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# The INVISIBLE RAIDER

**A Magnificent New Serial of  
Adventure, introducing Ferrers  
Lord and Prince Ching Lung.**

**By SIDNEY DREW.**

**CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.**

**FERRERS LORD**, the famous millionaire adventurer, and owner of the Lord of the Deep.

**PRINCE CHING LUNG**, a very old friend of Lord's, who has accompanied the millionaire on many adventures.

**RUPERT THURSTON**, a young Englishman, and friend of Lord's.

**HAL HONOUR**, known as the man of silence, engineer of Ferrers Lord's wonderful submarine. Honour has invented a marvellous paint which causes things to become invisible when painted with it. He has also built a new kind of aeroplane which he calls a helicopter, which is covered with this new paint.

Ferrers Lord summons his three comrades down to his yacht to witness a trial trip of the Helicopter I. On the yacht the three meet their old friends, **PROUT & CO.** and **GAN WAGA**, an amazing Eskimo, who has been attached to the party for some years.

Thurston and the prince accompany Honour on board the helicopter for her trip. The machine moves silently, and is almost invisible, save for her two front powerful lights. They are about to return to the yacht, when, without the slightest warning, a strange aeroplane swoops down from the clouds above them, and pours a thick hail of machine-gun bullets into them. The sudden and mysterious attack causes the helicopter to spin in the air, then to fall, a mass of flaming metal, into the sea.

As it falls, one by one, three human figures drop from her into the water below.  
(Now read on.)

**Another Supper Goes West!**

**FERRERS LORD** stood on the bridge of his yacht, and watched the boats pull away. After a long interval he heard the sound of a shot. The millionaire struck a match and lighted a cigarette. There was another pause, and then two other shots followed. Prout, who was at his chief's elbow, mopped his perspiring face with his handkerchief, but did not speak till a fourth report sounded, and then only strict discipline kept the steersman of the Lord of the Deep from uttering a cheer.

All was well. The three reports signified that the pilot and passengers of the wrecked helicopter had been found

and picked up, the fourth that they were alive. Before the boats returned the millionaire had gone below. Ten minutes later, Ching Lung and Hal Honour had changed their wet clothes. They went into the saloon together, and, pointing his thumbs at the carpet, the engineer shook his head. His gestures were as expressive as words.

"Where is Thurston?" asked Ferrers Lord.

"He's a bit groggy, and lying down for half an hour," said Ching Lung. "Why didn't you warn us that it was likely to be exciting, chief?"

"I scarcely expected it," said Ferrers Lord. "Didn't you hear the plane, Honour?"

Again the man of silence shook his head. With his hand he indicated the downward swoop of the aeroplane from a great height.

"I'm afraid I must apologise for being careless," said Ferrers Lord, with a smile. "We heard the engine, but I was foolish enough to think it was only one of the military aeroplanes from Petteusea. If I had guessed the truth, I should have taken precautions."

The door opened, and Rupert Thurston entered.

"What's it all about, chief?" he asked. "Have they started another cheerful little war without telling us anything about it?"

There was a faint twinkle of amusement in the millionaire's grey eyes.

"Certainly the attack on you was an act of warfare," he answered, "and I am very glad there were no casualties. Honour has lost his helicopter, for I am told she was sunk in deep water. In that case, we need not trouble to save her. How soon could you build me another, Honour?"

Honour held up five fingers, and strode out of the saloon.

"A wonderful chap," said Ching Lung. "If he can knock another helicopter together in five days, he's the champion hustler. I've been thinking

that his dope isn't everything we've cracked it up to be. That plane found us right enough, in spite of our invisible paint."

"Don't forget that you had been showing lights," said Ferrers Lord. "In addition to that, you were wearing your ordinary clothes. It is always fairly easy to find something when you know where to look for it. And I told you that Professor Karl Von Kreigler had remarkable talents."

"So Karl Von Kreigler has come into the picture, then?" said Thurston.

"Yes; I'm sure my friend the professor staged that little affair," said Ferrers Lord. "To make it out more clear to you, we are rather at loggerheads, Von Kreigler and I. I have ferreted out a few of his secrets, and he does not like me for it. His spy system is excellent, undoubtedly the best in Europe. His spies do not wear fierce military moustaches and speak bad English with a guttural accent. He has declared war, and I am quite willing to enter into a little private war with him. Von Kreigler has got the better of the first skirmish. I was unprepared—a queer admission to have to make."

"Humph!" growled Rupert Thurston. "If you're recruiting for your little war, chief, here's one person ready and willing to join up."

"And here's another for the same platoon," laughed the prince. "It may develop into a big war, so I'll volunteer before I'm conscripted."

"Thanks; I accept you both. It will not be a big war, but you may find it an exciting one," said Ferrers Lord.

"There will be no drums or martial music, and no decorations, just guerilla warfare of a new kind. I had better warn you that it may be highly dangerous. Von Kreigler does not fight with the gloves on. The professor is a hard hitter."

"Yes, we had a glimpse of his form up there just now," said Thurston. "He has a nasty sort of punch."

Ferrers Lord pressed the push of an

electric bell, and a steward came in, carrying a light overcoat, cap, and gloves.

"I must leave you, for I am flying back to London to-night," said Ferrers Lord. "I'm sorry your first helicopter flight turned out so disastrously. We can do little or nothing until Honour is ready for us. Don't allow any strangers on board. The yacht is being searched now, for when dealing with Von Kreigler, it is good policy to be cautious. Perhaps his first success was pure luck in a fashion, but it would be unwise to underrate it. He was trying."

"I'm glad he was trying, chief," said Ching Lung, with a grin, "for if I imagined he could pull off stunts like that when he wasn't trying, I'd resign from your army or buy myself out. And we are to wait here for you, then?"

"Just as you like," said the millionaire. "Prout is in command, under you, of course, prince. Take a short cruise, but don't get torpedoed."

Thurston and Ching Lung stared at him.

"The professor may have a few odd submarines left," said Ferrers Lord. "He's too crafty to attempt to pass the three-mile limit to sink the yacht, for that might cause complications and drag him into serious reprisals. In five days at the latest, then."

The sea-plane winged away into the night, taking Ferrers Lord with it.

"It's just as big a riddle to me as ever, Ching," said Thurston. "What's this feud of his with Von Kreigler all about, I wonder?"

"More than a mere personal quarrel, I'll wager," said Ching Lung. "This mysterious professor who runs Germany without appearing in the limelight must be growing a head a few sizes too large for his hat. The chief objects to heads when they get too swollen. Well, we're in it now, my son, whatever it turns out to be. Are we officers or mere privates? I noticed the chief mentioned nothing about our commissions."

"All clear, Tom!" said the voice of Barry O'Rooney. "We've not found as much as a cockroach whose face Oi didn't know. Dismiss!"

O'Rooney had captured the search-party. He put away his automatic pistol and electric-torch, and yawned.

"Phwat a loife!" he said. "Bedad, Misher Thurston, Oi wish ye wouldn't do ut! Oi'm a man wid a wake heart, and it's not good for me to see people tumblin' out o'—phwat-is-uts? Oi've forgot the name of the thing, but Oi wish ye wouldn't, for I can't stand ut!"

"And a nice sort of gunner you must be!" said Ching Lung. "Why didn't you hit that 'plane?"

"Hit ut? Phwat d'ye mane, hit ut?" said Barry indignantly. "Whoy, the dirthy ould bluebottle was out o' range afore Oi could get a shell in the gun. Oi might as well have shied snowballs at ut. Fancy that! Tom, the prince is after axing whoi Oi didn't hit that 'plane."

"By honey, he ought to know what a rotten shot you are by this time without asking!" said Prout. "I'm surprised he wastes his breath!"

Ching Lung held a brief conversation with the steersman, and it was agreed to let the yacht lie where she was, and discuss the other plans in the morning.

"Keep a good watch," said the prince. "I don't understand the ins and outs of this much better than yourself, but the chief dropped a hint that we ought to keep inside the three-mile limit. What's become of that oily Eskimo? I haven't seen him since I came aboard."

It was unusual for Gan Waga to keep himself very much in the background. Unless eating or asleep, he was generally too much in evidence.

Thurston played some lively tunes on the piano in the saloon, and Barry O'Rooney said pleasant things to the cook in the galley.

After much wheedling he was rewarded with an ample beefsteak and a few pounds of Spanish onions.

With his plunder, Barry hastened back to the Glue Pot and Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"Ben, whoy, ut came off!" he said. "But, bedad, Oi've nearly sowld me sowl to get this chunk of beef! Phew! The loies Oi've had to tell that cook! Oi said he was good-lookin'—and him wid a face like a poached egg hit wid a mallet! Murther and foireirons! Good-lookin'!"

"I couldn't 'ave done it, not for a bag of diamonds, souse me!" said Maddock. "I could tell any ordinary sort of lie, but I couldn't 'ave told the cook he was 'andsome, not if you was to empty sacks of gold at my feet! I wonder where you'll go to, Barry, when you die?"

"Och, quit wonderin', and get the skins off them onions!" said Barry. "If that Iskimo pokes his fat nose along to-night, there'll be another death at say! He'll go below, will that Iskimo, and lay his bones wid Davy Jones at the bottom of the dape blue say!"

A heavy tread signalled the arrival of Tom Prout. He gave a pleased grunt when he saw the good work in progress.

"When it's cooked, bring it along to my cabin," he said. "Frying onions makes too much of a pother in this little 'ole. I'll get some bottled beer. I want to see Hal Honour afore he clears out. And don't forget to bring the Worcester sauce, and mix a bit o' fresh mustard, by honey!"

Someonc flitted away in the gloom as Prout approached the engineer's cabin. Honour was throwing some papers into a small valise.

Before Prout could get out a word Honour went past him almost at a run, and hurried on deck.

"By honey, some people have manners!" said Prout. "He might be in a hurry, he might!"

Prout went on, and then Gang Waga came paddling down the alleyway, and vanished into the engineer's cabin. And about twenty minutes later Barry O'Rooney bore the steaming dish of steak-and-onions out of the Glue Pot, towards Prout's quarters. Behind the last of the O'Rooneys strode Maddock, the bo'sun, with three plates, knives and forks, the cruet, and a teacup half filled with mustard.

"Bedad, who's switched off half the loights?" growled Barry. "Ut moight be a lodging-house, instead of a respectable yacht!"

"Savin' coal, or some cheap stunt like that, souse me!" said the bo'sun. "I never— What the—"

Barry had stopped, and Maddock stopped, too, and glared over the Irishman's shoulder.

Barry's hair was bristling, and his mouth was wide open. He felt himself going at the knees. A thing of dread and horror confronted them in the semi-gloom. It had a face of ghastly whiteness, and on the top of the face was a tall-hat. It had feet also—two of them, naked, and white-looking like the face. Likewise, it had a cigar. But it had no body—not a visible vestige of one—only head, hat, cigar, and feet.

The feet were in motion, bringing the ghastly object nearer.

Crash! went the dish of steak-and-

onions as it fell from Barry's palsied hands, and crash! went the hot plates, the knives and forks, the cruet and the mustard.

Two yells of terror broke from the throats of the horrified mariners as they turned and fled back to the Glue Pot. Then the apparition whisked off the cloth it had borrowed from Hal Honour's cabin, and Gan Waga stood revealed, clad in striped pyjamas.

Chucking gleefully, the Eskimo put the steak in the tall-hat, scooped up as many of the hot onions as he could, dumped them on top of the steak, and made himself very scarce.

Having a great brain, Gan Waga had turned Hal Honour's invention to a use the gifted engineer had never dreamed off.

#### The Fate of the Second Raider!

PROFESSOR EARL VON KREIGLER opened the window and the night breeze brought in a pleasant scent of pine-forests.

The professor was a small man, and almost bald. He wore spectacles, and behind the lenses his pale blue eyes had a nervous trick of winking. His black suit was old and rusty, and his waistcoat was sprinkled with snuff.

Compared with the big man who sat at a table behind him, wearing a military uniform, the professor looked shabby and down-at-heel. In the magnificent room, with its glass chandeliers, rich carpet, rare furniture, and beautifully-painted walls and ceiling, he seemed oddly out of place.

It was Schloss Schwartzburg, once the palace of the Kaiser, William of the mailed fist and golden helmet. William was in exile, and the real Kaiser was the shabby man with the pale blue eyes.

He turned from the window, snuffbox in hand.

"No, general," he said. "We have no real information except that the machine was shot down. Even I cannot do impossible things. There were three men on the machine, and most likely they were killed. I hope Ferrers Lord was one of them, but we cannot be sure. Storgein the pilot reports something odd. He saw the 'plane showing lights. When he came upon them he states that, through some trick of the visibility or for some other reason, the 'plane resembled a shadow, though the men on her were quite clear. At any rate, he shot the propeller out of her, and she went down."

"Then it's a thousand pities if Ferrers Lord wasn't in her!" said General Goltzheimer, in a gruff voice. "A dangerous man, professor!"

Von Kreigler's voice was as gentle as the general's was gruff. The professor took a pinch of snuff, and nodded.

"Very dangerous—very dangerous, general! Well, we can also be dangerous. We shall know sooner or later how our luck stands. He has gathered some old friends round him, and that looks like mischief. There is the Chinese fellow, Prince Ching Lung. I suppose it would be useless to warn him through the Chinese Embassy to keep out, for his province is independent of the Chinese Government. A second dangerous man, more dangerous than the other fellow, Rupert Thurston. Leaving Ferrers Lord, the most dangerous of them all is the engineer, Honour."

The general took a mighty draught of beer out of a tall mug with a silver lid.

"Were you less serious about it, I might laugh," he said, wiping his red

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT FRIDAY! "THE MYSTERY OF THE DERELICT!" A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

moustache. "We laugh at Armies of Occupations and at our thousands of Socialists and strikers, and yet we are not to laugh at one English millionaire, a Chinaman, and a handful of others; What can they do?"

"I repeat, my dear friend," said the professor, "that Ferrers Lord is far more dangerous than armies and agitators. I am not afraid of him, so if there is any nonsense of that kind in your head put it away. He's a strong man, and a crafty man. He does brilliant things unexpectedly. Like myself, he chooses mostly to act from behind. Though he rarely appears before the footlights, he manages the play. Pah! Perhaps Storgein got him, after all."

In the gloom below the veranda a sentry grounded his rifle with a sharp sound that was followed by a tramp of drilled feet. They were changing the guard.

Schloss Schwartzburg was moated, and had once been fortified. In the forests around the Kaiser, in the days of his pomp and glory, slaughtered stags and wild boars.

"Do you think, then," asked the general, after another draught of beer, "that this swine-dog of an Englishman knows?"

"I don't think he knows, general, but I think he guesses. He could not know. It was all done too cautiously and too slowly for that. It has taken years." He laughed, and blinked his pale eyes. "Some knew, but they are all dead. Brutal, perhaps, but necessary, for tongues will wag. The man most anxious to hear is Storgein. I was generous, more generous than usual. If Ferrers Lord is dead, Storgein will be a rich man."

Someone knocked, and a man rather older than the professor, and quite as shabby, came in.

"There is nothing, Excellency," he said, bowing to the professor—"nothing. I have examined all the English papers—nothing."

"Ach, that is strange!" said Goltzheimer, with a nervous tug at his moustache. "If our aeroplane is shot down and three men killed quite close to the shore, it is strange there should be no mention of it in the newspapers. It was in the evening, too, not at midnight. It is unaccountable."

"Not so unaccountable, my friend, though the news is good. It is a lively coast, and the noise of firing might not surprise people, for Ferrers Lord often experiments there. But, clearly to me, Ferrers Lord was not one of the three shot down. It would not be easy to hide his death. The master mind would be gone. On the other hand, though the English law is very strict in the matter, Ferrers Lord could hide the affair, for he has great influence. His own death would have ended everything, but the deaths of three subordinates would only make him more bitter against us."

The open door revealed a portion of a spacious vaulted hall, the walls hung with trophies of arms and antlers. Two sentries with fixed bayonets were on guard there. The professor dismissed the secretary and took more snuff. Then his head shot round, and, with his thumb and finger still in the snuffbox, he craned his neck to listen, and peered at the open window as if he had heard something extraordinary.

"What's that?"

The general stood up, with a grip on the hilt of his sword. A man stepped in through the window, his hands raised above his head.

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NEXT FRIDAY!

"SCORING OFF THE NUTS!"

A GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS. !!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

"An envoy, gentlemen," he said in German. "I carry a letter for Professor Von Kreigler from Mr. Ferrers Lord.

Inch by inch the general sank back into his chair. He seemed far more astounded than the professor. Both were wondering how the intruder had managed to pass the sentries and climb the veranda unseen and unchallenged. The envoy, who was Rupert Thurston, held out a sealed letter.

"Pig-dogs and traitors!" muttered the general, thinking of his sentries. "I'll shoot them all. Pig-dogs and traitors! Careless swine!"

Still blinking at Rupert Thurston, the professor took the letter, but did not open it at once.

"Ach, you are remarkable brave!" he said gently. "Do I deceive myself that you are Herr Thurston?"

"My name is Thurston," said Rupert briefly.

It struck Rupert that he would never have guessed the professor to be a person of very remarkable ability had he not been told so. Von Kreigler made a gesture to the general, and then examined the seal before opening the letter. It might have been a blank sheet, so little did the contents seem to trouble him. He turned to the messenger with a slow smile.

"Do I deceive myself that you know what is written in here, Mr. Thurston?" he asked in English.

"I know nothing about that," answered Rupert. "My instructions were to hand the letter to you and ask for a reply."

"He is a lucky man who can give such instructions and have them carried out," said Karl von Kreigler. "Ach, it is good to have such a messenger! How you came I cannot understand, for I thought the Schloss well guarded." He glanced at the letter again. "Good! I am to give you an answer, and also every freedom to go. It is difficult. Though the Schloss is hard to enter, it is even harder to leave. Will you take refreshment, Mr. Thurston?"

Rupert shook his head. He was very hot, and felt tight about the chest. His one wish was to be well clear of Schloss Schwartzburg. The cloth doped with Hal Honour's invisible preparation was wrapped round his body under his waistcoat, and it made him unpleasantly warm. The professor translated Ferrers Lord's letter into German, for the general did not read English readily, and handed the pencilled translation to Goltzheimer.

For a moment Rupert thought the general would either hit the ceiling or burst. His red hair stood on end, his moustache bristled, his face turned purple, and his eyes rolled and grew bloodshot. He grunted and puffed and gasped, and then, whipping his sword out of its scabbard, he made a bloodthirsty lunge at Rupert that would have wounded him in spite of his padding if he had not jumped back very nimbly.

The professor interposed, speaking in the most soothing of voices.

"Ach, calm yourself, my dear friend!" he said. "It is arrogant, it is impertinent, it is impossible. In all that I give way to you. But calm yourself. Mr. Thurston is a brave man, and a soldier should respect a brave man. Leave me to deal with this. Leave it to me."

The general subsided, still snorting and purple, the veins in his forehead protruding like cords.

"Mr. Ferrers Lord asks what is impossible, Mr. Thurston," went on the professor. "He bids me pay the preposterous indemnity demanded by the Allies within seven days. We are a bankrupt people, and cannot pay."

"Is that the message I am to take back to Mr. Ferrers Lord?"

"It is unfortunate, but I fear I cannot entrust you with a message to Mr. Ferrers Lord," said the professor mildly. "I suppose I shall be able to communicate with him by wireless? As you have found your way into the Schloss in some amazing manner, you must understand that it would be foolish, as well as dangerous, for us to let you out again. Nor can we be bullied by Mr. Ferrers Lord. His bluff is amusing, though it may not be quite harmless. We cannot fulfil his terms, being a bankrupt nation, as I have said. I shall wireless to Mr. Lord something which is sad, and which I detest. If he attempts in any way to enforce this absurd threat, much as I regret it, you will be shot!"

"I am a prisoner, then?" said Rupert quietly.

"Until I receive Mr. Ferrers Lord's answer—yes. Ach, I am compelled to put you under arrest! Guard, guard!"

The professor could raise his voice when he chose. As he shrieked for the guard, Rupert made a dash for the open window. He dragged a Very pistol\* out of his pocket. The general, close at his heels, locked an arm round him, but he was too late to wrench the pistol away. They tumbled to the floor of the balcony, the heavy German uppermost. But the shot had been fired. A ball of crimson fire lighted up the sky. Rupert was hauled back into the room and tugged to his feet, with a couple of bayonets levelled at his chest.

A brazen-throated bell clanged. The whole Schloss was noise and bustle. Motor-cars filled with armed men raced towards the gateway. Searchlights were flashing, and the wireless was at work. Rupert folded his arms and panted. He hoped he had been in good time.

Until a few minutes before Ching Lung had been perched on the branch of a tree, his gaze turned in the direction of the shadowy outline of the Schloss. The helicopter—the second one—had dropped noiselessly and unseen into a clearing of the pine-forest. Suddenly came the crimson star, and Ching Lung scrambled down. Hal Honour knocked the ashes out of his pipe as he saw the glare of Rupert Thurston's signal.

"They've collared Rupert, as the chief thought they might, so we'd better clear out of this, Hal," said Ching Lung. "This will rouse the hornets' nest!"

The engineer shrugged his shoulders as the bell began to peal and the searchlights flashed. He was in no hurry. He refilled his pipe. An aeroplane was on the wing, but Honour held the aeroplane in as much contempt as he did the searchlights.

"Come!" he said.

"I wish I hadn't to!" grumbled the prince. "It seems beastly to leave poor old Rupert behind."

"Orders!"

"Yes, I know. But orders can go against the grain, and generally do. Poor old Bu! I expect they'll treat him pretty well."

The sounds grew louder. There was a car on the road, not far away. They climbed aboard, and Hal Honour went to the controls. The engines hummed drowsily, and the helicopter lifted about ten or twelve feet, and then went groundwards again. The wheels were well sprung, and the shock was not violent enough to do much damage, for the ground had a soft carpet of pine-needles. She lifted again, only to subside when scarcely a yard up.

\*A device for firing signal flares.

"Bad!" said Hal Honour.  
 "What's the matter with her?"  
 The engineer merely grunted. Voices were shouting. Honour, using a pocket-lamp, was examining the machinery. He knew the defect could only be a slight one, and easy to put right if he could only find it. To use the lamp was risky, but he was compelled to use it.

"Petrol—matches," he said, switching off the light. "Ready!"  
 Ching Lung understood, and unscrewed the stoppers out of a couple of cans of petrol. If they were not discovered, Hal could make the repairs at his leisure. The searchers were very close, and if they were discovered there was only one way. They had left the car, and were beating up and down the road, calling to each other in hoarse voices. The screen of trees was only a thin one, and Ching Lung and the engineer could see lights bobbing to and fro.

"This way—this way! He came this way. Here are his footprints!" shouted an excited voice in German. "Here—through the trees!"

Hal Honour smiled grimly as he bent to reach the top of the petrol-tank. He did not understand German, but he could guess.

"They've tumbled across Rupert's tracks, Hal," said Ching Lung. "Ghastly luck! Must we?"

"Yes."

Ching Lung began to pour petrol over the wings of the helicopter, and Hal turned on the petrol-tap. The pursuers were advancing through the trees. Bunching a score of matches together, the prince rubbed them against the box and tossed them down. They retreated before the heat and uprush of the flame. It was utterly useless to attempt to escape, for by this time the wireless had sent out its warning, and every road and path would be patrolled. Hal Honour folded his arms as he watched the destruction of his second helicopter blazing furiously.

"Good!" he said.  
 He had preserved the secret. He was smoking his pipe quite contentedly when the pursuers rushed up and surrounded them.

"The second round of this little fight also goes to Von Kriegler, I'm sorry to say, Hal," remarked Ching Lung. "It's his round."

**The Old Dungeon!**

**R**UPERT THURSTON looked round his new quarters with some curiosity. A file of men had escorted him to them, and they were a long way down. They seemed to have traversed innumerable winding passages, and descended innumerable stone staircases. The upper portion of the Schloss had been modernised to some extent, but the old castle still retained a good deal of its mediæval character. The prisoner could not repress a smile at what he saw.

The place was a typical dungeon, but as a dungeon it had been spoiled. It had a low, vaulted roof, walls of massive masonry, and an oak door studded with broad-headed nails. Four rings, from which chains were still hanging, were attached to the outer wall. A couple of narrow gratings allowed a little air to enter. From a mediæval point of view, though the chains remained, a brand-new carpet, a modern bedstead with white linen and a sky-blue eiderdown quilt rather ruined the effect. Some previous tenant with artistic talents and imagination, had covered one wall with a picture, drawn in charcoal, showing a British cruiser being torpedoed by a German

submarine. A pretty silver lamp burning acetylene gas lighted the cell quite brilliantly.

As Rupert sat down on the bed the key turned in the lock, and a short, fair-haired man, dressed in a blue uniform, carried in a basket.

"Goot-efening!" he said. "I haf bring you things you shall need."

"And very thoughtful of you," said Thurston casually.

Amongst the articles the man laid out were a suit of pyjamas, brushes and combs, soap, towels, a toothbrush, and a safety razor. Then he spread a cloth for Thurston's supper very temptingly. The meal consisted of a slice of cold salmon, cold beef, a bowl of salad, white rolls, a bottle of soda-water, and a bottle of hock. And the silver forks and silver dishes bore the crest and monogram of

fireplace. It was a dangerous thing to keep, for to give the Huns their due they are expert chemists, and might easily have discovered the secret of Hal Honour's dope.

"They're well away, and there's some satisfaction in that," Rupert thought, thinking of Ching Lung and the engineer. "They must have seen my signal in good time, so that's O.K."

Thurston was not at all alarmed at his captivity. It was not pleasant to be confined in such a place; but that he could share the fate of the unlucky artist who had political opinions that Professor Von Kriegler and General Goltzheimer objected to was incredible. Rupert had been searched for any concealed weapon, but nothing except the Very pistol had been taken from him. He unpicked the stitching of the bolster, and with great



The general puffed and grunted, then whipping out his sword he made a sudden lunge at Rupert Thurston that would have wounded him if he had not jumped back very nimbly. (See page 4.)

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, once the All-highest and War Lord of the Huns.

"If there is something more you shall need when I again come tell it," said the warder. "You shall smoke, yes, so I bring cigars. You Englishers, too, are fond of the bad whisky more than of the good wine, so I bring whisky. Tomorrow I bring books. You think that splendid, yes?"

He pointed to the charcoal drawing admiringly.

"A clever man," he went on, "and he make beautiful pictures. A pity he mix in politics—and General Goltzheimer shoot him."

Shaking his head sadly, he picked up his empty basket and went away, not forgetting to lock and bar the door. Left to himself, Rupert got rid of the cloth he had wrapped round his waist. At first he thought of burning it, but there was no

care and patience withdrew the thread and removed some of the flock stuffing. Standing on a chair, he pushed the flock through one of the gratings piece by piece. Out of the wire of the soda-water bottle he made a needle, and after folding up the cloth and pushing it into the bolster, he sewed up the end.

He was only just in time, for he heard noises outside. It was the warder again, accompanied by four soldiers, who brought with them a couple of mattresses, pillows, and bedclothes. The warder had replenished his basket, and he set out more plates, glasses, and cutlery.

"You will not be so lonely already, Herr Engländer," he said, with a grin. "His excellency the general find you goot company."

(To be continued in next week's issue. THE POPULAR.—No. 135.

# MORNINGTON'S TEMPTATION!

A Long, Complete, Tale of JIMMY SILVER & Co. and VALENTINE MORNINGTON of Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Yarns in "The Boys' Friend.")

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Under the Shadow!

"MASTER MORNY!"  
Mornington of the Fourth spun round as the timid voice spoke in his study doorway.

Morny had been standing by the window, staring out gloomily into the quadrangle of Rookwood.

The green old quad was bright in the summer sunshine, and the sound of cheery voices floated up from below. But Mornington's face was dark and gloomy as he stared out.

Little 'Erbert of the Second Form, the waif of Rookwood, stepped timidly in at the open door.

He retreated a pace as Mornington turned upon him, so dark and savage was the look of the dandy of the Fourth.

"So you've come?" said Mornington, between his teeth.

"Yes, Master Morny," faltered 'Erbert.

"Lattrey's told you?"

"Lattrey's told you!" repeated Mornington making a stride towards the fag. "And you've come to tell me you know, you young rotter! After all that I've done for you, you are going to rob me of everything! Hang you!"

The fag stared at him.

"Master Morny!"

"I brought you to Rookwood," pursued Mornington bitterly. "I found you starving on the road. If I'd left you there you'd never have troubled me again. I brought you in. I made my guardian enter you in the school. I've made you into a Rookwood chap instead of a ragged tramp, and stood by you all through. And now you're going to rob me and leave me bare!"

The waif of Rookwood's eyes opened wide in astonishment and terror.

"Master Morny! Wot are you sayin'?" he ejaculated. "You must be fair off your chump, Master Morny. 'Ow can I rob you?"

Mornington gritted his teeth.

"Hasn't Lattrey told you, then?" he exclaimed.

"I ain't seen Master Lattrey."

"Oh, I thought—"

"I knows all you've done for me, Master Morny," said 'Erbert. "I knows 'ow you took me up, me that ain't got even a name of my own, and looked arter me. I ain't likely to forget it, sir!"

"You don't know—yet?" muttered Mornington. "I thought Lattrey had told you, when you came."

"Wot could he tell me?"

Mornington sneered.

"Wait till he tells you!" he replied. "Oh, the cad, the rotter! This is his game, to keep me in suspense. The cat and the mouse over again." The dandy of Rookwood clenched his hands. "And I've got to stand it—I've got to stand it from him!"

"Master Morny," faltered 'Erbert.

"What did you want here?" exclaimed Mornington harshly. "If Lattrey hasn't sent you, what do you want?"

"I came with a message from Jimmy Silver, sir!"

"Hang Jimmy Silver!"

"Master Silver says he'd like you to come down to the cricket!"

"Hang the cricket!"

"Well, that's all, sir."

'Erbert of the Second made a movement to retreat from the study, sorry that he had come there. Mornington had been kind and generous to him, but 'Erbert had learned that his patron's

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temper was very uncertain. And the wild words with which the dandy of Rookwood had greeted him had really caused him to entertain a doubt as to whether Valentine Mornington was quite in his right senses.

Mornington's eyes followed him, gleaming with hatred.

It was clear that Morny was not quite himself.

"To give up everything—for you!" he muttered. "You—you ragamuffin—you tramp! You!"

"Master Morny!"

"Get out of my sight!"

Mornington made a spring towards the dismayed fag, and caught him savagely by the shoulder.

In another moment 'Erbert would have gone whirling through the doorway.

"Morny!"

It was Kit Erroll of the Fourth who spoke as he stepped quietly into the study.

At the sound of his chum's voice Mornington released the fag, the colour flooding crimson into his face.

'Erbert staggered.

"Morny, are you off your rocker?" exclaimed Erroll.

Mornington burst into a bitter laugh.

"Pretty nearly, I think," he said. He looked at the fag. "Run along, 'Erbert! Don't mind my temper. I'm out of sorts! Horribly out of sorts!"

"I don't mind a bit, Master Morny," said the fag loyally.

He hurried out of the study, disturbed and troubled in his mind. For many days past there had been passionate outbreaks of Mornington's temper, and the little fag wondered miserably what strange trouble was at the root of it.

There were few things 'Erbert would not have done for the superb youth who had saved him from want and starvation; and it worried him to think that there was nothing he could do to help Mornington in his trouble—that he could not even guess what that unknown trouble was.

Kit Erroll shut the door after the fag had gone.

Then he fixed his eyes on Mornington, who stood with a gloomy brow, his hands driven deep in his pockets.

"Morny! You needn't rag that poor little chap," he said reproachfully. "What's the matter with you? That kid would go through fire and water for you if you asked him."

Mornington laughed bitterly.

"I'm not in a reasonable mood," he said. "You know how the matter stands. Lattrey holds me in the hollow of his hand, and he is still keeping silent. He is playing with me, and I've got to stand it!"

"That's not 'Erbert's fault."

"You don't understand."

Erroll gave him a quick, searching look.

"Morny!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "It's not possible!"

"So you've guessed it!" sneered Mornington.

"You've told me the story—that your missing cousin, Cecil Mornington, has been found, and that you and Lattrey know where he is," said Erroll quietly. "I wondered how it could be. You told me he was a poor, unknown beggar, who did not know his own name. I wondered!"

"You needn't wonder any more," sneered Mornington. "You might have guessed."

"I suppose I might have guessed," assented Erroll. "It's 'Erbert!"

"Yes, it's 'Erbert." Mornington's lip curled sardonically. "The beggar I picked up staring on the road—he's the missing heir of Mornington. I found it out by the birthmark on his shoulder. And Lattrey's found it out, too. That's what Lattrey's been holding over my head; that's why I've been under his thumb. And now I've broken with him he's going to betray the secret, and I'm going to become a nobody, and that young tramp is going to take my place as heir of Mornington—I could stand it if I could get it over. Why doesn't Lattrey speak and have done with it?"

"It's rotten hard lines on you, Morny," said Erroll softly. "But I knew you'd do the right thing in the long run, and let your cousin have his rights. And you won't be a beggar. Your uncle's rich, and—"

"I'm not complainin'," said Mornington. "I can stand it. I can get out of Rookwood; I'll never take a back seat here. I don't care much what happens to me. But—but"—he paused, his eyes gleaming—"if Lattrey intends to keep the secret after all—"

"Morny!"

"Do you think I'm anxious to be a beggar?" exclaimed the dandy of Rookwood fiercely. "I was a fool to quarrel with Lattrey—a dashed fool! He wanted me to give away a cricket-match to let him win his rotten bets. I was a fool to refuse!"

"You were right, Morny, and you'll be glad of it yet!" said Erroll. "No good ever came of doing what you know to be wrong."

Mornington laughed scornfully.

"I'm going to see Lattrey. There may be a chance yet."

"Morny!"

But Mornington left the study, and Kit Erroll was left alone, with a clouded brow. Mornington, between good and evil, had chosen good, but his resolution had already wavered.

The catastrophe that threatened him had dazed him, as it seemed, and he was not quite himself. Erroll stepped into the passage, only in time to see Mornington enter Lattrey's study and close the door.

And Kit Erroll went his way, with a deeply-troubled heart, only hoping that his wayward chum would yet find the right path and follow it.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Too Late!

"COME in, Morny, old scout!"

It was Tubby Muffin, Lattrey's study-mate, who greeted the dandy of Rookwood in affectionate tones.

Tubby Muffin beamed upon him, in fact. Lattrey, the cad of the Fourth, was smoking a cigarette in the study, and he did not even look up.

NEXT FRIDAY!

"SCORING OFF THE NUTS!"

A GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

"Had your tea, Morny?" pursued the fat Classical. "Nothing much here. You know how mean Lattrey is, and I happen to be short of money for once. But I'll tell you what. I'll come to tea with you, if you like."

"Get out!" said Mornington.  
"Oh, I say—"

Mornington made a menacing gesture, and Tubby Muffin scuttled out of the study. It was his own study, and Morny had no right to turn him out of it, but Morny was not troubling himself about the rights of the matter.

He kicked the door shut after the fat junior, and turned to Lattrey, who was now regarding him with a sneering smile through the smoke of the cigarette.

"Well?" said Mornington.

"Well?" repeated Lattrey.

"You don't seem to have told your yarn yet," said Mornington.

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

"Any hurry?" he yawned.

"I've been thinking over the matter."  
"And you've come here to beg for mercy?"  
"I've come to make terms, if you choose."

"After knocking me down before all the fellows, and telling them I tried to get you to give away the Woodend match!" Lattrey laughed. "It's too late, my infant! I'm fed-up with you, Morny!"

"You mean to make terms, or you would have blabbed before this!" said the dandy of the Fourth, eyeing him.

Lattrey laughed.

"It's too late!" he said. "I'm fed-up! I am making terms, but not with you!"

"You haven't spoken to 'Erbert. I know that."

"I don't intend to. I've written to my father."

"Oh!" Mornington drew a deep breath. "You've told him—"

"Not everything—yet. You know my father's the inquiry agent employed by Sir Rupert Stacpole to keep up the search for Cecil Mornington. There's a reward when the kid's found. My information will make the pater able to bag it. That's where I get my whack!" said Lattrey coolly. "I was willing to keep terms with you, but you wouldn't have it. You can take the consequences now."

"What have you told your father?"

"I've told him that I'm on the track of the missing heir of Mornington!" grinned Lattrey. "That I can put my finger on him any time I please. I've asked him how I stand for a whack in the reward if I do put my finger on him. I haven't mentioned that he's at Rookwood. I'm not giving too much away. The pater will be too keen to let a chance slip. The game's up—for you. You've got yourself to thank for it."

Mornington was silent.

The malice in Lattrey's face told him that there was no further hope. It was indeed too late to make terms with the unscrupulous junior who had blackmailed him.

He had been under Lattrey's thumb, and if he had remained there patiently the cad of the Fourth would have kept the secret for his own advantage.

But Mornington's passionate temper had been unable to endure it. More than once his temper had broken out fiercely, and the blackmailer had felt the weight of his arm.

The last blow had been one too many, and Lattrey had done his worst.

"I'm expecting an answer from my pater by every post," continued Lattrey, enjoying the expression on Mornington's face. "When it comes I shall blab, as you call it, fast enough. Until the pater's agreed to my whack in the reward, I hold my tongue. That's all. Make the most of what time you've got left. It may be a day or two."

Mornington set his teeth hard.

Without a word further, he turned and quitted the study, followed by Lattrey's mocking laugh.

Lattrey was enjoying the suspense in which he was keeping him, but it would not last long now.

He walked down to the cricket-field aimlessly.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at practice at the nets, and several voices greeted Mornington as he came up.

"Come and give us some bowling, Morny!" called out Jimmy Silver.

Erroll, who was about to bowl, tossed the

ball to his chum at once. He was glad to see Morny there.

Mornington smiled sardonically.

Cricket was not much to him at that moment. His old ambition to shine as a member of the Rookwood Junior Eleven seemed a very small thing to him now in the presence of the black trouble that weighed upon his heart and his mind.

But he went on the crease, hoping that the game would help to drive away black care.

Morny was one of the best bowlers in the Fourth when he was in the mood, and the junior bats were glad to get him to practice. A wicket needed watching when Morny was bowling against it, as a rule.

But the dandy of the Fourth was not in form now.

His bowling was wild and erratic, and the first ball did not even go within reach of the bat, let alone near the wicket.

Jimmy Silver stared as Lovell started after the wandering leather.

"Wide!" grinned Raby.

"Very wide!" chuckled Newcome. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! Do you call that bowling, Morny?" chirruped Tommy Dodd, the Modern.

"Classical bowling, you know!" said Tommy Cook disparagingly. "That's how they bowl on the Classical side! Huh!"

Mornington scowled as he heard the uncomplimentary remarks of the junior cricketers.

Lovell tossed back the ball, and he bowled again, as badly as before, and the third ball went wide.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "You're off your form, Morny! What the merry dickens is the matter with you?"

"Oh, rats!" growled Mornington. "Hang cricket!"

He drove his hands into his pockets savagely, and strode off the field, leaving the juniors laughing.

Erroll joined him as he went.

"What is it now, Morny?" he asked.

The dandy of the Fourth laughed bitterly.

"I'm out of sorts! I've seen Lattrey, and it's too late! You needn't be alarmed for me, old scout. I've no chance of making a bargain with the cad. He's written to his pater, the sneaking detective who's been hunting for my lost cousin. The game's up!"

Erroll's face was very grave.

"It's hard cheese," he said. "But think a minute, Morny. You've been jolly good to 'Erbert. You saved him from starvation when you brought him to Rookwood. You risked your life to pull him out of the river only a few weeks ago. He's devoted to you. You can't suppose he'll want to take everything and leave you quite stranded. He's bound to treat you generously."

"Do you think I want to take charity from him?" sneered Mornington.

"It won't exactly be that. A rich fellow expects to help his relations."

"And I'm goin' to be a poor relation—a poor relation hangin' after a chap for what he will give me!"

"You look on the worst side of it," said Erroll. "There's your uncle, too. He will see you through."

"And to think that I pulled that kid out of beggary, and brought him here!" said Mornington, with bitter emphasis. "But for that, he'd never have been found. I owe it all to myself."

"You did a kind and decent thing, Morny, and you can't be sorry for it."

"And I dragged him out of the river! If I'd left him there—"

"Morny!" muttered Erroll.

"Am I shockin' you?" Mornington grinned satirically. "Well, I'll shock you some more. I wish I'd left him in the river, hang him!"

"You don't, Morny," said Erroll quietly.

"Don't talk like that! It's hard lines on you, I know, but you've got the pluck to stand it."

"And the pluck to prevent it, if there's a chance left," muttered Mornington, with a dark look.

"It can't be prevented now, Morny—now that Lattrey has given it away."



"Is that a Seagull?" asked Mornington. 'Erbert turned to look in the direction the dandy of the Fourth pointed, and as he did so a sudden powerful grasp was flung upon him from behind. (See Chapter 4.)

"Who knows?"

"What are you thinking of now?" asked Erroll, troubled and uneasy, and almost alarmed by the expression on Mornington's face.

Mornington laughed again—a hard laugh that had no merriment in it.

"I won't tell you, old chap. I'd shock you too much! Get back to your cricket. Jimmy Silver wants you to bowl."

"But—"

"Ta-ta!"

Mornington walked away, and Erroll, with a deeply-troubled brow, went back to the cricket-pitch.

"Coming out, Morny?"

The Nuts of the Fourth were standing in an elegant group chatting by the gateway when Mornington came down to the gates.

Townsend and Topham, Peele and Gower, eyed him curiously.

Morny's savage temper of late had almost estranged his nutty friends. Torny had complained that there was no standin' Morny now and the other nutty youths quite agreed with him. If there was much more of it, Torny declared, they would have to drop Morny entirely.

Mornington's face was pale now, and his eyes had an unnatural glitter in them. He hardly glanced at the Nuts as they greeted him. Townsend & Co. followed him into the road.

Then Morny turned on them.

"What do you want?"

"What price a run down to the merry old Bird-in-Hand?" said Townsend. "Old Hook's there, and we can get up a game of billiards."

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, where are you goin'?"

"Never mind where I'm goin'," said Mornington savagely. "I don't want your company!"

"By gad!"

Mornington strode away down the lane, and the Nuts stared after him in utter disgust and wrath, without following him further.

"Morny's manners are improvin'," remarked Topham, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Townsend set his lips.

"I'm fed up with the cad," he said. "I'm not standin' any more of it, I'm not goin' to speak to him again."

"Same here!" said Gower.

Quite regardless of the anger of his nutty friends, Mornington strode on. He forgot the existence of Townsend & Co. in a minute or less.

He turned from the lane and strode away by the path to Coombe Heath.

While the sun sank lower and lower, Mornington tramped over the heath, amid the dangerous old quarries, careless of the pits that yawned about his feet.

He stopped at last upon an abrupt verge, and stood staring downwards into the gloomy depths below, with iron nerve.

Far below, there was a faint echo of running water. Late rains had flooded the old quarry.

For many minutes the junior stood there, staring into the gloomy abyss, the expression on his face growing darker and darker. He turned away at last, in the thickening dusk, with the seal of a terrible resolution on his face.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

'Erbert is Pleased!

"MORNINGTON!"

Mr. Bootles was taking the roll-call in Big Hall at Rookwood.

Mornington of the Fourth did not answer to his name.

"Mornington!"

The master of the Fourth blinked round over his spectacles, and marked down Mornington as absent.

"Morny's goin' it again!" remarked Townsend, as the juniors came out of Hall. "Keep in it up at the Bird-in-Hand, I'll bet you!"

"And he didn't want us with him!" growled Peele. "Well, I hope he'll get a lickin' for missin' call-over!"

Kit Erroll went to the door, and looked out into the dusky quadrangle, wondering where his chum was. He glanced down as he felt a touch on his elbow, and nodded to 'Erbert of the Second Form.

"Master Morny ain't come in, sir," said the fag, in a low voice.

"Not yet," said Erroll.

"There's somethin' that ain't going right with Master Morny, sir," said 'Erbert. "I

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wish I knowed what it was. P'raps you know, bein' his pal."

Erroll looked at him very curiously. He could not tell Mornington's secret; it had been imparted to him in confidence. But he wondered what the waif of Rookwood would have thought and said if he could have known that he was the cousin of the superb youth who had befriended him, and heir to the estates that were supposed to be Mornington's.

'Erbert would know it soon—that was certain. The news would be strange and startling enough for the little waif who did not even know his own name.

"You know what's the matter with 'im, sir?" said 'Erbert.

"Yes," said Erroll, after a pause.

"You couldn't tell a chap?"

Erroll shook his head.

There was a step in the darkness without, and the fag hurried away—he knew Mornington's step.

"You're late, Morny," said Erroll, as the dandy of the Fourth came up the steps, pale, and breathing hard.

"Yes; I've been on the moor."

"You'll have to report to Bootles," said Erroll, watching Mornington's face uneasily.

"Yes, I know."

Mornington went to the Fourth Form-master's study, where he was duly awarded fifty lines for missing call-over.

Erroll met him in the passage as he came out from Mr. Bootles' study.

"You haven't had your tea?" he asked.

"No; I forgot it."

"Come up to my study; I've got some tummy."

"I don't feel hungry."

"Rubbish! Come along!"

Erroll took his chum's arm, and led him upstairs.

Erroll pushed Mornington into a chair, and speedily placed his meal before him. Mornington ate mechanically.

"I've been talking to young 'Erbert," said Erroll.

"Hang him!"

"Morny, considering what's going to happen, you're not taking the right line with that kid."

Mornington's lip curled.

"Do you think I'm going to suck up to him because he's going to have my money?" he said. "Am I the kind of chap to curry favour for charity?"

"It's not like that. The kid thinks all the world of you, and he is out up by your being so rusty to him. It's rather rotten."

"I know it's rotten," said Mornington grimly. "I can't help it, though. I'm a rotter, you know—a rotter through and through. If you knew what I've been at this afternoon you'd pitch me out of your study neck and crop!"

Erroll eyed him uneasily.

"I won't ask you any questions, Morny."

"Better not; I shouldn't answer them."

"But about 'Erbert—why don't you treat him a bit more decently? When he knows the truth, Morny, he will be anything but pleased, I am sure of that. He won't want to take your place, and he will be anxious to make it as easy as possible for you."

Mornington gave his chum a strange look.

"Perhaps you're right," he remarked. "I'll be a bit more civil to the kid. In fact, I'll ask him to come out with me to-morrow."

"That's better," said Erroll, relieved. "The poor kid can't help it, you know—he can't help being who he is, Morny."

"I know he can't! And I can't help wishing that I'd let him go to the bottom of the river, instead of pulling him out, like a fool!" Mornington laughed impatiently as he caught the look on Erroll's face. "Don't give me a sermon, old chap, for goodness' sake—I can't stand it now! Cut along and join the merry players—I'm not comin'."

"What are you going to do, Morny?"

"Oh, I'll drop in and see 'Erbert!"

"Oh, good!"

Erroll left the study, and Mornington finished his tea, and followed a few minutes later. He sauntered away in the direction of the Second Form-room. The fags were gathering there for evening preparation; and 'Erbert came along the passage with Snooks and Jones minimus.

He sighted Mornington at once, and looked at him with very much the expression of a dog watching a master who may be angry. The dandy of the Fourth gave him a nod and a smile, and 'Erbert's face brightened up.

He left his chums, and joined Mornington, as the latter beckoned.

"Would you like to come for a run out to-morrow afternoon?" asked Mornington. "It's a half-holiday, you know. We could have a walk across the heath, and see the camp at Latcham."

'Erbert's eyes danced. It was the first time his superb patron had asked him to walk with him.

"Oh, Master Morny, I'd like it like anything!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

"Then it's a go, 'Erbert?"

"Wot! And—and you ain't waxy with me any more?" asked 'Erbert timidly.

"Not a bit of it!"

Mornington nodded, and walked away; and 'Erbert, with a very bright face, followed the fags into the Form-room.

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

On the Verge of a Crime!

JIMMY SILVER glanced at 'Erbert of the Second, and smiled.

The Fistical Four were heading for the river on that Wednesday afternoon, and they had come down to the gates in a merry crowd.

'Erbert was waiting there.

The waif of Rookwood looked unusually nicely clad. He had on his best Etons, his tie was carefully tied, his shoes were well brushed, and his straw hat was set straight on his head. And he was smiling a smile of contentment.

"Hallo! Have you come into a fortune?" asked Lovell.

"You're looking—jolly chippy, 'Erbert," said Jimmy Silver.

'Erbert nodded, and grinned.

"Quite 'appy, thank you!" he said.

"What's on?" asked Raby. "Has the Head asked you to tea?"

"Or has Miss Dolly asked you to go for a walk?" grinned Newcome.

'Erbert chuckled.

"No, they ain't," he said. "I'm goin' to Latcham with Mornington."

"Oh," said Jimmy Silver, laughing, "that accounts for the merry milk in the cocoa-nut!"

"Master Morny's asked me for to go out this arfternoon with him," said 'Erbert proudly.

"Have a merry time, old scout," said Jimmy Silver. "And the Fistical Four went on their way, much pleased by 'Erbert's pleasure."

Mornington came down to the gates as they left, and cast a dark, suspicious glance after them.

Jimmy paused, and looked back.

"You two are going to Latcham—what?" he asked.

"Yes," muttered Mornington.

"Like us to pull you there in our boat? We're going to make an arfternoon of it."

"No, thanks! We're going to walk."

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver hurried after his chums, and the Fistical Four launched their boat, and forgot all about Mornington.

"Come on!" said Mornington abruptly.

'Erbert went out into the road with the dandy of the Fourth.

'Erbert was in the seventh heaven.

Morny's having asked him to take that walk on that sunny half-holiday was more than enough to make the little fag happy.

It indicated that Morny had "come round"—that the magnificent Mornington had got over those strange fits of temper that had troubled him, and intended to be kind, as of old, to his loyal protege.

But if 'Erbert had expected pleasant and congenial conversation on the way he was disappointed.

Mornington did not speak, and the fag did not venture to break the silence.

Once or twice Morny glanced at him, and then 'Erbert was surprised and a little startled by the strange, deep fire in his eyes.

He began to wonder, in a vague, uneasy way, whether Morny was ill.

They turned into the path for the moor, and tramped along in silence, and slowly the brightness died out of 'Erbert's face.

Mornington was in a strange mood. He could not understand, and he could not keep from wondering why Morny looked at him so strangely.

The wide heath stretched round them now, rising in the far distance towards Latcham, with the red roofs of Coombe far away on the left.

(Continued on page 13.)

NEXT FRIDAY!

"SCORING OFF THE NUTS!"

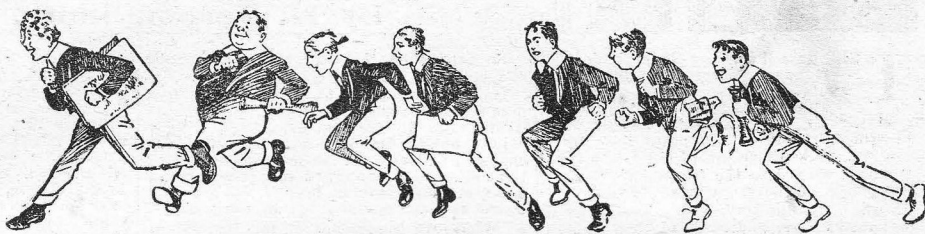
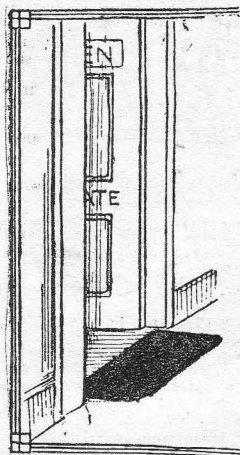
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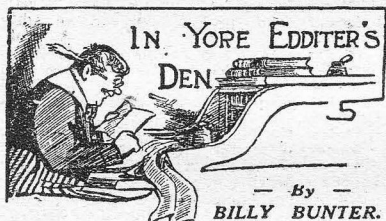


# BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!

Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.



ASSISTED BY FATTY WYNN AND BAGGY TRIMBLE OF ST. JIM'S, SAMMY BUNTER OF GREYFRIARS, AND TUBBY MUFFIN OF ROOKWOOD



By BILLY BUNTER.

## JOOVENILE JOTTINGS!

By SAMMY BUNTER.

## MEMORIES!

By DICK PENFOLD.

Sung by Mr. PAUL P. PROUT, M.A.

My Deer Reederers.—The term "recreation" is a very elastic one. You can stretch it a good deal.

Lots and lots of things come under the heading of recreation. Their's kricket, and swimming, and sigh-ling, and card-playing, and domynose, and japing, and tuck-eating.

We have already had a Speshul Swotting Number, and the time is now ripe to deal with recreation, which is the very Aunty-thesis of swotting. (Good word, Aunty-thesis. I heard Mr. Quelch use it the other day!)

Of course, we couldn't possibly get along without recreation. If we had to work from mourning to nite, we should soon be fizzical recks.

The brane and bobby rekwire konstant eggserisise, and that's where recreation comes in.

Personally, I get neerly all my recreation at the tuckshopp. I've got the strongest pear of jaws at Greyfriars, simply bekwase I've taken the trubble to eggserisise them properly. Sum felloes never eggserisise there jaws eggsept when they are torking. This is a grate mistaik.

I have spared no panes (as the chap said when he chucked a stone threw the Head's windo!) to make this number a big sucksess.

You will notiss that I am axcepting sum of Dick Penfold's verses. I ought not to, bekwase he is konstantly taking my name in vane. But my reederers have asked me to publish Penfold's poems from time to time, and the wishes of my reederers must (like the avveridge pear of shooze) be studded!

I trusted that this Speshul Recreation Number will be the meens of making the recreation of thowsands of boys and girls more enjoyable than it wood otherwise have bean.

Ever yore stout pal,

*Yore Edditer*

We have had a good deel of wreck-creation in the Lower Skool of late. The English are very fond of wreck-creation. So are the Jermans. During the Grate War they strood the seas with mines in order to sink our vessels. That was "wreck-creation," with a vengeanse!

The Grate Marbels Tornyment in the Sekkond Form was won by ME, after a most eggsting kontest with Dicky Nugent. My majer prommist me a big feed at the tuck-shopp if I one, and I deserve it, two! I've beeteen Nugent miner at marbels befour, so the rezzult did not come as a serprize.

I also got into the final of the Chessnut Tornyment. You no what I meen. You have a chessnut—a hoarse chessnut—tied to the end of a peace of string, and yore opponent takes a swiipe at it. Unforchuntly, yung Hop Hi, when he took his swiipe, hit me on the nose with his chessnut, and I was forsed to retire from the kontest. Their is no dout that I should have beeteen Hop Hi if he hadn't been giltly of a deliberate fowl.

Wunce agane I have won the Norts and Krosses Champyunshipp of the Lower Skool. Very few felloes can hold a candle to me at norts and krosses, my sistem of cheeting being so perfect.

I was beeteen at loodo, but I won the snakes and ladders kontest after a thrilling tussell. One day I hope to play snakes and ladders for England! I can always mannidge to throw the dice so that a "six" comes out. You see, I've got a speshul dice of my own, with the "six" marked on every side!

Their has been a lot more wreck-creation in the Lower Skool, but owing to kon-sidderations of space I am unable to deskribe the various kontests in this kollum. Suffice it to say that I won the lot!

"I SAY YOU FELLOWS, ITS COMING!"

"WHAT?"

SPECIAL NUMBER WEEK

I remember, I remember

The merry jaunts of mine,  
Amid the Rocky Mountains high,  
In eighteen eighty-nine.  
The college chums who came with me  
Were staggered at my aim;  
My sack was always bulging full  
With big and little game!

I remember, I remember,

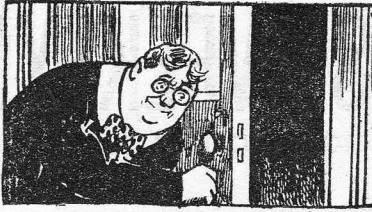
The ducks I used to shoot;  
The field-mice and the elephants,  
And savages, to boot.  
Full many a wild adventurer  
Was glad to shake my fist,  
For I was known as "Pop-gun Paul"—  
The man who never missed!

I remember, I remember,

One dark and treacherous night,  
I struggled to my feet, and shot  
A Redskin chief on sight.  
They did not call it murder then,  
It might be different now;  
But, anyway, you should have seen  
The laurels on my brow!

I remember, I remember,

Those days so bright and blest,  
When I, Paul Prout, was champion of  
The wild and woolly West.  
Ah, happy days of long ago,  
Beloved by British birds!  
But now, I could not hit a foe  
At half a dozen yards!



# A False Alarm!

By H. Vernon-Smith.

"TELL Russell to bring the grub along!" It was Harry Wharton who spoke.

The door of Study No. 1 happened to be slightly ajar, and Billy Bunter, who had stopped short in the passage in order to adjust his bootlace, heard what was said.

A gleam came into the fat junior's eyes at the mention of the magic word "grub."

It was a half-holiday, and it looked as if the Famous Five, and some of their chums, were arranging a picnic.

Billy Bunter pricked up his ears. He was determined not to miss a single word of the ensuing conversation.

Bob Cherry's voice then became audible. "I'll see about the wine, you fellows."

Billy Bunter jumped.

He wondered if he had heard aright.

Wine! What did Harry Wharton & Co. want with wine?

Had Loder of the Sixth made that remark, Bunter would have understood it.

Loder was by way of being a gay dog, and it was believed that on more than one occasion he had sampled some light wine.

But it was not Loder who had spoken. It was Bob Cherry of the Remove!

"Yes, we must have a dozen bottles of wine!"

It was Frank Nugent's voice this time.

Billy Bunter trembled from head to foot with excitement.

There could no longer be any doubt about it.

Harry Wharton & Co. were going to some secluded spot in order to eat, drink, and be merry. And their drink was not going to be ginger-pop or lemonade, but wine!

Billy Bunter conjured up visions of a dozen bottles of Champagne, or of sparkling Moselle.

The fat junior was utterly amazed. And the next moment his amazement grew.

"Tell Ogilvy not to forget the pipes," said Johnny Bull.

"And the fags," added Wharton.

Billy Bunter was only just able to smother an exclamation of astonishment.

This was getting worse and worse!

Wine, and pipes, and cigarettes!

Had the Famous Five suddenly blossomed forth into bold, bad blades?

It looked very much like it.

"We shall have a topping afternoon," said Bob Cherry. "That old barn in the middle of Friardale Wood is just the place."

"Yes, rather!"

"Buzz along, Inky!" said Wharton, "and tell Russell to see about the grub, and Ogilvy to bring the pipes along, and to collect the fags on his way."

"And you will see to the esteemed winefulness, my worthy Bob?"

"Yes," said Bob Cherry.

Hurree Singh moved towards the door. Billy Bunter heard him coming, and promptly took to his heels. If he had been caught eavesdropping outside the door of Study No. 1, it would have gone hard with him.

The fat junior was in a fever of excitement.

"I suspected all along that Wharton & Co. weren't the goody-goody chaps they've made themselves out to be," he muttered. "They're going to make a merry afternoon of it. Pipes and fags and wine! My only aunt! It's enough to get the whole gang of them fired out of Greyfriars!"

Billy Bunter rolled out into the Close, and sat down on one of the benches underneath the elms.

"What ought I to do about this?" he murmured. "It's no use asking Wharton if I can join the party. He's bound to refuse. I suppose it's my duty to report the matter to a master or a prefect. Can't allow this sort of thing to go on. It's too terrible for words!"

After a good deal of deliberation, Billy Bunter rose to his feet and rolled away in the direction of the Sixth Form passage.

THE POPULAR.—No. 135.

He tapped on the door of Loder's study, and entered.

There was nobody at home. This fact didn't seem to displease Bunter at all. He went across to the cupboard, and calmly helped himself to half a cake. His jaws champed steadily for some moments, until the half-cake was reduced to a few crumbs. Then he hastily drew back from the cupboard as footsteps sounded in the passage.

"What are you doing in my study, you young cub?" demanded Loder, as he strode in.

Billy Bunter blinked at the prefect through his big spectacles.

"I say, Loder! I've just bowled those rotters out!"

"Eh? Which rotters?"

"Wharton & Co., you know. They've always pretended to be paragons of virtue, and Good Little Georgies, and all the rest of it; and all the time they're blades and goers! They're having a secret celebration this afternoon in the old barn in Friardale Wood."

Loder looked searchingly at the speaker.

"If you're pulling my leg—" he began.

"I'm not!" said Billy Bunter earnestly. "I happened to be passing Wharton's study just now, and I heard them making their arrangements. Russell's going to take a hamper of grub along—"

Loder snorted.

"Nothing in that!" he growled. "They're

said. "I'm going to place the matter in Mr. Quelch's hands."

So saying, the prefect went along to the Remove-master's study.

To say that Mr. Quelch was flabbergasted was to put it mildly.

"Are you quite sure you have not been misinformed, Loder?" he asked.

"Quite sure, sir. With my own eyes I have just seen Wharton and the others going out of the gates, carrying the wine and stuff."

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet.

"I will follow them and investigate this affair," he said. "You had better accompany me, Loder."

"Certainly, sir!"

Master and prefect set out on their mission.

It was a long way to the barn in Friardale Wood. Moreover, the afternoon was hot. Mr. Quelch paused several times to dab his perspiring brow with a handkerchief.

At last the old barn came in sight. Sounds of revelry proceeded from within. A grin of malicious triumph came over Loder's countenance.

Mr. Quelch compressed his lips. Stepping forward, he rapped on the door of the barn.

"Wharton! Admit me at once!"

The noise ceased abruptly, and after a brief interval the door of the barn was opened.

Mr. Quelch frowned sternly at the nine fellows within. They were the Famous Five, Dick Russell, Donald Ogilvy, Nugent minor, and Tubb.

"I understand, Wharton," said the Remove-master, "that you have a supply of wine here."

"That's so, sir," said Wharton cheerfully.

"Bless my soul! Can it be possible?" gasped Mr. Quelch. "What brand of wine is it?"

"Ginger wine, sir!"

And Wharton held up one of the bottles for inspection.

Loder snapped his fingers with annoyance and chagrin. He had not been prepared for this!

Mr. Quelch's frown relaxed somewhat.

"There is no harm in your consuming ginger wine, my boys," he said. "But I have been led to believe that you have pipes here."

"Yes, sir," said Ogilvy promptly. "I was asked to bring my bagpipes along. I can't play them in my study because the other fellows complain of the din. So we selected this quiet spot, sir."

"I see," said Mr. Quelch. "I am satisfied that you did not come here in order to dissipate. But stay! Loder tells me you have some cigarettes here."

"We have a couple of fags, sir, certainly!" said Bob Cherry, pointing to Nugent minor and Tubb.

And there was a ripple of laughter from the occupants of the barn.

Mr. Quelch spun round angrily upon Loder, who was biting his lip with rage and impotence.

"The next time you bring a report to me, Loder, you will kindly make sure of your facts! You have brought me all this distance in the broiling sun on what has proved to be a fool's errand. I am annoyed beyond measure!"

And Mr. Quelch certainly looked it!

Loder, crushed by this rebuke in public, turned on his heel with a snarl of rage.

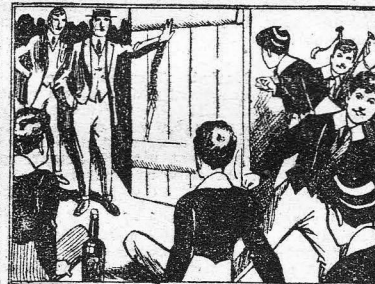
Half an hour later he was rushing around the passages of Greyfriars like a demented creature, with an ash-plant clutched tightly in his grasp.

Oh, no! He had not taken leave of his senses!

He was merely looking for Bunter!

THE END.

[Supplement II.]



After a brief interval the door of the barn was opened. Mr. Quelch, followed in the rear by Loder, strode forward. "Wharton, what is the meaning of this?" he thundered.

quite at liberty to have a feed in the old barn."

"But they're not at liberty to drink and smoke—"

"What?"

"That's what they intend doing, right enough," said Bunter. "Bob Cherry's seeing to the wine, and Ogilvy's taking the pipes and fags along."

Loder's eyes gleamed. He could see that Billy Bunter was not prevaricating.

On numerous occasions in the past, Loder had tried to catch Harry Wharton & Co. napping. But they had been too wide-awake for him.

Here, however, was a splendid opportunity of pouncing upon them, and getting them into serious trouble.

Chancing to look out of his study window at that moment, Loder caught sight of the chums of the Remove passing out of gates.

Bob Cherry was carrying a suspicious-looking wooden box, which might easily have contained a dozen bottles of wine.

Dick Russell, assisted by Nugent minor and Tubb, carried a large hamper, evidently containing tuck. And Ogilvy carried a fair sized parcel, which doubtless contained pipes and cigarettes.

Loder looked grim as he turned away from the window.

"Thanks for this information, Bunter," he



By Ralph Reckness Cardew.

**M**OST fellows have got some special hobby or recreation. Some cheerful idiots take a frenzied delight in keeping white mice. Others, of a mournful disposition, do fretwork. Others, again, collect stamps and picture-postcards. These hobbies are rarely kept up for any length of time; but while the craze lasts most fellows have it bad.

George Alfred Grundy's was a case in point. Grundy had taken it into his head to collect autographs. Not the autographs of common or garden persons like you or I, but the signatures of great men—famous sportsmen, poets, politicians, and the like.

"My uncle's sent me a topping autograph-book," Grundy confided to Wilkins and Gunn, his two study-mates.

Wilkins grunted, Gunn snorted. "I'd rather have a cricket-bat," said the former.

"I'd rather have a tuck-hammer," said the latter.

It was Grundy's turn to snort.

"You live for nothing but this fool game called cricket, George Wilkins!" he said. "And you, William Gunn, haven't got a soul that rises above eating and drinking. Why, you're as bad as Baggy Trimble!"

"What are you going to do with your mouldy old autograph-book, anyway?" said Wilkins.

"Get it full of signatures, of course. I shall send it to the Prince of Wales, for a start!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And then to the Prime Minister. Then I shall get the Middlesex cricket eleven to give me their signatures. Middlesex is going to be champion county, you know."

"It'll cost you a small fortune in postage," said Gunn. "Every time you send the book to anybody, you'll have to enclose stamps for its return."

"I know that. But you can't expect to get the autographs of great men without a bit of trouble and expense."

"Ass!" said Wilkins, who considered that everybody who collected autographs was mentally unbalanced. "You won't get the Prince of Wales's signature, for a start!"

But there Wilkins was wrong. Grundy sent his autograph-book to Buckingham Palace, with a request for the Prince's signature.

Everybody said it was like Grundy's check to do such a thing, and that it would serve him right if he received Royal rebuke for his audacity.

But no rebuke came. Instead, the autograph-book was returned within a few days, with the Prince's signature modestly inscribed on the last page but one.

George Alfred Grundy was delirious with joy. He showed his autograph-book round the school with great pride; and he slept with the book under his pillow.

Some days later the book was despatched to the Prime Minister, who favoured Grundy with the honour of his signature. Then it was sent to Lord's cricket-ground, and every member of the Middlesex team inscribed his name in it.

At the end of a fortnight Grundy had a perfectly priceless collection of autographs. He would not have parted with his book for all the wealth of the Indies. It was his one dread that somebody would have designs upon the treasured book, and appropriate it one night from under his pillow.

Then came the day when Jim the Slogger, a famous heavyweight, was due to meet Battling Burke in London for the championship of England.

Grundy had set his heart on getting Jim the Slogger's autograph. But he was handicapped by not knowing where the celebrated boxer lived.

"There's only one thing for it," he remarked to Wilkins and Gunn on the eve of the fight, "I must get permission from

the Head to go up to town and see the scrap."

"But you'll never get a seat!" protested Wilkins. "All the seats at the Holborn Stadium have been booked up for weeks in advance!"

"And even if you managed to get a seat, you wouldn't get the autograph," said Gunn. "I've heard that Jim the Slogger—although he makes thousands of quids at boxing—can't write his own name."

"Then he'll have to put his mark," said Grundy. "I'll get something from him, anyway!"

The Head was very reluctant to allow Grundy to go to London. Finally, however, he consented, on the understanding that Grundy returned by the last train on the night of the fight. He was given a special pass, and he started off for London in high spirits.

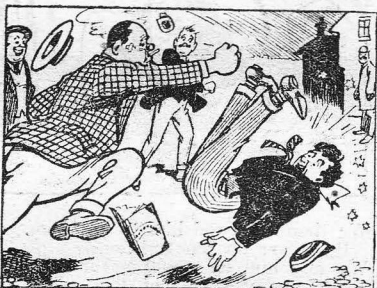
On arriving at his destination, however, Grundy found it was impossible to get into the Stadium.

As Wilkins had said, all the seats had been booked weeks beforehand; and there was not even standing room.

An enormous crowd waited outside the building to hear the result of the great fight.

The popular opinion seemed to be that Jim the Slogger would win fairly easily.

"He's a hefty fellow and there's not a



"I won't give you my autograph," said Jim the Slogger. "But I'll give you something to remember me by." He flashed out his great fist, and Grundy stopped it on the point of his nose.

man living who can stand up to that smashing straight left of his," Grundy heard somebody say.

"Has the fight started yet?" inquired Grundy of a man at his elbow.

"Yes, young shaver. It's on now."

Grundy went round to the back of the building, with the intention of intercepting Jim the Slogger when that celebrity came out.

He had been waiting about ten minutes, when there was a mighty roar. The great fight was over.

The doors were opened, and the crowd streamed out. On every side Grundy heard loud murmurs of amazement.

"Did Jim the Slogger win?" he asked a smartly-dressed youth who was in the act of thrusting a notebook into his pocket, and who was evidently a newspaper reporter.

The youth grinned.

"No. He was knocked out in the third round," he said.

"My hat!"

This was rather a blow to Grundy, who had always regarded Jim the Slogger as the greatest fighting-man in England.

Still, in spite of the fact that Jim the Slogger had been beaten, his autograph would be well worth obtaining. Grundy hadn't come up to London for nothing. He knew that if he went back to St. Jim's empty-handed he would be chipped unmercifully. So he waited.

When the vast multitude had dispersed a taxicab drew up close to where Grundy was standing. And then a huge man, with a somewhat battered countenance, stepped out of the building.

Grundy recognised him at a glance, from the photographs he had seen in the papers. It was Jim the Slogger!

The defeated boxer was scowling fiercely. He had gone into the ring with the intention of "wiping out the floor" with Battling Burke. But the boot had been on the other foot.

It was Jim the Slogger who had licked the dust.

If Grundy had possessed an ounce of wisdom he would not have dreamed of approaching the vanquished boxer at such a moment. He might have guessed that Jim the Slogger was not in the humour to sign autograph-books just then.

But wisdom is a virtue which George Alfred Grundy doesn't possess.

Before Jim the Slogger could step into the waiting taxi, to hide his diminished head, Grundy ran forward to intercept him. He held out his autograph-book, together with a fountain-pen.

"I say, sir," he said, "you might give me your autograph!"

Jim the Slogger stopped short.

For the first time Grundy noticed the great boxer's menacing scowl.

"Stand aside!" he snarled.

Had Grundy obeyed all would have been well. But he persisted in his madness.

"You really must give me your autograph!" he said. "I've come all the way up from Sussex to get it!"

Jim the Slogger glared at the schoolboy who stood in his path.

"I won't give you my autograph," he said, "but I'll give you something to remember me by!"

"Yes, that's it!" said Grundy eagerly.

Biff!

It seemed to Grundy that a cannon-ball struck him. He felt as if he had somehow got mixed up with an earthquake.

He descended to the pavement with what a novelist would describe as a sickening thud. And when he opened his eyes and remembered who he was and where he was, he saw that the taxicab had disappeared. And so had Jim the Slogger.

Grundy returned to St. Jim's that night by the last train.

When he came into the Shell dormitory it was observed that his nose was twice its usual size.

"Hallo, Grundy!" exclaimed Wilkins, sitting up in bed. "Did you get that autograph?"

"No!"

"Did you see Jim the Slogger?" inquired Gunn.

"Yes!" said Grundy. "And I felt him, too!" he added, caressing his damaged nasal organ.

After his unhappy experience in London, George Alfred Grundy no longer collects autographs. He has taken the less dangerous hobby of collecting cigarette-pictures!

THE END.

EDDITER'S NOTE!

I have decided to give Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble a rest this week. Fatty says it's much too hot to work, and Baggy tells me that unless he is given a respite he will have a nervous breakdown. Of course, I have to study my sub-edditors, and, as I say, I am giving them a rest. But they will drop no salaries this week. There munney will be given to a deserving charity. Har, har, har! Karn't you guess who the "deserving charity" is?—W. G. B.

THE POPULAR.—No. 135.

## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING!

By Tubby Muffin.

The other day I sent a letter to my pater, as folloos:

"Deer Pater,—I am getting on very well at Rookwood. The grubb is much better than it used to be, and the only komplaint I have to make is that I don't get enuff recreation.

"As you no, a fello karn't possibly be fizzically fit unless he has plenty of recreation. I wish you woud drop a line to the Head on this subjick.

"By the way, I could do with another postle-order. You haven't sent me one sinse I was a fag in the Third.

"Yore affecshunate son,

"REGINALD."

Now, my objekt in writing this letter, deer readers, was to wangle time off from lessens.

The Head woud send for me, I thort, and say:

"Look here, Muffin, my boy, I understand from yore father that you are not getting enuff recreation. You will therefore be aloud to take a long walk every afternoon, instead of going in to lessens."

The Head did send for me, certainly. But what he said was this:

"Muffin! I am rekwested by yore father to see that you get plenty of recreation. I have therefore instruckted Silver, the kaptin of yore Form, to see that you take eggersise reggularly."

So I was handed over to the tender mercies of Jimmy Silver and his pals. And they put me threw it, I can tell you!

I was dragged out of bed long before rising-bell, and maid to run a mile. Then I was thrown into the river.

It was orful! I can feel the taste of the water even as I write!

After brekker, I was taken into the Jim, and Silver maid me have the gluv on with him.

I don't like having the gluv on with anybody. I'm always so afrade of hurting them! But I had no choyce in the matter, so far as Silver was konserned. He punched me with grate vigger all over my annatermy, and I thort I should have to be carried in to mourning lessens on a stretcher.

But my troubles did not end there.

When lessens were over I had to play kriket at the netts, and it neerly killed me. When I was batting everybody seemed to be playing at cokernut-shies. And I was the cokernut!

I was broozed all over my bobby by the time they had finished, and I wasn't fit for any more recreation that day. I told Jimmy Silver so, but he insisted on dragging me out and making me run another mile.

I was in a state of kollapse at the end of the day. I had just enuff energy left to kompile the following letter to my pater:

"Deer Pater,—I have only got one komplaint to make about my life at Rookwood. I'm getting far too much recreation. It duzzent give me time to get on with my studdies.

"Pleeze use yore inflewense with the Head, and get him to kansel my recreation. I am eggshasted beyond mezzure.

"Yores weerily,

"REGINALD."

(Continued at foot of col. 2.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 135

## TUBBY IN TRAINING!

By George Raby.

We had instructions from the Head  
(Much to our jubilation)  
To take our podgy friend in hand,  
And give him recreation.

For Tubby Muffin had complained  
He got no exercise.  
Quoth Jimmy Silver: "Tubby's fat,  
We'll quickly minimise!"

We dragged him out at five a.m.  
And took him for a run;  
Then threw the porpoise in the stream;  
You should have seen the fun!

He snorted, and he puffed and blew  
Just like a blessed grampus!  
By splashing water right and left  
He then contrived to damp us!



We then conveyed him to the gym.  
By Silver he was smitten.  
We told him he would never be  
The porker-weight of Britain!

We made him pick the dumb-bells up  
(They weighed about a ton).  
And poor old Tubby, bless his heart,  
Was absolutely done!

We made him swing the Indian clubs,  
And stand upon his hands.  
He moaned and groaned, but was compelled  
To yield to our demands!

We made him run another mile.  
Said Newcome, with a grin:  
"These strenuous bursts of exercise  
Will soon make Tubby thin!"

That evening Tubby Muffin wrote  
A letter to his dad:  
"I don't like recreation, for  
(Yow-wow!) It makes me bad!"

When Tubby Muffin was released  
He made this exclamation:  
"I say, you fellows, never more  
I'll take up recreation!"

~~~~~

(Continued from col. 1.)

That letter had the desired effect, and I was released from the crool clutches of Jimmy Silver & Co.

I am a firm beleever in recreation. But it is possibul to have too much of a good thing!

## ROOKWOOD RECREATION!

By Jimmy Silver.

It is rumoured that Adolphus Smythe, the champion slacker of Rookwood, is about to do a little work by way of recreation!

The Classical Fourth have taken up the enjoyable sport of kite-flying. They fixed a pair of water-wings on to that silly kite, Tubby Muffin, and sent him flying into the river!

N.B.—Since this incident, the water has borne a striking resemblance to black ink!

My minor Algy has won the top-spinning contest in the Lower School. Keep it up, old top!

The Fourth-Formers also had a top-spinning contest. Tubby Muffin boasted that he would win it, but he failed hopelessly. Tubby's no good at spinning tops. His speciality is spinning fairy-tales!

We were present in the gym the other day when a youth named Bell dropped a dumb-bell on to his pet corn. Judging by the yells of anguish which followed, the victim was anything but a dumb Bell!

Tubby Muffin is a great angler. He's always fishing—for information. But he generally discovers that it's "no catch"!

Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Side, says that in future his recreation will take the form of long walks. Well, we've often seen a turkey trot, but this will be the first occasion on which we shall see a goose walk!

At a cricket match last Saturday, between Latcham and Rookwood First, the Latcham skipper happened to be chased by a mad bull. He thus had the satisfaction of winning "the toss"!

A cricket eleven called Latcham Had catches, but never could catch 'em. Their batting was strong, But it didn't take long For Bulkeley & Co. to despatch 'em!

## THE GREYFRIARS HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

On sale on the  
FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[Supplement IV.]

## Mornington's Temptation!

(Continued from page 8.)

Mornington turned from the path, and then 'Erbert spoke.

"It's right on to Latcham, Master Morny," he said timidly.

"We'll go this way."

"Orl right, sir."

Knee-deep in grass and ferns, they walked on, Mornington a little ahead of the fag, and walking so fast that 'Erbert had trouble to keep up with him.

The roofs of Coombe had disappeared now, and round them the wide heath stretched, with billowing gorse, to the horizon. Overhead the summer sun shone from a sky of almost cloudless blue.

A vague sense of loneliness settled on 'Erbert. Why was Mornington so strangely silent? This was not the happy walk he had been looking forward to.

"Stop here a bit," said Mornington at last. 'Erbert halted.

They stood on the edge of the old, disused quarry, where Mornington had paused the previous evening and looked so long into the dusky depths.

Deep down in the old excavations eternal twilight reigned.

Mornington picked up a stone and tossed it into the quarry. From far below came a faint, echoing splash.

'Erbert stole a timid glance at him.

"It ain't safe 'ere, so near the edge, Master Morny," he murmured. "And—and we've got a long way to go to Latcham now."

Mornington smiled sardonically.

"We sha'n't get to Latcham this afternoon," he said.

"Just as you like, sir."

'Erbert shrank away from his companion as he looked at him. Mornington's eyes seemed on fire with a strange, unnatural light. A strange and terrible suspicion shot through the fag's mind as he caught Morny's eyes.

He wondered, and feared. Was the dandy of Rookwood quite in his right mind? Instinctively he moved back from the grassy verge of the quarry.

"Is that a seagull?" said Mornington suddenly.

He swept his hand towards the quarry.

'Erbert turned to look in the direction he pointed.

His back was towards Mornington.

And as his back was turned a sudden powerful grasp was flung upon him from behind, and he felt himself forced to the giddy verge of the precipice.

A sharp, terrified scream left the fag's lips. For a moment quarry and gorse and sky swam round him. The dusky depths seemed to be rushing up to meet him. The solid earth was no longer under his feet. And in that fearful moment the icy hand of death seemed to lay its clutch on his very heart.

The next instant he was drawn back from the giddy edge, and thrown in the thick grass, in safety, and Mornington fell on his knees beside him.

As through a mist he heard Mornington's voice, dimly he saw the white face at his side.

"'Erbert! You're not hurt! Don't be scared, kid! You're not hurt!"

'Erbert sat up, dazedly.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### After Darkness, Light!

'ERBERT sat in the grass panting.

His brain was in a whirl.

For that one fearful moment Mornington's iron grasp had held him over the very edge of the precipice, helpless to avert his fate, and then had drawn him back to safety.

Was it only a horrible joke?

"Master Morny," groaned 'Erbert, "you—you scared me, sir! I—I—"

His voice trailed off and broke.

"You're all right, kid! Did you think I was going to pitch you in?"

Morny's voice was mocking, and he laughed tunelessly.

"I—I was afeared—"

'Erbert ceased to speak. He was ashamed of the terrible fear that had gripped his very heart and soul as he spun on the edge of the abyss.

"Come!" said Mornington abruptly. He helped the still shaking fag to his feet, and led him away from the quarry. 'Erbert was glad to follow him. Mornington stopped at last, and sat down on a jutting rock among the gorse, and motioned 'Erbert to do the same.

Mornington's face was white as chalk, and there were thick beads of perspiration on his brow. But the wild light had died out of his eyes, and his manner was curiously calm.

"I've got somethin' to tell you, 'Erbert," he said quietly.

"Yes, sir," faltered 'Erbert.

"Do you know why I brought you out here this afternoon?"

"N-n-no, sir!"

"Because I was out of my senses, I think," said Mornington. "I don't quite know what was the matter with me. Too much worry, I suppose. But I was goin' to pitch you into the quarry, 'Erbert!"

The fag shrank back with a cry.

"Oh, Master Morny! Wot 'ave I done?"

"Nothin'," said Mornington. "Only being yourself, my dear kid, and standing in my light. But—but don't look at me like that, 'Erbert. I tell you I was mad just then.

As soon as I came to carry out what was in my mind I understood, and"—he pressed his hand across his brow—"I'd rather have pitched myself in than you, 'Erbert!"

Mornington paused.

He tore open his collar and turned back the shirt, exposing the white skin of his shoulder to view.

"Look!" he said.

"My eye!" muttered 'Erbert, in wonder. On the white skin showed the deep crimson mark, strangely in the form of a wolf's head—the birthmark of the Morningtons.

"That's the same mark wot I 'ave on my shoulder, Master Morny—wot you see the day you pulled me out of the river," said 'Erbert, in amazement. "You got it, too!"

Mornington refastened his collar.

"But—but—" stammered 'Erbert dazedly.

"I had a cousin," said Mornington, "the son of my father's elder brother. He was lost, and taken by gipsies, when he was a little kid."

"I was brought up by gipsies," muttered 'Erbert.

Mornington nodded.

"He had that birthmark on his shoulder," he said. "He would be about thirteen now if still living."

"Your cousin!" said 'Erbert, still dazed.

"Oh, Master Morny, you don't mean as 'ow I am your cousin?"

"That's what I mean."

"Oh, sir!"

There was a long silence.

'Erbert was trying to assimilate that startling information in his dazed mind. It was too amazing to be fully comprehended at once. Mornington watched his face.

'Erbert looked at him at last.

"Master Morny, I—I'm your relation, and you've found it out?"

"Yes."

"I'd be glad of that, sir, if you was glad," said 'Erbert humbly. "I—I think I knows now why you turned agin me. You don't want to own the likes of me for your relation. I—I wouldn't think of tellin' anybody, sir—not if you don't like. You've found it out, but nobody else don't know it. There ain't no need to tell anybody. P'r'aps, later on, arter I've been a good bit at Rookwood, when I'm improved, sir, you won't be ashamed of me. Then p'r'aps you'll tell folks, but not if you don't choose. I ain't goin' to say no a single word!"

Mornington drew a deep breath.

"What a rotten brute I've been!" he said.

"'Erbert, my dear kid, I'm not ashamed of you. It's you that ought to be ashamed of me!"

"But—but if you ain't ashamed of me as a relation, Master Morny, I don't see—"

said 'Erbert.

"You don't understand. Your father was my father's elder brother."

"Wot does that matter?"

Mornington smiled faintly.

"You don't know wnat an entail is?" he said.

"Never 'eard of it, sir," said 'Erbert.

"Wot is it?"

"The Mornington estates are entailed on the eldest son. That means that everything goes to the eldest."

'Erbert started.

"Master Morny!"

"Do you understand now?"

"I ain't the eldest of us two," said 'Erbert, beginning to understand. "You're a good two year older than me, sir."

"That makes no difference. Your father was the elder brother of my father, and everything was his. It came to my father because you were lost, and could not be found, and your death was presumed, as the lawyers call it. Now you are found, and take your place as the heir of Mornington."

"Oh!"

"You will be rich!" said Mornington grimly. "You will have twenty thousand a year when you are twenty-one, 'Erbert."

"Me, sir!" gasped 'Erbert breathlessly.

"Yes."

"My 'at!"

'Erbert was silent for a long time, contemplating the amazing prospect opened before him by Mornington's words. Then he looked suddenly at Mornington, with quick suspicion.

"And wot will you 'ave, sir?"

"Nothin'."

'Erbert's lip quivered.

"Then—then this 'ere money, wot I'm goin' to 'ave, it's your money—it's wot would 'ave come to you, sir, if I 'adn't been found?"

Mornington nodded.

"That's why you said I was a-robbin' you yesterday!" said 'Erbert, with a flash of recollection. "I—I understand now."

"I wasn't quite myself then, 'Erbert. I'm not goin' to make a fuss. You're goin' to have your rights."

"Not if I don't choose to say nothin'," said 'Erbert.

"Lattrey knows, and his father."

"Wot 'ave they got to do with it?"

"Lattrey's father is the detective employed to search for Cecil Mornington. The search has been going on for years. Your father left instructions for it. Even if you said nothing, 'Erbert, it would come out. And"

—Mornington drew a deep breath—"I should not say nothing, 'Erbert. I intend to write to my guardian to-day and tell him the whole story."

He rose to his feet, and his hand dropped lightly on 'Erbert's shoulder.

"No more of that, 'Erbert! Come along!"

"Where, Master Morny?"

"To Rookwood."

"But—but—"

"Come!"

And 'Erbert obeyed.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming in, ruddy and cheery from the river, when Mornington and 'Erbert of the Second reached Rookwood. Erroll had joined them in the gateway, with Conroy and Pons and Van Ryn of the Fourth. Mornington came up to the group, with a smile on his face.

"May I introduce my cousin Cecil?" he asked urbanely.

Erroll gave him a quick look, and his face lighted up. The other juniors looked astonished.

"I don't see your cousin," said Jimmy Silver.

"Here he is!"

"'Erbert!" ejaculated Conroy.

"Gammon!" said the astonished Lovell.

"It's true!" said Erroll.

"Well, my 'at!" said Jimmy Silver in astonishment.

"My cousin is still quite friendly with me," pursued Mornington, with ironic coolness.

"He doesn't understand yet that a poor relation, with expensive tastes, is a fellow better kept at a distance. But as soon as Towny & Co. hear the news he will have plenty of friends who will point it out to him." Mornington paused as he caught sight of Lattrey in the quad. "Lattrey, dear boy—"

The cad of the Fourth gave him a scowl.

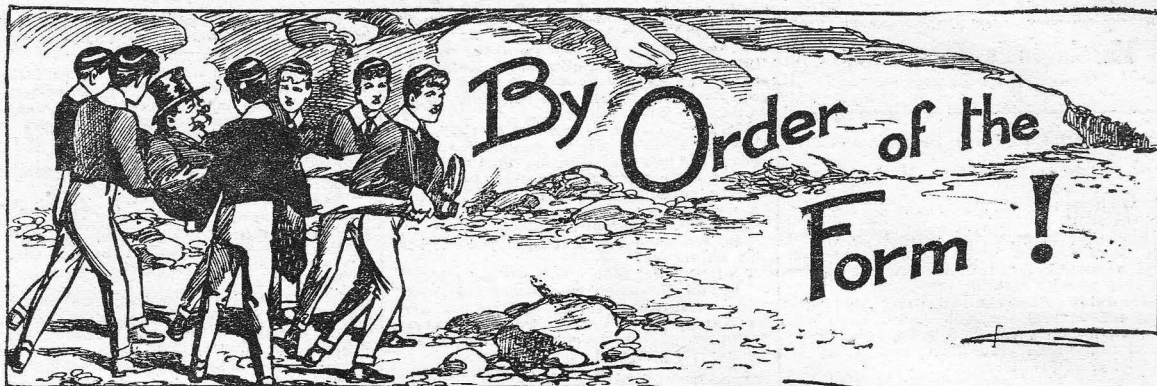
"Lattrey, my dear infant, I fear that your estimable father will not finger the reward for finding my cousin Cecil!" said Mornington urbanely. "You will not finger the whack in it that you have been anticipating. I have wired to my uncle that Cecil is found. Congratulate him, old fellow!"

And with a light laugh the dandy of Rookwood sauntered on into the quadrangle, leaving Jimmy Silver & Co. staring after him in astonishment.

THE END.

(Particulars of our next story of Rookwood will be found on the Chat page.)

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A Fine, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Schooldays of Harry Wharton & Co. at Grayfriars.  
By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### An Important Meeting!

**G**ENTLEMEN, and chaps generally—  
“Hear, hear!”  
“I’ve called this meeting of the—”

“Hear, hear!”  
The Remove cheered the speaker, without waiting to hear what he had to say. The speaker was Harry Wharton, and he was mounted upon a tub. After last lesson the captain of the Remove had called a meeting of the Form behind the chapel, and most of the Remove had turned up.

“Gentlemen,” resumed Wharton, waving his hand, “I’ve called this meeting for a most important purpose.”

“Hurrah!”  
“Our respected Form-master—”  
“Bravo!”  
“Is down on his luck—”  
“Serve him jolly well right!” came from Bolsover.  
“Order!”  
“Shut up, Bolsover!”  
“Kick him out!”

Harry Wharton’s eyes flashed as he glanced at the bully of the Remove.  
“Hold your tongue, Bolsover!” he exclaimed. “This is a meeting of sympathy with Mr. Quelch. If you don’t shut up, you’ll jolly soon get shut up!”

“Oh rats!”  
“Order!” roared Bob Cherry.  
“Go it, Wharton!”  
“Pile in!”  
“Gentlemen of the Remove—”  
“Hear, hear!”

“I want to address just a few words to the Form. We’ve been ragged a bit lately, as you all know, but we don’t owe him a grudge for that. Quelch is a jolly good sort, and if he gets a bit ratty when he’s worried we don’t want to be hard on him.”

“No fear!”  
“Good old Quelch!”  
“Bravo!”

It was evident that the feelings of the Form meeting was with Harry Wharton. There were only a few of the Remove who were inclined to “back up” against the Form-master. Mr. Quelch was very popular with almost the whole of his Form.

“And Quelch has been bothered lately, as you all know,” said Wharton. “An awful rascal has been badgering him—calling himself a relation of Quelch’s—”

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NEXT FRIDAY!

“SCORING OFF THE NUTS!”

A GRAND STORY OF THE ROOKWOOD CHUMS.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

“So he is a relation,” said Vernon-Smith.

“Quelch doesn’t say so.”  
“But Punter says so, and Quelch hasn’t denied it,” said the Bounder.

“Perhaps he doesn’t feel called upon to explain things to you, Smithy,” Frank Nugent suggested sarcastically.

“Ha, ha, ha!”  
“Relation or not, he’s got some hold over Quelch,” said Bolsover major. “Quelch gives him money; I know that.”

“How do you know it?” demanded Wharton.

“He says so.”  
“Rats! What’s that worth!”  
“I had it from Gosling, too,” said Snoop. “Gosling saw Quelch give him money to go away to-day. He told me so himself.”

“It’s plain enough,” said Ogilvy. “He’s some rotten relation of Quelch’s, and I dare say Quelch has been paying him to keep away up till now. I don’t see that it’s poor old Quelch’s fault, though.”

“Of course it isn’t!”  
“Faith, and ye’re roight! I’m sorry for Quelch intoirly.”

“Hear, hear!”  
“Gentlemen of the Remove, my point is that Quelch is a good old sort, and we’re bound to back him up!” exclaimed Wharton.

“Hurrah!”  
“I therefore put it to the meeting that this Form backs up Quelch, and is down on everybody who doesn’t stand by him!”

“Hurrah!”  
“Hands up for the motion!” shouted Bob Cherry.

A forest of hands went up. It was pretty certain that the Remove agreed with Harry Wharton. Not half a dozen fellows kept their hands down.

“Good!” said Wharton, with much satisfaction. “Now, hands up against the motion!”

Bolsover, Vernon-Smith, and Snoop put their hands up, and last of all came the fat hand of Billy Bunter. There were no more.

“Four!” said Nugent. “Four against the rest of the Form. The motion is carried.”

“Hear, hear!”  
“Now, gentlemen,” went on Harry Wharton, “having agreed on backing up Quelch through thick and thin, to the last shot in the giddy locker—”

“Hear, hear!”  
“The next question is ways and means.

I suggest that we shall all keep an eye open for that awful rotter Punter, and if he comes near the school, we collar him and duck him in the river, and bump him hard.”

“Hurrah!”  
“Good wheeze!”  
“Bravo!”  
“And any member of this Form found helping the rotter in any way, or trying to bring him to Greyfriars to bother Quelch, is to be given a Form licking.”

“Hear, hear!”  
“Rats!” roared Bolsover.

“That’s all,” said Harry Wharton. “The man was brought here to-day. Somebody who knew the place must have brought him into the Remove-room. I suggest that Bolsover and Smithy did it, as they were late for dinner, and as it’s exactly the rotten, caddish kind of thing they would do.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”  
“I call upon them to answer the accusation before the whole Form.”

“Hear, hear!”  
All eyes were turned at once upon Bolsover and the Bounder. The latter made a motion to walk away; but Bob Cherry and Bulstrode interposed.

“No, you don’t!” said Bob Cherry. “You’ve got to answer up for your sins before you buzz off, Smithy, my infant.”  
“Let me pass!” said the Bounder fiercely.

“Bosh!”  
Bob Cherry and Bulstrode seized the Bounder by the arms, and forced him back into the midst of the crowd before the Form-captain on the tub.

Vernon-Smith scowled round savagely at them all. But he made no further resistance. As for Bolsover, he did not attempt to retreat. He had too much bulldog courage to think of giving way.

“Now, answer up!” said Harry Wharton. “Was it you two rotters who brought that blackguard Punter into the Form-room?”

Vernon-Smith did not reply; but Bolsover burst out savagely:  
“Yes, it was!”

“What did you do it for?”  
“To show Quelch up before the school and the Head!” was the answer.  
“And what did you want to damage old Quelch for?”

“Because he’s a beast, and he’s been ragging us!”

“That won’t do! We don’t allow that! Gentlemen, the prisoners at the bar have pleaded guilty, and I for one can’t see any extenuating circumstances. But I pro-

pose that we let them off on condition that they promise not to do it again."

"Hear, hear!"

"You hear, you rotters?" continued Harry Wharton. "Give your word, honour bright, that you won't play up against old Quelchy any more, and you can buzz off at once."

"I won't!" roared Bolsover.

"You had better!"

"Rats! I won't!"

"Then you'll get a Form licking," said Harry Wharton determinedly. "We're not going to stand any rot from you, Bolsover. You'll give your word, honour bright, not to play that rotten game again, or you'll be made to feel sorry for yourself."

Bolsover put his hands up at once, and hit out as the juniors rushed upon him. Frank Nugent staggered back with a spurt of red from his nose. But the next moment Bolsover was rolling on the ground, with Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Tom Brown sprawling over him.

"Yow! Lemme gerrup!" roared the bully. "I'll smash you!"

"Sit on him!" commanded Wharton.

"Yes, rather!"

"We've got him!"

"Now, Smithy," said Harry Wharton grimly, "we'll deal with you first. Will you give your word to stop all your rotten tricks against Mr. Quelch?"

The Bounder bit his lip. He had courage enough in his own way, but he did not intend to defy a crowd of angry juniors as Bolsover was doing.

"I will, if the Form wishes it," he said sullenly. "I think that this is a jolly good chance for getting our own back on Quelchy, but I don't want to set myself up against the rest, I'm willing to follow the Form."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes; honour bright."

"You're all witnesses," said Harry Wharton. "You can buzz off, Smithy. Bolsover's got to make the same promise, or we'll know the reason why!"

The Bounder walked away, glad enough to get off without further trouble. Bolsover was still on the ground, with Bob Cherry and Bull and Tom Brown sitting on him to keep him there. Wharton waved his hand.

"Stand him up," he said.

Bolsover was dragged to his feet. The burly Removite stood panting and breathless, and red with rage, with the grasp of the three juniors still upon him.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. By Order of the Form!

**H**ARRY WHARTON fixed his eyes grimly upon the bully of the Remove.

Bolsover stood panting, and not struggling as yet, but it was evident that he was only waiting to get his breath back. The bully of the Form, accustomed to carrying matters with a high hand, was not likely to yield without a struggle. He glared furiously at the captain of the Remove.

"I'll make you sorry for this!" he hissed.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy you're going to be made pretty sorry for yourself," he said, "unless you make up your mind to do what's decent."

"Let me go!" roared Bolsover.

"Rats!"

"I'll—I'll smash you!"

"Smash away!" said Tom Brown coolly. "We'll see who get the best of the smashing, my son. As soon as you begin, we'll bump you!"

But the New Zealand junior's warn-

ing was wasted on the furious bully of the Remove. He made a sudden effort to break loose, and so great was his strength that he almost succeeded in tearing himself away from the grasp of the three Removites who were holding him.

But that was only for a moment. They dragged at him again, and he was whirled over. Harry Wharton jumped down from the tub and lent a hand.

One fellow seized an arm and another a leg, and Bolsover was raised above the ground, and bumped down again with a considerable concussion.

He roared.

"Yaroooh!"

"Give him another!"

Bump!

"Yowp! Oh!"

"Now stand him on his feet again," said Wharton grimly.

The Remove bully was placed upright once more. He was trembling with rage and breathlessness.

"Now, then," said Harry Wharton. "You can see that we mean business! You can see that the whole Remove has made up its mind. Whether Quelchy has been ratty with us or not, he's a good sort, and we're going to stand by him. We're not going to have any cad in the Form backing up against him."

"Hear, hear!"

"Smithy has given his word, and you're going to do the same, Bolsover. You're not going to back up against Quelch in any way."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Will you promise?"

"No!"

"For the last time?"

"No!" roared Bolsover.

"Then we shall have to persuade you," said Harry Wharton. "Any chap refusing to obey the order of the Form gets a Form licking—that's a rule as old as Greyfriars. You know what you've got to expect."

"Hang you!"

"I leave it to the fellows," said Harry Wharton, looking round. "Bolsover refuses to obey the order of the Form. What's the sentence?"

"A Form licking," said Bob Cherry promptly.

"Hurray!"

"The verdict is unanimous," said Frank Nugent. "But we'll make sure. Hands up for the sentence of a Form licking on Bolsover."

Every hand went up. Vernon-Smith was gone, and Snoop and Stott had followed him, and every other fellow there was heart and hand with Harry Wharton & Co.

"You see that, Bolsover?"

"Hang you!"

"Will you obey the order of the Form?"

"No!" yelled Bolsover.

"Then you get the licking! One of you fellows go and get a cricket-stump."

"Right-ho!"

Penfold fetched a cricket-stump. Meanwhile, Bolsover major was spread-eagled on the grass, face downwards, struggling furiously in the grasp of his enemies, but in vain. A junior grasped each wrist and each ankle, and he was held there spread-eagled without the possibility of escaping. Had the Remove been in their dormitory the bully would have been tied down upon a bed, but as it was the grip of four sturdy juniors was just as effective.

Dick Penfold came back with the stump which he handed to Harry Wharton. Bolsover twisted his head to glare at him.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" he gasped, in a choking voice.

"Will you obey the order of the Form?"

"No! No! No!"

"That settles it. Gentlemen of the Remove, you know the rules—every member of the Form gives the mutineer one welt with a cricket-stump. As captain of the Form, I give the first one!"

Wharton raised the stump.

"Let me alone!" roared Bolsover. "I'll fight any fellow here—or any two!"

"Rats!"

"You can fight anybody you like afterwards," said Wharton cheerfully.

"But this isn't a fight—this is a Form licking!"

"I tell you—Yowp!"

Whack!

The cricket-stump came lashing down, and Bolsover howled furiously. He struggled, but the grasp of the quartette who were holding him kept him a prisoner. Harry Wharton handed the stump to the next fellow, who happened to be Bulstrode.

Whack!

"Yaroooh!"

Bulstrode handed the stump to Russell, and retired. Russell measured his distance carefully, and brought down the stump with a sharp lash upon the burly Removite.

There was another wild yell from Bolsover major.

The stump was passed from hand to hand, and each of the juniors took his turn with it, each doughty lash eliciting a fendish yell from the bully of the Remove.

When a dozen lashes had been administered, Wharton stopped the punishment.

"Will you toe the line now, Bolsover?"

"No!" yelled Bolsover.

"Go ahead, then."

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

Again and again the cricket-stump lashed down upon the bully of the Remove, and the lashes were not light ones. Bolsover was squirming with pain and rage, and his struggles were simply terrific.

Every fellow present contributed his lash, and then the Form captain addressed the wriggling, gasping bully.

"Will you obey the order of the Form, Bolsover?"

"No!"

"Very well; you'll take your gruel until you do," said Wharton. "Give me the stump, Inky. We'll begin again at the beginning."

Then Bolsover faltered. He had stood the punishment with a nerve and strength that surprised the Remove, but at the thought of going through the infliction again he failed.

"Hold on!" he gasped.

Harry Wharton paused.

"Well, Bolsover?"

"I—I give in! I can't stand it!"

"Good!"

Bolsover was released. He staggered to his feet, white with rage, and aching from his punishment. His eyes were burning with rage.

"You promise not to back up against Quelch any more—by order of the Form?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"Yes."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes!" hissed Bolsover.

"Good! Gentlemen, the meeting is over!"

"I'll make you smart for this!" said

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Bolsover between his teeth, as the Removites dispersed, grinning.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Any fellow you feel dissatisfied with is quite willing to meet you in the gym, with or without gloves," he said.

Bolsover did not reply. He was not feeling exactly in a mood for fighting anybody just then. He strode away with a black scowl upon his face, still gasping.

The Bounder met him as he entered the School House. Vernon-Smith looked over the breathless, scowling bully with a cynical grin.

"You've been through it?" he asked.

"Yes," snarled Bolsover. "Better have given in at first. You had to do it. A fellow can't stand up against the whole Form," said the Bounder.

"Oh, rats! You're a funk!" Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Well, I suppose you toed the line in the long run, didn't you?" he demanded.

"I had to. I've had a Form licking," said Bolsover, between his teeth. "But I'll make some of them smart for it. We've got to let Quelch alone now."

"Poof!" "I've promised, honour bright!" growled Bolsover.

The Bounder grinned. "So have I!" he replied.

"Do you mean to say you're going back on your word, when you've said honour bright?" demanded Bolsover, staring at him.

"I'm going to do as I please."

"Then you're a rotten cad!" growled Bolsover. "I'm going to keep my word!"

"Look here!" "Oh, don't talk to me!"

"But I say—"

"Bah!" Bolsover pushed the Bounder roughly aside, and strode past him. He went up to his study, where he shut himself in, and for a long time he remained there, full of aches from his punishment, and fury against his enemies. But, furious as he was, he had given his word to obey the order of the Form, and he meant to keep it.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Vernon-Smith on the Track!

**D**URING the next two or three days nothing was seen at Greyfriars of the strange visitor who had caused so much surprise there.

But the Removites knew that he remained in the village. He had taken up his quarters at the Cross Keys, a disreputable public-house near the river, and was not infrequently to be seen in Friardale, generally in a state of intoxication. As he did not work, it was evident that he received money from somewhere to live upon, and most of the Removites guessed where it came from.

Mr. Quelch had not said a word upon the subject. During the past week he had become more cold and reserved in his manner than ever, and Harry Wharton & Co. could guess how he felt the humiliation that his late experience had brought upon him. They were pretty certain, too, that Punter was receiving money from him, and yet the man's claim to be a relation of the Remove-master did not convince them. It was evident, however, that the man had some hold upon Mr. Quelch, and that he was determined not to quit the neighbourhood.

His reception at Greyfriars kept him away from the school, and Bolsover, at least, had given up the scheme of bringing THE POPULAR.—No. 135.

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ing him there again, and the Bounder, so far, lay low, like Brer Fox, and said nothing.

But the Bounder was not idle, all the same. As much from a spirit of pure ill-natured mischief, as from dislike of the Form-master, Vernon-Smith had determined to make the most of the matter. That the Form-master had a secret, and that Punter might be the means of making it known at the school the Bounder was certain. And it certainly seemed that the Remove-master could have no creditable reasons for allowing the disreputable ruffian to keep a hold upon him. He had succeeded, apparently, in satisfying the Head. But Vernon-Smith was not satisfied.

Bolsover had dropped the matter. He had even done his five hundred lines, and Mr. Quelch had overlooked the rest on Bolsover making submission. The bully of the Remove knew when he had gone far enough; and he did not want any more Form raggings. But Vernon-Smith, to whose peculiar nature treachery was a pastime, had not changed his plans in the least, though he did not confide them any longer to Bolsover.

To discover the Form-master's secret, and to show it up to the whole school, was the Bounder's object; and after that it seemed to him that there could be nothing less than the "order of the sack" for Mr. Quelch. And the mere idea of succeeding in sacking a Form-master appealed to the Bounder's arrogant nature. He would probably have entered into the scheme with zest, even if he had not lately felt the heavy hand of Mr. Quelch.

On Wednesday afternoon, when the rest of the Form were at cricket, Vernon-Smith strolled out of the school gates and sauntered down the road to Friardale. He had reached the Cross Keys, and was glancing up and down the road to make sure that he was not observed before entering, when Billy Bunter hailed him.

Vernon-Smith's brows contracted with anger at the sight of the fat junior. Billy Bunter came up breathlessly.

"I say, Smithy, old man—" he began.

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth. "You fat cad!" he muttered. "You've followed me!"

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

The Bounder made a step towards him. Bunter backed away in alarm.

"I say, Smithy, hands off, you know!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I suppose I can walk down the road if I like, can't I? Have you bought up the blessed highway?"

"What are you spying on me for?" "Oh, really—"

Vernon-Smith raised his boot, and pushed it against Bunter's chest. The unfortunate Owl of the Remove rolled back, with a yell.

"Oh! Grooooooop!" "Splash!"

The muddy waters of the ditch received the fat junior.

Vernon-Smith yelled with laughter. "Better crawl out on the other side, Bunt!" he suggested. "You're not coming out into the road! Perhaps you won't follow me again!"

"Yow!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

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

Bunter succeeded at last in forcing a way through. There was a thick and thorny hedge, with no opening in it, and the fat junior yelled and gasped as he strove to force a passage through it. On

the other side of the hedge was the garden belonging to the Cross Keys, which extended down to the river.

"Go it!" said Vernon-Smith encouragingly.

"Ow! Beast! Yow!"

Bunter succeeded at last in forcing a way through the hedge. He sank down in the grass on the other side, completely exhausted, and exuding mud and green ooze on all sides. His puffing and gasping could be heard at quite a distance.

Vernon-Smith chuckled, and went on his way. Billy Bunter could not see him through the hedge, and the fat junior was in no state just now to spy upon him.

The Bounder turned into the narrow lane beside the inn, and went along the building to the garden at the back, where there were benches facing the river for patrons of the Cross Keys under the shade of the trees.

On one of the benches Mr. Percy Punter was seated. He had a pipe in his mouth and a mug of beer upon the little round table beside him. He looked up, and nodded affably, as the Bounder came up. Mr. Punter was in his usual state of exhilaration, a proof that he was being kept in funds from some source.

"Afternoon!" he said cheerfully.

Vernon-Smith dropped into the seat beside him.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Stony!" said Mr. Punter pathetically. "My old pal Quelch is 'ard—wery 'ard, he is, on a hold pal!"

"What about the quid I gave you the other day?"

"Gorn!" said Mr. Punter. "It's s'prisin' how money goes—most s'prisin'! Feller gets wery thirsty this 'ot weather!"

The Bounder nodded.

"I suppose you're 'ard up, and Quelch isn't keeping you any too flush?" he remarked.

"Just so, my young friend!" said Mr. Punter.

"Why don't you come up to the school, and make him shell out?"

Mr. Punter shook his head.

"They set the dorg on me," he said. "I was tore—tore something cruel! I ain't coming to the school again—not me! Ho, no!"

"Not for a quid?"

"Not for nothing!" said Mr. Punter ungrammatically but emphatically. "It ain't good enough, young gentleman! No fear!"

"Look here," said Vernon-Smith, sinking his voice, "I've got plenty of money. My pater's a millionaire, and I have as much money as I like."

Mr. Punter's eyes glistened.

"All right for you!" he remarked. "Mebbe you could spare a 'arf-quid for an ole pal—"

"I could spare a fiver, if I liked!"

"Ho!" said Mr. Punter, half closing his eyes in ravished contemplation of the amount of strong drink that could be obtained for five pounds. "Ho!"

"I could, and would," said the Bounder, "if—"

Mr. Punter shook his head again disconsolately.

"I can't come up to the school," he said. "Henery is too 'ard! That dorg—"

"I don't want you to come to the school," said the Bounder coolly. "I want the secret!"

Mr. Punter blinked at him bleakly.

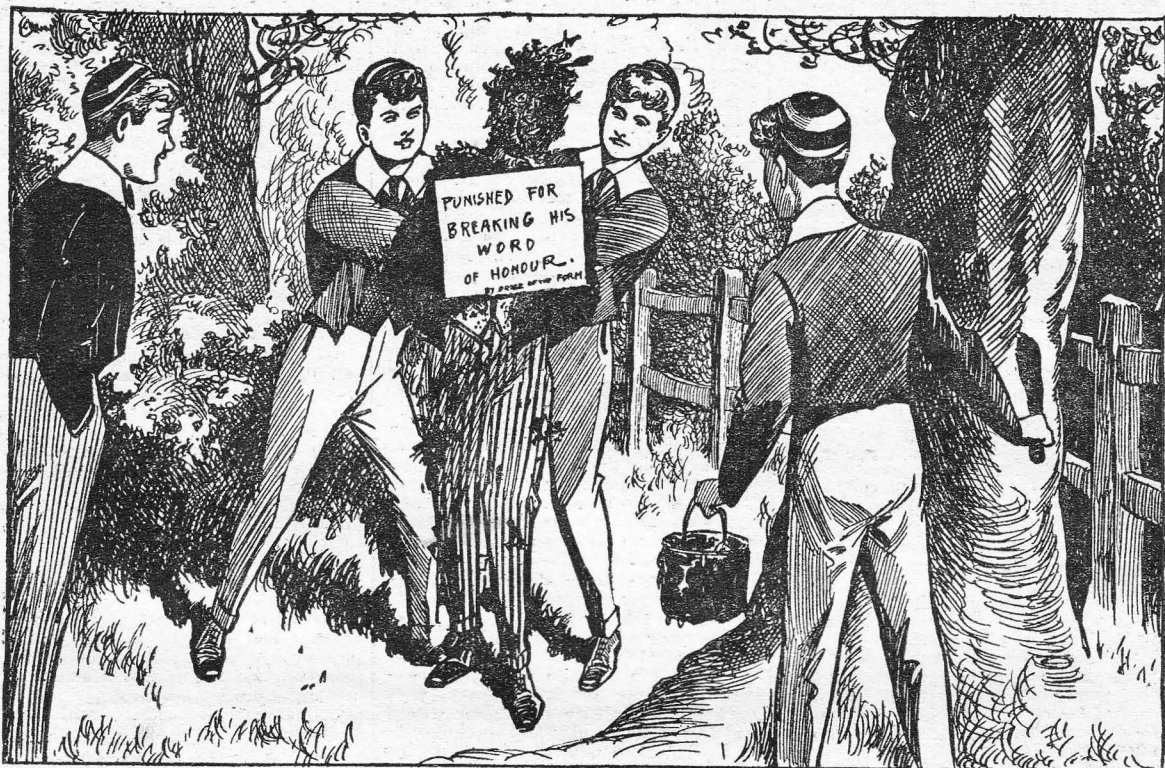
"The secret?" he repeated.

"Yes"

"Wot secret?" demanded Mr. Punter.

"I want to know what you've got against Quelch?" said the Bounder, in a





Vernon-Smith's features were wholly covered with a mass of tar and feathers, and his hair was a sticky fluffy, mass. Harry Wharton drew a card from his pocket, and pinned it on the Bounder's chest. "Leave his hands tied," he said. "All the fellows have got to know what he's punished for!" (See Chapter 4.)

low, determined voice. "You're black-mailing him—"

"Old on! That's a narsty word!" said Mr. Punter.

"It's the right word!" said the Bounder. "You're blackmailing Quelch. I don't believe for a moment that you're a relation of his, or an old friend—it's impossible! Some of the fellows think so, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes! I know that's all gas!"

Mr. Punter looked at him in a very peculiar way.

"You're very sharp, young gentleman," he said—"very sharp indeed! P'r'aps too sharp!"

"I'm no fool!" said the Bounder coolly. "You've got some hold on Quelch, and the only possible explanation is that he has done something, and you know it—something disgraceful—and it's in your power to give him away! Isn't that it?"

Mr. Punter grinned.

"Wot if it is?" he asked.

"I want to know what it is," said the Bounder, "and I'll give you a five-pound note for telling me. That's fair and square!"

Mr. Punter hesitated.

"Money talks!" he said at last.

Vernon-Smith took out his pocket-book, jerked a crisp and rustling banknote from it, and laid it upon the beer-stained wooden table. Mr. Punter's eyes gleamed, and he made a motion to take the banknote. Vernon-Smith placed his hand upon it.

"Not till you've kept your part of the bargain!" he said.

"Orlright!" said Mr. Punter. "You kep' your bargain afore—you paid the quid. I'll trust you. It's a go!"

"Go ahead, then!" said the Bounder,

unable to conceal his eagerness. "I'm waiting!"

"I don't see why I shouldn't," said Mr. Punter thoughtfully. He seemed to be seeking some salve to apply to his conscience, much to the surprise of the Bounder, who had not suspected him of having one. "Why shouldn't I—hey?"

"No reason why you shouldn't," said the Bounder impatiently. "Go ahead!"

"Henery doesn't treat me well," said Mr. Punter pathetically. "Wot's a pound a week to a feller like me—born thirsty?"

"Oh! He gives you a pound a week, does he?" said Vernon-Smith.

"Tain't much," said Mr. Punter, "and he won't make it more. If I says I'll go to the perlice, he says I won't get even the quid if I do, and he's right. And I dursn't come up to the school and give him a doing, 'cause he sets the dorg on me! He's a 'ard man, is Henery Quelch!"

The Bounder grinned. Even under the thumb of the blackmailer, it was evident that Mr. Quelch was a very tough customer.

"Sides, it'll be hover soon—mebbe afore five weeks is up, and then I sha'n't fetch five quid, and you offers me five now," said Mr. Punter. "As a business man, I'm bound to take your hoffer—ain't I?"

"Of course you are!" said the Bounder. "Go ahead, for goodness' sake, and don't keep me all the afternoon!"

"Wery well!" said Mr. Punter. "It's all my eye about my bein' his cousin or his brother! I put it like that because—"

"Because you had to say something, and you couldn't explain that you were

only his blackmailer?" suggested the Bounder.

"You can put it like that," said Mr. Punter. "Well, this is 'ow it is. I'm a pal of Mr. Quelch's brother 'Erbert, and 'Erbert's got into trouble—"

"Not surprising, with a friend like you!" murmured the Bounder.

"Eh, wot did you say?" said Mr. Punter suspiciously.

"I said get on with the washing!"

Mr. Punter drained his mug.

"'Erbert's in trouble," he said. "It was a matter of a cheque. He was in a bank, you know; and 'Erbert, not 'aving an over and above good reputation, got scared and bolted. I know where he is."

"Oh!" said the Bounder.

"I should have stood by him, and looked arter him, like an old pal," said Mr. Punter, "only he's got no money! He ain't no use to me. But would I give him away to the perlice? No. That ain't my sort. Same time, a man must live. So why shouldn't Henery hand out a little to keep his brother's pal from starving—eh? Why should I go hungry?"

"Or thirsty?" said the Bounder.

Mr. Punter chuckled.

"Yes, or thirsty," he said. "Well, that's the whole yarn."

"Not at all!" said the Bounder.

"Where is Quelch's brother hiding?"

Mr. Punter shook his head.

"Matter of fact, he's give me the slip," he said. "I did know, but last time I went to see him he had gone, and I found him not, as they say in the novels. Looks to me as if he didn't trust his old pal Percy," said Mr. Punter, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

The Bounder looked at him keenly. He was inclined to think that Mr. Punter had told him the truth, or something

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By FRANK RICHARDS.

near it. He was disappointed that the story turned out to be nothing against the Remove-master; nothing, at all events, but a very deep concern for his brother, who had done wrong, or was suspected of wrong-doing.

"Then if you don't know where Herbert Quelch is, you are screwing money out of old Quelch on false pretences?" said the Bounder.

Mr. Punter closed one eye.

"Feller must live!" he said. "I ain't bound to tell him everything. He's very 'ard on an old pal—his brother's old pal, I mean! Let him go and eat coke!"

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"I don't want you to let Quelch alone," he said. "Stick to him like a leech, and get all you can out of him, my man. There's your fiver; you've earned it. But if I find that you've told me any lies I'll make you squirm. If I claim that fiver, and put the police on your track for picking it out of my pocket, you'll go to prison! You understand?"

Mr. Punter stared blankly at Vernon-Smith. He was a pretty thorough rascal himself, but he had never experienced before such duplicity as he saw now in the Bounder of Greyfriars. His jaw dropped.

"My word!" he gasped.

"It's all serene, if you've told me the truth!" said the Bounder.

"I 'ave!" asserted Mr. Punter. "I 'ave! Not a word but the truth, except that young 'Erbert says that he's innocent of the charge agin him, and Henery he says so, too. That's why he's standing by him."

"And is he innocent?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Blest if I know!" said Mr. Punter. "Don't care, neither!"

Vernon-Smith rose. Mr. Punter lounged into the inn, to change the fiver and proceed immediately to expend a considerable portion of it in liquid refreshment.

The Bounder walked away to Greyfriars with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. He felt that he held the trump card at last. The Remove-master's fate was in the hollow of his hand!

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Tar and Feathers!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. were waiting at the school gates when Vernon-Smith came home. The Bounder glanced at them, and was not very long in observing the look of the Famous Five. He paused as they closed up to meet him.

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry Wharton grimly.

"What's the matter?"

"We've just seen Bunter."

Vernon-Smith grinned.

"Did he tell you I pushed him into the ditch? Well, the spying cad was following me, and I wasn't having any."

"He told us more than that!" said Frank Nugent.

The Bounder looked puzzled.

"I don't see anything more he could have told you," he said, retreating a step. "What do you mean?"

"Bunter heard all you said to that scoundrel at the Cross Keys!"

Vernon-Smith started back. He was utterly taken by surprise, and the colour wavered in his cheeks.

"Bunter heard!" he ejaculated.

"Yes."

"And he's told you?"

"Every word."

"Well," said the Bounder, recovering his coolness. "I was going to tell the fellows, anyway; you've only got it from

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Bunter a little sooner. I know about Quelch now—all about him. His brother's a thief, and the police are hunting for him. Quelch is conniving at keeping him out of their hands. That's a punishable offence. He's breaking the law."

"You cad!"

"You rotter!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"You can slang me as much as you like," he said. "But you can't make me hold my tongue. I'm going to show Quelch up to all Greyfriars. That must be where he went the other day, when he was gone all the morning—to see his brother. He's helping him to keep out of the policemen's hands, and he ought to be shown up."

"You paid Punter to tell you all that!" said Harry Wharton.

"That's my business!"

"It's our business, too!" said Harry Wharton. "You promised, honour bright, to do nothing against Quelch, by order of the Form."

"Circumstances alter cases. I'm not bound to stand up for Quelch when I know that he's helping a thief to escape from the authorities."

"You don't know that; you've only got the word of a drunken blackguard for it!" said Harry Wharton. "You've broken your word of honour."

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, if a promise won't bind you, there's nothing for it but to make it worth your while to keep your word," said Harry Wharton, "and the only way to do that is to make it too painful for you to break your word! Mind, you're going to say nothing against Quelch in the school—not a syllable!"

"Who's going to stop me?"

"We are!"

"Bosh!"

"Collar him!" said Harry Wharton.

Vernon-Smith sprang back; but the Famous Five were upon him with a sudden rush. He was grasped in their strong hands and whirled off his feet.

"Hands off!" he yelled. "Let me alone! Help!"

"Bring him along!" said Harry Wharton.

And the squirming, struggling, twisting Bounder was rushed along the lane and across the plank bridge over the ditch into the wood. There he was bumped down in the grass.

He was still struggling furiously, in dire apprehension of what was to happen to him. And he had reason to be apprehensive.

The Famous Five were all ready for his punishment. Nugent produced a whipcord from his pocket, and tied the Bounder's wrists securely behind his back. Then the rascal of the Remove was allowed to rise to his feet.

He staggered up, his brows dark, and his eyes scintillating with rage.

"I'll make you suffer for this!" he muttered.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I fancy you're going to do all the suffering at present!" he remarked. "Now, I'll hold the cad while you fellows pile in!"

"Right-ho!"

The Bounder watched the juniors with apprehensive eyes. Nugent produced a bag from under his jacket, and opened it, and the Bounder saw, with surprise, that

it contained a quantity of feathers, evidently taken from a mattress.

Wharton produced a tin can, and, on being opened, a quantity of tar was revealed. Johnny Bull carefully unwrapped a paper parcel he took from his pocket, and disclosed a large brush.

"You—you're not going to put that stuff on me!" panted the Bounder.

"That's exactly what we're going to do," said Wharton coolly. "Tar and feathers is the proper punishment for a fellow who breaks his word!"

"Hear hear!"

The Bounder trembled with rage and indignation.

"You—you dare not!" he shrieked.

"You'll soon see!"

Wharton dipped the brush into the can of tar, and advanced towards the Bounder. Vernon-Smith strove to back away, but the strong grasp of Bob Cherry held him fast. Wharton dabbed the tar-brush into his face, and he uttered a fiendish yell.

"Yow! Groo!"

"Better keep your mouth shut!" said Wharton warningly.

"Help! Ow! Gr-r-r-r-r-ugh!"

"There! I warned you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brr-r-r-r!"

Vernon-Smith did not open his mouth again. The taste of the tar was not pleasant. The brush dabbed over his face and hair till he was a mass of tar and stickiness.

"Now the feathers!" said Harry Wharton.

"Here you are!"

Nugent emptied the bag of feathers over the Bounder's tarry head.

They stuck to him in tufts and clumps, giving him the strange appearance of a hen after a fight in a barnyard.

Nugent and Johnny Bull picked up the feathers that fell to the ground, and stuck them on.

"Gro-o-o-o-o-oh!" came in a muffled murmur from the Bounder.

The Removites grinned.

Vernon-Smith's features had wholly disappeared under the mass of tar and feathers, and his hair was a sticky, fluffy mass.

He was breathing stertorously under the sticky infliction. But the chums of the Remove were not finished yet. Harry Wharton drew a card from his pocket, and pinned it upon the Bounder's breast. The card bore the inscription, in large letters:

**"PUNISHED FOR BREAKING HIS WORD OF HONOUR.  
By Order of the Form."**

"That's done!" said Harry Wharton.

"Leave his hands tied, or he'll get that card off. All the fellows have got to know what he's punished for. Take him back!"

The Bounder panted.

"You—you're not going to take me to the school like this!"

"We are. All Greyfriars has got to see how a cad's punished in the Remove for breaking his word of honour."

"I—I'll complain to the Head!"

"All serene! If you like to tell him about your dealings with a man like Punter at a place like the Cross Keys you're at liberty to do it."

The Bounder ground his teeth with rage. He was caught at every point. The Cross Keys public-house was most strictly out of bounds, and with good reason. The Bounder could not tell part of the story without the whole coming out; and he knew that he would be expelled from Greyfriars if the Head

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came to know of his proceedings that afternoon.

"March!" said Harry Wharton. The tarry and feathery Bounder was marched out into the road, and marched along to the school gates. He halted there, but an application from a pin in Bob Cherry's hand drove him forward with a yell.

He dashed across towards the School House, to escape from the open quadrangle and the glare of the sunlight as quickly as he could.

But his strange aspect caused the fellows to flock round from all sides.

A yell of laughter greeted him. The appearance of Bunter after his ducking had hardly been so ridiculous, and certainly not so humiliating for the sufferer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let me loose!" shrieked the Bounder.

"Rats!" said Bolsover. "You've broken your word, honour bright! Serve you right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five left Vernon-Smith to struggle through the yelling crowd, and strolled out into the lane again.

"I think that will be a lesson to Smithy!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "And if he says a word against Quelch, we'll give him a second dose!"

"What ho!"

From the Close came a roar of voices.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**The End of the Secret!**

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Our friend, Punter. I wish we had some more tar and feathers."

The chums of the Remove had sauntered down to the bay. They were walking along the sands of Pegg when they caught sight of the ubiquitous Mr. Punter. Apparently he had expended a great part of Vernon-Smith's bribe in a liquid form, for he was walking very unsteadily. Mr. Quelch was coming from the direction of the village of Pegg, walking with his eyes on the ground, and he had not yet seen the ruffian. Mr. Punter caught sight of him, and waited for him to come up.

The juniors halted. There were a good many Remove fellows on the beach,

and they gathered round. The Remove had solemnly agreed to stand by Mr. Quelch and back him up, and they meant to keep their compact. If the blackmailer molested the Remove-master, Harry Wharton & Co. were ready for him.

"Hallo, ole pal, Henery!"

Mr. Quelch started, and raised his eyes.

Punter stood in his path, with a grin on his coppery face, and his battered hat cocked on one side of his head.

"Ain't going to speak to an ole pal, hey?" he demanded threateningly.

The Remove-master looked at him steadily.

"Listen to me," he said. "I have something to say to you, you scoundrel!" The Remove-master turned to the juniors. "Wharton, Nugent—all of you, come here!"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you all to hear."

The Removites gathered round curiously.

"A week or two ago," said Mr. Quelch quietly, "there was a robbery at the bank where my younger brother held a responsible post. Suspicion seemed to fall upon him, and he very foolishly ran away, instead of facing it out, and thus caused the police to believe that he was guilty. He had previously been guilty of reckless conduct, chiefly through knowing rascals like this man and others of his sort."

"Ho!" said Punter indignantly.

"This man knew, or pretended to know, where Herbert was," went on the Remove-master in the same quiet tone. "He therefore came to me and threatened me with betraying my brother, unless I gave him money. On the day he came to Greyfriars I had first heard of my brother's misfortune, and I was very much upset. If, in my worried state of mind, I was unduly sharp with any of you boys, I am sorry for it!"

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "We didn't mind it a bit, sir! You've always been a jolly good master to us, sir!"

"Hear, hear!" said Mark Linley.

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Thank you!" said Mr. Quelch, his face softening a little. "I am glad to hear you say so. Well, I was quite assured that Herbert was innocent, and

had only acted foolishly in drawing suspicion upon himself, and I consented to pay this scoundrel for a time, while the matter was being investigated. I employed a detective you have seen at Greyfriars—Dalton Hawke, the school-boy detective—and he has succeeded in placing the guilt upon the right shoulders. The cashier of the bank has confessed, and my brother is cleared from all suspicion. He has returned to his home."

Mr. Punter's face fell.

"My 'at!" he murmured.

"I have explained this to you, in order that you may know the circumstances under which I submitted to the visits of this wretch," continued Mr. Quelch. "After the scene in the Form-room the other day, I explained to the Head. Now I have explained to you. The matter is cleared up, and my brother is reinstated, and this man's power is gone. If he does not immediately leave the neighbourhood, I shall have him arrested upon a charge of blackmail."

"Oh, lor!" groaned Mr. Punter.

"That is all!" said Mr. Quelch.

"Not quite all, sir!" said Bob Cherry. "This fellow is a dirty rascal, sir, and we think he ought to have a wash—and the sea is quite handy—and—"

"Hear, hear!" roared the juniors.

There was a rush, and before Mr. Quelch could speak—even if he felt inclined to do so—Mr. Punter was in the grasp of the juniors.

He roared and struggled; but they crowded round him like bees, and he was rushed away bodily towards the seashore.

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly. Turning his back upon the unhappy blackmailer, he walked away in the direction of Greyfriars.

"Ow!" roared Mr. Punter. "Elp! Leggo!"

"Duck him!"

"Hurray!"

Down to the water's edge the juniors rushed their prisoner. There was a mighty splash as Mr. Punter was hurled into the water.

"Yarooop! Ugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Punter struggled wildly in the shallow water. He crawled out of the sea, wet all over, and gasping. He did not like water, salt or fresh, outside or inside. The juniors made another rush at him, as he crawled out; and Mr. Punter, with a gasp of affright, took to his heels and fled.

"After him!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

More to scare the rascal than with the intention of ducking him again, the Removites dashed in pursuit.

But fear lent Mr. Punter wings.

He tore away at top speed, and vanished along the cliffs, and the juniors, laughing heartily, ceased the pursuit.

"I don't think we shall see any more of Punter!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha! Not likely!"

And Bob Cherry was right. Mr. Punter disappeared forthwith from the neighbourhood of Greyfriars, and was not seen there again.

THE END.

(Another long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "The Mystery of the Derelict," by Frank Richards, will appear in next week's issue of the POPULAR. Order your copy to-day!)

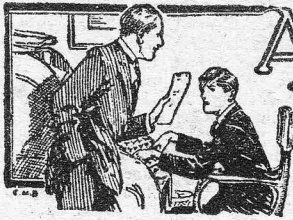
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NEXT FRIDAY! "THE MYSTERY OF THE DERELICT!" A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. BY FRANK RICHARDS.



# A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

**FOR NEXT FRIDAY:**

The Greyfriars story which will appear in our next issue is perhaps the most thrilling story Mr. Frank Richards ever put before you. It is entitled:

**"THE MYSTERY OF THE DERELICT!"**

and tells you how the Famous Five, climbing the cliffs, see a great steamer drift ashore. They are amazed when, on going aboard, they discover the ship to be empty, save for cargo. There is not a living being on board. They claim the derelict, with a view to salvage, but they are up against a great mystery. The ship must have had a crew at one time. Where were the men?

The Rookwood story, complete in our next issue, will be entitled:

**"SCORING OFF THE NUTS!"**

By Owen Conquest.

This story deals further with the unfortunate position in which Mornington of the Classical Fourth is placed in consequence of the discovery of the heir to the Mornington estates. The nuts decide that a penniless Mornington is not wanted in their select circle, but they find that Mornington does not mind very much!

**BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY.**

There will be another of Billy's famous

supplements in our next issue, and I advise all my chums not to miss it. It is funnier than ever, I can assure you!

**"THE INVISIBLE RAIDER!"**

By Sidney Drew.

There will also be a further thrilling instalment of this splendid serial. I want you all to do your best to introduce the new serial to all your friends, and I am sure they will be very grateful. I think that the "Popular" is now in the very front rank of papers, and certainly it is the best paper for week-end reading.

**"POPLETS" COMPETITION No. 29.**

Examples for the above Competition:

- Dry Weather Means— Missing Trouble Half-way
- Caught Bending. Losing the Captaincy.
- The Wrong Address. On the Warpath.
- Special Numbers. Causes General Amusement.
- A Touching Scene. Bunter at Wickets.
- Scoffing Pastry. Bowled Out!

Read the following rules carefully, and then send in your postcard. Readers should particularly note that TWO efforts can be sent in on one card, but no effort may contain more than FOUR words.

Select two of the examples, and make up a sentence of TWO, THREE, or FOUR words having some bearing on the example. ONE

of the words in your sentence must commence with one of the letters in the example.

1. All "Poptets" must be written on one side of a POSTCARD, and not more than two "Poptets" can be sent in by one reader each week.
2. The postcards must be addressed "Poptets," No. 29, The "Popular," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.
3. No correspondence may be entered into in connection with "Poptets."
4. The Editor's opinion on any matter which may arise is to be accepted as final and legally binding. This condition will be strictly enforced, and readers can only enter the competition on this understanding.
5. I guarantee that every effort will be thoroughly examined by a competent staff of judges, PROVIDED that the effort is sent in on a POSTCARD, and that it is received on or before August 26th.

TEN PRIZES OF FIVE SHILLINGS EACH to senders of the ten BEST "POPLETS."

**RESULT OF**

**"POPLETS" COMPETITION, No. 22.**

The ten prizes of 5s. each, offered in the above competition, have been awarded to the following readers:

- C. Laycock, 11, Park Street, Park Square, Ossett, Yorks.
- C. Bovingdon, 66, Colville Road, South Acton, W.3.
- Edith Cherington, 4a, Eglinton Lane, Glasgow, S.S.
- D. White, 82, Lowfield Street, Dartford, Kent.
- "Popular Reader," 37, Tennyson Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.
- Ernest P. Heaton, 29, Addison Road, Walthamstow, E.17.
- John Thom, 12, Halmyre Street, Leith, Scotland.
- Lilly Bachelor, 19, Kettering Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.
- Herbert Dixon, 93, High Street, Dorking, Surrey.
- W. J. Lyttle, 9, Toronto Street, Seacombe, Cheshire.



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