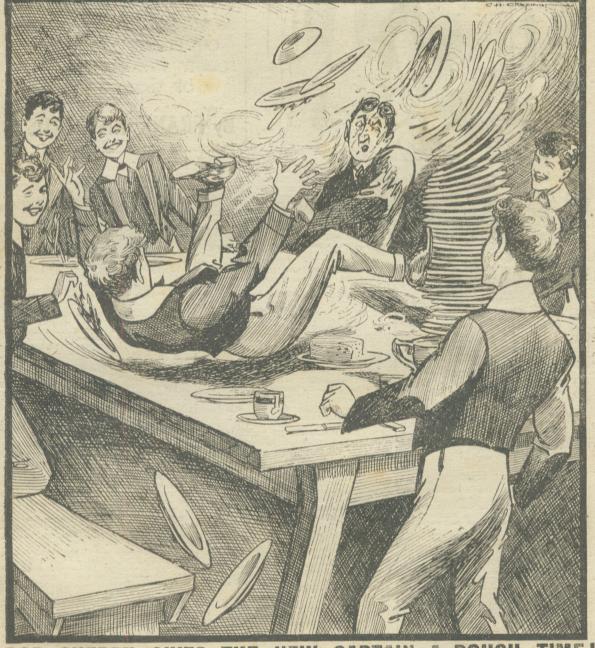
MANY SPLENDID COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES INSIDE!





BOB CHERRY GIVES THE NEW CAPTAIN A ROUGH TIME!

(An Exciting Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of Grevfriars.)



MORNINGTON'S ATONEMENT

By OWEN CONQUEST.

MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO., THE CHUMS OF ROOKWOOD.

B LESS my son!!" said Mr. Bootles, in astonishment.
The master.

LESS my son!" said Mr. Bootles, in astonishment.

The master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood had called out "Come in!" in response to a respectful tap at his study door.

The door had opened, disclosing to Mr. Bootles' astonished eyes about half the Fourth Form erammed in the passage.

The Fistical Four of the Fourth—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—were in the lead. After them came Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side. Then there were owned and Flynn and Rawson, and Van Ryn and Towle and Tubby Muffin, and a dozen more fellows, Classicals and Moderns.

And they were all looking excited.

They marched into Mr. Bootles' study—eight or nine of them, the rest crowding the doorway and the passage outside.

"Bless my soul!" he repeated.

The Form-master's study had never held so many of his Form before at once. It was a regular invasion.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Bootles, still blinking. "What do all you juniors want here?"

still blinking.

'If you please, sir, we're a deputation," d Jimmy Silver, speaking up as captain the Fourth.

of the Fourth.
"Representing both sides of Rookwood, sir-Modern and Classical," said Tommy

sir—Modern and Classical, said Iqminy Dodd.

"Classical and Modern, you mean," remarked Lovell.

"I mean Modern and Classical!" said Tommy Dodd warmly.

"Look here, Tommy Dodd—"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bootles.

Tommy Dodd and Lovell, with a mutual glare, ceased to debate the question of precedence. Mr. Bootles' study, they realised, was not the right place for such a debate, important as the question was.

"Shut up, you two!" said Raby. "Mr. Boetles is waiting."

"Really—" said Mr. Bootles.

"The fact is, sir," said Lovell, "we're a deputation, representing all Rookwood."

"Hear, hear!" said the deputation with

"Hear, hear!" said the deputation with voice.

"We want to speak to you, sir—"
"About Mornington, sir—"
"That rotten cad, sir—"
"He hasn't gone—"
"We want him to go—"
"He's got to go—"
"He's got to go—"
The deputation were all speaking at once, and excitement was growing. Jimmy Silver waved his hand for silence.
"Order! Let Lovel! speak! Lovell's spokesman!"
"If you have anything to say. I will listen

"If you have anything to say, I will listen to you," said Mr. Bootles. "But pray be brief."

Go it, Lovell!"

"It's about Mornington of our Form, sir," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "You know what's happened, sir. Mornington of the

Fourth and Beaumont of the Sixth planted a banknote on Jimmy Silver, and got him accused of stealing it. If old Rawson hadn't got at the truth, Jimmy would have been sacked from Rookwood. He was sacked, in fact, but he wouldn't go—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, we hear that Beaumont and Mornington have been expelled for their dirty trick," went on Lovell.

Mr. Bootles nodded.
"Both have been expelled from Rookwood," he said. "Beaumont has already left the school. Mornington will follow."

"That's the point, sir," said Lovell. "We saw Beaumont go—and a good riddance to him! But Mornington hasn't gone."

"And we want to see the last of him!" said Rawson.
"Hear, hear!" Fourth and Beaumont of the Sixth planted |

"Hear, hear!"
"They were sacked yesterday for their dirty trick," resumed Lovell. "Beaumont left yesterday afternoon. Mornington didn't. Well, we expected to find that he had gone this morning. But this morning he hadn't gone. His box is still in the dormitory, and his things are still in his study. We haven't seen him about, but we know he's still in the

school."

"Shame!" came a howl from the passage.

"Under the circumstances, sir, we've come to you as a deputation," said Lovell. "We want Mornington to go. The Fourth Form of Rookwood, sir, can't stand him."

"Never!"

"We don't

"Never!"

"We don't think it's possible that the Head would think of allowing him to stay after what he's done. But he hasn't gone, and it's twenty-four hours since he was found out. Why hasn't he gone, sir?"

"That's the question, sir," said Tommy Dodd. "The Fourth Form feel that they have a right to know, sir."

"Sure, if he stays here, we'll slaughter him intoirely," said Flynn.

"We'll scalp him!" roared the deputation from the bassage.

intoirely," said Flynn.

"We'll scalp him!" roared the deputation from the passage.

Mr. Bootles waved his hand.

"Silence, please!"

"Shut up!" said Jimmy Silver. "Silence for Mr. Bootles!"

The Fourth Form-master coughed.

"My boys, I am not surprised that you are indignant and disgusted at Mornington's heimous conduct. He attempted to fasten a false charge upon Silver; he had been compelled to confess his guilt. Silver stands before you cleared of any suspicion, without a stain on his name—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Bravo, Jimmy!"

"Mornington is under sentence of expulsion. His accomplice left Rookwood yesterday, never to return. Mornington has not yet gone, but he will be removed from the school as soon as possible."

"Why not at once, sir?" asked Lovell.

"Because he is ill."

"Wha-a-at?"

"The wretched boy appears to have-suffered experty from the shock of the discovery.

"The wretched boy appears to have suffered severely from the shock of the discovery and the punishment that followed," said Mr.

Bootles, "He fell in a faint in the Head's study, and was removed to the sanatorium. The school doctor is now in attendance upon him. Mornington appears to be suffering from a nervous breakdown. In such a state he cannot leave the school."

"Oh!"

"As soon as he is sufficiently recovered for removal, he will be taken away from Rookwood," said Mr. Bootles. "You may rest assured of that. Such an unmitigated young rascal could never be allowed to remain here."

The juniors looked at one another They knew Mornington—they knew the couning, unserupulous, and audaclous nature of the cad of the Fourth.

the cad of the Fourth.

There was only one thought in the minds of Jimmy Silver & Co. The dandy of the Fourth, in spite of the discovery of his rascality, in spite of the sentence of expulsion, hoped yet to escape the degradation of being kicked out of Rookwood. His illness was one more of his many txcks.

There was a murmur from the deputation—a murmur of disgust and indignation.

"You may go!" added Mr. Bootles.
But the deputation did not go.

"Excuse me, sir," said Lovell, "we don't believe a word of Mornington's yarn about being ill—do we, you chaps?"

"Not a word," said Jinmy Silver.

"Not a giddy syllable," said Tommy Dodd emphatically,
"It's only some more of his lies, sir," said Rawson.

Rawson.

Rawson.

"It's a trick to stay at Rookwood," said oswald. "Morny thinks it will blow over in time, and his nobby relations will get round the Head."

Mr. Bootles frowned.

"The matter is not for you to decide," he said. "It is in Dr. Chisholm's hands. Now, please leave my study."

Mr. Bootles waved his hand to the door. The deputation, with grim looks, filed out of the room at last.

But outside in the passage there was a roar of angry voices. Mornington's latest trick roused deep anger in every breast.

"Rookwood won't stand it!" exelaimed Lovell furiously. "I know the game, just as if the cad had told me. He's going to put on illness for a week or two, while his titled connections have time to talk the Head over. He thinks he's going to stay when it's blown over."

Jimmy Silver set his lips.

Jimmy had had a narrow escape from expulsion and diagrace, owing to the machinations of his old enemy. He did not mean to run any more risks of that sort.

any more risks of that sort.

"He's got to go!" he said. "Gentlemen of the Fourth, if the Head lets this matter slide I vote that we take it into our own hands."

"Hear, hear!"

"So long as Mornington is in the sanatorium we can't touch him; there's a bare possibility that he's really ill, and we can't handle a chap who may be seedy. But the The Penny Populas.—No. 65.

" began Higgs. Suppose the Head

"Suppose the Head —" began Higgs.

Jimmy Silver interrupted.
"If the Head gives way, we sha'n't," he said firmly. "We're all together in this, and we're resolved that Mornington's going. The minute he shows up outside sanny, we march him out of the gates, and kick him out, whether the masters like it or not."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And if he comes back, we'll tar and feather him, and kick him out again!" said Jimmy Silver. "Rookwood's fed up with Mornington, and he's got to go!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And while he's here, nobody's going to speak a word to him," said Jimmy. "He's got triends here—the merry Nuts. They're going to send him to Coventry, the same as we do, and we'd better go and tell them so."

"Good egg!"

Good egg! And the excited juniors streamed away towards Townsend's study, to interview the Nuts of the Fourth.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Nuts and the Nut-crackers.

NOWNSEND WNSEND & Co, were in their quarters, looking decidedly dispirited. The exposure of Mornington's ras-cality and his expulsion from the old had come as a heavy blow to the society of the Giddy Goats of Rookschool

wood.

Mornington, with his decided character and his unlimited wealth, had been the chief of the Nuts, and ever since he had been at Rookwood Townsend & Co. had been his

humble followers.

Even Smythe of the Shell, the great Adol-phus himself, had taken a second place to

Mornington.

Whe Nutty Co. were discussing the matter

The Nutty Co. were discussing the matter in Townsend's study, with the assistance of some of Towny's special cigarettes.

Townsend and Topham and Peele and Gower of the Fourth, and Smythe and Howard and Tracy of the Shell, were there.

And though they could not exactly uphold the dastardly trick by which Mornington had sought to rid himself of his rival in the Fourth, they agreed that it was thoroughly wotten that old Morny should have to go. Rookwood wouldn't be like itself without Morny—they agreed on that.

"After all, that cad Silver is a meddlin'

"After all, that cad Silver is a meddlin' rotter," said Smythe, through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "He's always meddlin' with somethin'."

"He's shifted us out of the footer," said

"He won't let a chap into the eleven if he goes in for a smoke now and then," said Topham indignantly.

"And won't give a chap a chance unless he slogs at practice, an' makes regular dashed work of it," said Peele.
"An' thinks nothin' of knockin' a fellow's hat off if a fellow turns up his nose at him," remarked Tracy.

"Of course, it was a bit thick, what Morny did," said Townsend. "I don't say I approve of it. In fact, it was caddishawfully caddish. But, after all, he's always been at loggerheads with Jimmy Silver, and all's fair in war. That's how Morny looked

all's fair in wat, at it."

"Well, Morny was always rather a cad," said Smythe. "Still, I'm sorry he's goin', I'd rather Jimmy Silver went."

"Yes, rather!"

"Perhaps he ain't goin', though," said Townsend, with a grin. "He's in sanny now."

"Ill! What?" said Smythe.

now."

"Ill What?" said Smythe.

"So he says."

Smythe turned his eyeglass upon Townsend in surprise.

"By gad! Do you mean to say he's spoofin?" he asled.

Townsend chuckled.

"Of course he's spoofin?! You never knew Morny ill, did you? He's as hard as nails. As for gettin' a bad shock through bein's shown up an'sacked, that's all rot. It may do for the Head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's goin' to be ill just long enough for the row to blow over," said Townsend sagely. "He's goin' to give his people time to get to work on the Head. He's got heaps of titled relations, aw'ly powerful people. One of 'em is a Governor of Rookwood. They'll all begin on the Head, an' I don't The Penny Popular.—No. 65.

minute he comes out he goes out of Rook-, see how the Head is to stand it. Money Morny's people have no end of influence. Smythe whistled.

Smythe Smythe whistled.
"But the Head couldn't let him off!" he said. "He simply couldn't! The fellows would never stand it!"
"Oh, things blow over in time. The fellows will be thinkin' about somethin' else in a few days."

fellows will be thurn and a few days."

"Well, there's somethin' in that."

"It may be worked for Morny to leave at the end of the term without bein' sacked. Then they'll work it somehow for him to come back next term. These things can be wangled when you've got influential people."

"Ha, ha ha!"

"Well, I wish him luck," said Smythe.

"Ha, ha ba!"
"Well, I wish him luck," said Smythe.
"I don't believe he can work it, but I hope he can. We shall all miss Morney, but we can't keep our end up against Jimmy Silver

can't keep out that all sans without him"
"I'm goin' to see him in sanny this evenin," said Townsend. "I'll jolly soon see whether he's spoofn', anyway! The medical johnnie can't tell; Morny's too jolly deep for him. Medical johnnies don't know much!"

Crasn:
The study door flew open, and the Nuts of Rookwood started to their feet in alarm. Jimmy Silver & Co. crowded in.
"What the dickens—" began Townsend.

"What the thunder do you want?" de-manded Topham.
"Just a word with you chaps!" said Jimmy Silver grimly

You needn't trouble. Get out!"
It's about Mornington."

"I don't care to discuss Mornington with you," said Townsend loftliy.

"Never mind whether you care or not. You're going tot" said Jimmy Silver.

"Look here—"

"Look here—"
"Mornington's sticking in the sanatorium, pretending to be ill," said Jimmy Silver.
"You know it as well as I do."
The Nuts exchanged startled glances.
"He is ill," said Topham.
"He's spoofing, and you know it! Well, we can't yank kim out of sanny by his ears, though we'd like to. We're going to kick him out of Rookwood as soon as he comes out!"

out of Rookwood as soon as he comes out!"
"Perhaps the Head will have somethin' to say about that!" sneered Peele.
"The Head won't be allowed to chip in if he wants to!" said Jimmy Silyer coolly.
"Oh, by gad!"
"Morny's going! But while he sticks in the school lying about being ill he's going to be cut by all Rookwood. You know what he's done, and I suppose you don't quite approve of it, though you're not very particular."
"That's our bizney."
"Morny's our and "remarked Peele." We're

"Morny's our pal," remarked Peele. "We're ickin' to him!"

Not goin' to desert a chap who's down his luck," remarked Adolphus Smythe his luc

on his luck, remarked Adolphus Smyther very loftily.

"Well, that's all right," said Jimmy Silver.

"But being found out to be a criminal isn't exactly being down on his luck! Sticking to a slanderer and liar is only proof that you're as bad yourself!"

"Look here."

"And it's not going to be allowed!" roared

Smythe shrugged his shoulders.
"Who's goin' to stop it?" he inquired.
"We are." And how are you goin' to do it?" sneered

Adolphus.

Adolphus.

"The order's gone forth that Mornington's to be avoided while he stays in the school. Nobody's to visit him in sanny, and if he sneaks out nobody's to speak to him!" Rats!

"That's the order of the Fourth!"
"Hang the Fourth!"

"And anybody disobeying the order of the And anybody disobeying the order of the Fourth will be given a Form ragging! "said Jimmy Silver. "And as you seem inclined to kick against the order, you measly collection of smoky cads, you're going to have a ragging now to begin with to show you what to expect."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Fourth-Formers.
"Keep off, you cad!" yelled Smythe.
"Collar them!"

The Fourth-Formers swarmed in.

The fact that Smythe & Co. were "sticking" to Mornington after his confession of guilt was more than enough to exasperate them to the ragging pitch. They were determined that Mornington should have no help from his former friends in his attempt to remain at the school.

The "Giddy Goats" had to receive a lesson, and Jimmy Silver meant it to be a severe one.

The Nuts were collared on all sides.
Some of them put up a fight, but they were not great in the fighting line. As judges of neckties or of a brand of cigarette they had no equals in the Lower School. But when it came to fisticusts their ability was not con-

spicuous.

Adolphus Smythe rolled on the floor in Flynn's loving embrace, and his carefully parted hair was rubbed vigorously in the ashes of the grate. Townsend, in the grasp of Lovell and Raby, was bumped energetically on the carpet. Topham sat on the floor of Lovell and Raby, was bumped energetically on the carpet. Topham sat on the floor in the grip of Oswald and Jimmy Silver, while Van Ryn poured the inkpot over his head. And the rest of the Nuts sprawled about the floor, being bumped, hustled, rolled over, inked, and cindered.

There was a chorus of wild yells in Towny?

After five minutes the study looked as if a cyclone had struck it, and the Nuts looked as if they had been through five or six cyclones.

By the time the raggers had finished with By the time the raggers had finished with them they were gasping on the floor in state of breathless dismay and dishevelment. "I think that will do," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Have you had enough, Smythey?" "Grooogh!" gasped Smythe, frantically clutching at the ashes in his hair. "Have you had enough, Towny?" "Yow.yow!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"
"What about you, Toppy?

"What about you, Toppy?"
"Gurrerg!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Here endeth the first lesson!" chortled
Lovell. "And if you ever want another,
there's another ready."

there's another ready.

"Ha, ha ha!"
The Fourth-Formers streamed out of the study roaring with laughter.
Towny & Co. sat up and blinked at one

another. another.

It was a sorry spectacle.

"Oh, by gad!" ground Smythe. "The young beasts! Ow! The rotten hooligans!

ow!"
"Look at me!" mounted Topham. "I'm add
ik! Look at me!"
"Yow-ow-ow!"
"Gerroogh!"

"Gerroogn:
"Oh dear!"
"All the same, I suppose we're goin' to
stick to Morny!" mumbled Townsend,
With one voice the Giddy Goats re-

with one sponded;

sponded:
"Hang Morny!"
And they drifted away disconsolately to seek the bath-room. One lesson hade been enough for most of the merry Nuts of Rook-wood, and they had made up their minds to leave Mornington severely alone. As Smythe of the Shell remarked dolorously, as he combed ashes out of his hair, it was not good enough!

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Mornington's Game.

ORNINGTON of the Fourth lay in bed in the ward.

He looked up as Townsend came up to the bedside. Morington was a little pale, and his face was darkly lined. But he did not strike Townsend as looking like ar invalid

He nodded to his visitor.
"Well, how are you gettin' on, old chap?" asked Townsend.

Mornington grinned in a sneering way.
"I'm gettin on all right, Is that nurse

"Yes. She's comin' back in ten minutes to turn me out."

"Then we can talk," said Mornington. "I'm all right! Of course there's nothin' the matter with me."
"I guessed that much."

"I guessed that much."
"Does anybody else guess?".
"I'm afraid so. Jimmy Silver said so."
Mornington scowled.
"Hang Jimmy Silver! I suppose he would guess! He's no fool! Still, the Head thinks I'm ill, and Jimmy Silver don't matter. The doctor is a bit puzzled; but I have spoofed him all right. I'm booked for a week in sanny, at least."
"But after that?" said Townsend.
"I'm stayin' at Rookwood, I hope. I've written to Sir Rupert Stacpoole, my guardian."
"You've told him the whole-story?"
"I've had to. The Head's told him, you

"You've told him the whole story?"
"I've had to. The Head's told him, you see, in a letter. I've softened it down as much as possible. Made out that "it was Beaumont who was the head cook an' bottle-washer in the affair. I was under his thumb, an' he was a bully, an' all that. As he was in the Sixth, that sounds reasonable."

"You were always jolly deep, Morny," said Townsend admiringly. "Will your guardian

Townsend admiringly. "Will your guardian back you up, then?"
"I think he will. He don't want the disgrace of havin' his nephew expelled from school. It will make him awfully wild. Besides, he don't want me at home," grinned Mornington. "I'm a bit of a handful at home. As for sendin' me to another school, what decent school could I get into after bein' expelled from Rookwood? It means ao end of trouble for old Stacpoole, and he's sure to do his level best to smooth the matter over and keen me here."

ho end of trouble for old Stacpoole, and he's sure to do his level best to smooth the matter over and keep me here."

"But the Head?"

"That's a difficulty. The Head's fright-jully ratty about it," said Mornington. "But he will calm down. I dare say he'll take old Stacpoole's view that I was simply a tool in Beaumont's hands. And Beaumont's sacked! So there's one victim to satisfy justice, you know. He's gone, hasn't he?"

"He went yesterday," said Townsend. "He looked a miserable bounder when he went. Poor beast!"

"He owed me a good many quids, and I shall never see them again!" growled Mornington. "Hang Beaumont! After all, with one party sacked, a floggin' ought to meet the case for the other. Don't you think so?"

Mornington eyed Townsend anxiously. He

the case for the other. Don't you think so?".

Mornington eyed Townsend anxiously. He spoke in a confident manner, but it was easy to see that his confidence was assumed.

"Well, I don't!" said Townsend frankly.

"I'm afraid the game's up, Morny! The Head simply can't let you stay. He can't! And—and I don't see how your guardian could have the cheek to ask him. He would refuse anywar!" refuse, anyway!'

"Well, you're a pretty Job's comforter!"
snarled Mornington.
"And there's the fellows!" said Townsend.
"It will blow over. Everythin' blows over in time!"

"I'm afraid this won't! The Fourth have up a deputation to Bootles about it already."

"Hang them!"
"Hang them!"
"And—and they mean business."
"I suppose my friends are stickin' to me?"
growled Mornington.

growled Mornington.

Townsend hesitated.

"You see, it's jolly difficult!" he said.

"We'd have stuck to you, though what you did was awfully thick, you must own that! But-but Jimmy Silver & Co. won't have it. The rotters came and ragged us in our study. Wrecked the dashed place! They won't even let a chap visit you here. They'll be lookin' for me when I go back, I believe."

"Oh, by gad!"
"They're talkin's loot, it's look in the said."

"They're talkin' about tarrin' and featherin' you as soon as you come out of sanny. The game's up, old chap! Even if the Head could be talked over, all Rookwood would cut up so rusty you'd have to go. And the Head couldn't be talked over, either. You think your dashed money can buy everythin'; but it can't." it can't!

face looked scowlingly from Mornington's Mornington's face looked scowlingly from the pillow. He realised the truth of his friend's words. His conduct had been too black, and there was no pardon for it. Yet he clung to a straw of hope.

"Well, I'm not goin' to give in!" he said at last. "I'm not goin' to be kicked out an' disgraced for life if I can help it. I shall play the game out to the finish!"

"I wish you luck!"
"But' you won't help me!" succred Morning.

"But you won't help me!" sneered Morning-"But you won't help me!" sneered Morning-ton. "You mean that, even if the Head lets me stay, I should have all the school against me, includin' my old pals?"

Townsend was silent; but his answer could be read in his face. The kind of fellows who would stick to Mornington after his treachery were not the kind of fellows to face a storm for him. If he returned to his place in the school, he had no friends to reckon on. At the best, he would be sent to Coventry, and his old pals would pass him by lest worse should befall them. It was not a happy prospect. But Mornington's face hardened indomitably. By sheer determination he would make his way, if only he were given a chance.

The nurse came in, and Townsend rose from

the bedside.

"Well, good-bye, old chap! Best of luck!" said Townsend half-heartedly.

Mornington did not answer, and he did not glance at Townsend as he went. The bounder of Rookwood was still determined. He meant to light it out to the very last; but deep down in his heart he knew that it was all in vain, and that his career at Rookwood School was closing in disgrace—for ever!



There was a gasp of relief from the boys gathered below as Mornington was seen again. He was on the sill, clinging blindly, his clothes charred and singed by the flames. But Bulkeley was rushing to his aid. The Rockwood captain's strong grasp closed upon him, even as his hold was relaxing.

(See page 17.)

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Nice for Towny!

AITING for you, dear boy!"

Rawson slipped off the gate as
Townsend came across the Head's
garden. Townsend paused and

Townsend came across the Head's garden. Townsend paused and bit his lip in anger.

"What do you wan?" he growled.

"You'r said Rawson cheerfully.

"Look here—"

"You've been to see Mornington," said Rawson coolly. "You know Mornington's barred. Come on!"

The sight of Tom Rawson sitting on the gate had drawn other fellows to the spot.

Quite a little army of the Fourth were waiting for Townsend.

The Nut of the Fourth looked alarmed. He remained where he was.

"Look here, I've only been to have a word with Morny!" he argued.

"One word too many!" remarked Lovell.

"I've simply been tellin' him that I can't come to see him again," said Townsend.

"You should have left him to guess it intoirely," said Patrick O'Donovan Flynn.

"Come on and be ragged, darling!"

"I'm not comin' out, then!"

"Don't make us come into the Head's garden to mop you up!" said Raby. "You're going to be mopped up in any case."

"Better get it over," suggested Tommy Dodd.

Townsend breathed hard. The gate was

Townsend breathed hard. The gate was

lined with Fourth-Formers-Modern and Classical-waiting for him. And certainly he couldn't remain a fixture in the Head's

Already Towny was repenting that he had paid that last visit to the "spoofer" in the sanatorium. Certainly he was not likely to pay another. But the Fourth were in grim earnest. Mornington could remain at the school so long as he succeeded in spoofing the Head and the school doctor. But while he was there he was to understand that he was an outcast, avoided as a thing unclean. Townsend had failed to "toe the line" with the rest of the Lower School, and he could not say that he had not received a warning. "Are you coming?" demanded Newcome impatiently.

"No; I'm not!" growled Townsend, "I'm

"No; I'm not!" growled Townsend, "I'm stayin' here, hang you!" "Then we'll come for you!" "Mustn't have a row in the Head's garden,"

said Higgs. "Oh, rats! We'll chance that!"

Newcome vanited over the gate, and half a dozen juniors followed him without hestation.

Townsend took to his heels, desperately racing up the path among the shrubberies.

"After him!" shouted Tommy Dodd.
"Afther the spalpeen!" yelled Flynn.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
The shouting crowd of juniors rushed after
Townsend. He dodged round the greenhouse, and dodged again, and uttered a yell of
terror as he was run down, and three or four
pairs of hands closed on him.
"Got. him!"

Got him! "Bump him!"
"Hurrah!"

Bump, bump! "Yaroooh!"

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"Give him another!" Bump!

Townsend made quite an impression on the Townsend made quite an impression of me gravel path. He roared and wriggled in the grasp of the avengers.

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yaroop!" he shricked.
"Leggo! Oh, my hat! Yah!"

Ha, ha, ha!"
Give him another!"

Bump, bump!
"Yow-ow! Help!"
"Now, are you goin' to spake to that
thafe of the wurruld again intoirely?" roared

thate of the wurfuld again intolery, foated Flynn.

"Ow-ow! Never! Yow-ow!"

"Honour bright?" demanded Lovell.

"Yow! Ow! Yes!"

"Then we'll let you off with one more!
All together!"

ha !!

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Yoop! Help! Yowp!"
"Stop at once!" exclaimed a feminine voice.
And Miss Dolly came out of the shrubberies,

And Miss Dolly!" ejaculated Lovell.

"Oh, Miss Dolly!" ejaculated Lovell.

The juniors dropped Townsend as if he had suddenly become red-hot. They blinked sheepishly at the imperious little lady.

Afterwards Townsend told his chums his firm conviction that Miss Dolly had been look-firm conviction that he shrubbery for some time

firm conviction that Miss Dolly had been looking on from the shrubbery for some time without caring to interfere. His opinion, therefore, was that Miss Dolly was a little minx. But perhaps Miss Dolly considered that Towny deserved some punishment. She had interfered at last.

"Go away at once!" said Miss Dolly loftily.

"Ahem!"

"Only a lark, you know!" murmured Lovell.
"Only bumping a rotter, Miss Dolly!" said Rawson

Go away!"

The juniors sheepishly withdrew. Townsend staggered to his feet, breathless and gravel-stained. He blinked at Miss Dolly, and gasped

stained. He blinked at Miss Dolly, and gasped for breath. "T-t-thank you!" he stuttered. "Serve you right!" said Miss Dolly un-expectedly. "You are a horrid boy—as horrid as Mornington! I don't like you!"

Oh, I say-

Miss Dolly turned her back, and Townsend tramped away, gasping and feeling very badly used. He had to dodge some of the Fourth in the quadrangle, and he reached the School

House at a run.

As luck would have it, he ran right into Mr.

Bootles as he dodged breathlessly into the

Townsend!" rapped out the Form-master.

"Townsend!" rapped out the Form-master. Townsend halted, panting.
"You are in a disgraceful state!" said Mr. Bootles, eyeing him with great disfavour. How dare you go about in such a dirty and untidy state, Townsend?"
"I-I-I-" stuttered the unfortunate Nut of the Fourth.
"That will do! Go and make yourself tidy at once, and take a hundred lines for dirtiness!"

Townsend almost choked. Lines for dirtiness for one of the most elegant and fastidious Nuts at Rookwood amounted to insult added to injury.

"I—" he gasped.

"I-I-" he gasped.

"Enough!" said Mr. Bootles majestically.

"Form. Townsend!"

And Townsend. with

And Townsend, with feelings that would have done credit to a Hun, went.
"Seen Morny?" asked Topham, meeting him on the stairs.

Townsend snorted. "Blow Morny! Hang Morny! Confound

And he tramped on savagely, leaving Topham staring.
Townsend was done with Mornington.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. "Fire !"

7 HAT the merry dickens—" mur-mured Jimmy Silver. The captain of the Fourth sat up in bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory.

dormitory.

It was past midnight, and the dormitory was in almost pitchy darkness.

Jimmy Silver was usually a sound sleeper, and he wondered what had awakened him as he sat up and blinked about him in the gloom. Then he noticed a flickering red light reflected on the wall.

Rookwood was on fire! THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 65.

"Wake up, you chaps!" he shouted.

"Hallo!"
"What's the row?"
"What's that?"
"Fire!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Oh crumbs!"

The word was enough. A group of fellows in the dormitory were out of bed in a twinkling, and most of them rushing to the

The door opened.

"Are you awake, my boys?" It was Mr.
Bootles' voice, but the Fourth could only see
a dim shadow of their Form-master in the
gloom. "Yes, I see you are! Do not be
alarmed!"

"We're not alarmed, sir!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.
"Dress yourselves quickly, and come down stairs," said Mr. Bootles. "There is probably no danger, but we must take reasonable precautions!"

cautions!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bootles moved away in the darkness, and the juniors proceeded to dress themselves, some of the clothes getting mixed in the gloom.

"Who's got my jacket?" demanded Higgs, in a sulphurous voice. "What silly idiot has

in a sulphurous voice. "What silly idiot has got my jacket?"

"The same silly idiot who's got my socks, very likely!" said Townsend savagely.
"Where's my blessed waistcoat?"

"What thumpin' ass has collared my

"What the dickens does it matter?" said Jimmy Silver. "We're not going to be pre-sented at Court, are we? Buck up, and don't jaw!"

don't jaw!"
Against the black sky danced a ruddy gleam from a burning building. Sharp and shrill a whistle rang out, the signal of the school fre-brigade.

school fire-brigade.

Jimmy Silver, half-dressed, rushed to the door, and tore downstairs, with a crowd after him. Below, there was already a crowd-juniors and seniors and masters mingled. The word ran from mouth to mouth: "It's the Head's house!"

"It's on fire!"

There was a rush out of doors. The Bead's house was in flames. And in that building were Dr. Chisholm and his wife and child! Little Miss Dolly—she was there!

Jimmy Silver's heart turned sick at the thought.

A crowd rushed towards the House, A crowd rushed towards the House, tramp-line through the gardens. Bulkeley, the can-tain of Rookwood, was rapping out orders to the school firemen. Mr. Bootles tried in vain to keep the juniors indoors. Lovell caught Jimmy Silver by the arm in the quad.

"What about Morny?" he muttered.
"Hang Morny!"
"He's in the sanny, you know. It It may

Jimmy halted.

Jimmy halted.
"Quiet, please!" It was Mr. Manders'
voice. "Everyone is safe; all are out of
doors. Quiet, please!"
Jimmy drew a sobbing breath.
"Thank Heaven! Miss Polly's safe, then!
I'll get Morny out, Lovell; the cad may not
be able to get out, if he's not spoofing."

Jimmy Silver darted away to the sana-torium. But when he reached the wards he found the beds there empty. Mornington was already out.

already out.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders as he saw the turned-back bed, and noted that the invalid's clothes were gone. The alarm had been sufficient to cause the invalid to recover all of a sudden, and Mornington was probably one of the first up.

Jimmy left the sanatorium again. Against the sky there was a red glare; the flames were bursting from the windows of the Head's house.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. The Hero!

ISS DOLLY!"
"Where's Miss Dolly?"
It was a cry of alarm in the crowd of Rookwood fellows.
Mrs. Chisholm had been seen—the Head had

ben seen.

Dr. Chisholm had carried his wife, fainting, across to Mr. Manders' house on the Modern side, out of all danger. But where was Miss Dolly?

Lovell rushed up to Mr. Manders, and caught him by the sleeve—hardly aware of what he was doing in his excitement.

"You said they were all out, sir—where's Miss Dolly?"

Mr. Manders was very white.
"I thought so—I certainly thought so.
But—but——"

"Is she in there?"
"I fear so."

"I fear so."
Lovell groaned.
The Head's house was a raging furnace.
The school fire-brigade were at work, pumping sheets of water upon the flames. But the water sizzled into the flery furnace with little effect. It was evident that the building would be gutted.
Jimmy Silver came up breathlessly.
"Morny's not there," he said. "He had got out— What's the matter, Lovell?" He stared at his chum's ghastly face.
Lovell pointed to the burning house.
"Miss Dolly!" he muttered.
Jimmy turned white.
"Manders said.—"
"He was mistaken. The Head brought Mrs. Chisholm out; Miss Dolly's still there."
"Good heavens!"
Jimmy gazed in horror at the flaming

"Good heavens!"

Jimmy gazed in horror at the fiaming house. Miss Dolly was there—there, in that fierce furnace—overcome by the smoke, perhaps, for not a cry had been heard. It seemed to Jimmy Silver that a hand of ice gripped his heart. He pulled himself together, and rushed towards the house.

Bulkeley caught him by the shounder and swang him back.
"Out of the way, you young fool."

"Out of the way, you young fool!"
"She's there!"

"What-who-

"Miss Dolly!"

"My daughter!" It was the Head's voice.
"Let me pass, Mr. Bootles; let me pass, i say! My child is there!"

"Let go, Bulkeley!" yelled Jimmy Silver furiously. "I'm going in, I tell you! Let me go, hang you!"

The Sixth-Former held him fast.
"You're not going in! Stand back! This is a job for me!"

"Bulkeley," shouted Mr. Bootles, "atay where you are! There is no hope; if you will be a stand back!"

"I must try, sir!" panted Bulk designed.

I must try, sir!" panted Bulkeley. Dr. Chisholm—"

"I must try, sir!" panted Bulkeley.
"Dr. Chisholm—"
The Head groaned.
"Stay, Bulkeley! You shall not sacrifice your life. I order you to stay! There is no hope. Heaven have mercy!"
"I will try, sir!"
"Stop! I command you!"
Bulkeley hesitated. He still held Jimmy Silver. The junior would have rushed in, hardly conscious of danger. It was true that there was no hope. The stairs had been heard to fall with a fearful crash and a myriad of rising sparks. It was death to enter; and there was no chance of reaching the girl's room. Neville and Knowles had rushed away for a ladder. Dr. Chisholm covered his face with his hands.
"You're sure she's there, sir?" muttered Bulkeley.

Bulkeley

Bulkeley.

"I called her; she followed me," said the Head, in a trembling voice. "My wife had fainted; I was carrying her. I thought Dolly was close behind me. The smoke must have overcome her. Heaven be merciful!" "The ladder!" yelled Loyell. "Buck up with the ladder!" Figure 1 with the ladder!" I mmy sliver ground his teeth.

Jimmy Silver ground his teeth.

"You fool, Bulkeley! Let me go! I tell you I'm going in!"
Bulkeley shook his head, and held him.
It was death; and the sacrifice would have

n useless.
Look!" yelled Oswald suddenly.

He pointed to a window.
The glass, cracked by the heat, had faller ut. Behind the blackened framework of the indow a smoke-grimed face appeared

out. Befind the blackened framework of the window a smoke-grimed face appeared Blackened as it was, the juniors knew it. "Mornington!" cried the Head. "What is he doing there?" "He was in the sanatorium!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "In Heaven's name, how did he come in the Head's house?"

come in the Head's house?".

All eyes were upon the window, fascinated. It was almost the only spot in the facade where the flames were not rolling and biting. Mornington's blackened face looked down on the sea of faces, and his blackened lips curved in the sneering, ironical smile the Rookwood juniors knew so well. What was he doing there? The Rookwood fellows soon knew.

Neville and Knowles rushed the ladder towards the window. Whatever Mornington was doing in the Head's house, he had to

be saved.

"Climb out on the sill!" shouted Bulkeley.

Mornington did not climb out on the sill.

He was smashing out the sashes with des-

THE PENNY POPULAR-Every Friday.

perate hands, as if to make a larger passage. Then he disappeared for a moment from

riew.

The hearts below hardly beat.

There was a buzz, deepening to a roar, as Mornington reappeared at the window. He had something in his arms—a bundle rolled in a blanket. He pushed it through the window, and held it while the ladder was planted below. From the rolled blanket a tress of golden hair escaped. Then they saw!

Miss Dolly!

Miss Dolly!"
Jimmy Silver breathed the words. Dr. Chisholm gazed at the blackened face of the expelled junior, and at the bundle he held by main strength on the sill out of the colling smoke and licking flame.

"My daughter!"
The ladder crashed on the wall. Bulkeley rushed up it, his feet seeming scarcely to touch the rungs.

Mornington grinned down at him through the smoke. In that fearful moment he was the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless.

the same Mornington as of old—cool, mocking, reckless.
"Take her, Bulkeley! She's not hurt—only fainted!"
Bulkeley, without a word, took the insensible girl in his strong arms. He descended the ladder with her carefully.

Miss Dolly was passed into her father's arms, and his tears fell upon the calm, unconscious face, smoke-grimed, but unhurt—not a hair of her head had been harmed. And it was Mornington, the cad of Rookwood, the blackguard, the expelled rascal, who had saved her!

and it was Mornington, the ead of Rookwood, the blackguard, the expelled rascal,
who had saved her!
Could he save himself?
As Bulkeley ascended the ladder again,
there came a gust of smoke and flame from
the window where Mornington stood, and for
an instant he was hidden from sight.
A groan-went up. All Mornington's faults,
all his rascality, all his treachery, were forgotten then. At that hour he was the hero
the had saved a child from a fearful death
in the flery flames, and risked his own life
in doing it!

There was a gasp of relief as he was seen
again. He was on the sill, clinging blindly;
his clothes charred and singed by the flames;
blind with pain, with smoke—at the end of
his strength.
But Bulkeley was rushing to his aid. The

blind with pain, with strength.

But Bulkeley was rushing to his aid. The Rookwood captain's strong grasp closed upon him, even as his hold wass relaxing. In Bulkeley's strong arms he was brought down the ladder: And as Bulkeley landed on firm earth there was a shout of warning:

"Stand clear!"

"Stand clear!"
The crowd surged back. The wall was falling inwards—the ladder with it. The escape
had been terribly narrow.
Bulkeley laid the junior on the ground.
His eyes had closed, but they opened again,
and Mornington looked round him wildly.
His face was burned; his hands burnt; his
lair was almost gone, his eyelashes were
gone. He was hurt—terribly hurt—and he

gone. He was but knew it.
"Morny!" panted Jimmy Silver, with tears in his eyes. Jimmy had more than forgiven his old enemy now.
Mornington grinned—a twisted, blackened

grin.
"Hallo! You knew I was spoofin' in the sanatorium. I sha'n't be spoofin' this time, by gad—what! I wonder if this is the last lap? Well, I shall be game to the finish, you can bet on that! Is she safe?"
"My dear, dear lad!" The Head bent over the blackened dandy of the Fourth—not

much of a dandy now. "My brave, noble lad! She is safe, and you have saved her from a fearful death! Heaven bless you,

"All serene, sir!" said Mornington coolly. And then Mornington, hard as he was, fainted.

Rookwood was in a buzz of excitement the

Rookwood was in a war a blackened ruin.
The Head's house was a blackened ruin.
But few heeded that. No lives had been lost. The grim tragedy that might have east its gloom over the school had been

averted.

And Mornington?

Miss Dolly had been saved. She was not lurt, apart from the shock.

Mornington had found her overcome by smoke, and, wth strange coolness in the hour of fearful peril, he had wrapped her carefully in blankets before he moved her, and then he had fought his way through flame and smoke to the window.

He had entered the burning house even before the Head liad emerged from it. No one had noticed him then.

Perhaps some thought had been in his

one had noticed him then.

Perhaps some thought had been in his mind of rendering prompt assistance, and thus improving his chances of cluding the sentence of expulsion. He had found her and saved her, but the flames he had so carefully protected her from had taken their vengeance upon him. Mornington of the Fourth lay in the sanatorium, a "spoofer" no longer, but terribly ill, torn with pain, and enduring his pain with grim, cool staticism. and enduring stoicism. There was no mention of expulsion for

There was no mention of expulsion for Mornington.

Jimmy Silver, whom he had so cruelly wronged, was the first to ask the Head if Mornington might be allowed to remain. And the Head's answer that Mornington was pardoned, more than pardoned, gave satisfaction to all the school.

When Mornington recovered he was to take his old place in the Fourth Form at Rookwood, and the Fourth were content to know it.

It was long before the dandy of the Fourth was destined to rise from the bed of illness. But as soon as he was able to see visitors, the Fourth-Formers were eager to pay him visits, and Jimmy Silver was the

to pay him visits, and Jimmy Silver was the first.

A scarred face grinned at Jimmy from the white bed.

"Bon't I look a picture?" said Mornington.

"But the doctor says it will go in time. By gad, I shouldn't like to keep a chivvy like this! And I'm not going to be sacked!"

"And I'm jolly glad of it!" said Jimmy.

"I'm going to be a thorn in your side still!" chuckled Mornington. "When I'm back in the Form I'm goin' to give you a tussle, Jimmy Silver. I'm goin' to be captain of the Fourth yet!"

"More power to your elbow!" said Jimmy.

"But there's only one thing! I'll say," said Mornington, after a pause. "I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' while I've been lyin' here. I'm sorry I played that dirty trick on you—real sorry, and there's my fist on it, if you like to take it!"

And Jimmy Silver took it, with all his heart.

ke to take it!"
And Jimmy Silver took it, with all his

THE END.

(Another splendid long complete story of Rookwood Schoot will appear in next Friday's PERNY POPULAR, entitled: "Morny's Minor." Order your copy at once.)

GOOD STORIES!

×0000000000000000 SELF-DEFENCE.

Mamma: "Good gracious, Tommy, what have you been doing?"
Tommy (showing signs of a recent conflict): "Keeping a boy from getting whacked, ma." Mamma: "What boy?"
Tommy: "Me, ma!"

A NATURAL ANXIETY.

Teacher: "Why were you not in school

yesterday?"
Sammy: "Please, miss, there was a burglary in the West End, and mother sent me round to see if father was the one that was caught.

ONE FOR THE LITTLE 'UN.

The Little 'Un: "I would have you know, sir, I've been well brought up!"
The Big 'Un: "Perhaps so; but you weren'b brought up far enough, you see!"

"What did you think of that cigar I gave you? It was an Admiral, you know." "Well, well, how appropriate! There's something about that cigar that's suggestive of an admiral." "What's that?" "It's rank!"

Magistrate: "How came it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?"

Prisoner: "Why, your worship, the other time you repreached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at

Willie: "Say, sis, is a dog a quadruped?" Sister: "Yes, Willie. An animal with four legs is a quadruped." Willie: "Well, Rover's got one of his legs cut off. What's he now?"

"Who signed Magna Charta?" asked a school-inspector. There was no answer.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?" fumed the inspector, walking up and down the floor. A very small, delicate boy raised his hand timidly.

Please, sir, I didn't!"

Young Mother: "Now, Harold, whom do you love most—papa or me?"
Little Harold: "Papa."
Young Mother: "But yesterday you said you loved me most."
Little Harold: "Yes; but I've thought it over since, and decided that we men must stick together!"

"Now, gentlemen," spoke the auctioneer, as he leant over the rail of his berch, "what can I say for this beautiful old master—a genuine Raphael? Somebody give me a start

'Five bob!" came from a voice in the

erowd.
"What!" yelled the indignant wielder of the hammer.

"Ah," spoke the voice again, "I thought that would give you a start!"



Miss Priscilla Form Master!

A Tale of TOM MERRY & CO.

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