and the captain to carry out their plan. Needless to say, during the whole of this time, they kept a sharp look-out for the Arabelle, but without seeing any sign of her, or of any other vessel.

On the morning of the 7th of April the weather began to moderate. The improvement continued throughout the day, and by sunset the wind had dropped to a dead calm, and the bay was as smooth as the proverbial mill-pond.

"If there were only a moon," said Captain Barry, "we'd make the attempt to-night. But it would be impossible to take the bearings of the place in the dark, to say nothing of the other difficulties. However, this settled weather looks like lasting, so I think I may safely promise that we'll make the attempt to-morrow."

If only he and Nipper had known what to-morrow was fated to bring forth!

### The Return of the Arabelle.

The calm weather continued throughout the night; and when Captain Barry rose next morning and surveyed the bay, he muttered to himself that he could not have wished for a better day on which to make his long-deferred attempt to recover the sultan's jewels.

Before waking Nipper he unmoored the boat and placed in it the diver's suit, the air-pump, a rope ladder, a small winch, and a set of chains with grappling-hooks. He fixed the rudder to the stern of the boat, and laid in a couple of oars, a compass, and an anchor. Then, after kindling a fire and preparing some food, he roused Nipper.

"Wake up!" he said cheerily. "Breakfast's ready!"

Nipper sprang to his feet, wide awake in an instant, and gazed out of the cave at the calm, unruined sea.

"What a glorious morning!" he exclaimed.

"A perfect morning for our purpose," said Captain Barry. "We'll launch the boat as soon as we've had breakfast."

"Hain't we better launch it now?" suggested Nipper. "Before we have breakfast, I mean. You see, if the Arabelle has been cruising up and down the coast, waiting for the weather to moderate, she has now had twelve hours in which to steam towards this bay. If we delay until after breakfast, the Arabelle may arrive before we've time to fish up the safe."

"That's true," said Captain Barry. "But breakfast won't delay us more than ten minutes; and I'm no believer in working on an empty stomach. Fall to!"

They made a hurried breakfast; and then, after extinguishing the fire, they pushed the boat down to the water's edge, shoved her into the sea, and clambered in.

With Cubley's plan on his knees, and the compass at his feet, Captain Barry directed their course, and at the end of twenty minutes' steady rowing he announced that so far as he could tell they were now exactly over the spot where Cubley had lowered the safe into the sea.

"North-east, a quarter north," he said, glancing at the three trees on the edge of the plateau and then at the compass. "North-west by west, half-west," he added, taking the bearings of the ruined tower on the summit of the cliff. "Yes, this is the place. Over with the anchor!"

When the boat had been anchored Captain Barry donned the diver's suit while Nipper rigged up the air-pump. The rope ladder was next dropped overboard; the chains were affixed to the winch and also lowered overboard; and then, after Captain Barry had given Nipper his instructions—including instructions how to signal to him in case of threatened danger—he screwed on the diver's helmet, switched on its electric headlight, strapped the weights to his back and chest, climbed

over the side of the boat, and descended into the depths of the sea.

A few minutes after he had disappeared from view a wisp of smoke made its appearance on the western horizon. It was clearly visible from the boat, but Nipper was so busy working the air-pump that at first he failed to notice it. In fact, it was not until Captain Barry had signalled—by jerking the communication-cord—that he had found the safe that Nipper, happening to glance across the bay, suddenly perceived the distant trail of smoke.

"It's the Arabelle coming back!" he gasped.

He gave three vigorous tugs at the communication-cord; and a few moments later Captain Barry swarmed up the rope ladder and climbed back into the boat.

"What's the matter?" he demanded,

"victory yet," he said. "All the same, I think the odds are in our favour. Now for the cave!" They pulled back towards the shore, but a quarter of an hour elapsed before they reached the strip of beach in front of the mouth of the cave. By that time the hull of the approaching steamer had come into view, and they were able to see that she was indeed the Arabelle.

But they did not know that Monsieur Julien was at that moment standing on the steamer's bridge, surveying them through a telescope!

"Do you think they've seen us?" panted Nipper, as they dragged the boat up the beach and concealed it behind the line of rocks already mentioned.

"I don't think so," said Captain Barry. "At any rate, she was too far away for anybody on board to see us



Captain Barry had found at last the safe containing the jewels. But in the very moment of his discovery there came a jerk at the signal cord. What did it mean?

when Nipper had helped him to remove his helmet.

"There's a steamer in the offing," said Nipper, pointing to the trail of smoke. "She's too far off for me to see her, but I've little doubt she's the Arabelle."

Captain Barry gazed at the smoke, and nodded his head.

"Yes, I expect it's the Arabelle," he said. "But I think we'll have time to haul up the safe and hide it in the cave before she arrives. I've already fastened the chains to the safe. Help me to take off this cumbersome diver's suit, and then we'll haul up the safe and row back to the cave."

The diver's suit was removed, the winch was manned, and presently a small steel safe, red with rust and encrusted with barnacles, rose out of the sea and was hauled into the boat.

"The sultan's jewels!" cried Nipper. "Victory at last!"

Captain Barry smiled at his companion's youthful enthusiasm.

"It's rather too early to talk of

haul up the safe. On the other hand, she has been drawing nearer while we've been rowing ashore; and if anybody on the bridge happened to be examining this part of the beach through a glass he could hardly fail to see us land."

"But we shall soon know," he added. "If they saw us land, the first thing they'll do will be to lower a boat and make straight for this part of the beach. If they don't do that, we may safely assume they haven't seen us."

"In the meantime," he concluded, "we'll bury the safe in the sand behind these rocks, and carry the rest of the things into the cave. We'll then keep watch on the Arabelle; and if it turns out that they have spotted us, we'll make our way inland, and hide until they go away."

The line of rocks already mentioned formed a natural screen, and hid them from the view of those on board the Arabelle. They had no fear, therefore, of anybody seeing them while they scooped a deep hole in the sand,

## NIPPER'S FIRST CASE.

By Maxwell Scott.

(Continued from page 31.)

dropped the safe into the hole, and covered it up. There was more risk of their being seen as they carried the diving apparatus into the cave, but that was a risk they could not avoid.

By the time they had unloaded their boat the *Arabelle* was steaming slowly through the channel at the entrance to the bay.

Nipper and Captain Barry, who had posted themselves just inside the mouth of the cave, could see three figures on the steamer's bridge, one of whom they both recognised as Monsieur Julien. He was examining the shores of the bay with a telescope, but never once did he turn his glass in their direction.

Presently the *Arabelle's* engines stopped, and she came to anchor near the spot marked on Cubley's plan. Monsieur Julien shut up his telescope, and he and the other two men descended from the bridge and went below. Some of the crew leaned over the taffrail, and others sprawled about on deck. Nowhere was any sign of excitement shown, and no preparations were made for lowering a boat.

"I think we may conclude that we're all right now," said Nipper, when this state of affairs had lasted for over an hour without any move on Monsieur Julien's part. "It's quite evident that they haven't seen us, and don't suspect that we are here. In all probability Julien is now unpacking his diving apparatus and consulting his copy of Cubley's plan. By and by we shall see them lower a boat. We shall see them row to the spot marked on the plan. A diver will go down, and then—oh, what a surprise for Monsieur Julien!"

Alas! the boat was on the other leg. The surprise came along all right; but it was not for Monsieur Julien, it was for Nipper and Captain Barry!

In a word, Monsieur Julien had seen them land, had recognised them, and had only delayed attacking them in order to lull them into the belief that they had nothing to fear.

Shortly before noon a boat was lowered from the *Arabelle*. Monsieur Julien took his seat in it, and was followed by a dozen of the crew.

## SANDOW'S BOOK FREE.

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"They're going to fish for the Sultan's jewels!" chuckled Nipper.

Captain Barry shook his head. "I don't see any diving apparatus in the boat," he said. "Apparently they're merely going to stretch their legs across."

The boat was rowed towards that part of the beach where the Arabs had previously encamped. Its occupants landed, and proceeded to stroll about the beach in groups of twos and threes. By and by they disappeared into one of the ravines.

Nearly an hour passed without any further sign of them. Somehow or other Nipper began to feel uneasy. He had a vague presentiment of coming disaster.

"Do you know, I don't half like the look of this," he said to Captain Barry. "Suppose those beggars saw us, after all? Suppose they're now stealing round to this cave by some circuitous route, with the idea of taking us by surprise?"

Captain Barry smiled at his fears. "I don't think for a moment—" he began.

The sentence ended in a gasp of alarm; for at that moment a shower of loose stones came clattering down the face of the cliff and dropped on the beach in front of the mouth of the cave.

"They've climbed up to the top of the cliff, and now they're climbing down!" cried Nipper.

As he uttered these words he dashed out of the cave, with Captain Barry at his heels.

One upward glance was enough to confirm their fears.

Monsieur Julien and his twelve companions were scrambling down the cliff, and were less than ten yards from the mouth of the cave!

(This thrilling serial will be continued next Wednesday.)

### Kill the Flies.

Now is the season when the housefly is in its multitudes, and scientists tell us that these little insects are the most deadly distributors of disease. If we could exterminate flies the world would be a healthier place to live in.

Let each of us wage a war upon the filthy fly, and so ensure that as few of them as possible shall survive, to hibernates during the winter and infest us again next summer. There are many weapons for this warfare, and every manufacturer of flypaper says his is the best. But there is nothing so effective as the old jam-jar trap.

Half fill a jam-jar with water, and dissolve a spoonful of jam or syrup in it. The flies will come to taste, and will fall in and drown. This is a cleaner plan than the flypaper, for if anything is accidentally thrown on the jar it will not stick, as the fluid does not reach the surface. Wasps, also, fall easy victims to this trap.

### Caulking Cycle Tyres.

To prevent water getting into the fabric of tyres, which soon rots them, turn your bike upside down occasionally, and thoroughly brush all the grit and dust from the tyres. Then take some wadding, soak it with rubber solution, and probe pieces of it into all the little flint cuts with a piece of wood, pointed but not too sharp. This makes a good "stopper," and tyres will last much longer. They should be partially inflated when doing it.

G.B.C.—No. 11

## SHUNNED BY THE VILLAGE.

Henry St. John's New Serial.

(Continued from page 16.)

"I'm very glad, sir, that you have brought her to her senses. It's just what she wanted. She was getting too—"

"Got out of my way, hang you!" shouted the squire.

Giles shrank back, pained and horrified.

"Upon my soul," cried the squire, "I've a mind to lay it across your sneaking shoulders, too!"

Giles turned and fled, and the squire stamped down to his own study.

He turned the key and locked himself in. Very willingly would he have undone what he had done. Dulcie's white face haunted him. He had whipped her.

He put his hand to his head.

"I must have been mad!" he groaned. "Whipped my little girl—my darling! Good heavens, I'm out of my mind! It's all those confounded, whimpering women, that sneak Giles, that old fraud Pousonby! There's none of 'em fit to—lace her shoes, not one of 'em fit—"

A couple of hours later the squire rose and went upstairs to Dulcie's room.

"Dulcie," he called, "Dulcie, my dear little girl!"

There was no answer. The old man turned the handle and looked in.

The room was empty.

"Her mother," he muttered, "she has been here and taken her away!"

He went back to his own study; he felt ashamed, too ashamed to face anyone. Giles, in the hall, saw him coming, and vanished like a timid rabbit.

Two hours later the squire came out of his study. He looked ill and worried. He had paid dearly for his outburst of passion.

His wife met him in the hall.

"Where is Dulcie?" he asked sharply.

"I haven't seen her!" said Mrs. Warrington.

"Nonsense! Where is Miss Crane?" Miss Crane was called.

"I have not seen Dulcie; I understood that she was with you, sir, in your study!"

"She wasn't!" shouted the squire.

"Where the dickens is she?" Servants were rung for.

"Where is Miss Dulcie?" everyone asked everyone else.

At last there was an answer to the inquiry. Hicks, one of the gardeners, brought the information.

"I see 'er," he said. "She was dressed, 'at and all, and was carrying a bit of a bundle tied up in brown paper."

"Gone out!" gasped the squire.


"Yes, sir; two or three hours ago, it were!"

"She's run away from me, her brutal father!" thought the squire.

"Run away, and—and it serves me right—it serves me right!"

(Where has Dulcie fled to? A grand instalment of this splendid serial next Wednesday. Please order to-day.)





# For Freedom!

A Thrilling  
Story of the Iron Road.

Complete in this Issue.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Stolen Engine.

The small village of Yoverton lay in a hollow, and could not be seen from West Yoverton signal-box, which was a mile beyond, and commanded a view of nothing but the rolling waste of Bleakmoor.

The signalman, Jim Mason, was usually of a cheery disposition, but this evening he was in moody spirits. There were times when the solitude preyed on his nerves. For some months he had been employed in London, and he often longed for the noise and excitement that had been a part of his work there.

Darkness had fallen an hour ago. The air was sultry and breathless, and a storm was threatening.

Having nothing to occupy him at present, Jim Mason wandered restlessly about for a few moments, listening to the thunder that was muttering in the distance.

At length the muffled grind of wheels attracted his attention, and as he stared from the window he saw a light engine stop directly opposite the cabin, on one of the side-tracks.

He rubbed his eyes, and peered in bewilderment.

"What's that engine doing there?" he asked himself. "It hasn't been signalled to me. I can't make it out."

There had been two men on the engine, and now there was only one. The other was rapidly ascending the stairs to the signal-box.

He opened the door, and stepped into the room. He was a tall man, with a pasty complexion and clean-shaven features. He wore a cap that was too large for him, and a long, brown overcoat that was buttoned close up to his throat.

The signalman gave him a swift glance, and did not like his looks.

"There's something queer about you," he said. "You ain't a driver, and you ain't a fireman. How did you get on that—?"

He paused abruptly, and recoiled with a start, gazing into the muzzle of a revolver that was pointed straight at his head.

"Don't ask any questions," said the stranger, in a croaking voice. "We want to get on to the main-line. Turn the points, and be quick about it."

Jim Mason gazed in helpless dismay at his captor. It was obvious to him that for some reason the two men had

stolen the light engine. He hesitated, making no move.

"I won't stand any nonsense!" growled the intruder. "Do what I told you, or I'll put a bullet into you. We're not going to wreck the mail. We're going to run in front of her, see?"

The signalman hesitated no longer. He was not a coward. He would have died rather than have done anything that might put human lives in peril. But he guessed what the command meant, and he foresaw that no harm would be done by obeying it. So he stepped at once to the row of shining levers, and pulled one of them forward.

The revolver was still covering him, and the stranger kept it pointed at him while he backed over to the window, and tapped on the glass.

The engine was heard to slide on for a short distance, and to stop again. It was now on the main-line. At the bidding of his captor, Jim Mason reversed the lever, and half a minute later the second man entered the box. He looked inquiringly at his companion, who put a question to the signalman.

"When is the mail-train for Hoemouth due here?" he asked.

"In seven minutes," Jim Mason replied, as he glanced at the clock.

"Is it running on time?"

"Yes."

"Have you been notified of it yet?"

"Yes, it's signalled. I warn you that if—"

"Stow that!" cried one of the men; and next moment he and his companion threw themselves upon the signalman, and in the space of a few seconds, in spite of the resistance that he offered, he had been bound and gagged, and tied securely in his chair.

Then the men made off. The door swung shut behind them, and Jim Mason was alone and helpless. He was so tightly bound that it was hopeless for him to try to get his limbs free, hard as he tried, and he heard the light engine start, and listened until it had rumbled away into silence that was for a brief interval like the stillness of the tomb.

Then came a low, murmuring sound. The threatened storm was about to break. The wind howled, thunder crashed, and rain fell in a drenching downpour. A purple glare lit up the signal-box, and dazzled the man's eyes.

## CHAPTER II.

### On the Brink of Destruction.

The stolen engine had left West Yoverton signal-box several miles in the rear, and was dashing down the main line in the teeth of the storm. One of the two men was at the throttle, and the other was shovelling coal into the firebox.

Both men wore long overcoats, beneath which, as they moved, could have been seen coarse garments with broad arrows. They were indifferent to the tempest, though it was of a nature to terrify. The elements had let loose their fury. The thunder that rolled across the inky heavens was like the incessant roar of an artillery battle. The rain was falling in sheets, and lightning blazed at frequent intervals. The wind was blowing with tremendous velocity, with a strident screech.

"Do you think we can do it?" asked Joe Rush.

"Yes, we'll get to Hoemouth all right," Sandy Cantrell replied.

"And afterwards? That is what I mean."

"Don't worry about that. Leave it to me. I told you what we were going to do."

"There will be a hue and cry in the town before morning."

"What if there is, Jim? I know Hoemouth well. There are plenty of vessels there, and it will be easy to board one of them, and find a safe hiding-place. We must trust to our luck, old pal. It has been with us so far, and I don't believe it is going to—"

"Hark!" interrupted Joe Rush. "What's that?"

During a brief lull in the gale a shuddering shriek had been heard at a distance. The men looked back, and saw a yellow light winking amidst the darkness. It was the headlight of the long, powerful express train that was carrying mails and passengers from London to Hoemouth.

"It has been overtaking us," said Sandy Cantrell.

"Yes, it must have been," Rush gravely assented.

"How far behind do you suppose it is?"

"A couple of miles. Not less than that."

"We'll have to do a bit better, Joe."

"We'll keep ahead, Sandy. We've

got to do it, or the game will be up. Look sharp; pile in the coal!"

The race had entered on a more thrilling phase. The light engine was in danger of being overtaken by the mail-train. Cantrell led the fire with coal, and stirred it to a white heat, while Rush, who had pulled the throttle wide, glanced now and again at the steam-gauge.

The speed was terrific. The engine swayed and rocked, and at times threatened to leave the metals.

For some minutes the men exchanged scarcely a word. They looked again over their shoulders, now seeing the menacing light of the mail, and now losing sight of it, since the line occasionally curved.

Here and there signals were passed, but they were all set for clear. Embankments rose to right and left, and dwindled to flat country again.

"We are doing it," Rush said, at length.

"Yes, that's right," declared his companion. "At this rate the mail won't catch up with us."

"We are holding our own against it, that is certain."

"We are doing more than that, Joe. We are leaving it farther behind."

"I believe we are, Sandy. The head-light is surely not so bright as it was."

"That's the storm."

"I don't wonder. It is about the worst I have ever known. But we must go through it at full speed, risk or no risk."

It was indeed the worst tempest that had swept over the West Country for years, and it was increasing in violence.

The lightning was almost continuous, flash following flash in quick succession. Each clap of thunder sounded louder than the last. It was not raining so hard, but the wind was blowing like a hurricane, and raving like a thousand fiends. A tree crashed to earth close to one side of the line, and at intervals a bough was hurled against the window of the cab. They were almost afraid of this awful tempest. The fear of Nature was in their hearts. Yet they dared not stop, or even slacken speed.

They must take their chances, no matter what damage the storm might have done to the line.

"What was that?" asked Cantrell.

"Did you hear it?"

"I heard a heavy noise of some kind," Rush replied.

"Yes, that was it. A sound as if a house had fallen."

"How much farther have we to go, Sandy?"

"Fifteen or twenty miles, as nearly as I can judge. But it will be all right, Joe. We'll get through to a spot just outside Hoemouth, and then slip off. The engine will be seen, and they'll pull up the mail."

The speaker broke off with a gasp. The engine had just swung round a bend, and a lurid, prolonged flash of lightning revealed to the two men a sight that fairly froze the blood in their veins.

Within thirty yards of them was a light iron bridge that spanned a river, and in the middle of the bridge was a yawning gap, from both sides of which projected bent metals. This explained the heavy crash that had been heard.

The bridge had been struck by lightning, and completely wrecked.

"By heavens, did you see that?" Cantrell gasped, in horror.

"We are lost!" cried Rush. "We'll go down!"

C.B.C.—No. 11.

He did his best to avert the threatened disaster. With quick presence of mind he reversed the throttle, jamming it hard. All was inky darkness now. There were a few seconds of sickening suspense, while the engine rolled on and on, out upon the bridge, with decreasing speed.

Then it came to a full stop, and the next instant, by another blaze of lightning, the edge of the chasm was seen to be within a couple of yards!

Two more yards, and the men would have been hurled to their deaths.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Deer than Liberty!

Pale and trembling, thankful for their narrow escape, the fugitives swung down from the plate to a narrow footway of planks that stretched between two lines of metals. And there they stood, in silence, half-dazed, until an uneasy sense of their position dawned upon them.

"It is hard luck," Cantrell said huskily. "What are we going to do now?"

"We'll have to find a hiding-place somewhere," Rush answered, "and

"Come along, then!"

"Hold on! What about the mail?"

"By heavens, I had forgotten that!"

"It rests with us to save it, Sandy."

"That's right, Joe; it does!"

"And it will mean that we shall be caught!"

"Yes, if we delay. I can hear the train in the distance."

They looked at each other by a flash of lightning, and for a few seconds they hesitated. Against desperate odds they had won their liberty, and it was inexpressibly sweet to them. They still had time to get off the bridge, and seek for shelter; but if they did so the mail-train, with its human freight, would crash into the engine, and then plunge down to destruction.

It was a hard choice that confronted them, and they were sorely tempted. But they had in them the stuff that heroes are made of, rogues though they were.

"There is only one thing to do," declared Cantrell. "We can't let all those people be killed."

"We should be the meanest curs on earth if we did," replied Rush. "We must save them, no matter what it costs us."

Springing to the plate, he seized a large bunch of cotton-waste, ignited it at the fire, and fastened it tightly to an iron rod. In a trice he had rejoined his companion, who had snatched a lantern from the tender, and the two hastened along the narrow footway,

with the lights blazing out over their heads.

The mail was very near, thundering through the cutting. The headlight suddenly appeared around the curve, and the engine-driver at once saw the flashing signal, and did all in his power. There was a shriek of the whistle, a grinding of brakes. On rushed the train, but with lessening speed. It glided out upon the bridge, and stopped within a dozen yards of the two men, for whom there was now no escape.

Behind them was the yawning chasm, and before they could make their escape in front, the guard and the fireman had climbed down to the footway, and some of the passengers were swarming from the carriages.

"What does this mean?" demanded the guard. "What is wrong?"

"Danger ahead," Rush quietly answered. "The bridge is wrecked."

More people were leaving the carriages, and the sensational news spread from lip to lip. There was a scene of wild excitement, of fervent gratitude. Somebody suggested taking up a collection for the brave fellows who had saved the train from destruction, and gold and banknotes poured into the hat that he passed among the passengers. The two rescuers even felt that they still had a chance of escape, but the hope faded to despair when a tall, shrewd-faced man came up to them, and stared at them closely by the light of a lamp.

"I know these men!" he exclaimed, as he drew a revolver from his pocket. "They are Rush and Cantrell, two convicts, who escaped from Bleakmoor Prison last night, and stole food and clothing from a farmhouse!"

The convicts had been trapped by their heroism! They calmly accepted the inevitable, and in the presence of many of the passengers, who were sorry for them, they were thrust into the guard's van. The whistle blew, and the mail-train moved off the broken bridge, and ran backward through the stormy night.

One dull, grey morning, a month after the narrow escape of the Hoemouth mail, Sandy Cantrell and Joe Rush were taken from their cells, and led to the governor's room, where that official was waiting for them.

"I have good news for you," he said, tapping a paper on his desk. "Your brave conduct has brought its own reward. Certain of the passengers whom you saved at the cost of your liberty have used their influence on your behalf, with the result that the Home Secretary has pardoned both of you. I hope that I shall never see you here again. Try to sin no more. You are not hardened criminals, I am sure. There is much good in you, and I earnestly implore you to make the most of it, and lead honest lives in future. You have won the respect of your fellow-men, and you can keep it if you will. That is all. You will be discharged in the course of the day."

The two convicts were almost speechless with joy. They were taken back to their cells, and a couple of hours later, decently clothed and with a few shillings in their pockets, they passed out from the grim walls of Bleakmoor Prison. They turned their backs on the somber gateway, and bent their steps towards the railway-station, fully determined to heed the good advice that had been given to them.



A good catch. (See our Special Articling Article, on the opposite page.)

THE END.



**HALF-MINUTE STORIES.**  
AFTER YOU HAVE LAUGHED OVER THESE LITTLE STORIES, PASS THEM ON TO YOUR FRIENDS.

### Egging Him Off.

The long-haired, lank, and melancholy individual rushed breathlessly into Slopton's one and only shop.

"Is this the only shop in Slopton?" he asked the proprietor, giving a long and anxious look round the counters.

"It is."  
"No."  
"Do you sell stale eggs?"  
"I do."  
"Can I buy stale eggs anywhere else in Slopton?"

"Well, give me all that you've got in stock."

The grocer looked the lean one over with suspicion.

"Going to see 'Hamlet' to-night?" he asked.

"No," replied the customer gloomily; "I am going to play Hamlet to-night."

### Proved His Case.

Everyone knew Jonathan Skinfint to be a millionaire—with the exception, so it appeared, of Jonathan Skinfint himself. He invariably wore the shabbiest of clothes, and is reported to have dined one day on a couple of peas and a grape-skin.

One day an old family friend endeavoured to persuade the miser to dress better.

"I am surprised," he said, "that you should let yourself become so shabby."

"But I am not shabby!" protested Skinfint.

"Oh, yes, you are!" replied the family friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly—even elegantly—dressed. His clothes were very handsome."

Skinfint gave utterance to a hearty laugh.

"Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on now were father's!"

### Those Broken Records.

"You see that man over there?" The English cousin pointed—very rudely—to an undersized specimen of humanity slipping tea behind the piano.

The young girl from the States nodded interestedly.

"Well," continued the English cousin, "do you know, he has broken more records than any man of my acquaintance?"

"What, that?" exclaimed the beautiful Yank. "Well, land sakes, I declare now, who'd have guessed it! He don't look one atom like an athlete!"

"He is not," replied the English cousin. "He owns a gramophone!"

"And have you heard the latest?"  
"No. What is it?"

"Why, in Ireland they can't hang a man with a wooden leg."  
"Never! What do they do, then?"  
"Why, they hang him with a rope."



Our Special Series of Physical Culture Exercises which every Reader should Practise.

We have now dealt with quite a large variety of healthy exercises, and those of you who have been steadily practising them should be showing a great improvement in muscular power.

But don't "rest on your oars," my chums. I want you to keep up these exercises night and morning through the whole year. Do this, and by-and-by you will find yourselves really splendid specimens of what a manly lad should be.

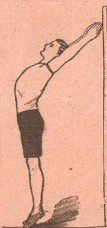
Our next exercise is a good movement to bring the back muscles into play. Starting point, feet about twelve



A Good Exercise for the Back Muscles.

inches apart, arms stretched upward well over head. Bend forward and downward as far as possible, from the hips, keeping arms, head, and trunk all in one straight line. Recover, and repeat.

For the second exercise, the starting point is attention, but with feet slightly apart. Stand about two feet away from, and with back to a wall. Swing the arms outward and upwards above the head. Without pausing reach back with the hands, and touch the wall, allowing the body to incline a little



Exercise II.

### A County Cricketer.

Every lad who is fond of the bat and ball would like to become a County Cricketer.



Read this practical series of articles week by week and your ambition will be realised.

### Fielding.

Although it is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules with regard to how a ball should be stopped or caught, as everything depends upon how it travels, yet there are a number of tips which, if borne in mind, will prove of immense benefit to all young cricketers.

A ball may be caught with one hand or two. If possible, always use two, as it is safer and easier. To catch a ball with both hands the best plan to adopt is to wait until the ball is just within reach, and then thrust the hands out, with the fingers extended, to receive it, and then allow the hands to give, more or less, according to the speed of the ball.

In doing this, keep the hands together. Don't hold the hands and arms firm and rigid. This is a great mistake, as it tends not only to make the ball bounce out, but also gives the catcher a shock if there is any speed on the ball.

### CATCHING.

The hands must also be kept together, and not held some distance apart, a common mistake often made by novices.

When the ball comes towards you lower than the chest the hands should be formed like a cup to receive it, the little fingers together, and slightly overlapping. This also applies when the ball comes above the chest; but in this case the thumbs should be brought together instead of the little fingers, and the fingers should point uppermost.

Never allow the fingers to point in the direction in which the ball is coming. This is a rule which should always be borne in mind. If it is not, the risk of fractured fingers is great.

The same principles as outlined above apply to catching the ball in one hand. As I said, however, use two hands whenever possible. When only one is used, see that the ball is received well into the palm.

### SLIP-FIELDING.

If you are fielding in the slips you must be quite sure that you can catch with either your right or left hand. Some lads snap at the ball, and do not let it reach their hand. This is a bad mistake, which often means bruised finger-tips. The best way to stand is with legs well apart, and hands stretched out ready for a catch. From this position you will be able to fall forward if necessary.

Before I close I would urge all my friends not to give up practising their fielding. Many a match has been won through the team doing their best to save every run.

If you miss a catch, don't upset yourself. Make up your mind that you will hold the next one at all costs, and take my word for it you will do so.

Next week I will give you some more cricket hints.

# OUR £100 PRIZE LIST!

**Simple Contest for Boys and Girls!**

**You Can Start To-day!**

## FIVE HUNDRED GRAND PRIZES!

- FIRST PRIZE** A New High-Grade Rudge-Whitworth Standard Bicycle, best finish, complete with all Accessories, including Lamp, Pump, Saddle-bag, Tools, Bell, etc. .... **AND £5 IN CASH.**
- SECOND PRIZE** A New High-Grade Rudge-Whitworth Standard Bicycle, same outfit as above, ..... **AND £2 10s. IN CASH.**
- THIRD PRIZE** A Complete Cricketing Outfit, consisting of Bat, Ball, Set of Stumps and Bails, Leg Guards, Batting Gloves, and Bag.
- FOURTH PRIZE** Complete Fishing Outfit, consisting of Fishing Rod, with Reel and Line, Basket, Bait-Can, etc.
- FIFTH PRIZE** Quarter-plate Camera and Complete Photographic Outfit, including one dozen Dry Plates, Dark Room Lamp, Developing Dishes, Printing Frame, Bottle of Developing Solution, Box of Hypo, Bottle of Toning and Fixing Solution, Packet of Printing Papers, Squeegee, Measuring Glass, etc.

Your Editor is also awarding **50** Splendid Watches, **30** Quarter-plate Cameras, **5** Fishing Rods, **5** Sets of Boxing Gloves, **5** Cricket Bats and Sets of Stumps, and

## 400 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d. IN CASH!

*In the event of two or more competitors tying for the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th or 5th Prizes, the value of the Prizes will be divided in cash. The remaining Prizes will be awarded according to merit, and in all cases neatness will be taken into account. Don't be behindhand, but join in at once. The competition is as simple as it is fascinating.*

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to cut out this page, and beneath each of the eight little sketches write plainly in ink the name of the common object you think it represents. Add your name and address, and **keep the page by you** until CHEER BOYS CHEER names a date for sending in the complete sets of solutions.

The twelfth set of eight pictures, representing common objects, will appear in CHEER BOYS CHEER next week. Competitors will be allowed to send in as many separate complete sets of solutions as they please.

#### ONLY ONE PRIZE CAN BE AWARDED TO ANY ONE COMPETITOR.

The Editor's Award and his decision as to the admission or disqualification of any entry and on all other points respecting this Competition shall be final and legally binding, and entries are only accepted on this understanding. No responsibility can be accepted for the non-delivery or loss of sets of solutions, and no correspondence will be entered into with respect to the Competition. Boys or Girls may enter for this competition, and girl prize-winners will be given the opportunity of selecting any other prizes of equal value to the ones they are entitled to.

#### THE TWELFTH SET OF PICTURES IN CONNECTION WITH THIS SIMPLE SKILL COMPETITION NEXT WEEK.

ELEVENTH WEEK.



81.....



82.....



83.....



84.....



85.....



86.....



87.....



88.....

This competition started in No. 1 of CHEER BOYS CHEER. You can obtain back numbers by applying to Room 36, 23, Boulevard Street, E.C. Send 1d. for each copy required, and 1d. extra for postage. No coin must be sent; any letters containing coin will be refused.