

HUGE PRIZE CONTEST COMMENCES THIS WEEK.

The Dreadnought

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THE CLIVEDEN REDSKINS.

A ROLLICKING COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE
BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

The Luckless Palace in the Hands of the Braves.
(See the rollicking complete yarn next week.)

LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL YARN. By CHARLES HAMILTON.



THE CLIVEDEN REDSKINS.

The Old Firm Have Their Suspicions—
—and the Combine Prepare.

"They're up to something," said Pankhurst, with conviction.

"Quite so," said Price.

"I haven't the faintest idea what it is."

"I haven't, either."

Pankhurst ran his fingers thoughtfully through his red hair. The chairs were sitting in No. 3 Study at Cliveden, thinking it out and talking it over. Something was on, that was certain. Pankhurst, with his usual keenness, had discovered that mysterious whispers and tods were passing among the chairs of No. 4 Study—Penderexter, Flynn, and Neville, known to Cliveden as the Combine. They had received lines from the Frenchmaster, M. Frisquet, for whispering together in class. They had not seemed to care in the least.

What was the scheme? That was the question which troubled the minds of Pankhurst and Price, as they sat in council in No. 10 Study.

"Hallo! What's the confounded row?" said Pankhurst.

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the passage outside. The door of No. 10 was half-open. Pankhurst stepped to it, and looked out. There a look of excitement came into his face, and he agreed to Price to join him.

"What is it, Panky?"

"Come and look!" whispered Pankhurst. "It's those bounders going into No. 4 Study, and they're carrying big parcels of something. What on earth does it mean, I wonder?"

The red-haired chairs of the Fourth stared down the passage. Three jobs had come upstairs, and were going into No. 4 Study, and they were the three known as the Combine—Penderexter, the athletic, keen-eyed American champion; Dick Neville, the captain of the Fourth Form eleven; and Micky Flynn, the descendant, according to his own account, of the ancient kings of Iceland. Three of the best, as Pank-

hurst would have been the first to acknowledge; but they were the rivals of the Old Firm, and, therefore, deadly foes.

Penderexter had a bundle under his arm, from which long sticks protruded. They were not golf-sticks or walking-sticks, and, exactly, what sticks they were Panky and Price could not determine. Neville had a bagger parcel on his shoulder. Micky Flynn carried a bulging bag. The three chairs were heavy grins, which alone were sufficient to prove to Pankhurst that there was a big scheme on.

The Combine passed into their study. Two occupied to notice that the Old Firm were looking at them along the passage. The door closed, and Pankhurst, listening keenly, heard a faint click as the key turned in the lock.

The Combine were busy in No. 4 Study. Pankhurst and Price would certainly have opened their eyes if they had seen the Combine at that moment. The handles of the chairs had brought into the study were open now, and their contents littered over the room.

They consisted, hanting-shirts, fringed leggings, feathered headgear, spurs, and tomahawks—all the paraphernalia of the makeup of Red Indians. The Combine had hired the costumes at the costumer's at Cliveden, and they were now busy in making themselves up as redskins.

The idea had originally come from Pankhurst and Price.

Pankhurst was rather given to amateur theatricals, and he had a quantity of stage properties in his possession, including the garb of Texas cowboys.

The idea of getting some Red Indian costumes, and getting up a Wild West drama some evening in the common-room, had been mooted by Pankhurst.

Nothing further had been heard of it, but the suggestion had remained in the fertile mind of Lincoln G. Price-

doctor, with the outcome now to be seen in No. 4 Study.

The Combine, with the greatest secrecy, had procured the Indian costumes, and smuggled them into the school, and were now turning themselves into full-fledged Chinooks before.

Their intention was to execute an Indian raid upon No. 10 Study, and give them a "high old time" generally. Micky Flynn suggested putting them in the parlour in the common-room, to make the thing realistic, but Neville pointed out that they could not be done without hurting them, and Micky, who had the toughest heart in the world, agreed to give up that idea.

"But we must make it realistic," he said strenuously. "Indians generally kill somebody when they go on the warpath."

"I guess we won't kill anybody," said Penderexter, as he pinched his face before the glass. "You see, it would make such a noise."

"Faith, and I—"

"Besides, what could we do with the body?" said Neville solemnly. "It would be a fearful trouble to have to attend to the funeral."

"Sure, and it's rotter ye are, Dicky darling! But we shall have to make it realistic, somehow. Conkin's so set anything on fire!" said Micky Flynn thoughtfully.

"Yes! Over's Panky's study. We could shove his head against it, and set it on fire—"

"Ha, ha, ha! But, sure—"

"How does this look, Dicky?" asked Penderexter.

"Ripping! I've never seen such a savage-looking chiver in my natural! Your face would stop an eight-day clock at the present moment."

"I guess I can say the same of yours!" grinned Penderexter, looking at him. "My hat! It's rather a long time to get the colours on. Hand over those leggings!"

—NEXT THURSDAY'S SPECIAL ISSUE. ORDER TO-DAY!

"Faith, and aren't you going to undress first, Pointester?"

"No, only the collar off. Our own clothes will make us look fatter under these, you see, and we want as much bulk as possible. I guess. We're not exactly the full size of native warriors."

"Besides," said Dick Neville slowly, "so may happen to want to change back all of a sudden. This kind of job may not exactly meet with the approval of some unscrupulous prefects and warden, you know."

"Spare, and it's a prison, you see. Dicky darling—do you think of anything?"

"I guess we'd do," said Pointester, looking round when the dressing was completed. "We should take in Buffalo Bill himself, I reckon, in this rig."

"Now, about the plan of campaign," said Dick Neville. "It's pretty certain that Panky and Price aren't very far away from our door."

Pointester glanced at the door. "That's so, I guess. We've let them see enough of our whispering together to make them aware that something's on. They're on the look-out. They're watching and waiting for us to go out, I expect."

"Panky, and we won't disappoint the darlings!" said Micky Flynn, going to the door and putting his hand on the key.

"Stop that!" howled Pointester. "Panky, and what's the matter now?"

"Don't unlock the door till we're ready, an'!"

"Spare, and it's ready we are!"

"Wait a bit! Look here, we're not going out—we're going to catch the Old Firm into this study."

"Good where?" said Dick Neville approvingly. "If it can be worked."

"I guess it can."

"Right ho! But how—"

"If we let them hear the door unlock, they'll know that they can come in if they like—and I guess they'll like."

"Rather?"

"Then the trick's worked. Pull the curtains over the window, so as to make it a bit shadowy in here!"

Flynn turned back the key. The click it made as it turned in the lock was borne clearly to the ears of the two jantars watching the door from a short distance up the passage.

In the Hands of the Watchdog.

Pankhurst nudged his chain. The Old Firm were half-hidden in a doorway very near to that of No. 4 Study.

"You hear that, Poley?"

"Quite—yes, rather."

"They're coming out."

"We'll collar them as they pass—"

"No; better wait for them to go, and then we'll slip into the study and see what's the little secret there."

"Good!"

And Pankhurst had Price waited for the Looking to come out. But the door of the study did not open.

Several minutes elapsed, and Pankhurst looked puzzled.

"They're not coming!" he muttered.

"Quite so."

"What does it all mean?"

"Housed if I know!"

"I suppose they've put the things away, whatever they are, and they think it's all safe now, so they've unlocked the door."

"Looks like it."

"Well, one thing's certain, if they don't come out, we shall go in!" said Pankhurst determinedly.

"Quite so."

Five minutes passed, during which the impatience of Pankhurst grew to boiling-point. Still no movement, and he stepped from No. 4 Study. Pankhurst stepped lightly along the passage to the door, saying to Price to follow him.

In a few moments the unknown-headed chains were outside No. 4 Study. Pankhurst listened for a sound from within. He heard the singing of the bolts on the grate, but no other sound. His wonder and curiosity intensified.

"I'm going in!" he muttered. "Are you ready for a row?"

"Quite so."

Pankhurst threw the door suddenly open, and dashed into the study with a shout. Price shouted, too, and followed him. The next moment three wild figures sprang into view, and the red-haired chains gave a hoarse sound of amazement. They had no time for more, for each was seized by a strong pair of hands and thrown in the door, while the third figure slammed the door shut again.

Pankhurst went down in a heap, with his shoulder on top of him. He gazed up in terrified wonder at a dark, painted face, surrounded by a bushy beard and a flourishing tomahawk.

"What the— Who the— How did—?" gasped Pankhurst.

"Pawface dog!" roared a familiar voice.

"My hat! It's Pawface!"

"Dog of a pawface—"

"Well, of all the giddy asses—"

"You are my prisoner!"

"Hats!"

"Pawface dog!" said the red warrior, flourishing the tomahawk.

"I will slay you, and your scalp shall hang in my wigwan!"

And he made a terrific slash at Pankhurst's head with the tomahawk.

Pankhurst involuntarily dodged.

The tomahawk crashed on a chair.

"Look out!" yelled Pankhurst.

"You'll have me with that thing, you an'!"

"Die, pawface!"

"You after that—"

Crash!

The tomahawk came down again—again on the chair—and the commission was terrific.

"Let us, group!" roared Pankhurst.

"Quite so!" gasped Price.

"Well, you are my prisoner—honest of a hostile tribe!" said the Indian chief sternly, but with a slight Chicago accent. "You shall burn at the stake to amuse our squares and paposes."

Micky Flynn dragged several lengths of rope out of the cupboard.

Pankhurst wriggled desperately.

"Don't you dare to let me up!" he roared.

"Wah! The great chief of the Comanches has spoken! Bind fast the pawface dogs!"

"The great chief of Chiricos, you mean?"

"Believe!"

"Rats—cursed rats! If you let me up, Micky Flynn, I'll give you the biggest cut you ever heard of."

"Spare, and I'll risk it, Panky, me boy."

"Lemme group!"

"Hold him tight, Pawface!"

ding!"

"I've got him! Get the rope on! He's wriggling like a heated rat!" Micky Flynn made a leap in the air, and passed it over Pankhurst's wrists.

"Good!" exclaimed Pointester, getting up as soon as Pankhurst was secure. "The pawface is a prisoner, ready to be buried at the stake."

"Don't be an ass, Pawface!" growled Pankhurst. "You know jolly well—"

"Wah! The great chief has spoken!"

"The great ass has!"

"Up the other prisoner, Sitting Bull!"

"Panky, and it's me that will do it in a jiffy, Chiricagook!"

And Price was now rendered as helpless as his leader.

The two prisoners were writhing with rage. Pankhurst realized how he had been snaggled into entering the study, and how blindly he had run into the trap laid for him.

Micky Flynn opened his pocket-book and began to strap it.

"What's that for, Micky?" asked Dick Neville.

"Spare, and we name's Sitting Bull."

"Well, what's that for, Sitting Bull?"

"Spare, it's to swab the pawface prisoners."

And Micky Flynn turned towards Pankhurst, while in a crouch. He looked so serious in his coat and drawers, and he held the knife in so business-like a way, that Pankhurst gave a shiver. He eyed the look with a very nervous eye.

"Keep that razor off!" he howled.

"He'll do some damage with that knife."

"Faith, and it's a awful job I've got to do, Panky darling!"

"Keep him off!"

"Wah! The swabbing must be done in sight of the whole tribe!" exclaimed Pointester.

"Put up your hands for the present, Sitting Bull. Bind the prisoners along to the great council wigwan."

Pointester threw open the door of the study. He marched out; and after him, forcing the shackled jantars along, came the two braves. Thus they marched into the common-room; and, needless to say, the sight of these redskins in full regalia was quite enough to attract the jantars of Chiricos from all quarters to the spot.

The Scalping of Pankhurst.

Pankhurst and Price were out with rage. The common-room was crowded, and the Chiricos jantars laughed themselves hoarse at the sight of the Old Firm in the hands of the redskins.

But the three braves preserved a solemn gravity to their characters.

The prisoners were marched into the room, and still held by Neville and Flynn.

Lorena G. Pointester addressed the curious, laughing crowd.

"Braves of the Blackack tribe," he exclaimed, "behold the prisoners which your chiefs have brought home to torture."

"Who are you calling Blackack?" demanded a voice.

"I mean Blacky!" corrected Pointester. "Behold the prisoners—"

"Rats!"

"Cursed rats!"

Pointester's eyes gleamed.

"If the gentleman who made an allusion to cursed rats will kindly step

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forward, I shall be pleased to wipe the floor with him," he said.

The gentleman did not step forward, apparently having no desire to be used as a fuster; and Poindester proceeded:

"Indeed the prisoners whom your child have brought home to the torture. They are of the great Copper-tribe—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll give you something, you timid-lioned fraud!" looked Pankhurst.

"Wah! Let the prisoners be silent!"

"Be silent yourself, you Chicago expert!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Release the Copper-tribe brass?" said Poindester sharply. "If he speaks again, let him die the death, or push the hands of your tomahawk into his chest-bone."

Gentlemen of the Fourth Firm—I mean brasses of the Black-neck tribe, we are about to put the prisoners to the torture—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Yes, hear," said Poindester—"here on the spot. It would be immemorial to burn them at the stake, as it would make such a smother—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So we are going to scald them."

"Go it!"

"Bind the paleface dogs to the table!"

"Loosen, loose!"

roared Pankhurst. "Rats! It meant what! Bind the paleface dogs to the table!"

The Old Firm were helpless to resist. They pulled to their friends in the crowd, but the janitors made no motion to help them. Poindester had quite as many backers there as Pankhurst, and any interference would have led to a free fight, without doing Parley much good. Besides, it was realized that it was only fair to leave the ritual of the Fourth to settle the matter between themselves; and the joke was too funny for anyone to want to interrupt it. The janitors were wondering what Poindester was going to do. They were keen!

The Old Firm were stretched on the table and tied there. Poindester placed Parley's head so that it overhung the edge. The janitors looked on curiously.

"Lead me your knife, Mickey—I mean Sitting Bull!"

"Step, and here it is, Pankhurst."

"Yes, Chingachgook, you see."

"Chingachgook, you see."

There was a peer of laughter. Poindester gave Mickey a withering look, which made his painted face look absolutely livid. He took the knife, and began to feel the edge with his thumb.

"This will do," he announced. "We shall want a basin to catch the blood, as we don't want to make the floor as a wash."

"I'll get you a basin," said Greene obligingly.

"Good!"

Poindester whispered to Greene, who grinned and departed. In a few minutes he returned with a basin, which was half full of water, and handed it to Neville.

"Hold it under the prisoner's head," directed Poindester.

Dick Neville obeyed Pankhurst, who was wriggling uneasily in his bonds. He wondered dully for a moment whether he was really in the hands of Indians, and was going to be scalped. Poindester's disguised face looked so forbidding grave and determined—

"Are you ready, brave of the Copper-tribe tribe!"

"Cursed rats!" replied the brave of the Copper-tribe tribe.

"Then die the death! If you see—"

There was an audible sound of dripping liquid.

It was made by Dick Neville picking up the sponge that floated in the basin, and allowing the water to run off in that below; but by Pankhurst's soaked basin, it was the dripping of blood.

"Do!" he roared. "Murder! Clank it, you villain!"

The janitors burst into an irresistible roar.

"Stop them!" shrieked Pankhurst. "I tell you it's no joke; I shall bleed to death! I can feel my veins getting cold already."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The scalp is not half off yet, brave of the Copper-tribe tribe," said Poindester.

"Stop it!"

"Do you see for money, and acknowledge yourself conquered by the warriors of Study No. 41?" demanded the American chief.

"No," roared Pankhurst, "never!"

"Quite so!" gasped Price.

"Then all goes your scalp!"

Poindester drew the edge of the newspaper along above Pankhurst's ears. The drip-dripping of the water was renewed. Pankhurst's withered wretch—

"Die! I shall bleed to death like a pig!"

"Well, you see a pig, you know."

"Help, help!"

"Loosen, loose, I think the scalp will come off now with a jerk," said Poindester, grasping Pankhurst's hair firmly by winding his fingers in it.

"Now then!"

He gave a sharp jerk. Pankhurst yelled as though his scalp was really coming off. A janitor put his head in at the door with an excited shout.

"Here! Here comes the captain!"

The three Indian warriors jumped.

"My hat!" gasped Chingachgook.

"There's a new coming now!"

"Bark!" gasped Sitting Bull.

They dashed to the door. Right along the passage they went with a rush. Treadwell, the captain of Chicago, gave a startled yell as three terrible-looking figures passed him, and were gone before he could put on his band.

He straddled into the common-room, the Cleveland public-house was gone, but the yell of laughter which warned him that something was still going on in the room.

Tearing the Tables.

Treadwell was accustomed to some wild ways among the janitors of Cleveland, but he had never seen anything like what he saw now. The room was crammed with janitors shrieking with laughter, and on the table were two



The terrified French master fled, shrieking, from the awful sight.

live the scalping, we will leave you at the stake. Silence, brave of the Black-neck tribe, while the prisoner is tortured! He will soon be making you enough himself!"

The gagging of the janitors died away.

They looked on with keen, almost breathless interest. The affair seemed to have a serious aspect now. The three janitors were as solemn as coals about it. Poindester drew a sheet of newspaper from his pocket, tearing it carefully out of sight of Pankhurst, who was rolling his eyes wildly in the vain endeavor to see what went on over the top of his head.

With the edge of the newspaper Poindester drew a line along Pankhurst's forehead, just below the roots of the Auburn hair. Pankhurst fully believed that it was the knife he felt, and he gave a convulsive wriggle.

"Stop it!" he gasped. "You'll do some damage! Oh-wo! I'm bleeding!"

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board Agave, Below Pankhurst's head, on the floor, was the basin with the sponge floating in it.

"What does this mean?" demanded the Clivedon captain.

"I'm bleeding to death!" roared Pankhurst. "My scalp is nearly off!"

"What are you talking about?"

"The top of my head is nearly cut off!"

Trevailan gave him a rap on the top of his head.

"That's all right," he said. "The top of your head is in no danger of coming off at present, Pankhurst."

"I've been nearly scalped!"

"Don't be an ass!"

"I tell you I felt the knife cutting into my scalp!"

"Well, there is no blood!"

"What are you talking about, Trevailan? Do you mean to tell me that there is no blood when I heard it dripping into the basin myself?"

"It was water!" shrieked Gatty.

"Water!"

"Yes; and it was a sheet of paper he was wiping you with. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the janitor.

And the air rocked with laughter. Pankhurst's face was a study.

"My word, what an ass I've been!" he murmured.

"Quite so!" murmured Price, sotto voce.

"Oh, shut up, Pricey!"

"Well, I say!"

"It's remarkably nice these ropes!" said Pankhurst calmly. "I think the job has gone far enough. Of course, I know all along it was only—"

Another yell of laughter interrupted him. Trevailan smiled, as Pankhurst went on. He took up the pocket-knife Penderexter had dropped in his hurried departure, and cut the Old Firm free.

"Thank you, Trevailan!" said Pankhurst, getting off the table and stretching his limbs. "Of course I knew!"

Trevailan laughed.

"Well, not so much now next time you're scalped!" he said. "I shall come down heavy on you next time, so mind!"

And the captain of Clivedon quitted the room. Pankhurst and Price looked sheepishly at the howling janitor. It really seemed as though the Fourth Firm at Clivedon would never have off laughing.

"Oh, stop your cackling!" growled Pankhurst. "Of course, we were perfectly aware all along that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, we—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, if we didn't exactly know, we—"

"Oh, come along, Pricey, and leave the silly ones to cackle!" said Pankhurst.

And the Old Firm quitted the room to evolve a scheme of revenge, followed by renewed yell of laughter.

It did not take the Old Firm long to get ready for the next attempt. It was really a brilliant idea of Pankhurst's, and if it worked it was certainly likely to have the laugh against the Combines.

The two janitors were speedily stripped in the backskin shirts, leather breeches, and two boots, with the scabbards on the backs of their heads. Pankhurst browned his face, and stuck on a striking moustache, and Price added an artistic, unsharpened leg and a small, pointed beard. The two

janitors bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of Wild West cowboys, of a medium size, of course, but decidedly dangerous-looking.

Pankhurst surveyed the result in the glass with a great deal of satisfaction.

"I reckon that will do, now!" he said, assuming a nasal tone. "I kinder calculate we're about fixed for the trial."

"Ha, ha! I guess, quite so! That is to say, I mean you're about fit it, pardner?" giggled Price.

"Where's this lissen?"

"Here you are!"

"Come on, then!" grinned Pankhurst. "I reckon we've got to rope in them scabbers, pardner?"

The Old Firm quitted the study. They carried the coiled hoses in their hands, ready for business. Ever since the "game" had been in their possession Pankhurst and Price had been practising with the ropes, and had become very proficient in the use of them. They had no doubts of their ability to carry out the scheme they had formed, given a fair chance.

Pankhurst looked at the door of No. 4 Study. Several janitors caught sight of the strange figures in the passage, and the word ran through the House that more has to be commenced. There was a shoo from within the study.

"If he dares to disturb the green child in his wigwam!"

"I do!" replied Pankhurst, kicking the door open.

Penderexter, Neville, and Flynn stared at the invaders in amazement.

"My word, if you're not off!" gasped Neville. "What sort of animals do you call yourselves?"

"Path, I—"

"I guess—"

But Pankhurst and Price were rushing to the attack. The lances were out as they came, and the whirling ropes collected up about everything that was movable in the study. The clock and ornaments came off the mantelpiece, the books and papers and make-up materials on the table all went crashing to the floor, knocked down on all sides. (These men's reach runs in a junior study for housing; but then the Combines were not prepared for anything of the sort, and before they realised what the Old Firm were at, Penderexter and Neville left the lounge over their heads instantly drawn tight.) They struggled, but jerks on the ropes drew them on the floor among the ruins of the articles swept there, and the knots jammed tighter. Micky Flynn, with a wild yell, hurried himself upon Pankhurst, and bore him to the ground; but, unfortunately, forced him right on top of Penderexter, knocking all the breath out of the American chaps body.

"Woshoo!" gasped Penderexter.

"Get off my neck!"

"Collar him, Pricey!" gasped Pankhurst. "It'll look alive the others!"

Price was already grappling with Micky Flynn, the dragged him off Pankhurst, and rolled him over on the floor, and set heavily on his chest. Micky, struggling wildly, was pinned down quite tight.

Dick Neville squeezed to his feet. But Pankhurst had hold of both ropes, and a sharp jerk brought Neville tumbling over again. The loop was tight round him, pinning his arms down to his sides, and he could not get it loose. Pankhurst took a turn of the rope round Penderexter's body, dragging the two janitors together, and in

spite of their resistance, began to knot it.

Micky Flynn was struggling wildly underneath Price, but Price kept him down. Both Neville and Penderexter refused as hard as they could, but Pankhurst's advantage was too great.

The chief of the Old Firm took fresh loops of the rope round their limbs, and multiplied knots, in spite of their spasmodic wriggles. Pankhurst was working under difficulties, but it could not be said that he did not do his work thoroughly. Neville and Penderexter soon lay absolutely helpless, unable to move a limb. Then Pankhurst rose, pausing to his feet.

Micky Flynn was the next to receive his attention. Price held him fast while he was hoisted, and then the Old Firm executed a sort of manoeuvre round their former prisoners.

"I kinder reckon we've captured the great chief of the Tinneebob tribe!" grinned Pankhurst. "What do you think, Penderexter?"

"Lemme go, you least!"

"Ha, ha! Bring 'em along! We're going to exhibit our prisoners, and them—"

"Quite so!"

"Don't say up!"

The Combines were jerked to their feet. Their ankles were loosened sufficiently to allow them to walk, and then Pankhurst and Price held hold of the ropes, and, in spite of their vain struggles, the Combines were dragged through the doorway.

Monsieur Felquet is Starbled.

The passage was crowded with janitors. The sight of the three Indian braves, with their feathers matted and broken, their Indian mugs in a wild disarray, and the combie ropes round and knotted about their necks, staring along with shuddered feet, seemed to have a special effect for the Clivedon janitor, though the Combines could see nothing funny in it. Strides of laughter rang along the passage, and every steady door was blocked with heads looking out.

"Make way!" shouted Pankhurst.

"We have captured three Hoochianity scabbers, and—"

"Lemme go, you least!"

"Don't drag me along like that!"

"Path, and you're beakily unpleasun' intently!"

"I guess—"

"Come along!" said Pankhurst, jerking on the rope. "You've had your turn, and now it's a chance the scabbies come out strong!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the janitor. The sight of the two cowboys dragging the reluctant braves along was too comical. Penderexter laughed and fell, but he was dragged on all the same, shoving along the Combines in a sitting posture, nose or less gracefully. A removed yell burst forth.

"Come on, braves of the Breakneck tribe!" cried Pankhurst. "We're going to give you a wash in the bathroom yonder, to see whether your paint comes off! A wash will do you good, anyway!"

"Quite so!"

"Lemme scurry! I guess I'll make improvement of you!"

"Can't you, you mean, don't you, Penderexter?"

"Ha, ha! That's there in your leg, Penderexter."

"I guess—"

"Here, come along!"

There was a sudden shout up the passage. The janitors were making the

enough to make the deal almost. A cry of warning rang out.

"Care!"

"It's Monsieur!"

"My word!" murmured Pankhurst. The grinning jokers scattered like sheep. But it was not as easy for the Old Firm and the Combine to get away. The promoters were helmsmen, and after a second's hesitation, the Old Firm stuck to them.

The fat little figure of Monsieur Friquet, the French master at Clevedon, was coming down the passage with the workmen's trust. His little fat face was red with indignation. The passage was growing dark, and the gas had not yet been lighted. The little Frenchman gave dimly the figures ahead.

"Gee! How you dare make my name!" he shouted. "I—I— Gee! How dare!"

He stared at the strange figures before him in amazement.

Pankhurst was desperately cutting the ropes that bound the prisoners. To make them was impossible in this time.

"Pax!" he whispered. "We're got to get out of this somehow, or it means a court and a gaol. Is it pax?"

"I guess so," whispered Pankhurst.

The three red beavers were from in a few seconds. Monsieur Friquet stared at the group with his eyes starting from his head.

"Gee! What is it, an I before? Is it a dream, or are you go wild cats?"

"Pankhurst grinned, and then he gave a wild yell.

"Wah! Seize the paleface master, and seize him!"

And Indians and workmen yelled in chorus.

The little Frenchman gave a gasp of utter terror.

He stood petrified for a moment more, gazing at the wild figures. Then, as they made a motion towards him, with tomahawks flourishing, he turned, and fled at top speed.

The Indians and the workmen gave another fearful yell, which seemed to

lead the Frenchman wings, for he simply flew along the passage.

Down the stairs he went at top speed, and bumped right into Trevelyan at the bottom. The captain of Clevedon, scarcely suspecting what the terrible uproar was about, was coming to see into it, and had thoughtfully brought a pipe along with him. He must enter like a mouse in the little Frenchman rushed into him, and Monsieur Friquet tumbled across him.

"Help! Call! Help!"

"What's the matter?" yelled Trevelyan.

But Monsieur Friquet was too frightened to recognize his voice, or to understand anything. He imagined that he had fallen into the clutches of one of the fearful-looking savages he had seen in the upper corridor, and he struggled wildly, kicking and punching at Trevelyan. The captain of Clevedon received a good many hard knocks before he pushed the Frenchman off, and rose to his feet.

"Ah, mon Dieu! Is it you, Trevelyan? I am sorry not I had caught you!"

"So an I?" growled Trevelyan.

"Will you kindly look and see whom you are hitting next time, Monsieur Friquet?"

"Gee! I have great sorrow—"

But the Clevedon captain did not wait to hear the Frenchman express his great sorrow. He went up the stairs three at a time.

"Come back!" yelled Monsieur Friquet. "Come back! Zee are dangerous savages, an fearful-looking barbarians, now! You will be here!"

Trevelyan took no notice of the warning. He passed pretty accurately where the fearful passages were. But when he reached the upper corridor it was empty. He passed along the passage to No. 10 Study, and looked in. That study was empty, too. And the captain of Clevedon could not help guessing. The Combine and the Old Firm had known better than to return

to their own quarters till the doors had been open.

It was an hour later that Trevelyan met the janitor. They were talking in the lower passage, richly dressed, and clearly washed, and looking so though better would not rest in their rooms, and the most complete analysis seemed to be reaching behind the Combine and the Old Firm.

Trevelyan looked at them severely.

"I see you have got changed and cleaned?" he exclaimed.

Five separate looks of innocent surprise were turned upon the captain of Clevedon.

"Eh?" said Lincoln G. Pankhurst.

"What are you getting at, Trevelyan?"

"You know perfectly well what I am getting at, Pankhurst. Where are the Indians who frightened Monsieur Friquet?"

"Indians?" said Pankhurst reflectively. "I've seen Indians in my own country, but I haven't seen any since I came to England. I'm sure we've been reading Lord Dunsany, Trevelyan, and it's got over your head," said Mickey Flann, wagging an admonitory finger at the Clevedon captain.

"Looks like it," said Pankhurst.

"He'll be telling us next that there have been Texas cowboys knocking about as well as Indians."

"Quite so."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Trevelyan looked as if he did not quite know whether to be amused or angry for a moment. Finally he laughed.

"Well, don't let us see any more Indian or cowboys at Clevedon, that's all," he said, walking away.

The janitor grinned.

"I guess it's about right there!" said Pankhurst. "But the whoose was a good one, and I guess we've had some fun out of the recking at Clevedon."

"We have," agreed Pankhurst.

"and out of the combine, too!"

And Price said, "Quite so!"

(Another tale of Clevedon and its work.)

COUNTY CRICKET PROSPECTS.

By "L. B. W."

It would be worse than useless, at the outset of the cricket campaign, to attempt a prophecy as to which county will carry off the championship. Indeed, it would be wiser to predict the next year's F. A. Cup winner, for that competition is at least conducted on lines which ensure the coveted trophy being won by an eleven deserving to a certain extent of the honor.

With the county championship, however, things are not quite the same, and until every team meets in the competition there will always be many disappointed persons convinced that the honor has not gone to the right quarter. And these people will not be altogether in the wrong.

Familily be more interest is being evinced of late as to what reforms will shortly be brought about in connection with the summer game than in the result of the current season's competition.

Personally, I think the game is all right as it stands; everything depends on the way it is played and the rules which govern the point-counting in the premier competition. At present there is room for great improvement, which must speedily be brought about unless a severe financial strain is experienced in many quarters, for it cannot be denied that the populace will not be drawn to the county grounds as they are to the football fields in winter.

An idea has been set afloat that certain county eleven should be dropped, and a particular list actually includes Northamptonshire in this category—a strange suggestion, since the men of this county are credited to all three—our "champions."

Whatever may be said for and against the various schemes which have been offered for the consideration of the possessors that be, there is no doubt

that the agitation will serve a good purpose, and probably we shall see a good deal of "upsetting up" during the current season. Things have been far too hitherto in cricket of late, and public interest must be roused if the game is to last.

With regard to individual counties, chief interest in the metropolitan will doubtless centre in the change of Surrey, who regularly every season give early hopes of carrying off the championship, only to fall away later. The team looks good enough, but scarcely bears comparison with the eleven that represented the county in the days when Alkin and Hayward used to combine with their countrymen, and Richardson and Leveson-Gower shattered the backs of those in opposition. It is unfortunate that Dunsat will be unavailable; his injury soon after joining Aston Villa has proved more serious than was at first thought.

I am inclined to the opinion, however, that the men of Kent will acquit themselves even better than their near neighbors, but they will have to loop up to concent pitch if those northern rivals, Lancashire and Yorkshire, are to be beaten in the tables. The fixtures between these four counties should provide rare situations, and it is by no means improbable that the ultimate champion will be found amongst them.

—NEXT THURSDAY'S SPECIAL ISSUE, ORDER TO-DAY!