

THE MISSING CRICKETER FOUND.

... THE ...

# ELEVENTH MAN!

A SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE  
SCHOOL TALE OF JIMMY SILVER &  
CO. OF ROOKWOOD.

— By —

## OWEN CONQUEST.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Left Out.

**D**ISGUSTIN'!" Thus Adolphus Smythe. Smythe of the Shell spoke with emphasis. He was annoyed—in fact he was exasperated. And his dear dums, Tracy and Howard, nodded a sympathetic assent. They were just as annoyed and exasperated as Adolphus was.

The Nuts of Rookwood were lounging on the cricket-ground, watching the Junior Eleven before the next School match, and the junior team was in great form. And most of the spectators were delighted with the form the cricketers were displaying. Only Smythe & Co. were disgusted.

That select circle of nutty young gentlemen known as the "Giddy Goats," agreed that it was "disgustin'." The fuss the fellows made of Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Silver put their nutty backs up.

The great Adolphus couldn't forget that he had been junior cricket captain once upon a time. That the cricket club had kicked him out for fat-headed incapacity did not worry Adolphus—he was quite satisfied with himself and his cricket. But it made him very sore to be left out of the game, and to be reduced to a mere looker-on, while the Fourth Form fags had cricket entirely in their own hands, and ran it as they saw fit. True, they won matches, whereas Adolphus had almost invariably lost them. But that was a mere detail.

"Disgustin'!" repeated Smythe bitterly. "The fuss the fellows make of those young bouncers is simply sickenin'." "Sickenin'!" agreed Howard. "Exasperatin'!" said Tracy. "Look at the eleven," continued Smythe. "Not one of us in it. Only one Shell fellow in the whole team, and he not in our set—a mere outsider. Chap who doesn't even know how to tie his necktie!"

"Rotten!" "The fact is," said Smythe, "somethin's got to be done. Not that I care for cricket, as cricket. I'm not goin' to work at any game as those fags do—not if I know it. But a fellow can't be left out—especially fellows of our standin' in the school!"

"Bravo, Tommy Dodd!" Smythe was interrupted by an enthusiastic shout, as the Modern batsman drove the ball over the boundary—a ripping "sixer."

"Well hit!" "Bravo!" "Listen to 'em!" said Smythe. "They never used to yell like that when I was batnin'!"

Lovell of the Fourth fielded the ball, and tossed it back to Jimmy Silver. That cheer-

ful youth looked a little grim as he prepared to deliver his next ball. Jimmy Silver was the champion junior bowler of Rookwood, and he was determined to get that wicket.

He sent the ball down this time with a weird break on it that beat even Tommy Dodd, keen as he was. There was a yell from the Classics as the bails flew off.

"Well bowled!" "Good old Jimmy!" "Fellows would think that nobody else ever bowled a Modern cad before," said Smythe, with a sarcastic sneer. "I call all this rot sickenin'!"

The fall of Tommy's wicket ended the practice. The cricketers came off the field. Some of the small fry went on with practice, but Tommy Dodd & Co. and the Fistical Four adjourned for tea. Jimmy Silver gave Smythe of the Shell a cheery nod and a grin as he passed him.

"What do you think of our form, Smythe?" he asked affably. "Cricket's looking up a bit since your time—what!"

"I think you're a set of cheeky young duffers!" he replied, "and I think Bagshot will beat you hollow to-morrow!"

"Same as in your time!" grinned Tommy Dodd.

"They'll lick you, and serve you right!" said Smythe. "There's still time for you to put a decent man or two in the team, Silver. I'm willin' to overlook what's past, and play—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What are you cacklin' at, you cheeky fags?"

The cheery juniors did not explain what they were cackling at. They left Smythe to guess, and strolled away towards the School House.

"You Classical bouncers come to tea with us," said Tommy Dodd. "Cook's people have sent him a hamper."

"Hear, hear!" said the Fistical Four, with one voice.

"Poor old Smythe!" chuckled Tommy Cook. "Still yearning after his departed glory. If he would only learn to play cricket!"

"Too busy playing the giddy Nut!" said Lovell. "Why, if Jimmy Silver put a duffer like that in the team, we'd scrag him!"

"Enough Classical asses in the team already!" remarked Tommy Doyle.

"Eh, what's that, you Modern fathead?"

"Shut up!" said Tommy Dodd. "Here's Bulkeley!"

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, stopped to speak to the youthful cricketers. The big Sixth-Former gave them a kindly smile.

"I've been looking at you," he said. "You're getting on famously. You seem to have got a very good team together, Silver. I hope you'll have good luck at Bagshot to-morrow!"

And the great man passed on, leaving the juniors much elated by those words of commendation. Praise from old Bulkeley was praise indeed.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

#### The Appeal to Cæsar.

**L**EAVE the talking to me!" said Adolphus Smythe. "Come along!" That was just like Adolphus. Adolphus never had the slightest doubt that matters of any sort would be much better left in his hands.

"Where?" asked several of the Nuts dubiously.

"To the Modern side."

"What for?"

"To see Jimmy Silver. We'll catch the young cads at tea in Dodd's study. We'll put it to 'em straight," said Smythe. "Either Jimmy Silver promises to give us six places in the team, or—"

"Or what?" "Or we'll give him a thunderin' good hidin'," said Smythe. "That will be some comfort, anyway."

"Well, there's somethin' in that," agreed Tracy. "We can give 'em a hidin', and clear off before a crowd of the cads come buzzin' round!"

"That's the idea, dear boy."

Smythe & Co. marched into the quad looking very determined. They crossed the quad, and headed for Tommy Dodd's study, on the war-path.

Tommy Dodd's study was very festive just then.

There were seven juniors in the study. Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome being Tommy's guests at tea.

The three Tommies were doing the honours, and Classics and Moderns were on the best of terms with one another.

Tommy Cook's hamper from home had been well supplied, and the table was fairly laden with excellent things. The seven juniors had brought in first-class appetites from the cricket-ground, and they were doing full justice to the spread.

They talked cricket over tea, cricket being just then the subject uppermost in their thoughts. They were looking forward to the match at Bagshot on the morrow, and to the liking they fully intended to administer to Pankley & Co., of Bagshot.

That pleasant conversation was interrupted suddenly.

The study door was kicked open. Adolphus Smythe prided himself upon manners of the mould of Vere de Vere; but he had none of those nice manners to waste upon cheeky fags who excluded him from the cricket team. He kicked the door open and marched in, with a dozen nutty youths at his heels, all looking very grim and determined.

"Hallo!" said Tommy Dodd coolly. "Didn't they teach you to knock at a door in the slum you were brought up in, Smythe?"

Adolphus took no heed of that pertinent question. He jammed an eyeglass into his eye, and surveyed Jimmy Silver with crushing disdain.

"I've come here for a word with you," said Adolphus.

"Take your face away, Smythe," urged Jimmy Silver. "We're having tea, you know. It's not a time to introduce your face into a study—now, is it?"

"Don't rot, Silver! I'm talking to you as cricket captain, and I don't want any cheek from fags. I've got to tell you plainly that you're not leavin' me out of the team to-morrow."

"Go hon!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Nor my friends!" added Smythe. "Pass the tarts," said Tommy Dodd. "Do you hear me?" roared Smythe. "Oh, yes! These tarts are good," said Jimmy Silver—"distinctly good. You should encourage your people to send you hampers, Cook."

"We want six places in the team, and we're jolly well goin' to have them!" shouted Adolphus, beginning to lose his temper.

"And the cake is a regular corker!" said Jimmy. "Your sister is a brick to make cakes like that, Cook!"

"Are you givin' us those places, Silver?" "And then the jam!" pursued Jimmy Silver enthusiastically, and apparently having forgotten the existence of Smythe & Co. "I always liked home-made jam, but I must say this is a regular treat!"

"Do you hear me?" shrieked Smythe. "Help yourselves, you Classical chaps," said Tommy Dodd. "I can recommend the tarts, the cake, and the jam. How did you like the sardines?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You cheeky young rotter, I'm talkin' to Silver!" howled Smythe.

"Hallo! Are you still there Smythe?" asked Tommy Dodd, looking round. "I don't remember asking you to tea!"

"I've not come to tea, you young idiot!" "Still, as you've come you can have a tart. You can all have a tart each," said Tommy Dodd generously. "You don't mind, Cook?"

"Not at all," said Tommy Dodd. "Let 'em have a tart each, and welcome. Only don't let 'em make the place sticky."

"You—you—!" stuttered Smythe. "Take 'em out into the passage and eat 'em," said Tommy Dodd. "You ain't very clean in the Shell. Don't touch the door with sticky fingers, will you?"

Adolphus looked as if he were on the verge of apoplexy. "Oh, wade in and mop them up!" said Tracy impatiently. "It'll be a lesson to the cheeky little beasts, anyway."

"Rag the study!" shouted Howard. Smythe raised his hand.

"Pile in!" he commanded. "The Nuts of Rookwood piled in, with a rush."

Tommy Dodd & Co. were all on their feet now, and they were ready. Jimmy Silver and Lovell and Raby and Newcome were ready, too. They were quite prepared to back up their kind hosts and entertainers against any number of Nuts.

"Smash 'em!" panted Tracy. "Muck up the study! Pile in!"

"Give 'em socks!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "There was a terrific combat in the study. Smythe & Co. were two to one; but it was quality, and not quantity, that counted in that combat. The three Tommies were great fighting-men, and the Fistical Four were renowned for their prowess.

Crash! Crash! Bump! Crash! Bang! Yell! Furniture was knocked right and left, and so were the combatants—chiefly the invaders. The study carpet was strewn with tarts, chairs, and Giddy Goats.

In three minutes the combat was decided. Four or five of the attacking party were in ignominious flight down the passage, and the rest were on the carpet, gasping for breath and roaring with anguish.

"Give 'em the tarts!" panted Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver was already giving Adolphus tarts. These tasty comestibles that had been squashed underfoot in the tussle were in no condition for eating, but they came in very useful for plastering the noble countenance of Adolphus. Smythe of the Shell wriggled and gasped under the horrid infliction, but he could not save himself.

"Yow! Leave off!" moaned Tracy, as Lovell rubbed jam into his hair. "Do leave off! I give in! Grooh!"

"Stoppit!" mumbled, Howard. "Ow! Keep that treacle away, you beast! Ow—ow! Yah!"

"Kick 'em out!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Dusty and dishevelled, and sticky all over, the unhappy Nuts were pitched out one after another. The noise had brought a crowd of Modern juniors along the passage, and they greeted each Giddy Goat as he appeared with howls of laughter.

Smythe & Co. crawled away, feeling as if

life were not worth living. That excellent scheme of giving Jimmy Silver a "thunderin' hidin'" had worked out very badly for the unfortunate Adolphus. His luck was out.

"Well, the study looks rather mucked up," remarked Tommy Dodd, when the last of the invaders had disappeared, "but I think Smythe will think twice before he pays us another visit—what!"

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!" "And the juniors, having restored the study to something like order, went on cheerfully with their tea, untroubled by any further visits from the aspirants to cricket honours."

### THE THIRD CHAPTER. Smythe's Masterstroke.

THE next morning Adolphus Smythe might have been observed to wear a thoughtful expression.

That thoughtful expression was not caused by any unusual devotion to his lessons, for the master of the Shell called Adolphus to order several times, and, indeed, stated his fixed opinion that Adolphus was the densest fellow in the class.

Adolphus that morning was thinking of quite other things. There was a wrinkle of reflection on his classic brow when the Shell came out of their Form-room. His chums sympathized with him. Smythe was the richer by a hundred lines for his performances that morning.

"Hard cheese!" said Tracy. "The beast was rather rattier than usual," remarked Howard.

"Oh, never mind him," said Smythe tolerantly. "A Form-master's always a beast. That's what he's paid for, I've been thinkin'."

"Anythin' on this afternoon?" asked Howard. "What about a little bridge party in the study?"

"I'm thinkin' of the cricket." His chums looked alarmed.

"Look here, I've had enough of raggin' Silver," said Howard, feeling his nose tenderly. "I don't like scrappin' with fags."

"Same here," said Tracy. "It's rather beneath our dignity, you know."

"I'm not thinkin' of raggin' the fags." Smythe rubbed his left eye, where there was a distinct "mouse." Certainly, he had had quite enough of ragging.

"Well, what's the little game?" "We're goin' to show Silver that he can't come the cheeky cad over us," said Smythe. "He's left us out of the cricket—the whole gang of us."

"Yes; but—"

"I've an idea. Suppose ommy Dodd's left out, too?"

"Eh? How can he be left out?" said Howard, puzzled.

"Might be shoved out."

"Oh!" "If we miss the match, why shouldn't he?" argued Adolphus. "It will be a lesson to him, and one in the eye for the whole cheeky gang. Besides, they depend on Dodd. He's their best bat. Without him they'll get licked at Bagshot. That will serve 'em right."

"Serve 'em jolly well right!" agreed Howard. "But I don't quite see how we can make Dodd miss it."

"That's what I've been thinkin' out," said Smythe condescendingly, "and I know how to do it. Suppose we watch for him, and collar him when the other cads ain't lookin' on, and bung him into the clock-tower?"

"My hat!" "We'll run him up to the top of the tower and keep him there till the rest have gone to Bagshot."

"But he'd make a row."

"Not if we put his head in a bag."

"By gad!" "They'd rag us afterwards," said Tracy doubtfully.

"I've thought of that, too. Those kids in the study are always raggin' Moderns, and they chip us for not takin' a hand in their fag scrappin'. Well, we're Classics, and Tommy Dodd's Modern. We'll explain that it was a Classical rag on a Modern bouncer—see? Nothing really to do with cricket. We'll explain that we forgot all about the Bagshot match."

Tracy and Howard looked at their leader quite admiringly. Evidently Smythe's mental exercises had been gone through to some purpose.

"I suppose that would go down," remarked Tracy slowly.

"Of course it would," said Smythe, "with

most of the fellows, anyway. As for Dodd, he will be simply wild at missin' the match—a punishment for his cheek, you know. And if the Bagshot bounders beat them, all the better. They won't have such a whackin' record of wins to compare with our record then."

"By gad, you think of everythin'," said Tracy. "Let's pass the word round, and stalk the Modern cad before dinner."

And Smythe proceeded to call the Nuts to the war-path. He found them very indifferent at first; they weren't inclined for any more raids.

But when Adolphus explained that Tommy Dodd was to be tackled "on his lonely own," they brightened up, and were ready to back up their great leader.

Luck favoured Adolphus for once. The enterprising Nuts looked for Tommy Dodd without delay, and they found him in the Fourth Form room.

The rest of the Fourth were out, but Tommy Dodd had stayed behind to do fifty lines—owing to a misdirected sense of humour having led him to spill ink down the neck of Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth, in class.

Tommy Dodd looked up as Adolphus peered in and spotted him.

"Hallo!" said Adolphus. "Detained?" "Yes," growled Tommy Dodd. "Don't make it worse by putting your face in, Smythe. Take it away and bury it!"

Smythe frowned, and withdrew his face. He whispered to his friends in the passage, and they strolled into the quad.

Tommy Dodd finished his lines just as the dinner-bell began to ring, and bolted out of the Form-room, and cut across to the Modern side.

At the clang of the dinner-bell, Classics and Moderns had gone in, and as Tommy Dodd scudded across to his own side, there was only half a dozen fellows in the quad, and they were Smythe's & Co.

"Here he comes!" murmured Tracy. "What a giddy stroke of luck, dear boys! Nail him!"

"Yaas, by gad! Here, stop, you Modern cad!"

Tommy Dodd had to stop, as the Nuts of the Shell surrounded him.

"Here, no larks!" said Tommy. "Haven't you heard the bell, you fatheads? Why don't you go in to feed with the other animals?"

"No hurry!" yawned Smythe. "We're goin' for a little walk first—with you, dear boy!"

"Let me pass, fathead!" "Nail him!" said Adolphus.

"Why, what's the game? Leggo!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "I shall hit out, you fat-heads!"

Biff! "Yoop!" yelled Tracy, like an echo, as Tommy Dodd's left was planted in his eye.

And Tracy plumped down on Adolphus' long legs.

But the rest of the enterprising band were piling on Tommy Dodd, and four pairs of hands dragged him down before he could hit out again.

Adolphus staggered to his feet. "Bring him along!" he gasped. "Never mind if you hurt him! Yank him along!"

"Leggo!" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Put your fist over his mouth. Come on!" Tommy Dodd struggled wildly in the grasp of the Nuts. But six to one was a little too heavy odds for him. He was dragged off the ground, his arms and legs firmly held, and rushed away rapidly towards the clock-tower.

The Modern junior, astonished and enraged, resisted manfully all the way.

But he was rushed into the tower by the panting Shell fellows.

"Up the stairs!" gasped Adolphus. "Leggo—yaroo!" Oh, my hat!"

Up the stairs went the struggling band, with Tommy Dodd wrigling in their midst. Never had a kidnapped person given his kidnappers so much trouble. Tommy Dodd was not handled gently, but he resisted all the time. It was only with terrific efforts that the Nuts got the struggling, wriggling, kicking Modern up the narrow spiral stair, and to the top of the tower.

There, on the little railed-in roof above the clock, they plumped him down, and sat on him.

A rope was produced, and knotted round his ankles and wrists. Then he lay panting and helpless on the roof of the clock-tower, and glaring homicidally at the Nuts.

"You fatheaded chumps!" he gasped. "What's the game? Do you want me to miss my dinner, you frabjous burlbers?"

"More than that!" grinned Tracy.  
 "Shush!" murmured Smythe. "Yes, this is a little game to make you miss your dinner, Duddy. You Modern chaps are such gluttons, you know, we think it will do you good."  
 "Look here, if you don't let me loose, I'll yell for help!" shouted the exasperated Modern.

"You're welcome to yell all you can, my tulip," grinned Adolphus. "Where's that bag?"

"Here you are!"  
 "His handkerchief first!" said Howard.  
 "Why—what—grooh—hooh—yoooh—ugg!"

Tommy Dodd said no more than that. He couldn't say any more, for his handkerchief was jammed into his mouth, and Smythe proceeded to fasten it there by winding string round his head and knotting it. Tommy Dodd glared at him in speechless wrath. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, a bag was pulled down over the unfortunate Tommy's head.

"M-m-m-m-m!" came from within the bag. Smythe of the Shell took another length of cord, and tied it under the arms, and tied the other end to an iron stanchion. Tommy

"He didn't come in," said Cook. "We've been looking for him, since, and we can't find him. Where the dickens has he got to, I wonder?"

"My hat! The brake will be here soon," said Lovell. "Just like a Modern ass, to lose himself now!"

"Oh, don't jaw, but help us look for him!" growled Cook.

It did not seem much use looking for Tommy Dodd. They looked in the Form-room, remembering that he had lines to do. But the Form-room was empty. They looked in the gym, in Big and Little Quads, everywhere, in fact. But Tommy Dodd was not to be seen.

A shout from some of the cricketers announced the arrival of the brake.

Tommy Dodd had not turned up.  
 Smythe & Co. came out, and seemed surprised to observe the troubled state of the worried cricketers.

"Not off yet?" asked Smythe affably. "We're comin' over to see the match, you know. I understood it was timed to begin at two-thirty."

"Two-thirty now," said Howard.

Smythe & Co. smiled at one another, and strolled out after the brake. They were interested to see what kind of a game the junior team would play at Bagshot without their best batsman.  
 On top of the clock-tower an unhappy junior, wriggling in cords that he could not loosen, heard the rumble of the departing brake. He could not speak, but the thoughts he thought about Adolphus, Smythe were simply lurid.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Bagshot Match.

PANKLEY of Bagshot greeted the Rookwood cricketers when the brake arrived. The Bagshot team had long been ready, and waiting. They were inclined to be sarcastic when the Rookwooders arrived nearly an hour late.

"You've come!" ejaculated Pankley. "We were beginning to think that you'd overstept yourselves or something."

"Sorry!" said Jimmy Silver. "One of our men happened to be away, and we waited for him. Lots of time for a single-innings match, anyway."

"Oh, we don't mind!" said Pankley politely.

Jimmy Silver frowned a little. He had had a faint hope that Tommy Dodd might be at Bagshot. He was disappointed, and irritated, too.

He knew that Pankley's eleven were at the top of their form and that the match would be a tough one, anyway. The absence of their best bat might make all the difference to the Rookwooder's chances.

But Tommy Dodd was not there, and the match had to proceed without him. Jimmy Silver won the toss. The pitch was in perfect condition, and the Rookwooders naturally expected to bat first. But Jimmy Silver decided to send the Bagshot fellows in.

"What the dickens are you up to?" demanded Lovell, in surprise. "Why ain't we going to bat, fathead?"

"Sure, and we ought to bat first!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle warmly. "This is what comes of having a Classical skipper."

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Bagshot's going to bat," he said. "I've got my reasons. I suppose you fellows don't know why Tommy Dodd's cleared off like that."

"Of course we don't!"  
 "Neither do I. But I know he'll get to the match, if he can," said Jimmy, "and if he comes along, we're going to play him."

"Oh!"  
 "I can put a substitute into the field—I've mentioned it to Pankley. If Tommy Dodd comes along in time for last man in, he's going in—see? Come on! The bounders are waiting for us!"

And Jimmy Silver led his merry men on to the field.

Jimmy's idea of leaving a place open for Tommy Dodd till the last possible moment was regarded as a stroke of genius by the Moderns.

They admitted that Jimmy Silver, though a Classical, was a fellow with an uncommon amount of common-sense. The Classics were not quite so enthusiastic. They felt that they could win without any Moderns in the team at all, and were rather disposed to "siang" their leader for not replacing Dodd by a Classical while he had the chance.

But Jimmy Silver went on his way regardless of praise or blame—thinking only of the game and the best way of winning it—and thereby proving that he was, in fact, a first-rate cricket captain.

Pankley and Poole opened the innings for Bagshot. That they were in fine form was soon proved. Even Jimmy Silver's bowling was not able to touch them for some time.

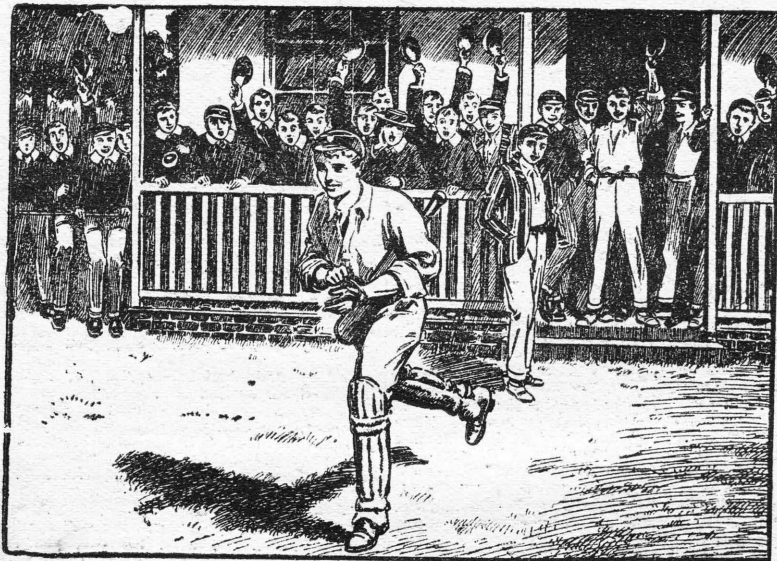
And the runs piled up.

Pankley fell to Silver's bowling at last, and soon afterwards Poole was clean bowled by Raby. But the score was then at fifty.

It was a handsome start for Bagshot, and they kept it up. The Rookwooders were given an unusual amount of leather-hunting and few catches. Wickets went down slowly, while the numbers went up on the board at a great rate.

At half-past five the last Bagshot wicket went down, and Pankley & Co. simply chirruped with glee over a score of 115. The faces of the Rookwooders were correspondingly glum.

"We shan't equal that without our best bat!" growled Tommy Cook when they adjourned for refreshments before the visitors' innings. "Where can that fathead Dodd be at this time?"



Two minutes later Tommy Dodd came running out from the dressing room. A big cheer greeted him from the pavilion. "Good old Tommy!" He was last man in, and he fully realised how much the match depended upon his play, and what his chums expected from him. (See Chapter 6.)

Dodd was about as secure as a prisoner could be. Unless somebody happened to ascend to the top of the clock-tower—which was extremely unlikely—Tommy Dodd was a prisoner till Smythe & Co. chose to release him.

Leaving the Modern junior wriggling with wrath, the Nuts cheerfully descended the stairs, and strolled away to the School House for dinner. They were late for dinner, and received sharp remarks from their Form-master—which they bore meekly. It needed more than a few sharp remarks to dash the great satisfaction they felt at their complete success.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Missing.

JIMMY SILVER & Co. came out with their cricket-bags, in great spirits. The Fistic Four had smiling faces that afternoon.

"Time the brake was here," said Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook came hurrying across the quad. Their faces were disturbed and anxious.

"Hallo! Anything the matter?" asked Silver.

"Have you seen Dodd?"

"Dodd! No!"

"Faith, and phwat's become of him in-tirely?" exclaimed Doyle. "He's missed dinner, and old Manders was waxy."

"Missed dinner?" said Jimmy Silver, in astonishment. "That's a queer way to get ready for a cricket match. He will want all his beef this afternoon."

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"We're waiting for Tommy Dodd," explained Jimmy Silver.

"Not ready by this time!" exclaimed Smythe. "What's he doin'?"

"Blest if I know—he seems to have vanished."

"By gad!"

"We shall have to go without him," said Lovell. "We've kept the Bagshot bounders waiting already. They'll think we're never coming."

"Can't go without Dodd," said Cook.  
 "Look here, we shan't have time for the match if we wait any longer!" exclaimed Raby. "If Tommy Dodd chooses to clear off like this, it's his own look-out. If he wanted to play, I suppose he'd be here."

"Gone for a stroll and forgotten the match, perhaps," suggested Smythe. "I'll play for you if you like—you'll want a man."

"We want a man, but we don't want a silly idiot," said Cook rudely. "Young Lacy had better come on."

"Better have a Classical chap," suggested Lovell—"Hooker, for instance—"

"None of your Classical cheek! Lacy!"  
 "Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Who's captain of this team?"

"Why, you silly ass—"

"You come in the brake, Hooker," said Captain Jimmy Silver coolly.

Cook almost exploded; but he had to yield the point. Jimmy Silver was captain.

The two Tommies gave a last despairing look round, hoping to spot Tommy Dodd at the last moment. But there was no sign of him, and they piled into the brake. They could only hope that, for some unexplained reason, he had gone over to Bagshot first, and that they would find him there.

"Oh where, and oh where can he be?" murmured Adolphus Smythe. Adolphus & Co. were looking on at the game with smiling faces.

It was distinctly amusing to Adolphus to see the fortune of war going against Rookwood in this manner. He considered that it would be a lesson to them.

"The silly Modern ass ought to be scragged," said Lovell. "We want every run we can get. We'd better elect a new captain—a Modern for this time."

And for once the Moderns had nothing to say. Tommy Dodd's absence was utterly inexplicable, and they could not say a word in defence of a player who had left his team in the lurch in this unaccountable manner.

"He may turn up yet," said Jimmy Silver. "There's a chance he may. Anyway, his place is open for him if he does."

"But tea finished, and Tommy Dodd had not turned up. Pankley & Co. went into the field, and Rookwood opened the innings with Lovell and Cook.

But, good as the Bagshot bounders had proved themselves to be at the wickets, they soon proved that they were equally good in the field and on the bowling-crease.

Pankley's bowling was very nearly as good as Jimmy Silver's own. There were loud cheers from Bagshot as the home skipper performed the hat trick, Lovell and Raby and Newcome going down in succession to his bowling.

Long and longer grew the faces of the Rookwooders.

More than ever was Tommy Dodd needed now, with his mighty arm. But there was no sign of Tommy Dodd.

"Three down for 7!" chuckled Smythe of the Shell. "What a score! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Too funny for words, by gad!" yawned Tracy.

"And they found fault with our cricket!" said Howard, in a tone more of sorrow than of anger.

But fortune smiled on Rookwood once more, with Cook and Doyle as partners. The board registered 40 when their partnership was dissolved. Modern fellows who had come over to see the match cheered them loudly, and the Classics gave them a yell of appreciation.

It looked as if Rookwood were booked for one of the severest lickings they had ever had, even in the days of Adolphus Smythe. Every run was welcomed now by the anxious Rookwood spectators.

Jimmy Silver had not gone in to bat yet. His forte was bowling, and he knew that he was only an average bat. He sent in man after man, but, as a rule, their luck was cruel.

Eight wickets were down for 52! Then, as Flynn came out, Jimmy Silver had to go in with Webb, a Modern, as his partner. When another wicket fell it would be last man in, and if Tommy Dodd had not turned up by that time Hooker would have to go to the wickets. And the Rookwooders, who knew just how long Hooker was likely to last against bowling like Pankley's, groaned in spirit at the thought. Where was Tommy Dodd?

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Eleventh Man.

"THAT'S jolly odd!" remarked Bulkeley.

The captain of Rookwood was strolling in the quad with his chum Neville. The two great men of the Sixth had been at the nets, and now they were sauntering back to the School House to tea, chatting cricket.

There were few juniors about Rookwood. Most of them had gone over to Bagshot to watch the game there. A peculiar object had caught Bulkeley's eye, and he paused in the quad to regard it.

"Jolly odd!" agreed Neville, following the captain's glance.

Certainly it was odd. Bulkeley was looking up at the clock-tower. Over the railing up at the top of the tower appeared an object, which looked like a bag. It was moving about, just as if somebody had his head inside it and was moving it to and fro. The parapet hid the person below the bag—if, indeed, a person was there—but the bag showed above the railings.

"Extraordinary!" said Bulkeley, in great astonishment. "Is that some fag's idea of a lark, I wonder?"

Neville looked greatly puzzled. "Blest if I can make it out!" he said. Bulkeley called to a fag in the quad.

"Here, Thompson, cut up the tower, and see who's playing the giddy ox there on the roof," he said.

"I say, it's a jolly long way to the top of that blessed clock-tower, Bulkeley!" objected Thompson of the Third.

Bulkeley made a gesture, and Thompson scudded off without raising further objections. He tramped up the spiral stair to the top of the tower, determined to punch the head of whoever was "playing the giddy ox" there when he found him.

But when he reached the top of the tower, the fag gave a yell of astonishment. "Oh, scissors!"

It was an extraordinary object that met his gaze—a junior tied up with cords and secured to a stanchion by another cord, and with a bag tied over his head. The Third-Former almost fell down as he caught sight of that strange object.

"Tommy Dodd!" he gasped. "He could not see the junior's face, but he could guess that this was the missing cricketer. It could hardly be anybody else.

A faint mumble came from inside the bag. Tommy Dodd heard the fag's footsteps, and he was trying—in vain—to speak. With almost incredible exertions Tommy Dodd had managed to get on his feet, bound as he was, after many attempts that had failed. He knew that when he was on his feet close to the parapet his head would show over the rails, and he nourished a faint hope that it might be noticed from the quad, and that somebody might come. Somebody had come at last!

Thompson of the Third jerked the bag off his head and disclosed a red and furious face.

"Gagged, by gum!" ejaculated the astounded Thompson.

He kindly removed the handkerchief from Tommy Dodd's mouth. Then the Modern junior found his voice—hoarse and husky.

"Thanks! Grooh! Did you see me?"

"Bulkeley did. I say, Dobby, what's the name of this game?" grinned the fag.

"Cut me loose!"

Thompson opened his pocket-knife, and cut through the cords. Then Tommy Dodd sat down to gasp. He was cramped. He had been there for hours, and though he had not been tied tightly, he felt the effects of it pretty keenly. It was full five minutes before he was able to move. Thompson watched him, grinning.

"Ow!" said Tommy Dodd, at last. "I suppose they've gone?"

"The eleven? I should say so!"

"Where's Smythe?"

"He's gone, too."

"What's the time?"

"Nearly six."

Tommy Dodd groaned.

"Oh, the rotters!"

Then he rushed down the stairs, without a word of explanation to the amazed Thompson. He saw Bulkeley in the quad, but did not stop to speak to him; he left it to Thompson to explain to the captain of Rookwood. He bolted into the tuckshop first—he was ravenously hungry. Sergeant Kettle—staring at his crimson face and dusty clothes—served him with ginger-pop and sandwiches.

Tommy Dodd drank the ginger-pop, and, taking the sandwiches in his hand—with a good bite in his mouth—scudded for the bike-shed.

He rashed his machine out of the gates, and mounted in the road, and started for Bagshot School.

He rode on at a speed which certainly exceeded the legal limit, his pedals going round like lightning, and a cloud of dust in his wake marking his track along the white road.

Bagshot at last! Tommy Dodd turned his bike in at the gate, and rode in. Red and perspiring and breathless, he jumped off his machine, and letting the bike go spinning whither it would, he raced for the cricket-ground.

A loud shout was ringing over the field as he dashed up.

"Well bowled, Pankley!"

Webb's wicket was down!

"Last man in!" chuckled Smythe of the Shell. "There's your chance, Hooker! There won't be any Tommy Dodd to-day! Why—my hat!—by gad!"

Smythe's eyes almost started from his head at the sight of a junior in dusty Etons racing up to the pavilion.

"Tommy Dodd!" he gasped.

"Dodd, by thunder!" muttered Howard.

There was a wild yell from Tommy Doyle as he spotted his study leader.

"Arrah! It's Tommy Dodd! Hand over that bat, Hooker; here's Tommy Dodd! Sure, he's turned up at last!"

Jimmy Silver's face lighted up. Shouts on all sides from the Rookwood fellows greeted Tommy Dodd as he came panting up. Nine wickets were down for fifty-five, and if Hooker had come in to face Pankley's bowling, Rookwood would certainly have been all down for about sixty. But Tommy Dodd was there.

"Last man in!"

"Duck up, Tommy Dodd!"

Tommy Doyle and Tommy Cook seized their chum, and rushed him into the dressing-room, and bundled him into his flannels.

The Rookwood batsmen did not, as a rule, keep the field waiting; but the field had to wait some minutes for last man.

That could not be helped. Tommy Dodd pumped in breath while he changed; but when, in the course of five minutes or so, he joined Jimmy Silver at the wickets, he looked very much his old self.

The Rookwood crowd watched him anxiously.

But Tommy Dodd dealt cautiously and respectfully with that bowling till the end of the over. He waited to get into his stride before he started punishing the bowling.

Then Poole bowled to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy played the bowling steadily and coolly, and it was a maiden over. That gave Tommy Dodd a much-needed rest.

Then the field crossed, and the Modern junior had the bowling again. All Rookwood eyes were bent anxiously upon him. Tommy Dodd let himself go now. Again Pankley had the ball, but he could not touch the wicket. Loud cheers from Moderns and Classics alike greeted a hit for 4. It was followed by a 3, and Jimmy Silver had the bowling. But Jimmy Silver stole a single, and gave it back to Tommy Dodd, and the Rookwooders grinned with satisfaction.

It was creeping up. Still the batsman were safe at the wickets.

"Hundred!" yelled Lovell, as the figures changed again. "My only hat! We shall pull it off after all!"

"Fifteen to tie, be jabers!" chuckled Doyle. "Go it, Tommy!"

"Oh, well hit! Well run!"

Three to the good, and Jimmy Silver batting again. A blank and a single, and then Tommy Dodd's mighty bat was swiping the leather once more—a four and a two, and another two and a single! One hundred and thirteen! Two wanted to tie, and three to win!

Pankley sent down every ball he knew to Jimmy Silver now. With the most exasperating calmness Jimmy Silver stopped them dead. A maiden over again; nothing could tempt him to hit out. And the Rookwooders cheered that maiden over as loudly as they might have cheered the hat-trick or a sixer.

Tommy Dodd again, with Poole bowling.

Poole did his best, and Rookwood breathed deep with anxiety as Tommy Dodd stepped out to the ball. Smack! And away flew the leather, and the batsmen were running, and running again and again! Crash came the ball, a couple of seconds too late, and the umpire shook his head.

"Rookwood wins!"

"Hoorah!"

There was a rush of ecstatic Rookwooders on the field, and Tommy Dodd and Jimmy Silver were carried off shoulder-high, amid deafening cheers. It was a win for Rookwood after all, and Rookwood rejoiced with a tremendous rejoicing.

Tommy Dodd told his story in the brake as the victorious cricketers rolled homeward, and the Rookwood cricketers were very anxious to see Adolphus Smythe & Co.

They saw them as soon as they arrived at Rookwood. It was a painful meeting for Smythe & Co. It was in vain that Adolphus explained that that jape on Tommy Dodd was simply a Classical joke on a Modern bounder, and that he, the great Adolphus, had completely forgotten the cricket-match at the time.

When the cricketers left Adolphus & Co. they went satisfied, and they left the unhappy Nuts in a parlous state.

It was likely to be a long, long time before Adolphus & Co. chipped in again in junior cricket.

THE END.

(Another grand story of the chums of Rookwood School next Friday, entitled: "A Bad Egg!" by Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)